

LEABHAR NA FEINNE

VOL. I.

HEROIC GAELIC BALLADS









# LEABHAR NA FEINNE

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VOL. I.  
GAELIC TEXTS

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## HEROIC GAELIC 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 ? . . .	Ardchonail, 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	MacKenzie of Glasgow	do. . . . .	P. P.	1674	W
1857	X	Rev. Dr. MacLachlan	Minister, do. . . . .	& MS.	1167	X
1860	Y	J. F. Campbell . . . .	Barrister, do. . . . .	P.	1022	Y
1862	Z	Do. . . . .	do. . . . .	MS.	3738	Z
1872	&	Do. . . . .	do. . . . .	MS.	3612	&
Total Lines . . . . .					54,169	

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

28. 900? Kilbride Manuscript, vellum; quoted.  
 29. 1603 A\*. 2nd ditto. Report on Ossian. 295 quoted.  
 30. 1654. 3rd ditto. ditto ditto quoted.  
 31. 1690 B. 4th ditto ditto 296 quoted.  
 32. 1238. Glen Masan MS. quoted.  
 33. 900? 'Emanuel,' p. 305 quoted.  
 34. 900 to 1200? No. 4 parchment quoted.  
 It is unknown whether all these were written in Scotland or elsewhere. Some were written in Scotland, and they are all in that language which was called 'The Irish Language,' in writing English and Scotch. The following note proves what Gaelic used to be called in Scotland:  
 'BRAAVEN, NOW CALDER, OR CAWDOR.  
 '1560. Allan McIntosche, who had been "exhorter and reader in the Irische toung" from Candlemas, 1567, was pres. at the patronage by James VI. 19th June, 1569.'  
 'Fasti Ecclesie Scotice,' Part V. p. 248.  
 P. 90, Report in Ossian. 1805.  
 35. Mr. Mac Laggan, Minister of Blair in Atholl.
36. Sir George Mackenzie of Coull, 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 Lauchlan's MSS. written for Archibald Campbell by Ewen Mac Lean." (Text B.)

## LATER COLLECTIONS.

47. 1860 to 1871. Alexander Carmichael, Esq., has been collecting for eleven or twelve years. His collection has been placed at my disposal. It contains some few fragments of the Ossian of 1807.  
 48. 1859 to 1871. John Dewar has been collecting popular history, and looking out for Heroic Ballads for the Duke of Argyll. I have the collection. 3,443 lines of poetry, 3 vols. of MS.  
 49. 1870. Several men were set to write what I heard in Mull, but without result, August, 1872.  
 50. 1871. Mr. Campbell, minister of Tiree, has been collecting Folk-lore.  
 51. 1871. The policeman in Tiree has a collection, which he will write. I have heard him repeat nearly all that he knows.  
 52. 1871. The Gaelic Society of Inverness have now begun to collect.  
 53. 1871. The policeman in Harris made a large collection of popular lore during his service there. I have a general knowledge of the contents.  
 55. 1871. Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod and her sisters have been collecting, and they have informed me as to their results. I have copies of some ballads.  
 56. 1871. During a tour in the Highlands I heard the following people recite Gaelic Ballads and Heroic Stories, which I noted or wrote out:—  
 1. William Robertson, weaver, Tobermory, aged 87.  
 2. Mac Arthur, tailor, Tiree.  
 3. Duncan Cameron, policeman, Tiree, native of Ardnamurchan.  
 4. A Tiree man, whose name I have not noted.  
 5. A travelling tailor, North Uist.  
 6. Alexander Mac Niell, crofter, Castle Bay, Barra.  
 7. John, his brother, north end of Barra, both very old men.  
 8. John Cameron, crofter, Borge, Barra.  
 9. An old man living near the Sound of Barra, South Uist.  
 10. Angus Mac Donald, crofter, Gearra Na Moine, South Uist.  
 11. Patrick Smith, crofter, Gearra Na Moine, South Uist.  
 12. Eachain Mac Leoid, Iochdar, South Uist.  
 13. Mac Lellan, Iochdar, South Uist.  
 14. Eachain Mac Iosaig or Mac Cisaig, South Uist.  
 15. Peggy, parlour-maid, Loch Maddy, North Uist.  
 16. The Captain of the *Dream*, Skye.  
 17. Donald Mac Donald, styled Na Feinne, Skye. This last can read, and seems to have all Mac Callum's book by heart.  
 18. A man at Conan, Easter Ross, can repeat poems which he learnt out of Mac Callum's book.  
 57. Captain Thomas of the *Survey* 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 'Duanaire,' 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	Cowhullin . . . . .	56	1
2	34	Connleach . . . . .	104	9
3	40	No Kinn . . . . .	96	15
4	36	Freigh . . . . .	132	29
5	12	Osin agus Padrick . . . . .	136	40
6	122	Ditto . . . . .	40	40
7	1	Tyloch Finn . . . . .	16	47
8	1	Is Fadda Noch . . . . .	36	47
9	10	A Tarring Clooch . . . . .	48	47
10	11	In Seo Chonnich Maa . . . . .	36	47
11	59	Na Tullych . . . . .	24	49
12	62	Twilych ni Faynith . . . . .	96	50
13	58	Skaile er Choyle . . . . .	40	50
14	58	Binn Gow . . . . .	16	51
15	54	Colin Chon . . . . .	120	51
16	52	Umich Ochtyr . . . . .	52	104
17	69	Fleogh . . . . .	84	83
18	14	Estroeg . . . . .	162	129
19	6	Traye Fintrath . . . . .	168	137
20	4	Sleyve ny Ban Finn . . . . .	68	143
21	66	Cowll . . . . .	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	64	Dyth Wylelyss Myschi . . . . .	40	152
27	20	Dermit Mac O'zwne . . . . .	104	157
28	42	Keilta . . . . .	288	139
29	24	Cath Zawrych . . . . .	232	180
30	32	Ditto Farris filli . . . . .	53	182
			2,652	

### A.\*

The Dunstaffnage MS., dated October, 1603, signed Eoinn Mak Phail. 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 Colgáin Mac Rígh Lochlainn, and is a version of the Rowan-tree Dwelling. A copy is in another MS.—86
2. Bruighin Bheag na Halimhuin 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 Ardhonaill MS., dated 1690. Transcribed 1804, and extracts copied from the transcript 1872:—

1	Connll Gulban, &c., measured prose and verse . . . . .		
2	Two poems on the Earl of Argyll, and four short poems and maxims . . . . .		
3	Na Cinn . . . . .		
4	Fleadh Mhór Chaim, Fenian tale		
5	Sealg Sunaire, 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 Nìonar . . . . .	56	218
2		Iomachd Ochnar . . . . .	35	219
3		Duan Diarmuid (Glenshee) . . . . .	85	219
4		Duan Diurug . . . . .	61	219
5		Duan Lermon . . . . .	98	220
6		Duan na Cìsinn . . . . .	108	221
7		Duan na Sealg . . . . .	92	221
8		Duan Conloch . . . . .	82	222
9		Msnus (fragment) . . . . .	16	223
10		Muirbhurtach . . . . .	123	223
Total . . . . .			756	

### D.

Mac Nicol's Collection, made about 1755:—

Printed No.	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1	Garbh Mac Stairn . . . . .	151	5
2	Fraoch . . . . .	105	30
3	(4) Urnigh Ossain . . . . .	146	41
4	(5) Caslta and the Boar . . . . .	65	52
5	(4) Caslta and the Giant . . . . .	95	51
6	(5) The Carlin . . . . .	47	59
7	(6) The Goblin . . . . .	114	61
8	Rochd . . . . .	48	63
9	Mhuillearach . . . . .	84	68
10	Mannus (1755) . . . . .	188	72
11	(12) Flags and Cubha Fhinn . . . . .	43	73
12	(11) An Tathach . . . . .	67	83
13	Mannus (extract) . . . . .	68	83
14	(20) The Black Dog . . . . .	38	91
15	(19) Cath na 'n Seiseir . . . . .	62	93
16	(14) Cath Bein Edin . . . . .	112	96
17	(13) Cobhairle Fhinn . . . . .	80	97
18	(16) Dearg . . . . .	229	108
19	(17) Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	188	113
20	(19) Eass Runaidh . . . . .	139	130
21	(20) An Inviann . . . . .	106	135
22	(28) Olsein's Courting . . . . .	70	141
23	(22) Bran's Death . . . . .	56	148
24	(21) Diarmuid . . . . .	46	158
25	(23) Cairrol . . . . .	66	166
26	(26) Cath Ghaibhra . . . . .	166	183
27	(25) Murchadh Mac Brian . . . . .	52	210
28	(22) An Iomhuinn . . . . .	22	185
29	(29) Malvina (see M.) . . . . .	57	
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 Mac Stairn . . . . .	210	4
2	25	Duirne . . . . .	339	19
3	122	Cuthal . . . . .	40	147
4	10	Fionn . . . . .	61	35
5	9	Urnigh Ossain . . . . .	132	45
6	103	The Carlin . . . . .	72	59
7	80	Roc Mac Ciochair . . . . .	7	63
8	148	Cearloch Lùn . . . . .	169	65
9	75	The Muirburtach . . . . .	36	69
10	70	Rann an Fhìr Shìchdir . . . . .	35	93
11	18	Fios falta Rìgh Lochlainn . . . . .	92	84

Fletcher's Collection—*continued*.

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

## G.

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

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

## H.

## Kennedy's First Collection, made about 1774:—

1	168	Oisain and Padruig . . .	284	44
2	179	Caolite Oisain . . .	68	48
3	74	Caolite and the Boar . . .	112	53
4	79	Caolite and the Giant . . .	128	55
5	66	The Timbrel Player . . .	60	57
6	62	Silhalan . . .	36	58
7	33	Sciathan Mac Sgarbh . . .	60	58
8	84	The Carlin . . .	60	60
9	51	The Gohlin . . .	120	62
10	55	Roc . . .	44	63
11	27	The Smithy . . .	92	67
12	11	Manus . . .	284	74
13	57	Dun an Oir . . .	88	94
14	48	The Black Dog . . .	84	92
15	1	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . .	248	98
16	31	Carthon . . .	60	105
17	83	Dearg . . .	256	109
18	92	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	180	115
19	22	Maighre Borb . . .	124	131
20	43	Lìur . . .	128	125
21	69	Sliabh nam Beann Fhinn . . .	68	143
22	36	Gleann Diambhair . . .	68	144
23	58	Leana . . .	132	145
24	100	Diarmaid . . .	88	153
25	167	Diarmaid . . .	212	155
26	116	Diarmaid . . .	344	158
27	128	Cairriol and Goll . . .	288	168
28	140	Garabh and the Women . . .	152	177
29	145	Bàs Oseair . . .	580	185
			Total . . .	4,448
			(Not in I. 760 lines)	

## I.

## Kennedy's Second Collection, made about 1774:—

1	74	Conlaoch (?) . . .	444	10
2	66	Conal Na Cinn . . .	188	16
3	158	Tuiridh Nam Fian . . .	68	48
4	10	Manus . . .	296	76
5	56	Dun an Oir . . .	92	95
6	1	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . .	268	100
7	60	An Cu Dubh . . .	84	92
8	29	Sliabh Nam Beann Fhinn . . .	68	144
9	63	Gleann Diambhair . . .	72	144
10	51	Leana . . .	132	146
11	26	Carthon . . .	72	105
12	31	Dearg . . .	256	111
13	20	Maire Borb . . .	128	132
14	40	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	176	117
15	46	Lìur . . .	124	127
16	117	Cairriol . . .	128	167
17	121	Goll . . .	288	171
18	91	Diarmaid . . .	92	154
19	96	Diarmaid . . .	304	156
20	104	Diarmaid . . .	320	161
21	131	Garabh . . .	148	173
22	137	Bàs Oseair . . .	572	189
23	160	Bàs Oisain . . .	140	196
			(Not in H. 1,164 lines)	4,460

## J.

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

1	Oisain's Prayer . . .	144
2	Mulleartach . . .	87
3	Manus . . .	188

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

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

## K.

## Mac Arthur, Minister of Mull, quoted 1784 in Vol. 1, 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy':—

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

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

## L.

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

1	Uraigh Oisain . . .	105
2	The Maiden . . .	100
3	Dearg . . .	36
4	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	170
5	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . .	159
6	Suireadh Oisain . . .	82
7	Death of Oscar . . .	155
		810

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

## M.

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

1	212	Cuchullin's Sword . . .	130	1
2	24	Conlaoch . . .	120	13
3	260	Deirdre . . .	240	22
4	107	Fraoch . . .	136	31
5	283	Ceardach Mhic Luin . . .	104	67
6	250	Muireartach . . .	120	69
7	18	Manus . . .	172	77
8	805	Teantach Mór na Feinne . . .	236	101
9	35	Maiden . . .	84	133
10	162	King of Sorcha . . .	136	133
11	300	Dearg . . .	40	112
12	39	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	144	117
13	35	Goll's Praise . . .	18	125
14	302	Laomhinn . . .	108	106
15	11	Suireadh Oisain . . .	88	142
16	170	Bran . . .	46	149
17	34	Briathran Fhinn . . .	26	157
18	284	Diarmaid . . .	104	162
19	313	Death of Oscar . . .	256	191
20	167	Ditto . . .	120	193
21	210	Mhathlaine's Braghdar . . .	57	215
22	29	Aisling Mhala-mhain . . .	57	215
23	1	Mordubh . . .	330	
			Total . . .	2,755

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

## N.

## Miss Brooke's Irish Collection, printed at Dublin, 1789, the first Irish book of its kind:—

1	265	Conlaoch . . .	112	14
2	269	Cuchullin's Lament . . .	72	
3	271	Magnus . . .	106	
4	278	The Chase . . .	331	
5	288	The Maiden . . .	160	
6	296	War Ode of Oscar . . .	42	
7	298	Gaul's Ode . . .	144	
			1,060	

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

O.

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

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Goll agus Fionn . . . . .	108	213
2		Bran . . . . .	137	149
3		Bàs Chubhail . . . . .	90	147
4		Dan an fhir Shicair . . . . .	73	85
5		Caoilte and the Giant . . . . .	85	56
6		Cath Chloinne Boaise agus Morni . . . . .	140	
7		Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	159	118
8		Losgadh Farnail . . . . .	108	178
9		Teann-dach Mòr na Feinne . . . . .	192	163
10		Bàs Chonlach . . . . .	112	14
11		Laoith an Amadain Mhòr . . . . .	144	204
12		Bàs Dhìarmaid . . . . .	132	163
13		Cath Ghabhra . . . . .	160	194
14		Eas Leòite Mianus . . . . .	134	78
15		Clann Usaachan Deirdre . . . . .	312	24
16		Am Muirentach . . . . .	105	70
17		Urnigh Oisein . . . . .	120	46
18		Roc . . . . .	132	64
19		Bàs Fhian . . . . .	52	196
20		Goll agus Carall . . . . .	16	167
21		Bàs Ghull le Mùchan . . . . .	46	214
22		Faile na Urnigh na Greine . . . . .	38	216
23		Urnigh na Greine . . . . .	11	216
24		Dearg Mac an Deirg . . . . .	24	113
25		Comhairle Oisein . . . . .	6	157
26		Toir air na Tuathaich . . . . .	44	212
27		An Gobhais Fian . . . . .	16	85
28		Dearg Mac Droighda . . . . .	11	113
29		Conlach agus Cuthon . . . . .	177	216
30		Fionn agus Gara . . . . .	220	6
31		Mar Fhuair Oisein a Fhradharch . . . . .	64	39
32		Eachdruidh nam Fian . . . . .	60	40
33		Aithris air Oramaidh nam Fian . . . . .	80	201
34		Faithhear nam Fian . . . . .	68	201
35		Labhair Diarmaid . . . . .	28	202
36		Part of Oisein's Lament . . . . .	8	49
37		Laoith an Amadain Mhoir . . . . .	96	206
38		Carrachd Rìgh Lochlainn . . . . .	92	85
39		Fionn agus Gara . . . . .	82	7
40		Fionn's Pedigree . . . . .	5	35
			3,695	

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

P.

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

1		Fionn's Birth (prose) . . . . .	378	37
2		Oisein's Last Hunt do. . . . .	120	38
3	35	Oisein's Ring do. . . . .	12	38
4		Padraig's Wedding do. . . . .	23	39
5	38	Fionn's Expedition to Odlhacha's House . . . . .	117	89
6	49	The Black Dog . . . . .	115	90
7		The Burning of Farala . . . . .	72	179
8		Praise of Aodh by Goll . . . . .	20	172
9		Goll's Petition (Garry's) . . . . .	24	180
10		Fionn's Trip to Lochlainn . . . . .	64	85
11		The Maiden . . . . .	82	128
12		The Black Wrapper . . . . .	35	200
13		The Lay of the Great Fool . . . . .	148	206
			Total in the MS. . . . .	1,342

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

P.\*

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

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

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
9		Laoith Phadruig . . . . .	163	
10		Bàs Chonlach . . . . .	116	
11		Erragon, or Dearmad Fleadh . . . . .	136	
12		Duan Ghabhra Mhic Starn . . . . .	141	
13		Laoith Naòis (Deirdre) . . . . .	33	
14		Cearloch Mhic Loan . . . . .	102	
15		Dun Laomann . . . . .	81	
16		Trod Chlann Morn agus Chlann Baòis . . . . .	37	
17		Laoith Fhrosail . . . . .	176	
18		Duan a Choin Duibh . . . . .	56	
19		Cuidh Oisio air Osear . . . . .	140	
21		Craochan Creag an Tullaich . . . . .	92	
22		Losgadh Bruth Farbairn . . . . .	26	
			4,187	

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

Q.

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

1	545	Fionn and Ailbhe . . . . .	42	
2	547	Fionn and Duthan . . . . .	17	86
3	549	Murcha Mac Brian . . . . .	88	209
4	554	Mac Stairn . . . . .	64	8
5	558	The Black Dog . . . . .	76	
6	562	Deirdre . . . . .	364	26
7	581	Conlach and Cuthon . . . . .	184	216
8	690	Sun Hynn . . . . .	38	
9	592	Sun Hynn . . . . .	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	Cuebullain agus Laoighre Buidhach . . . . .	60	
2	105	Taireadh Eimire air Chuchullain . . . . .	52	
3	106	Four Stanzas on Cuebullain by Connall Cearnach . . . . .	16	
4	109	Connall and Lughaidh—Dioghladh Bac Chuchullain . . . . .	44	
5	3	Laoith na Ceaird . . . . .	120	
6	116	Caoi Ghormlaidh ni Fhloinn air Nial G'Neil Ghinnidh . . . . .	72	
7	119	Conn mac air Deirg . . . . .	180	
8	126	Sgeol Beg agam air Fionn . . . . .	132	
9	132	A Cheirigh Chanfas na Saim . . . . .	192	
10	140	Padraig agus Oisín . . . . .	72	
11	143	Aithus duinn Fhearguis (Cath-ghabhra) . . . . .	32	
12	144	Caoi Osein air Osear . . . . .	144	
13	151	La da Phadraig na Mhur . . . . .	120	
14	156	Bruihgan Cheise Coreunn (Goll) . . . . .	64	
			Total . . . . .	1,300

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

R.

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

	297	Deirdre . . . . .		36		29
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S.

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

1		Battle of Ben Edin . . . . .	400	80
2		Maiden . . . . .	84	
3		Fall of Roya . . . . .	104	134
4		Cuebullin's Horses . . . . .	12	
5		Battle of Lora, Teann-dachd Mòr na Feinne . . . . .	84	103
6		Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	116	
7		Manua . . . . .	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	Teantachd Mhor na Feinne . . .	120	
13	156	Ode to Gaul (Braghin Chase Corain) . . .	64	
		Total . . .	1,496	

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

## U.

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

1	418	Cuchullin's Car . . .	66	2
2	423	Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	90	
3	429	Part of Fingal, Book III. . .	16	
4	432	San Hymn in Carriethura . . .	11	
5	430	Dirto, in Carthon . . .	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	141	9 Connloch . . .	144	15
3	132	6 The Heads . . .	60	18
4	221	Deirdre . . .	33	
5	95	1 Dearg . . .	294	
6	113	3 Eumhair Aluinn . . .	129	
7	166	2 Crom Gleann . . .	124	
8	119	4 The Bannery . . .	95	
9	124	5 Teantachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	180	
10	137	7 The Black Dog . . .	76	
11	165	13 The Maiden . . .	130	
12	170	14 Dan Chiuthaich . . .	176	
13	197	19 The Greatest Hunt . . .	58	
14	150	Gull's Praise . . .	18	
15	151	10 Fionn's Counsel to Oscar . . .	26	
16	186	Diarmaid . . .	160	
17	154	12 Death of Oscar . . .	247	
18	216	24 The Smithy . . .	102	
19	153	10 Colg-shuil is Trathal . . .	16	
20	179	15 San Hymn . . .	74	
21	181	15 Ditto . . .	23	
22	183	17 Mor-ghlan agus Min-fhonn . . .	57	
23	193	18 Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	92	
24	200	20 Connal Ghuibinn . . .	158	
25	207	21 Uirsgel Oisein . . .	45	
26	209	22 Ioma Cheist Oisian . . .	166	
		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	Mardubh, 3 Books . . .	758
2	9	Collath . . .	504
3	14	Old Bard's Wish . . .	144
4	17	The Owllet . . .	268
		Lines of Heroic Poetry . . .	1,674

I have printed nothing from this Collection.

## X.

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

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Cuchullin's Car . . .	7	2
2		The Hag . . .	94	60
3		The Maiden . . .	88	
		Ditto, other versions . . .	52	
		Ditto . . .	27	
		Ditto . . .	44	
		Ditto . . .	21	
4		Duarau agus Goll . . .	10	212
5		Bardachd Dheireannach Oisein . . .	36	106
6		Truisenl . . .	43	202
7		Iulaircan . . .	61	208
		(Caithness Collection, from Betty Sutherland.) . . .		
9		Death of Conn . . .	171	119
		Another version from Tیره . . .	106	121
		The Maiden . . .	92	
10		The March of Nine . . .	56	89
11		The Death of Oscar, Battle of Galhra . . .		
12		Dan an Eich Bar Bhuidhe (Goll) (Mentioned, but not got.) . . .	144	
13		Dan an Eich Bar Bhuidhe (Goll) . . .	115	172
14		Duan na Cloinn . . .		
15		Duan na Mhatha . . .		
16		Duan an Amadain 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 Galhra Fionn agus Fergus . . .	8
7		Ditto . . .	2
8		Ditto, Part of the Lament . . .	8
9		Six Warriors' Lament (Islay) . . .	4
10		The Laird of Tarlochan . . .	26
11		Scraps of Fraoch . . .	20
12		Ditto . . .	26
13		Caoilte and the Giant . . .	79
14		Black Dog . . .	56
15		Caoilte 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 Sorcha . . .	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		Teantachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	106
27		Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	191
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 Cu Glas . . .	12
34		Connloch . . .	24
35		Caithach Eithne Bric . . .	8
36		Duan Collaine . . .	35



Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
37		Ysbel ne St. Kellan (from A.)	18	
38		Careal	41	
39		Suireadh Oisein	41	
40		Laoidh Cheirich	83	
41		The Smithy	84	
42		Pitto	52	
43		Mairiatach	75	
44		Sir Neill Campbell	82	
45		Death of Oscar	19	
46		The Black Dog	84	
47		Oisein (Mac Pherosnie)	24	
48		San Hymn	22	
49		Lav of the Great Fool	142	
50		Diarmaid's Death	72	
51		Mac Reathain (Death of Garry)	7	
52		Mar mharb Cathul a Mhac (Smith)	30	
53		Fionn and Dubhan	58	
54		Maiden. High Soracha	32	
55		Maiden	32	
56		Fionn and Dubhan	7	
57		Cuchullin's Car (X. 1.)	7	2
58		Duaran and Goll (Mac Pherosnie)	12	212
59		Same as 52	15	
60		Laoidh Chathulach Mhic Chochullain	24	
61		Oisein in his Old Age	8	
62		Sun Hymn	10	
63		Fionn's Banner	6	
64		Ossian's Maxims	21	
65		San Hymn	26	
66		Suiridh Oisein	71	
67		Diarmaid	4	
68		Oisein lamenting Oscar	12	
69		Fionn's Ghost (Mac Pherosnie)	12	
70		Oisein 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		Oisein	29	
77		Hideala	5	
78		Trothal	10	
79		Fionn and Dubhan	18	
80		Cuchullin's Battle Car	54	
81		Beannach Baird	32	
82		An toglach bhón d' fhalbh a bhean	26	
83		Oisein in his Age	4	
84		Mac Mhathain	4	
85		Fionn	5	
86		Malmhina	4	
87		Hidealan	4	
88		Tigh Didein nan Gormlan	43	
89		Aisiridh an Radaire	42	
90		Duan Chollainn	56	
		Total lines of poetry	3,738	

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
17		Mary Cameron's Song and Chorus	122	
18		Iain-Smittach's Song	8	
19		Mac Pharlán'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 Laomuin (version of M. 14. 108.)	108	
22		Cuchullin's Sword (M. 1. 13.)	13	
23		A chere's an robh dail	8	
24		Dearg (M. 11. 40.)	40	
25		Caolte and the Giant (D. 5. 95., H. 4. 60.)	74	
26		Sgeulachd beag air Conachar, Prose	32	
27		Version of D. 7. F. 6., H. 8. (The Hag Got, from Sarahll. Fletcher in Mull, 'I know the Woman')	52	
28		Laoidh. (Theardais Version of Gara, F. 19., H. 28., I. 21. Never printed. Prose and verse)	76	
30		Version of Z. 3. 39., X. 7. 61. (from 'Machair' Arturlian Ballad in Gaelic)	64	
31		Briehlich Iain nan Carn	63	
32		Murachadh Mac Brian's Riding Dress. (Also from Sarah Fletcher, in Mull)	84	
		Vol. III.		
		Sanlry 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		Collun gun Cheann	22	212
2		An Gobhainn	24	
3		Muiltearach	30	71
4		Cuach Fhinn	8	150
5		Bran	10	150
6		Diarmaid	59	164
7		Bunite an son Doruis	6	
8		A bit of Manus	20	82
			179	

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

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

1		Cath Chnuic an áir.	
2		Laoi na Seilge.	
3		Meisge agus Rádh na m-Dan.	
4		Sealg Sliéithe Fuaid.	
5		Laoi Mhaghnuis Mhóir.	
6		Sealg Gleanna an Smóil.	
7		Laoi na Deirg.	
8		Aois Maithe na Féinne.	
9		Feara na Uamha Taoiseach na Féinne.	
10		Tionna Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
11		Leacht Ghoill.	
12		Moladh Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
13		Laoi Mná an Bhrúit Bháin.	
14		Targaireacht Fhinn mhic Chumhail ar Eirinn.	
15		Sealg ar Mhacalbh draoidheachta Aonghus.	
16		Laoi Chollainn gan cheann.	
17		Sioma Chuirill agus Ghuill.	
18		Laoi an Mhaighre Bhuirb.	
19		Sealg Locha Deirg.	
20		Laoi Aodha mhic Chéadaigh agus a mhna.	
21		Sealg Sliéithe na m-Dan fionn.	
22		Laoi ar Gharadh gharbh mhac Mhórna do loisg tigh agus bantracht Fhinn.	
23		Iomarbháidh Chormaic agus Fhinn a d-Teamhair.	
24		Turas Laighne mhic righ na bh-Fómhorach.	

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

&c.

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

Vol. I.

1		The Family of Maim (A Lament)	168
2		Sir Neill Campbell Eilan Gheirg (by Dr. Mac Ealair)	108
3		The Words of the Lochiel Pio-beardh. ('Come hither, ye tribes of the hounds, and get flesh')	4
4		A Robber's Song	16
5		Teannadh Mór 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		Diarmaid Donn, Prose, 7 pages	
9		The Black Dog, Prose	266
10		A Genealogy of the Argyll's (1021 as the Tribe of Diarmaid, 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 Sroinheagair	184

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

- 25 Laoi an Duin.
- 26 Cumha Oisín a n-diaidh na Féine.
- 27 Laoi Oisín ar Thír na n-Og.
- 28 Laoi Luin mhíe Liamhtha.
- 29 Laoi na Con Duilhe.
- 30 Laoi Aíreáin mhíe Chranncáir na long.
- 31 Tuaragbháil Chatha Gabhra.
- 32 Marbhronn Oisáir mhíe Oisín.
- 33 Laoi Chab an Dosáin.
- 34 Laoi Dhíarmuda Bricé.

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

Extra List.

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

62. Col. Fraser of Belladrum, 1778:—

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

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

- 1 Diarmaid.
  - 2 Trostan.
  - 3 Oisáin agus an Cleireach, in revenging the death of Trostan.
  - 4 Sealg Naonar.
- This marked in the hand of the Rev. Donald Mac Intosh on the back of a letter addressed O.H.M.S. Col. Mackay, Adjutant-General, Edinburgh. The Poems are missing. July 18, 1872.

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

- 1 Duan na h-Inghine, 86.
  - 2 Laoith 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 Gháil, 142.
  - 3 Iomairt flath nam fiann, 122.
  - 4 Conn Mac an Deirg, 114.
  - 5 Sealg Ghlinn Diamhair, 44.
- All in one hand and orthography.

67. Sent by the Rev. Wm. Mac 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, fcp. size, 15 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.	127
2	7	'A Phadaig a chana na sílim'	123
3	13	Suidheachab Cu Fhinn, 1 stanza of the Black Dog. D. M.	4
4	13	Dath Cu Fhinn do. do. D. M.	4
5	14	Dan an amadain Mhóir, a fragment, 6 pages wanting	112

69. [ANON.]

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

The Smyth (about) 88.  
Losgadh Brough Fairbairn, or the Burning of Farala, 72.

70. [ANON.]

1	1	Tioma Gháil . . . . .	84
5	6	Smyth . . . . .	68

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

# 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 Pheon's 'Ossian,' Smith's 'Sean Dana,' and some minor poems which have been printed as ancient compositions. These can be referred to without difficulty.

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

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

## *Manuscripts Earlier than 1512.*

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

## TEXT A.

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

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

The orthography is phonetic, uncertain, and almost unique. Scotch words creep in amongst the Gaelic; such as 'ane' (one). The history of this manuscript is in the Report of the Highland Society on the Authenticity of Ossian, 1805 (p. 300); in 'Ossian's Poems,' 1807 (vol. iii. p. 566); and in the introduction to the selections published by W. F. Skene and the Rev. Thomas Mac Lauchlan, 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 noioir 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 Lauchlan 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 cét,' meaning 'sang.'

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

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

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

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

No. 14 has the name of 'Gilcallum Mc Ynn Ollaig'—Servant of Callum, Son of the Doctor, or Professor. The name is a Christian name, and the story is part of the Pagan romance of Cuchullin, who belongs to the first century. No single Fonian name appears in this old version of the slaying of Conlaech 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; cét, 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'Chainn,' if that be his name, is the equivalent character to 'Blind Oisein' and 'Blind Homer.'

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

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

No. 17 is said in the character of 'Keilt Mc Ronane,' 'Cormac Mac Art inir,' who was High King of Ireland 213—253 A.D., has his general Fionn in bondage. Caoilte, the swift Hero in the Fenian romance, rescues him by catching and bringing to Temhra, 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 houndir so,' and he probably meant 'said this.' Like many others, he too may have believed that the warriors composed that which they are made to say in character. I believe that unknown Bards composed all these metrical conversations hundreds of years after the reign of Cormac.

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

No. 19 has no author's name, but it is a conversation between Conan and Garraidh, two of the tribe of Goll, about going to seek that Hero's head from the Channa 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 Cuinn,' the true heir after the battle of Magh Machruim, and before the battle of Crionna, about A.D. 213.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 30 is a continuation of 7. Having permission to use the book, instead of the transcript and MS., I divided the 2,656 lines by ear and sense to suit their rhythm, and reprinted from Dr. Mac 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 Scotch-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 Lachlan Mac Pherson of Strathmashie and Captain Morrison, and that the English was translated from that text. My opinion now is that Mac Pherson's Translation was first composed by a great genius, partly from a knowledge of Scotch nature and folk-lore, partly from ideas gathered from books; and that he and other translators afterwards worked at it, and made a Gaelic equivalent whose merit varies according to the translator's skill and knowledge of Gaelic. It is said that an early copy of the 7th book of Temora, with corrections in Strathmashie's hand, was found after his death. I suppose that he revised a Gaelic translation by Mac Pherson, or by some other. His own Gaelic songs are idiomatic, whereas the 7th book of Temora is Saxon Gaelic in general, and nonsense in many passages. The English equivalent is like the rest of Mac Pherson's work. In either case, because of matter, manner, orthography, and language, Mac Pherson's English and Gaelic Ossian must have been composed long after Dean Mac Gregor collected his book in Mac Pherson's country, near his district, and in Morven. A list of the Heroic Fragments is with the other lists marked A.

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

1st. At pp. 64, 34, 40, are fragments of the story of Cuchullin and Eamhri. 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 'Evir,' 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 Patriek and to Cormac show that Ossein, if a real man, did not really converse with the saint; but a story was founded upon that romance, and it was current in 1512 in Scotland. That is proved.

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

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

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

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

Then comes jealousy. The unfaithful wives appear (p. 135). Diarmaid laments to Gruidhne, Fionn's wife, for his deserted comrades (p. 152). Diarmaid is slain through the contrivance of his jealous uncle, Fionn (p. 157). The Clanna Baoisge having beaten their comrades, the Clanna Morna, slay each other for jealousy and revenge, and the power of the Feinne is broken. The Irish King has Fionn in bondage at Tara (p. 139). Caoilte tells how he insulted King Cormac and his son Cairbre, and how he rescued Fionn, his kinsman and commander, from the Irish King. Oisein tells how Cairbre, the son of Cormac, and his own son, Oscar, fought and fell at Gabhra (p. 180). Fionn's son Fergus tells Fionn (p. 182) how the Feinne were slain in that famous fight, which ends the story told by surviving Pagan warriors to Padruig and to early Christians.

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

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

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

The following extracts will explain the Dean of

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

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

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

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

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

At p. 145 it is translated *The Earl of Argyll*.

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

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

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 Gaeidhel*.

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

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

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

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

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

. . . . . Thre perails 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'  
dayer ony one of thre dayis for vintage he sal owtir  
be brint or drownit or de sum shameful deth or de  
suddanly. And it be a madin child she sal be a com  
on voman or ellis sum vyn ewil doyar and is to have  
ane ewil ending **D** And gyf ony man or voman  
ettis ony g wss fless in ony of yon thre dayis he sal  
have ye falland Ewil and na work sal cum to gud  
end zat he begwn in ony of thir iij Dayis. **D** The  
leest dayis of Every moneth for to begin ony werk  
is or to tak ony . . . in hand is ye first day ye ferd  
day ye vi day ye vii ye xiiii day. Itim ther is tre  
doyis and Saut E . . . sayis yat quhat man or  
voman is born in ony of tham he sal never rot vz  
The xij day of Januar ye xiiii day of marche And ye  
xviii day of Februar.

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

Richt as ye biehe in jolying in hir raige,  
Sche cheisit not ye greu hand in y<sup>r</sup> hour  
Sche folast tyg quhill y<sup>r</sup> her lwst be swagit  
Richt soo ye meir forsakis ye cwtswr  
And cheisit ane crwikit avir and ony dowr  
So wemen wairris y virginite  
On catve creaturis moist onworthee,  
Suppoiss sche have mony fimby shunter  
The fairest lady y<sup>r</sup> natur can devyne  
Richt swdadanly will ye se hir inelye  
To tak ane crepill or a creatur  
Sic is yair hap and yair werd.  
No man may yame wyte in erd re J.

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

Of Malcolm Keunoir and Qwene Margaret comm King  
Edgair y<sup>r</sup> biggit Coldinghame and, Kyng Alexander  
yat beggit Scoyne an Sant David yat biggit ye Hali-



rud house of Edinburgh off Sanct Davi com Henry of Huntenton and off Henry Huntenton coym Kyng Malcom yat biggit Cupar and Kyng Willzeam yat biggit Avbrothow and erl Davi of Kyng Willzeam com Alexander of Alexander com Alexander zat deit in Kingorn.

Yan go we till erle Davi off erle Davi coym margret and Essabel and Anna Ada eff margret redditt v<sup>t</sup> Alan off Galoway, dervargala bedditt v<sup>t</sup> Johne ye Bailze and off yat John com John ye Bailze Kyng callit himettabert and syne Advart ye Bailze off yssabel redditt v<sup>t</sup> Robert ye Bruysse com Robert ye Bruysse and syne Robert ye Brusse Kyng off Scottish off Kyng Robert ye Bruysse com Kyng Davi and Margret yat vis redditt v<sup>t</sup> gwrt Sr Valter Stewart off ye said gwrd 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 Johen and Valter Stewart Robert Duk off Albany Alexander Erle of Buehqwau David Erle of Strathern and Valter Erl of Catnes of Kyng Rerbt fyrst sohn cam David Duk of Rossay Robert Erl off Athcl and James Kyng of Scottis ye qwhilk was tane on ye se w<sup>t</sup> Inghis men wndir crevis passand to Franschewartis Yis alk King James was taking at ye se ye XXX day of Marche ye Zehor off God M<sup>mo</sup> cccc<sup>mo</sup> and sax zeir.

Finis.

(5) LATIN. Page 181.

*Fili Fuge Ebrietatem et R. J.*

Ebrietas est tota imbecillit Primo abetle memoriam desipiat Sensum negligit mentem confundit intellectum concitat libidinem Involvit linguam Implicat sermonem Corruptit Sauginem obtundit visum Perturbat venas inirnat nervos Obturat aures turbat viscera Subvertit sensum humectat cerebrum debilitat membra frangit somnium Impedit ministeria obruit animam maculat cordus et omnem salntem 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 tempestatis, impedimentum viri, continentis nafragium, vas adulterii, periculosum prædium, animalium pessimum, gravissimum pondus, aspis insanabilis; humanum mancipium in pugna: Unde est malier quasi muleus herus J.

SCOTS.

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

SCOTCH ORTHOGRAPHY.

In 1778 Shaw, in his 'Analysis of the Gaelic Language,' London, says (p. 16), 'Butat 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:—

<sup>1</sup> Campbelltown the 20th of Desember 1695.

'Deir billie,—I thought before this tyme to had a lyne from yow to agwant me if ye had frayhted thatt shipe for New my land. I have bay me fortie barrells of beif and the other sve barrell . . . I wad baght from Alex<sup>r</sup> Mc Conachie and if the shipe be y<sup>r</sup> forwint ont piefullie tack Sanders Mc Conachie fortie barrells bif upon my a Compt and gie Mans . . . John Mc Kecherarne and markgine for the bif<sup>t</sup> with John Mc Kecherarne and dra bil on me for the price of the bif and I shall ansure the bill and if the shipe net you my ont propothe I shall upon your order to

me send twentie harells, and if ye tack Sanders Mc Conachie bif upon my a Compt give his brother Archibald Mc Conachie a hundreth merks in pairt payment of the bif and I shall pay you or your order the said some and if ye be nane for the bif upon my a Compt pray you sell or help to sell Sandie Mc Conachie bif for itt is good bif. I cannott get in y<sup>r</sup> rents bott I goten hansell. (Return from Donald Mc 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 Fen the eight mark lands possest by James Cuneson to writt: Smerbey and Cloch flau as alsoe the four mark land of Drummore possest by Captt Muir: who hess his lifetime of itt 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 lands of Smerbey and god knows if I have posesion of the other this 20 years,' &c. &c.

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

TEXT B.

At p. 296 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, mention is made of a manuscript written at Aird Chonail, upon Lochowe side, in 1690 and 1691. A note (p. 79) in Gaelic means 'Eoghan 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. Caillain Campbel, to whom belongs this little book; i.e. Caillain, Mac Dhonchai Mhic Dhughill, Mhic Chaillain 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 'Slichod Callen oig,' from 'Young Colin' of Cowal, founder of the family, and son of Colin the Queer, 1389. This Colin probably was one of the Ardkinglas family, but I can only guess. About 1633 Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy took charge of the Earl of Argyll's grandson, and caused him to be instructed by 'ane sufficient man quha hes bothe Irish and English.' In December, 1637, he had begun to 'wearye of the Irische language.' By 1638 'Maister Ihone Mäkleine' the 'Pedagogue,' who wore 'ane hevit plaid,' had 'misbehaved himself,' and his place was to be filled by 'ane discret man that is one Scollar and that can speike bothe 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.<sup>1</sup>

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

<sup>1</sup> O'Donovan's Catalogue (190, No. 6, H. 2. 12. Trin.

<sup>1</sup> '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 Gilloin, 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 Gilloin;" but this is certainly an error, as it appears from the annals of the 4 masters and various other Irish authorities that Mac Gilloin 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-shaethain—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 Caitheadh, 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 Mac Nicol, 1763.—Donald Mac 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 Scotiannæ*, part ii. p. 49.

Lismore.—Donald Mac Nicol, M.A., 1766.—Donald Mac 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, Lillias Campbell, who died 29th June, 1831, and had a son, Donald of Sockach, and daugh., 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 Scotiannæ*, 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 Usnoch, complete (part of Fingal.)
5. Fingal and Swaran's Engagement, though Swaran is sometimes called 'Magnus.'

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

mentions two old manuscripts which then existed. One contained the adventures of 'Smerbie More, one of the predecessors of the family of Argyll,' who lived in the 5th century, according to the family genealogy. The other contains the history of Clannisneachain, 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 Nicol'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. Nicholson gave the other pieces of Mac Nicol's collection, marked on your list, to a friend of his, who has not returned them yet.' On the 8th of April I wrote again about these, and on the 3rd of May got copies of nine fragments. On the 11th of May I got the rest copied by Mr. Donald Mac Pherson, now assistant librarian in the Advocates' Library.

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

### TEXT E.

*Jerome Stone (Schoolmaster), 1755. 132 lines.*

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

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

### TEXT F.

*Fletcher's Collection, 1750 to 1800.*

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

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

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

'Fletcher.'

54

'Corrupt copies.'

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

The condemnation was pronounced by men who were engaged upon Mac Pherson's Gaelic, which they printed in 1807. In accordance with this belief in the 'authenticity' of that pure 'text,' some one has altered Fletcher's 'corrupt' text by striking out some of his words which make the actor's Irish. The whole collection tells the same story which the others all confirm. From Scone to Dunstaffnage, as from Sutherland to Ceantire, about 1750, the people believed that Fionn and his soldiers were Irish worthies and their own ancestors, and none of them, so far as appears from Fletcher's oral collection, had ever heard of Mac Pherson's *Fingal, King of 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. 'Bheircamsa' is an obsolete grammatical form; so is 'ni an robh.' 'Machd' expresses the sound now given to 'mac,' a son, and so on. The Gaelic lists, as they stand in the manuscript, with alterations in different hands in italics, follow:—

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

1. Duan na Inghinn.
2. Urnuich Oisain.
3. Rìgh Lochlin.
4. Naos agus Deirdir, or Clan Uisneachan.
5. Teantachd mòr na Feinne.
6. Laoigh Chaoilte Mhic Roainn.
7. Mar chaidh Roe thig Fian.
8. Amadan Mhòr.
9. Sgeula air Caillich. (Qy. *Muireartach?*)
10. Losgadh Tiùh Farabirne. (Qy. *Losga Tauradh?*)
11. Rann a choin duibh.
12. Cuthal.
13. Bran.
14. Eachdruidh mar chaidh Fion a mharbhadh.
15. Ceardach Lein.
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.	Urnuich Oisain . . . . .	9
3.	N Taathach wghna } . . . . .	18
	Foil Rìgh Lochlunn } . . . . .	
4.	Eachdruidh Chonachair Rìgh Eirim . . . . .	25
	<i>Deirdir agus triuir mac Rìgh Bharrachaoil an da phairt.</i>	
5.	An cath is cruaidhe thug an fheinn <i>Teantachd mòr nam Fian</i> agus dol an orda am Brataichean an da phairt. . . . .	49
6.	Laoigh Chaoilte . . . . .	64
7.	Bann an fhìr Shìchdir . . . . .	70
8.	Cailleach Thulaich Fhoirre . . . . .	75
9.	Mar chaidh Roe a thigh Fhinn . . . . .	80
10.	Buiste Fhinn . . . . .	84
11.	Rann an Amadaine mhòir . . . . .	89
12.	Sgeula air Nìoisto . . . . .	103

List copied from page 110.

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

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

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

## TEXT G.

*Mac Diarmaid's Manuscript, 1762—1769.*

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

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

<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, Placks, 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 Mc Dhiarmaid, but the manuscript does not explain what Eobhan Mc Diarmaid's profession was. The manuscript is of the size of large note paper, and is bound in pastboard in two volumes. John Shaw does at the present possess but the first vol., but thinks that some time in summer he may also get possession of the second vol. The first vol. contains an Orain on the Gaelic by Mr. Patriu Stewart of 4 pages. 38 Gaelic songs, viz. Songs, Hymns, and Poems. Some of them are old, and some are modern. Many have been printed. 500 Gaelic proverbs. 46 Gaelic riddles.

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

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

I also copied out of the said MS. a song composed to Mc Pharlan of Arrochar by a Lochlomonid's side Bard. It appears to be a very old song. Although it was composed by a Lochlomonid'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 Lochlomonid side who can understand them. The song appears to have been an old one when it was wrote by Eobhan Mc Diarmaid in the year 1769, as he considered some of the words in it obsolete even at that time, and wrote an explanation of them at the foot of the page, which I copied, and sent with the song. I also kept a copy of the said song to myself. The words in the modern songs of Arrochar require no explanation.

I am your obedient Servant,  
'JOHN DEWAR.'

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

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

1

Mhic Pharlain an Arair  
Lamb adh-mòr an Eineich,<sup>1</sup>  
Fhir as fial re h-Ealaidh,  
Bith tu riur gach Fìle.

2

Mhic fhìr-gìlic fhear amhail,<sup>2</sup>  
Leis an diolar Scolaigh,<sup>3</sup>  
Laoich chròdh nach crion Aine,  
Na Nis buaine t-Onoir.

3

Theid t-Eineach<sup>1</sup> s do naire,<sup>4</sup>  
Thar Fìneach a's uine,  
Gach Fìle<sup>2</sup> g'rach sùd  
Gu sìrthear<sup>3</sup> s noch dùlthar.

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

<sup>4</sup> Modesty.

b

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

5  
Laoich threoin dheis luth-mhor,  
G' am fùigheadh<sup>3</sup> Beachd adh-mhor.  
Is Sluagh teachd fa' d' Luchairt,  
Le Buaidh chreic' o' d' Nannhaid.

6  
'N cur Ruag dhuts gu dàna,  
D' an Dualgbas bhith chùtach  
Sud gheibheadh a' d' Chòirse,  
Treun laochraidh bhorb lùth-mhor

7  
S iomad Gear nan thana,  
Lamh a's laidir buille,  
Cinn-bheirt chumhdaidh chorroich,  
Dhol an Tùs do Chòimeisg.

8  
'N am Troid U' e t-Aither,  
Cuipr a bhith fa' Ùthar,  
T' iodhach bhith 'g a' caitheadh,  
'S Fir ag lùbadh lubbair.

9  
S an Ghreis Ghabhadh gheibheadh  
Do 'n Mheas chùraidh Ùbhall.  
Laoich chròda sar-laimh dheas,  
Ag iomart na 'n Laith-chleas,

10  
Do d' Naimhbhise b' aithreach,  
Dol an dàil do Chòimeisg,  
'N cur a' Bhlair ann Taimèad  
Dhoibh bu nàr an Turas.

11  
T-oighre Deadh mhac Dhonnachaidh,  
Lamh ghleusta air Fiodhaidh,  
Fear nach maidlin<sup>4</sup> o' n Ar-flaich,  
Sluagh nach d' fhuiling iompach.

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

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

14  
Dol gu garbh an Toital,  
Strann do Phìob air Faiche,  
Fir le 'n dìolthar Crosan,  
Or pealls e dearg-lasta,  
Am Barr Crainn Eang shìoda,

15  
Is G'arbh-laochraidh spàrta,  
Ann Scabal team dìonach,  
B' i Mianu a' Mhìc adh-mhor,  
Oirèachd a' bhì lion-mhor.

16  
Ag iomart an Taith-phleasg  
Am Pròinn-lios an Thìona,  
Cho 'n innsèar Beachd m' aime,  
Air Ar-munn na Firinn,  
Do Shìolach na 'm Flath e.  
S do Fhreamb na 'n Rìghre

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

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

18  
Cho Bhaòghal na Fir  
'S am Faoghar á Muigh  
Ta 'n Tàrar air fement T-ean,  
Chur Faobhar am Fuil,  
Cho teatha Buill, ùird  
Air Innin na 'm Bolg  
Na iomairt an Eulig  
Air Mìre le Feirg.

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

FODH an Leac-lighidh so gun suim  
Tha Glutaidh-pàiteach 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 Mhèilean  
An Tom-buidhe, Fionnairt s' an Ainibh,  
Shluig e an Goirtean s' a' coill,  
Chreach e na h-Ionnragain le foill.  
Dogan Gearraìn, s' seiscar mhairt,  
Dh' òl e an Tairbeairt a' chasga a' thart,  
Dh' òl e an Tigh-bheachdadaidh na crùin  
Bu tric sgeith air gu dha shùil,  
Chuir e a' Mhaoin an leann s' an dram,  
Gus gu 'n deach an stùrd na cheann.

#### TEXTS H. I.

*Kennedy's 1st, 1774 to 1780. II. 4,448 } 8,908 lines.*  
,, 2nd, 1774 to 1788. I. 4,460 }

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

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

The following works are referred to in this notice:—

1. 1512 &c. Texts A. to I. Gaelic.
2. 1759 &c. Mac Pherson's publications. English and Gaelic.
3. 1760 Mr. Mac Lagan's collection. Gaelic.
4. 1780 Dr. John Smith's Gaelic Antiquities. English and Gaelic.
5. 1786 Walker's Irish Bards. English and Irish.
6. 1786 Kennedy's Book of Hymns. Gaelic.
7. 1789 Dr. John Smith's Scan Bards. Gaelic.
8. 1803 Dr. John Smith's Letters and Kennedy's Collection as referred to in the Report on Ossian, together with Remarks by Dr. Donald Smith.
9. 1834 Kennedy's Second Edition of his Hymns.
10. 1852 Drummond's Irish Minstrelsy.

On the title-page of I. is written—

'Kennedy's Ancient Poems belong to the High-  
land Society of Scotland. 2nd collection divided in  
two volumes bound in one.'

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

<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 skillfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.  
In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.  
In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for ev'ry day  
Some good account at last.

## 1786. KENNEDY. P. 140.

## AN ADHAIDH DIOMHANAIS.

- 1 Cia glic ata am beachann meanbh!  
Le geimneach is le stnaim,  
Ag trusadh meala fea' an la,  
As gach blàth 's aille snaghd.
- 2 Cia h-eolach a thog as i stè  
Gu seoit le ceir a suas?  
Ag tional Ionmhuis measg an fheoir,  
Is loin air son an fhuachd
- 3 Gu surdoil grundoil saothraicheams',  
Daonan mar i fein;  
Oir d'heabh an Diubhal ole o chian,  
Do 'n diomhanach gun fheum.
- 4 Ann lenbhadh slainet 's an dea' gnàs  
Do ghnàth biom seasunach, buan;  
Chum is gu d' thugainn suas fuidheoidh,  
'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 bhotha-frois an la  
Mar sraile, no mar cheò  
No mar bhoisgeadh grein air fair  
A dealradh roi' dhu neoil.

## IV.

Air aonach mar na tuiltidh uisg,  
Gun tuisleadh dol na leum;  
No mar cheatbach air barr bhèann,  
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 24th by Bishop Carswell of Cill Martin. He published the first printed Celtic book in 1567, of which only one perfect copy exists. There is nothing in Hymn 24 to distinguish it from the rest. In eleven quatrains it describes for a blind-eyed boy the funeral which will be his, and bids him fear. One line in the sixth verse has been taken from a popular tale regarding Cuchullin, or both drew the idea from a common source.

'Drum do thighe ri cuinnein 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; 20 is addressed to hearers, who are bid to believe; 33 is a prayer for grace. The whole is popular in that it tells this sacred story in dramatic form.

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

“ Fionn Mac Cuthaill, Mac Luthaich, Mac Treannor  
Is cian on thùnach a shinnesir an rìgheachd na  
h-Eireann.”

'This is the way the ancestry of Fingal has been for ages repeated and preserved by our forefathers . . .

*Luthach* signifies a *Leinstrian* and *Mitheach* a *Munstrian*, which terms or patronymics are frequently met with in the "Poems of Ossian" . . . He goes on to

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

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

'Fergus goes on with this rapid and tragic rhyme a considerable length before his father, in which he enumerates all the characters of note, and leaders of tribes who fell in this lamentable battle. From hence they moved to the field of battle to get the dead buried, and carried *Oscar's* corpse to *Tara* (properly *Teamhara*, which Mr. Mac Pierson 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 20*l.* to the Highland Society. At p. 102 he gives a list of poems which Alexander Mac Larty, an aged man, who lived in Craignish about 1774, could then sing. He wrote them, but through various causes they were lost. There was no copy of this book in the British Museum in June, 1872. I had never seen a copy till Mr. Neil Campbell was good enough to send me one from Lurgan. A copy used to be in *Islay* with an inscription which tells a sad tale. It ran thus:— 'I bought this book for half a crown from the author in Glasgow, as an act of charity, being moved thereto by his shabby genteel appearance.' Shabby genteel charity was the national reward of good honest work. Mac Pierson 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 Dhiarmaid," and 31 of "Urnigh Oisein."'

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

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

This MS. contains 181 pages.

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

*Contents of Kennedy's First Collection, page 14.*

Advocates' Library, Nov. 25, 1871.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

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

## THE CONTENTS.

No.		Verses.	P. K's MS.
1.	The best day that the Heroes ever fought	62	1
2.	How Manus, King of Denmark, came to take away Fingal's wife and his dog by force . . . . .	75	11
3.	How Maighri Borb, the son of the King of Somcha, 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 Crom nan Chnabh killt Sgiathan, the son of the King of Scairbh . . . . .	15	33
7.	How Goll and a hundred of the Clana Baoisige 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 Bran killt the Black Dog . . . . .	21	48
11.	How an Inchanter with his wife and child came to keep war with the Heroes . . . . .	30	51
12.	How Rochd was killt by the Heroes . . . . .	11	55
13.	How Fingal, with six of his nobles, were enchanted to go to keep war with Clan Chuilgadan in the Golden Hills . . . . .	22	59
14.	How Silhanu came to kill Fingal . . . . .	9	62
15.	How a Spirit came in the night-time to kill Fingal and the best of his Heroes . . . . .	15	64
16.	How a Charmer came to the Heroes named Harl-Seul to sing a tumberl to them . . . . .	16	
17.	The best day that the Heroes ever hunted . . . . .	17	69
18.	How Ossian praiseth a woman he had seen in the night, though he was in a deep sleep (Torn out) . . . . .	18	72
19.	How Caoilte killed a Fairy, who was in the shape of a wild Boar . . . . .	26	73
20.	How Caoilte killed a Giant . . . . .	32	73
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 Grainie to wife, and the way she went away with Diarmaid (Prose and verse) . . . . .	22	100
24.	How Oscar and Diarmaid kept war with Fingal in Newry . . . . .	53	107
25.	How Diarmaid was killt . . . . .	86	116
26.	How Goll died . . . . .	72	128
27.	How Garay and the Heroes' women died . . . . .	38	140
28.	How Oscar was killt . . . . .	145	145
29.	A Dialogue passed between St. Peter and Ossian . . . . .	71	168
30.	The Heroes' Lament . . . . .	17	179

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

## THE CONTENTS.

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

	Gaelic.	Beurla.	Page.
1.	Fearginn, Dan . . . . .	Fearginn, a Poem . . . . .	1
2.	Manus, Dan . . . . .	The Invasion of Magnans . . . . .	19
3.	Maire-borb, Dan . . . . .	Maireborb, a Poem . . . . .	21
4.	Carthonn, Dan . . . . .	The Defeat of Carthonn . . . . .	26
5.	Sliabh nam Beann Fionn . . . . .	The Fair Hills . . . . .	29
6.	Bas Dheirg . . . . .	The Death of Darg . . . . .	31
7.	Bas Chunn . . . . .	The Death of Con . . . . .	40
8.	Liur Dan . . . . .	King Lear . . . . .	46
9.	An Leana . . . . .	Conflict of Lena . . . . .	51
10.	Dan an Oir . . . . .	The Golden Hill . . . . .	56
11.	An Cu Dubh . . . . .	The Black Dog . . . . .	60
12.	Glean Dìamhair . . . . .	The Solitary Vale . . . . .	63
13.	Conall . . . . .	Conal revenging the Death of Cuchulain . . . . .	66
14.	Bas Chiunnhoich . . . . .	The Death of Conlach . . . . .	74

## THE CONTENTS.

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

	Gaelic.	Beurla.	Page.
15.	Bas Dhiarmaid . . . . .	The Death of Dermid . . . . .	91
16.	Bas Chairill . . . . .	The Death of Caril . . . . .	117
17.	Bas Ghuail . . . . .	The Death of Gaul . . . . .	121
18.	Bas Gharath . . . . .	The Death of Garf . . . . .	131
19.	Bas Oseoir . . . . .	The Death of Oscar . . . . .	137
20.	Tuiridh nam Fiann . . . . .	The Fingalian's Lament . . . . .	157
21.	Bas Oisein . . . . .	The Death of Ossian . . . . .	161



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

1. Donald Mac Taggart, at Culgalar, near Turbart, Kintyre.
2. John Morrison, Kibbusgan, near Lochgriploch, Glasie.
3. Alex. Ferguson, Auchnasheleil, near Kilmichael, commonly called Alistair Gasta.
4. Alex. Mac Larty, Crombag Craignish, known by the name of Alistair Mac Iain.
5. Nicol Mac Intyre, Polandain, Lorn, near Kilmiver.
6. John Mac Dougal, Duninnan Lochavich, and his brother Allan, known by the name of Alain Ban nan Oran, Parish of Dalavich.
7. John Mac Phail, Bargleemore, Parish of Kilmiver.
8. Malcolm Mac Phail, Parish of Kilmelford.
9. Mac Phee, from Glenforsa in Mull, residing in the Island of Belnahuy, near Easdale.
10. John Mac Lean, from the Island of Egg, a strolling beggar, nicknamed *Priensa na Lin*.
11. Donald Mac Phee, in Glenforsa, in the Island of Mull.
12. Hugh Mac Callum, Smith, Island of Belnahuy.
13. Niel (Ban) Mac Larty, a fiddler in Craignish, formerly from the Island of Lung.
14. Gilbert Mac Arthur, Kilmichael, Glasie.
15. John Mac Lean, 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, Sunart, 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 '*Fionngall*' in Gaelic. He is translated '*Fingal*' throughout in English. In two verses are references to '*Morven*,' or '*Morbheann*,' or '*a Mhorairn*.' Other verses are suspiciously Biblical. After 13 or 25 verses 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 MacIaggan of Blair-Athole "Teanntach mór na Feine," and the translation of Mac Pherson and original of MaIaggan, and found them to correspond in a number of passages, especially Kennedy and MacIaggan.' It appears from a letter written by Mac Pherson to Mr. MacIaggan, dated Edinburgh, January 16, 1761 (printed p. 154, "Report on Ossian," J. F. C.), that MacIaggan'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 Ghlarbh* is less poetical and more obscure than *Teanntach mór 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 *Bosuhina* to *Erragon* is more fully detailed, and in better poetry than in Mr. MacIaggan's copy. But the substance of both is the same. The poem itself has not much merit, being surpassed by many in Kennedy and MacIaggan'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. MacIaggan's collection towards the end. Letter No. 2.'

*MacIaggan's Collection*.—Mr. MacIaggan's collection was made before 1760 (p. 153; 'Report on Ossian,' Appendix X.), and included ballads, of which Dr. Smith translated samples. (12th April, 1798 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 1783, four years after the last date upon Kennedy's 2nd collection, also letters from Dr. John Smith of Campbellton.

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

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

<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 1780 is a manifest imitation of Mac Pherson's English of 1760.

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

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

*Walker's 'Irish Bards.'*—Dr. Smith quotes J. C. Walker ('Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards,' London, 1786, 4to, 636 i. Brit. Mst.), who had quoted Dr. Smith's previous work of 1870 at pp. 22 and 39. Of it—not of the Gaelic book—the Irish author said:—'I have taken those passages from Dr. Smith's poems, because his poems are known to be translations from the Irish in many instances.' P. 20.

'Dr. Smith has freely and elegantly translated a poem on the death of Dermid, entitled *Mar Mharbh Diarmaid an Torc Nuibe.*' P. 39.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I therefore leave Dr. Smith's 5,335 lines of refined Gaelic, and print from Kennedy's 5,410, with other texts which remain in the rough. The Doctor had 4,448 lines of Text H. six years before he published his translations, and fifteen before he printed 'Sean Dana.'

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

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

Mac Pherson's . . . . .	10,232 lines
Smith's . . . . .	5,335 "
Clark's Morthub . . . . .	330 "
	<hr/>
	15,897 "

besides 54,000 lines of Ballads.

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

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

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

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

LANGUAGE.

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

'At each Side of this Elysian-like River, are Roomy Passages or rather Apartments freely communicating One with the Other and scarcely obvious to any In-clemency 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 TOMIXES. Lo! when parting liberally Rewarded, and amply Satisfied with such egregious and wonderful Exhibitions, a Bridge or Arch over the same River, curiously composed of Solid Stone, appears to them as a lively Representation of an Artificial one,' &c. &c.

In this florid imitation of a Gaelic tale the writer goes on for 58 duodecimo pages, which make a very curious little book, lent to me by Mr. 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 Dalmaly in Argyllshire.

The Report mentions:—

1. *Ossian agus an Cleirich, or the Battle of Magnus.*
2. *Mar Mharbh Diarmad an Torc.*
3. *Mar Mharbhadh Bran.*
4. *Urnigh Ossian.*

A gentleman in the neighbourhood translated these, and Mr. Hill published Gaelic and translation with his own remarks. There can be no question of tampering with the text in his case, for he did not understand Gaelic. The reporters condemn these versions as more corrupt than copies which they had themselves procured, and they point out errors in the translation, and mistakes made by the traveller. In the Appendix No. 8, p. 118, 'Ossian's Prayers,' 144 lines are quoted. In Text A. are 136 lines of a version of 1512—26. At page 130 are Dr. Donald Smith's observations, 23 pages of adverse criticism on Hill's book of 34 pages. In getting Dr. Smith's own authorities, natives of Dalmaly and Loch Awe side, Blair, and Morven, to repeat and to write Gaelic poems attributed to Oisein, and to translate them, this Englishman had invaded the native glen of the brothers John and Donald Smith, the kingdom of Fingal, the country of Ossian, and the stronghold of Mac Pherson. The bold stranger had to be strictly dealt with. His answer might be short and simple now. Of the four poems named by them, the Committee had better versions. In fact, as now appears, Nos. 2 and 4 were in the Text A. (1512). No. 1 was in Text D. (1755). No. 3 was in Text F. (1750). All four were orally collected long before Hill travelled in 1780. His book, with all its errors, was in fact a fair sample of traditional poetry as it has been written in Scotland. The orthography is partly phonetic like Dean Mac Gregor's, partly according to the system of the printed Bible. Any Gaelic reader can understand what is meant, and each poem has its pedigree.

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

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

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

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

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

'Non tibi auxilium nec defensoribus istis  
*Oisic* eget.'

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

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

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

## TEXT K.

*Mac Arthur's Collection. Mull, 1784.*

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

## TEXT L.

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

'Ancient 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 'Gillics,' a book which was published, according to the publisher's letter, June 15, 1786.

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

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

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

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

Mac Arthur's four fragments of the supposed originals of Mac Pherson's translations were identified by him with (1) Fingal, Book V., description of the Fight between Fingal and Swaran; (2) Book V., on the same subject (Clark's Ossian, 1870, vol. ii. p. 59); (3) the third fragment was identified by Mac Arthur with the 'Death of Oscar,' Book I.; Temora (Clark's Ossian, vol. ii. p. 200); the fourth fragment was identified by Mac Arthur with part of the 'Battle of Lora,' for which there is no other Gaelic text. None of Mac Arthur's fragments are in Mac Pherson's Gaelic printed 1807, and none of them are in the latest revised texts.

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

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

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

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

The third of Mac Arthur's fragments is identified with Oscar's death song. The lines are in verses 59, 61, and the first three lines of verse 58. (p. 194 below).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## TEXT M.

Gillies, 1786.

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

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

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

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

1. Fionn appears in . . . . .	16 lays.
2. Oisinn, his son . . . . .	13
3. O-gur, his grandson . . . . .	13
4. Faolan, his son . . . . .	6
5. Roithne, his son . . . . .	3
6. Carcell, his son . . . . .	6
7. Feargus, his son . . . . .	4
8. Diarmaid, his twin sister's son . . . . .	6
9. Daorgilas, or Caille, his kinsman . . . . .	4
These are all of one tribe, the Clanna Baoisgne.	
10. Goll, Fionn's rival . . . . .	12
11. Conan, Goll's brother . . . . .	6
12. Garaidh, his brother . . . . .	1

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### TEXT N.

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

Two hundred and seventy-seven years after the Dean of Lismore wrote *Collection A.*; thirty-three years after Jerome Stone of Dunkeld printed a translation of *Fraoch*; thirty years after Mac Pherson's first English publication; nine years after Dr. Smith's 'Book of Translations'; five years after Bishop Young of Cloufert 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 Cneullen over the Body of his Son Con- loch, 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 Gablra, p. 296 . . . . .	42		
6.	Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, p. 298, in a metre which may be divided into 114 or 72 lines . . . . .	144	A.23.(70.)	141
	Lines of Heroic Verse . . . . .	1,060		735

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

from Caithness by Dunkeld on the east, to the Mull of 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 Conloch 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 Craifine, 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 Lanchlan of Edinburgh wrote as follows:—'I understand that David Laing, Esq., of the Signet Library, has a large collection of Ossianic Ballads made by the late Mr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld. I think this worth inquiring about, as the collection would be found to have come from a different part of the country from that you have ransacked.'

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

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

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

This writer seems to mean the collection copied for me by Mac Phail, and printed below. Mr. Laing, who is the owner of the MS., the Rev. Dr. Irvine's, says he has no objection to its being copied and published. He believes the MS. has been copied from Dr. Irvine's original MS. for Mr. Grant of Laggan, and he understood that it was amongst a lot of books sold by the son of Mrs. Grant some years ago. A list of the contents is given above. Of poetry orally collected in Mac Pherson's country from farmers' servants, fox-hunters, &c.; 3,459 lines are not in Mac Pherson's Ossian; 181 lines are in the Gaelic which was printed in 1807; 49 lines were got from Mac Diarmaid, who was Mac Pherson's schoolfellow, and Captain Morrison, who was his assistant.

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

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

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

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

In Text O. are 236 lines, which belong to Mac Pherson's Ossian of 1759, &c., got from his friends and helpers, or from people living in his immediate neighbourhood, by a gentleman who also collected 3,450 lines which are not in Mac Pherson's text. This in 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 293 lines had ever been found by anybody else anywhere, at any time, up to that date. A great deal of Mac Pherson's English has no Gaelic equivalent now. Thereupon all the old texts from A. to O., which stic 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 sample of broken tradition. By itself it is not good for much, but sorted with other fragments it can be used in mending other texts. The collection is headed by a preface of which the following is a translation:—

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

'This man got the greater part of the old lore (Scanachas) 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 Gaeldom and Isles of Alba.' April, 1803.

#### Page 1. ROIMH-PAITE.

An beagan so leanas do spruidhleach Eachdraidh na Feinne; Ata nois air a ghabhail ann a sgrìobhadh o bheuludh Dhomhauill Mhic an Leathain, a rudhadh Bliadhna cuig deug. Thuair an duinsa chuid a's mo da t-senachas o Chalum Mac Phail a th' shean-athair sa rinn trì-fichid Nollaig mhòr sa dhà ann am Baile gan ainm Rothill ann an Sgiotheachd Thorasay.

Le Iain Mhac Mhuirich Maighistir—sgoil san Eilein Mhuileach; aon do th' seirbhìsich na cuideachd Urramich 'ta chum eolas Chroisid a sgoilidh feadhth Gadhealtachd agus Eileana na h'Albann. April, 1803.

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

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

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

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

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

Deich bliadhna loarn léir bhlahd a bhfhaitheas *oirir* Alban.

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

*Kauter* in Danish means coasts.

Some writers wish Argyll to be written *Oivthir Gaidheal*, and explain the name to mean Coast of the Gael; others would spell and pronounce *iar Gáid*, and translate it Western Gáid. The Western Gáid pronounce '*Ceamtíre*' 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*, *Ceamtíre*, and the coast '*Kauter*,' look like the *tail* of a fish on the map. Italy might as well be spelt *Fit-a-lie*, because it is like a foot.

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

P.\*

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

TEXT Q.

A. and D. Stewart. 884 lines.

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

1. *Darthula*, for which there is no text of Mac Pherson's;
2. *Conlach and Cuthonn*, &c., 184 lines.

Of 10,232 lines of Mac Pherson's Gaelic texts printed in 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 Verso . . . . .	
	884

One poem is in the Irish Psalter of Tara, H., C. 15, p. 653, Trinity Colloge, 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 Ceantire, and current in Ireland, as I believe, wherever Gaelic was spoken. They are founded upon 'Irish history,' but on history which Keating and other Irish historians place before *Scoto-Irish* were declared independent of the Irish Scoti, distant 16 miles. As regards the other poems about which all this stir is made, Dr. Drummond is one of a large body of Irish writers with whom I agree.

They have united to demonstrate that which is now manifest.

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

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

1. p. 32. A fragment, Mac Phersonic, 16 lines.  
 'Obtained from Mr. Gallie, who says, "With much labour I have recovered some scattered parts of the translation made at my fireside—I should rather say of the original translated there—and I communicate to you a few stanzas taken from the manuscript."'

2. p. 39. A quatrain ballad; 4 lines.  
 Also obtained from Mr. Gallie. This seems to be an altered verse of 'Manus.' The last two lines are commonly repeated still.

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

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

1. Mr. M'Laggan, Minister of Blair in Athole.
  2. Sir George Mackenzie of Coull, Bart.
  3. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.
  4. The Rev. Mr. Sage, of Kildonnán, in Sutherland.
  5. Mr. Mac Donald of Staffa (Text P.).
  6. General Mackay.
  7. Archibald 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. 108.

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

The Committee quote in their Report 505 lines.

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

In the Appendix are printed—

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

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

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

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

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

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

4. A MS. dated 1258 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 Darthala, from which are quoted thirty-three lines. (See p. 29.)

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

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

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

7. 1603. A manuscript was finished at Dunstaffnage, October 12, 1603. It contains a tale about the Feinne 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 Ardechonail 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 Oisain.'

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

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

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

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

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

Amongst these Mac Pherson's text stands alone.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## TEXT S.

'16.'

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

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

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

1. Cath, or Battle of Ben Elin, in two parts. 400 lines.  
Alex. Mac Rae, North Erradale, Parish of Gerloch, aged 80.
2. Dan na Nighean. 84 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.  
Alex. Mac Rae, Gerloch, as above.
3. The Fall of Roga, or King of Sora's Son. 104 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
4. Description of Cuchullin's Horses. 12 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
5. Dibir Dlighe, or the Battle of Lora. 84 lines.  
By Geo. Mac Kay in Dalvighouse, Parish of Farr, aged 65.  
John Mac Kay, Knoekbreac, Parish of Durness, aged 58.  
Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Parish of Eddrachilles, aged 61.
6. Conn Mac 'n Deirg, al Leing. 116 lines.  
Geo. Mackay in Dalvighouse, Farr, aged 55.  
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.  
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.  
Alex. Mac Rae, Gerloch, as above.
7. 'N Talgirnach mór, or Eitridh Mhaonais. 80 lines.  
Alex. Mackay, in Ribbigill, Parish of Tongue, aged 63.
8. Duan Dhiarag. 60 lines.  
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.  
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.  
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.
9. Iomachd Naodhnar (The Exploit of). 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., Kingussie; ord. by his former Presb. 16th Sep., 1806, as missionary at Berriedale, with the full approbation of both districts, adm. 29th Jan., 1807; promoted to Urquhart or Fernitosh 1st Sep., 1813.—[Degrees of King's Coll., Aberd., Presb. Reg. New St., Aoc. 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 Colodden, 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 Parraig (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 1809, by Thomas Duncan, 12mo., pp. 12, price 2d. With it are songs to gentlemen in the Isle of Skye, by Lachann Mac Iomhain, who had the name of Lachann Mac Tharalach oig; also Roghal agus Caristiane. (Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica,' p. 106.)

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

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

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

This probably is the story of which fragments are orally preserved in Scotland. (See Vol. III. 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands,' 146 and 178.) If so, it has relations in Breton tales and in Arthurian romance. (See Vol. IV. 'Popular Tales,' p. 278, for the Story of Peredar 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 Phdruig Mhìc an Tuarnair  
Gur mòr a thug mi luaidh dhut  
Na 'n tachradh tu 'n Gleann Ruadh rium  
Gun costann uan san drama ruit.

## TEXT U.

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

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

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

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

## TEXT V.

*Mac Callum, 1816. 2,738 lines.*

'An Original Collection of the Poems of Ossian, Orran Ullin, and other Bards who flourished in the same age. Collected and edited by Hugh and John Mac Callum.' Montrose, 8vo., 1816. This contains 23 Ossianic poems orally collected, with the names of the people from whom they were got; also a Life of St. Columba, and a preface which seems to have been written by an ardent believer in Mac Pherson's Ossian who had not read Mac Callum's book. A separate volume of even date contains a free translation. This book is read by Highlanders, and is sometimes described as 'Leabhar na Fcinnne.' 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 Usnoch 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 . . . . .	2,738

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

## TEXT W.

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

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

'Sar 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 753 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 Albion, like the rock of Tonmore.' A note explains 'Tonn-more, great waves,' but nothing explains this simile of an advancing rock.

The only other movable rocks known are Homer's. At 135 mention is made of the 'chief of Tonmore,' and a note again explains 'Tonn-mor, the Isle of great waves,' one of the Oreades. The story of 'Colmada and Orwi,' in which this chief appears, is like that of 'Frooch,' 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, 'Ar-ray and sea; sea, away; way, sea; invade, dead; wound, ground; strokes, ox; ear, bare; stood, blood; took, smoke; repelled, field; oak, stock; day, sea.'

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

Both translators make the sun masculine; both enlarge upon a Druidical solar 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, promiscuously with an arrow, while another felled the withered oak with

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

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

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

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

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

'Two blue steels rose in wrath.'

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

'Bachlach dualach casbhu' (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, reuding, with locks, with guns,  
Popping, armed, bristling, finished,  
Bridled, slaying, effectual, gay.'

## I.

'Sa mhadninn aig èiridh Ì r mialchoin  
Gu muirneach, maiseach, gasda, guionlach,  
Lubach, leacnach, glacach, sgiamhach,  
Carach, cabrach, cnagach, fiamhach.

## II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

These 1,262 lines are amongst the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry' printed in 1841. '*The Aged Bard's Wish*' follows. It is not *strictly* Heroic, but it belongs to the series; and 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, *vaguo* 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 Owllet*' 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 1550.

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, ꝑc. 1,167 lines.

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

'This Christina Sutherland is the daughter of Wm. S., one of the tenants of Forsnaird, 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 *Isbil Dhàn*, or Isabella Mc Kay, to have sat up for a whole winter night reciting poems of every description, each in turn and sometimes together repeating them. When under 12 years of age she would sooner commit to memory a long Duan than most if not any of her acquaintances who were come to maturity. She would go three miles and more to hear a poem not previously recited in her hearing. Such of the neighbouring hamlets as took pleasure in the exercise of the Muse would assemble at her father's house and keep up a chorus of music and recital from 4, 5, and sometimes 6 hours together. There were many of her contemporaries who, out of the immense store of their memory, could afford fresh pieces of poetry during a long sederunt every day for a month and more. She had the most of Robert Donn's poems, and can recite many of them still. She had all John Mc Raibert's hymns and elegies, some of Duncan McIntyre's, Donald Matheson's; in one word, she has less or more from nearly all the Highland Bards. She never heard these poems imputed to any but Oisein and other Bards of the Fingalian age. She firmly believes that the very words of these poems were those of the Fingalians. She never heard of the Macpherson controversy, nor that even the poems of Oisein were in print. Besides the above she heard and can recite some of the following:—*Duan*



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

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

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

'He learned them from a neighbour of his, who since went to America, while at service together. He had very little if any acquaintance with books. I think he said that neither of them were masters of reading the Gaelic Scriptures. I did not learn whether there were any more in the island that could recite any such verses or not. However, there may, for it was by mere accident that I came to learn this same person could do it. The man in whose house I lodged regretted that I was not 15 years earlier in the island, as his grandfather then lived, and had as many tales and Ossianic verses (that he could recite with all the precision of a person reading a chronicle) as would take a month to hear them. He was about 100 years old when he died; till his last illness he delighted much in reciting the songs and *sgéalachd* chronicles of Ossian and less ancient persons. He stated that this same old man prefaced a song or a *sgéalachd* 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 Ceannmhor Tyree called 'Leabraidh Dhiarmaid' (Diarmaid's Bed). Little as my acquaintance with Gaelic is, I am persuaded that in the above poem there are some Irish forms of expressions or at least forms of syntax not met with now elsewhere in the Highlands of Scotland, as "Sin mar dh' imich" and "Sin mar labhair."

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

'Oct. 23th, 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 Ghabhra.' 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 Tíree, that somebody there could repeat 'Conn Mac an Deirg.'

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

The argument is of this kind:—

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

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

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

D demands proof.

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

## TEXT Y.

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

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

I will 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 Eacheran, 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. L.) did not find the 'Address to the Sun' in this region, but he wrote of other poems orally collected in this same district—8,900 lines.

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

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

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

I had got two different things:—

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

#### TEXT Z. &c.

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

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

Five people at breakfast remembered the whole story, or all the main incidents of it, in their order, and verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 14, 29, 37, 40, 53, 63. We could all tell the story in our own words, but we had forgotten Cowper's. Memory of verse was as 44 remembered, 208 forgotten = 252 lines. Other trials gave similar results. Everybody knew the main incidents of the story; some knew only  $\frac{2}{3}$ nds; some more lines; but all who remembered any of Cowper's words repeated them in the order of Cowper's story.

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

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

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

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

1512. A. . . . .	162	1862. X. . . . .	44
1755. B. . . . .	139		21
	129		22
	124		52
	128		27
	100	Y. Z. . . . .	88
	136		58
	84		32
	160		27
	130	1871, &c. Many versions	
	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 600 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 Embair, his Wife . . . . .	1	7 The Loss of the Fenian History . . . . .	40
2 His Sword . . . . .	1	8 Oisein's Controversy with Padraig . . . . .	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 WARS . . . . .	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 Sgaribh . . . . .	58
4 Ossien's Last Hunt . . . . .	38	19 The Adventure of the Hag . . . . .	59
5 Oisein Building for Padraig . . . . .	39		

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57	146	VII. MYTHICAL BALLADS . . . . .	211
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		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, Nidry 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 'Couchullin' 360 years ago.

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

'S eùthbrai falidh do mhùineil  
A chrios-chomhhealuinn 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 Cuchullainn.

This warrior appears in tradition as a horseman and chieftoeer. 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 Cuchullin, to show how tradition agrees with writings about 750 years old.

Of fragments of Gaelic composition I give the following:—

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

### I.—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 Fèinne. 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 Eanhair,' which has been published.

#### COWCHULLIN AGUS EIMHAR.

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

- 1 LAY a royth in dundalgin  
Cowchullin 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 letiwe
- 3 Gwr bei in nansych wllith  
Muan chogn clanni rowre  
In cor sen bi degkir reyve  
Cur ris in naltin dawail

- 4 In doychis laweo leich  
Atte dr aythr chonleich  
Ni hoynti giderring dalwe  
Ser wiun cholla in gallew
- 5 Gawis in crann tawill  
Glan cowchullin gi . . .  
In lawe bi wath troir  
Er mor ni hoyne gr . . .
- 6 Ryntyr in neltych wo  
Ner zarmit umpith ach awyr,  
Gawis awyr racht fane rynn  
Dayveine ner chart a cbeive
- 7 Gelytr wee no errik sin  
Ni kead oyne elli zayvir  
Lar dorchrith er teive a chnok  
La creif ni norchr nerrik
- 8 In gen tryle hiegid gow caith  
Za anee gin neigiss noynach  
Ni roe fer gin oe orri  
Wei slawre or datrych
- 9 Hug bancheill chongullin  
Craw dinani di wllin  
Din charrait eintych aynee  
Hanik a ymill ollanith
- 10 Agris ayvr in nolt trwme  
A cu rith er chongullin  
Ni hoyne mir gylle deith  
Gin skail na hyi umpith
- 11 Da oyr no tre tilfer leis  
Ni hoyne aldyth sner ammis  
Gin leme couf mir a chur  
Iii wrechr hor ni hannich
- 12 In hurchir reyve royve  
Sen zol di zaltane gawflee  
Gin virn er wrane di wlyg  
Ryef ach keym sin allane
- 13 Re bleygin ni deach zea  
Ach twrss nin nane seach  
Ne hay ymiehtych nin nane  
Is inleut ach in twrskail
- 14 Mass fer in dathris a wrygr  
Nach dan in cow on 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. 1. Gillies, p. 211. 13 lines. 1786.

CHUR e an claidheamh, fada, fìorchruidh,  
Fulnach, tean, tainic, geur,  
'S a cheann air a chur ann gu socair,  
Mar chuis inholta gan dochair kein,  
'S e gu dìreach, diasadach, dubh-ghorm,  
'S e cultuidh, cumtadh, conalach,  
Gu leathan, libhadh, libharadh,  
Gu socair, sasadach, so-bhuailte,  
Air laimh-chli a' ghaisgich ;



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

## 3.—1816. CUCHULLIN'S CHARIOT.

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

## CUCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

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

- Clia fath do thuruis, no do sgeul?  
Fath mo thuruis, is mo sgeul,  
Feara Eirinn sud mar chimur  
4 Air teachd chugaibh as a' mhagh  
'N carbad air bheil an dual fighara fionduinn  
Air a dheanamh gu luthmhor, lamhach, tachdail  
Far am bu lughor 's far am bu laidir  
8 'S far am bu lan-ghlic ain pobul ur  
'S a' chathair fhrasanta randuidh,  
Caol, cruaidh, clochbara, colbhuidh;  
Ceithir eich chliabh-mhoir 's a' chaomh charbad sin.  
12 Ciod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin?  
Chimear 'sa' charbad sin,  
Na h-eich bhalg fhionn, chalg-fhionn, chlnas-  
bheag,  
Slios-tana, bas-tana, eachmhor, stendmhor  
16 Le sreunaibh chaol, lainnire, limhor,  
Mar leug, no mar chaoir-theine dearg;  
Mar ghluasad laoidh creuchda maolisleach;  
Mar fharum ghaoidh chruaidh gheamhradh  
20 Teachd chugaibh anns a' charbad sin.  
Ciod a chimear sa' charbad sin?  
Chimear sa' charbad sin  
Na h-eich liath, lughor, stuadh-mhor, laidir,  
24 Threismhor, stuagh-mhor, luath-mhor, taghmhor  
A bheireadh sparradh air sgeiribh na fairge as  
an caraigibh.  
Na h-eich mheargantach, tharagaideach, threisead-  
ach,  
Gu stughmhor, lughmhor, dearsa fhionn,  
28 Mar spur iollaire ri gnias a-na bheathaich,  
D'an goirear an liathmhor mhaiseach  
Mheachtruidh, mhor, mhuirneach.  
Ciod a chimear sa' charbad sin?  
32 Chimear sa' charbad sin  
Na h-eich chinne-fhionn, chrodh-fhionn, chaol-  
chasach,  
Ghrinne-ghruagach, stobhradach, cheannardach,  
Srol-bhreideach, chliabh-flarsuinn,  
36 Bheag-aosda, bheag-ghaoisneach, bheag-cluas-  
ach,  
Mhor-chridheach, mhor-chruthach, mhor-chuinn-  
neanach'  
Seanga, sendaidh, is iad scarachail,  
Breagha, beadara, boisgeanta, baoth-leumnach  
40 D'an goireadh iad an Dubh-seimhlinn.  
Ciod a bhiodh na shuidhe sa' charbad sin?  
Bhiodh na shuidhe sa' charbad sin  
An laoch cumaiseach, cumhachdach, deagh-  
fhoelach,  
44 Liochbara, loineara, deagh mhaiseach.  
Tha seachd seallaidh air a rosg;  
'S air leinn gur math a' fradharc dha.  
Tha se meoir chnamhach reamhar  
48 Air gach laimh tha teachd o' ghualainn.  
Tha seachd fuilteana fionn air a cheann;  
Folt donn ri tointe a chinn  
'S folt sleamhuinn dearg air-uachdar,  
52 'S folt fionn-bhuidh air dhath an oir,  
'S na faireill air a bharr 'ga chumail  
D'an ainm Cuchulin mac Seimh-suailli.  
Mhic Aoidh, mbic Aigh, mbic Aoidh eile,  
56 Tha 'eulan mar dhrithleana dearg,  
Lughmhor air leirg, mar luath-cheathach sleibhe,  
No mar luathas eilde fionnach,  
No mar mhaigheach air machair-mail.

- 60 Gu'm bu cheum tric, ceum luath, ceum muirneach  
Na h-eacha a' teachd chgainn,  
Mar sheachd ri snoghead nan sliosaibh  
Ospartaich agus unaghartaich  
64 Nan eachaibh g'a t-ionnsuidh.

## GUCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

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

- Cea fath do thurais na do sgeul  
Fath mo thurais agus mo sgeul  
Feribh Erin seud mar chimur  
4 Tithion thugbhi as a mbaoghr.  
An cartad air mel an dual fighara fionduinn  
Air a dhianabh gu luathmhor lamhach taemhal  
Far mo lutha agus far mo laidir  
8 Agus far mo langhlic ain pobul ur  
'S a chatbair fhrasanta raundai  
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 heich bhlagionn chalgionn chlnasbheg  
Shliostana bhastana eachmhor stendmhor  
16 Le streinibh caol lainnire lumhar  
Mar leig na mar chaoir theine dheirg  
Mar ghluaisda chreachdai laoi alluinn  
Mar fharum gaoi chruai geathrai  
20 Teachd thugbhi ann 's a charbad sin.  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
Chimur 's a charbad sin.  
Na h eich lia lu'ar stu'ar laidir  
24 Thresmhor stuaghmhor luamhor tadhmhor  
Bheiragh sparag fi fua na fairge asa caraicibh  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
Chimur 's a charbad sin.  
28 Na h eich bhareach tharreach thresadach  
Gu stumbor lumhor duarsinn  
Mar spuir iolair ri gnias ainbheach  
Dha'n gioradh an bamhor mbaiseach  
32 Mheachtroi mhor muirneach.  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
Chimur 's a charbad sin.  
Na h eich chinuinn chrodhionn chaolchasach  
36 Ghrinn ghruagach stobhradach, cheannardach  
S'rol-bhreidich, chliabh-flarsinn  
Bheg aosda, bheg ghaosdnach, bheg chlnasach  
Mhorchriach mhor chruach, mhor chaimhlean  
ach  
40 Seangh, seadi, isiad, scarachail  
Briadh, beadara, boisgeanta baoleumnach  
Dhan gioradh iad an Duseimhlinn.  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
44 Bhithigh na shuighe 's a charbad sin.  
Laoch cuimeasach, cumhachdach, degh-fhoelach  
Lithara, loimera demhaiseach  
Tha seac meicid air a ruinn  
48 S'ar linn gur math a fradharc dha  
Bha sia meoir chnamhach reamhar  
Air gach lamh dhe ghualinn do  
Bha siac fhuilt fhiondai 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 bhar ga chunnabhail  
56 Dhan anaim Cuchullin mac Semh Sualti  
Mhic Ui, mbic Ai, mbic Ai eile  
Tha aodann mar fritheine deirg  
Luthmhar air leirg mar lu' cheach sleibhe  
60 Na mar chruas creanda ealta airghe  
Na mar nhal air mbaichair mhal  
Gum bu tro tric, tro luath, tro mhuirneach  
Na heachibh tithion t'orrainn  
64 Mar sneachra ri snaitlugh na sliosaibh  
Ospartaich agus unaghartaich  
66 Na h eichibh gu tiunsa.

X. 1. CARBAD ALAIRE CHUCHULLIN. 1862.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 31, 1872.  
Sgeulichte-Eachun Donullach an Talamh-sgeir 'S ga  
Eilean.

This fragment was got for me, in 1862, by Mr. Carmichael, from a Skye man. A copy was afterwards sent to Dr. Mac Lauchlan 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.

BUA MORAN aig m-athair (Iain mac Iain ic Eoghain, air Carbadan Chuchullinn) Carbad Comhraig agus Carbad Alaire Chuchullin. Cha chuala sibh riamh na bhaig do bhardachd Oisein. Is cuimhne leamsa nuair bha mi og agus an t-aithe so lan dhaoine, lan tuath, gum bitheadh an tigh againn cho lan a dh' oigire 's a sheanairi (agus do tigh againn) fad na h-oiche gheamhradh agus a chumnaic sibh tigh bail reamh. Moire 's an sin a bha an oigire agus an aite so, agus an palteas aig duine agus beothach. Ach chuir na caoirich mhòr as do 'n aite 's cha 'n fhlaigh-an duigh ann ach iad fein' Seanachaidh.

- 1 NA h-eich hobhach lairgearach lothar,  
'S na spair air fotha (fopa?),  
Sith-fhada shithsheang,
- 4 Beag-chileach beag ghaoisneach, beag chluasain,  
Mor chuitlach mor cheach, mor chuacleannach  
Uinich 'us osunnaich nan each,
- 7 Bha tarruing Cuchullin air chill.

#### 4.—GARBH MAC STAIRN.

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

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

772 lines

The first two, independently collected about 1750, associate Garbh with Cuchullin's warriors. The second, got near 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. 1. DUAN A GHAIIRIBH. 137 lines. 1755.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad, No. 16. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 9, 1872.

- 1 ERICH a Chu 'n teridh  
Chi mi 'n Longis ha do labhradh;  
Lom lan na 'n Cuan clannich,  
Do Longis mor na 'n Albarich.
- 2 Bregich hu Dhorsair gu Muadh,  
Bregich hu Diu 's gach ion uair;  
She han Longas mor na Maoidh  
Se tease huginna gar coir.

- 3 Ha ion Laoich an Doris Teiridh  
An Port an Riodh gu ro mhenmich;  
Gra gu gei 'ir leis gun cal,
- 4 'S gu ga geal air Feribh Erin.  
Hugidh mis arsa Cuth raoidh;  
Araoin agus O'Connachir;
- 5 Fear dian Taoibh gheil,  
'S Fraoich fial Mac Fini
- 6 Aoig masc àrà a ghluin gheil,  
'S Caoilte ro-gheal Mac Ronan.
- 7 Na tig air sin a Chu Riodh,  
Na cantir chomhradh gun chli;  
Cha chorrig ris gun Flaith,  
Air ard Rìoghachd na Herin.
- 8 Chonnaire mis coig Caha deug,  
Du Dhamharibh as n' m' Breug;  
Breth air a Gharibh a's Tir Hoir.  
An Maoidh Gallan nan Corag;
- 9 Sin nar huirt Connal Ceardich,  
Sonn Chatha na Clainn Tearach;  
Cha deid mi fein ris am ghluin,  
'S Cha bh' 's eolch mi m' Chlesibh.
- 10 'Sin nar huirt Meaoidh hall a Stidh,  
Inn Ochidh Flath na Fenidh,  
Na leigibh oglich nan Cath  
Stidh do high Teridh nan Rìogh lath.
- 11 Sin nar hurt Connal gu coir  
Daoi Mhac alin edir sgeoil,  
Cha bh' ro ghraita Bhean,  
Gun dult sinnidh ri haoin Fhear.
- 12 Legidh a stidh an sin an fear mor,  
Na phrop an fianis an Tloidh  
'S Ionnd tri chead a stidh,  
Chaidh retich a gho san tre sin.
- 13 Hog Cuchullin 'n sin a Sciath,  
Air a mhaoidhlin bharradh lia;  
Heale Snaois air a gha Shlaoith,  
'Sghlac Connal a Claidh.
- 14 Hug iad a stidh an sin Dronnadh,  
Cheud do Bhiadh agus do Dhìbh gun rìch,  
Ga Chaigh gun an fhear mhor,  
A hanig as an Esraidh.
- 15 Nuair bu haich an fear mor,  
Agus a hug e treis air ceoil;  
Huge scaltn air a nuil,  
Air Caogid Mac Rìodh mu himcheal.
- 16 Sin nar huirt Brichegain gu Muadh,  
Mac Mhic Caribridh fh Craoibh ruadh;  
Fear is Faoilte dhuit gun eale ar  
A fianis faribh Erin.
- 17 Macanichd Erin uile dhuit san ams,  
A Bhrichdan Bharbhuidh,  
Fad sa bhìs misa am Rìodh gu tean  
Ar ard rìodhach na Herin.
- 18 Bhrabhina dhuit na Braidinn  
Ana faidhe tu na Tantin  
Bu leat Lugha Mac Curiodh,  
'S Tiabhidh mac Ghoridh,
- 19 Fear dian taoibh gheil,  
'S Fraoch fial Mac Fui,  
Aaoig Mac aradha Ghluin gheil,  
'S Caoilte ro gheal Mac Ronan.
- 20 Lu' im 's dearmid am Bìsoidh,  
Deo Mhac Rìgh-Lehin Lubidh;  
Cormag an Lungais gu Muadh  
Mac Mhic Caribridh faoin Craoibh ruaidh,
- 21 Buinni Borruadh 's borb e stidh,  
'S buin leat gu luadh faoi Fhearais.
- 22 Ghaidh an sin na Mìc Rìodh,  
An ann Tìdh Teridh gu fìor;  
Agus schuiridh iad a Muidh,  
Don Treun-fear na fhianis.

- 23 Ga ba Laoich gach Fear dhu sin,  
Na 'n Garibh Mac Stairn Star-iaclich;  
Cha le ladh fear soir na Siar,  
Air asridh ghrian Lonnair.
- 24 Sin nar huirt Brichegain gu Muadh,  
Mac Mhic Caribridh on Chraibh ruaidh;  
Cia horidhe dhuid dul ad Luing,  
'Shu gun gheil o Chuchulin.
- 25 Bheil aig Cuchulin Mac na Nighin  
A sgeile Glac iunish gu fior a Bhricegain;
- 26 Cha neil aig Cuchulin Mac no Nighin,  
A sgeile Glac, na Daltar Banni Brahidh;  
Na machd Dilis deo mbair,
- 27 Ach bansa leis Naoish an naidh,  
Bhrair Alidh as Ardain.
- 28 Frogair a Choin chulin chaoin  
Mheic Sedrigh so aithch  
'Le re bhairt Naois air a chean  
Air a chuid do d'heribh Erin,
- 29 Ni 'n feara misi na Suios  
Nan fear, Laoich a cho Ao's;  
Ach d'binga Suios Ri Horr aigh  
Ceud do gach curidh cola.
- 30 Bheirimsa Briar Riodh  
Ann Fheribh aile na Herin,  
Nach deid mi fein ann am Luing  
'S mi gun Gheil o Chuchulin.
- 31 Bheirimsa Briar Righ 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 uidh  
'S hole hu fein, 's hole do Mhuintir  
'S ro ole Bean do Haidhe;  
'S cha 'n fear a Bean mhuintir
- 33 'S cha doir hu mo Gheish an sail  
'S cha neil innad fein ach Allabarich.
- 34 Sin nuair dherich 'n da Hriach,  
Le neart Chlaidh agus Sciadh  
Togadair an Talibh Tath  
Le 'n Tridhe ansa nuair sin.
- 35 Bimadich Buille o bheil Sciadh,  
'S fuaim Clisniche ri Chiar  
Fuaim Laoin aig Gaoidh nan Gleann,  
Fu Sleo nan Curidh co tean.
- 36 Seachd oiche agus seach Lo,  
Hug iad an sa'n imid Sleo,  
'N Cean an teachda Lo,  
Cha bairde 'n Garibh air a Mhaoidh
- 37 Na Cuchulin a Ghaigse.
- 38 'N Cean an teachda Lo  
Hug Cuchulin Beum dho,  
Scott e o Bhruan ga Bran  
An Scia Eugich Orridh.
- 39 A Choin Chulin ainnich Triach,  
Agamsa cha mbair mo Scia;  
Ach aonna cheim Teiche noir na niar,  
Cha tug mi ribh 's mi 'm bheidh.
- 40 Heilg Cuchulin naidhe Scia,  
Air an aiche oir as Jar,  
Gab ennich shud hole an Fhaoil,  
Le Mhaibh naisle na Herin.
- 41 Ach hug Cuchulin Beum eile,  
Le moid a Mhemnidh sa' scennidh;  
Togadair an Lamh leis an lan,  
Searar Cean o 'n Cholein.
- 42 Macanichd Erin nile  
Dhuitsa namsa, arsa Connil.  
Agus an ciad Choin gun Eall,  
Ann a fianis Feribh Erin.
- 43 Ni Guinich ar Gili na'n Cuan,  
Credidh an Rìogh maras dual  
Leba 'n ion Laoich mar a ta

44 Ha ion Laoich an so a bha air Saul  
Ha nis gun asbig le imnairt sbaigh  
Bha triad gu Teridh nan torr tean  
Ghabhail Gèil air Feribh Erin.

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

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

Do Bhesidh fhir Mhoir a hanig as an Esra, na bitidh na bu Leidhe stigh, d'heibhe tu nagh as faoilte hin Tairishe leum air faoilte, gus an gha mur Braide gus an curin an am Luing Raoimiu Mhic Rìgh na herin.

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

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

210 lines. 1750.

Air dha teachd a thoirt Gèil air Rìgh, Eirinn, agus mur Gheil iad uidh dha gus an do dhuit Cuchullin ris a Gheil, an t aon do na Fiannaibh a bha annsa chuir san an sin. (Da luchd ionidh an Rìgh.)

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

- 1 EIRICH a Rìgh na Teimhre,  
Chì mi luingeas mòr 'se labhran;  
Lom lan nan cuan is e elannach,  
Do luingeas mòr nan Allamuireach.
- 2 Is breugach thu dhorsair gu muaidh,  
'S breugach thu 'n diu 's gach aon uair;  
'S th' ann luingeas nam maogh,  
'S an Phiann a teachd d' ar cobhair.
- 3 Cho d' eisd e ri tuille sgeoil,  
Ach leum as làthair an Rìgh mhòir;  
'S e thachair air laoch mòr a teachd;  
A neoir gu dorus na Teimhre.
- 4 Do bheannach an dorsair dha ghru màlt,  
Is dh' fhiosraich e cò as do;  
Is dh' fhreagair am fear mor gu nimhe,  
'Thainig ma thoirt gèil air Connul.
- 5 'S ni 'n gabhain cumha na ceart,  
Ach Eirinn uile teachd fu'm smachd;  
'S gach fath 's gach Rìgh dhin thoirt umhluidh  
A dh' aindeoin Chonnul 's a luchd comhnuidh.
- 6 Crend d'am bheil ugmusa dheth,  
Ach dearnam do sgeula,  
Agus innsidh mi thu gun fheall,  
Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 7 Is dh' imich an dorsair a steach,  
Do dh' ard Theimhre nam Beumnan;  
Is chrath e an t slabhradh gu teann,  
Ris an eisteadh na ceudan.
- 8 Sin 'nua' thuir Connul gu còir,  
Deadh mhac Rìgh an Eidir sgeoil;  
Am bheil allamuireach a maigh.
- 9 Tha aon laoch an dorus na Teimhre,  
An an porsa an Rìgh ro mheannach;  
Is e ag radh gun geabhar leis gun fheall,  
'S gun gabh gèil air fearaibh Eirinn.
- 10 Do bha Conachar thall a stigh,  
Is ard Rìgh-laochar na Teimhre;  
Fionn mac Rìgh ruaigh  
An ceathramh curidh co mucan.
- 11 Chuige mise 'n dubhirt Curioigh,  
Araon agus O Conachir;  
Aog mac Garadh a Ghluin-ghil,  
Is Caoilte glegheal Mac Rouain.
- 12 Na tig air sin a Churiogh,  
'S na canta comhra gun chli;  
Cho torachar leis gun fhoill,  
Gèil air rioghachd Eirinn.

- 13 Mur e 'n Garbh Mac Stairn a t' ann,  
 O'n' Ghrèig nanharaidh ro ghairg;  
 Bheir e leis ar gèill air muir,  
 Dh' aindeoin fearaibh Fiannaibh.
- 14 Chunnaic mi cuig catha deuga,  
 Do chathan Fiamhairan 's nì'm breug;  
 Aig breath san tìr Shoir air a Garbh,  
 A' maogh Gamain nan goirean.
- 15 Bheirine briathar Rìgh arm,  
 Fheamaibh àilidh na h-Eirinn;  
 Nach do leig an Garbh iad o'n mhaogh,  
 Gus 'n do ghabh è gèill gach aon fhìr.
- 16 Sin 'nuair dubhirt Connall cearnach,  
 Ursan chattha nan blagh teimhreach,  
 Cho d' theid mi fein ris dam bhùin,  
 Cho mho is eolach mi ma bheusan.
- 17 Sin 'nuair dubhirt gead mac Machith,  
 'N laoch b' fhuirst aithsheun;  
 Cha deach mi riabh aon cheum sor na siar,  
 A dh' fholum gaisge a' budligheachd.
- 18 Tabhair mo ghìt thal' sì stigh,  
 Inghin o chli' Flath na feile;  
 Na leigibh oglach 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 slòigh;  
 Ionad cheud areitichadh dho san t sreth;  
 Muna chuireadh e na shuibhe.
- 21 Feargus mac Rossain ic Rà,  
 'N laoch a b' àirde dhe fhearaibh Fàil,  
 Cho b' àirde Fearguth a stigh,  
 Nò' a Garbh Mac Stairn 'na shuidhe.
- 22 Pronn cheud do bhàidh 's do dhìbhe,  
 Chuaidh a dheanadh dosan gun fhuireach;  
 Sa thoirt re na chaitheamh don fhear mhòr,  
 Thainig as an Eassa Roinh.
- 23 'Nuair bu sbaitheach don fhear mhòr,  
 'S a thuigeas greis air an òl;  
 Thug se suil uaithe nùn,  
 Air chaogad mac Rìgh ma thimchioll.
- 24 Do bheathsa fhìr mhòr,  
 Thainig as an Eass a roimh;  
 'S na bitheadh ni bu leithe steach,  
 Gheabha thusa fiall is faoilte.
- 25 Cho tairis leam air faoilte,  
 Gus an iadham mur ar braide;  
 Gus an cuir fam an nam luing a steach,  
 Rìghm mhic Rìgh na h- Eirinn.
- 26 Sin 'nuair ghabha na mic Rìgh,  
 Ann an Tìgh Teamhre gu fìor;  
 'S a chuireadh iad a muigh,  
 Don treun laoch na lathair.
- 27 Ge bu laothadh gach fear dhiubh sin,  
 No an Garbh mac Stairn stanfhiaclach;  
 Cho tialluigheadh fear siar no soir,  
 Dhiubh an asinn a ghniomh lomaidh.
- 28 Sin 'nuair thuir Bricni gu muaidh  
 Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh,  
 Fear is faoilte dhuit gun fheall,  
 Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 29 'S mise Bhrathadh dhuit na Braidean,  
 As am fuighe tu na tàintean;  
 Buin leat Lugh mac o Rìgh,  
 Agus Fianhi mac Gorigh.
- 30 Aogh mac Garadh a Ghluin ghil,  
 Is Caoilte ro Gheal mac Ronain,  
 Fear Dian taobh ghil,  
 Agus Fraoch fiall mac Fiuic.
- 31 Luagha sgia argumeid am blagh,  
 Deadh mhac Rì leathan Lùcais,  
 Cormaic an Luingeas gu muaidh  
 Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh.
- 32 Buinne horburra nach borb a steach,  
 Buin leat gu luath o Fhearghuth.
- 33 Maed aineachd air Eirinn uile,  
 Dhuitsa uansa Bhrichni Bharabbui,  
 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 mbaolin Bharraliath;  
 Sheal Snaois air a dha shleagh,  
 'S ghlac Connall a Chloidheamh.
- 35 Sin nuair thubhirt Bricni gu muaidh,  
 Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh;  
 Cia thorehar leat dol' na d' Ining,  
 'S tu gun ghèil o'n Choinchullin.
- 36 Am bheil aig Cuchullin mac,  
 Innis gu fìor a Bhrichni  
 Nim bheil aig Cuchullin Mac,  
 Na niau is Gile glac.
- 37 Na Dallan munidh Bràghad,  
 Na mac dilis deagh mhàthar,  
 Ach b' annsa leis naois anaigh,  
 A Bhrathair Ailblin agus ardan.
- 38 Freagir a Choinchullain choin,  
 A mhic seud rìogh subbald;  
 Teirbert snaoise an dò cheann,  
 'S air do chuid do dh' fhearaibh Eirinn.
- 39 Nim fearr mir no Snaois,  
 Nim fearr laoch a Chomh aois;  
 Ach Dìongidh Snaois còir nath,  
 Ceud do gach cuiridh combla.
- 40 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìgh ann,  
 Fhearibh Ailidh na h-Eirinn;  
 Nach d'teid mi fein aon nam Luing,  
 'Smi Gun Gheil on Choinchullin.
- 41 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìogh eile,  
 Se labhair e n t ard Chù amrach;  
 Nach d'teid mo Gheilsa air sàil,  
 Smi fein an nam Bheatha.
- 42 'S Bodach ù bhìodh an Ùdluigheachd,  
 'S ole u fein 's ole t fhear muinntir;  
 'S ole Bean do thaigh  
 'S cho'n fhearr a luchd aon tigh,
- 43 'S cho d' tabhir u mo Ghèil air Sàil,  
 S gun annad fein ach allamarrach.
- 44 Sin nuair dh' eirich 'n da thriath,  
 Le neart an clodbean is an sgia;  
 Gun d' fhogradh an tallamh team,  
 Le traighean ann sa 'nuair sin.
- 45 'S ioma Buille fuidh bhìle sgia,  
 S fuaim Clisnich re Chiar,  
 Mar fhuaim Coille ge goith nan Gleann,  
 Bha Seleo nan curidhnan co teann.
- 46 Seachd oidhchean agus seachd là,  
 Dhoibh aig Imarscleo sa aig Jomarb hai;  
 Sa'n ceann an noidheamh trà  
 Cho b' aird e n Garbh air amhoigh na Cuchullin-  
 a Ghaisae.
- 47 Ach an ceann an t seachdamh là,  
 Thug Cuchullin beum dhò,  
 Sgoilte leis o Bhruan gu Bran,  
 An sgiath eangach òrbhuigh.
- 48 Noish on a theirig mo sgia,  
 A Choinchullin a dhairgeas triath;  
 Aon cheim teichidh sgar no Sor,  
 Cho dliubram is mi 'm bheatha.
- 49 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìogh eile,  
 Se labhair e n t ard Chù Joraghil;  
 N t aona Chèim teichi Siar na Sor,  
 Cho n eil fuidh d' roghun a dheanadh.

- 50 Thig Cuchullin dheth a sgia,  
Thair a mhaolin Bharra-liath;  
Geb cinach gum b' ole an fheall,  
Ls maithreamb uaisle na h-Eirinn.
- 51 Thug Cuchullin beum cilli  
Le moid a mbeamnidh is asgeine,  
Thogadh leis a lamh sa lann,  
Is sgar e 'n cean ri cholluin.
- 52 Machd aineachd air Eirinn uilli,  
Dhuitsr uamsa choinchulin;  
Sa chead chorn gun fheall,  
Ann am lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 53 Rinn mise gnìomh air gilu nan cuan,  
Creideadh an Ri mur is dual,  
Tha leaba aon laoiach 'n so a bha air Cuan,  
Tha nìudh gun aisag aig Iomairt stuaigh.
- 54 Thrial gu tigh teimhre nan Rìghfhath,  
Ghabhail gèil 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 sleibhtean,  
'S ghull na glinu fo chois;  
Lub na caoiltean an cinn ualach,  
'S thiorneach suas na tuiltean uisg.
- 2 Shrannadh a' Mharec shluagh a ghaoth,  
Thuit am fraoch fo fhuaim an tart;  
Loisgeadh am fear le'n dian astar,  
'S ghull man ghlasan gach bacadh.
- 3 Theich an cìid le fuathas baoth,  
Chual i glaoth a rain' a sgairt;  
Sheall am fir enim gu nuathara claon,  
Co iad na daoine tha ruag mo theach?
- 4 Bha garbh treun mar shruth a ghlinne,  
'S am fireach a' cridheadh fo ghnasad;  
Uamhasach mar thorrn a' gheamhraidh,  
Ri oidheche annradh ann am fuathais.
- 5 Arda mar Ghiubhas na beinne,  
'San ceò a' tionadalh mu'n cuairt d'i;  
Marbhtach mar cheud tamasg,  
Aig carra daingean Loda bhualtich.
- 6 B' fharsaing rioghachd Gharabh Mhoir,  
Bu lionmhor sloigh toirt dha cain;  
Bha clann mhaoth a' busteadh ainm,  
Is daoine a' crathadh an cinn gu cor.
- 7 Dh' fhag e a thalla stoirmeil,  
Dh' amharc Thuail an fhuilt dhuinn;  
Tual Mac rìgh Lochlain aigh,  
A choimhich ait an Albinn bbig.
- 8 Air sgiathaihbh gaoithe sgoilt e'n cuan,  
Gu Duu Mhic Tuail nan ioma' creach;  
Theich na sloigh roimh a cheum,  
Bh' an rathad reidh gu Dun nanlach.
- 9 Co chogadh ri Garabh Mac Stairn?  
Co sheasadh blar na fala?  
B' fharsaing crìochan Thuail,  
Thar garbh bheanntan ciar na Tuath.
- 10 A ghaisgich mar aon bha dana,  
'S lionmhor blar a chuir iad thairis;  
Rainig Garabh crom ghleann nan craobh,  
'Shloid e sia croinn Ghuibhais o thalamh.
- 11 Chuir *faileas* iar o theas na greine (*dubhar*),  
F'heagair na creagan do ghlaoth;  
Gheill gach bealach do neart,  
Rainig e ard thir Mhic Tuail.
- 12 'S flhuair e gu faolaidh fosgailte.
- 13 Choimnich Mac Tuail e air an thraoch,  
Chuir failt gu caoin *iar* a charaid;  
Do bheatha a dh' Albainn nam beann,  
A mhic Stairne o 'n duthaich tha 'n ear.'
- 14 'S lionar feachd gun cleachd s' gun tiorachd,  
Thig a steach fo sgath mo thighe;  
Biodh cuirm is aighir air bhordaibh,<sup>1</sup>  
Seinneadh mo bhaireidh eiu nan treunfhear.
- 15 Tha na bliadhna a threig a pilltinn,  
Latha Scalg nan gleann ciara;  
Thainig Fionn 'sa shloigh nan coir.
- 16 Co as tha na fir armach ghasda,  
'Se labhair rìgh Shelma chruinn;  
Bheil am fiadhac a' dol leith,  
No 'n teid sibh leam gu Dun ban?
- 17 Bha cliù Ghairbh sna danaibh  
Bha eagal air Fionn roimh a theachd;  
Cha b' ail ail leis a bhann gun am feachd,  
Ri Mac Tuail bha Fionn an sith.  
Ach bha mi run anns a ghaioth.
- 18 Chuireadh Garbh gu Cuirm is cleas nan treun,  
Gu Dun ban ma 'an eiradh grian,  
Dun bha faoilidh riamh is farsaing,  
Dun am b' ait leam bhi le'm mbeann  
Dun o'm faicte mìle maise.  
'S tric an d' fhuair an t-aineol biadh.
- 19 Thainig Garabh le cheathairne chor,  
Ochd fichead fear fo'n earra shroil;  
Fìoigh Mac Tuail le chomhairlich fein,  
'S le choisridh dhonna dhana threun.
- 20 'S ann an sin bha chuirn gun aithris,  
Fion na Greige as Beoir na Maclarach;  
Ceol nam flidh fonn nam clar,  
Dan nam ban, is eachd nan Treun.
- 21 'S fad bha aoihbneas an Talla 'n Dun,  
'S cuimhne leam, a ruin an latha;  
Ach mo thraighe dh' fhallb am filidh san dan,  
'S cha 'n eil a lathair ach smurach faiche.
- 22 Ann an sealla Dun Mhic Tuail,  
Bha Dun Fhinn gu uarach ard;
- 23 A ghaoth a seida senech a bhalla,  
'Se gun chrith, chneth, gun spairn;  
A thuran, daingean da fhilt dealbhach,  
Mar chreig albinn lamh ri shail.
- 24 Sheid an glagaire an corn buadhach,  
A dh' adharc buabhull grunn nam beann;  
A thionaladh a steach na coisruidh,  
Do 'm bu choir bhi fiadhach mbeall.
- 25 O chreag gu creag leum an glaodh,  
Mar oiteag ghaioth am bar nan crann;  
Thainig fuidh mhor a ghlinne,  
Le 'n cou innealta gu sealg.
- 26 Thainig fir a bhraigh sgariteil,  
Le 'n eachaibh tartarach is le 'n cuim;  
Thainig gaisgich Lecha fhuaimnich,  
Thainig Duthich, Buich 's Baimch.
- 27 Thainig Diarmad donn 's Cullin,  
Thainig Buidhne de gach fine;  
Rìgh b'e sin na daoine treubhach,  
Bha cruit, bha clar, bha feudan redha.
- 28 A' cur easlan fad air astar,  
Sheall Garabh gu dur nuathara;  
Air na feachdaibh nuadha, calma;  
Fhinn Mhic Duthail nan ceud eath,
- 29 Cha 'n ioghna thu fein bhi dana,  
Agad tha na buidhne crodha,  
Dealbhach, tosach, bonnach, craidhach,  
Toslach, cudthromach, beussach,
- 30 Gach fear mer reth bhunne traighe  
'S teara a chithear an leithid.  
O ob shruth gu ruth nan Gael,  
Ghluais na fir nan ard shunt;  
Gu siubhlach thar gnais na faiche.
- 31 Mhic Stairne, thuirit Fionn an cainnt reidh,  
'S mor do neart, tha t' ainm ga reir;  
Thig a chloch 's thug dench a dh' Albinn,
- 32 Thug Garabh a chreag ghailach luchdmhor,  
'S thug urechar ri agbaidh 'n Duinn;  
Chrith Selma le mor eagal,  
Sgoilt peirceall an Dun ge b' aill.

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



- 33 Dh' fhag eachuiman san fhaiche,  
Bheuchd na creagan le toirm;  
Theich Mac Talla le bruidhilean,  
'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 smoin a crathadh,  
Mar cheo a sgaradh air carn.
- 35 Chrom Garbh a cheann gaisge,  
'S thog a chreag gu h-ìorsach ur;  
Dh' fhalbh i o laimh mar dhcalan,  
'S rinn i sgar an ceann an Duin.
- 36 A mhala mhine, tha lan de uisge,  
Leum an aibhinn air ais;  
Gu bras beumamach, buarasach, ard,  
Creigean 's oraman a' geilleadh  
Spreidh a' crìtheadh 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 eibinn buaidh;  
Dh' eirich Goll Mor Mac Morna,  
Fear nach sora riann am beum.
- 38 Thog e 'n Tulach a a talhaibh,  
'S thug e urboir laidh dhian;  
Theich siol Lochlain le ioghna,  
Thog a chlarsach caithream buaidh,  
Thog siol Alba lachan gaire,  
'S sheall Dun ban air chaochla snuadh.
- 39 Chaidh iad sin a dh' fheadhach bheann,  
A ruaga 'n tuire le thuisg oillt;  
Treis an toir air loin is eild,  
Is air damh aluidh nan ceum calma.
- 40 Phill Garabh gu Dun Mhic Thuail,  
Thriall Fionn gu Butn nan struth;  
Thainig sgeul qha cruaidh ri eisd  
Dh' iarr Garabh cios o'n Fheinn le tair.  
No comhrag cuig coud sar ghaigeach,  
Ceud loghainn chon ceud seobhag suaire  
Ceud each luath a bhuighnadh geall,  
Ceud earra shroil leinteag ur.
- 41 Bhuail Fionn an ard bheum sgeithe,  
Chruinnich a threun fhearann ri cheil;  
Bhruchd iad mar thuil nan gleannan,  
Co sheasadh san am sin roimh an dluthas.
- 42 Rainig Garabh butn nan struth,  
Le buidhinn cholgara dhana;  
Bha Grainne san tall fo eagal,  
Fionn a fiadhach am feudanaibh duinto.
- 43 Dh' iarr Garabh aoidheachd 's muirn,  
Mar charaid a bhithheadh dlu dhi fein;  
Aoidheachd cha do dhuilt mi riann,  
Labhair Grainne le ciall cheart.
- 44 Ach do cheathairne co mor,  
Cha 'n 'eil cro an teid a steach;  
Gheibh sibh aoidheachd air an raon,  
Ma's miann leibh fhaotainn  
Gheibh le tlachd.
- 45 Thug i dhoibh sìthann bheann,  
As lionn nach do thoga o bhraich;  
Dh' eirich na h-almaraich gnotha,  
Gu chomhla a tharruing mach.
- 46 Ach thogar an glodh Feinne,  
Is dhuig gach tom is glaic;  
Sheall Garabh thar a ghualainn,  
Chunnaic gu luath Fionn le fheadhd.
- 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 cha bhiodh orm mhic Cuthail,  
'S e labhair Mac Stairn gu fiar dana;  
Ged eireadh leat mìle *leomhainn* (loghainn)  
De fhearaibh an domhainn a thainig.

- 49 Bratach Fhinn sgaol sa' ghleann,  
An deo ghreine bu deirge cruth;  
Thog a chlarsach a fuaim catha,  
'Sthog Caorull gu h-ard a ghuth.
- 50 Bha Fionn mar ghrian fo ghruaim,  
'Nuair dhomhlaicheas uimpe ceo duachni tigh;  
Air nairibh chitear a gnais aobhinn,  
Air nairibh i gailach duth,
- 51 Tharruing na sloigh o 'n t-sliabh,  
Gu tosdach dian ehum euchd;  
B' namhasach sealladh gach mìli,  
Bu cinnteach buille an creuchd.
- 52 Ni 'n d' atharaich Garabh Ceum,  
'Sa threun fhearann daingeann ri chul;  
An sleaghan nan cuil nimhe ri 'n gaillinn,  
Am boghan cruaidh deas mar an ruin.
- 53 Clanna Baoisge thilg an sleaghan,  
'S tharruing an claidhean foimneanta gear;  
Sgath iad siol Lochlain gu talzah  
Mar loigseas falaig an tir fheur.
- 54 A' m' laimhsa bha neart an la nd,  
A Mhalmhine cha b' eagal leam;  
Theich Garabh bras mar cholman,  
'San seobhag grad na dheigh,  
Ghleith sinn ar tighian 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 Buchant;  
Fhuaras Grainne fuinadh san talla,  
Bha Fionn na chodan an crethaist dhlh  
Le lubaibh gun glacadh Mac Stairn.
- 2 C' ait bheil Fionn, thuir Garabh?  
Cha 'n fhad air falbh, a rìgh na faich,  
Gabh aran 's leag do sgitheas.
- 3 Mar d' fhusnadh Grainne le mend a luathas,  
Dh' itheadh an Garabh gu dlu dian;  
Mar mhada fadhaich Ghormala,  
Chuir i ghraideall ann am bonnach  
Dh' ith e 'n t-earna foinnamh borba.
- 4 'S cruaidh t-aran a gheug na maise,  
Mar chreag abharnaich dom' ghiole.
- 5 Chuir e mheur am beul an leinibh,  
Bha sa chrethail gu tosdach dealbhach;  
Chaill e a muir a thiola,  
Le fiacail ghineach a bhanbhi,  
Ciod as aois do d' leanab a Ghrainne,  
'Se labhair gu h-anrach Garabh.
- 6 Miosachan beag a th' am,  
Ma dh' fhasas gach mios mar so;  
'Se fhreagair Garbh gu tigh dian,  
Bithidh airde mar airde nam beann,  
'Se neart mar neart na iomghaoith dhochorach
- 7 Dh' fhalbh Garbh a choimhead cumhachdan  
naraig  
Far an tric a gheil an Roimh,  
'S ann fhuair Sliochd nan Gael buaidh,  
Trusgan a bhuaichail ghabh Fionn,  
'S' thaobair air Garbh aig murlin nan alt.  
Rinn Faolan le meud a sgoil,

- Sheas an roth chloch mhùilín aig an dorus,  
Na pilleadh Fionn o' n t-seilg,  
'Se thuir an Garbh le mor fhiamh,  
C' ait am bheil a spionna 'sa threis?
- 8 Fenuaidh e comhrag a thoirt a Ghrabh,  
No tuiteam gu balbh fo mhéin;  
Cha 'n aon mise de na treun,  
Deir Luna la treun ghuth.
- 9 Chunnaic mi Fionn le beag spairn,  
Tilgeadh na Gra chloich sin thar an tigh;  
G'a comhlachadh air an taobh eile,  
M'an ruigeadh i'm blar g'a luathas.
- 10 Sheall Garbh le sméithe gaire,  
Air a chloich cruin mar an Rè;  
Ballach mar an speur ud shuas,  
Trom mar Dhungael le choille dheurach,  
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,  
Thuir Garbh ard a lúmh,  
Gu luath thairis air gleam 's air beam.
- 12 Ghluais Luna bu luaithe ceum,  
Thachair air Garbh an gleann caillich;  
An Uidham balaich 'se treun,  
Bha 'n fhendaíl ri taobh na aibhne seimh
- 13 Bheil Fionn sa' choire, no sa chathair?  
Cha 'n eil, thuir Luath bheil le cainnt ghrad,  
Tha Fionn an Innis fail nan tonn,  
Tha fhonn feadh fhorach is ghlaic,  
Tha Fionn an neart gun choimeas,  
Chuir Fionn righ an Dombain fo smachd.
- 14 Faic an tarbh beuch graimach,  
An cum thu air chluais e air raon?  
Rug e air an tarbh ge b' alma  
Rug Luath bheil air a chluais eile.
- 15 Sgaoilteadh an t-annit cha b' fhaoin,  
A' Luath bheil! cha 'n eil thu clí;  
Ma tha Fionn am brigh mar sud,  
'S tearc righ a theid na choir,
- 16 Thogadh Fionn a chreag ud shuas,  
Thilgeadh gu luath ris an t-sliabh;  
Reubadh e coiltean om' freumhaibh,  
Thogadh e cuic o' n t-athaibh;
- 17 Thionndaidheadh e aimhnichean uisge,  
Thionndaidheadh Grián dreug ghradhach;  
Dhutha e 'n Dombain le torrunn,  
Co dh' fheucha' ri botham a haradh?  
Fagam a rioghachd gu luath,  
'S truaigh teachd fo fheirg sna blaraibh.

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

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

Stewart's Book. 1813.

- 1 Is tiambaidh nochd Gleann combann,  
Gun ghuth gaohair, a's gun cheol,  
Gun fhuaim air Chlàraibh nan tùd,  
Gun airseal Threun, a's gun òl.
- 2 Thod guth nan Fildh na Mhùr,  
Tha muirn a Bhuidhne air sgar,  
Nior fhan ach mise na 'n deigh,  
'S mo chònach air treigsin tur.
- 3 Is mi an sean-fhear gun treoir,  
Mar aon Lon leont' anns a choill,  
Mar shònn gun snodhach, gun fhàs,  
Air chailteachd buidhir, a's daill.

- 4 Cha b'ionann ri linn Mhic Stairn,  
Bha abhaist Oisein, 'sa neart,  
Bu mhaith a dhimreadh e lann,  
Cha b'fhànn a dhorn air a beairt.
- 5 Cha b'amaidh iar eath nan Sleagh  
Fhònn 'sa mheama ri fleagh Fhinn,  
'Nuair thionail mu'n Rìgh a Laoich,  
'S lasair chraobh ri solus grunn.
- 6 Chaidh sligean, a's cuir mu'n cuairt,  
Cha'n fhaicteadh gruaim air gnais,  
Agus co-sheimr cheann, a's chlàr,  
A' togail àbhachd, a's mùirn.
- 7 Ri Ulann, a's Cairiol, a's Raoini,  
Labhair Fionn Ghael gu fòil,  
Togaibh Dàin luaidh ar Trein fhir,  
A choisin o chein clin, mar chòir.
- 8 'S ait le Rìgh Lochlain nam buadh  
Na Dàin a luaidheas deagh-gnìomh,  
'S is taitneach le Fionn an glèus,  
Thig air beus Ghaisgeach na stri.
- 9 Leig mo Rìgh maraon, a's Mac Stairn  
Ri h-èisteachd Chlàrsach nam tònn,  
Bha cèud Cruit, 's dà chaogad Bàrd,  
Mu'n dà Ard Rìgh air an Tònn.
- 10 Chaitheadh mar sin an oiche,  
Gu soille mairde sàir-ghil,  
'Nuair chluinnteadh caismeachd an staic,  
A' greadaidh Fhear Lochlain gu tràigh.
- 11 Nìor hìosa astar an long,  
Ag asendh thonn air an leirg,  
A's strann-ghaoth Eire fuasadh,  
An Sleisdean thar cuan-shruth-mear.
- 12 A mhathan na tìre a's soir,  
A's buidhe folt, 's is geal braghad,  
A's tric air muir tabhairt shùl,  
'S a tatbaich brù na traigh.
- 13 Coisgear re seal ur 'n iomgruin,  
'S an Cabhlach ag iompaidh nur dàil,  
A's subhach leam sibh ga fhairgsin  
Air fairge mar eun fàire.
- 14 Ach 's truaigh leam cuid agaibh caoidh,  
Nan Saoi math, 's fearr na brathair,  
Na leannain caoin, gheal, ciuin,  
Nach stiuir am feasd long thar bàrlinn.
- 15 'S cruaidh leam ur'n airc nu d'heibhinn  
Na chaidh an Eirin fadh ùir  
Is tìrsach leam sgàl an con  
Air fiadh, na lon nach tabhair suil.
- 16 Is goirt leam an donnal bròin,  
A' togail sgeoil d'an caomhainn  
Taibhse nan treun bhì sa cheo  
'S an saighdean gun seol aonaich.

D. 31. DUAN A GHAIRIBH. 36 lines.

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

SONG OF GARIBE.

- 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 gigantic man.

<sup>2</sup> Moy (Maogh)—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 Fuidh,<sup>1</sup>
- 6 Aogh the son of Garadh, with the white knee,  
And the fair Coilte,<sup>2</sup> the son of Ronau.
- 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 (Miln, vol. iii. 184, vol. iv. Popular Tales, p. 266.) As part of the Story of Cuchullin, the story was known in Scotland about 1512 (A. 2), and other versions of it are in texts I. 1. M. 2. N. 1. O. V. 2. Y. Z. 34. 52. 59. 60. In all these the main story is that of a son, who is slain in combat by his own father, when he grows up, and comes from his mother to visit him. In the Gaelic ballads Cuchullin, and Conlaoch, his unknown son, are associated with the King of Ulster; the Heroes of the Red Branch, Connul, &c. The heir of Dundalk appears as the love son of a heroine who lived in Skye; and generally all the names agree with Irish history, though the story is British and Aryan.

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

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

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

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

GILCALUM M'YNNOLLAIG IN TURSKAIL SO SEISS.

- 1 Dì choala na fad o hen  
Skail dì voncis re cowe  
Is traa za haythris gow trome  
Gata mir anneiss orrinn

- 2 Cianni rowre ni braa mawle  
Fa chonchor is fa chonnill  
Dì bur low oyg err wyg  
Er hurlar chogev ullylht
- 3 Ga hygh ne hanik ma genn  
Fa ullyth leichre vanva  
Cath ag waall innoyr ellyth  
Dar zymone clannynth rowre
- 4 Hanik hukkitth borbe a reith  
Ir gurre croith *connleich*  
A zis ni mur glarrith grunn  
Oo zowu skayth gow errinn
- 5 Dì lawir conchow re caach  
Ca zoveniyn ehon in naglath  
Dì wrea beacht nyn skaillith zaa  
Gr teachta la harreith woa
- 6 Glossis conuil nar lag lawe  
Dì wrea skailleith òin vackein  
Er darve torrin òin leich  
Cayvelir conuil laa conleich
- 7 Ner zoive in leich ra lawyth  
Conuil freich forranych  
Cayd dar sloyg dì cawleith less  
Aygnyth is bone ri haythris
- 8 Carreith teachtir canni ni conni  
Woo hardre ayngneith ulleith  
Gow down dalgin zranynth zlyin  
Sen down gaylith ni goill
- 9 Woyn down sin dì loyr linni  
Dì zangowne neyn orginn  
Teggows gneive nyn serrith sange  
Gow reith feiltyth ny warrinn
- 10 Dissrych sloyg ullith oynnyth  
Teigowss kow ni creive roye  
Mak dettin o zoyg mir howe  
Nar ettee teacht dor gowir
- 11 Faddeith or *chonchow* riss in gon  
Wayghiss gin teacht dar gowir  
Is conuil surrych nyn stead maryrth  
In gwrych is keada dor sloygh
- 12 Deakir zoiss wee ym bred  
A ir churre er charrit  
Ne inraith dole in ayngnyth a lanni  
Sì taa lar chawleith conuil
- 13 Na smein gin dole na zye  
A re ni gomlann granole  
A lawe croy gin lagga re nacht  
Smoyr er heddyth is a gwreith
- 14 Cowchullin nyn sann lanni sleim  
Noar a choala turyth conuil  
Dì zloosa la trane a lawe  
Dì wraa skaille dyn wackawe
- 15 Innis downi er tocht id zailli  
A raig in tow nar ob tegwail  
A liss raa in nawryth zoe  
Fiss tarm ka dì zowchiss
- 16 Dym zaissew er teacht wom hey  
Gin skaili a zinsi zoew  
Da ninsin dì 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 tyigil vin chorrik
- 18 Ach na wea gno dighow nargenn  
A honchow aw ne herrin  
A lawe zasga in dowss trot  
Mo clow wea in nasge aggit
- 19 Heymon and dyr chon a chaill  
Ni ta corrik a vanvaill  
Na makan dì tor a zwn  
In daltan croye layveith

- 20 Cowchullin 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 naildeis  
Tarm is di lonni gi lom  
Na terg a zulchin orrin
- 22 Is me conleich m<sup>c</sup> nocon  
Ir zleith zown dalgin  
Is me rown dakgis ym bron  
Is tow ag skay di tollwm
- 23 Vii bleyndi di was ma horri  
Fylwm zasga wom war  
Ni classi ler horcher maa  
Waa zesew a vylwum urma
- 24 Smeis cowchullin vor maik  
A v<sup>e</sup> ne in draich za chow  
Gur smeine nar wraik feiltyth in ir  
A rey k a chwncith si chateive
- 25 A arrwm re corp no con  
Di chow is beeg nor skarri  
Re fagsin a cowlwoe a zlyn  
Gasgeith zownyth dalgin
- 26 Mak sawalti mor a foyne  
Ne low ym broin it ta orrin.

Di.

## I. 2. BAS CHIUNLAOICH. 444 lines.

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

## THE DEATH OF CONLAOCH.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE following poem is a perfect Tragedy. Conlach, or rather Ciunlaoch (signifies a mild hero), was a son of Cuchulin, born and brought up by his mother in the Isle of Skye, with whom he mostly resided during his minority. Cuchulin 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 Cuchulin 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 Cuchulin, who was stationed at Dundalgin, with whom intelligence is conveyed back of Conal's defeat. Cuchulin 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 intripid Cuchulin unwillingly engaged his only son, who

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

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

## BAS CHIUNLAOICH.

- 1 Gur e so an t-ursgeul fior,  
'S ann leamsa gu sior is cumhain;  
Ann latha bha sinn gu muirneach,  
A steach air urlar Cuig Ulann.
- 2 Maille ri Conal an t-sloigh,  
Bha 'n t' Oscar og, is Rìogh Tuire;  
Is Clann or-bhuigh Rìogh na magh,  
Is Clann Rìogh Loitheann, is Ruridh.
- 3 Gun do dh' iucas ann ar dail,  
Gach laoch a b' fhearr bha 'n tìr Chonail;  
Na Lutbaich is laoch na Mithibh,  
Agus Fionn gaolach Mac Cumhail.
- 4 Dh' iucas iad oirn o gach taobh,  
Ar maithibh caoin-gheal gun tiorna;  
Gu teach luath-ghairach an Rìogh,  
Gun eashbuidh air nì aeb snighe.
- 5 Labhair Conal Thonna-gorma,  
Biodh gairdeach an ghradh a fhlaithibh;  
Seinnibh caitheam buaidh gach fìdh,  
'S orain bhinne fea' mo Thialla.
- 6 An fhea' sa rìibh fleagh am aros,  
Deanamh abhachd agus iomairt;  
Cuiribh an t' slige mun cuairt duinn,  
Biodh eibhneas air grauidh gac mithi'.
- 7 O bhardaibh! seinnibh na duana',  
Cluinibh an slagh air luath-ghaire;  
Coi'-fhreagradh creugan, is gleantaidh,  
Do choi'-sheirm cheann is chlarabih.
- 8 Mar sin duinne sabbach, solach,  
Ag eisteachd eol san teach eibhinn;  
Fea' an lo sin, is na h' oiche,  
Gus na shoillsich madainn ghle-gheal.
- 9 Chunnag sìnna air bhàrra chuantaidh,  
Eibheis luath, mar can air faire;  
Sgoltadh gach tonn mar a dh' eiridh,  
Toirt gu tìr nam feara duana.
- 10 Triuir laoch calma, talmhaidh, treorach,  
'S am folt oir mun guallean arda;  
Mac samhail cho' n' fhaca 'n iorgail,  
Bha coi'-chumit 'au neart' s an aille.
- 11 Bha diais diu 'n uigheam Oglaoch,  
'S am fear corr fui' chlogaidh stailin;  
Bha cloidheam ra leis ro am-hor,  
Is sleagh mar chraun luing ra ghairdein.
- 12 Shuithich iad pùbhl do 'n toinnte,  
Air carrag luim fui' ar combhuidh;  
An triuir sin an uigheam catha,  
Bu mhaith gabhail ri h-uchd combhraig.
- 13 Dh' fhiosraich Conal do 'n chle'-armach  
Bu dea-labhrach ann 'sgach co'ail;  
Co reachadh a ghabhail sgeula,  
Do 'n triuir cheutach thaing oirne.
- 14 Do fhearagair e laoch na Mithaidh,  
'S na Luthaich bu bhinne combhradh;  
Theid sinne dh' f'laghail an sgeula,  
Chonail fheilidh, na sa deonach?
- 15 'S deonach leamsa Chlanna curaidh,  
A fluair urram ann sna blarabhu;  
Bha gu h' iochdar, feilidh, soghrach,  
Do gach onrachdan nuair b' àrach.

- 16 Ghluais sea-deug dhíu chum na trádhadh,  
Gu muirneach, bádhach, faill-labhar;  
'S bheannaich iad do 'n Mhacai' uasal,  
Bha ur-shnuadhar, mar an t-earach.
- 17 Labhair Beuldearg bu bhím comhra;  
Chuir Conal cro' sinn gu d' fheuchainn;  
Fhír is maille rosg, is aill thu,  
No mhadainn air earr an t-sleibhe.
- 18 Co thu fein, no cía do dhuthaich,  
No cía 'n Tur an d' fhuair thu t' arach;  
Cíod a ghluais thu gu ríoghachd Éireann,  
Thair na cuanta', beacach, cair-gheal?
- 19 Shud dh' iarr Conal oirne fheoraich,  
'S tu dhól combla ruinn gu aros;  
A chaitheadh na flea' le naislean,  
Is a dh' eisdéach dhúana bha' bhinn.
- 20 Cho 'n fheud mise idir inmseadh,  
Co mí fein no cía mo mhuintir;  
Aih do laoch d' an iul an spair-meachd,  
Mo dhi-armach, is mo chiumbbreach.
- 21 Mar a feud tha ogain fhíor-ghláin,  
Dhuinne inmseadh ach mar labhair  
Air tus chaich do bheiream d' fheuchainn,  
Air tu fein a chur fúí' cheangal.
- 22 Dh' eirich an t-Ogen, is Beuldearg,  
Air a cheile 'n spoirneachd ghábhaidh;  
'S na cara cian taobh na tuinne,  
Leagadh Mac Luthaich fúí' shailtean.
- 23 Chuir e a chaol fúí' n aon ríthe,  
An lathair na Míthich threuna;  
'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 an t-eug-bhail;  
Is chuireadh fúí' chuibbreach laidir  
Leis an Arman an t-sea deug ud.
- 25 Daol a bha faire na tuinne,  
Air an eircéad buinnean arda;  
Ghluais e gu lua' dh' ionnsuidh Chonail,  
'S dh' airis e mar so mar tharladh.
- 26 Tha Míthich nan stenda, meara,  
'S na Luthaich is nimhe 'n comhrag;  
Sea-deug dhíu fúí' chuibbreach gabhaidh,  
Aig a bhán laoch ud na onrachd.
- 27 'S mor is measa no bhí mharbh dhoibh,  
Bhí 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,  
Dhól a ghabhail sgeul do 'n Mhacai':  
A thoir fuasglaidh do 'n bha' m bruid,  
Gun euradh roí' thruíd, no gealtachd.
- 29 Is bheannaich e gu binn, oscarr,  
Do dh' Ogan nam bosa calma;  
Teas-ghradh dda do las na chroidhe,  
Ge do bha na Míthich ceansaicht.
- 30 Fhír mhoir thainig air lear oirnn,  
Las teas am chroidhe le gradh dhuit;  
Tha t'fholt mar or no gath greine,  
Loineadh air na sleibhte lamb-ruinn.
- 31 Tha do chruth mar ghagan ghleantaibh,  
Ann teas samhraidh fúí' bharr aille;  
'Seoal do mhála, 's cínín do rosgan,  
Mar fhann osnach ghaoith air faire.
- 32 Mar chramn fúí' bhlah tha do ghruaidhean,  
'S fhada buan do shlios a Churaidh;  
Do shuil mar dhealt air magh sleibhe,  
'S deirge do bheul no na sughan.
- 33 Do dheud mar ur-shneachd air gheugan  
Mar aiteal do 'n gheirn air magh thu,  
Ogain chaoín-ghil nan dual ar-bhuidh,  
'S mor a dh' fhas re, 's math am baile.
- 34 So dhuit anois bri' mo sgeilse,  
'S maitl do ghníomh a threim, 's do ghabhail;  
Cíod a ghluais u o d' fheach comhnuidh,  
Mas ann do 'n chonamh, 's mor m' aidhear.
- 35 Do thainig mise 'n íochd teachdair,  
Dh' fhiosracha' dhíot co do dhaoine;  
Co n fein, no cía do chairdean,  
No cía 'n t-aite 'n d' fhuair u t' fhao'lum?
- 36 Sin a ní nach fheidam inmseadh,  
Ach do neach bhéir dhíom e reiginn;  
No 'n innsin e neach sa chála,  
Do dh' fhear a ghabhail, cho 'n eurainn.
- 37 So Ríogh Ulann, 's Thonna gorma,  
Is aon laoch borbaidh na h-Éireann;  
No ceill do sgeul ormsa mhílidh,  
Ge mor do ghníomh ann an t-eug-bhail.
- 38 Mo sgeula cho 'n fheudair iunseadh,  
A chonail na míllí' catha,  
Co mí fein o 'n tha fúí' gheusan,  
Gus an toir treis dhíom e dh' aindeoin.
- 39 'S mis is urrainn sin, is feucham,  
Do radh Conal treun, is ghlae e;  
'S mí treas laoch gaisgidh an domhain,  
'S cho d' fhuair coimheach ríamh mí glaicta.
- 40 Thug iad na suinn ceud car calma,  
Taobh na fairg air chadach ríam-géal;  
Chluint' an sraoínich thair na cocan,  
Is fathrum an cos bu mhíleant.
- 41 Leagadh Conal leis an treum laoch,  
Chuir gun chreuchd fúí' chuibbreach chaich e;  
Rinneadh sud is cha bu chruaidh air,  
Air sgath a chuain ruaidh 's na trádhadh.
- 42 Do ghluais teachdaire o Chuchulain,  
A dh' ionnsuidh Chonail ghil ghradhaich;  
Ríogh Ulann, caomh uasal, greadhnach,  
O shean Dun faoilidh nan gaidheal.
- 43 Sin an Dun a thurladh leinn,  
Do cheart ain-deoin Mor 'n igh 'n Torr-gaill,  
Leis na faoilich, shaoithreach, sheanga,  
Bu nímhneach, meannach san torr-ghail.
- 44 Nuair chunnaig Conal an Luthar,  
Labhair e gu cínín mar b' abhaist;  
Tha mise fúí' chuibbreach coimheich,  
Mar nach raibheas ríamh rí' m laithe.
- 45 Toir fios gu Cuchulín uamsa,  
Gus an Dun ud urad aluín;  
Gu Dundenlgain griarnach géal,  
'Se sean Dun ciatfadh nan gaidheal.
- 46 Mo dhílseín coibbreach am eiginn,  
Mo Dhalta treun is trom armaibh;  
Innis dho gu bheil gu' m leireadh,  
Fu' chuibbreach an trein laoich chalma.
- 47 Do ghluais Luthar nan ceum ea-trom,  
Gu Cuchulín treun na cíthe;  
'S dh' airis e mar sin le fathas,  
Mar tharladh do 'n t' s'laugh sa chítthe.
- 48 Ta Conal suaire nan steud mear,  
Is sia fir dléug da shluagh cuibhríct';  
A Chuchulín nan arm troma,  
Eirich-cobhair air do mhuintir.
- 49 'S baoghalach dbamh dol an dail,  
Na laimh leis na cheangladh Conal;  
Maille ra Mhíthich, 's na Luthaich,  
'S an-fheilidh, cutaich an coimheach.
- 50 No smuaintich gun dol na dhail,  
A laoch nan gorm shíle suilbhír;  
A lamb threun gun eagal roí' neach,  
Cuimhuich t' Aid, is e ann cuibbreach.
- 51 Ní 'n enis duinne bhí fúí' mheín,  
Fo nach fuasgladh air ar caraid;  
Fhír mhoir gun laigse nach meat,  
Nach cuimhnich ar t' Aid 'n ann curraid.



- 52 An nair a chuala Cu nan cleas,  
An luadh sin air cuibhreach Chonail;  
Ghluais an laoch le heart is danachd,  
A thabhairt sgeula do 'n Chomhreach.
- 53 Ruigh e siar le tartar uamhann,  
'S fuaimneach arm mar spiorad Loda<sup>1</sup>;  
Sgaoileadh gioraig is crith chatha,  
Fea' an rathaid gu grad chomhrag.
- 54 No mar mhilitidh tonn a beucaich,  
Ann stoirn eitidh ri slios carraig;  
B' arnhaill fuaimneach, arm, 's a luirich,  
'S air a ghnuis bha dullachd catha.
- 55 Bha cloidheamh liobhaidh a dealradh,  
Toigt' an ard an laimh a churaidh;  
'S na gaoithibh sraunar a ghuasad,  
A chiahb air snuadh sreothadh buinne.
- 56 No enaic air gach taobh dhe' chrithnich,  
Chlisg an t slioghe fua' a chosan;  
Las a shuilean dh' at a chroidhe,  
B'an-fheilidh a chith 's choslas.
- 57 Failte dhuitsa Chonail cheantaich,  
'S iomad ceud a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;  
Ge do tha u' n diu' fua' cheangal,  
Aon laoch ràthaid gun bhi leointe.
- 58 Sgaoilte do chliu ann 's gach am,  
Air ceithir randaine an domhain;  
'S measa no bhi marbh a laoich,  
Thu bhi fua' chuibhreach faoin aig coimheach.
- 59 Tha do ghruaidh mar aiteal sleibhe,  
Do dhreach gu leir mar an cothar;  
Aid usail an aigneadh fheilidh,  
'S mi nach euradh tigh 'n do d' chabhair.
- 60 A dhaltain is buirb an comhrag,  
Deis is doghrinneach do natur;  
Duisg do ghaigedh, faic an laoch so,  
Fiosraich dhe' cia 'n taobh a thainig.
- 61 Bheamaich Cuchulain do 'n Macaidh,  
Chliuthaich e ghaigeadh, is aille;  
An gloir bhinn, mar chomhra' filidh,  
'S theasaich a chroidhe le gradh dha.
- 62 Oganach a thainig an ceun,  
'S maith do ghníomh, a threun laoich chalma;  
'N tra' chuir u na seachd fir dheuga,  
Fua' chuibhreach, gun chreuchd le arma.
- 63 Tha aon choi' aille na h-Eireann,  
Air do cheann mar shleibhte baraich;  
'S ciuin, feuta, fearail leam t uradh,  
Tha 'n cliu' san a nasgaidh agad.
- 64 Tha do chruth san traidh a soillseadh,  
Mar ghealach ri o'che shambe;  
A teachd roi' na ueula bailbhe,  
'S amhail do shnuadh sa choill bhalthor.
- 65 'S e'm adhbharsa theachd an ceun,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh dhíot fein, do chomhnuidh;  
Co thu fein, agus cia t Athair,  
No ceirse ni 's faide cirune.
- 66 Gensan thainig leam o'm theach,  
Mo sgeula chumail, os iosal;  
Na 'n airisinn do neach eile,  
'Sann do d' ghnuis arraid a dh' insinn.
- 67 Comhrag a bheireas tu uait,  
Neo do sgeul mar charaid dhambhsa;  
Gu d' rodhain chighe boga,  
Cho ni dhuit taghadh gu'm chomhrag.
- 68 Mo gheusan ri tigh 'n air lear,  
Mo sgeula chleith, ach air buadhar;  
No'n insinn e neach thair saile,  
'Sann do d' ghnuis arraid a luadhain.
- 69 Do sgeul na t arragaill, O fhir!  
Do radh 'n treun, air chrith fua' luirich;  
Le d' gheusan, is t aurra bhreugaich,  
No h eur insuadh, 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 chomhradh leam a b aithridh.
- 71 Comhrag 's fheudair dhuit thoirt uait,  
No gu luath do sgeul thoirt dhambhsa;  
Gu d' rodhain a gheugach bhog,  
Cho chiall duit taghadh gu'm choi' stri.
- 72 Sin a ni nach feud mis' ailis,  
An deidh gealladh thoirt do 'm Mhathair;  
Co mi fein, no cia mo dhutaich,  
No cia 'n Tur an d' fhuair mi 'm arach.
- 73 Comhrag riumsa 's fheudair dhuitsa,  
No fios t' ainm is t aite comhnuidh;  
Gabhs' do rodhain a ghiallan boga,  
'S cho chiall duit taghadh gu 'm chomhrags'.
- 74 Tri fichead agus cuig ceud,  
Is mile treun, cho bhreug dhambhsa;  
Nach deachaidh slan d' an teach,  
Da'n d' thug mi comhrag am ònar.
- 75 Is thug mi deothaidh bu daileadh,  
Comhrag do 'n fhear lia' Mac Dumhain;  
An deidh fir lea' nan arma deas,  
Innis do sgeul agus ailis.
- 76 Mo sgeula cho 'n fhead mi insuadh,  
Ach go neach bheir dhíom e'n comhrag;  
Na 'n insinn do neach tha 'n Eirinn;  
Do dh' fhear h eugaisge bu deonach.
- 77 O'n thug u freitich nach insuadh,  
Co do thuir, no cia do chomhnuidh;  
Tog bo ghat! Is nochd do ghníomha,  
Onach eil do d' dhi ach comhrag.
- 78 Chuaidh iad ann an dail a cheile,  
Na trein bu docair ann comhrag;  
Gach gaoth neartachadh an saothreach,  
Ruillean baatha, beucaich, dòbhadh.
- 79 Gu cuidreach, cudthromach, beimeach,  
Bha na trein mar thuinn sa bhairich;  
Gan ruagadh le stoirn toirt nuallan,  
Air carraig chruaidh meaghan báire.
- 80 B'amhail sin a ghealach na Suinn so,  
Chluint fuaim an loinn 's gach aite;  
Failteach feuchainn lu'chleas gaisgidh,  
Le minig na chasradh nánhan.
- 81 Chuaidh an sgiathan breac a bhla' de,  
Chuaidh an clodheamh gorm a bhearnadh;  
Chuai' an sleaghan fada, liobhaidh,  
A chabhadh 'sau stri bu ghabhaich.
- 82 Chuai' a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,  
Gu neo' meinach, 's gu cruai' ghníomhach;  
'S fhuair a Macan grunn a lot,  
Le Daltan a chatha mhilidh.
- 83 Thuit e mar ghuasaich san fhasach,  
An t iùran àluinn le fatram;  
Gun fhios, chag a charraig fuaim naith,  
Chrithich, agus ghluais an talamh.
- 84 A mhacan a thainig a steach,  
'S anu leamsa rinneadh do chreucadh;  
Is gearr gus an togar do leac,  
No ceil' am feast co u fein duinn.
- 85 Innis dhambhsa 'nois gulom,  
O na tharladh dhuit an àrach;  
Co u fein, no cia t ainm,  
No cia an taobh as an d' thainig.
- 86 B' fhuasda dhuit m' aithneacha fein,  
A Cuchulain an t slios àluinn;  
Nuair thilginn ort, gu far fanu,  
A t sleagh an comhair a h-àra.
- 87 Gur mi Connlaoch, Mac Cuchulain,  
Oighre dhligheach Dun-Dealgainn;  
'S mi 'n run a dh' fhag tu am bruid,  
Ann Danseach g'am iomsach.
- 88 Fichead bliadhna dhámh, 's tir shoire,  
A foghlum gaisgidh agus comhrag;  
O! 'sann leatsa thuit do Mhac,  
Do 'n chleas a bha dh' ensbhuidh flo' lum.

<sup>1</sup> This Spirit of Loda here appears for the first time in a manuscript.

- 89 Mìle mallachd aig do Mhathair,  
Gu Dunscaich laun do chealg;  
'Se mhead 'sa bhà lechda' iute,  
A dh' fhag t' fluil na linnidh dearg.
- 90 Rì' gur diombach mise 'm Mhathair,  
Oir si chuir ormsa na geusan;  
'Sa chuir mi a dh' fheuchainn m' fhullaing,  
Riutsa Chuchulain nan cleasan.
- 91 A Chuchulain chaoimh, cheuas-ghil,  
Leis am breisear gach birnn ghàbhaidh;  
Nach feuch thus', is mi gun anam,  
Cia dhù lamh m'um bheil am fainne.
- 92 Glac an t sleagh fhulangach laidir,  
As mo laimhe laoch gun tioma,  
Glac sin is mo chloidheamh cruadhach,  
Tana cruaidh is s'nnaghar liobhadh.
- 93 Glac thusa iad sin marson,  
Le d' chloidheamh caol riglainn, aghor;  
An sgiath chorcair th' air mo dhùim.  
Mo chlogaid cinn, 's mo chrann-àra.
- 94 'S truagh an aithne rinn u ormsa,  
Athair usaidh uabhrich ghradhach;  
Nuair th'iginn òrt gu fiar fann,  
An t sleagh an comhair a h cara.
- 95 O na chreachdadh mi 's ann traidh,  
Athair ghraidh, tha has am chinseal;  
Ulmhaich dhamsa, leac is naig,  
Air an tulaich uaine fhior-ghlain.
- 96 Thuit Cuchulain air a bhlar,  
Gun luth 'n cois no 'n laimh gun chreuchdà;  
Do mheathadh aigneadh le goith,  
Is chaill e chuimhne 'sa cheatfuidh.
- 97 Bha Cuchulain, a chloidheamh chruaidh  
'S ann la sin tiom, truagh, an-cibhinn;  
'Sa Mhac fein air torchairt leis,  
An t shaor shlat chalma, chaoimh, cheutach.
- 98 'S mise Cuchulain nan cleasan  
A chuir na geusan mo laogh namsa;  
No ceilidh air na fir fheachair,  
Gur h-ann dhamsa 's deacair truaighe.
- 99 Gur mi Cuchulain na ceardach,  
Dalta Chonail, àrd-Rìogh Ulann;  
No ceilidh air luchd an Taire,  
Nach mise dh' uraich a mulad.
- 100 A mharbh mo Mhacan 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 clòidh' nean is sgiath Chiunlaoich,  
Thall air an rùgh, a sior dhealradh;  
Mi g' an caoidh mar seach mar sin,  
Bhì gun chaoimh, gun Mhac gun bhrathair.
- 102 Gur maith do na Loithre buadhach,  
Gur fear do dh' uaisle na h Alla;  
Gur maith do dh' aon neach air thalamh,  
Nach h iad bu bharant gud mharbhadh.
- 103 Gur maith do 'n fhear liath Mac Damhain,  
Nach e bu cheannas ri d' mharbhadh;  
Nach e fluair mar sheùd ghointe,  
An sgiath chorcair, is an lann so.
- 104 'S truagh nach ann an crìochaidh, Edailt  
Ann 's na Bènga' no san Isbein;  
No ann an rìoghachd na Soracha,  
Do thorachairadh thus a dhilseinn.
- 105 'S truagh nach ann a Muthann Laithre,  
Nan Laithre nan lanna caola;  
Na 's na Cruachanadh braga bladhar,  
A thuiteadh mo Chiunlaoich caomhsa.
- 106 Nan tuiteadh tu ann an Laogam,  
Ann cathan ghaisgeach, is mhilidh;  
Cho ghabhainn asad mar eiric,  
Cuig ceud do chlanna Mhìc Rìoghraidh.

- 107 Chuala mi, 's fada uaitn sin,  
Sgeula bu chosnuil ri cumba;  
Bhì ga h airis leom gu trom,  
Gun chiall, gun chonn air an tulaich.
- 108 A Chonnlaoich ud chaoimh mo charaid,  
Is maigr m' ghearraich do shaoghal;  
Na' m bitheadh tu Chiunlaoich agam,  
Cho bhithinn a noc am aonar.
- 109 Na' m bithinn, s mo Chonnlaoich caomh,  
Comhla' g' iomairt chleusa, calma;  
Bh' eircemaid greill o thuinu gu tuinn,  
Do dh' fhearadh Eireann is Albann.
- 110 Och is ochain! a Mhìc dhìleis,  
Mo thuras o Chriocha Ulann;  
Dholl a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,  
Ochain! gur a cruaidh am fulang.
- 111 Och agus och! nan och eithre,  
'S truagh mo thuras chum na beinne;  
Faoighe mo Mhìc, san dara laimh,  
Agus airm ann 's an laimh eile.

Kilbrandon, 1st of May, 1785.

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

Edinburgh, 28th January, 1806.

This is the manuscript, mentioned as Manuscript 1st in the List of Gaelic Poems; relative letter and certifies 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 Dug-sciathach san Eilein Sciathanach, torrach air Connlaoch. Nuair thainig a mac gu foirfeachd, chuir i dhionnsaidh athar e: ach chuir i foi gheasabh e, nach innseadh e re bhia'na co e. Ann lorg so a dhìultadh, bhual athair e leis a *Ghath-bhulga*, no *bhuilg*, a dh' ionnsuich Aoife dha fein, ach a dhearmaid i ionnsachadh do Chonnlaoich, agus leis amhu gha leo comhrag ann uisge. Deir gu 'n tilgeadh Connlaoch na gathan air athair ann coime an earra, ach nach do thug se e, agus mar sin gu 'n do mharbh e a mhac fein.

- 1 CHUALA air fada o shean,  
Soi-seul a bhuneadh re m' chuimhne,  
La bhì mi gu tuirseach trom  
Air an taobhsa dh' lùnse-roghuill.
- 2 Clanna Ruraibh na 'm breath mall,  
O thigh ' Chonchair 's o thigh Chonuill,  
Le 'n ur chlainn oig air na maghaibh,  
'S iad air urlar Cluige Ulunn.
- 3 Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n d' thigeadh 'nar ceann  
Fìor laoch Ula, s' nìor b'reath theann,  
Gar an' tigeadh oirn a aon bhàile eile  
Thoirt diombaidh do Chlanna ruraibh.<sup>2</sup>
- 4 Tigidh chugainn am borb fhraoch  
Ancuraidh cròthanta Connlaoch,  
Do fhios na 'm fear gradhach grinn,  
O Dhun-scaithich gu h Eirinn.
- 5 Labhair Conchair re caoh,  
Co gheabh sinn chum an og-loaich,  
A thoirt beachd no sgeula dh' e,  
'S gu 'n teachd le h àra uaidhe?
- 6 Ghluais Conuill nach lag lamh,  
Do ghabhail secula d' an ogan,  
Mar dhearbhadh air toradh an laoch  
Cheangladh Conuill le Connlaoch.
- 7 Greasar chugainn ar fir laoch'or  
Gu Connlaoch fraoch'or furanach:  
Ceud d' ar slugh a cheangladh leis;  
'S iongna sin 's is buan r' a innseadh.

<sup>1</sup> Thaobh.

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

- 8 Chuaidh teachdairleadh gu ceann na 'n conn  
O Ard Righ iongnaidh Uluinn,  
Gu Dun-dealgann griannach glan,  
Seann Dun ciallach na 'n Gaidheal.
- 9 An Dun sin a leaghar libh,  
O Mhai aon nighean Nì Mhorguill,  
Gu 'n deach gnìomh saor na 'n steud near  
Gu Rìgh failteach na 'n fear.
- 10 Do fhios na h Ula uaine  
Tigidh Cuth na Craobh-ruaidhe,  
Mac deud-ghéal is gruidh mar shugh  
Nach d' eitich teachd 'nar comhair.
- 11 Labhair Conchair ris a Choin,  
'S fhada bha thu gan teachd d' ar feachainn  
Is Conull suireach na 'n steud near  
Ann cuibhreach uainn is ceud d'ar slughaidh.
- 12 'S oil leinn am bith uainn am bruid,  
Na fìr a chabhradh air an cairidh;  
Aich nì 'n reidh dhol a shineadh lann  
Ris an ti leis 'n do cheangladh Conull.
- 13 Na smuainich gan dol na choinne,  
Lamh na 'n geur arm grainè 'il,  
Lamh nach làgadh roimh neach  
Cùmhnicht t Oide is e 'n cuibhreach.
- 14 Cuth-Ullin an lamh nach sliom,<sup>3</sup>  
Re cuimhneach air cuibhreach Chonuill,  
Ghluais e le treine a lann,  
Ghabhail seula d' an ogan.
- 15 Innis duinne, re teachd a d' dhail,  
Labhair an Cuth 's nìor ghabh teagmhail,  
O shlios Rìgh an abhradh duinn,  
Fios do shlainne, 's cia do dhuthaich.
- 16 Geasan orm air teachd o 'm theach,  
Gu 'n seula thabhairt do dh' aoidhe,  
Na 'n tugadh do dh' aon neach eile,  
Do d' dhreachsa bhreithre gu h araidh.
- 17 Comhrag is eigin duit,  
No seula thabhairt mar charaid;  
Gabh do roghainn a chiabh bog,  
Cha chiall toghaidh dhuit ga m' chomhrag.
- 18 Chum a chomhraig mar bu treun  
Chaidh an Cuth 's a mhac fein:  
A mhac fein gu 'n d' fhuair a ghainn,  
Le daltaibh cruaidhe cath-bheura.
- 19 Innis duinn, ars Cuth na 'n cleas,  
O tharladh tu chaoidh' foi m' ailleas  
Fios t' aium no do shlainne gu lom,  
'S na triall dol ga fhòlach uainn.
- 20 'S measa na sin mar thachair dhuit,  
Aon Choin air agh-mhoir,  
A ghaigich aird air thus truid;  
Truaidh mo lus a bhith agad an-asgaidh.
- 21 Mise Connloch Mac a Choin,  
Oighre dligheach Duin-tigh-dealgunn,  
An Run a dh' fhag thu 'm broinn gu 'n fhios,  
Ann Dun-scàthaich ga m' fhoglam.
- 22 Seachd blià'na san tìr sin  
Ag foghlam gaisge o m' mbathair,  
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 chloidheamh cruadhach,  
Lann fhuair mi air a liomhadh.
- 24 Thoir mo mhallachd gu mo mbathair,  
O 's i chairich mi fòj gheasaibh,  
Is chuir mi an lathair m' fhuiluing,  
Cuth-ullin, b' ann le do chleasaibh.
- 25 Cuth-ullin chaoimh chrios-ghil,  
Leis an brisear gach bearn ghaibh,<sup>4</sup>  
Nach amhaire thu is mi gu aithne,  
Cia meur mu 'n bheil an faine.

<sup>3</sup> Tiom.<sup>4</sup> Chait.

- 26 'S ole a thuigeadh tusa uamsa,  
Athair naise ain-meinich,<sup>5</sup>  
Gur mi thilgeadh gu fann fiar,  
An t sleagh coinne a h earlain.
- 27 Nuair chunnaire an Cuth air dol eug  
A mhac air call a choi-bheum,  
Air smuinteach air falte an fhir,  
Chail e a chuimhne 's a cheutfaidh.
- 28 Cuth-Ullin ge b' ard a chail,  
Gu 'n d' islich sud triall da onoir,  
A mhac fein a thorchradh leis  
An t saor-shlat choranta choi-dheis.
- 29 Na 'm mairthinns' is Connloch slàn,  
Ag iomairt air chleas ann comhlan,  
Chuireadhmaid cath formadach treun  
Air fearaibh Alba agus Eirinn.
- 30 Dh'iath umam ceud cumha,  
Mi bhli dubhach nì h iongnadh,  
O m' chomhrag 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 265 of the originals of the Heroic Poems. 1789. Dublin. For lack of Irish type and space, I omit this version. 184 lines.

## O. 10. BAS CHONLAOCH. 112 lines.

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

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

- 1 CHUALA 's cha 'n fhada o sin,  
Sgeul a dhuinne le comha;  
Cha 'n athraisear leam ach trom,  
An ti a Sbaor sinn fhin a thoirrara.
- 2 Clanna Ruro nam breth mall, (cal cam),  
O thir Chonchair gu tìr Chonnuill;  
Le 'n ur clann aig Rìgh na Magh,  
Is iad air Urlar Chuigullin.
- 3 Nam b' e gu 'n tigeadh nìr dail,  
Fìr Ullinn Laoich umarbhaidh ard, cal-merbhi,  
Teachd a dh' aindeoin air an taobh eile,  
Mar dhìom buaidh ri Clanna Ruro.
- 4 Nan tigeadh òrinn am borh laoch,  
An curuidh calma Conlaoich;  
A dh' fhios gach modh a ghnathuich leinn,  
O Dhan sgathaich gu Eirn.
- 5 Gu 'n labhair Conchar ri caeb,  
Co chuireadh sibh an dail an Ogan;  
A ghabhail beachd mo sgeul dheth,  
G'an tighin le eura uath.
- 6 Ghluais Cormull, cha lag lamh,  
A ghabhail sgeul dhe 'n mhacann;  
Ge b' ann a thoirradh nan Laoch,  
Cheangla Connul le Conloch.
- 7 Beir fios gus gach Laoch near lan,  
An coinneamh gach fraoch fear furain;  
Ceud g'ar sloigh cheangladh leis,  
B' ioghnaidh sid, bu mhòr ri aithris.
- 8 Teachdairleadh air cheann nan con,  
Gu ard Rìgh Aonach Ullin;  
Gu Dun griannach dealgach glan  
Leann tìr ceallach nan Gael.
- 9 An Dun sin a bhuidhicheadh leibh,  
A dh' aindeoin air Nìan Thoirgi;  
Air gnìomh saor nan steud each seang,  
Bh' aig rìgh faoilteach nan fearann.

<sup>5</sup> Anmainich.

- 10 Gu 'm b' aill leinn a bhí fo bhraidhbh,  
Fo 'n tí a dh' fhuasgladh air a charaid;  
Cha reith dol an tionsgladh lann,  
Leis an fhear a cheangladh Connul.
- 11 Na smaonaich gu 'n dol 'na dhail,  
A laoiach nan gorm shuillean tla;  
A lamh threun gun eagal ro neach.
- 12 Cuimhnich air h-oidé 'se cuibhreach,  
Nis o 'n thainig mi 'nad Dhail;  
Mar bha laoiach na h'ol an tughbail,  
A shlios redh an earra bhain.
- 13 Co thu fein no co do ríoghachd?  
Tha Geasan ormsa o m' theuch,  
Gu 'n sgeul a thóirt g' dh' aon neach,  
Nan tugainn do neach fo 'n ghreinn,  
B' ann do d' dhreachsa araidh.
- 14 Combrag 's eigin duit thóirt nath,  
No sgeula innseadh mar charaid;  
Gabh do roghainn a chiabh bhog,  
Cha chiall duit tagha gum' chomhrag.
- 15 Ghluais na laoiach an dail a cheile,  
Bu tearc torra na lan meine;  
A mhac fein thórcha leis,  
An Ealtuinn chruaidh chathara.
- 16 A mhic gabh thairis do sgeul,  
O 'n tharladh ort fein no dhíoma;  
'S gearr gns an togar a leachd,  
Na ceil a nis do thíomna.
- 17 Buin thusa leat mo sheagh,  
Is thoirrean an sgeul sin uamsa;  
Tog leat mo chláidheamh crotach,  
Lamb threun a shil air a líomha.
- 18 A Chuchullin, a chríosain chruinn ghil,  
Leis am bristeadh gabh beum gabhaidh;  
Nach amhairc thu s mi g' an aithne,  
Co am meur ma'm bheil am faine?
- 19 'S oile thuigeadh tusa uamsa,  
Athair Uasail aumne;  
Mí thilgeadh gu fíar fann,  
An t-sleagh an combar a h-earlín.
- 20 'S mise Conlaoch Mac nan Con,  
Oighre dlígeach Dhundealgain;  
An ruin dh' fhaig thu na broinn,  
'S mí 'n Dun sgathach gam fhoghuim.
- 21 Seachd bliadhna dhomh an Dantuiln,  
Ag Foghlum gaisge o mhathair;  
An cleas leis na thórcha mí,  
'S mí fo gheasaibh a dh' fhoghuimín uaitle.
- 22 Beir mo mbhallach fein do m' mhathair,  
O 'n 'si charaich mí fo gheasaibh;  
O 'n 'si chuir mí 'n lathair m' fhuilang,  
A Chuchullin, b' ann fo d' chleasaibh.
- 23 Anam 's eiridhe na Con  
G'a bhroscha mhor nach do sgar;  
An t-oglach ciallach glan,  
An gaisgeach ur a' Dundalgainn.
- 24 Conlaoch caomh mo charaidsa,  
'S maing mí a ghiorraich a shaoghal;  
Nann bithheadh Conlaoch agamsa,  
Cha bhithinn an nochd a' m' aonar.
- 25 Nam bithinnis is Conlaoch caomh,  
Ag iomairt chleas air aon taobh;  
Chuireamhd gu tarabartach treun,  
Air fearaibh Alb is Eirin.
- 26 'S mise leannan na craobh ruaidhe,  
Leannan Ioghna 's Ullin;  
Innis a luchd mantra,  
Gur mise Cuchullin.
- 27 Chuchullin a chridhe chruaidh,  
Gu bheul an nochd fo dhíomhaidh;  
Bhí faicinn a Mhic ga chleth cal gadhí,  
Gun chail e cheut 's chuimsa.

28 Togamaid leinn airm an fhuir,  
Claidh' 's giath Chonlaoidh ghil;  
Bheir sinn tréis ga chaoiadh mar sin,  
Mar bhean gun Mhac gun bhrathair.

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

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

Mac Callum, page 144.

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

## ROIMH-RADH.

Tha eachdraidh Chuchulin mo charbad a' toirt dearbhadh dhuinn gu 'n robh e na fhear-cogaidh eurranta, erodha, calma, treun. Bha mac aige ri leannan a bh' aig ann an Alba do 'm b' ainm Aoife. Thug a mhathair Conlaoch mar ainm air. Gheall Cuchulin, do Aoife, air dha bhith na Archesum-feadhna air armaithe na h-Eirinn, gu 'm pilleadh e dh' Alba aig am araidh, agus gu 'n biodh Aoife mar mhnaoi aige. Ach cha do phill e. 'Nuair a thainig Conlaoch gu h-aois, chaidh fearas-ghaisge fhoghlam dha ann an Dun-sgathaich 'san Eilean-Schithneach, an t-ait' a b' ainmeil san ainm air son foghlum a thóirt seachd do threun-laoidh anns gach cluich ríoghail a dheanadh femail iad ann an la' bhliar. Fhuair Aoife air fhoghlam d' a mac gach lu-chleas a b' fhiosrach i a bha aig Cuchulin, Athair, ach aon chleas, d' am b' ainm an gath-bolg. Bu tric le gaisgich san ainm an gath-bolg a chleacdhadh 'nuair a bhiodh iad a gleachd le saighdibh ann an uisge. 'Nuair a bha Conlaoch air tighinn gu lan spionnadh, chuir a mhathair fo bhòidean e, gu 'n rachadh e do Eirinn, nach innseadh e co e fein, agus gu 'n dthugadh e athair ceangulte leis do Alba. Bha fios aig Aoife gu 'n marbhadh Cuchulin a mhac leis a' ghath-bhòlg; agus rinn i so mar dhioghaltas—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 Chuchulin. Chuir Connul fios gu Cuchulin gu 'n robh e ceangulte. Thainig esan a sgoileadh chuibhricean 'Oide; agus an uair a dhíult Conlaoch innse co e, ghlacdh athair ris, agus marbhadh 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 chonnil cha salve no kinn  
Devin lum gyr zergkiss tierm  
No kinn di chw er a zad  
Slontir lat no fir foe fyve
- 2 A neyn orgil nyn nach  
A evir oik ne bree binn  
Sanna in nerik chon ni gless  
Hugis loym in ness no kinn

- 3 Ka in kenn mallych zow mor  
Dergyth nayn ross a zroy glan  
Is sa is gir zin le clea  
A kenn deive ne raa dait
- 4 Kenn ree mee nyn nach loait  
Arse m'earbe nyn goith camm  
In nerik mo zaltan fen  
Hugis lwm in gayn a kenn
- 5 Kai in kenn oid er mye haale  
Go volt fand gi malle sleime  
Rosk mir erre dait mir v'laít  
Alda no each crwth a kinn
- 6 Manne boe fir nyn nach  
Makmeyf zi zrach gyth coyn  
Dagis a chollin gyn kenna  
Is di hwt wille lam a loye
- 7 Ka in ken so zawis tow id laive  
A chonnil vor ne bae linn  
O nach marrin kow nin gless  
Keid verre how er less a kinn
- 8 Kan v'erris nyn nacht  
Verreyth a ceith gyth gurt  
Mac mo fayr in tur hang  
Di skarris a khenn ra chwrp
- 9 Ka in kenn od hear in molt inn  
Da greddyth no kinn go laiv  
Hurris amnth er a zow  
Gyn roveddir sal da rar
- 10 Sess a sowd di hwt in kow  
Di rad a chorp fa wrow dass  
Cow mac connra re nyn rann  
Hugis lam a kenn ter aiss
- 11 Ka in da ken so is fadde mach  
A chonnil vor a v'raa byig vinn  
Er zraigh tenne na kel orn  
Anym no ver a zon ne herm
- 12 Kenn leyirre is clar cwilte  
In da kenn di hut lem zonna  
Di zon swt cowchullin charn  
Sw'n zergis merna na wulle
- 13 Kai in da kenn so is fadde sorre  
A chonnil vor gi gal znee  
Ennyn dae er volt ni verr  
Derk in groye na ful leych
- 14 Cwllin bray is ewnilt croye  
Deiss di verre boye lai ferk  
A evyr seid sor a kinna  
Dagis a gwrp fa linna derk
- 15 Ka ne vi kinn so solk maine  
De chewe feyn er mye hoyth  
Gwrm in nye dwe a volt  
O hilla rosg connil croye
- 16 Sessir eascardin a chow  
Chlann challidtein a mwe znaie  
Is said sud in sessir leyve  
A hut lwm sin nerm no laive
- 17 A chonnil vor aithr ree  
Kayn in keu od da gallith cathd  
Gin or fai treilse wa keyand  
Gyn codyth slem ghardyth vart
- 18 Kenna v'finn v'rosse roye  
V'neecce hor has lam nert  
A evir is se so a cheud  
Ardree layyn nyn land brak
- 19 A chonnil vor mugh a skail  
Creid a hut lad laive gin locht  
Din tloe eignytha veil sin  
A deiltiss kinn na con
- 20 Deachmor is seacht fychid kead  
Dorym peyn is awyr sloe  
Di hut lomsa drwme er zrum  
Di neve mo cwlk cunlra rag
- 21 A chonnil kynis taidda mnae  
Insefial dessne ni con  
Cowf v'hawalt haye  
Na veil agga fein ar for

22 A evir keid di zarna mai  
Gyn mo kowe ym r'er san socht  
Gyn mo zaltan fa mhaa crow  
A dol voym a mugh so n . . .

23 A chonnil tok me sa vert  
Tok mo lacht oss lacht no con  
Os da chowe rachen ayk  
Cwr mo vail re bail no con

24 Is mai evyr is keyn dalve  
Ne feine sarve dayta zoive  
Di zerr no cha nul mo spess  
Troee 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 Cuchulín.

### CONAL.

#### I. EARRANN.

- 1 A CHONAIL chaoimh nan arma geura,  
'Se mo leir a mhaile bha ;  
Ort ann Eilein nan sruth dian,  
'S Cuchulain mo chiall sa bhlar.
- 2 Thainig Torlamh fuileach fiat,  
Mar dhubb nial o 'n airde near ;  
Le saighde corrnach dlu,  
'S saighead chuil a rinn a timh.
- 3 Saighead almhuidh, eitidh, ehraidh,  
Saighead a bhais a bha ann ;  
A leag gu h-íosal san uir,  
Mo Chuchulain, run nan lann.
- 4 Feinnidh fearr-bhuilleach nan ruag,  
Mar osag air cuan nan tonn ;  
Bha do shiubhal, meamnach mear,  
B' iomad lear na chlaoi' thu sonn.
- 5 Tha mo dheoir le dealt na h o'ch,  
Saithe bhroin a' caoidh an laoch ;  
'S mo thuireadh ri teachd an la,  
O mbic mo ghraidh ! A mbic mo ghaoil
- 6 A ghaigric threim nan iomad buaidh,  
'S cian a ghluais do chlin' san stri ;  
Dunsaich na cheathach broin,  
Bhí gun chruit, gun cheol, gun Riogh.
- 7 'S trom m' aigneadh, 's is lag mo chail,  
'S truíme maran no muir sgith ;  
Cuin a Chonail thig an la,  
Thig chugam mo gharadh aris.
- 8 Ionmhúinn ábharach nan leug,  
Thuit an treun, ach thuit gu mor ;  
An comhrag nan cathan ceud,  
Lamh bu treine do gach sloigh.
- 9 O near mar ghrian bha do gháire,  
Ann am aros meag na mílíd ;  
Do ghuth mar eigheach creag Ullann,  
'S gach cumasg gun coisgte stri leat.
- 10 A meag nau triath bha e cosgairt,  
An laoch bu docaire ri teirbirt ;  
Builleann eudramach gam bearnadh,  
Mar fhrois o 'n abhar san leir e.
- 11 Clí mí t-arma troma liobhaidh,  
Tana díreach, math san fhulang ;  
Chí mí do sgiath bhreac mar chombla,  
'S do luireach loinreach nan ulag.



- 12 Chi im do chloigade cruadhach,  
A laoch uaibhrich ann san iomairt ;  
Mar charrraig thu measg na mànanhan  
Carrraig laidir dh' fhas gun tioma.
- 13 A bhean thursach, shnitheich, dheurach,  
Eist do d' leire—chreach— 's do d' chumha ;  
Bas an armain tha ri dhioladh,  
'S tha na mìltidh dh 'a gu fulang.
- II. EARRAN.
- 14 A Chonail scalbhaich dhùinn na cinn,  
'S deimhin leam gun dhearg thu t-airm ;  
Na cinn a chi mi air a ghad,  
Slointear leat air fad am faigh.
- 15 Ionmhuinn shoirbheartach nan each,  
Ainuir og na breithe bin ;  
An eiric Cuchulain nan cleas,  
Thug mi leam o dheas na cinn.
- 16 Co e' n ceann sliom, maileach donn mor,  
'S deirge no 'n ros a ghruaidh ghlan ;  
Sin is fhaigse do d' thaobh cli,  
Ceann an Rìogh is or-bhuidh dath ?
- 17 Ainuir fhabharrach nan cleare,  
Mac Maibhe le' n creachta gach cuan ;  
Mo chomraic se sud a cheann,  
'S gur h ann leam a thuit a shluagh.
- 18 Co e' n ceann ud a chi' eam thall,  
'S fholt nach gann mar channach sliom ;  
A rosg mar fheur 's a dheud mar bhlat,  
'S gile no each ero' a chin.
- 19 Leis a sud do thuit ar Rùn,  
Dh' fhasg a chorp na chluidh thais ;  
Luthach Mac Chumh Rìogh nan lann  
Thugas leam a cheann air ais.
- 20 Co e' n ceann ud do chi' eam nam,  
Do bha ghruaidh air dath an ros ;  
Gur guirme no 'm feur a rosg,  
'S buidh fholt air dhath an oir.
- 21 Ceann Mhic 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 aidhear Rìogh,  
Co 'n ceann eil air dhiol chaidh ;  
'S an t òr air dhrisinnibh a chin,  
Gu finn-bhuidh sliom mar airgead ban.
- 23 Ceann Biogh Maitheann nan each luath,  
Mac Fearna-bheum nan dual cam ;  
An eiric mo Dhaltain fein,  
Thugas leam an cein a cheann.
- 24 Co e 'n ceann a thogadh tu d' dhormn  
A Chonail mhoir, 's ni 'n aithreach leinn ;  
O nach maitheann Cu nan cleas,  
Co bhiodh tu air leas a chin ?
- 25 Ceann Mhic Fheadhais nan each,  
Muireach dheanadh creach is lot ;  
Mac ro pheathar o 'n Tur shcang,  
Gun do sgaras a chean o chorp.
- 26 Cha mhor an onoir mhic Rìogh,  
Imeachar gu min air fholt ;  
'S mi nach marbhadh e gu brath,  
Mar biodh e mu bhas a Choin.
- 27 Co 'n da cheann sin air do laimh bheis,  
A Chonail mhoir nan cleasan aigh ;  
An t-aon dath tha air fholt nam fear,  
O 's maing bean g 'am bheil am bàidh.
- 28 Ceann Mhannis is Shuibhne 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 nam,  
A Chonail nan cruai' lann gear ;  
'S guirme 'n suil no 'n deare air magh,  
'S gile no blath fiodh am bein !
- 30 Carla agus Cathull eunaidh,  
Diais a bheireadh buidh le feirg ;  
Thugas leam an cinn mar luin,  
'S dh' fhasg an cuirp fui' Gheann-deirg.
- 31 Co na sia cinn air dhroch gré,  
Chi mi dhìot an taobh nu thuath ;  
'S gorm an aghaidh, chlaon an ruisg,  
'S dubh am fuilte a Chonail chruaidh.
- 32 Sciscar bhraithrean do chi' eam ann,  
Tha iad marbh, 's an clab ri gaoth ;  
Chun Chuilgeadan luchd nan cleas,  
Dream nach raibh air leas mo ghaoil.
- 33 Co na cinn is caime dual ;  
Fainneach, cuachach, mar shnuagh greinn ;  
A' dearladh ri madainn chuin,  
'S maing da 'n rùn na h-armaithean threun.
- 34 Triuir Mac Torlamh bu bhorb, baoth,  
'S iad na laoch a chaoicail gnais ;  
Bu neo'-meirceach iad sa chath,  
Do Dhaltan nan glac geal ur.
- 35 Co 'n da cheann is faid o' d' ehlì,  
A Chonail mhìn na meall shuilean ;  
'S fad an leac is deirg nan t-suth,  
'S dubh am fuilte, mar shneachd an deud.
- 36 Da Mhac Rìogh Lochlan nan ruag,  
D' an ainm Manus is Lua'-lamh ;  
Tharladh doibh a bhi sa chàth,  
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 bhlatan an fhraoich,  
No 'n gagan air mhaolan ùr.
- 38 Rìogh Muthann nan ceuda tigh,  
B' ard a ghuth sau iomar-bhàigh ;  
A combrag dealain mo rùn,  
Dh' fhasg a chorp na chluidh thlath.
- 39 A Chonail mhoir, 's maith do sgeul,  
Cia-mead a thuit le d' bheum san trod ;  
Do chlanna Maitheibh is Rìogh,  
Ann 'san stri bu mhor a lot.
- 40 Ceann thair fichead agus ceud.  
Gun aireamh air creudh no air goidh ;  
Do cheanna Maitheibh is Rìogh,  
Thuit sud leam an iochd a Choin.
- 41 Thuit an iomar-bhàigh nan laoch,  
Caogad agus fichead ceud ;  
Thuit do dh' fhiantidh Thonnagorm,  
Tri ceud bort, 's bu mhor am beud.
- 42 A Chonail chul-fhionn nan Tur ard,  
'S mor an t àr, 's is modha 'n gnìomh ;  
A laoch Churanta nam buadh,  
'S mor an sluagh a dh' fhasg thu sbios.
- 43 Mar lithe nam beann gu traidh,  
Dhoirt thu ann sau araidh fuil ;  
Mar iolair a measg nan ean,  
Dh' fhogair thu gach treimh a ban.
- 44 Ann cath ceatharnail a chraidh,  
Bha do lamh ag deanamh èuchd ;  
Mar aiteal tìcne nam beann,  
Bha do lann a cosgair threun.
- 45 A laoch fhuilleachdaich san toir,  
'S mor a leon thu do na Mic ;  
Ochoin ! mise teirbirt dheur,  
'S Cuchulain nan creuchd fui' lic.
- 46 Cha dean mi mire san Tur,  
Dh' fhoibh mo mhuirne, 's mo cheol-gair ;  
Mar ghrian an cogall nan neul,  
Dhubh mo ghné, mo chruth, 's mo chail.
- 47 A Chonail chaoimh tog mo leac,  
Mu 'n sgarar mi' anam o 'm chorp ;  
Oir sgearr gn's an racham eug,  
'S cuir mo bheil 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 uao boaisene' and his son, whom English readers know as 'Fingal and Ossian.'

*Trinity College, Dublin.* (H. 1. 13. Hugh O'Daly, 1746, 195, a copy of 'The Tain,' p. 342. Birth of Cuchullin, 349. Exploits of Oiléal and Meave, King and Queen of Connacht—.) (H. 1. 14, same scribe, 1750, another copy of 'The Tain.') (Book of Leinster, 1130, pp. 41 to 80 contain 'The Tain bo Cuaighe.' Also 'the Manifestation of the Tain,' and a list of prefatory stories. Hennessy's list, Dec. 9, 1871.) (Leabhar na h-úidhre, published, written about 1100.) (H. 1. 13. The bloody Havoc of Connal Kearnach.) (H. 2. 6. Historical tale, Aoidheach fir diadh, written about 1716. Part of 'the Tain.') (H. 2. 17. Breisleach Mhór mhúighe Muirtheinne, 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. Aighéad é n' 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 *Atlantid*, vol. i. 1858, contains a paper by O'Curry. CUCHULLAINN was a Prince of *Ulster*, inheritor of Cuaighe and Muirtheinne, 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 *Mucha*, was the most distinguished king of Emania, and cotemporary with our Saviour. His chief 'knights' were, *Fergus Mac Roigh*; *Conall Cearnach*; *Fergus Mac Léite*; *Curroi Mac Daire*; and *Cuchullainn mac Solte*, the youngest and the best. *Eimer* was daughter of Forgal Monach, who lived near Dublin, at Lusk. She was Cuchullin's wife.

Vol. II, p. 98, the story of 'the sick bed of Cuchullin' is finished. This is a very wild and curious story, which I have not found in Scotland, unless A. 1. is part of it in verse. When Cuchullainn was angry, he drew one of his eyes back so far that a heron could not reach it. The other he thrust out so that it grew as large as a heifer's cauldron. This is now told of 'Goll,' &c. in Scotland, p. 326. vol. III. Y.

In this story are *Labhar Cam* and *Mananan Mac Lir*. (Pp. 6159. The *Atlantid*, London, 1858-60, Brit' Mu'). The Catalogue of Irish MSS. British Museum, and other authorities are referred to elsewhere in the Introduction. The Story of Cuchullin is built on Irish history; it pervades Irish literature from A.D. 1130, and pervades all Gaelic Scotland now.

## Z. 5. CHEUD SGEULACHD (THE HEADS).

No. 48. Gaelic Index. Y. Vol. IV. 1862. A Gaelic argument, and 62 lines of the ballad sent from Islay by Mr. Alexander Carmichael, who has been collecting ever since.

Be Connal agus Cuchullain clann an dithis pheathraichin. Bha iad sig an ionnsuidh 'san aon Oil-thigh. Nuair a bha iad a dealachadh ri cheile's gach aon a dol gu obair fein, thug Connal micnann a cheud duine bheiradh naigheachd bas Chochullain dha gu'm bitheadh e marbh 'sa mhionaid. 'Sa a thuit Cuchullain thubhairt e ri gille mor Laoghaire 'faillhaid thu a nis agus innsidh tha do Connal sgeula mo bhais; feuchaidh thu innsadh dha ann an duinn-fhocal, neo bidhich thu fein ann an cuinnart.' Dh-fhallbh Laoghaire, rainig e Connal, agus fhaitheach e gu suilhire e. Thubhairt an Connal 'Cia mur a tha mo charaid Cuchullain.' 'Tha gu maith, ars an Laoghaire, tha e nis air thigh ur a dheanamh.' 'Gu de, arsa an Connal, an taire a bha aig air an aitríbh aosmhor

ann s' con do thamh iomadach laoch cho mor risean, na deth am thigh ur a rinn e.' 'Cha do rinn, arsa an Laoghaire, ach thigh iosal Cumhang. Nuair a shionas e a chasan ruigidh a cheann uachdar, 'sa chasan iochdar, 'sa shroon mullach an tigh.' 'Ne sin ri radh arsa Connal gu bheil mo dheadh charaid marbh.' 'Fhianais sin ort fein, ars' an Laoghaire, 'S tu fein a dh'iomradh air bas na misa.' 'O a Laoghaire bhochd, ars' a Connal so leis bo chruaidhe a bhas, no leat fein; lean thusa mise agus a chuille Ceann bu mho na cheile a bha an aghaidh Chochullain bheir mise a mach iad.' Ghabh e troimh an choille leis agus shnìomh e seachd gaid agus thug e do Laoghaire iad. Dh-fhallbh iad le cheile agus thoisich an Connal agus a chulla teaghlach a dhìnsidh Laoghaire bha na namhad do Chochullain, thoisich ann sin an Connal air toirt a mach nan ceann agus Laoghaire cur air a ghad. Cha robh duthaich, na baile, na teaghlach nach deachaidh ann an eagal nuair a chuala iad gun do thoisich an Connal. Bha iad a dol air aghart mar so gus an do lionnadh na seachd gaid le cinn. 'Laoghaire, arsa an Connal, tha mi air mo sharachudh agus tha mi ocraich. Bheil na goid air thuair a bhith làn. Bha iad a nis a dol air aghart dhìomsuidh 'Ura-mhor.' Chaidh an duine ann an sgoim agus na bha ma na bhaile nuair a chunnaic iad an Connal a tighéan. An sin labhair nìghean usal og ri h-athair, 'na bithibh fu eagal, cha neil unamsa ach boineuch agus cuiridh mi Connal gu sìth.' Ghabh i mach na choinnibh agus dh'fhaitich i e gu suilhire Thug an Connal Conain a breathran don nìghean oig, Chuir i stigh e roipe don talla gu dhinnir. Nuair a bha an dinnir seachad thannaig na bha 'san teaghlach a mach maille ris, 's thug iad dha nach do chuir e dragh orra. Nuair a rainig e na Cinn thubhairt an Connal ri Laoghaire, 'tog leat do chuid cinn a nis 's ma tha tuillidh a dhi ort gheabh thu iad.'

LABHAIR AN NÌGHEAN RI CONNAL

'A Chonnul dhealbhach nan Ceann

'S cìnteachd mi gun dhearg thu tairm

4 Na cinn sin a thagad air glhad

Sloinnter leat air fad na suinn.'

Nìghean thairbheartach nan n' each

Ainnir og na briathraibh binn

8 'N éiric Chochullain nan cleis

Thugadh leinn fu dheas na cinn.

Cia e an ceann molach donn

Mar dhearg nan ròs 'su ghruaidh ghlan

12 Shìn thu thall air a thaobh chli

'A Chonnul mhòr is allith dreach ?'

'Maigheara fairbheartach nan each

Mac dha leir creach gach cuain

16 Sgar mi dheasan fein a cheann

'S gar leam a thuit a shluagh.'

'Chonnul mhòr leat dheargadh rìgh

Co e an ceann allith air diol chaich

20 Fhailt òr-bhuidhe mar dhealradh grein

Gu mollaich slim mar airgid ban ?'

'Mac an laogh an rois ruaidh

Mac a n'haist 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 aillidh libhe an nis an dealth

28 A chonnal mhòr leat dhaighabh rìgh

'Soill leam fein gun dhearg 'hu t'airm ?'

'Ceann Mhathnais agus Mhaidh Mhòr

Se mo dhoigh gur iad a th'ann,

32 Ach a fhuaradh ceann a eoin

Air ma theannruith nan sruthaibh seimh.'

Co an dà cheann so air do laimh dheis

Chonnul nan cleas 's an aigh

36 'Naon dath air falt nan fear

'S mìnig gu bheil am baigh ?'

Calla agus Connal cruaidh;

Dithis a bheiridh bruidh 'sa 'leirig

40 Thugadh leamsa an Cinn fu dheas

'S gun do dh-fhag mi an Cuirp

Fo 'n aon air.

Co an Ceann ad a chithim thall

44 Fhailt thall gu mollaich slim

- A rosg mar fleur, 's a dheud mar bhla  
'Saille na each òr a chinn ?  
Mac mo pheathar on tur shein  
48 Sgar mi fein a cheann ri chorp  
Suarach an onair mhic rìgh  
Iomchair ga min air fhàilt.  
' Co na se cinn a chithir thall  
52 Shin thu iad an taobh mo thath  
'S guirne agus Caoine an ros  
'S daibhè folt a chinn chruaidh ?  
Searsar bhraithre a bha ann  
56 Iadsan 's an clab ri gaoith  
Bo chllann chalaoidir nan cleas  
Dream nach robh air leas mo ghaoil.  
Ceann air Fhìeachd agus fìeachd ceud  
60 Gun iomradh air fear croin nan lot  
Do chllann mhaithibh, 's Mhacaibh rìgh  
Thuit an eiric ceann a choin.'

' Nis a Laoghair tha do cheannsa a dhìth air a ghad agus se mo cheann fein, no do cheann fein a theid ir ear toisich tuille.' ' Cha ruig sin a leas, as a Laoghair, bo bheag leasna no thuit le do laimh ann an eiric Cho-chullain, agus leagaidh mi ruith le fear do no goid.' Laoghair bhòdh bu bheag leasna na thuit le mo lamhna 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 goid.

## II. DEIRDRE.

### THE STORY OF DEIRDRE. F. M. O. Q. R.

The oldest copy of the Story of Deirdre known to me is in a vellum manuscript now at the Advocates' Library, described p. 296, Report on Ossian, 1805. The date 1235, 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 Pandavas, &c., &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 *Atalantis*, 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 Leacan. Trin. Coll. Ca. 749. date 1391.) Elsewhere, in the Introduction I have told all I know about this story and the publication of it. In Welsh, bits of the story, as told in Ireland and in Scotland, are told in the Story of Peredur, taken from a MS. of the 15th century (See 'Mabinogion.') The oldest printed Scotch version of the story known to me is quoted by the Highland Society (P. 291. Report on Ossian, 1805). It follows below, divided according to the metre, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean. Fletcher F. 2. got a version in Scotland from oral recitation about 1750. Gillies M. 3. printed part of the story in 1786. Irvine O. got part of the verse, about 1801, from a foxhunter on Loch Tayside. Stewart Q. 1804, printed a version, p. 562. The Highland Society R. 1805, printed a quotation. Mac Callum, 1816, V. 4. got from Mac Lachlan of Old Aberdeen and reprinted the fragment which Mac Lachlan abstracted, and the Highland Society printed, from the MS. of 1238. X. 14. '*Duan na Cloinn*,' written in Caithness from the dictation of Betty Sutherland, I have been unable to get, but the name indicates this story. Z. In the autumn of 1870 men in the Isle of Mull could repeat Clann 'Uisnechain.' In the autumn of 1871 an old Mac Neill in Barra could tell the story, and Mr Carmichael had written it down. The story, as I had learned it in Scotland, was shortly this:—

King Connachar, of Ireland, had a sister, whose three sons, Naois, Ardán, 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 Scoto-Irish Gaelic tribes of 'Oirear Alban,' as it called in Deirdre's Lament, version R. Fletcher tells a bit of the story about the beginning and end. Gillies tells the return from Scotland, and gives Deirdre's Lament for Scotland. Irvine's foxhunter tells the story told to Deirdre by her lovers on their return. The Highland Society quoted the Lament for Scotland in support of Mac Pherson's Darthula. Peasant reciters tell the story in accordance with Irish history. Mac Pherson's Darthula, edit. 1762, is vaguely related to the traditional tale, but the geography is entirely changed. Upon this geography learned men found theories as to 'Selma' and 'Berogonium' and Vitified 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 trair MHAIC RÌGH BHARRA-CHAOIL clann peathar RÌGH CONNACHAR roimh 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' an bu cho-aim Connachar a dol a phosa Ban-rìgh d' an b' ainm Deirdri, agus air bhì dhoibh ag ullachadh fa chomhair na bainne mharbhadh iad laogh òg. Air bhì do shneachda òg air a chuir san àm, dhoird iad fuil an laogh a nuigh air an t-sneachda, agus do luith fiteach air an fhuil. Air do Dheirdri bhì sealtuinn a mach air uinneig Chunnairic i 'm fiteach ag òl na fola, agus a deir si ris an Rìgh, nach bu mhaiseach an Duine ag am bitheadh a chneas co-geal ris an t-sneachda, a ghruaidh co-deary ris an fhul agus fholt co-dubh ris an fiteach. Fhìreag air an Rìgh ag radh gun robh clann peathar aigean, agus gun robh son dhuibh air an robh gach buaidh a dh' ainmich i. Thubhairt Deirdri ris an Rìgh a rist nach cuireadh iseos na leabaidh gus am faicheadh i an duine sin. Air an aobhar sin chuir an Rìgh fios air. Thainig e fein agus a dha bhàrthair. Agus do b' e an ainmeanan Snaois. Aille, agus Ardán.

Air do Dheirdri Snaois fhaisinn Ionadh i le gnòl dha ionnas gun d' fhalbh i leis, agus dh' fhàg i 'n Rìgh. Air do Snaois agus do dha bhàrthair long a ghabhail sheòil iad gus an deuchaidh iad air thr ag Beinn-aird. Agus bha gullabag na 'n cuideachd d' am b' ainm an Gille dubh, bha na chomhalta dhoibh agus a' feitheamh orra.

### I. PHÀIRT.

- 1 TUR g'an deachaidh iad air tuinn,  
Clann Uisneachan a Dù-lochluinn;  
Dh' fhàg iad Deirdri agus an Gille dubh,  
A'm Beinn-aird nan nonaran.
- 2 C' àite an enalas dàn bu dhùleadh,  
Na 'n Giulla dubh ri d' àir shuiridh;  
Air Deirdri chruinneagach gheal,  
Bu Chùibhte orm 'ns ort bhì cuideachd.
- 3 Cha bu chùibhte mi is ta,  
Ghullan duibh nam mi-rùn;  
Ach gus an d' thig iad dhachaidh slàn,  
Clann Uisneachan a' Dù-lochluinn

- 4 Ge b'èig a rachadh tu dheth,  
'S ge d' fhaithheadh tu bas g'an cumha ;  
Bithidh tu 'us Ian dubh an aon leabaidh,  
Gus an d' theid air air do leachdain.
- 5 Gheibheadh thusa Dheirdri ghnach,  
Bh' namsa air mhadain a màireach ;  
Gheibheadh tu bainne chruidh chraobhaich,  
Agus maorach à Innis-onaich.
- 6 Gheibhte tu muinealan mhuc,  
Mar sin agus sruthaga shean-tuire ;  
Gheibhte tu braoidheach 'us bò,  
'S a laogh mbin na fuiling aon so
- 7 Ge d' gheibhian uait caolaich fhliadha,  
Agus bradain bhroinne gheala ;  
B' annsa leam bior-chul-chas,  
A làmh Snaois mhic Uisneachan.
- 8 B' e Snaois a phoga mo bheil ;  
Mo chend fhear è 's mo chend leannan ;  
B' e Aille a leigeadh mo dheoch,  
'S b' e Ardan a chairleadh m' adhart.
- 9 Ach suil g' an d' thug Deirdri ghuanach,  
Mach air bàr bhaile bhronuich ;  
'S àlain an truir bhraithre a chi mi,  
Snaimhaidh iad na euanan tharais.
- 10 Tha Ard, 'us Aille air an stùir,  
'Seòladh gu h-àrd ramhach ciuin ;  
Mo ghradh a Gheal-lamhach gheal,  
Tha m' fhear fèin ga stiuradh sid.
- 11 Ach smid na d' thigeadh air do bheil,  
Ghullain duibh nam braon sgeul ;  
Mu 'm marbhar thu gu chiontadh dheth,  
Is nior mò a chreider mise.
- 12 O ! Chloinn Uisneachan nan each,  
A thainig à tìr nam fear fuileach ;  
An d' fhuiling sibh tàir bho neach,  
No ciod è so bha d' ar cumail.
- 13 Bha d' ar cumailne mach uaitse,  
An t-eabar-sea fuileach faobhar ruadh ;  
Rìgh mac Rosnaich ceann fir Phàil,  
Air ar glacadh 's air ar dioghmhail.
- 14 C' àite an robh 'ur n-airm ghaige,  
'S air lamhan tapaidd fuileach ;  
N' ar a dh' fhuiling sibh, sibh-fèin slàn,  
Do mhac Rosnaich bhì gar dìong' ail.
- 15 Cadal g' an d' rinn sinn 'n ar luing,  
An truir Bhraithre druim ri druim ;  
M' an d' fhairich sinn beud na feall,  
Dh' iath na sea-longa-deng umainn.
- 16 Cha bu mhis' nach d' innis dhuibhse,  
A Chloinn Uisneachan bho b' ionmhoinn ;  
Nach bu làmh air bhlonaga ban,  
'S nach bu shurd air cogadh cadal.
- 17 'S ge nach biodh cogadh fui' n ghrèin,  
Ach duine fadadh a thair fèin ;  
Cadal fatadh 's beag a thlachd,  
Do dhuine is è air deòrachd.
- 18 Deòrachd 's maig g'am biodh an dùn,  
Gur gnàthach leatha cuid sheachraun ;  
'S beag a h-urram 'us mòr a smachd,  
'S maig duine d' an dùn deòrachd.
- 19 Ach chuir iadsan ann sin sinn,  
An uamba shalaidh fui' thalmhainn ;  
F-ar an d' thigeadh fodhain an sàile,  
Tri naoi uairean gach aon là.
- 20 Ach aon inghean mhath bh' aig an Rìgh,  
Ghabh i dhinne moran truais,  
Seichdeachan a h-athar gu leir,  
Bu lionmhor ann bian èilde is aidhe.
- 21 Chuir i cadar sinn 's an fuar uisg,  
An rìbhinn ùr bho si b' fhearr tuigse ;  
Ach do bhiodh h-athair sa Chraoibh ruaidh,  
'S a chàirdean gu leir mu thimechioll.
- 22 Teachd mo chagair a Thiomhail,  
Cha neil rùine nam ban math ;  
Innsidh iad sa chuil, na chluinn iad,
- 23 Ciod an rùine a bhiodh ann,  
Nach innsadh tu do t aon inghinn ;  
'S an rùine a gheibhine bh' uait,  
Gu gleitheinn bìadhna gu dill.
- 24 Fui' bhìle mo chiche deise,  
'S an rùine gheibhinn bhò chach  
Athairghràidh gun innsadh aice Arsa n-inghean.  
An Rìgh ga freagairt.
- 25 'Chuir Rìgh Eirian fios air sàil  
Dh' ionnsuidh naisean Bharr-Phàil ;  
Gu 'm fuigheasa làn mo luinge,  
Do dh' òr do dh' innsridh 's do dh' ionnas,
- 26 Chionn na Ciomaich 'chuir gur fheall,  
Air chuan na h-Eirinn an màireach.'
- 27 Ach leig an Inghinn osna throm,  
As a cridhe gu ro mhòr,  
Threagair aiseichean an tighe  
Leis an osun 'leig an Inghinn.
- 28 'Cò so leig an osun throm,  
Gur duilich leo na Ciomaich,  
'S mise leig an osun throm,  
Do Chioimaich gur conadh leam,
- 29 Tha earrun mhòr ann am thaobh eil,  
'S gu marbhadh i caogad Rìgh ;  
'S tha luain mhòr air mo chridhe,  
San taobh eile mo choinneamh na h-earrinn '
- 30 Ach thainig i thugainn d' ar fios,  
An Thiomhail bh' ghile cneas  
An rabh thu ann san Dùn ud thall ;  
No ciod an aithris a th' ann orinne,
- 31 'Bha mise ann san Dùn ud thall,  
'S is truagh an aithris a th' ann oirbhse ;  
Gu 'm fuigh m' athair làn a luinge,  
Dh' òr Dh' innsridh, 's do dh' ionnas,
- 32 Chionn na Ciomaich chur gun fheall,  
Air cuan na h-Eirinn a màireach.'
- 33 'Ach sinibh thugamsa bhar casan,  
A 's gu 'n tomhais mi na glasan ;  
Nach fhag mi bonn duibh air dearmad  
Air fad air leud, na air doimhnead.'
- 34 'Thainig i 'u sin an Ceard cluaineach,  
Mac-an-t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh ;
- 35 Eirich thusa a cheird chluainich,  
Mhic-an-t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh,  
'S aon inghean Rìgh air tighinn ga d' iarruidh.'
- 36 'S beag orm fein na bhithheadh ann,  
Aon inghean Rìgh, a shìnladh  
An oidhche gu fìor,
- 37 'S e bheireadh i dha thig ga teach,  
Treas tuairesgeul na gambaiche ;  
'S ann a shìnlas duine an lò,  
Mar a bheireas còir air aoilleachd ;
- 38 Mirre g' an d' rinn mi am luing,  
Air ontha na mara thruim,  
Iuchraichean m' Athar gu léir,  
Bha iad agam fui' m' mbi-cheil,
- 39 Leum iad a mach thar a bòrd,  
'S truagh nach deachas nan druima-lòrg,
- 40 An cuimhne leats' a Cheard chluainich,  
'N latha bha thu san Dùn ud thall,  
'Bualadh òir aig m' atbair,  
'S a chluan oir a sgrìobh iad ort,
- 41 'N t-òir a ghaoid thu
- 42 'S i 'n fhail oir 'thug mise dhuit,  
A chum an ceann sin air do bhraidhe.'



- 43 Acl' dh' eirich è suas an Ceard cluaineach,  
Mac-an t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh,  
Is rinu è na trì iuchraiche buadhach,  
Ri aiteal na h-aon-leth-uaire,
- 44 Ach smid na d' thigeadh air do bhéul,  
Nach gu 'n labhair 'n teintin dubh sin,  
Na an grinneal an deach' an deanamh.
- 45 Ach thainig i 'ris d' ar fios,  
An Tiormhail nan ciabhadh cleachlach
- 46 'S nìbh thugamsa bhur casan;  
A's gu 'm fuasgail mi na glasan,  
Mur dh' fhadh mi bonn dùibh air dearmad,  
Air fad, air leud, no air doimhnead,
- 47 Ach thog Snaois a chos ri callachain,  
Ard is Aille co-fhearr-luath,
- 48 Thug i thugainn ar trì ehloidhinn,  
Agus lòn an cuigibh oidliche,  
Seorsa cèire leth mar leth;  
'S gu bu leir leinn adhaidh' chèile,
- 49 Tha long aig m' athairse air sùl,  
Ann am barr a bhaile bhraonach;  
Seisear ' feathadh lath' 's do dh' oidliche,  
Agus aon fhear donn a toiseach,
- 50  
'S gu dìogadh è ceud an còmhrag.'
- 51 Ach ma theid sibhse na dhàil,  
Gun eagal na gun fhealsga  
Buaibh gu cothromach ceart,  
Bhur trì chloidhean na aon eile.
- 52 Ge bu doirche an oidheche doilleir,  
Gu'm bu ghairge rinneas ois;  
Bhuail sinn gu cothromach ceart,  
Bhur trì ehloidhean na aon eile.
- 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 Ciod an aon bhean a bhiodh ann,  
'S gur mi choisinn dhùibh na h-anamain,  
B' naibhreach dhamsa sin a dheanamh;  
'S a liuthad mac Rìgh 'tha gam iarraidh,
- 55 Na 'n trialain air cheumnan cas,  
Air sga buidhne coimhiche.
- 56 Leabhaidh iad ort. A Gheal shoilleir,  
Mu as fìor gu bheil thu torraeh,  
Mas mac na inghean a bhios ann  
Ainnich air fear 'tha 'n Dù-Jochlunn.
- 57 'S mise aon Inghean an Rìgh,  
'S lughaide dhe sin a phris;  
Ach 's eile an saothraiche ro seall,  
Nach d' thugadh aon èun an caladh.
- 58 Ach fanaidh mi bliadhna air do ghaol,  
Agus bliadhna eile chion t-ìomraidh,  
'N ecann na cuig na seatha bliadhna,  
Thig gam iarraidh 'n sin air m' athair,
- 59 'S gleithidh mise do shith dhuit,  
Bho Rìgh an Domhain 's bho Chonna-chothair,
- 2 Ach leag thusa t-aisling Dheirdri,  
Air aonach nam burthaichean 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 Chonnachobhair.
- 4 Ach co-moch 's a thain an lò,  
'S a sgaoleadh bho'r eul an ceò;  
C' àite 'n do ghabh 'n loingean tìr  
Ach fu' dhorus an àrd Rìgh.
- 5 Thainig Connachar fein a mach,  
'S naoi ceud-deug sluaigh leis;  
Se dh' fheorach è gu breagha bras,  
Cò iad na sloigh 'so, th' air an loingean.  
'S iad clann do pheathar fein a t' ann,  
Is iad nan suidhe 'n caithir aingis; (ill)  
Cha chlann peathar dhamsa sibh,  
'S cha ne gniomb a rinn sibh orm.
- 6 Abh mo nàrachadh le feall,  
Ann am fiadhnais fir na h-Eirinn.
- 7 Ciod ged thug sinn uait do bhean,  
Deirdri chruinneagach chruin-lamb gheal;  
Rinn sinn ruit bàigh bheag eile,  
'S b'e 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha.
- 8 'N latha s gairn do long air sùile,  
'S i làn do dh'òr is do dh' airgid,  
Thug sinne dhuits' air long fhéin,  
'S namh sinn féin cuan mu d' thiomchioll.
- 9 Ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh  
Air mo bhuidheachas gu fìor;  
Air sibh cha 'n fhaitheadh sibh 'n tenn  
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 cathadh Beinn eudain,  
'S a thionndaidh thu rui do chùl,  
Chuir iad thu 'n innis an-ìuil.
- 13 Chuir sinne cath muirneach mòr,  
Air do chùl'aobh an lò sin,  
Agus Bha sinn ga' d' dheidh reir,  
'S thug sinn thugadsa fu' d' iochd,  
Cinn seachd mic Rìgh Morfhaige,
- 14 'S ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh, &c.
- 15 Ach thog Snaois a chos r'a bòrd,  
Ard, is Aille air a dhruim-lòrg;  
  
An truir bhàithrean, bu bhoidheche ceann-adhaidh
- 16 Cha bhàs leam a nis bhur bàs,  
A Chlann Uisneachan gun aois;  
Bho 'n a thorachair e leibh gun fheall,  
'N treas fear a's aird tha 'n Eirinn.
- 17 Ach thigsa a mach a' d' luing,  
A Dheirdri chruinneagach chul-chruin;  
'S cha 'n fhaitheadh tu 'n eùll no 'n coill,  
Fual èad no achmhasain.
- 18 Cha d' thig mise a mach am luing,  
Ach am fuigh mi m'aon ragha achuing,  
  
'S cha tìr 's cha 'n earras, s eha treoghadh.
- 19 Cha 'n eich gheala 's mhòl-choin;  
Ach comas tiotan beag do 'n tràigh,  
Thoir miosgair ann deagh graidh,  
Do na corpaibh geala cneas-bhàn.

## PART II.

Agus air innseadh na nìtheadh sin dhoibh bha Deirdri ro-dhiomach dùibh, chionn gun d' fhàg iad Tiormhail nan deigh, agus air sin a feothas dhoibhsan nach iarraidh ise os a cionn gu bràth. An sin ghabh Deirdri agus iadsan an turas a ris ga iarraidh agus chunnaire ise aising.

- 1 AISLING a chunnaic mi 'n raoir,  
Air truir mbac Rìgh Bharrachoil;  
Bhi g'an cuibhreacha 's g'an cuir san uaigh,  
Le Connachar as a chraoibh ruaidh.



- 20 Dh' fhuasgaileadh iad a folt donna-bhuí' tla,  
M' an cuairt do 'n rioghain coi-reidh,  
A h-eadach gu barrabha a eos,  
Mu' n d' thugadh i leatha am braid.
- 21 Cothrom cro na snathaide;
- 22 Ach aon fhail òir 'bha mu' m mèur,  
'S ann a chuir i sud na beul,  
A's dh' imich i leis do 'n traigh,  
Fur an robh Clann Uisneachan.
- 23 Cò choinnich i anns' an traigh,  
Ach an saor a snaithe ràmh;
- 24 'A shaoir a snaitheas an ràmh,  
Ga 'm bhuil an sgian fhaobhair gheur,  
'S è bheireamsa dhuit ga cionn,  
'N aon fhail òir is fearr tha 'n Eirinn.'
- 25 'Tur g'an rabh Snaois a cur cloiche,  
Air feasgar anmoch oidhche shathairne;  
Bhris e 'n fhail òir bha mu mbeur,  
Le tiarraim na h-aon urachaire.
- 26 Thug è dhomhs' an fhail' bhriste,  
'S thug i seallan 's bu lan ghlibht i;  
Thug mise dhasan an fhail lan,  
'S cha b' ann a mhoithe comainne,
- 27 'S na cuimhnice mo ghradh geal a bi aige,  
Cha b' eagal dà 'n seachd portaibh deug-n h Eirinn.
- 28 Ach ghabh an saor meannadh goirt,  
Air an fhail is thug è Dheirdri chore;  
A's dh' imich i do 'n traigh  
Fur an rabh Clann Uisneachan
- 29 Teann thusa nall a Shnaois nàraich,  
A mhic nam flatha d'fhearr àbhaist;  
Na 'n crithiche marbh roimh bheo eile,  
Chrithiche tusa (nis) rothamsa.
- 30 Shìn i an sin a taqbh r'a thaobh,  
Agus chuir i' beul r'a' bheul;  
As ghabh i 'n sgian gheur roimhe cridhe,  
Is dh'fhuair i 'm bàs gun aithreachas.
- 31 Ach thig i an sgian dubh 'sa chuan,  
Mu 'm fuighe an saor achmhasan,
- 32 Co moch 's a thainig an lò,  
Thainig Conchar féin 's a lod;  
Mile mairphaisg do 'n mhi-chéil,  
Thug ormsa Clann mo pheath'r féin a mharbha,
- 33 Tha mi 'n diu gan Deirdri dheth,  
Na gun aon duine tairrside.  
Ach tiolaicidh mi 'n aon uaigh  
Snaois 'us Deirdri 'n aon leabaidh.  
'S an lus beag 'thig roimh an uaigh,  
Ge b'e chuireas snaim air a bhàr,  
Gu 'm hu leis aon ratha leannain.
- 34 N'am bithinnsa 'n Iuthar nam buadh  
A nochd féin ga fuar an t-shian,  
Gu 'n cuirinn snaim air a bhàr,  
Ge do bhíodh an crann gu criona.

## M. 3. CAOÍ' DHOIRDIR. 240 lines.

CAOÍ' Dhoirdir airson Naois agus Clan Uisnich, dhimich Deirdri uaith Chonchair righ Ulagh le Nais Mac Uisnich agus a dhúthis bhrathairibh, (íodhain, Ailbhe agus Ardán) gu h Albain, ionad ann rabhadar gu sona snaibhreach re um' fhada, gu na chuir Conchair teachdaireachd shith-aimh chaireidil nan de' gus na phrill iad gu Rìgh-Eirinn, ach d'imir an rìgh feall orra, agus mharbh, an triuir chùraibh 'n am dheidh teachd air tìr, an sin dhruid, Deirdri nis na cuirp agus chaoice gu cumhach iad agus chuir, lamh am ach anam fein.

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

- 2 Ta g'ar cumail fada uaine,  
Creid is fa nach cumhain an ruaig  
Lamhan<sup>1</sup> air bhog attaibh bàn  
Nir cheol eadail dhunin an cogadh.
- 3 Còdail nìle 's beag a lochd,  
Do dhaòine bhíodh ri deoireachd;  
Ge d' nach bíodh coga fo na ghréin  
Ach daòine bhí as an tìr fein.
- 4 Chuirmeas ar luingeas amach,  
A chaith' n a chusin gu h eolach,  
Bha sinn subhach ri seoladh  
Is bha Deirdri dubhach do-bhrònach.
- 5 Creud e fa do thuirse bhean  
Agus sinne beo 'n ar beatha  
Nì h aithne dhunin neach d' ar bualadh  
Nì h eagal luinn fuath no síchaimh
- 6 Aislinn do chuinnacas an raoir;  
Oirbhuse thriuir braithre barra chaoin<sup>2</sup>  
Ar cùibhreach is ar cuir san uaigh,  
Leis a Chònchair chlaoin ruagh.
- 7 Air chlochaibh sin is air chrannàibh.  
Agus air lachaibh na linne  
Is ar chuiléimibh na 'm fiadh chor  
Is ar earbas fiar an t Seannmach.
- 8 Creud bheir sinne 'n daill an laoch  
Is farsaing na fairge amach  
'S a luinghad cala caol is cuan  
A b' fheudair taruing' gun uabhas.
- 9 An am luidhe do na ghréin  
Nìr b' aobhar suain dhuain e  
C'ait ionnar ar ghabh long tìr  
Ach fo Bhaile mor Rìgh Chonchair.
- 10 Thainig Chonchair amach le  
Sheachd fíchid loch cheann-uallach  
Is dh' fhiosraich le briara brais  
Cia na sloi 'ta air an luingeas.
- 11 Clann do pheathar àta ann;  
Sin triar a thainig air tuinn  
Air oineach 's air chomair an Rì'  
Aig tagradh dilseachd ar cairdeas
- 12 Cha chlann peathar dhamsa sibh  
Nìr bheairt saoi<sup>4</sup> do rinn sibh orm  
Thug sibh mo bhean nam a b' fhoill<sup>5</sup>  
Sì Deirdri dhonn shuileach ghlei' gíeal.
- 13 An nair a sgaoll do long mu làn  
Is tu a mullach na mara dillin  
Thug sinn dhuit ar long fein  
Do bhì'mar ann nair sin a' do reir<sup>6</sup>
- 14 De d' mharbha sibh caogad rìgh  
Air mo bhui'eachas gu fìor  
Nì am faigheadh sibh an diu do m' shìth  
Ach gach uil' èasaì' m' feadain<sup>7</sup>
- 15 Do rinne mar dhuit bàì' b'cag eile  
O 's e nis an tam do chumhnicheadh  
Chuir sinn' thu 'n comaonibh lionar.  
'S dilleas ar còir air do chomraich.
- 16 An tann do chuir Murcha Mac Briàn  
Na seachd caithibh am binn Eadair<sup>8</sup>  
Thug sinn' thugan gun easbhui'  
Cinn Mhìc rìgh na h Eardheise.
- 17 Ge d' mharbha sibh caogal Rì'  
Air mo bhui'eachas gur fìor  
Nì am bheil sibh an diu do m' shìth  
Ach gach uil' eas-shìth do 'm feadain.
- 18 Eirich a Naois is glac do chlaì'  
A dheagh mhìc an Rì is glan coimhead  
Creud fa 'm faigheadh a chloain shuairc  
Ach a mbàin aon chuairt do 'n anam.
- 19 Chuir Naois a shalta<sup>9</sup> ri clàr  
Is ghlac a chloì 'n a dhorn  
'S bu ghlang deannal nan laoch  
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> Son.<sup>5</sup> Le foill.<sup>6</sup> Friends.<sup>7</sup> (Ea sith) mischief.<sup>8</sup> Eadinn.<sup>9</sup> Resolved.

- 20 Gluais a Dheurdrúinn as do luing  
A gheug ur nam<sup>10</sup> abhra dhuinn  
Is ní h eagal do ghnúis ghloin  
Fuath no 'eud no achmhásan.<sup>11</sup>
- 21 Ní 'n rachar an seasd as mo luing  
Gu 'm faighe mí mo raogha achuinge
- 22 Cha tír, cha talamh 's cha tuar  
Cha tríuir braithe fa ghlan snua' th  
Cha 'n or, cha 'n airgid 's cha 'n eich  
Ní mó is bean uaireach mise.
- 23 Ach mo chead a dból an trai'  
Far am bheil clann uisnich nan tamh,  
Gu 'n tibrim mo thri poga meala  
Do na trí corpa caomh geala.
- 24 Sgabileadh a falt dualach tlá  
Aig<sup>12</sup> a mbaoi bu chuana cail'  
Mu 'm bearra sí leith a b feill<sup>13</sup>  
Atrad a bhruid bu choirle,
- 25 Do ghluais Deirdir an tráí'  
Is fhuair sí Saor aig sna<sup>14</sup> isheadh raimh  
A sgian aige cion<sup>15</sup> na leith lamh  
Is a thnagh iona<sup>16</sup> na lamh eile
- 26 A shaoir is aile am facas riamh  
Creud air an tiubhra tu au sgian  
Gur e bheirinn duit g'a ceann,  
Aon fhaine luaghach na h-Eirinn
- 27 C'ait an robh am fáine geasach<sup>17</sup>  
An la do bhaoghluisheadh clann uisnich  
'L iongna le buaighibh an fhaine,  
Mar fhuarah an crádh no 'n guinsin<sup>18</sup>
- 28 La gu 'n robh Naoiné cur cloiche  
Ann 'n ursainn cath fiann na faiche ;  
Do gaoil an fháil<sup>19</sup> oir fa mheur  
'S thug dhamsa i mo ghragh da ta sgai,
- 29 Och do chuimhnic mo ghradh geals  
Am fáine feartach a bhí na fhochair  
N baoghal do o ghoil nan slughaihbh  
A ghúin le thuath no le sochaí<sup>20</sup>
- 30 An sin do shanntaich an saor am fáine  
Air dheise 's air áilne  
Gur e bheirín duit ga cheann  
Aon sgian aghmhór na h-Eirinn.
- 31 Caoi', no Triabhunn Deirdir  
Cha ghairdeachas gun chlann uisnich  
O ! s tuirseach gun bhí' nar cuallach  
Trí mic rígh le 'n díolfai deoraibh.
- 32 Trí leoghain a chnuic na h-namha  
Trí manuinn a bh' Ti Bratain<sup>20</sup>  
Trí seobhaig o shliabh a chuillinn ,  
An triar d'an geile na gaisgich  
'S do n tiubhra na h amh thuis uram.
- 33 Thri Steallain do 'n ubhal oir  
Nach fuilingeadh deannal nan tír,  
Trí mic uisnich o Dhun mona',  
O trí coin a chochail chaomh.
- 34 Na trí coin a b' aille snuagh,  
A thainig air chuan nam bare  
Trí mic uisnich o 'n charra-chruinn<sup>21</sup>  
Trí lachaibh air tuinn a snamh.
- 35 Soiri'<sup>22</sup> soir gu h-Albain uam  
Farma mhath fraorac cuain is gleann  
Ann am biodh clann uisnich ri sealg  
Bu aobhain suidhe air leirg a beann.
- 36 Níor<sup>23</sup> b' iongna mí thabhairt grai  
Do dh' Albain ur fa re roid  
Bu ghlan mo choili na measg  
Bu leam a h-eich is a h-or.<sup>24</sup>
- 37 Bail' agus leath Albain fein  
Do bhíodh agam ard au ceum,  
Is le Fergus nan colg laidir  
Gur maisg a thainig gu h-Eirinn.
- 38 O ghlinn Maisinn sin gleann Maisin,  
Gor a chreamh is geal a dhosan  
Minic do romneas eodal iorrach  
Air do mhulachsa ghlinn Maisinn.
- 39 Gleann Daruail sin, Gleann Daruail  
An gleann is binne guth cauih  
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 Dreoghainn leathain  
Leis sin agus Dun suibhne.
- 41 Cearthar sin ann Innis Dreoghain  
Far nach faodadh na slogh ar noisheadh  
Mise fein 's ní moid an ágh,  
Naois Aillbhe agus Ardan.
- 42 Bhíodh Aillbhe againn ri toirbheirt  
Is Ardan ri seilg séanta  
Is Naois fein ceann ar muintir  
Is mise ri fuaim nan teuda
- 43 La gu 'n robh fir Alba 'g ol  
Is clann uisnich bu mor cean<sup>25</sup>  
Do inghean Draosach Dhun Ireoir  
Thug Naois dhí pog gun fhios
- 44 Gu na gheall e dhí alldaimh aon  
Agh allagh is lao' na cois  
Is thaghaill se aic air chuairt  
Air pilleadh o shluagh Innarnais
- 45 Thug a bhean sin o Dhun Ireoin  
Briaran is a boid mhear  
Gur an racha Naois a dh'eug  
Nach i rachi sí fein le fear
- 46 O choin nar chuala mise sin  
Lian mo cheann lan do 'n eud  
Tilgeadar mo churach air tuinn  
Coimheas leam bhí beo no eug
- 47 Do thug naois a bhriara síor  
Is a lughá more am fanúis arm  
Nach cuireadh ormsa feirg no gruaim  
Gus an rachamad air slughá nam marbh
- 48 Do leanadar mise amach  
Aillbhe is Ardan a bha treun  
Is philleadar mí ris a steach  
An diais a chuireadh cath air cheudan.
- 49 O da chluinne sibhs anochd  
Naois dhól fo bhrot an cre  
Throm ghuile sibh gu bras  
Is ghuilinse a sheachd leath.
- 50 'S iad clann uisnich sud tha thall  
Is iad nan luidhe bonn ri bonn  
Is da 'n suimluigeadh marbh roimh mhairbh eile  
Gu 'n suimlighe sibhs ronhamsa.
- 51 Trí Dreagno dhunmonai  
Triar curraí na craobh ruaighe  
Tarcis nan Triathi níor bheo mise  
Triar a bhrioseadh gach aon ruaigh.
- 52 Do threigean aoibhneas ulamh  
Fa 'r triar curaibh do h'annsa  
Mo shaoghal am feasd mo fhade  
Na 'n laighear aon fheas leamsa.
- 53 Lair fosgladh a phartaínn  
Na deautaran uaibh le gu doicair  
Biaidh mí 'm fochair na buaighe  
Far a deantar truaí' agus ochain,
- 54 'S mor a gheibhinn do shochair  
Ann am fochair nan curaibh  
Le 'm<sup>26</sup> fuinn iad gun teach gun teine  
Och mise am feasd nach bíodh 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 Charms. <sup>18</sup> Guin, stitch. <sup>19</sup> Failbhéag.

<sup>20</sup> Albainn. <sup>21</sup> Round rock. <sup>22</sup> Bheir soiri.

<sup>23</sup> Rion bhí agam bu bhreagh oidín. <sup>24</sup> Seirc.

<sup>25</sup> Gheall e nar philleadh e chuairt.

<sup>26</sup> Na 'm faghinn.

- 55 An tri sgiatha is an tri sleagha  
Ann san leabai dhuinn gu minic  
Cuirí' an tri cloí' crnadh  
Sint' osecann naigh nan gillaibh
- 56 An tri conaibh is an tri sealbhaic  
Biatar am feasd gun luchd seilge  
Tri triari choimhead catha  
Triar dhalaibh chonnai chearnach.
- 57 Tri iallaima nan tri Iun sin  
Do bhain osna o mo chridhe  
'S ann agamsa do bhíodh an tasgai'  
Ga 'm faicis is aobhar caoi.
- 58 Och is traugh mo shealla orra  
'S e dh'fhag mi fo dhochair is fo thuirse  
'Trua' nach deach mise san talamh  
Sol fa 'n do mharbha clann usnicb,
- 59 O 's traugh ar tuirse le Fergus  
Gur cealgach chum na craobh ruaidhe  
Le na briara blada binne  
Fadh ma n' mhillleadh sibh aon uair
- 60 Och 's mise Deirdir gun aobhneas  
Anis aig críochnacha mo bheatha  
Bronnfam do 'n triar mo thri pogaibh  
Is duinas 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 Tírfail, not Dearduil. It seems a different poem altogether from Mac Pherson's Darthula; only the names of the three brothers are the same. Deirdre, indeed, is mentioned as her name. And one is at a loss whether the poet gives two names, or whether the poem is a part of two poems. The beginning does not correspond with what follows. (Note by IRVINE.)

- 1 FAORN do shuan oigh na maisé,  
An leabaidh fhuar an cois na traigh;  
Mo chridhe tha briste le taise,  
Dom' Dhan glaiste do bhraigh,
- 2 Tigh gun leus do chomhnaidh  
Bronach do dhainbh 's do chairdean.
- 3 Turas gun 'n deachadh iad air luing,  
Uainn clann Usnachan ionmhuin;  
Dh' fhag iad Deirdre san Duth,  
Am beinn Ardre 'nan aonar.
- 4 La is bliadhna dhuinn mar sin,  
Am beinn Ardre nar u-aonar;  
'Se thuir an Duth dis ruin,  
Ar bainis is mithich a dheanamh.
- 5 Ar bainis cha' n' eil am fath,  
Ni mo nitear i gu brath;  
Aig gun tig iad dhathaidh slan,  
Cloinn Usnachan an ceann bliadhna.
- 6 Cinnteach bithidh tu gu dith,  
Ged fhaigheadh tu 'm bas g'an cumbadh;  
Bithidh tusa 'san Dubh san aon leab,  
Aig au teid an ur thar a leachd. (leac)
- 7 Sealladh gu 'n tugas a mach,  
Air bordaibh a Bharra bhraoin;  
'S ionmhuin an triur chuantaidh chas, (chuantair)  
A shnamhas an cuan dhathigh.
- 8 Ardan is Ailda air an Stuir,  
A dhimras gu h-ardanach tuinn;  
Mo ruin an glac lamhach geal,  
'S e m' fhear fein tha stuiradh sud.
- 9 Na tigeadh smid as do bheul,  
O Ille Duith nam fann sgeul;  
Marbhar thu gun chiont dhe,  
Ma ni mu 'u creuda id mbe.
- 10 A chloinn Usnachan nan each,  
A thainig a tir nam fear fuileach;  
Ad' fhidir sibh tair o neach,  
No ciod a ghraidh a bha g'ar cumail?
- 11 'Se bha g'ar cumail bhi dol uat  
'S ann duinne gu 'm b' fhuileach an ruaig;  
Niall Mac Fragan ceann fhear fail  
Bhi g'ar fastail 's g'ar cumail,
- 12 Cait an robh iad bhar n-airm ghaisce,  
An uair a dh' otha sibh bhar glaca?  
Do Niall Mac Fragan ceann fhear fail,  
Gu bhithheadh g'ar fastail no g'ar cumail.
- 13 Codal gu 'n d' rinneas 'nar luing  
Air onfha na Mara thruim;  
M'an d' fharach sinn bh na ce (no dhur)  
Dh' iadh na se longa deng uainn.
- 14 Cha mhise nach d' innis sin duibh,  
Chloinn Usnachan ionmhuin;  
Cadal fada 's beag a thlachd,  
Do dhuine 'se air Dheorachd. (Thorachd)
- 15 'S ann a chuir e sinn an namhain,  
Fada, fada fo thalbain;  
Far an tigeadh Tharrainn an saile,  
Tri nao uairean san aon la.
- 16 'San sin nuair thainig e g'ar fios  
An tir-fail bu ghile cneas;  
Ghabh i gne mhór g'ar truaigh,  
Bandrach ur na craobh ruaidh.
- 17 Cha robh bian eilde na aigh,  
A fhuar a nighean an Dun a h-athar;  
Nach do chuir an og bhean a b' fhearr tuigse,  
Eadar sinne sam fior uigse.
- 18 Dh' imich i do Dhun a h-athar,  
Tir-fail an fhuil mhaoth sgathaich;  
Fhuaradh a h-athair san Dun,  
'Sa chairdean uile m'a thiomachuil.
- 19 Thigsa a'm' chogair a Thirfail (Thirbhal),  
Riðinn fharasda dhonn thla;  
An sgeul a cheileas mi air chach,  
A ghraidh g'un innsid duitsa,
- 20 Mari gur ole ruu nam ban,  
Innsidh iad sa' chuil na chluinneas,  
'S dona 'n ruu a bhithheadh ann,  
Nuair cheileadh tu i air h-aon nighean.
- 21 Gbleithinn seachd blaidna i gun fhios,  
Fom' chich thosgail an tasgaidh:
- 22 Chuir righ Eirin fios an traigh,  
Gur math Uaiste Insefail;  
Gu faighinnse luchd mo luinge,  
Dh' or dh' airgid, a dh' aon druinne,
- 23 Na cimich a chur, gun fheall,  
Dha amarach air chuain na h-Eirin.
- 24 Leag a nighean osnadh throm,  
As a cridhe fein gun charg la;  
Chliss ainneach an tighe,  
Le aon osna na h-Inglin.
- 25 G'e b'e leag an osnadh throm,  
Ri gur ionmhuin leis na cimich;  
'S mise leag an osnadh throm,  
Na cimich gur coma leam.
- 26 Tha earrainn ann am thaobh cli  
Gu marbhadh i caogaid righ;  
Tha earrainn eile a' m' thaobh dheas,  
Is i air luain tharis agam.
- 27 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fios  
An Tírfaile bu ghile cneas;  
An robh thu auns an Dun ud thall,  
No 'n cuail thu aithris oirn ann?
- 28 Bha mi anns an Dun ud thall,  
'S bochd au aithris bh' oirbh ann;  
Chuir righ Eirin fios an traigh,  
Gu math naisle Insefail.
- 29 Gu 'm faigheadh m' athairse luchd a luinge,  
Dh' or dh' airgid a dh' aon druinne;  
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 lead, no air doimhne.
- 31 Rainig ise an ceird chuanach,  
Fhuaras ord Gobha na laimh;  
Is e ga shior bhualadh air innan.
- 32 'S neonach leam thu a nighean righ,  
A bhí falbh oidhche ann am chadal.  
'Se bheireadh dhomhsa bhí falbh oidhche,  
Cor m' thaoineachd a bhí agad. (coir)
- 33 'S naorachd mise a bhí beo,  
'S coir a thaoineachd a bhí agam;  
'S an ceann Dubh-sa thair no bhraigaid,  
Gur tu rinn dhomhsa a ghleithheadh.
- 34 Bha mi la pronna oir,  
An ceardach t-athar an Chuanaidh;  
Choinnicheadh orm an t-or a ghaideadh,  
'S gu' m bu sgeul sid air namhad.
- 35 Mire gu 'n rinneas a' m' luing,  
Air onfla no mara thruim;  
Thuit nicherican m' athar thar bord,  
'S truaigh gun mise nan struth lorg.
- 36 Rinn an Gobha na h-nicherican buadha,  
Dhí ri fatail na h-aon naire,
- 37 Na tigeadh smid as do bheul,  
Moch no amoch, no ma fheasgar.  
Aig an inneas an Grinnel e!  
No 'n t-innean air an deach an bh deanamh,
- 38 Sin gur thainig i gur fios,  
An Tirfail bu ghile cneas!
- 39 Sinibh thugamsa bhur cassan  
'S gum fogsail 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-calachain,  
Ardan a b' aillde co allsa,  
Aillde an deagbái uin.
- 41 An trín bhrathran bu mhath dióngail:  
Bheil sibh nise air 'ur cois?  
No bheil a bhos na ní 'ur dióngail,
- 42 No' m bitheadh againn ar trí claidhean.  
Agus lon chuig oidhchean,  
Solus ceire leth mar leth.  
'S gu' m bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 43 Chaidh i dh' iarraidh nan trí claidhean,  
Cha b' e faoidh a b' fhusa dheanamh;  
Rainig i Gille an t-seomair,  
An ribhinn ur m' an iadh an t-Omar.
- 44 'S neona leam a nighean righ,  
Bhí falbh oidhche ann am chadal;  
'S e bheireadh dhomb bhí falbh oidhche,  
Coir m' thaoineachd a bhí agad.
- 45 Na deanamsa ceartas dionnaí,  
Nighean an righ o Dhun Meara;  
Tha mi 'g iarraidh nan trí claidhean,  
Agus lon chuig oidhchean.
- 46 Solus ceire leth mar leth,  
'S gum bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 47 Cíod a dheanadh tu 'de obloidhe,  
A nighean righ ard fhlathail,  
'S nach b' urrainn thu chuir leis catha,  
No thoir leis latha seirbhís?
- 48 Bheirinn cloidhe dhin' mar ghíit,  
Do mhac a fhuar righ ri Ribhinn;  
Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhíubh,  
Do cheud marcach nan each cuin
- 49 Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhíubh,  
Do ard mbarascail mo luinge;  
Leag i na naoi píosan oir,  
Air a bhord air son nam trí chlaidhean.
- 50 Sin gur thainig i 'g ar fios,  
An Tirfail bu ghile cneas;  
Tha long aig m' athairc air sál,  
Roimbe thall air chluan Ciaran.
- 51 Cuigar agletha na luinge,  
Aon fhear mor ann os gach duine;  
Ach buaillibh cothromach ceart,  
Bhur trí buillean san aon ailt.
- 52 Ge bu dorcha dubh an oidhche,  
Bu neo-bhorb a rinn sinn iomra;  
Bhuail sinn gu cothromach ceart  
Na trí buillean san aon ailt.
- 53 Thigsa nad luing Thirfail,  
A ribhinn fhuasda dhonn thla;  
Cha bhí ach aon bhean os do cheann,  
Anns na críobhaibh Gaileach againne.
- 54 Cum an raibhinn ann ad luing  
'S luithead Mac righ tha m' iarraidh;  
No gu' m fallbhain fein am braid,  
Air sgath buidhne coimheach eile.
- 55 Tilgidh iad ortsa gheal ghlonnach.
- 56 M'as fíor gu bheil thu torrach;  
Luaidhear air fearaibh na h-Eirín e,  
'S aon nighean mi do 'n righ,  
'S mothaid dhe sud mo phris.
- 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 bhí bhos,  
An ceann chuig míle bliadhna; (bile)  
Thig se an sin am iarraidh.
- 59 A ghraidh fein mar dean thu sin,  
Taghsa bean san tír an tachair.
- 60 (Thug Naois a mhionnan gu sior,  
As luth e gu dian eutrom oirn;  
Nach cuirheadh e ormsa gruaim,  
Aig an tigeadh suain na marbh (racha e 'n),
- 61 Thug a bhean sin o Dhuntreoir,  
A mionnan mor 'sa boid mhearr,  
Aig an rachadh Naois an eug,  
Nach racha i fein a d' fhear.)

## EIRAINN AIR CHALL.

- 62 Ach na chuineadh ise nochd,  
Naois a bhí fo bhrod nan creuchd;  
Gu guileadh i fein gu goirt,  
Is ghluilnna man seach da reir.  
This from Capt. Morrison, 2nd Dec.,  
1802.

- 63 Thug iad a mach as mo dheigh,  
Ailld is Ardán air an t-snaibh;  
Is thug iad leo mi gu tír,  
An díthis a chuir cath air cheud.
- 64 Nuair a shoillsich dhuinne an lo,  
Dhuin umainn an dall cheo;  
Sann ghabh ar currach tír,  
Fo mhór bhaile an ard righ.
- 65 Thainig Conchar a mach,  
'Sa chairdean uile ma thiomchíol;  
Labhair e gu broddan bras,  
Co na laoih tha air an loingeas?
- 66 Clann do pheathar fein th' ann,  
Nan suidh an Eathar ur ramb; (fhrianh)
- 67 Cha chlann peathar dhomhsa sibh,  
Cha 'n e an gníomh a rinn sibh orna.  
Ach mo mhaslacha' gun fheall,  
Thar fearaibh Uaisle na h-Eirín.

- 65 Ma thug sinne nat do bhean,  
Deardre fhuichar lamh gheal;  
Rinn sinn baigh bheag eile ruit,  
Be so àm a cuimhneachadh.
- 69 Ann la chuir Murcha Mac Lir,  
Na seachd Cathan beinn Eaduin;  
Chuir sinn thu an Iunias an Iul,  
Bha sinn an là sin a dh' aon run.
- 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 bliris do long air sal,  
Lan do airgid, lan do or,
- 72 Thug sinn dhuit ar long fein,  
Is shnannh sinn an cuain ma d' thiomchill;  
Ged dheanadh sibh ruim mìle baigh,  
Bhur sìth cha 'n fhaigh sibh gu brath.  
'Ach gach dìth is motha dh' fheadainn.
- 73 Eirich a Naois, glac do chloidhe,  
Dheagh Mhìc rìgh ard fhlatbhal,  
Chuir Naois 'n sin a chos thar bord,  
Ardan is Aille na struth lorg.
- 74 Cha bhas leam anis 'ur bas,  
Chloinn Usnachan gun aois;  
O na thuit e leibh gun theall,  
Treas Marcaich Uasail na h-Eirin.
- 75 Dheardre 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 ceuas gheal;
- 78 Sgaoil iad a folt baigh bán,  
Air an rìbhin fharasda dhuin thla,  
Chum nach tugadh i am braid,  
Letha imrach cro na snaide.
- 79 Àch aon fhaill oir hha ma meur,  
Gun a thiot e sid na bheul;  
Dh' imich e 'n sin do 'n traigh,  
Far an robh clann Usnachan.
- 80 'S e fhuair ise 'n sin san traigh,  
Saor a snaighe a ramh;  
Shaoir sinn a shnaigheas na raimh,  
Gu'm bitheadh a chore roinn gheur.
- 81 'Se bheirinn dhuita g'a ceann,  
An aon fhaill oir 's fearr bha 'n Eirin;  
Ghabh an saor meamha 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 gluin ti gluin;  
Ghabh i 'n sgian ghenr 'na cridhe,  
Is fhuair i bas gun aithreachas.
- 84 (Druid a null a craois eolaich,  
Mhath is nìle 's tu fein a dh' arach;  
Nan suilicha marbh roimh bheo,  
Gun suilicha tusa ro' amse.)

This from Capt. Morrison, 2nd Dec., 1802.

- 85 Ranaig Conach Odhar an traigh,  
Is cuig ceud an coimeamh a mhnaoi;  
'Se fhuair e 'n sin gun agadh,  
Na ceithir chuirp sinnte sìos cho fhada.

<sup>1</sup> Added.

- 86 Mìle mallachd, mìle meang (maing)  
Air a cheill ata 'gam cumail;  
Air a cheill thug ormsa deagh (dhe)  
Chlann mo pheathar fein a mharbhadh.
- 87 Tha iadsan gun anam dhe,  
Tha mise gun Dheardre agam;  
Dh' adhlaic iad sìos an eluan Eggrir,  
Naois is Deardre san aon leaba.
- 88 Chinneadh lusan as an uaigh,  
Thigeadh thuige à deas 'sa tuath;  
G'e b'e chuireadh air a bharr,  
Bu leis a cheud ratha ath-chuinaich.
- 89 Nam bithinnse an Turin nam buadh,  
Nochd fein ga fuar an oidheic;  
Chuirinn snaim air a bharr,  
No bhithheadh an crann air criona.

Neolan.

From Donald McIver, alias Robert son, foxhunter, as before mentioned, Loch Tayside.

Q. 6. AOIDHEADH CHLAINN UTSNICH. 364 lines.

Stewart's Collection, p. 562.

Part wanting.

- 1 A CHLANN Utsnich nan each geala,  
A's sibh an tìr nam fear fuileach,  
Cìod e do bhì air ur n-eachaibh,  
Na 'n ceann fath ata 'g ur cumail?
- 2 Ata 'g ur cumail fada uainn?  
A's gur leibh chuireadh an ruaig,  
D' a' n lamhadh bagad ur nàmh  
Ur 'n amladh anns a chumasaig.
- 3 Ach chuireadh leibh ur lach m'ach,  
A chaitheadh a chuan gu h-eolach,  
Bha Naos subhach ga seoladh,  
A's Aille, maisè nan ògan.
- 4 Bha Ardan bu deise ga stiùireadh  
Air freasdal a dhìthis bhrathar iulmhor,  
Codal sbùil is beag a thlachd  
Do'n mhnaoi tha ac air deoraidheachd.
- 5 Tha an ghaoth gun eismail r'ìn seimh,  
A' cleachd r'an trilsibh grinne, reidhe,  
A's mar an oiche tha folach a boiceadh,  
Tha Dearduil dublach, dubhrònach.
- 6 Dearduil thug barrachd an ailleachd,  
Air mnaibh eile na h-Eirin.  
Nì choimeasar rithise càch,  
Ach mar bhaideal air sgà na reultaig.
- 7 ' Cìod e fath do thùrsa a bhean?  
A's sinne heo re do bheatha,  
A's nach aithne dhuinn neach d'ar buadhach,  
An ceithir bruchaibh an domhain.'
- 8 ' Aisling chunnacas an raoir  
Oirbhe a thriuir brathar barra-chaoin:  
Ur cuibhreach, a's ur cnr san uaigh,  
Leis a Chonachar chlaon, ruidh.'
- 9 ' Air chlachuibh sin, a's air chrannaibh,  
A's air leachaibh nan linntean,  
A's air cuileanaibh nan fialh-choin,  
A's air iorball fiar an t-sionnach.
- 10 Cìod e bheir sinn an dàil an laoch?  
A's fairsinnceud na faire a mach,  
A's a liuthad cala, caol, a's cnain,  
'S am feudamaid tarruing gun uamhas.'
- 11 Cendal na h-òig mhna n'ì'm b'fhaoin,  
A's diomhaoin spairneadh ri gaoith,  
Loch Eite bu chian o' n inl,  
A's Conuill na crannghail ùire.
- 12 Cha tig soirbheas a deas mo nuar!  
Cha 'n islich frith na gaoith tuath,  
Cha tig Naos air ais ri a rè,  
Cha tog e ri brughach an fhèigh.



- 13 Ris tha Cuiguladh a dlùthadh,  
A's Conachar an gar na uhùr ud,  
A's an tìr sin uile fudh smachd,  
Anns na ghabh Dearduil dhe<sup>1</sup> tlachd.
- 14 Bu shoincamaill le Dearduil an t òg,  
Agus aghaidh mar shoille an lò ;  
Air li an fhùithich bhla ghruaig,  
Bu deirge na an subh a ghruaidh.
- 15 Bha ehucaas 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'eirgheadh a fhraoch, a's fhearg.  
Bì choimeas an fhairge ghang,  
B'ionann agus neart a tonn,  
Fuaim na lainn aig an t-sonn.
- 17 Mar reothart a buinne borb,  
Bha e san araich fri streapa cholg,  
Anns am facas le Dearduil<sup>1</sup> e'n tuis,  
A's i coimhead o mhullach an Dùin.
- 18 'Ionnhuinn,<sup>1</sup> ars an oigh thlath,  
'An t-aincel o bhàr nam bèud,  
Is goirt le cridhe a mthàr,  
A dhàinead ri uehd na streapa.
- 19 Is nearachd nighean do ghràidh  
An Albain àghuohor nan gèug,  
'Nuair chi si e bhord na mara  
A's e greasadh gu cala an treun.'
- 20 Ach a Dhearduil bu ghrinne nòs,  
Tha do chòradh air fàs fànn,  
Tha toirm nan stuadh, a's na gaoithe,  
Tabhairt caochlaidh air t'uirgiol àin.
- 21 'Ionnhuinn tìr, an tìr ud shoir,  
Albain cona lingataibh  
Gur truagh nach mise tha r'a h-oir,  
Gur truagh nach mise, a's Naos.
- 22 Soruidh soir gu h-Albain nam,  
Far a' maith fradhac cuain, a's ghleann,  
Anns am biodh mic Uisnich re sealg,  
B'eibhinn suidhe air leirg am beann.
- 23 Cha b'ionna mise thabhairt graidh  
Do Albain àir bu reidhe ròid,  
Bu ghlaù mo cheile na measg,  
Bhiodh leam a b-eich, a's a h-oir.
- 24 O ghblinn Masain! sin gleann m'annsachd,  
Ge gorm a chreamb<sup>1</sup> 's geal a ghasan ;  
B'ait a dheanain cadal corrach  
Air do mbullach-sa ghlinn Masain.
- 25 Gleann Darnadhail, gleann gach buadha,  
An gleann 's am binne guth caicde,  
Is binn guth gadhair fa'n choille chruim  
Air a' bheinn os gleann Darnadhail.
- 26 Eibhinn Dùn-meatha, a's Dùn-fionn,  
Eibhinn an Dùn bhiodh os an cionn,  
Eibhinn Innis-droighin leathann  
A's lea sin Dùn-suibhne.
- 27 Ceathrar sinn an Innis-droighin,  
Far nach feudadh sloigh ar voigheadh,  
Mise fein, a's bu mhòid m' àgh  
Naos, Aille, agus Ardan.
- 28 Bhiodh Ardan agam ri teirbheirt,  
A's Aille re seilg shleibhteann,  
Naos na cheann air muintir,  
A's mise re tuirmeadh theud ann.'
- 29 'A nighean Cholla nan sgiath,<sup>1</sup>  
Do radh Naos, bu tiamaidh fonn,  
'Ge fada nainn 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 sanhchair air aghaidh chuain.
- 31 Rachams<sup>1</sup> a choinhead an Duin ud,  
Biodh Aille re h-iul fa thuaisceart,  
Agus Ardan a faireadh na traiga,  
Mu'n tig ar namhaid mu'r tuaircam.
- 32 Fansa ghèug na maise  
San luing chais, gus an till sinn,  
Nì h-eagal gu tig bèud na d' dhàil,  
A's claidhean nach cearr ga d' dhìdean.
- 33 Bu doilgheasach còr na h-Aille,  
A's i' g' eisteachd re gairich thonn,  
B'ion thruaighe a sìlthuil chiuin,  
A's a dinir mu Naos nam buadh.
- 34 Tha cridhe luamain re h-osnaich,  
A's nach cluinì i' foran a gaoil ;  
Is beag a h-uamhaù roimh an domhion,  
A's a smuain air corunn a graidh.
- 35 A Thriath Eite nam morfheart,  
A's a bhrathairean nan deare comh,  
Fòiribh air Dearduil a bhròin,  
A's na leigibh an tòir na grìr.
- 36 Chi si ag ionpaidh mu coinneamh  
Naos fudh dhoileir-achd gnais,  
Taircis da aogusg Chacullin,  
A mhòthachadh ag uilleann an Dùin.
- 37 B'adhbhail an Taibhse fudh sprochd  
Bu lionmhòr osnaich a chleibhe  
Bha rosg fann mar lasair mhuchta,  
A shleagh na ceo re cùl a sgèithe.
- 38 Mar ghaoith fhàis an uaimh nan còs,  
Bha tìreudh, a's bròn na ghuth,  
Bu chianoil aighe Naois a' clainn  
Sgeala a bhais o an chruth.
- 39 'Cia fàth mu bheil t'aigne trom,  
A Naois a's ionmhòr nòs'  
Do radh Inghean Cholla gu tiom,  
'A's gun agams' ach brìgh do ghloir.
- 40 Cha mhairthean ach Naos, a's Dearduil,  
Tha luchd a daimh air dol fudh lic.  
Tha mì gun athair, gun bhrathair,  
A's tear mo shàraich gun iochd.
- 41 Tha reulan Sheallmàith 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 ionna a's gur bàs do Thruthal,  
Mo bhrathair thug urram tha slògh,  
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 ionnsuidh m'athair  
Fearsaid chatha bu lorg dha,  
Air aghaidh fhlatthail cha robh sunt,  
A's osnadh air grunt a chleibhe.'
- 45 'A Dhearduil ghradhach,<sup>1</sup> ars an rìgh,  
'Nì mairthean do m' shiol-sa ach thu,  
Thorachair Truthal 's a chath,  
A's tha Conachar nan gath dhomb dluth,
- 46 Aith-dhioladh mo mhic, neo tuiteam,  
Is e bheir furtach do m' aois sa,  
Da faighteadh teamunn do Dhearduil,  
B' eibhinn an àrach dhomb-sa.'
- 47 'Ma thuit crann iul a chatha,  
Og rathail na morchuis,  
Glacams' athair mo bhogha,  
A's tollam Conachar na adhbhar.'
- 48 'Glacsa Dhearduil am bogha,  
Is sodhail leam brìgh do cheille,  
Ach feuch gu fuirich thu m'fhochair,  
A's do shosta air chùl mo sgèithe.'
- 49 'Faire na h-oidheche gu tiamaidh,  
Nì bu chian gu madain shàrghil,  
Chaidh mis an uidheam catha,  
A's lean mi m'athair gu deonach.

<sup>1</sup> Of Naos.

- 50 Rì beum sgèithe an aosda,  
Chruinnich a lioch air an fhaiche,  
Cha bu sochaidh iad air àireamh.  
A's an ciabhan os barr air glasadh.'
- 51 'Mo cho-aoisean bha tric sa bhàr,'  
Dubhairt Colla gu blath re dhaoine.  
'Is cuimhne leibh cur a chatha  
Ann do thuit Connfada nì b'fhaoin e.
- 52 Ata sinn anois air liatha,  
A's ar n-òigridh chiatnach san àir,  
Thuit Truthal ar ceann treun,  
A's tha èigin am fogas ar mùr.
- 53 Ge do lag mata air na'r treoir,  
Rachamaid le deoin san iomairt,  
Dìolamaid èug ar Macraidh,  
A's thugamaid cath gu nimhail.'
- 54 'Tharraing e a lann a truaill,  
A's tharraing a shluagh gach lann leis,  
Ghluaiscamar a thlabhairt còbhdh  
Do Chonachar san lòn ma dheas.
- 55 Bomhanach an iorghuill ghabh,  
Mar dhealanach dearg a teine,  
Thainig an t-shaighid na srann,  
Thuit Colla nan lann air a sgèith.
- 56 B'ìoma-ghonta mo chrìth ma m'athair  
Chrom mi gu talamh ga thearaidh,  
Ach chaochail ruidhe a ghruidh,  
Threig a shnagh, a's a chàil.
- 57 Thainig Conachar 's a shleagh na ghlaic,  
Ach air m'fhaicinn ri deoir,  
Dh'iompaidd se nam a h-earrghlas,  
Agus bha a labhairt le doigh.
- 58 Ach cia uime an tgean gràdh,  
Do fhear craidh mo bhrathair, a's m'athair,  
Agus sgiath, a's claidheamh mo dhilsean,  
Air chiosnadh le neart a chatha.'
- 59 'Agams' ambhain biodh do ghradh,  
A Dhearduil a's fearr a meag bhan,  
Jonann as reann air aghaidh neoil,  
Do bhriathra corr, a's do ghean.
- 60 Ge fada nainn Eite nam fiagh,  
A's cobhair nam Fianna trein,  
Feadh a's beo do Naos, 's do bhrathairean,  
Cha tig air mo Dhearduil bend.
- 61 Nì rachamaid iomroll air chuan,  
Mar bhiodh ghaoth thuath le fogha dhein,  
'G ar iomain an luib ar namhaid,  
Gun asrus, gun fhath air treine.'
- 62 Ach ge h-ard' a ghàrnas tonna,  
Rì traigh Chuiguladh nan stòud,  
Ge doineanta, luaimneach neoil,  
A toirneadh gu h-aigeal o spùr.
- 63 Nì bheil mic Uisnich ag iaraidh  
N h-iorguill bhuirb a sheachnadh,  
Cha b'egal leo duine, na daoine,  
Mar biodh Dearduil chaoin air seachran.
- 64 Uisnich nan carbad innealt,  
Mo thuiteas do mhic san àraich,  
Cha'n innsar gun d'ob siad an iomairt,  
Cha tig air do chinneadh-sa tàir.
- 65 Airm ghaipse an trein shinsir,  
Cha dìobair iad ach le'n anam,  
Agus ged iad umpa niltean,  
Cha toillear leo dùmadh an athar.
- 66 B' àm eirigh an sin do'n ghrein,  
Nì'n aobhar suaine dhuinn e,  
A's long Chlann Uisnich air tìr,  
Fudh bhaile mor Rìgh Conachair.
- 67 Thainig Conachair a mach le fheadh,  
Fichead laoch, ceann na lach,  
A's d'fhiosraich le briathraibh brus,  
'Cia na sloigh tha air a luingse.'
- 68 Clann air seachran ata ann,  
Triuir sin a thainig air tuinn,  
Air èineach, as air cuimric an rìgh,  
Tha gradh dìlseachd ar cairdeis.
- 69 'Cha chlann seachrain leam-sa sibh,  
Nì'm b'fheart saoidh a rinn sibh ortn,  
Thug sibh a bhean nam am braid,  
Dhearduil dhonn shuileach, ghle gheal.'
- 70 'Eiribh, ol Naos, glacuibh claidheamh,  
A dheagh mhac rìgh a's glain coimhead,  
Cuim' am faigheadh a chloin shuairc,  
Ach ambhain aon chuairt de'n atam.'
- 71 'Chuir Naos a shailtean re bord,  
A's ghlac claidheamh na dhorn,  
Bu ghabh deannal nau deagh laoch,  
Tuiteam air gach taobh de'n bhord.
- 72 Thorachair mic uisnich 's a gbreis,  
Mar thri ghallain ag fàs co dheis,  
Air an sgrìos le doinean èitidh,  
Nì'n d'fhag meangan, mear, na gèng dhuibh.'
- 73 'Ghuais a Dhearduil as do luing,  
A gheug ur an abhruidh dhinn,  
A's cha'n eagal do d' ghnùis ghlain,  
Fuath, no èud, na achasan.'
- 74 'Cha teid mi amach as mo luing,  
Gus am faigh mi mo raogha ath chuinge,  
Cha tìr, cha talamh, a's cha tuar,  
Cha triuir bhrathaire b'n ghlain' suadh,
- 75 Cha'n òr, 's cha'n airgid, a's cha'n eich,  
Nì mo a's bea uaibreach mise.
- 76 Ach mo chead a dhòl do'n traigh,  
Far am bheil Clann Uisnich na'n tamh,  
A's gu'n tgean'n na trì pòga meala,  
Do'n trì chorpaidh caomha, geala.
- 77 Ghluais Dhearduil an sin do'n traigh,  
A's fhair saor ag sruigheadh ramh,  
A sgiàn aige na leath laimh,  
'S a thuadh aige na laimh eile.
- 78 A shaoir as fearr da'm facas riann,  
Creud air an tuibradh tu an sgiàn?  
Is e a bhicreud dhuib' d'a ceann,  
Aon fhaine buadhach na h-Èirìn.
- 79 Shantaich an saor am faire,  
Air dheisead, a's air aillead,  
Thinbhradh do Dhearduil au sgiàn,  
Agus rainig i ionad a miann.
- 80 Cha ghairdeachas gun Chlann Uisnich,  
O ! is tursach gun bhì nur cuallach ;  
Tri mic Rìgh le'n dioltadh deoraidh,  
Tha gun chòradh re h-uchd naighe.
- 81 Tri magh-ghabhna Innsè Breatain,  
Triuir sheabhaic o shliabh a chuilinn,  
An triuir dha'n geilleadh na gaisgich,  
A's dha'n tiubhradh na h-amhais urram.
- 82 Na trì coin a b'ailidh snuadh,  
A thainig thar chuan nam bàre,  
Triuir mhac Uisnich an luinn ghriinn,  
Mar thriuir Eala air tuinn a snabh.
- 83 Threigeas gu h-eibhneach Uladh,  
Fa'n triuir churaidh a b'annasadh,  
Mo shaoghal nan deigh cha'n fhada,  
Na h-eagar fear ath bhuailt dhomb-sa.
- 84 Tri ialla nan trì chon sin  
Do bhui osnadh o m' chridhe,  
'S ann agam-sa bhiodh an tasegaidh,  
Am faicis is aobhar cumhaidh.
- 85 A chlann Uisnich tha an sud thall,  
'Nar luidhe bonn re bonn,  
Da'n sumhlachaidh mairbh roimh bheo eile,  
Sumhlachaidh sibh-se romham-sa.
- 86 A thriuir threun o Dhùn-monaisdh,  
A thriuir ghiollan nam feart buadha,  
Taireis an triuir ui mairthean mise,  
Thair le'm briedeadh mo luchd fuatha.
- 87 Air fosgladh am feartan,  
Na deanaibh an usigh gu dochair,  
Bitheam am fochair na h-naighe,  
Far nach deannar truaigh, na ochain.

- 88 An tri sciathan, a's an tri sleaghan,  
Anus an leabaidh chunhain cuiribh,  
Càiribh an tri chladhain cradhach,  
Sinte os cionn uaigh nam min-fhear.
- 89 An tri choin as an tri seabhaich leadhar,  
Am feasd gun lochd seilge,  
Cuiribh an gar nan triath chatha,  
Triar dhalta Chonuil eughaidh.
- 90 Oeh ! is truagh mo shealladh orra,  
Fath mo dhocair, a's mo thursaidh,  
Nach do chuireadh mi san talamh,  
Sul mharbhadh geala mhac Uisnich.
- 91 Is mise Dearduil gun cihneas,  
Nis ag crìochnacladh mo bleca tha,  
Bronnam le'm chridhe mo trì pòga,  
As duineam am bròn mo laithean.

Mr. Mac Lean has divided this according to the metre and meaning. I quote from the book. The manuscript ought to be published.

R. DEIRDRE'S LAMENT, edit. 1200.

Report on Ossian. 1805. P. 297. 36 lines.

Do dech Deardir ar a héise ar crìchibh Alban . . . agus ro chan an Laoidh.

- 1 INMAIN tir in tir nd thoir,  
Alba cona lingantaibh ;  
Nocha tiefuinn eisoi ille,  
Mana tuisin le Naise.
- 2 Inmain Dun Fidhgha is Dun Finn,  
Inmain in Dun os a cinn :  
Inmain Inis Draignde,  
Is inmain Dun Suib nei.
- 3 Caill, euan gar tigeadh  
Ainnle mo nuar ;  
Fagair linn ab bitan,  
Is Naise an oirear Alban.
- 4 Glend Laidh do chollain,  
Fan mboirmín eaoimh  
Iasg, is sieng, is saill bruich,  
Fa hi mo chuid an Glend laigh.
- 5 Glend masain ! ard a crimh !  
Geal a gasain !  
Do nimais colladh corrach  
Os Inbhar mungach Masain.
- 6 Glend Eitchi ann  
Do togbhas mo ched tigh ;  
Alaínd a fìdh iar cirghe,  
Buaile grene Ghind eitchi.
- 7 Mo chen Glend Urchaidh,  
Ba hedh in Glend direach dromchain ;  
Ualleha feara aoisí  
Ma Naise an Glend Urchaidh.
- 8 Glend da ruadh Mo chen,  
Gach fear da na dual ;  
Is binn guth cuach ar cracibhruim,  
Ar in mbinn os Glendruadh.
- 9 Inmain Draighen is treu traigh,  
Inmain Auicid in ghainimh glain ;  
Nocha tiefuin eisde anoir,  
Mana tuisuin 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 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. Carnichael, 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 Diarmid is the same as M, less one verse, and altered as to some letters and words. Z. 11. and 12. contain lines which will be considered in translating.

A. 4. FREICH Mc FEICH. 132 lines.

AUCTOR HUIUS IN KEICH O CLOAN.

- 1 Hossna charrít 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 voye  
Fer a ryn bwyehis byef  
Is voe lontir caru freich
- 3 Gwl ein wna in crochin sor  
Troce 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 ourt folt  
Is freich in nochl toive 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 eraichyth a corp  
Trai gin locht a zanew zee
- 7 Do churre ai gussyth vass  
Teif re mrawe ne tuk o nolk  
Mor a foor a hoyt la meyf .  
Innosit gyn khelk in noss.

Hossni.

- 8 Kerin di weith er loch maie  
De chemist in trath za hass  
Gith rae gach mee  
Torri abbe de we er
- 9 Sasse bee in kero sin  
Fa millyth na milla a ulae  
De chonkfa a kerin derk  
Far gin wey gi kend ix traa
- 10 Bloyen er heil gi ir di  
Churri sin fa skail garve  
Gi borin di lucht kerk  
Froth a wess is e derk
- 11 Di wi ainsyth no zoi  
Ga bea ley chawyr in tloye  
Pest neif zo we no vonni  
Vakki zi cath zol da woyu

- 12 Bein aslaynti throm throm  
Ynnin ayith ni gorn seyr  
Di curri lai fissa er freich  
Feisrych kid hane ree
- 13 A durde meyye nach be slan  
Mir woe lane i boss meith  
Di cheyrew in loch oyr  
Gin dwneni za woyna ach freich
- 14 Knossyeh reyve ne zarn mee  
Er v'feich gi knai zerg  
Ge ger darnis ai er freich  
Raichit 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 keuna soss ris in noss.

Hossni.

- 16 Freich mac feich an erma zeiar  
Hanik one fest gin is dee  
Hug a houltri ker nark  
Ferrin roif meyf za tee
- 17 Ach gai math in dnggis latti  
I durt meyf is gal crow  
Ne oyr mis a leith loayn  
Ach slat a woyan as a bonni
- 18 Togris freich is ner zilli teymni  
Naf a riss er in ling vak  
Is ner ead ach ga mo ayye  
Hech one vass in roive chwd
- 19 Gawiss i kerin er varri  
Targi a cran as i raif  
Toyrt doe choss zo in der  
Mogrziss zo riss in pest
- 20 Beris er agis ai er snawf  
Is gavis a lawf no chrissyth  
Di zave sessin is er chail  
Trow gin a skayn ag freich
- 21 Fynowr in olt chass ail  
Di ran chwggi skan din oyr  
Leddryth a phest a kness bayn  
Is teskith a lawe er looe
- 22 Di hudditeyr bone re bone  
Er trae ni glach cor fo bass  
Freich m'feich is in fest  
Troy a zai mir hug in dress
- 23 Ga coyrik ne coyrik car  
Di ruk lass a kanna na lave  
Mar chonik in neyn ee  
Di choy na nail er in trae
- 24 Eris in neyn one tave  
Gavis in laive bi laive bak  
Ga ta so na cwt nyn nane  
Is mor in teach i rin a voss
- 25 Voyn vass sen di foar in far  
Loch mai go len din loch  
A ta in tarm sen dee gi loan  
Ga zerna in noss guss in noss.

Hossni.

- 26 Berrin in sen gu cloan freich  
Corp in leich gow kassil chroyg  
Er in glan tuggi a anm  
Is mark varris da loo
- 27 Carn lawe in carn so raym heive  
A lave reyth di beast sonni  
Fer ner ympoo in dress fer  
Bo zawsi nert in drot
- 28 Invin im bail ner ob zawe  
Ym beddeis mnan i torvirt fook  
Invin tearn nyn sloye  
Invin groye ner zerk in ross
- 29 Doigh no feach bar a olt  
Derk a zroye no ful leicht  
Fa meyni na kower schrowe  
Gilli na in snaecht kn:as freicht
- 30 Cassi na in kaissnai olt  
Gurm a rosg na yr lak  
Derk na partain a wail  
Gil a zaid na blai feich

- 31 Ard a ley na cranna swle  
Beynmi no teyd kwle a zow  
Snaawe di bar no freich  
Cho di hene a heif re strow
- 32 Fa lannyth na koillith a skaith  
Invin trae ve re drum  
Coiffad a land is a lawe  
Lanni cholk na clar zi long
- 33 Troye nach ann in gorik  
Re leich di hut freich a fronnii oyr  
Dursis sin a hutim 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 hant 'n Cairn fo bheil  
Fraoch mac Fiech 'n Uilt bhaoe  
Guile rine buichis Meaibh  
San air Laoinir Carn Raioich
- 3 Gaoil nom Ban fo Cruachon hoir  
'S mor beid mu bheil Bhein  
Co legis 'n Osne hrom  
Niin Maoich nan Colg sein.
- 4 Co i Nune Bhein ri Gul  
Hig mach fos Carne fraoich  
Ane 'N uilt Casbhuine Ghail  
Nin 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 Gheuin  
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 Raidh na mas Mis  
Bhis Mis 'r abich fias
- 8 Ha Bhuaidh air Chaorin sin  
Gur misle e na bhul bhla  
Gum cume 'n Carin Dearig  
Duine gun Ospie gu cean naoi tra
- 9 Bliane haoil gach fhir  
Gheine e sin na sgeul deribh
- 10 Laidh Eslaine hrom hrom  
Air Niin maoich na Corne fhaul  
Choire lee fis air fraoich  
Ghisrich 'n Laoich go de mian
- 11 Huirt i nach bio i Slann  
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 Fiech  
An Griabh erig  
Gus do chase orm 'n Nuair
- 13 Ghol dhuain Caore fibh
- 14 Ghlais fraoich ane erig 'n aidh  
Chaidh nabh air 'n Loch  
Gur darich bheist na Suain  
Craois suais ris 'n doss
- 15 Mac sin fiech no Arm geir  
Hane fon Bheist is di  
Uldich aige 'n Caorin dearig  
Far 'n ro masibh an sin ti

<sup>1</sup> Or bhaoe.

- 16 San nuair thuir Màoibh 's aail cru  
Go mo fost no hug u leit  
Cha stinre e mi Laoich luain  
Gan That bhuan fo buin
- 17 Fraoich 'n Gile nach ro Tim  
Chaidh e 'naibh air 'n Lini Vug  
Cha naoid Duine air Veidaibh  
Tin as bhais 'm bi Chuid
- 18 Ruig e air Caorin air bhair  
Ledir Crann as e reibh  
E torst gha bhonn fo hir  
Rist gun darich' bheist
- 19 Rug e air 'se air 'n Traibh  
Rug i air Laidh 'na deid  
Rug esin oris air Chial  
Ochain gun 'scian aig Fraoich
- 20 Aare 'Nuill Casbhui ghail  
Chaidh na eu si le Scian òr  
Casgur 'm beist Corp ban  
Huge Cean mach na ghorn
- 21 Nuair Chunig 'Niin e  
Huit na neul air an Traidh  
Nuair gharich i ase snain  
Gun duair i 'Laibh fo Lai bhug
- 22 Gad na thu du id Cotain Ein  
'S mor Teichd rin thu bhos  
Air Cuan gur marin Tanim  
Gur marig gharich ra Lò
- 23 'S inebhin lime<sup>1</sup> no shio  
'S inebhin Gruoidh 's derige na ròs  
'S inebhin beul nach Diult ri dàl  
Ga bi no Mraidh terist phòg
- 24 Maise 's Caise bhi na auilt  
'S Gurume rosg na ere Loichd  
'S derige na partan Bheil  
Gur gile gheid na Bla fibhe
- 25 'S duidh na Fìich 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 *Chloighreach* na Clar Luing  
'S Le na gach Coile Scia  
Sime Friach bheir a Druim
- 27 'S aide Laoin na Crann suil  
'S bine na Teid Ciuil e ghua  
Snàiche bear na Fraoich  
Chaide Choir haobh ri srue
- 28 'S truo nach hain Corig Laoich  
Huit fraoich le provid 'n tor  
Ochan do hutim le Beist  
'S truo Dhe nach Mairre fost Crioich.

<sup>1</sup> Or hiurme.

M. 4. DUAN FRAOICH. 136 lines.

THE scene of the following poem is said to have been on the south shore, and on the Island near the south side of Loch-Cuach, or Lochfraoich, about two miles to the westward of Amalrie, and eleven west from Dunkeld. About a quarter of a mile to the SE. there is, on an eminence, a very ancient ruin, which has probably been the seat of May, and nearly the station of the Bard too, when he said, *Ann san Iraidh tha siar fùl dheas*, i.e. nigh the shore to the westward on the south. May was in love with Fraoich; but her daughter (who by some is called *Ceann-gal*, or White-head,) and Fraoich 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. CAMPBELL.

DUAN FRAOICH.

- 1 OSNA Caraid an cluain Fhraoich.  
Mar osna Laoich an caisteal Chiro;  
An osna sin o 'n tuirseach fear;  
'S o 'n trom ghluanaich; bean og.
- 2 Sud e siar an carn am bheil;  
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich, an fhuilt-mhaoth,  
'M fear a rinn buidheachas do Mhai  
'S an air a shlointeadh Carn-Fraoich.
- 3 Gul nam han o 'n chruachan tuir;  
'S cruaidh am fath nu 'n guil a bhean  
'S e d'fhag m'osna gu trom trom  
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich nan colg sean.
- 4 Gur i 'n ainm a ni 'n gul  
Tein ga fhios do chluain Fhraoich  
Donn or-bhuidh an fhuilt (chais) aill;  
Aon ninghin Mai nu 'm biodh na laoich.
- 5 Aon ninghin Chòrnill is greinne folt  
Taobh re Taobh a nochd is Fraoch  
Ge 'h iomadh fear a (ghradhaich) i  
Nior ghradhaich i aon fhear ach Fraoch;
- 6 Nuair fhuair i a muigh e  
Cairdeas an Laoich bu ghloinne gne  
'S e abhar nu 'n do reub i chorp,  
Chionn gun ole a dheanamh lei;
- 7 Chuir e i gu càth a bhais;  
(Taobh re mhai 's na dean a leohd)  
'S tuirseach; do thuitim le Beist.  
Dh innsin duibh gun cheilg a nos.
- 8 Caòran do bhi air Locha Mai;  
Ann san traidh tha siar fa dheas  
Gach a Raithe 's gach a mios  
Bhi toradh abuidh ann sa mbeas.
- 9 Bha buaidh air a mbeasa dhearg  
Bu mhilse e na uil bhla  
Gu 'n cumadh an caoran is e dearg  
Neach beo gun bhidh car naoi Trath.
- 10 Bliadhna do shaothal gach fir;  
Dh'innsin duibh anois a dhearbh  
Gu cabhradh e air luchd chneadh,  
Brigh a mbeasa is e dearg.
- 11 'N ainmcheist mhòr a bha na dhiaidh,  
Ge h'e leigh a chabhradh na sloigh.  
A bheist nimh a bhi na bhùn;  
Gràbadh do dhuine dol d'a bhuanin.
- 12 Do bhual en-slainte throm throm,  
Air ninghean Odhuich na 'n corn fial,  
Chuireadh le fios air Fraoch  
'S dh'fhiosruich an laoch ciod e a mian?
- 13 Labhair i nach biodh i slàn  
Mar fagha i lan a bos maoth  
Do chàorann an lochain fhuair,  
'S gun aon neach ga bhuanin ach Fraoch.
- 14 Cnuasachd riamh ni 'n drinneam fein  
Thuir Mac Feadhaich nan graidh tla;  
Gar an drinneam arsa Fraoch  
Theid mi bhuan a chaor 'n do Mhai
- 15 Ghluais Fraoch air cheimnibh aidh,  
'S chuaidh è shnamh air an Loch;  
Fhuair e bheist na suram suain;  
'S craos suas ris an dós.
- 16 Fraoch mac Feadhaich nan arm geur.  
Thaig e o 'n bheist gun fhios,  
'S nltach leis d'an chaoran dhearg  
D'an bhall an raibh Mai na tigh.
- 17 Ge maith nìle na rinneadh leat;  
Labhair Mai bu chaoine cruth  
Ni 'm fodhain leamsa laoich luinn  
Gun an t slat bhuanin as a bun.
- 18 Ghluais Fraoch, s nior Laoch tiom  
A shnamh air an linne bhoig.  
Bu denear, ge bu mhòr a radh,  
Teachd o 'n bhias an raibh a chuid;



- 19 Ghlac e an caoran air a bhar,  
'S tharuing e 'n crann as a fhreamb,  
Toirt a chosan do air tìr;  
Rug i air, a ris a bheist.
- 20 Rug a bheist air, air an traigh,  
Ghlac i a lamh ann a craos,  
Ghlac eisin i air dha ghial,  
Ochoin? gun a scian aig Fraoch?
- 21 Lìodair a bheist a chneas bàn,  
Lìodair i a lamh gu leon,  
Thainig nìghin ùr nan geal-ghlac  
'S ghrad thug i dha scian d' an or.
- 22 Cha comhrag sud ach comhrag gearr,  
Bhain e an ceann na laimh leis.  
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich is a bheist,  
Mo chreach leir mar thug iad greis!
- 23 Gu do thuit iad bonn re bonn,  
Air traidh nan clocha donn sa 'n iar.  
Nuair chunnaic an t saor nìghin aidh,  
Thuit i air an traidh na-nial.
- 24 Nuair a mhosgail i as a pramb,  
Ghlac i a lamh na laimh-bhoig,  
Ge d' tha thu nochd na d' chòdaibh eun,  
'S mor an t euchd a rinn thu bhos.
- 25 Truadh nach an còmbrag laoch,  
A thuit Fraoch le 'm pròntadh òr,  
'S tursach do thuitim le beist,  
Aon mbic de! nach mairtheann thu beo.
- 26 Ionmhuinn Tighearn ionmhuinn Tuath,  
Ionmhuinn gruaidh a 's deirge ros,  
Ionmhuinn beul leis an dioltadh dan,  
Air am biodh na mnai ag toirbheart phog.
- 27 Bu duibhe na 'm fiach a ghruag,  
Bu deirge a ghruaidh na fuil-laogh;  
Bu mhine na cobhair an t sruth,  
Bu ghile na 'n sneachd corp Fhraoich.
- 28 Bu mhaise na 'n caisein fholt,  
Bu ghuirme a rosg na eir-leac  
Bu deirge na cruban a bheul  
'S bu ghile a dheud na chaile.
- 29 Bu treise na Còmhla 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 riamb a thaobh re sruth.
- 31 Bu mbaith spionnadh a dha laimh,  
'S bu mbaith cail a dha chois;  
Chnaidh d' aigne thair gach Rìgh  
Ròimh churaidh riamb cha diar fois!
- 32 Gu b'e sud an t uabhar mna  
A 's mo chuncas air m' dha rosg,  
Fraoch a chuir a bhuaín a chraoinn  
Ann deis a 'n Caòran a bhi bhos.
- 33 Togamid anois an Cluain-Fhraoich.  
Caru an Laoich an Caisteal-Chro;  
O 'n bhas ud a fhuair am fear  
'S mairg as mairtheann na dhiaidh beo?
- 34 Air a chluain thugtadh 'n t ainm?  
Loch Mai a raitheadh ris an Loch;  
Am biodh a bheist anns gach uair;  
'S a craos suas ris an dos.

*Osnu caraid an Cluain Fhaoich, &c.*

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

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

BHA bean araidh ann an Raineach, d'am b' ainm Maoidh, agus thuit i ann an tross ghal air Fraoch—  
'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arm gearr—'an duine gu léir, a bu mhaiseiche 's an Fhèinn. Bha nigean aig Maoidh, d'am b' ainm Aoirinn a bha mor-mhaiseach agus aillidh; agus thug Fraoch a ghradh dh'ise agus phòs

e i. Bha mor-ardan air Maoidh. Chràidhlot e 'n a cridhe i gu 'n robh Fraoch gu sìorruidh g'a dìth, agus gu 'n bitheadh e aig bean eile fo 'n ghréin ach aise féin; 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. Arts' ise:—

'Fo 'n ghréin cha-n'eil leigheas mo thruaighe,  
Ach caorunn an eilean fhuair  
'S gun duine g'a bhuaín ach Fraoch.'

B'e 'n t-Eilean fuar eilean bòidheach anns an lochan fhuar; agus anns an eilean so a measg, chraobhann bòidheach eile bha craobh caorunn; ach cha robh aon 's am bith a b' urrainn dol a chòir an eilean, na idir a chòir na craoibhe, le béist mhòr a bha' chomhuidh ann, agus d' am b' àite tàmh bun na craoibhe caorunne. Maiseach, sgiamhach agus mar a bha Fraoch, bha e mar aon lùgh-mhor, misneachail, gaigeannta. Shannh e do 'n Eilean fhuar, agus aig bun na craoibhe caorunne fhuair e' bhéist 'n a cadal. 'Na sioram suain,' 'Sa beul a suas ris an dos.'

Shrachd Fraoch meanglan bharr na craoibhe caorunne, agus thug e dh' ionnsuidh Maoidh e. Cha robh sùil 's an bith aig Maoidh gu d' thigeadh Fraoch air ais a dh' innsadh sgeoil; oir ann am farnad agus mìorun dhomhaireachd a cridhe, bha dòchas aice gu 'n cuireadh a' bheist as da. Air do Fhraoch am meanglan caorunne thobhairt dhìth, 's ann a labhair i le guth aileasach, neo-thaingeil mar a leanas:—

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

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch a rithidh do 'n Eilean fhuar agus fhuair e 'bhéist, mar a dh' fhàg e i, 'na cadal aig bun na craoibhe caorunne. 'Na sioram s uain' tnuimise mu bhun na craoibhe caorunne. Rug e 'n sin air a' chranng agus ghrad-spion e a a bhun e, a' toirt tìr air leis le cruaidh spàirn. Dhùisg a' bhéist. A' cruaidh shannh shìh i air deigh Fhraoich. Rug i air an uair a bha e dhùth air tìr; agus ghlacadh iad an sin le gleachd spàirn bàis, gus an do 'thuit iad le chèile, bonn ri bonn,' 'air dubh-chladach nan clach lom,' 'a bhos.' 'S ann an sin a rinneadh na rannan a leanas:—

1 'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arm gearr,  
Thàinig o 'n bhéist gun fhios dìth;  
'S ultach aige de 'n caorunn dheirg  
Far an robh Maoidh na gith.

2 'S ged 'thug thu leat an caorunn dearg  
'S e 'labhair Maoidh 'bu geal cruth;  
Nì foghnadh leamsa e' laoich luinn  
Gun an dos a nuas a bhun.

3 Ghluais Fraoch air cheum mi-àidh  
A 'bhuaín a' snàmh air an loch:  
A 's fhuair e 'bhéist 'n a sioram suain,  
'S a craos a suas ris an dos.

4 Rug e 'n sin air bhàrr na craoibhe,  
Spion e an crann as a bhun;  
A' toirt a chasan as gu tìr,  
'S a' bhéist mhòr 'ga dhian ruith.

5 Rug e 'n sin air giall na béiste,  
Ag òigheach air-son lann an laoich  
Ach mbarbhadh am fùran 's an chomh-stri  
O-chain, a rìgh! 's gunn sgian aig Fraoch.

6 Ghlacadh iad an sin gu snamg trom,  
Gun aon fhonn fo bhoun an eos;  
Gus an do thuit iad bonn ri bonn.  
Air cladach nan clach lom a bhos.'

Chualaidh Aoirinn. Thàinig i, agus an uair a thàinig thuit i ann an neul air an fheur. Air dhìth dusgadh e a peamh ghlac i lamh 'Fhaoich a gaoil' 'na lamhan geabh-bhoga, agus le deur-dhealt air a gruaidh, agus a chasan air a' snàmh 's a' ghaoith, sheinn i nar a leanas:—

7 O 's truagh nach ann an comhrag laoch  
A thuit Fraoch mu 'n do phronn mi deoir;  
Ach tuiteam an so leis a' bhéist  
Mo chreach léir nach mair thu beò.

- 8 'S ionmhuinn tighearna, 's ionmhuinn tuath,  
'S ionmhuinn gach gruaidh air an deirge ròs;  
Ach 's ionmhuinne na sin beul air an diulte air  
daimh,  
'S air am biodh na mnai a' tagairt phòg.
- 9 Gu 'm bu treis, 'thu na comhladh do sgiath  
'S ionad triath a bha fo thruinne  
'S ionad màighdean 's bean a bha 'n deigh,  
Air an laoch a dh' eug air thuinn.
- 10 Bu mhaisich 'thu na sneachd nan an;  
Bu ghile do chraiceann na blar fiach;  
Snamhadair a b' fhearr na Fraoch,  
Cha do shìn a thaoibh ri sruth.
- 11 'S duibhe na 'm fiteach bàrr t' fhiult,  
'S gile na 'n grudh caoin do chneas;  
'S deirge na 'n caorunn do dha ghruaidh.  
'S truagh nach robh sgian aig Fraoch.
- 12 Togamaid a nis an cais Fraoch  
Corp an laoch an cuan-chlòr;  
O 's truagh nach ann an combrag laoch,  
A thuit Fraoch mu 'n do phronn mi deoir.

Thug bàs Fhraoch ùrachadh do chrìdhe Mhaoidh, agus air ball dh' fhàg a dosgaim i. Cha b' ann mar a bha 'n Fheinn. Bha màr chaoith 'nam meas arson Fhraoch. Mar so lean Loch Fraoch air an lochan fhuar gus an latha

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

Sgeulachd innisde le Ceite Laoruidh Port na h-Apunn.	} Sgrìobhta le Alasdair A Mac Illehmicheil Liosmòr Do sheùbhis Shìobhalta na Ban-rìgh.

Fath-sgrìobhadh. Faodaidh sinn umseadh do 'n leughadair gu 'm bheil an loch so Loch Fraoch ann Gleann cuicah an Raineach ann sìorramachd Pheairt Tha e mu 'n cuairt do dha mhìle gu leth air fad agus nu leith mhìle air leud. Ann an ceann na h-àirde n-iar dheas de 'n loch bhòidheach so tha 'n t-eilean bhòidheach, coilteach 's an do spion Fraoch a' chraobh agus anns an robh a' bheithir a' tàmh.

Air bruaich dheas an loch tha bothan seilge bhòidheach aig iarla Bhraid-Albann.

In 1870, a man in Mull recited the Poem of Fraoch to me on a heather knoll, near Ardlennaig, almost within sight of Iona, Islay and Jura, and pointed to an island close to the village of Bunesann, 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 Padraig, the first of the Western Saints. From manuscripts and books which purport to contain matters orally collected in Scotland, or there written; and from the recitations of men now living, in the Highlands and Isles. Chronologically arranged under numbers and letters.

##### I. CUMHAL.

THE Story of Cumhal, the father of Fionn, comes next in chronological order. I have made it up in English, from a great number of versions of the story told to me in the Highlands. A version is published in text Y. This is not recited as a composition, but told as history. The skeleton of the Story is shortly this:—Cumhal and his warriors, 'the Feinne,' went from Ireland to Scotland to drive out the Norsemen. They drove them out, and set up for themselves. The Irish king and the Norse king conspired against the formidable rebel, enticed him to Ireland, married him to a princess, and slew him in the arms of his wife. In the ballad of 1512, which I have placed A. 21., Fionn, and Garadh, one of the tribe of Morna, sit on a hill at a deer-pass, and Garadh there tells Fionn how and why the tribe of Morna slew his father. This slaying by the Clanna Morna is known in Ireland as 'the Battle of Cnucha.' The place is identified, and the event dated about A.D. 125. A second version of the Scotch ballad, got by Fletcher about 1750, is placed with A. 21. because it seems best to fit in there. The Story of Fionn is put into the mouth of Oisein, his son. His story comes next in order.

##### II. FIONN MAC CUMHAIL—FINT UAO BAOISGNE.

I HAVE placed together in Sec. 12, Introduction, a great many Pedigrees of Fionn, orally collected in Scotland, and extracted from Irish manuscripts. The following, O., was got near Dunkeld, about A. D. 1800. With it is a compilation made from Irish authorities, by the Rev. John Francis Shearman of Howth, the Beinn Eadair of ballads, and close to the scene of the Battle of Clontarf. A pedigree from such a locality has peculiar value, especially when compiled by a gentleman who is well known as an archaeologist.

##### III. OISEIN MAC FHINN. VARIOUSLY SPELT.

THE oldest known mention of Fionn is quoted page 293, Report on Ossian, 1805, from a manuscript which Dr. Donald Smith then supposed to date from the latter end of

the 8th century. Irish manuscripts of the 12th century, later authorities, the ballads which follow, and traditions current where Gaelic is spoken, tell the same story in fragments. Fionn and the Feinne were the successors of Cumhal and Cuchullin, and the soldiers of Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland (213. 253.). The Gaelic speaking people amongst whom I was raised, and amongst whom I have been at work during the last twelve years at odd times, tell a story which can be traced from 900 to 1872. I have never discovered a trace of the story or history which is told in Mac Pherson's Ossian.

There is hardly a trace of his Gaelic even in collections made shortly before, and sixty-five years after the publication of Ossian in Gaelic. There is no mention of Fingal, King of Morven, in any known writing older than 1760. But the stories which I have ranged in order from I. to IV. about Cuchullin, Deirdre, Fraoch, Cumhal, Fionn, and Oisein, are so mingled and so woven with Mac Pherson's English works, that all Gaelic Scotland recognised familiar names and incidents. They unanimously condemned traditions as spurious and corrupt, and believed Mac Pherson's Ossian to be a translation from some excellent old Caledonian manuscript. I now believe that Mac Pherson's Ossian is a great original work of fiction, dating from 1760, when it appeared in print; and that the Gaelic of 1807 is one of many translations. The Gaelic ballads tell Romantic, Metrical, Popular, Scofo-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 Cumhail 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 Teanmhra. Fionn commanded the Feinne at Alaluin, which now is the Hill of Allen, near Tara. They

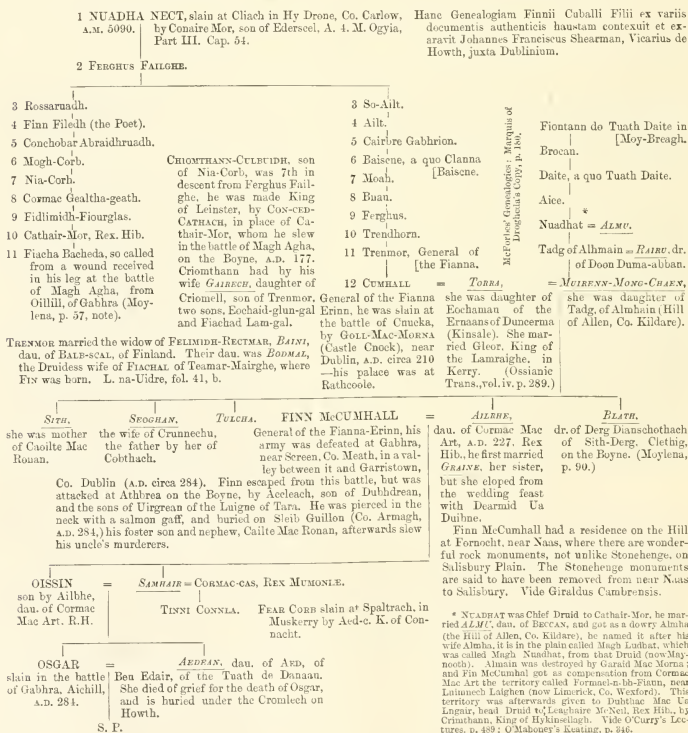
expelled the usurping Danes, and guarded the Irish coast. Like all popular heroes, Fionn had mythical properties, of which the chief was 'Bran,' a hound, who, in some strange fashion, was his near relative. The Northern Sea rovers continued to persecute Fionn, and demand Bran, till they were conquered. All sorts of people from Spain, Sorcha, Italy, Greece, Britain, and elsewhere attacked the Feinne, and were defeated; all sorts of mythical magical people schemed their destruction, but in vain. They made raids in all directions, upon Italy and Greece, and Lochlan and Britain, and conquered everybody everywhere.

People from distant lands joined them, and served as Feinne. At last they quarrelled. Caoilte had to rescue Fionn from the King, and Cormac slips out of the story. Fionn is called 'King of Teamhra' sometimes, and the story probably was that he dethroned Cormac. Then the blood-feud between Fionn and Goll broke out. Goll slew Fionn's son, and the wife of Baoisne slew him. Then jealousy broke out. Diarmaid, Fionn's twin sister's son, ran away with his uncle's bride, Graidne, Cormac's daughter. The tribe pursued, and quarrelled and fought, to the joy of Conan. Diarmaid was slain at last by the wifes of Fionn. Next, Oscar, the son of Oisein, the son of Fionn, the son of Cumhall, quarrelled with Cairbre, the son of Cormac, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Fights. They fell out at a feast at Teamhra, now Tara, and fought the battle of Gabhra, not far from Dublin. There Oscar and Cairbre slew each other, and

Fionn arrived from the sea in time to see his grandson die, and carry him to Alnuhin, the Hill of Allen. Long afterwards, Oisein, who had been enchanted by his mother, who lived in the shape of a deer, came back from the Isle of Youth at an impossible age, and told the story to St. Patrick. The old Pagan is made to complain of jangling bells and howling clerics, to sit upon the Fenians' Mound—that is, upon the Hill of Allen—and point to the graves of his comrades, and tell their story to the priest, who wrote it down. In this form of dialogue between Recter 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 1812-26. I have done nothing to these. I have simply gathered them and sorted them. Samples of the Gaelic poems which tell the tale in metre follow, with references to the manuscripts from which they were copied. The prose tales which I have gathered I will place when I translate.

The Heroes of Ballads seem all to have been related. 'Iodhlan' was 'Cumhall's' brother. Goll, Conan, and Garaidh were chiefs of the Clanna Morna. Fionn, Oisein his son, Oscar his grandson, Diarmaid his nephew, Faolan, Feargus, Roidhne, and Cairrell, 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 EDAIR.



\* NEADHAT was Chief Druid to Cathair-Mor, he married ALMU, dau. of BECCAN, and got as a dowry Almbha (the Hill of Allen, Co. Kildare), he named it after his wife Almbha, it is in the plain called Magh Leabhat, which was called Magh Nuadhat, from that Druid (now Moy-neoch). Almbha was destroyed by Garaid Mac Morna; and Finn McCumhall got as compensation from Cormac Mac Art the territory called Formai-n-bb-Fiann, near Lathnech Lathnech (now Limerick, Co. Wexford). This territory was afterwards given to Dubhach Mac Ua Lugair, head Druid to Leachaire Mac Neel, Rex Hib., by Crimthann, King of Hykingslagh. Vide O'Curry's Lectures, p. 489; O'Mahoney's Keating, p. 346.

O. 40. SLOINNE FHINN LE MHATHAIR.

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

FHINN Mhic Cuthail, Mhic Treithair, Mhic Treumhoir, Mhic Chaoidh dìreach, Mhic Can na creiche, aon Mhic rìgh an Domhain mhoir—Dean dhuit fein, thoir as do chasan.

F. 4. EACHDRAIDH MAR A CHRAIDH FIONN MAC CUTHAIL A THEARNADH, ALTRUM, AGUS A BHASTEADH. 61 lines prose.

Fletcher's Collection, page 84. Advocates' Library, January 18, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

'N CAIR a chaidh Cuthail a mharbhadh bha bhean do 'm b' ainna Mor ni 'n Taicor mor lea-tromach air Fionn, agus bha Clanna Morne an ti air car-as do 'n leanabh 'n uair a bheirte e mar a chuir iud as da athair. Ach rinn a shean-mhathair inneal tearnaidh dhà. 'N uair a rugadh an leannbh ghaoidh i leatha e do choille fhàisach, agus rinneadh aite dha ann a' m broim craoibh mhor-thearna, agus bha e air a bheathachadh le saill reamhar airson bainne chioch. Deirear gun rabh sreang air a ceangall mun t-saill agus fùb air a cheam eill mu ordag a chois, chum is 'n uair a bhithheadh an t-saill a' dol fada na h-amaich gun sìneadh è a chas chum nach taichte e. Mar so gheithheadh è gus an dh' fhàs e comasach air a shean-mhathair a leantuin na maigh feadh na coille. Thug i dha clòidhe agus bha i 'g iarraidh cuin a burra e ga bualadh gus fa dheireadh gun d' ghearr e pluchd don mhàs dhi leis a chlaidhe. An sin thug i gum bu mhitich seòl a chuir air a bhaiste.

San aig Eas-ruaidh bha 'n t-àite cumanta aig an Fheinn an clann a bhaiste. Thug i leatha e air là àraid, agus bha ann moran eile an là sin a thuilleadh a' sìn. Do raing i leis an taobh do 'n uigse air nach rabh cack, agus thig i san linne e, agus chaidh e fodha. Ach an ceud leum a thug e 'n uachdar ghrad mhùle e fodha an fear b' fhaigse dha do 'n chloim eile agus bhathadh e. Agus mar sin air na h-uile air am fuitheadh e greim, bha e gan grad bhathadh air a t-seoil cheudna. Ach gus an do ghlaodh fear bh' air an taobh eile do 'n Eas.

Cò e am fear maol feann-bhan ud a tha sior bhathadh na cloinne oiran gun tàmh. San an sin a ghlaodh a shean-mhathair ris.

Gu meal thu t-aimn Fhionna Mhic Cuthail, mhic Luthair, mhic Trenmhor, mhic Chalapadireich, mhic Channa-Creiche, mhic-a Bhringaidh-Bhriannaich, mhic-a-Chairpe-Chalhannanaich, mhic-aon Rìgh an Domhain mhoir. A mhearbach thoir as do chasan tha do namhdean mu d' thimchioll.'

Thug Fionn a mach air an taobh d' on Eas air an rabh a shean-mhathair, agus rug e air chois ort chum a toirt leis, ga tilgeadh thair a ghualain air eagal gu marbhte i. Ach leis a chabhaig feadh na coille bha is ga sgalta is a ghloidhich, a chrom ruadh choille mheirlich 'Cha d' thug Fionn fainear ciod a bha i radh a teicheadh troidh choille.

Cha rabh aige do 'n Chaitlich ach a chas a bhana laimh thair a ghualain 'n uair a stad air gu fois.

H. THE INTRODUCTION TO KENNEDY'S FIRST COLLECTION. 1K74.

Advocates' Library, November 24, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS Introduction is a sample of a dialect of English that never has been printed. It is the English spoken by men whose native language is Gaelic, but Kennedy's Manuscript is the only written sample of the period that I have ever seen. The beginning is torn off. The word 'Fingal' does not once occur in Kennedy's Gaelic.

J. F. C.

this son of Comhal was afraid that his own wife would do some mischief to this son, and for that reason he ordered the midwife to take him away. She went with him unto the wood and she got a wright and made a hole in the Trunk of a large oak tree, in the same manner as a Canoe would be made, and door to it, so that nobody would find her, and she nourished him their by fat and marrow, when he was coming to age, she was learning him how to fight and wrestle, when she would get the better of him, she would heartily beat him, when he came to the age of eighteen years or there about, he was going out of the woods and one day boys met him Shimnying, 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—è that have done this harm to our sons, his nurse heard them, and she said let bruke his name Fingal the son of Comhal, this is the way that he was baptiz'd; for Fionn-Gheal is a Gaelic word, its signification is fair and white.

Pedigree.

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 Lochluirgin, 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 complete victory over any enemy, they send for him to Scotland to be their King. Fingal succeeded his father, and continued in war against Denmark, till he had almost conquered Ireland; for they fought several battles, and Fingal would always gain the victory. Then the King thought that he would get a wife from the heroes. She would tell them how they might conquer Fingal. Then the King send to Fingal for to ask of him, if he pleased that they would make peace, and that he would take one of their virgins to be his wife. Then Fingal understood his design, he ordered the King for to come to visit him, and that he would get his choice of their women in marriage, and that he would appoint a day for to make a feast, which they settled, and before the appointed day came Fingal ordered his smith to make a set of good knives, then the smith asked of him how he would make them, and Fingal directed him as it is set down in the following verse:—

'If a blacksmith I wou'd be,  
How fine wou'd I make knives for fee;  
With thick iron backs edg'd thin with steel,  
And yellow shafts smoothly you'd see.'

Those knives are called by us Durks, and Fingal was the first contriver of them.

The day of the feast came, and there was joy and mirth within their sounding Halls; there was conditions of peace thought to be betwixt them, but it happened before the feast was over that their foul deeds appeared. Fingal gave to every one of his companions a durk (called by them a hiding knife), and he ordered them, at the hindmost end of the feast, when he would give them notice to make with their new made arms verison 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 durk in a piece of beef on the table. Immediately every one of his men stabled 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 complete victory over an enemy is obtained by that moderation and generosity which convert him to a friend. Here, indeed, in the character and description of Fingal, Ossian triumphs almost unrivalled: for we may boldly defy all antiquity to show us any Hero equal to Fingal. Throughout the whole of Ossian's works, he is presented to us in all the variety of lights which give the full display of a character. In him occur almost all the qualities that can ennoble human nature, that can either make us admire the hero or love the man. He was not only unconquerable in war, but he made his people happy by his wisdom in the days of peace. He was truly the father of his people, and distinguished on every occasion by humanity and generosity. He was merciful to his foes, full of affection to his children, full of concern about his friends; he was surrounded with his family, and he instructs them all in the principles of virtue peculiar to that age. He was universal protector of the distressed, whether they would be guilty or guiltless; none of such ever went sad from Fingal; as it may be observed by the following advice to his grandson Oscar:—

'Oscar, bend the strong in arms,  
But spare the feeble hand;  
Be thou a stream of many tides  
Against thy foes in war,  
But like the gale that moves the grass  
To those who ask thine aid.'

Fingal says likewise, 'My arm was the support of the injured; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.' These were the maxims of true heroism, to which he formed his grandson. Fingal's fame was represented as everywhere spread, the greatest Heroes acknowledged his superiority, his enemies trembled at his name, and the highest encomium that can be bestowed on one whom the poet would most exalt, is to say, 'That his soul was like the soul of Fingal.'

Fingal and his heroes combined in strength, wealth, and reputation till decrepit old age was coming upon them, then they were decreasing daily. Fingal in his latter days had his dwelling-place in the Isle of Sky (which was called at that time the Isle of Mist), and the house was built on a hill above the place where Mac Keivin's old castle lies, the north-west side of Caol Reth, and they were still hunting through Sky since it was the best place for hunting at that time, for venison was very scarce then for a while in both Scotland and Ireland, and they began to till the top of the mountains where it was bare without wood to support them; then the Heroes became lean and poor, but the women were not so, they wondered how comely and fair the women looked besides themselves. The women were always making their drink of the decoction of Southern wood, raspberries, and the like, and supposed that drink was the reason of their complexion being so fair, and besides they were keeping the best pieces of the venison and dressing it for themselves unknown to the Heroes when they would be absent. One day they went to the continent opposite to them to hunt, and they left Garbh unknown to their women in the house for to see what entertainments they would have, besides themselves. Garbh was in his bed after the

rest went off for to watch the women, he fell into a deep sleep, and snored, the women heard him and immediately came to him, and tied his hair on both sides of his head, and wove it again into three plaits, and fastened it to wooden pins, and put it in the ground; they went out of the house, then every one of them cried, 'Huza, huza, huza,' with a loud voice, then Garbh awakened suddenly out of his sleep (for he thought that the enemy was at hand) and left all his hair of his head with the skin to the pins, and came out in that pitiful condition, and some of the women were laughing at him. When he had seen how he was with their contrivance, and how heartily they were laughing at his calamity, he went immediately to the wood, pulled trees out of their roots and made faggots of them, and brought them home with all speed. When he came he found the women in the house, he locked them in and put a faggot burning in every corner of the house till he set it on fire and all the women within it. Afterwards Garbh ran away into a cave to hide himself from the Heroes; Fingal had seen the house on fire, he called all his men together, and they ran in hopes that they would quench it, and jumped over the small Sound (that is betwixt Sky and the land) on their shields (except one of them who was called Mac Reth, he was drowned there, and they called that sound Caolreth since that day). When the house could not be quenched but destroyed with the fire, and all their women, children, and furniture ruined, they searched all places about for Garbh (when Fingal told them by 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 laid 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 Cathabbara was fought between Oscar and Cairdraidh, 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 utter 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 breath nothing of cheerfulness as he expresseth himself.

How sorrowful is this old age to me, thinking on the warrior's famous deeds. Like an oak tree in desert most cold after my sheltered neighbour's laid down low.

This is a melancholy verse of Ossian, in which he compares himself to an ancient oak mouldering alone in his place, that the terrible blasts of Eolus with her cold breezes hath laid down the rest and looped his branches away.

His continual grief was of thinking that he was left alone to suffer infirmities and sorrow after all the Heroes among whom he flourished. Other times he would cheer himself thinking on their past wars, loves, and friendships. He was not like modern bards, he did not sung for to please readers and critics, for to gain food or raiment, but for to spread their fame, reputation, and generosity thro' the world, and to reveal his love to them. I do not pre-



tend to say any more of him, for I think it too tedious, but let the reader observe the following versification:—

*After this follows the First Collection, which I have arranged with other versions below.—J. F. C.*

### P. 1. THAOBH BREITH FHINN-IC CUBHAILL, &c.

378 lines prose.

Staffa's Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library, Feb. 15, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macquhain.

This fragment, written about 1800, in Mull, contains bits of 'The Battle of Magh Mchudram' 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 rioghach Eirinn roinne na cuig earran-nabh; agus Riogh air gach earrinn dhiubh. B'e athair Fhinn a b' urranicha do 'n iomlan. Bha bun-chogadh eidar athair Fhinn agus aon do na rioghribh sin.

Air chor 'us man do sguir a Righ ainmnach sin, gun do sgios e an t-iomlan do luchd leamhuinn athair Fhinn. Ach bha sean fhaith—darichd na measg, ag innsa gun tachradh na nithean-as, ach gu fagadh e na dheidh do 'n fhuil Rioghail, na bhuidhneid a choir air a h-ais. An latha blair nu dheiridh a thug iad, chuaidh athair Fhinn a stigh do thigh Gobhinn. Cha rabh neach a stigh ach ninghin a ghobha. Luidh e leatha, 'us ghabh e thurus gu dol a chumail a bhlaire. Tarull. beag na dheigh sin thainig an gobha steach, agus air gear-bheachdachaadh air gnuis a ninghin, a deir se rithe, 's ioghna' leam a ninghin, an coltasata ortsan drast, seach 'nuair a dh' fhang misn. Ciod ce do deir ise? Tha deir eisan gu rabh rosg Brisg maighdinn agad 'nuair a chuidid mi nach: Agus tha rosg mall mna agad a nois. Cha n'eil frinn ann sna briathribh sin deir s. Tha ars eais na feirg, agus bheir mi 'n ceann dhiot mar dean u aidmhal shoor agus fhirinneach dhams' air a mhionaid. Le h-ecgal dh' innis I ga h-athair gun rabh an Righ a dh' fhear aice. Se mo ghuidheasa ri Dia ars 'n gobhuinn gun eisan a phillend air ais ni 's mo. Agus is amhuidh thachair. Dh' orduich an Righ agus a chomairle gun biodh ninghin a ghobhinn air a cur ann am prisoan, agus air a coimhead ann gu am a h-asaid. Agus air ball chuaidh orda an Righ a chuir an gnioch an graddadh.

Chaidh faire agus coimhead churamach a chur orra. Aig ceann naoi mionna iomlan dh' fhas Cumhall tinn re snathair chloisne, agus rug I ninghin. Air faichdinn so do luchd a gheard agus na faire dh' fhang iad i agus ruith iad leis an ait-sgeuladh' ionnsuidh an Righ, agus cha do phill iad ni bu mo. Ach mo dheiridh na h-aoischa fha do rug i mac. Cha rabh neach sam bith a dheanamh frithesaladh dith san am's ach Luas Lurgann, Ninglan nuim 'us Aoida 'n Righ dheanasich. Cho-luath sa rugadh an leamh nuic, thog Luas Lurgann an earball a ca' e agus theich i 'us cha rabh fios caite. Rainig i cu'gan Saor a brathair, am fear ceard a b' fhearr a bha 'n Eirinn an nair sin. Leig i a ruin ris ag innsa dha gach ni mar a thachair. Buichas do Dhia ars eiss mar ata' chuis. Ciod e fos nach digeadh an Tarrgeannachd fathair air a chois. Ach caite nois an deid sinn am falach leis. Theid ars ise do Choll-Ullich. Dh' fhalbh i fein agus a brathair fuith dhuilbh na h-oidhech gun stad gun fhois, gun an do raing iad meadhan na coillich. Nois deir ise cho-dh'ic leaba-dhuinn ann an croibh mbuir dhiubh sin, far am be nise agus an leamh ann an tearuinteachd. Rinn a brathair mar a dh' iarr i, agus chuir e doras ris an aite dethen chraoibh le chairt air chor 'us fhaotinn bu chomasach do neach sam bith aithnachadh na fhaotinn a mach.

Thug Luas Lurgann sui mo 'n cuart agus thubhairt i ri brathair, fae ars ise an fhadlann tu ga h-issal an so. Air sealtinn dhasan gu mion. Ghlac a phiuthair an tuadh agus chuir a deth an ceann. Nois ars ise cha 'n eil fear ruin ach mi fein. Bha i na dheidh so a siubhal sear agus iar a' crunneachadh gach ni dh' fhaodadh i dhi fein agus do 'n leamh. Rachadh i scriob feadh na mall bairtin mora bu dluthuidh dhi, agus air uairidh do thigh a ghobhainn. Ach cha d' fhiosruich e riamb dluth cut an rabh odha, na ciod e bu chor dha, ged bha fios aig gur i thug leatho e oir dh' eug Cubhall a nuathair an uine ghearr an deidh an leamh a bhreith.

Bha 'n U' oganach a fas ann an aois agus ann an tur. Agus cho luath sa thainig caint dha thoisich air fhaolm, agus air Seoil a thoirt dha agus air uairidh a cluicha leis air clar—Tathlisc, &c. Agus air fas ni bu neartmhore dha rachadh e fein agus ise chouruith gu mullac Peinn-Edamin. Ach man toisichidh iad comhruth bhuanidh id le h-ordanase da gheig dhreathuinn, agus chuireadh i easan

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

Ged bu chruaidh so b' fheudar fhullann car seal. Ach gach aon la mar a bha teachd, bha esan a fas ni bu chruaidhe, 'us ni bu luaithe, 'us ni bu neartmhore. Air chor 'us nach robh an comas da mhume, urid 'us ann bhuille thabhairt dha. Bha e nois na chomas agus bha e ga dheanamh, se sin re radh, gun rabh e nois ga paidh-eadh le riadh. Na dheid sin thoisich i air fhaolm re fearasbhodha agus ri cluich—Iomain, &c. Air dhi fhaogham air gach calain a b' eol di. Dh' innis i dha co e, cionnus a thainig e; agus ciod e bha aige re dheanamh, 'us re thabhairt gu croich, agus ars ro nuathathoirt dha fein air eagal gun digidh an ceam dheth.

Nois Eudail na fear ars ise theid thusa 'n diugh leamsa dh' ionnsuidh na cluich-Iomain tu gu bh' air a chumail sa bhaile-mhor-rioghail. Dh' aontuiche e leatha sa chuis ged nach b' ann le dheoin. Dh' fhalbh iad le cheile, 'us ghabh iad an turas, agus air dhoibh teachd dluth do 'n bhaile chuaidh ise do aite uaignich, ach ghabh esan gun athadh gun adenas, roimh aon netch usall na an-uasal. Ach gau brudhadh 'us gau pronnidh thall sa bhos. Air chor 'us gun bu leis buaidh gach buille agus B'air na sin. Bha iad mar so car dha na tri do laithibh 'us casaid ur agus thrichd a ruidheachd cluasan an Righ air a ghille hudeagach bhàn nach rabh fhios co, cia as da. B'ann mo am non Nollug a thachair na nitheas, 'us b'e Diluan-an t-sainneal, an latha mor agus deirinnach don fheid, agus don Iomain. Thuir an Righ theid mise an phearsuinn fein a choinneadh air, agus chi mi ciod us coltas da. 'Us amhuidh bha thainig an Righ agus an gille-ban, agus Luas-Lurgann a mhume a geur choimhead air a garridh uaignich fein. Oir chabheo dheallichidh i ris. Thoisich an gille ban an lathasa mar b' abhast.

Ciod e 'n gille fonn ban ud ars an Righ tha mort sa marbhadh nan daoine. Na fanidh e agus fein chuirinn eudach, us earradh air, oir tha coltas foghuinntich air. Thuir a mhume 'us i tabhairt an deaschidh sin orra fein, le basilh gun buaidh eir a cheila, ag rà. O! eudail do na fearibh, b' fhad' thusa gun bhaistidh. Ach tha u 'n dingh air do bhaistidh da rirthead, agus 'us tusa sin Fionn Mae Cubhail, mhic Luidich, mhic Treunmhoir, mhic Chlama Baioisa h-Eirinn a Righdh-leasann nich agus ard righ Eirinn fein ge do thugadh do choir uait le ainneart agus le h-ecuoir, aich soirbhehidh leat agus gheibh u lauh an nachdar air do nainidh, &c. Dh' eirich 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' ench, 'us chuir iad an ruig agus an toir orra gu teann. Bha Luas-Lurgann a fas sgais agus fann 'us cha b' urrinn i cumail ri Fionn ann an ruith. Air faicsinn so do dh' Fhionn thog e chaillich air a ghaluinn. Agus suil cha d' thug e na deidh, gus an d' raing e aite comhuidh fein. Air leagail an Ealldh dha air far cha rabh aige da mhume lathair agus ach an da lurginn. Thug e urchair dhiubh air far agus ghil e gu goirt. Dh' fhan e 'n oidhech sin mar bha e air a chhoi' gun bhaidh gun chadul. Air an ath-la thug e greis air smaointichadh ciod e dheanadh e oir bha e ann an iomachomhairle.

Cha rabh a chridh aig aghidh a thoirt air aon aite leis am bu ghnath le mhume bh' tathich. Dh' fhalbh e air faimeoladh. Agus gun fhios gu math aige caite. Agus cam gach radhdh dha ach galhail seachad air Eas gam b' ainm Eas-ruaidh, agus chunnas e fear agusgach air an Eas, agus thubhairt. Fionn ri tha mi deir eisan ann a faillinn mhoir, tha mi guidh' ort thoir dhair beathach beag do na h-iasgibh sin a dh' ichis mi. Cha tabhairt, deir an t-iasgar. Nam biodh iud tu cho mthar ars Fionn agus gun cuireadh tu mach an t-slat air mo t-shealbhuidh. Rinn an t-iasgar sin agus air ball dh' iasgach e lan-bhradan: Cho toir mi 'n beathacha dhuit tha e ro mhòr, agus ro mhath. Sann a than so iasg Righ. Nam biodh tu cho mthar 'us gun tuga tu dhomh 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 tharinn e gu tior bradan a bha na bu mho, na bradan an iasgar. Cha 'n fhaod mi 'n beathach' thoir dhuit deiran t-iasgar, ach bheir mi beathach beag s' luidha na so dhuit. Ach feuma tu rostadh air taobh eile an Eas, agus n connadh air an taobh so, agus ma bhios ball agus an t-iasgar theid mise chaillich tu do cheann ris, agus ars man dhuig mi. Ga d' bu chruaidh so b' fheudar aontachadh leis. Thoisich Fionn air teimnidh fhaddadh 'us air an iasg a rostadh 'us chuaidh an t-iasgar a chadul. Bha Fionn ga 'n sharruchadh a brasnuchadh an teine sa rostadh an eirid, ach usir do na h-uairibh, dh' eirich balg loist' air a bhradan, agus cho luath sa b' urrinn da leig e mbeur air 'us lois-

Pedigree.

Wisdom  
tooth.

gidh gu crainh e chuir e mheur na bheul le graddadh agus dh' fhuair e fios an da shaoghail, mar a their iad. Thuar e fios sa mhionaid sin gum b' e 'n t-iasgar a mharbh athair Fhinn 'us gum b' e Forca-Dubha-aim an iasgar 'us gum rabh cloidhean athair lamh ris ann am falach. Dh' eirich e le cabhag agus thuar e cloidhean athair us thuge 'n ceann do dh' Forca-Dubha 'us ri suibhal na dheidh sin ghabh Fionn saun uaidhe so a thuradh, sreubhadh a bhradain ri Easrauidh, cha b' fhuar e 's cha bu b' teth.

The king's  
law.

Air ball an deidh an ceann a thoirt dhe 'n iasgar, ghabh Fionn a thuras agus stad na fois cha d' rinn e agus an d' ruing Tigh a ghabhinn a sheannair. Bha e greis ga dhionmhachradh fein an tiogh a sheamair. Ach la do na laithibh chaidh caorich a ghoibhin do gharadh an Righ. Dh' orduich an Righ a cheathranh cas a ghearradh dheth gach aon dhuibh. Mas fionn gu rabh ni arid aig an Rìogh gam b' ainm. Teamhair-nan-riogh, agus bha do Bhuaidhibh orra ge b' uair a bheirta breith chlaon na eorach gun tuitidh i sios chum an lair, gun an dugadh aon do 'n fhuil Rìoghail breith cheart. Chruinnich iad gach sean-fhear agus gach duine ghloch san tior, ach cha d' fhuaradh nam meag neach a thug breith cheart na fhìor. Ach chuidh Fionn a mach gu aite folluiseach. Agus thubhairt e ' Barr na caorach, barr na Chuineach, da bharr abhuch, thum am bunna: Tha 'n da bharr sin còsach re cheila, 'us breith na aghich sin cha tabhar 'm.'

The  
verdict.

Cho luath sa na briathribh a mach o bheul, dh' eirich Teamhair nan Rìogh. Bha iadsan uile bha lathir, lan chumtich gum b' aon do 'n fhuil Rìoghail an duine so a labhair na briathran leis an d' eirich an Teamhair. Ghradh chuireadh an toir air gu, teann, ach ruith Fionn 'us cha b' ann gu mall. Thuar e as orra gun bheud 'us phill an toir gun aite fein. Ghabh Fionn air aghaidh gun chadul gun fhois, agus cha deachaidh stad air a chois na lod as a bhroig gun an do ranuig e ceardach a shean-athir.

Dhathnich an seann duine mar a bha. 'Se ni a smaointich e gun curidh e moran gnail san teallach, agus pìosan do sheann iarunn. Sin thoisich e air seoidh nam balg, 'us air oibrichadh na sean iarunn, air choir 'us gun rabh do theas anabharrich 'us do shradhagabh ann a chearduich na chum an toir gun a chroich ad a urid 'us seasamh mionaid 'n taobh stigh da dorsaibh. Bha Fionn car uine ga fhòlach fein air chul nam balg agus aig an am cheudna, tollidh a bhalla gun an d' fhuair e as orra. Agus stad na fois cha do rinn e agus an do ruing e pathlis Rìogh chuigibh-Colla'.

Bha Eirinn na Cuigibh san uair sin.

Bha Fionn car uine ann am pathlis an Rìoghs' gun aon neach a dh' fhiosrachadh dheth co e, na cia an da. Bha e ga ghuibhinn fein gu ro fhaicidhlich agus neo lochdach, mo dheiridh chumaidh a dheag chlu, sa dheandasa ma, gu cluasibh an Rìgh, agus se thachair na lorg sin gun d' rinnidh e na ard steuart, agus na fhear iomchar dibh 'n Rìogh. Se ni arid air 'n do shocheudh an Rìgh a mharbh athair Fhinn, agus a chomhairlich dhionnair, gun rachadh an Rìgh na phearsunn, agus aircaim dhaoine leis, air feadh na h-Eirinn uile chum aimesnann gach duine ghabail sios ann an sgrìobhadh le mionnabhl, dh' fheuch a fuigheadh e Fionn a mharbhadh, o nach rabh a nois a lathir don fhuil Rìoghail ach e. An ceann da bhliadhni ionian thainig Cairbre-Ruadh be sin a Rìgh a chasgair agus a dhtularich cairdin athir Fhinn. Am fogus do phathlis Rìogh chuigeamh Colladh, far an rabh Fionn an uair sin na stubhart. Cha do dh' fhiosruich Rìgh chuigeamh-Colla' fhathast cia as do dh' Fhionn, na cia b' ainm dha. Rinn Fionn e fein aithneich dha agus leig e ruina ris agus a dubhairt e. O' Rìgh 'us feudar dhamahs teicidh as an aite so agus mo dhreuchd a lubbairt, oir ata 'n bhas am fogas. 'S mise Fionn Mac Cubhail, agus cha Cairbre-Ruadh agus a sluaigh leis air mo thoir, oir cha d' f'lag e ach mis 'm aonar don fhuil Rìghail, gun a dhith-lathrichadh agus a sgrìos. Tha e gu bh' 'n so a nochd, agus cha 'n urrainn thus, O' Rìgh mo thearnadh. Us duilich leam ars an Rìgh, gum rabh e na fhasan agus riamh, nach fiosrichinn do choirich cia as da, na co e, gus an la 'n biodh e gam fhagail. Ach fan thusa agamsa, oir tha mi 'g iarraidh mìle matheamhns ort. An aite thus a bh' d' s'heirbhisich agamsa sann bu cheart dhlighach dhamahs bh' am iochdran umhal dhuitse. Agus bheir mi 'm uile odheirp air a chuis a leasachadh, agus air seasamh do chòrach. Agus thubhairt a cheart aire nach h-innis u t ainm a dhaindein nas urra mise na a Rìgh eile dheanamh, oir 'us aithne dhuit fein ciod e mar a labhras tu, agus bidhich mis' am charid math air do chul chum do choir fhaoitinn dhuit. Mo dheiridh thainig an Rìgh 'us thoisich e air ainmin nan daoine ghabhail a sios. Bha Fionn air ais agus air aghich, 'us mo dheir-dh' fheorlich Cairbre coid e ainm. Dh' f'hearg air Fionn agus a dubhairt e. Tha mi nois da bhliadhni 'n seirbhis mo ubhaighistir, agus cha do dh' fhiosruich e co

Cairbre.

mi na ciod e mainn fathast. Agus bha sin na tuhulad, agus na ogluidheachd leana, agus on a bha mi cho fhad na sheirbhis, cha 'n innis mi 'm ainm a nochd gun duais, agus cha chollach do 'n leithidsa do dhune gun iarr mi ach ni nach ionndruinn thus. O' Rìgh gad dhith. An tabhair mi an tollidh u dhà, arsa Rìgh chuige Colla, re Cairbre. Dh' aonntich Cairbre leis. Us feudar dhann sin fhaoitinn fud lathir scriobhte. Thuar e sin. Innis dhuit t-ainm a nois deir na Rìghribh ris. Tha ni beag eile dhith orra chum gach ni choimionadh, agus se sin gun cuir an Rìogh a thainig a lamh ris mar fhianuinn gach ni dh' iaras mi gu fuigh ni. Chuir Cairbre nar an ceudna a lamh ris. Thog Fionn ann paiper na lathir agus thubhairt e.

Eisidh agus tuigeamh 's mise Fionn Mac Cubhail-ic-Lubhich-ic-Treumhoir-ic-Chlanna-baiois a h-Eirinn. Agus ard rìgh Eirinn fein agus a fìor dhleasnach ge do thug thusa mo choir uam le h-ecuoir agus le h-ainneart. Eirich as t-aite oir us leamsa e le coir cheart. Dh' fhan Cairbre na thois! Eirich arsa Rìgh-Chuiga-Colla mar a eirich thusa, eiridh mise. Cha 'n eirich arsa Fionn 's math an airdh u fein air do chathir agus air do choir.

Chuiridh Fionn na shuidhe air caithir Chairbre, agus mar sin sios.

Chuir Rìgh-Chuiga-Colla sluaigh moir le Fionn agus e fein air an ceann, gus an d' f'lag e gu chochrach sabhalte Fionn air Rìgh chathir athir fein gun blas fìor na gille.

Pedigree.  
Story of  
Cormac.

Rann ludhich-ic co athir Fhinn.

Seachd bliadhna fèidh gu fìor,

Bha Ludhdh mach co na Rìgh;

Gun bhàs gun ghabhadh gun ghain,

Fìor, mna na gille bha 'n Eirinn.

Crioich.

## OISEIN AND PADRUIG.

The following fragments, P. P. P. O. 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 Fenine.' 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, 'Dabbach' was the name of Oisein's wife, who was big, burly, and fat. When he was old and blind, they fell out. The old warrior threw a deer's bone at her, and threw wide, upon which is founded the saying:—  
'Urchair an Doill m' 'n Damaich: ' 'The cast at the blind at the Damnach.' The word probably meant 'The Learned' at first. It also means 'The abounding in oxen or stags,' and in later times it has come to mean 'a Vat,' which is feminine. The old Islay smuggler who told this to Hector Mac Lean conveyed the learned Saint and the poet's wife into a 'brewing vat.' 'So Julius Cesar dead and turned to clay,' &c.

P. 3. MAR CHAILL OISEIN A FAINNE. 12 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 35. Advocates' Library, February 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

BHA Oisín na bhùsach re cullach na meann aig Padruig agus aig a nighin. Bha e sin la ga aseich fein agus thug e mach an Sporan ann an rabh am fainne, agus chuir e air far lamh ris e. Agus na dheidh sin chaidh e. Thainig am Biatach air Itraig a nuas as na Speuribh, us e air Faeisín Taip mhòr dhearg shaoil leis gum b' feoil a bha ann agus sgob e leis e dh' ionnsuidh aneid far an rabh na h-eoin aig an uair sin. Agus thuar e rithist e' ann na chuir an Gille Blar odhar leis a chreig e.

## P. 2. MU SHEALG DHEIRINNICH OISEIN.

Same Scribe, &c.

BHA Oisian na shean aois ann an Tigh a muig' na aonar ann am Baile gan ainm Gleann-caoin-theoir an Sgithreachd Thoras. Chuir Padruig agus nighean Oisian, cul ris, le ro mheur sa dhithich e. Chur Padruig cuiridh air Oisín athir-cella air latha arid chum feud a dh' umhliche do dhearn arid dheth na cairdbh. Chuir aon do na daoineibh oga, reasgach a bha nan suidh aig an fheud, aig an rabh Calpa Feidh ga chreim, a cheist air

Oisín a fáca e riamh calpa feidh bu mhó nan calp ud. Rug Oisín air a chalpa agus mhéurich se e oir bha e na dhall an nair sin. Agus fhearraig e 'n t'ogánach, agus thubhairt e ris gu fáca e calpa Luin moran ni bu mhó, agus gum b'áithne dha 'n aite 'n rabh e. Mar a bhí dith na Leirsin. O! se 'n t' amadan truaich ars a nighin a fear ata tabhairt creidise dhuit led Bhoas agus led Bhriagaibh. Thug in an togail ghrad sin air Eachdraidh na Feinmídh bha sgríobht' aig a companach Pádrúg, agus thig in 't-íomlan ann am meadhoin 'n teinidh, agus chuaidh iad re theinidh, man do rug iad ach air ro bheag a shabaladh dhúibh. Bha Pádrúg ro dhúilich air an son. Mata ars Oisín dearbhidh mise dhúibh, gur in 'n fhirim ata agamsa. Agus a Phádrúg mo cheudichis tu dol mhac falbh leamsa lorga mi mach fathast Calpan Luin. Dh' aonntuigh Pádrúg a leigidh leis. Dhalbh Oisín agus mac Phádrúg, ga 'n b'áimn an Gille-blarr-odhar. Choisic iad gu íochdar Beinn an t-sealluidh, agus thog iad a mach ri achadh gun ainm Rug Jarim. Thubhairt Oisín re odha cid e laochain a thu nis a faichdum, oir tha mi clumntim monnhor bruidhne. Tha ars odha daoine tha air Seirrich lamh rim. Thoir mise laochain an rathid a tha iad; rinn odha mar a dh' iarr e air. 'S nath a gheibh sibh fearamh ars Oisín. Tha sin a deanamh mar dhaoas sinn ars a na foir. Thoir dhomh do lamh ars Oisín ris a cirann-aorean cha tabhair ars odha, ach tabhair an coltair' as a chram, agus tabhar dha e. Rinn an duine mar sin, agus ghlac Oisín 'n coltaire agus lúb e air a cheill'e.

Na dheidh sin thog iad a mach re ma ambradhaid, agus theirinn iad air Leitir Luin, air a bbeil an t-áimn sin gus an 'n diu'. Deir Oisín re odha bi furachair a faic u seana chraobh mhór dharuidh agus cos na taobh. Thuair an Gille-blarr-odhar in gun ro mhoran saothrich, le seoladh a Shean-athir. Chuir Oisín a lamh a stigh sa chos 'us thug e mach as calpa 'n Luin. Dh' imich iad roumpa mach as a choillich. Seall a laochain ars Oisín a faic u cnoc mor ans a bhlar an íochdar na coille. Chi ars odha. Teorúich mis' n sin ars Oisín. Se áimn a chnóc sa Ceann-a chnóc ain. Cnoc-fraoc bu glnath leis an Fheinn a bhí a tathich gu tric ann sna linnibh roimhe sin. Ceart lamh ris a pholl na thiodhluich Fionn athir Oisín an coire ris an canar gu an la 'n diu' poll choir Fhinn. Thuigh iad air a chnóc agus ghabh iad mo thamh an sin re na h-óich'.

Ghuidh Oisín gu duthrachdach gum biodh Biorach-Mac-Buidheag an t-aon chu bu dona bha ramh san Fheinn air a dheotmachadh dha. Mhosgú e mu dheiridh na h-óich' e agus e mothachadh trom air muin, a chos, agus dh' áthúich e gun d' fhuair e atcheuinuach. Dh' fhan e mar a bha aige gu briseadh na faire. Dhuisg Oisín an Gille-blarr-odhar, agus thug Oisín eibh na íolach mhór as chuir geilt-chrith air gach creutair ghasadach a bha ans na coillichin man cuairt dha. Cíod e chí u ars Oisín ris a Ghille-bhlair-odhar! Tha mi faicsinn áireamh lionnhor do chreutairibh beaga seanga ruadha. Leigidh sinn seachad iad sin deir Oisín. Cha 'n eil a sin a Laochain ach stíoch na Luaithe-Luinnich. Thug Oisín an áid-eidh as. Cíod e nois a cha thu laochain. Chí mi ars odha na h-urid do bheathichibh seanga donna. Tha sin slíoch na Deirge-Dasnuiche. Leig sin seachad fathast. Thug e an treas eídh as Dh' fheorúich e a do dha cíod e bha e faicsinn. Tha mi faicsinn ars odha moran de fheidhíbh tromna-donna. Bis thug Biorachmachd buidhaig. Re sibhalh a ghabh an cu agus nharbh e seachd lan daimh. Bi furachail a laochain a faic u 'n cu a tighlin. O! chí mis e ars an Gille-blarr-odhar agus a chraos fosgailt. Cha neil mo chuleims buidhich seige fathast agus nharbhich e sinne. Ach feuch a stíur thusa mo lántha a stigh na bheul nuair a thig e 'm fíogas. Rinn e mar a dh' iarr Oisín air, agus chuir e lamh na chraos 'us nharbh se e.

Tha' air a nois mi far a fac u na feidh a tuitim. Chruinich e leis iad air mullach a ghuailinn 'us air uallich a dhroma, gus an ruiga e 'n cnoc air an do chaidil iad an oíche roimh sin. Chuir iad suas an turbach. Chruinich iad connadh. Chuir iad na feidh as beoin. Thog Oisín Coir Fhinn athir as a pholl 'us bhruich iad na feidh. Nois a laochain ars Oisín ri odha fan thusa fad na lánthe uamsa man ich mi thú 'n richd toitein. Mo ghéih mise mo leoir an dugh cha bhí dith na failiinn ortsa rid bheo. Ma b' fhíor na fuaidhídh e leoir an la sin gum fasadh e ogail, laidir, neartmhor treubhach. Bha 'n fhagails aign an leannan Shíth. Bha crois ma mheadhoin air son a bhán theannachadh air a cheila. Bha naoi' tuana-chann dethinn chrios sa air a chuir seach a cheila, man do thoisich e air ítha nam fadh. Dh' fheumadh e fhaoinn do shúthinn na lionadh a bhra' 'n sin biodh an crios ann an ruidhídh gus an tinné b' fhaide mach. Ach nair chuníc

<sup>1</sup> Tuill

an Gille-blarr-odhar nach rabh coltas air Oisín gum fagadh e fuighlich, sgríobh e leis píos mor do na bha air beulth-aobh a Shean-athir, agus chuir e sud air a taobh fein. Dhíth Oisín na bha aig an uair sin ach cha rabh e air a shasuchadh. Dh' ionndrain e na thug odha leis, agus thubhairt e. O! laochain us ro olc thuaras du na faga du an t-íomlan agam bhíthin cu mhath sa bha mi riamh.

Thíodhlaichd Oisín an coir ann poll choir-Fhinn. Ghluais e fein agus odha chum pillídh do Ghléann-caoin-fheoir, ach se chonhairl' chinn an ceann odha Oisín gu feuchadh e fuaidhídh e Oisín a shean-athira chuir le crag. Chomhairídh a mhathir dha ro lámh sin a dheanamh. Theorúich se e gu brúach Uirídh-Bhaticris an gaorrig gu cummánda nois Uirídh 'n-fhíthlich, agus dh' fhuair e sud e. Thuit e leis a chraig agus stad e meadhoin na h-uirídh. Bha e car une man buirinn dha gluasad, ach cho luath sa chuir e 'm preathal sin seachad thoisich e air meurachadh man cuairt da gus an d' fhuair e fáinne dheallúich ris une roimhe so. Nois sann o Leanna síth a thuir e 'n toisich e. Bha do bhuaidh air nach cáilídh e radharc agus nach fuaidhídh e bas. Thanic e 'n sí dhathic, le fháinne agus le calpa 'n Luin, agus mar a thubhairt e rin man d' fhuailh e, us amhluidh b' fíor, be calpa 'n Luin 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 PADRUG nair a togail tighé, agus áireamh do dhaoimibh aige, sea na seachd deug do dhaoine foghainmídh, bha cleach mhór an sin nach rabh an t-íomlan do na bha lathir nan-urinn a chur ceart san Tigh. Nan daga' sibh dhanms ars Oisín ri Pádrúg, biadh na sea-fear-deug chuirinn a chlach ceart am aonar. Mata gheibh thusa sin ars a Pádrúg agus 'us math an airídh air thu. Thuair Oisín biadh chug-fear-deug, chum a nighin biadh fíor as. Dh'ích Oisín na thuir e, us dh' áthmích e gun do chumadh páirt dheth.

Dh' eirich e us chairíoch e chlach, ach dh' fhuag e aomadh orra mach as a bhalladh. Thuirt iad ris nach rabh a chlach ceart fathast. Tha fios agam, ach mar tha bídhídh in namsa no fuidhims a biadh na sea-fear-deug, chuir mi chlach ceart, ach a nois tha i 'n sin ghabh, agus deamíbh fein a caramh mar as aill leibh. Bha chlachas ri faicidhinn ann an Gleann canóir, gus o chionn da bhliadhna, bha clachfhearín a togail páirce agus bhí 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 RACHAMAD deire ro Ghille,  
Gu mulach an fhírech thud thall;  
'S áithne dh' an fhíng an t-shíge,  
Comharraich damh alluidh nan crann.
- 2 Seol mo shaghead 'na charaibh,  
'S 'gu faigheam mo fhradhair air ball;  
Thainig na Feidh gu h-ualach,  
Bhuail Oisean damh alluidh nan stang.
- 3 Cro 'n teine le leacáibh,  
Faigh an coire 's dreachaire colg;  
Gear am Fíadh na mhíríbh beaga,  
Bruich e gu deimhin na bhog.
- 4 Na blais a shuth, na blais a shúthinn;  
'S thig mo neart 's mo shealla gun chealg;  
Uirídhídh m' aois mar fheur na macharach,  
Bídhann luath mar fhíadh cheumach ard.
- 5 'S íoma beum a fhuair Oisean,  
Agus daga dh' fhan na fheoil;  
O Linn doghrúinn airde tuath,  
Tha mo shuil ar leonta creuchda.
- 6 Dh' fhalbh mo léirsean le sean aois,  
Eolas no leighas bh' aig mo shínúis;  
Bíodh san tim so dhomh gu caoin,  
Sudh na h-eilid seoladh 'n rathad,  
'S gheibh mo radharc mar mo dhoinn.

- 7 An leighis ulluichta gu grad,  
Fhuair Oisean a fhradharc, n' il;  
Bha na beanntan ciar dhubh lachdann,  
'S na coiltean gun chleachd gun tur.
- 8 Dh' fheuch e tuille dhe 'n leigheas,  
'S dh' fhalbh gach brethal bha du;  
Ach fhathasd bha chreuchdan sileach,  
Leis gach gabh mille na thaobh.
- 9 Bhlaire e 'n Conraich shudhar shladghach,  
Thuit gath 's gath caol ri caol;  
Ach dh' fhuairic aon gu daingean tearuainte,  
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 cainnt gbrada;  
Cha leigheas mo chreuchdau gu brath,  
Thuit gach gath o 'm thaobh ach aon.
- 12 Och mo raon 's truaigh mi noch,  
Nan geilleadh tu dom' ghuth;  
Cha bhithinn gun luth gun treoir,  
Thuiteadh gach gath aon mar aon,  
'S bhithheadh mo thaobh gu fallain beo.
- 13 A Ruaidh is bochd a rinn thu orm,  
Tha mi nochd gun cholg gun treoir;  
Tha thu nochd gun tuar, gun treoir,  
Cha mhair an aois beo gu brath.
- 14 'S maith dhuit gu 'n d' fhalbh gach gath,  
Ach an aon nach sgar ach bas;  
Fossa! fossa! ort a Ruaidh,  
'Se d' gbluiccas gun truaigh, gun tur.  
Bheir Beal dhomhsa slainnte luath,  
'S fhatasd 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 ANACRIDEAMH PHADRIC, ON DON CREUDNA.

Dr. IRVINE'S MS., page 142. 63 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

- 1 LA gu 'n robh Selma air sunt,  
Is Oisean na mhur a steach;  
Thainig 'na choir Mac Alpin liadh,  
'S dh' fhiairaich ciod bu mbiann na theach?
- 2 Is dh' fhalbh an Fheinn guntuar gun chlin,  
Mar sheachd o'n tur a mach;  
Cha d' fhalbh an Fheinn a shean fhir liath,  
'S beag orm do cheil gun thachd.
- 3 'S ioma latha thug sibh sealg,  
Oisein, air bharraribh ard nam fiadh;  
Seadh, Mhic Alpin na binn ghloir;  
San ait leam do cheol gun mhiadh.
- 4 'S breagh am fiadh thair a bhord,  
Oisean 's boiche *sgiamh*!<sup>1</sup>  
'S moth a chos na darn alluidh,  
C'ait an d' fhas a leithid riamb?
- 5 Leig dhìot do bhaghal Phadric mhaoil,  
Chunneas lon nach h' aogas da;  
Ma 's ionann do sgeul air an Fheinn  
Cha bli mi fein nis faid a' d' dhail.
- 6 Led ran teine, gach tamh loig fuoin,<sup>2</sup>  
'S breugnach do mhaoin Oisein dhòil;  
Na loisg gach sgeul, 's fìlìdh dhan,  
Mo thruaighe, cha laithair do Ullin gaoil.
- 7 Cha laithair do Charull binn gath beoil,  
Cha laithair do Oran, brìgh gach fonn;
- 8 Cha laithair do Fheargus cliu gach ceoil,  
Cha laithair do Ainmir, mor, no Sonn;  
O Chuthail, faic mo bheud,  
Tiormaich Mo dheur gun iochd.

<sup>1</sup> Bian.

<sup>2</sup> Lamh.

- 9 A Threunmhor tog mo lure broin,  
A Luthainn, thig a'm' choir a nochd;  
O nach robh mi 'n Innis chuin,  
Mar ri Ebhir run mo chridhe.
- 10 Mar ri Oscar ceann gach ciar,  
Mar ri Fioun briathar gach ni;  
Dh' fhalbh mo spionna 's mo threoir,  
'S tha mi nochd, mar cheòl gun tir.
- 11 Thoir mi, Ruaidh, gu coill nas geug,  
Far an tric a dh' eugh an lon;  
Gu crann daraig usal ard,  
O 'n tric a leag mi gradh nan con.
- 12 Sin feucham, a Phadric, gun eol,  
Nach faoin ghloir mo sgeul a nochd;  
Rainig iad a cboill an truir,  
Oisean an cu, 's for,
- 13 Padric thainig nan deigh,  
Mar fhear gun eric, gun choir,  
Fhuaras an lon dubh ciar dhubh,  
Le saighead dian o luinne eille.
- 14 Shoillich leus air anam Oisein,  
Thainig osna grad O Chliabh;  
An creid thu Mhic Alpin gun ebonn,  
An d' inis Oisean bonn gun chliath.
- 15 An ionann do sgeulsa ri so,  
Faiccam do sgoil san fhrith;  
'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 ban  
Sid am fath a mhìll mo cheol.

O 'n aon cheudna.

These two I take to be modern metrical versions of the old story told above.—J. F. C.

THE HISTORY OF THE FEINNE.

THE slaying of Cunnhall, the birth of Fionn, and other current prose stories about Art and Cormac, and the battles of Magh Muchdram, and Crinna, when studied by the light of Keating's History, drop into their places. They are told in the reciters' Gaelic words. I will tell them in my English words, in their order. The Story about Oisein and Padruig is at least as old as 1512. The ballads were strung on this string before Dean Mac Gregor's time; but nobody ever wrote them all in order.

I place first:—The religious argument which proves itself to be a Christian's work, by the absence of every sign of the Pagan's creed. It must be confessed that the Christian imagined a strong Pagan character in this very strange old ballad. I have the following versions:—

A. 5. 6. 139 lines, taken from different parts of the Book, 1512, joined, divided into quatrains, and numbered. F. 5. about 1750. 132 lines. D. 4. 146 lines. Dated 1762. H. i. 284. About 1774. L. i. 105. 1784. O. 17. 122. About 1800.

In 1857, John Hawkins Simpson published, p. 42, a translation from a MS. procured in Kerry, by a Mr. J. O. Sullivan. In 1859, the Ossianic Society of Dublin published Irish and English on opposite pages, with notes. These two are very long versions. They take in many ballads, and differ materially from each other. But, nevertheless, all these contain verses which were in A. 350 years ago.

I print A. D. F. H. O., which all vary. To save space and cost, I do not print L. J. R. Dr. Young's version, L., is in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Hill's version is compared with it by the Irish collector. R. Dr. Donald Smith quotes Hill's version. The object of all then concerned was to prove or disprove the authenticity of Mac Pherson's Ossian. 'Malvina' is the equivalent of 'an Damhach,' Ossian's wife, now 'the Vat'; of old 'the Learned'—to wit, 'the Saint,' to whom the blind bard is made to tell the story. The Polemics which follow, I have never heard orally repeated. Mac Lean has heard old Islay men talking over Oisein's wickedness.

A WIL NEEWA AG FANE EYRRIN?

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

- 1 INNIS downe a phadrik  
Nonor a leyvin  
A wil neewa gi hayre  
Ag mathew fane eyrrin



- 2 Veyriss zut a zayvin  
A ossinn ni glooyn  
Nac wil neewa ag aythyr  
Ag oskyr na ag goolle
- 3 Ach is troyg ni skayl  
Chamis tuss cleyrri  
Mis danew chrawe  
Is gin neewa ag fane eyrrin
- 4 Nac math lat a teneir  
Vee tow si caythre  
Gin keilt gin noskyr  
Weith far zutt is taythyr
- 5 Beg a wath lwmsi  
Wee ym hew si caythre  
Gin keilt gin noskyr  
Weith far rwm is maythir
- 6 Is farr gnwss vec neyve  
Re agsin raa am lay  
Na wil doyr si grwnnith  
Vea aggrit gi hynlane
- 7 Innis dwne a halgin  
Skayli ni caythryth noya  
Verinsi zut gi hayre  
Scaylli cath gawrraa
- 8 Ma sea skayll ni cathrych  
Zeawris tuss a hannor  
Gin netow gin nagris  
Gin nenkis gin nanehoyve
- 9 Ka id muntir neyve  
Is oyssil fayne eyrrin  
Vil kroyss na gree  
Na deilli scad cleyrri
- 10 Ni heynin is ni fane  
Ni cosswil eayd ree cheyll  
Neir zlass glayrre  
Wea goyrre sprej
- 11 Er zraw tenni phadrik  
Na fagsi ni demyh  
Gin nis di ree noya  
Ber a steach ni fayni.
- 12 Ga beg a chwle chronanych  
Ni in dad one zat zryme  
Gin nis din re woralych  
Ne rey fa wil a skaye
- 13 Ne hay sin di v'owle  
Re math we sin ne faynow,  
Rachteis fir in doythin  
'N a thigh wle gin nearri
- 14 Is troygth lwm a henor  
Is how in derri teissi  
Cha chorymich a wra sin  
Ver how er mi reissi
- 15 Barr in chath layddir  
Verri fenni ny fayni  
Na di hearnyth crawe  
Is tow feyn lay cheill
- 16 Bog sin a henor  
A ne an coyra bolla  
Is far dea re hynlay  
Na fayne errin olla
- 17 Ga taring mi layis  
Is me derri meissi  
Phadrik na toythr ayhis  
Er mathew clynni beiskni
- 18 Ne hurrinn zwt aythris  
Ossin v<sup>e</sup> in reayne  
Ach nath innyn far mathis  
Agis flathis ni heyarni
- 19 Di marra aggrwm conane  
Far mewlass ni fayni  
Ne legfie layd wannill di  
Chomis a cleyrri
- 20 Na habbir sen a ossin  
Is anmein di wrayrri  
Be fest gi fostynich  
Is gawc hugit me ryilt

- 21 Da wacca ni catha  
Is ni braddiche grast  
Ne wee ane roid id ter  
Ter ach moyir ni fayni
- 22 Ossin v<sup>e</sup> ni flaa  
Mest tanuyn a beithyll  
Na cwne ni cath  
Cha nil ag asling sin seill
- 23 Da glun ni gyir  
Is meith ni shealga  
Bar lat wee na warri  
Na wea si chaythir noya
- 24 Troyg sin a henor  
Is meithur ni schelga  
Faychin gi honor  
Za wil si chaythir noa
- 25 Na habbir sin a phadrik  
Is fallow di wrayrri  
In deggow sin daynyth  
Barr tun is no fayni
- 26 Er a lawe v<sup>e</sup> eweissui  
Ne fallow mi wrari  
Is farr angil din di hanglew  
Na finn is ni faynyth
- 27 Da beanyth mir a weissith  
A gath zawryth ni beymin  
Di zelin in demis  
Ver tow er ayne errin
- 28 Dimnyth di wor zail  
Er cath di heill  
Ni warriu did choyth lawyth  
Ach how neiss a tenour
- 29 Da marri ni zenissi  
Ne estin di choyllane  
Is zoyno di hemoo  
In narrik di choyrre
- 30 Da mardeis sin ulli  
Si goynith ra cheilli  
Ne wea mi hollu lwe  
Re vii cathe ni fayni
- 31 Vii fegthit urrit  
Urrit vil tuss zi cleyrrew  
Di luttideis sin ulli  
Lay oskir na henyr
- 32 Ta tou in der di heill  
A henor gin cheyll  
Scur a neiss id wreysrow  
Is be fest zim rayr
- 33 Da wacca in lwcht cogthoill  
A v<sup>e</sup>fin in alvin  
Ne raacha za gomor  
Re muntir ni caythre noya
- 34 Aggis ner low ir dynoyll  
Nor heg most gow tawri  
Sauossil ni braythryth  
Fane woory zi rynis  
Mathwm zwt a cleyrre  
Di sgeul na hynniss.

Innis down.

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

- 1 AILLIS Sgeil, a Phadric,  
An Onnair do Lebbhidh,  
A bheil neibh gu harrid,  
Aig Fianibh na Herin.
- 2 Bheirunsa Briar dhutasa  
Ossain nan Glonn,  
Nach heil Neibh aig Tathir,  
Aig Oscar na aig Goll.
- 3 'S olc an Sgeil a Phadric,  
A haggad 'dhos', a chlerich,  
Com an Bithimse ri Crabbhidh  
Mar heil Neibh aig Fianibh Erin.



- 4 Nach Doinnigh shin, Ossain,  
Fhìr nan Brìaribh baioille,  
'S gum bearr Dia re aoin Uair,  
Na Fian Erin uille.
- 5 Bèarr leum aoin Chath laidir  
Chunigh Fion na Feine  
Na Tighearn' a Chrabbaidh shin,  
Agus Ùssa 'Chlerich.
- 6 Ge begg a Chuil' chronanich  
Agus Monaran na Greine  
Gun Fhios don Rìogh Mhoralich  
Cha deid fo Bhiligh a Sheigh.
- 7 N' saoil u 'm biunnin E 's Mac Cubhail  
An Rìogh 'bhagguin air na Fianibh,  
Dhede gach Neich bha air Hallibh  
Dol na Tsheolle sin gun iarridh.
- 8 Ossain! 's fadde do Tshuain,  
Erich a suas 's eist na Saim  
Fon chaill u nish do Lu 's do Rath  
'S nach cuir Cath ri La gearbh.
- 9 Ma chaill mi mo Lu 's mo Rath,  
'S nach mairin Cath a bhaig Fion,  
Do 'd Chleirsnichd, 's beg mo Speis,  
'S do Cheoil eisidich nìn fiach hom.
- 10 Cha chual u co-math mo Cheoil,  
Fo hùs an Doibhin bhoir gus a nochd,  
'S ha u aoiste ann-'ghlioc Lia,  
Fhìr a dhiligh Chiar air Chroc.
- 11 'S trice a dhìol mi Clìar air Chroc,  
Ihlig-phadric as ole Ruin.  
'Se gar dhuitsa 'chain mo Chruit  
Fon nach duair U Gnth air hus.
- 12 Chualas Ceol os cion do Cheoil,  
Ga mor a Bholis du do Chliar;  
Ceoil air nach luigh Letrom Laoich,  
Faothir buik aì gan Ord Fian.
- 13 Mara tshnigh Fion air Cnoc,  
Heinne mid port do 'n Ord Fian,  
Chuiridh nan Caddil na Sloigh,  
'S ochain bu bhinn' e na Chliar.<sup>1</sup>
- 14 Smeorich bhègg dhuth fo Ghleann Smàil,  
Faothir nan Baise rish an Tuinn,  
Heinnigh midde lethidh purt,  
'S bha shin fein 's air Cruit ro bhinn.
- 15 Bha 13 Gaothir dheig Fionn  
Leigidh midde ri Gleann Smàil,  
'S bu bhinnigh Glasheirm air Conn  
Na do Chlaig' a Chlerich chaibh.
- 16 Cuide runne Fion air Dia  
A riar Chliar agus scòil,  
Hug e La air pronnigh Oir  
'S an ath Lo air Meothir Chonn.
- 17 Aig meid Fhìnthir ri Meothir Chon,  
'S e dioligh Scòil gach aoin La,  
'S aig luthad Eisamail ri Dia,  
Nois ha Fion nan Fian an Laibh.
- 18 'S gann a chreidas mido Scèil,  
A Chlerich, le'd Leobhar bàn,  
Gun bithidh Fion na eho fial  
Aig Duinne na aig Dia an Laibh.
- 19 Ann an Ifrin ha e 'n Laibh  
Fear le 'n Sath bhì pronna Oir,  
Air son a Dhimais air Dia,  
Chuir iad e 'n Tigh pian fo Leon.<sup>2</sup>
- 20 Na 'n bigh Clanne Morni 'Steach,  
'S clainni Baoisge na Fr Threan,  
Bheirre midd Fion a mach  
Na bhìgh an Teach aguin fein.
- 21 Coige Choiginibh na Herin ma sheach,  
'S hair Leatsa gur mor am Feim,  
Cha dnga sin Fion a mach,  
Gad bhìgh an Teich agibh pein.
- 22 Nach math an Tait Turne fein,  
A Chlerich gan leir an Scòil,  
Nach co math i 's flaitheas De  
Ma dheothar int' Feigh as Coin.
- 23 Bha mise La air Sliagh Boid,  
Agus Caoilte bu chrauidh Lann,  
Bha Oscar ann 's Goll nan Sleigh,  
Donil nan Fleigh raoin fo 'n Ghleus,  
Fion Mac Cubhil Corbta Bhrigh,  
Bha e na Rìogh os air Cion.
- 24 Tri Micibh ard Rìogh nan Scia,  
Bh bhor am Mian air dol Tshèalg,  
A Phadric nan Bachil fial,  
Cha leigge mid Dia os air cion.
- 25 Bu bheic hom Diarmad o Duine  
Agus Fearreas bu bhinn Gloir,  
Na 'm bo ehead leat mi gu luaidh  
Chlerich nuaidh a heid do 'n Roi.
- 26 Com nach cead Com u gan luaidh,  
Ach hoir tairigh gu lua air Dia;  
Fon ha nois Deirigh air Tsaio,  
'S cuir dod Mhaogh t-sheanfhir Le.
- 27 A Phadric, ma hug n ead  
Air beggan a labhairt Duin  
Nach aidich u (mas cead le Dia)  
Flath nan a ghra air Hus.
- 28 Cha dug mishe Comas duit,  
Tshèau Fhìr chuir ag u lia.  
Bèar Mac Muire re aoin Lu,  
Na Duinne gan danig riabh.
- 29 Nar ro math aig neich fon' Ghreine  
Gu 'm bear e fein na mo Tshriach  
Mac muirnich nach deitich Chiar  
Cha leiggidh e Dia os a chionn.
- 30 Na coabhid ussa Duinne ri De,  
Tshèin-fhìr Le, na brennich e,  
'S fadde fo 'n hanig a Neirt  
As marrigh e ceart gu brach.
- 31 Choadinse Fion nan Fleigh,  
Rì aoin neich t-sheoil san Ghreine  
Cha 'diar riabh nì air neich  
'S cha bho dheir e neich ma<sup>4</sup> Ni
- 32 Bheiramid sheic Cathin Fichid an Fhian  
Air Shean Druim Chair a Muigh  
Cha duga mid Urram do Dhia  
Na dhain<sup>2</sup> Triach<sup>3</sup> a bha air bith.
- 33 Sheic Caithibh fìochid dhuibhse nar Fein.  
Cha do chreid shìbh 'n De nan dul  
Cha bharrin Duinne gar Shìoc  
'S cha bheo ach Rìchd Ossain Uir.
- 34 Cha ne shin bu chaorich ruin  
Ach Turis Fhìn a dhòl don Roi  
Cummail Cath-ghaure leoin fein  
Bha e cluidh air Fein gu mor.
- 35 Cha ne shin chluidh shìbh uille ann  
A Mhic 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 Ailsdail deig  
Gabhgh mi dho fein an Diugh  
Ma rein misse pecca trom  
Chuir an Cnoc na 'n Tom a Muigh.

Criche.

Note on the manuscript.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hoiran Eichdrigh Mhaistir Donil  
Ha Choinigh an Cois na Tainne—(viz. Lismore),  
An Urnigh bha aig Ossain Liaghas  
Nach ro riabh ach na 'dhroich dhuinne.'

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

Laa shiùthil slethigh dho. (Fragment.)  
&c. &c. (All deleted.)

<sup>1</sup> Or ona.<sup>2</sup> Or Chaoin.<sup>3</sup> Chliar.<sup>4</sup> In 'The Gaidheal' (No. 4, p. 84, Glasgow, 1872) this<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 vernacular dialects of Gaelic now spoken.

F. 5. URNUIGH OISAIN. 132 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 9. Advocates' Library. Feb. 2, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NA OISAIN AGUS PATRIC MACALPIN AIG TAGRAPH RA CHEILE.

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

2 Dh' inuine sin dhuitsa,  
Oisain nan glond;  
Cha' neil neamh aig t-tathair,  
Aig Osgar no aig Goull.

OISAIN.

3 'S ole an sgeula àraidh,  
Tha agad dhuinn' a Chleirich;  
Com am bithinne ri crabbadh,  
Mur 'eil neamh aig Maithibh Fìann na Feinne.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

6 Nior chual tu co-maith mo cheoil,  
Bho thùs an domhunn mhoir gus a' nochd;  
'S tha thu aosda ana-ghlic iath,  
Thir a dh' ioladh chlar air enoc.

OISAIN.

7 'S tric a dhiol mi cliar air enoc,  
'Inlla Phàdruic is ole ran;  
'S eucor dbuit a chain mo chruth,  
Bho nach d' thuair mi 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 Fiann.

OISAIN.

9 N' ar a shuidhe Fìonn air enoc,  
'S a sheinneadh è port don ord Fìann;  
Gu 'n cuireadh è chadull na sloig,  
'S och-òin bu bhinne è na do chliars.

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

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

12 Ach ciod a rinn Fìonn air Dia,  
Riun è rian chliar agus sgolp;  
Thug è latha ri prònuadh oir,  
'S an ath-la ri meathair chon.

PATRIC.

13 Se miad 'ur ruighe ri meathair chon,  
'S bhi diola' sgolp gach aon la,  
'S gun urram a thoirt do Dhia,  
Anis tha Fìonn nam Fìann an laimh.

OISAIN.

14 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeul,  
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bàn;  
Gu bhìodh Fìonn Mac Cuthail no cho fial,  
Aaig duine na aig Dia ann laimh.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

16 N' am biodh Clanna-Baoisge a steach,  
'S Clanna Moirne nam fear trein;  
Bheireamaidne Fìonn a mach,  
Neo bhìodh an teach agau fein.

PATRIC.

17 Maithean na Feinne ma seach,  
Leasta ge bu mhor an t-euchd;  
Cha tugadh sud Fìonn a mach,  
Nì mo bhìodh an teach agaibh fein.

OISAIN.

18 Is ciod è an t aite ifrinn fein,  
A Chleirich a lèubhas an sgòil;  
Nach bu co-naith è ri flaitheas De,  
Na faigheamaid ann feidh is coin.

PATRIC.

19 Ge beag a chu' ill chronnach,  
Is mònanan na grèine;  
Cha theid gun fhios don Rìgh mhoralach,  
Fu' bhar blùilbh a sgeidhsan.

OISAIN.

20 Cha b' ionnan è 's Fìonn mac Cuthail,  
An Rìgh bh' againn air na Fìannaibh;  
Dh' fhaodadh Tr an domhunn,  
Dol na thallasan gun iarraidh.

PATRIC.

21 Na coi-meas thus duine ri Dia,  
'Sa shean fhir leith na òreithnich è;  
'S fhad bho thainig a reachd,  
Is seasmaidh a cheart gu la bhra.

OISAIN.

22 Choi-measainse Fìonna mac Cuthail,  
Ri aon neach a sheall sa ghreìn;  
Cha d' iarr e riamh ni air neach,  
'S cha mbò dh' eur è neach mu ni.  
23 Thug sinne latha air sliabh Bhòid,  
Bha Caoilte am 's bu chruaidh a lamh;  
Osgar agus Goull nan sleagh,  
Diarnad an Mhaoth 's Fraoch an Ghleann.

24 Fìonn mac-Cuthail bu mhor pris,  
Bha è na Rìgh oirn san àm;  
'S a Chleirich nam bachel fall,  
Cha leigeanmaid Dia bhos air cionn.

PATRIC.

25 'Se sin a chuir as dhiubh riamh,  
Nach do chreid sibh 'n Dia nan dul;  
'S cha mhairtean duine d'ar sliochd,  
'S ni beo ach riochd Oisain iur.

OISAIN.

26 Cha b' e sin a chuir as dhuinn,  
Ach turus Fhinn 'dhol don Roimh;  
Bhi cuir cath araid leinn fein,  
'Se chuir as d' ar Feinn gu mòr.

PATRIC.

27 'S ole leam sin 'uaitse Oisain,  
Fhir nam briathra' bòile;  
'S gum b' fhearr Dia ri aon uair,  
Na Fiann na Feinne uile.

OISAIN.

28 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath laidir  
A chuireadh Fiann na Feinne;  
Na Tighearna a chràbhaidh sin,  
Is thusa a Chleirich

## PATRIC.

- 29 Eisd ri radhadh Rígh nam bochd,  
Is iarr a nochd neamh dhuit fein;  
'S bhon tha deire tighinn air t aois,  
'Tog dod' mhaois a shean fhir leith.

## OISAIN.

- 30 Bu bheachd leam thu gan luaidh.  
'S air Fearghus bu bhinne gloir;  
Na bu chead leat mi gan luaidh,  
Chleirich nuadh 'theid don Roimh.

## PATRIC.

- 31 Com nach cead leam thu gan luaidh,  
Ach thoir aire gu luath air Dia;  
'S bho tha críoch a teachd air t-aois,  
'Tog do d' bhaois a shean fhir leith.
- 32 'Cha tugainse atha do neach,  
Leis bu dochadh mí fein na me chliar,  
Mhac mairnich a chualas riamh;  
Ach Flath nam Fiann a raite air thús.
- 33 Comraich an da-abstail-deug,  
'Gabhamsa dhomh fein a nochd;  
'S ma rinn mise peacadh trom,  
Bíodh è an slochd nan tam nan cloich.

## H. I. THE DIALOGUE. 234 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 168. Advocates' Library, January 3, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THERE WAS NONE alive of the Heroes at last but Ossian only, and one of his daughters married to Peter Mac Alpin, or rather St. Peter, who came from Rome to learn the Christian Religion to the Inhabitants of Ireland (to which he addressed all these Poems). And St. Patrick was endeavouring to learn his father-in-law all the principles of Religion, which was very hard to do in his old age, when all his faculties and senses waxed weak by decay and sorrow. Sometimes he had some regard for it, and some other times he would not stay to hear it: it would be as bitter to his ears as the Worm-wood and Gall to his tongue, and he would rather to sing his own Poems than the Psalms of David, and he thinks them to be nothing in comparison to his own melodious songs. He asked one day of St. Peter were all the Heroes in Heaven, and he said that they were not, and they disputed a while about that; St. Peter was still admonishing him to believe in God and to give over his foolish talking, and not to have such an opinion of God, until he made him pray at last to the Apostles, which confirms that it was after Christ's death then, when he asked pardon of his sins from them.

## DAN 29.

- 1 INNIS dhamhsa Phádraig,  
O' onoir a dheadh leabhidh;  
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 olc an sgcúl a Phádraig,  
A th' agad dhamhsa Chleirich;  
C' ar son a bhitheamsa re crabbadh,  
Mar bheil neo' aig Fiantidh Éirann.
- 4 'S górach leam sin Oisain,  
Fhir nam briathraibh bailaisg;  
'S gu b' fhearr Dia re aon uair,  
No Fiantidh Éirann uile.'
- 5 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath láideir,  
A chuireadh Fiantidh Éirann;  
No Tighearna chrabhidh sin,  
Agus tusa Chleirich.
- 6 'No coi-meas thusa duine re Dia,  
No breathnich fhir liath re d' lá;  
'S fhad o na thainig a rath,  
Is maithridh e mia' gu bráth.'

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

<sup>2</sup> Iarramsa.

- 7 Choi-measainmsa 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 dlí' éur.
- 8 'No coi-meas thusa chaoitdh Fionn,  
Re neach a bha ann o thús;  
S bhitheas anois sa ris,  
Gun cheann críoch no deireadh úin.'
- 9 Cíod e a ghné dhuine sin,  
A bhíteas anois 's gu bráth;  
'S neach raibh toiseach aig a bhíth,  
Cho duin e ach Spiorad fás.
- 10 'Cho mbodha na sin is seadh,  
A fhuair brí' no blagh no cáil;  
O ní no neach tha air chuan,  
No air talmbinn fhuair a bhá.'
- 11 Cíod e a ghné Spioraid e,  
Nach d' thainig o neach a bha;  
Air an talamh no air chuan,  
Mor Spiorad fhuar bheantidh árd.
- 12 'Cho ne Spiorad bheantidh fhuar,  
Th' ann ach bith tha sbnas do ghná;  
Ann 's na flaitheasaibh is mó,  
Far an lionmhor glóir is grás.'
- 13 Cíod idir an Spiorad e,  
A th' ann 's na neamhidh is áird;  
Far an saibhir grás is glóir,  
Feadh gach lo gun sgar gu bráth.
- 14 'Spiorad a chruthaich an cuan,  
Is an talamh fuairidh bráit;  
Gach ní agus neach a th' ann,  
Gun chomamb ann an sea láith.'
- 15 'S ionngeantach an spiorad leom,  
A chruthaich am fórn na cuan;  
Gun chomamb no iarrtas neach,  
An sea láith le neart a suas.'
- 16 'Creidam gar h ionngeantach leat,  
O' neach d' fhuair thu beachd no iúl;  
Air an tí tha 'n flaitheas shuas,  
Far nach críochnaich luadh ní cliú.'
- 17 Cíod e 'n t áite flaitheas fein,  
A Chleirich d' an leir gach cle;  
Nach coi-maith an talamh fein, (or rù)  
Na 'm fíu' t' ann éibhneas is loin.
- 18 'Oisain 's amaideach do ghloir,  
Gun dadam eólas no sgoil;  
'N uair a choi-measa tu fein,  
Aros De re fiathach lon.'
- 19 Cía ris deir thu áros De,  
'N ann ris na spúra' nd shiar;  
O 'n d' thig sneachd, is nigr, is gaoth,  
Teine bhaoghach is mór fíath.
- 20 'Oisain struagh dhuit a bhí beó,  
Gun ghrásaibh, gun treóir no cáil;  
Ach mar Eilid an dalla cheó,  
Nach d' fhuair braon do dh' eólas Dia.'
- 21 Do fhuair mí eólas is iúl,  
Cho maith sa bha Mur na Feinn;  
Gu scéinn Clarseich agus cáil,  
D ánaibh úr, is sealg an fhéidh.
- 22 'No coi-meas thusa gu bráth,  
Scalg is Clarsaichibh is duain;  
Re eólas bhí air lágh Dhe,  
An tí leirsinnach tha buan.'
- 23 'Am bheil leirsinn is fios aig,  
Air gach ní a'ta fuidh 'n ghréin;  
Gach creatair tha ann sa chuan,  
'S air an talmbhinn suas le chéil.'
- 24 'S deimhinn gu bheil fios sin aig,  
Air gach creatair tha air lár;  
Mar an ceudna ann sa chuan,  
S'e fein dhealbha iad suas le laimh.'
- 25 'Am bheil fios aige gach uair,  
Air ar cómhradhne 's air rádh:  
'N uair a bhios sinn ann ar suain,  
Is tra bhios sinn tinn is slán.'

- 26 'Tha fios aige air gach nì,  
A labhair gach sìol is àll;  
Is gach slàinte agus leòn,  
A thig feadh gach ló o làimh.'
- 27 'S ro' ole leom a nì e sin,  
A-chuircas nimh agus cràth;  
Air na daoine a rinn e,  
C' om an deanamh sin gu brath.'
- 28 'Nì e e gan toirt fuì' chùis,  
Chumas 's gu strìocha gach neach dh'a;  
Gun deanamh incheudidh fàidheòidh,  
Gu dol comhladh ris gu brath.'
- 29 'Am fuidh sinne dol gun fhios,  
'S tigh do 'n ionad sin leinn fein;  
Chum 's gu biodhaid ann gu bràth,  
Ann na Aros le Mac De.'
- 30 'Uidhir na cuilag a nì srann,  
No monaran fann na gréin;  
Cha d' theid gun fhios do 'b Rìgh mhór,  
D'a aros gloirahor r'a re.'
- 31 'S miòdhurach leam fein a sheol,  
Nach d' theid monaran na gréine;  
Gun fhios d' a do fhlaithes suas,  
Masa farsuing buan a reilcach.'
- 32 'Nì 'm fuigh gu sìorruidh aon neach,  
Dol a steach gu 'n cheud on lí so;  
'S gun bhì saor o chron 's ghó,  
Cho 'n fluigh còmhuidh ann na Rìoghlachd.'
- 33 Cho' b' ionann is Fionn Mac Chuthail,  
An Rìgh bh' again 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 Trìonaid;  
Cha raibh eòlas aig air maithes,  
Ach air cathaibh agus piantidh.'
- 35 'Bha sin eòlas ais is aithne,  
Cho mhaith sa tha fòs re fhaotainn;  
Cha deach' e riamb a chur catha,  
Ach da aindeòin, 'n uair bu bhaoghlaich.'
- 36 'Cha d' fhuair e eolas air Dia,  
Cha b' e mhiann o thús a lá;  
Uime sin cho 'n eil e shuas,  
Ann ionad na luth-ghair.'
- 37 Cìod e 'n d' ionad am bheil Fionn,  
An tì b' aiumeala a bha;  
An tigh Teamhradh bhinn nan téud,  
Far am b' eibhinn bénl gach Bard.'
- 38 'Tha Fionn ann an ifrionn shìos,  
'S cho d' thig e' nios gu la bráth;  
Le lughad sa rinn e bhun a Dia,  
Bidh e 'n tigh nam pian fui' chradh.'
- 39 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgéul,  
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bán;  
Gu bheil Fionn mo choi'-fhial,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an làimh.'
- 40 'Tha e an Ithuirne 'n làimh,  
Ge d' b'e ghna' bhì pronnadh óir;  
'S aig mead aim-beartan air Dia,  
Tha e 'n tigh nam pian fui' 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 làimh.'
- 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 Mormna nam fear tréun;  
Bheir' maide Fionn amach,  
Neo bhiodh an teach againn fein.'
- 44 'Cuige cutha na h-Eirann air fad,  
Air leatsa gu'm bu mhor am féum;  
Cha d' thugadh iad Fionn amach,  
Ge d' bhiodh an teach aca fein.'
- 45 Cìod e 'n d' áit Ithuirne fein,  
A Chleirich gau leir an sgòil;  
Nach coi-mhuith e 's flaitheas De,  
Na 'm fuighinn ann feidh is còin.'
- 46 'Oisain leam 's fhada do shuain,  
Eirich smas is cist na sailm;  
O 'n chailt thu do ruth 's do rath;  
'S nach cuir thu cath re latha gearbh.'
- 47 Ma chailt mi mo ruth 's mo rath,  
'S nach cuir mi cath re latha garbh;  
Do d' Chleirsinnachd 's feug mo spéis,  
'S do cheòl eisdeuchd cho 'n fhiaich leam.'
- 48 'Cho chuala tu cho màith mo cheòil,  
O thús an domhain mhor gus a noe;  
'S thu gu h aosmhor, an-ghlic, liath,  
Fhìr is tric a dhìoil eliar air enoc.'
- 49 'N aile 's tric a dhìoil mi eliar air enoc,  
Ille Phádraig is ole rùn;  
'S ea-coir dhuitsa cháin mo chruth,  
O nach d' fhuair mi guth o thús.'
- 50 'Cha do cháin mise do chruth,  
Ge d' thubhairt mi riut gu cùin;  
Gu raibh thu gu h an-ghlic liath,  
'S nach d' chualt thu rianh cho mhai' mo chiuil.'
- 51 Chualas na b' fhearr na do cheòl,  
Ge mór a mhólas tu do chéir;  
Ceòl air nach d' luigh leith-trom laojich,  
Am faoi cuilg bh' aig caoinh na Feinn.'
- 52 'No coi-meas gu bráth faol garbh,  
Re sailm Dhaibhidh chalma ghráidh;  
'S nì me-choi' measas re' d' ré,  
Re Clag Teambal Dhe nan grás.'
- 53 'Bha sea Lothiáin deug aig Fionn,  
'S leigemaoid iad re gleann smáil;  
'S bu bhinne leam frosnaich ar con,  
Na do chlog a Chleirich cháich.'
- 54 'S amaideach leam fein do glóir,  
Feadh an ló gun sgar no támh;  
'N nair a choi-measa tu fein,  
Coin na Féinn re 'm Chlag gu h' árd.'
- 55 Cha bu coi-meas Coin na Feinn,  
Re d' chlog tiabhídh féin air máil;  
'S ann a bhios bronach gach neach,  
Re h' am tionail mu d' theach cráidh.'
- 56 'Oisain 's gorrach leam do luadh,  
A toirt fuath gach nair do ghraís;  
B' fhearr leat frosnaich Chon na Feinn,  
No bhì g' eisteachd mo lua'-ghair.'
- 57 'B' ionmhuinne leamsa gach ré,  
Frosnaich chon na Feinn sa ghleann;  
A lathach nan Dámh 's nau Aogh,  
No na bheil a bhlagh a' d' cheann.'
- 58 'S baothail thu Oisain mhic Fhinn,  
Gur neo' Chinn do chómhradh cearr;  
Dhoth thu do Chona' na Féinn,  
Na 's mo no mbae De 's da ráidh.'
- 59 Bha seachd Chathanaibh san Fheinn,  
An màith am feum 's gach áim air bith;  
'S cha d' thug iad urram do Dhia,  
No Cheann clar a b' fhiaata cith.'
- 60 'Se sin a chlaoidh sibhsa rianh,  
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dúl;  
Cha mhaithrean an diu duine d' ar síochd,  
'S cha bheo ach riochd Oisain úir.'
- 61 Cha b' e sin a rinn ar claidh,  
Ach turas Fhinn a dhol do 'n Roimh;  
Sinne cumail Cath-cabhara leinn fein  
Sa claidh ar Féinne gu ro-mhor.'
- 62 'Bu chubhaidh sin eiridh dhuibh,  
Tuiteam is bhur claidh le cách;  
Oir b' e bhur rín is bhur miann,  
Bhì cosgairt nan eliar gach lá.'
- 63 'Cha b' e sin a bu bhéus duinn,  
An dream caomh a b' úire bha;  
Cha d' rinn rianh marbha' no leóin,  
Ach 'n tra' slóigh oirnn' cearr.'

- 64 'Ma 's fhearr leatsa gu la bhráth,  
A bli gáirleach no fúí' bhóin;  
Thoir urram is clú do Dhia,  
Is dean a riar gach trá-nóin.'
- 65 'An toir mise clú le gean,  
Do neach nach fhaca mí riamh;  
B' annsa leam a bhí tra-nóin,  
A min eisteachd glóir nam Fiann.'
- 66 'Oisain 's ceanngailte re' d' bheachd,  
A Chleir-fheachd sin nach raibh tíá;  
Leis nach b' ionmhuin clú an Triath,  
A sheinn riamh ach iarguin bháir.'
- 67 Gur beachd leam Diarmaid, is Coireall,  
'S Fearadhas bu bhaghara glóir;  
Na' m bu chead leat mí da' n luadh,  
Chleirich thruaigh a theich o'n Róimh.
- 68 'C'om pach ceud leam thu d'an luadh,  
Ach thoir aithr' gu luath air Dia,  
Le d' nile dhúrachd 's do ghradh,  
Ma 'n glac an bas thu gun fhíath.'
- 69 A Phádrúic ma thugas ceud,  
Beagan beag a labhairt dhúinn;  
Aailais ma-sa ceud le Dia,  
Flath nam Fiann a radh air thús.
- 70 'Cha d'thug mise comas dhuit,  
A shean-fhir churta gun chiall,  
'S ann a thuir rint gun bhéug,  
Iarruidh neamh is lagh' o' Dhia.'
- 71 Comraic an dá Ostaíl déug,  
Gabhamsa dhambh fein a noc;  
'S ma rinn mise freadhach tróm,  
Bíodh e 'n luadh, san tóim san enoc.
- O. 17. URNUIGH OISEIN. 120 lines.
- Dr. Irvine's MS., page 98. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.  
Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.
- 1 INNIS dhuinn a Phadrig, (aithris)  
Air onar do leughadh;  
Bheil neamh gu h-araid,  
Aig maithibh fir na Feinne.
- 2 Bheirinnse briathar dhuitsa,  
Oisean nan glonn;  
Nach eil neamh aig t-athair,  
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.
- 3 'S ole an sgeul araid,  
Th' agadsa dhomh a Chleirich;  
Cum a bithinnse ri crabha,  
Mar 'eil neamh aig maithibh fir na Feinne.
- 4 Oisean gur fada do shuain,  
Eirich suas is eisd na sailm;  
Chail thu nis do lugh 's do ragh,  
Cha chuir thu cath ri la garbh.
- 5 Ma chail mise mo lugh 's mo ragh, (rath)  
Mar enir mí cath ri la garbh;  
Do d' ghlaggar gur beag mo speis, (al. chleirsneachd)  
Do cheol eisdeachd cha 'n fhú leam.
- 6 Cha chual thu riamh cho maith ri m' cheol,  
O thus an domhain mhór gu nochd;  
Tha thu aosda anaglic liath, (al. agluadh)  
Fhir a dhioladh char air chnoc.
- 7 Ghille Phadric 's ole run, (ole leam)  
'S *eucoir* dhuit a chain mo chruith, (deacair)  
'S nach d' fhuair mí guth o thus. (an tus)
- 8 'N uair a shuidhe Fionn air a chnoc,  
'S ghabhadh e port *as an* airde Fionn; (air)  
Chuireadh e chodal na sloigh,  
'S a chain bu bhinne na char,
- 9 Bha da ghadhar dheug aig Fionn,  
Nuair rachadh iad nan deann ri gleann;  
Bu bhinne leamsa fros nan gadhar,  
Na do ghlagsa chleirich chaisg.
- 10 Is leigcamaid iad ri gleann smail,  
Bu bhinne leam prósich ar con;  
Na do thuigse Chleirich aigh.
- 11 Smeorach bheag ghlinn smail,  
'S faighinn na bar ris an tom;  
Shinncamaid na leth phuir,  
Bha sinn fein 's an cruir, ro bhinn.
- 12 Latha dhuinne air sliabh Boid,  
Mac Conuil nan chraigh 's Ronull o'n ghleann;  
Bha Caoilte bu chraidh lann,  
Oscar is Goll na sleagh.
- 13 Dearmad na fleagh 's Fraoch o'n ghleann,  
Fionn Mac Cuthail bu mhór brigh;
- 14 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath laidir,  
Chniredh Fionn san Fheinne;  
Na Tighearna a chrabha' 's thusa chleirich,  
Cha tugainse faimas do neach.
- 15 Fionn Mac Cuthail oirn mar bheireth,  
'Se na righ os ar ceann;  
'Sa Phadric nam bachul fial,  
Cha leigcamaid Dia os ar ceann.
- 16 Na coimeas duine ri Dia,  
Shean fhear liath 's na breiteh 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 gheinn;  
Cha do iarr e riamh ní air neach,  
'S ní mo dh' enr e neach ma ní.
- 18 Ge beag a *chuibhil* chronanach, (chulag)  
Is monaran na greine;  
Cha teid gun fhios do 'n righ mhoralach,  
Fo bhar blian na sgeithe.
- 19 Cho b' ionann Dia is Fionn Mac Cuthail,  
An righ bh' againn air na fiannaibh;  
Dh' fheadhadh fir an domhain,  
Dol na thalsa gun iarraidh.
- 20 'S ole leam sin natsa Oisein,  
Fhir nam briathra b' *fhoite*; (b' aile)  
Gu 'm b' fhearr Dia ri aon vair,  
Na Fionn 's au Fheinne uile.
- 21 'S e sin a chuir as duibh riamh,  
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dul;  
Ní mairrean duine do 'r sloichd,  
Cha bheo ach riochd Oisein uir.
- 22 Cha b' e sin chuir as duinn,  
Ach turas Fhinn dol do 'n Roimh;  
A bhí cur cath araid leinn fein,  
Sid chuir as do'r Feinn gu mor.
- 23 Ach ciod rinn Fionn air Dia?  
Rinn e rian chliar as sgolb;  
Thug da latha a' pronnadh oir,  
'S an treas la ri meaghair chon.
- 24 'Se meud 'ur rudh ri meaghair chon, (n' iugh)  
'S bhí *dialadh sgolb* gach aon la (dissal sgál)  
Gun urram a thabhairt do Dhia,  
Chuir Fionn na Fiann an sas.
- 25 'S ole a chreideas mí do sgeul,  
A chleirich led' leabhar bán;  
Gu 'm bithheadh Fionn no co fial,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an lamh.
- 26 Tha e 'n Ifrinn an lamh,  
Am fear le 'n gnath bhí pronna' oir;  
Thaobh meud a dhimeas air Dia,  
Chuir e 'n tigh nam pian fo bhron.
- 27 Nam bithheadh clann O' bacoise a steach,  
Is Clanna Morna nam feachd treun;  
Bheireamaid Fionn a mach,  
No bhitheadh an teach againn fein.
- 28 Cuignear a *chogaibh* na h-Eirin, (chuigibh)  
Leatsa ge bu mhór an t-uechd,  
Cha tugadh sibh Fionn a mach,  
Ní mo bhitheadh an teach againn fein.



- 29 Ach ciod an t-aithe Ifrinn fein,  
A chleirich a leughas an sgoil?  
Nach bu cho maith ri faithcas De,  
Nam faigheamaid ann feidh is coin.
- 30 Eisd ri rath righ nam bochd,  
As iar a nochd neamh dhuit fein;  
Ona tha duma' tighinn air t-aois,  
Tog a Mhaoisg a shean fhir liath.
- 31 Comrich an da Abstail dheng  
Gabhamsa dhomh fein a nochd;  
'S ma rinn mise peacadh trom,  
Biodh e 'n sloc no 'n tom, no 'n cloich.

Got from Donald Mac Iver, alias Robertson, and Charles Robertson foresaid. 1802 and 1808.

## OISEIN'S LAMENT. A. 7. 8. 9.

The following fragments from the Dean's Book, can be recognized in some shape in other places, but I have not found them orally preserved in Scotland.

## A. 7. TYLYCH FINN. 16 lines.

## A HOUDIR OSSAN M'FINNA.

- 1 Di chonna mee tylych finn,  
Is ner val tylych teme trea,  
Aggam di chonna mee scheve,  
Di vontir in ir in nea
- 2 Di chonna mee tylych art,  
Far lar vac donna binni  
Far is farre ne agga mi.  
Di chonna mee tylych finn
- 3 Dane vaga mir a chonna mee,  
Chonna, m'ynlain fa ynna  
Owcht is mark na vagga ea.  
Di chonnek mai tylych finn
- 4 Goym ree ni iyg noch gi olk,  
Za vil er mo chinni.  
Sin serra marreine o faynna,  
Dyth chonna ma tylych finn.  
Di chonna mee tylych.

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

## A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 Is fadda noch ni nelli fiym,  
Is fadda liym in nycheith ryr  
In lay dew gay fadda zoynth,  
Di bi lor fadda in lay de
- 2 Fadda lwmmi gyeh lay da dik,  
Ne mir sen di cleachta dom  
Gin deowe gin danyth cath,  
Gin wea feylim class dlweth
- 3 Gin nenith gin choill gin chrut,  
Gin fronith crewi gin zneiwie gray  
Gin deillich ollom zor,  
Wea gin neilli, gin oill fley
- 4 Gin chin er swrri na er selgi,  
In da cherd rey in royth me  
Gin dwlli in glaow no in gath,  
Oichane ach is derrick dow
- 5 Gin wraith er ellit no er feyg,  
Ne hawle sin bi wane lom  
Gin loeg er chonvert no er chon,  
Is fadda noch na nelli fiym
- 6 Gin errith gaske gnaath,  
Gin nimert mir abaill linn  
Gin snaw zar leithre er loch,  
Is fadda, etc.
- 7 Din teill mir a ta mee,  
Is trowig er bea mir a ta sinn  
Menir a tarming clach,  
Is fadda, etc.
- 8 Derrri ni feyni far noiss,  
Is mee Ossin mor m'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 ANVINE in nochd nart mo lawe  
Ne ell mi coczein er haar  
Is nee enyth zof waa bronych  
Ym zebil trog sennorych
- 2 Troyg gi neith cheddeyth doif  
Seach gi dwn er twne talwon  
Re tarring clach a hallinn  
Gow relling hulchin talzing
- 3 It ta wrskal aggwme zut  
Er ir zi wuntir phatrik  
Estith re astenyth inn  
Schal beg er tocht zin talgin
- 4 Erwin di rinnyth in swnn  
Er sleywe quoalgein moelyth lwmm  
Di churri er feanow phail  
Ywir in ta hunwail
- 5 Da drane din wrwin wroyth  
Chur finn er clan morn  
Agus in trane elli zeit  
Orms is er clannow kiskneith
- 6 Hugas fregryth nar choyr  
Er m'cowle v'tranewoyr  
Hurd nach bein fada fa smacht  
Is nach danyth doo geillicht
- 7 Di weit Finn fada na host  
In leich nac barras a cosga  
Fer gin noyn gin eggill  
Nor a quayl in doo regryth
- 8 Is sea coyrra di raa rwm  
Flath eanyth ny vane finn  
Bea tou schell a tarring clooch  
Ma in deyt how in weit wroyth
- 9 Di zeyrris is sin ra erg soos  
O vak cowle a rinzerga  
Sea lenn me din nane awnyth  
Cathrow chath croychalm
- 10 Fastir miss ag in nane  
Verrir royssa my wraa feyn  
In lwcht a wa gim heit ann  
Is da in deit id tame gi anvin
- 11 Faa meith in coythrlrth croo din nane  
In gath crwnvonyth Auvin  
Ymyth nac gin anyth ann  
Da in tallyth tame gyth anvin anvin
- 12 Anvin in nochd eley mo curp  
Creddwm di wracr padrik  
Eddir lawe is chass is chenn,  
It tame ullith gi anvin anvin  
Anvin.

A. 10. IN SOO CHONNICH MAA IN NAYNE.  
36 lines.

This fragment places the House of Padruig on the site of Fionn's house, that is to say, on the Hill of Allen, in Meath. It also names many of the warriors. H. 2. I. 3. are Kennedy's versions of the ballad, collected about 1774. Dr. Smith had H. 2. from Kennedy. At page 328 of his book in the English, as he made it in 1780. At page 306 in his book of 1787 is the Gaelic which he made out of Kennedy's copy and others which he had. St. Patrick has become Malvina, and all the names have Latin endings, but nevertheless the passage and the ballad had a common ancestor in A. 10. Kennedy's second version may be compared with his first, and with Dr. Smith, and with A. 10. by those who care to investigate this subject. To me it seems clear that Mac Pherson's Ossian had got such hold of his contemporaries that they could not leave a ballad alone. Kennedy's sins were small, as appears from a close examination of H. 1.

## A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 In soo chonnich maa in nayne,  
Di chonnich ma caynan is goole  
Finni is oskir mi vacki  
Rynith is art is dermit doone
- 2 M'lowith kyakeith ni gaege  
Garrith derk is ey beg  
Is ey m'carrith nor heymie  
Ni tre finni is fed
- 3 Glass is gow is garri  
Galwe nin gead is conane brass  
Gole is ewin m'gwille  
Sokkith m'fynai is bran
- 4 Keilt m'ronane ni guthi  
Doywn coylin is leym er gleinni  
Is caedith a fronith or  
Is fer onc woymie 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 zlinni schroill  
Tre rwell o voynith reith  
Vii mic cheilt ni glass  
Tre zlassni zlessra nyn ser
- 7 Tre beath chnoki durt  
Be veddeis fa warni znath  
Deach m'eithit vorni vor  
Oissi teacht er boie id tad
- 8 In soo a chonich ma in nane  
Boyne call di chenchlyth koyll  
In dimchill ossin is inn  
Swle zlinni di froufre or
- 9 Fer loo is kerrill croye  
Di verdeis boye er gyth catht  
Fay caym is felune foall  
Di chonnik mi ead in soo  
In soo chonni.

## H. 2. CAOIDH OISLAIN. 68 lines.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 179. Advocates' Library,  
January 3, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

How Ossian lamented the Heroes one day he was  
walking on a hill where they had a fortress, and used to  
be singing, feasting, and hunting.

## DAN 30.

- 1 So far am faca mi 'n Fhiann,  
Chonnamar nann Cian agus Conn;  
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,  
Raonidh, Art is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mac-Lnthaich is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,  
Daire dearg agus Aogh beag;  
Aogh mac Gharidh nach tinn,  
Na tri Finn agus Fead.
- 3 Glais, agus Geamhail, is Geir,  
Re cuimhneach nan ceud shonn bras;  
Goll mac Rìoghamaich dhuinn,  
Eoghan mac Fhionn agus Bran.
- 4 Seachd mic Chaolte nan lua' chas,  
Na tri Ghlais o sbráid nan saor;  
Na tri Fìaghain bu ghrinn doidh,  
'S na tri Crìogheala bu mhor aoidh.
- 5 Na tri Oseair Gharidh ghairbh,  
Na tri Bailbh, is na tri sgáir;  
Beinnidh mac Freasdail nan lann,  
Troidh chruinn teann, is Mac-o-smáil.
- 6 Caoilte mac Ronan nan cunch,  
An Goll gearr, is Leum air linn;  
Ceud laoch le 'm pròinte ór,  
'S fear o 'n Bho' ain le bheurla bliinn.
- 7 Moran is Fìlidh nan duan,  
Conal suairce na caint thlá;  
Cuth-Thraoch a b' fhearr re tinn crua'i,  
No caogad do shluagh Rì Pháil.

- 8 Muirne Torman agus Seanah,  
Ardan Treun fhear 's Coirreal áigh;  
Cleasa mór an gaisgeach calm,  
Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann bán.
- 9 Cruai' fhear lua' bheumach gun mhéin,  
Colla féat agus Cúnl thlá;  
Muirnach Meannach agus Brian,  
Fìr gun fhia' ro' iarguin bhlar.
- 10 Faoghlan mo dhea' bhrathair fein,  
'S Faradhas béul dearg bu bhinn glóir;  
Treun-fhear Treabhal agus Art,  
Na lán ghaisgich a b' fhearr doidh.
- 11 Fad-éighe nan ioleach cruid,  
'S Raonac ruadh an leadain óir;  
Luimneach 's Leadan nan rosg máll,  
Breacan ármach, is gruáis og.
- 12 Maoh chruth, Torman is Caomh, bhéul,  
'S Ceolmhor bu bhinn béus tra' nóin;  
Is Faoghlan mo bhrathair fein  
Ochain nach roith 'n d' éug do 'm chóir.
- 13 Cruth-geal lóinreach is Deó-gréin,  
A shoilse' meag chéud air magh;  
'S a Mìlidh áluin nach d' chlaon,  
Riamh na laoch re linn an gail.
- 14 Faoghlan, Suine, is Connaoich,  
Na treun laoch bu mhai' sa chath;  
Muirnach, 's Brastalan mac Fhraoich,  
So an t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Dubh chuinir, s Aille mo ghráidh,  
Is mic Smáile nan cleas lúidh;  
Garbh is Conan mac Mornn,  
'S mi tha air mo leon gan túrs.'
- 16 'S mac smhail air luas san ló'd,  
Mar shrann-ghaath, no céo nam beann;  
Fionn is a dha Choin air cùll,  
Bha iad fein air thús sa ghleann.
- 17 O nach maithean ach mise dhùin 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 impor-  
tant 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,  
Raim', Art, is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mic Lnthaich, is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,  
Daire dearg, agus Aogh beag;  
Aogh Mac Gharai' nach tinn,  
\*Na tri Munn agus Fead.
- 3 Glais agus Geamhail, is Geir,  
Ri cuimhneachadh nan ceud shonn bras;  
Goll mac Rìoghamaich dhuinn,  
\*Eodhan uac Mhinn nan lu-chas.
- 4 Seachd mic Chailte nan lua-chas,  
\*Na tri Ghlais o Aird an t-snoir;  
\*Iodhlan is Luthar is Leug  
\*Is tri cheud do shìochd inghean Taoibh.
- 5 \*Na tri Toscair Gharai' ghairbh,  
Na tri Bailbh is na tri Scair;  
Beinnidh mac Freasdail nan lann,  
\*Tro' chruinn, Cam is Mac O Smail.
- 6 Cailte Mac Ronan nan cunch,  
An Goll gearr is Leum air linn;  
'S an ceud laoch le 'm pròinte or,  
\*S fear o 'n Bho' ain bu cheolmhor binn.

- 7 Moran is Filidh nan duan,  
 \*Conall suaice agus Caint-thla;  
 Cuth-fhraoch bu treun ann san ruaig  
 Bu mhór buai' air Cluana Phail.
- 8 Muirre, Toiman agus Seimh,  
 Ardan, Treun-fhear, 's Cairil aigh;  
 \*Cleasamor an curaidh calma,  
 \*Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann ard.
- 9 Cruai'-fhear lua' bheumach, gun mhein  
 \*Colla feut, is Deudheal graidh;  
 \*Muirreach, Meannach agus Cian,  
 \*Laoich gun fhia' ann iarguin bhlar.
- 10 Faodhlan mo dhea' bhrothair fein,  
 Fearadhas beul dearg bu bhinn gloir;  
 \*Treun-lamh, Treathal, is Triall-mall,  
 Laoich nach b' Fhann 's ann iomairt seleo.
- 11 Fad eithe nan iolach cruaidh,  
 \*Raonai ruadh an leadain oir;  
 Luimnich, s Leadan nan rosg mall.  
 \*Bricain armach, is Gnuis og.
- 12 \*Maotcheiruth, Mungan is Caomhbheul,  
 Ceolur bu bhinn beus tra-non;  
 \*Is Míodhlan o Mbuthan gheug  
 \*Ochoin! na fir theuran san toir.
- 13 \*Cruth-geal orbhuidh is Deo-grein,  
 A shoileadh meag ceud air magh;  
 \*S a Mílidh aluin nri chlaon,  
 \*Riamh na laoch ri tim am hail.
- 14 Sorglan, Suimbne, is Conlaoch,  
 Na treun laoch bu mhaith sa chath;  
 \*Muirreach, Pastalan is Fraoch,  
 Och 's e 'n t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Duchuimír, is Aille mo ghraidh,  
 Is mic Smaile nan cleas-luidh;  
 \*Garabh a sgríos an teach aigh,  
 \*Dunsaich nam baideal ur.
- 16 B' ambail ar n' imich san lo,  
 Is ion-ghaath, no ceò nam beann;  
 Fionn is a dha choim air eill,  
 Bha iad fein air thus sa ghleann.
- 17 \*Onach maithrean ach mis do 'n Fheinn  
 \*S nach eil mo do réir mo thoil;  
 \*O na chuaidh air mo ghleus,  
 'S truaigh mo thuras fein an so.

MALA-MHINE. (*St Patrick's*) 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 carr-dhubh;  
 Mí falach mo ghnúise le m' eide'  
 'S mi tuire' gu geur na dh' fhalbh uam.  
 Tuiridh; a reultan an aigh,  
 Is bláth leam ur bròn-chuimhne.<sup>1</sup>

OISEAN.

Is amhuil, is caomh leam fein  
 Ursanna treun a chatha.  
 Ge trom an suain 's gun lua' ri 'm faoinn,  
 Tha 'n dreach gun stad ann am smuainte.  
 —So far an faca' mi 'n Fhian,  
 Chunnacas ann Cian agus Conn;  
 Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,  
 Raoini' Art, is Diarmad donn;  
 Seimh-mhacLuthaich, 's Caoin-cheann gun chealg,  
 Mac Ghara garg, tri Fionain 's Fead.  
 Bu loinreach an so ceann-bheairt Aoigh,  
 'S bhíodh fead sa ghaioth ag leadan Daoire,  
 Gmag Dheirg mac-samhuil bratach,  
 'S Treunar gasda mar gheig san doire.  
 Bha Torman mar shruth o 'n aonach,  
 Ardan mar chraoibh ro cheo,  
 Muirne ri thaobh is Sith-bheulain,  
 Ag ambare seimh thar sgiatha gorma.  
 Cleasamor maraon, an gaisgeach 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 binn, faraon is Ulann,  
 'S na sloigh air uilinn ri 'n dán.  
 —Chunnas ann Moran is Filidh nan duan,  
 Conal suaice na cainnt thlà.  
 Lamb-dhearga le lann deirg,  
 Is Curach bu mhór feirg am blár.  
 —'S c' àit a bheil Lúghar na féile,  
 'S Fad-éithe nan iolach cruaidh;  
 Raon-úr-rua' nan leadan oir,  
 Luimne mor-chatbach 's Caoithe luath.  
 —C' àit a bheil Leadan nan rosg mall,  
 Beanno armach 's Toscar óg,  
 Mao'-chruth, Calmar is Cao-mhala,  
 Luchd-sgarai' thore air Gorm'all mor?  
 —C' àit a bheil Faolan mo bhraithair fein,  
 'S Fear'as beul-dearg bu bhinn gloir,  
 Crú'geal bu loinreach eide'  
 'S Deo-greine b'ait le laocha mòr;  
 —C' àit a bheil Ma'-rounan nan cuach  
 'S a mhaise bhia 'n gruaidh Aiflídí?  
 Feuch dhomh ceuma Dluchtoimír,  
 Is Crigeal na haghaidh ghradaich.  
 —Bha Sorglan, Suine 's Conn-laoch  
 Mar steud aonaich ann sa chath,  
 Goll mar shrann-ghaath na fásaich,  
 Is Conal a' cur báis o' ghath.  
 —Threig sibh mí, fheara mo ghraidh,  
 Cha 'n 'eil caomh a chaireas m'uaigh;  
 Tha mise ri bròn nur deigh,  
 Is mí fein an t aonarun truaigh!  
 'S tiamha idh mí 'n feasd nur deigh,  
 Air sleibhte fásail am aonar.  
 Theich oighean mo ghraidh mar reulta,  
 'S tha mise nan deigh brónach,  
 Mar ghealach tra dh' eireas a ghrian,  
 'S na reultau a' dian-dhol o 'n àite.

FRAGMENTS OF LAMENT.

THE following fragments, O. A. 11, 12, 13, 14, can be recognised elsewhere in various shapes, but I have not found them orally preserved.

O. is a mere fragment of a Lament, got near Dunkeld, about 1800. A. 11. points to the very graves of the warriors named. A. 12. is addressed to 'Padrik,' and regrets that the clergy have got the mounds of the Fainith. A. 13. tells what music the Fainith loved, in contrast to the bells. A. 14. treats of sweet voices. These carry on the same idea. The Pagan and the Priest are characters acting a metrical play to the audience, and the scene is the House of Padraig, on the Hill of Allen, amongst the graves of the Fainith. The stage was the reciter's place, wherever that might be for the time.

O. 36. FRAGMENT OF LAMENT. 8 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 153. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

Dh' fhalbh iad bha laidir neartmhor,  
 Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n treis na h'oise;  
 Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n laithibh lionmhor,  
 'S Dh' fhag iad mise 'm chrionuich bhroite,  
 Mar chraoibh sa choill gun gheug m'an cnart di  
 Gu dìonadh o thuarh reata.  
 A' seasamh air fìrneh nan-aonar,  
 'S gaoth a bagradh h-aois a leonadh.

A. 11. NA TULLYCH. 21 lines.

GUN AINM UGHDAIR.

- 1 Id ta fane tullych so toye  
 M'veckowle is groy colk  
 M'dadzahl neyn in derk  
 Nach tug ra erk braer 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 borryth  
 Ossgyr bi vath gol is gnee  
 Clan morn gai math ni fir  
 Noch char chur sai sen im brece

H

- 4 Id ta fa tullych so har  
Gillyth bi van less nyth mnawe  
M'ronane dor weyth clar  
Fane tallych soo har id ta
- 5 Id ta fane tullych so foyme  
Innor vyth von groik is grane  
Connan dyth zaf gyth murn  
Fa tullych fume id ta.

Id ta.

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

- 1 Troeg lwm twllych ni faynith  
Ag ni clerchew fa zeirse  
Is danyth lacht ni billak  
In nymit clannyth beisknyth
- 2 Dayr missi raa croychin  
Schell fada wroychow gi swgych  
Beg a hellis gi tarfin  
In talgin er di wullych
- 3 Dayr meith skay is sley  
Conn is gyir fad walle  
Ga ta nocht knok ni fayni  
Fa chleyrchew is fa wachlew
- 4 Da merra clanni morn  
Ni wee fer nordsi seadtrach  
Di zoyve schew fer grabbil  
A lweith ni baychill breik
- 5 Da merra m'lowyth  
Si vi curri chalma  
Swl fowkweis in twllych  
Di wee fer cowlyth garryth
- 6 Da merra clanni carda  
Fir nachir chelgki bayssew  
Ne weith fer glwkgi fer bachlaa  
Nynit ni bradtych
- 7 Da merra clanni mayvin  
Fer nach banvin in droddew  
Ni weith di wuntir a phatrik  
Gi laydyr er ni chnoken
- 8 Da merra clan in dew zerri  
Da merra keilti croych  
Ne weith gayr chloogi is chlycyrri  
Ga nestich in raa croychin
- 9 Da merra rynne roydda  
Is keileroy m'creyvin  
Ne weith di loywr la cheyll  
Ir a laywis a bebill
- 10 Is ni lwrge erwenni  
Di ryn in swll doyne  
Di weith di lorga na brossna  
Da bea osgir er layr
- 11 Ir in trostane woye  
Di ryn in swe swnda  
Math dut nach marrin connan  
Fa manach dorn duta
- 12 Du marrein swlzorm seir  
Connan meil makave ni wane  
A chleyrre ga mor di zorda  
Di wonin zat 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 chlwga mir helim  
Da weith dering na woye  
Di weith di chlog na rabba  
Woya fa edin a chaythre
- 15 Ner zarga shmor a cheyth  
Er gayth geith m'roynan  
Na be di chlog gi hannis  
Ir a wanis a koyllan
- 16 Ni eddwm bi gi sowthych  
Ne agkwm m'kowl si woe  
Ne ekky m dearmit o doynw  
Ne ekky m keilt m'cronan

- 17 Ne hynyth mi way gi dowyth  
Er in tullych so phatrik  
Ne ekky m'lowth  
Ne ekim in chwlyth zrawecht
- 18 Ne ekkim far loo raym heive  
Ne ekkim oskir na . . .  
Ne ekkim in nymirt vor  
Ne ekkim a choanirt cheyf
- 19 Ne ekkim clanni smoyl  
Ne ekkim golli mar ni gneyf  
Ne ekkim feillane fayll  
Ne ekkim na zey in nayn
- 20 Ne ekkim ferris mi wrayir  
Layr meth layr woalta  
Ne ekkim dyri doynicht  
O woymist koyl gi noyrta
- 21 Ne ekkim fa kanyr  
Nach beehow aggin er ayrrre  
Ne ekkim ane gar worrin  
Di bi wor torrin a glar
- 22 Ne ekkim evinis na hoyl  
Ne clwnim in koyl di wee  
Soll di curri mi mi hoo  
Di fronfwn feyn or gi loyit
- 23 Inssim zwt a phadrik  
Da bi zayllwm hecht harsta  
Nach fayddwm a beillow  
A vacca may zeivinis agga
- 24 Missi is cleyrre ni hortwiss  
Nocha droyninum ra chaal  
Ga ta mee nocht gi dowych  
Is troegh lwm tullych ni fayne.

Troeg lwm.

## A. 13. SKAILE ER CHOYLE. 40 lines.

- 1 SKAILE oiknith er choyle cassil,  
Gow carn wallir berrih meel,  
Na clwnnith dwinni za glwnnith  
Gi glwnnith m'gweill ee
- 2 Makeowle di choill ossir  
Er sliss alwin in nor weine  
Essin oss in gend ne choll  
Finni in cessew doyr reiwe
- 3 Ossin dein nichticht is dermit  
Dey v'lowith leich nar zaan  
Deiss nar leyr cooza coskir  
Conan feyn is oskir aun
- 4 Sloyne a zey leych zawsich  
Di raye fin fer gyth eyth  
Faikgen mir sin er oill inn  
Ca coyll leuwe is binni er beith?
- 5 Di raye conan yr we in nymirt  
Eine choyll is binni hor feyn  
Math lawe in ir re heych  
Erwnith fer sen gr chwnith er cheyll
- 6 Foskgi zi chwlg in gaitn nawit  
Nach in gath ni choklit sa  
A loywe in genn is in gossith  
Koill a bar le oskir aye
- 7 Koill is mo ruggis zi ryin  
Di rae deomit ni derk maal  
A rozraw gin ga boa zawssith  
Coraa ban is ansith ann
- 8 Sowd mi choils a v'warn  
Er m'lowith ni nam glan  
Leym in gleyw ni chon gow ere  
Fey ga churri in derri zawe
- 9 Sowd in koill is koyle dowfsyth  
Di rae fin fla in tloe  
In neyma zeith bayne ley braddeiche  
Raym flinleich fa atteive oyr
- 10 In tra weime gin eggil nin neksith.  
Ossin a durt fa zoe  
Mi zane is a zoissith in daskgi  
Saif rame cloiss elastin a chole.

## A. 14. BINN GÓW. 16 lines.

- 1 Binn gow duni in teyr in oyr  
Binn a ghloyr chanyd nyth heoyh  
Bynn noaillane a nec a qulor  
Bin in tonn a bwn da treoyr
- 2 Bynn in fygzir a ne zeye bin gow  
Coyth oass cassyth conn  
Alynn in delryth a ne greane  
Byn in near feddyl nyth lon
- 3 Bynn gow illyr esse roye  
Vass kynn coayne v'moynrre mor  
Bynn gow coythaa oyss barrye doss  
Alynn in tost a nec in coir
- 4 Fynn mac cowil mayr  
Fani sacht caa na eaynn gyth grynu  
In oayr a lykeyst con ra feayn  
A garrye no zeye bye wyenn.  
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 bound 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 chyill  
Di woyn avr chenni cholin  
Woyn avr chinni cholin chon  
Ca mo dorin sin doyn
- 2 Zcaremir my lenyth lerga  
Is glen frethnich ni glawe nerg  
Is fer nach forrimir ann  
Maddyth za damis cholin
- 3 Dearemir glen dorch dow  
Glen zarve zorrith is gl clache  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 4 Dearmir scheane zrwmmi clywe  
Is finni wg leive na zoi . . .  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 5 Dearmir durlis war wail  
Tawyr wry is down zawrane  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholyh
- 6 Dearmir glen okothyth  
Fa forrais avr ossill  
Is fer nach forrimir ann  
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 7 Dearmir finni wy maye  
Tawyr wry is kintaylle  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 8 Dearmir erri wlli  
Eddir chonnith is donni  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 9 Gerrid downith mir sen  
Sin feyn pupbill muntyr  
Gin wakcamir tre cath nach  
Di clanni reith ni roylayth

- 10 Cath catchennith de we ann  
Is cath chonehennith na genn  
Cath drumanich in dey in ney  
Donn er chawyr in drom h . . .
- 11 In tley a soiltich gi hard  
Er inni feyn in eingnyth zark  
In nochtyr ske cheytttyth chay  
Er we in tley . . .
- 12 In tleyg soyltich gi cheard  
Er inni feyn fa gall a zlak  
Er layr skaye cheit gyn wroyh  
Weith in tly z in g
- 13 In tley a soyltich gi heissil  
Er inni feyn in nagnith cywre  
In noyttyr skae chrwin charre  
We tlay ac mak chrunchan
- 14 Leygis cheilyth gallan gleith  
Choylis e nalwin da reroiwe  
Iss mygh lenyth nyn lanni  
In dawr is in down reillin
- 15 Reggir e goole m'morn  
Favnith kenard cron woyn  
A zleyis felane m'fynni  
Agis ni balwe a borrin
- 16 Reggir a ze mhak mawoc breik  
Is m'elle o noye brek  
Scay bregth m'daythein dayn  
Is keill croith in nerm ra zeyr
- 17 Reggir e keinkeith mith golg  
Agis illin feywr zerg  
Is keill croith a croyth zrinni  
Nach estith goyth iywrin
- 18 Bi winni schenwrannyth sley  
Agis movr 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 cheinte rwe
- 20 Di hoykimir fulling doyrith  
Brattich zwle wor v'morn  
Menkith we gach troyle chroissich  
Derryth agis tossyth foylith
- 21 Di hoykimir in menchenith oyrri  
Brattich rynth gin nygm sloyg  
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 tronley
- 23 Di hoykimir down neive  
Brattich ossin na grri  
Laywe zarg brattich v'ronane  
Is oarnay in deive elle
- 24 Di hoykimir skoyh zawe  
Brattich oskyr in warflee  
Re doll in gath na glace  
Menkith zarre skopbe zawe
- 25 Di hoykimir loith lynith  
Brattich zarmit e zoenith awyissyth  
Near heyth in neanith we sche  
Awzissyth oeyrith a mach
- 26 Di hoykimir barne a reybgin  
Brattich oskyr nar sheanith  
Danyth coybarne m'gar zlynni  
La garwe kinni is kenwr
- 27 Di hoykimir creiwe fowlith  
Brattich clonni var v'lowich  
Noar a heych in nane a mach  
Is sche wea er in dossyeh
- 28 Di rimimir croith chath  
In dymchill inni oyrclach  
Ma dudtych finni iarri  
Eddi ni wane worchalmith



- 29 Marwes ni catkenich linni  
 Agis di goyve ni chonchinnich  
 Hutti ni drumanch wile  
 In dymchall inn alwin
- 30 Munnich beg fa dassi zownith  
 In nynwr wrow za zownith  
 Is math forrinir ann  
 Maddich za damnist cholin
- 31 Zearimir erre wile  
 Eddir chonni agis donni  
 Is noch cha dorremir er a feyg  
 Cheaddi ferr o zarve na nenor.

Nenor a qahyme.

### 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 hina Oide. In Irish legends he and Oisain converse with St. Patrick, and he is made to sing while Oisain tells stories. 'Caoilte and the Boar' has not been found current by any of our collectors, and has not been printed. I give three versions, D. F. H. They are not copied from any written original, and all are much broken. 'The Lay of Astray out Hunting' is of the same class. It survives in the outer Islands. I give four old versions, D. F. H. O. I have Z. 15, and the music of the Ballad, which is wild and melancholy. The last verse in H. names three chief exploits of Caoilte:—1. 'The Day he was in Dunanoir'; 2. 'The Slaying of the Boar'; 3. 'The Slaying of the Giant with Five Heads.' I have all three stories in ballads.

### D. 5. MAR A BHAIIRIÉH CAOILT A MHUC THEISG. 64 lines. 1755.

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

- 1 LA a bha shin air Gleann cruaidh,  
 Coir air Fhaoitbidin fad uair;  
 Gherich robhin air an Leirg,  
 Aoin Mhuc Gheisgirnich Bhoín dearg.
- 2 Leig shin air shia Loinin deig,  
 Rish a Mhuc agus nim Breig;  
 Chuir a Mhuc Dith air air Connibh,  
 As dhag I air shealg gun dianibh.
- 3 Thug a Bhuc orra Glean Laoigh,  
 Bha Caoilte ra Tarichd Caoibh;  
 Chagnidh I a T-shleighin ruaigh,  
 Mar Bhun shibhaige 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 shithigh,  
 Na Nighin na maillich mine;  
 Nach digidh I nois gam chobhair,  
 'S gar O thigh Beithir I Chonnachair.
- 6 'S mianich leatsa Chaoilte chaoín,  
 Bhi 'g imra ormsa 's du 'd hegin;  
 Ach cha bitianich le 'd chorp sheang geal,  
 Tin ga 'm Fhios she ga shith Bhruth.
- 7 Nan dige du tri oiche Luain,  
 Am Fhios gu shith Bhruthidh bhuan;  
 Cha Bhigh air Mac Riogh san Dobhin,  
 Crossa na Gessa nach fuaisglin.
- 8 Coir an Fainnigh sheo nu d' Bheir,  
 Coir an Seian sheo air Bhar Tingin;  
 Beir air Chlmais air a Mhuc Tsheisg,  
 Na gaibh roippe Fua ne Eggil.
- 9 Buail I sa Bhall Dorain duth,  
 Na beinnigh do Laibh ga Fuil;  
 Ba Bhas do Mhac Riodh fo 'n Dobhin,  
 Fuil shean' Mhuicee 'si air Aoghil.
- 10 Am Marach nitar do Bhannish,  
 Caoilte Mhic Ronain ruinn Tshollist;  
 Mas beo mi fo Ra a Cheartais,  
 Gun dig mi t-innsuidh le Hairrichdibh.

- 11 Croitidh mi ceid maolsh mhaoil,  
 An Gleann Sheirce Taoibh ri Taibh;  
 Croitidh mishe shin a marach,  
 Air ghilicis mhic Ronain.
- 12 Croitidh mi ceid Earbe Luain,  
 Nach deig Cuibhne aig Craoigh ruaigh;  
 Croitidh mishe shin a mairach,  
 Air Dhilicis Mhic Ronain.
- 13 Croitidh mi ceid Daibh alligh,  
 Nach dag Cuibhne an ard bheannibh;  
 Croitidh mishe shin mairach,  
 Air Dhilicis mhic Ronain.
- 14 Le cuir do Gheichibh don-deargidh,  
 Fo Fheirribh oige Fion-arde;  
 Le Gillibh gaiste Coitidichh  
 Nach Curaste Dhi-armiche.
- 15 A Chud beanna a hig a mach,  
 Air Dorrist Tathidh T-oirigh;  
 Glac us' I air mbeid Rathidh,  
 'S or Erin fo Chean gu cean
- 16 Gheobhe du chion gun a galhail,  
 Ha gliocas an Dobhain nilligh;  
 A Chaoit air dol an t-aoim' Bhruinain,  
 Air gheigh sheola mnaigh slithigh,  
 Nach heil an aoim Rioghichd ruaine.

Croich.

Am Fear a bharragh a Mhuc t-sheisg dheobhgh Ighin Riogh Erin ra pesa; is beoil a Leannan shithe do Chaoit cia nar bharragh e a Mhuc agus cia nar dhainnigh e nighin an Riogh an deis a cosnidh. Shin nar ghaibh an Riogh Iunigh ga ghliocas sa chuir e ubhail nach bu ghliocas saoghilte.

### F. 13. EACHDRAIDH AIR MUR A Mharbh CAOILTE MAC RONAIN A MHUC GHEARR ANN AM FIONAIS, RIGH NA FEINNE.

Fletcher's Collection, page 140. Advocates' Library. January 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. 88 lines.

- 1 LATHA dhuine sealg nan Cluanan,  
 Do d' Fhionn is da mor shlagh,  
 'Se chunnachdar mar a tighinn o 'n leirg
- 4 A mhuc ghiosganda dhonna dharcg.  
 Chuir i sean dearg air ar conabh,  
 Chuir i sinn fhein air luath mhireadh;  
 Is dh' fhaig sin air seilgne gun deannabh.
- 8 Au sin thuir Bricidin nam beadh,  
 Is tric ole ga luaidh a steach.  
 Mo Ghaulibh air Ban,  
 Cha bu shuairec nuc gur marbhadh
- 12 Thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór,  
 Thairg è cend tunnadh do 'n òr;  
 Agus earradh fhein do 'n t-sròil,  
 Agus toiseach suidhe na seilge,
- 16 Air na h hard bhraon Bheannaibh,  
 'S a raolta mnatha foithe toirreachastrom  
 Is i fhein bho h-og altrum.  
 An sin labhair Caoilte.
- 20 Ni 'm fear sibh mur Chlanna Riogh,  
 Na mi do radh Caoilte na beammanan,  
 Deangam a mhuc Ghearr as air ceann  
 Fhearaibh naisle na Feinne.
- 24 Ach dh' eirich i ri Beinn laoich,  
 Is bha Caoilte na hearrluine,  
 Is chagnadh i na sleaghan cruaidhe,  
 Mar bhun siobhagain seunn luachrach.
- 28 Is gun casadh i Garmin ris,  
 Mo na Clachabh Garbha sleabha,  
 Ach dhireach a mhuc ri Beinn asdail,  
 Is bha Caoilte ga thoir an nasgidh
- 32 Ochain! gun mo bhas an dee,  
 Mu 'n d' rinn mi d' Fhionn breag am fhacal.  
 Ach c'aite am bheil mo leannan sith,  
 Na' inghin na maladh mineadh,
- 36 Nach iochdadh an so gam Chobhair,  
 Is gur ogha peathar i Chonna-Chobhair,

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

Thuirt ise.

- 40 Bu mhian leatsa Chaoilte chaoin,  
Bhì gam iarraidh is thu' a d' eiginn,  
Ach bhuaidh sin a mach  
Gun ghuth tuille bhì mo 'm dheibhin,  
44 Ach eha bu mhian le d' chorp seamh gheal,  
Tiehd d' gam ionnsuidh gu sìth-bhruthain,  
Ach na d' thigeadh tu tric oidhcheach luain,  
Gam fhiosracha gu sìth bhratha bhuain,  
48 Cha neil ceart miùic Rìgh bho 'n domhain,  
A Chaoilte nach fuasglaidhin ortsa,  
Ach deansa snidh an so air làr,  
Is gu 'n d' thoir mi dhuit achmhasan ;  
52 Cuir am fainne so mu d' mbeur,  
Is glachd an sgian bheag air bartiongain  
Na math do mhac mnai na fir,  
Beir air chluais air a mhucis sheigs,  
56 Na gabh roumpe fuath na eagal,  
Is cha dual do mhac Rìgh nach torchair  
Buail i sa binal dorain dubh,  
Is na beanadh dhuit braon ga fuil ;  
60 Bu cheart mhic Rìgh fo 'n domhain,  
Fuil seanna mhucis is i air aoihall.  
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 teimhrio  
Cha b' aill le Fionn thu ga gabhail  
A maireach a nìthead do bhainneis,  
68 A dheadh mhic Ronain nan laun solluis,  
Ma 's beò mise gu tim teachd,  
Thìg mi thugaisle le harrachdeadh  
Croghaidh mi ciad maoisleach mhaol,  
72 Air Gleann-easgaidh ri d' thaobh ;  
Ciad doran is ciad damh alluidh,  
Nach d' fhàg an cuimhne an àrd bheannaibh.  
Ciad comhladh do 'n chreamh Ghlas,  
76 Air a bhuan 'san fhaoitteach gheamhràidh  
Chuirean sud a steach a maireach,  
Air bhuitheachas mo leanmain.  
Air Graidh do dh' fheachibh donna dhearg,  
80 Fodh chomblain do dh' fhearraibh feannaird ;  
Le 'n diol do dh' fhearraibh coth-sheilg,  
Is iad nìle do dhair mhaca.  
Croghaidh iad mise an sìth-bhruthion,  
84 Is cha d' thig mi tuille ga d' amharc  
Thuirt Fionn.  
Tha gliocas na Feinne uile,  
A Chaoilte air dol a d' t-aonbhrúinnean,  
Na seoltachd na mna sìth  
88 Nach robh ann an aon rìochd ruinne.

H. 3. HOW CAOILTE KILLED A FAIRY

WHO WAS IN THE SHAPE OF A WILD BOAR. 1774.  
112 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 74. Advocates' Library,  
December 12, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. Story known to  
Hennessy: Poem not known.—J. F. C.

Illegible, or missing two lines

and they had seen no beasts for sport but wild Boar, which was of great bulk and height in proportion. They loosed sixteen Thraves of their Dogs in order to kill him, and pursued him till they overtook him, and then he slew them all upon the spot. Then Fingal offered his choice of their women with many precious gifts, to any man who would kill the Boar. Caoilte, the son of Ronan (who was called Terror of Battle), undertook to kill him. He chased him through woods, mountains, valleys, plains and smooth shores: he at last caught him, but could not kill him, for the Poem says he could jew his arms as green Rushes or Reed: Then he called a familiar spirit who was in love with him, and directed and assisted him

till he got the Diabolical beast kill. He went then home, and was generously rewarded and got everything they had promised him.

DAN 19.

- 1 LATHA dhúinne sealg na Cluanach,  
Le Fionn Mac Chumhail gu h-uallach ;  
'S cho d' fhuair sinn an sin do shealg,  
Ach aon mhac dhisgearnach dhearg.  
2 Dh' fhuasgail sinn sea Lethain deag,  
Ris an Torc, 's cho 'n aona blrúg ;  
Chuir e earr dhearg air ar Conamh,  
'S bha ar séilg ainne gu 'n ghnadh.  
3 Thairg Fionn an sin cumha, 's leig,  
Nach do thairg e riamh na dheidh ;  
Fios a chogair is a sgéulaibh,  
'S a rohdan do mhnaitheibh na Féinne.  
4 Maraon is deich unc do 'n ór,  
Agus earradh fein do shról ;  
Dh' aon fhear a mharbhadh an torc,  
A chloidh ar conamh calma san trod.  
5 'S e fhreagair e Caoilte caol,  
Mac Ronan, bu laith 's an fbraoch ;  
'Gabhann a chúmba uail gu deánach,  
Dhea' Mìc Chumhail is cruai' cómhrag.  
6 An sin shín Caoilte air a Mhuic,  
O Bhéinn, aua, gu Beinn luirc,  
O Bhéinn luirc gu Beinn eudainn,  
'S o thrá, Lia-druim gu slighe gílte.  
7 A togail re bráí' Dhruim ruaidh,  
'S ann a rug Caoilte air an Fhuath ;  
'S ghabh e d' a shleagan géur, le chudbrom,  
Thall sa bhos nan shlios a muinail,  
8 Cho sgriosadh e slios a muinail,  
Ach mar dhaor, chruai' no 'n Creug-nllan ;  
Bu luaithe iad fea' gach aonaich,  
Na gaoth earraich fea' ghleann caole.  
9 A togail re gleann an Asdair,  
Bha 'n tore a toirt Chaoilte nasgaidh ;  
. . . . casadh e ris a gharmain,  
. . . . r na clocha glasa garbha.  
10 A tearnadh a síos air Gleann léchrídh,  
Chuir e Caoilte gu h ann dochas,  
. . . . dh e shleaghan ramhra, ruadhe,  
. . . . l sheanrag, cuile, no luachair.  
11 . . . . agh mo thuras, 's mo chrioch,  
. . . . rinneas breug do 'm Rìgh ;  
. . . . mnaitheibh feidh Fhinn,  
. . . . heach ann an Cromag ghlinn.  
12 'O b' áit am bheil mo leannan síth,  
A Dhiorbhail na malla míne ;  
Nach d' iga' tu 'nois do 'm chomhair,  
'S gu r ogha peallar mi Chonchair.'  
13 Cho chian do Chaoilte bhì na aonar,  
'N nair chunnacas air bharradh an aonaich ;  
Bean luath, eatrom, léimneach mhear,  
'S i teachd chuige le deadh ghean.  
14 Bha criosan na laimh ro shéimh,  
'S fáil óir nu bharradh a méur ;  
Sgian bheag a snaidhadh a h iongann,  
'S i gu snuadh ghlan déud gheal io' lach.  
15 'S miannach leatsa Chaoilte chéimnich,  
Bhì d' an ionradhla 's tu d' eigaím ;  
Ge d' nach miannach le d' chorp séimh ghlan,  
Bhì sínte re 'm thaobhsa 'n séimh-gheann.'  
16 'Nan d' iga tu shéinbh ghleann doilleir,  
Dhea' Mìc Ronan nan rosg solluis ;  
Cho bhíodh air do chull a bhos,  
Aaon ní nach d' ugaím dhuit fois.  
17 'So an sgian bheag so tha 'm laimh,  
Is glac a mhuc sheigs gu 'n sgd' ;  
No ficeair air airu mhic Rìgh,  
Fuil sean torc enthaich 'se síth.'

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

- 18 Bhuail an d' oghlaoch bu tréun lamh,  
An tóir nimbe le mór ágh;  
Gus an do thuit e air an lonan  
'S b' aít an sgeúl le Caoilte Mac Ronan.
- 19 'Dean suidh' 'nois am fogus dhambh,  
'S gu d' ugain dhuit achmhásan;  
C' om an d' ug thu air mo cheannsa,  
Aon bhean tha san Fhéinn aig Fionn-gheal
- 20 'Cho d' ug mise air do cheannsa,  
Aon bhean tha 'san Fhéinn aig Fionn-gheal;  
Cho d' ug 's cho tabhair re 'm ré,  
O 'n thainig thu 'n diu re 'm fhéum.'
- 21 'C'om an innis thu sin 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 Fhiann shuas ud,  
Seachd bliadhna bha Fionn na Féinne,  
Suirtha' air inghean Aille 's fhearr béuse.'
- 23 'A chéud té thig a' mach an ath la,  
Glac thusa Caoilt i gu h calamh;  
'S air na bheil do dh' ór na thalla,  
Cho b' áill le Fionn thu da fhagbail.
- 24 'Ach ma 's beó mise gu tra' teachd,  
Rigidh mi thusa le gean;  
'S bheir mi dhuit ceud maoslach mhaol,  
An Gleann seirce taobh air thaobh.'
- 25 Crodheam dhuit céud alluidh,  
Nach fhaic riamb teach no talla;  
Cuiream sin gu teach a máirach,  
Air sealbhachas mo ghradaich.
- 26 'Bheir mi dhuit an croisán síd' so,  
Is cho chuir ort sgeios do dhroma;  
'S gu 'n toir mi dhuit an fhail óir so,  
'S gheibh thu buaidh gach sluaigh is seóilte.'

Then they departed, and Caoilte returned to the Heroes with the Boar's head; when Fingal saw that he had it, he was vexed that he promised him his choice of their women, for he was sure that Caoilte would choose his own wife. Then he thought proper to cover all their heads, and to put them out one by one, and to let him take his choice thus, (since it would not break his promise). They put out Fingal's wife first, in hopes that Caoilte would stop until a good number of them would come out; but Caoilte took the first according to his familiar love's advice, then Fingal said:—

- 27 'Tha gliocas an domhain uile,  
Caoilte air a' d' aon bhruinnain;  
No seoladh mnatha síthe,  
Nach eil an aon tír ruinne.'

Then had Caoilte Fingal's wife, and he did not offer such 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 deurach an sgeúla leom;  
Gus an d' eid Beinn aulla air Beinn luire, (Tuirc)  
Cho 'n fhaic thu mise o 'n diu.'

D. 4. MAR BHAIRIBH CAOILT AN FABHAIR.  
95 lines. 1755.

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

- 1 LA dhuin an san Bhein Bhain,  
Shin fein & Fianibh Phail;  
She dherich dhuin san Bhein bhain,  
Bhi shior chuir ri sheilg air sheichran.
- 2 Aig meid na Doirin a dherich ruinn,  
She thachir gar Fein challama choir;  
Nach raibh ra fhetin dhui ma dherigh,  
Commin aon Deisse ra cheligh.

- 3 Chuir shin Caoill air Luas a Chas,  
Gheibhin am faicee e dhuin Rathid;  
Cha duairach Rathid gearribh sallich,  
'S oíche dhorche dhoruinnich.
- 4 Chunnair e Toigh mor air Lar,  
Air urlar Ghinn nan Ceid Oigh;  
Bha Teinne sollist air air a lar,  
Bha dha Dhorist foscaite.
- 5 Bha Nithin ur ann an Taibh,  
A bailigh gam faiceis do Mhnai;  
Bha Innil Baoi air a Teich,  
Bha aig Cloighin na cean Aoirt.
- 6 Bha Coig Mialchoin aic air Slaibhrigh,  
Bha Coig Sleigh iarrain suas ri Eallachin;  
San a ghaibh mi crith as Grain,  
Ro bhi dol a steach am aoirt.
- 7 Na bigh ortsa Crith na Grain,  
Mas du Oigear Inse-fail;  
Nam bigh me Ghra Gealsa a stigh,  
Riogh gum fhaoidilhe ro noithidh.
- 8 Hug I gho Thrithir ga Biagh,  
Hug as da Thrithir ga Hedich;  
Gu de dhuaisg mi as mo phraibh,  
Air un Meangean beg don La.
- 9 Ach an Nighin ailligh aig rait ruin,  
Eirich a suas Mhic Righ Phail,  
Bhuinne gle gheal Dorain.
- 10 A Mhic na Mnai e Dun dil,  
Hanig iad ort 's du air Himamairt  
Gu do an Imairt hanig orm,  
A Gheig ur fos fainne Gorm.
- 11 Am Fabhair Mor an tin fon Traigh,  
Bear dhuit Eig na dol na Dhail;  
Hug mi Erigh orm a Suas,  
San leom fein bu leoir a chruas.
- 12 'S gun chuir mi orm muin air bhuin;  
Mo sheichd Luirichin Treorigh;  
'S chuir mi orm air a bhuin shin,  
Mearrigh uaine air aoin Dath.
- 13 Bha mo Chlaibh ri 'm T-shlios sheibh,  
'S mo Scia Bhreic a suas ri 'm Ghuain;  
Hug mi Ruathir hun an Dorrist,  
Gu ro lua 's gu hiumscariech.
- 14 Co dhorechic orm an Ro Sollist,  
Ach an Fabhair mor mun Ium ghorist;  
Cum nam do Gha dirich deas,  
Cha nan air do Hise aba Mi.
- 15 Co air eille ho do Huil,  
Fhabhair mhoir as du 'm i ruin;  
Ha Leannan aggum san Duin,  
Nighin na Malch mau! I shuil.
- 16 An m mo Leannan ha u grait,  
Abhair Mhoir, as air do Laibhse;  
Ha Fault Bui orr' as Cuil Cleichdich,  
San orm fein uu chuidh an Coleppich.
- 17 Cha nuinigh leom na ha u labhairt,  
Mas tu Mac shin an Leth-luchraich;  
'S gur misse a bhairibh Tathair,  
La Catha Beinnigh Cruaghaich.
- 18 'Sa bharras haist a Mhac,  
Mar Scur e dhim ga cho-chleichd;  
Hug mi ishe Buillin deig,  
An corp an Fhabhair as cha Bhreig.
- 19 Fon gherich e Ghrian san Mhaddin  
Sheal man deich' I shear san annamich;  
Hug e sheolligh sheich a Scia,  
Dheicin faicee a Ghrian.
- 20 Hug mi Buille beo am Broid,  
Sea mi na Coig Cinn ga Bhraigid;  
Leig mi Mullin rish an Tom,  
'Shile mo chreichin gu trom trom.

- 21 Co nì an Guth curainte binn,  
Air an Tulloch os mo Chion ;  
She hainm dhosa a tin fon Heich  
Aile Nin Rìogh Connich.
- 22 Aile dian ussa rium Baigh,  
'S na hinnish e uille do Mhrai ;  
Tog leat mo Scia gu dun Dil,  
Cha do hog Bean riabh I roithid.
- 23 Hog Aile an shin a Scia,  
Dhimmich I lethigh gu dian ;  
Cha fhroisigh I 'n Druichd don Fheir,  
S gho bho dhuisigh I min-can.
- 24 Be shin darra Cath a bu Chruaidh,  
Hug Caoilte nan Beuminn Buaghich ;  
'S nar a bhairibh e a Mhuc Ghearc,  
Ann an Fiannais Rìogh na Herin.  
Cricoch.

F. 14. LAOIDH CHAOILTE MHIC 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 luathas a chas,  
Dh' fheuchain an gleitheadh e rathad ;  
Cha d' fhuair e ach rathad garbh salach,  
Is oidheche dhorcha dhoiruintadh,
- 3 Chunnaic e tigh mor air làr,  
Air làr glinne-nan ceud oigh ;  
Chunnaic e solus air a làr,  
'S a dhorus fosgailte.
- 4 Chunnaic i inghean air a làr,  
Ailidh ga 'm fàcas do mhnaoi ;  
Bha inneal baogh air a tigh,  
Bha cuig clodhean na cheann adhart.
- 5 Bha cuig miol-choin aic air slabhraidh,  
Bha cuig slaghe iarunn suas ra fraoigh ;  
Is ghabh mi moran crith is grain,  
Mu dhòl a steach a maoranan.
- 6 Na biodh ortsa crith na grain,  
M' as tu oig-fhear Innsè-Phàil ;  
N' am biodh mo ghradh gealsta stigb,  
Naille b' fhaoidh è roimh aoighe.
- 7 Thug i dhomsa trian ga bighe,  
Agus da trian ga b-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 Phail ;  
'Mhic nam mnai a Dun-dill,  
Thainig iad ort s tu air t-iomairt.
- 9 Cìod an iomairt thainig oirnn,  
Inghean ùr nam maogh rosg gorma ;  
Fam-fhear mor a teachd bhon traidh,  
B' fhearr dhuit eug na dol na dhail.
- 10 Ach thug mi eirigh orm a suas,  
Sann leam fheinn bu leoir a chruas ;  
Chur mi orm sid mnin air mhuint,  
Mo sheachd luireachin teoiridh.
- 11 Is chuir mi orm air mhuint sin,  
M' earradh uaine is i air an dath ;  
Mo chlaidhe fad air mo shlios seamb,  
Mo sgia bhreac mhor suas ri ghuailin.
- 12 Thug mi ruathar chum an doruis,  
Gu ra luath 's gu h-ioma-sgarra ;  
Gur è dhorchuich orm an ro soluisht,  
Am fann-fhear nòr m' an ioma-dhorus.
- 13 Cum uam do ghath dìreach deas,  
Cha 'n ann air do thi a tha mi ;  
Co air eile tha do shuil,  
Flamb-fhear mhoir 's tu mi rùn.

- 14 Tha leannan agam san Dùn,  
54 Inghean na malla mhcalladh shull,  
'Nì mo leannans tha thu radh 'n,  
Flamb-fhear mhoir is air do haimh ;  
Tha folt buighe 's a cul cleachdach,
- 58 Sann orm bu chuible 'n coi-leabaich.  
Cha 'n ioghna leam na bheil thu radhain,  
Mas tu mac an leigh Luachraich ;  
'S gur ann leamsa thuit t athair,
- 62 Latha eatha Beinne-cruaiche.  
Is ann leam a thuites am Mac,  
64 Mur sguir e dhìom da cho-gbleachd.
- Ach thug mi mo sheachd-buille-deug,  
Ann corp an fann' air is cha b'breug ;  
Bho dh' eirich a ghrian gu moch,
- 68 Gus an deach i siar san anmoch,  
Thug e suil seach a sgia,  
Shealtain caite an robh a ghrian ;  
Thug mi buille beo am braid,
- 72 'S gath mi na cuig cinn ga bhraidhe.  
Leig mi m' uilinn ris an tom,  
Shil mo chreuchdan gu trom trom  
Co nì 'n guth forrain ud thall,
- 76 Air an tulaich bhos 'mo chionn ?  
Gur h-e b' ainm dhomh teachd bho 'm theach.
- 78 Ailligh Inghean Rìgh Chònoinn.  
Ailli deansa ormsa bàidh,  
'S na innis mo sgeul uil do mhnaì,  
Tog leat mo sgia gu Dundill,
- 82 'S cha do ghlae bean rianh i rombad.  
Thog Ailligh leatha an sgia,  
'S dh' imich i leatha gu dian, dian ;  
Cha chuireadh i an druic do 'n fhear,
- 86 'S cha mo a dhuigse i min-eun.  
Gu b' e sid treas turn bu chruaighe,  
Rinn Caoilte nam beumnan buagha ;  
'N la bha ce n Dun an oir  
'S an la mharbh e a mhuc ghearc,  
91 Ann am 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 sto' d her away, and that she inhabited him not to touch her as a wife for a year and a day, the said time was expired when Caoilte came; she awakened him very early, and said that the Genie was coming from of shore and that it was better for him to die than to go to fight with him. Caoilte rose and made himself ready and met him at the door, the Duel began and lasted till sun setting, then Caoilte killed him, the wife carried his arms, and went both together to one of Fingal's Forts, named White Hill.

DAN 20.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bhi 'n Gleann cruadhach,  
A cuir ar saighdan 's ar sleagh uainne ;  
'Se tharladh dhuinn an 'san leirg,  
Gu deachaidh air seachran seilg.

- 2 Aig mead a cheó sa Bheinn bhán,  
Ann bhú mhaith ar 'n íl a ghná;  
Ge do dh' iairta sinn cho 'n fhuighte,  
Comann diais an aon áite.
- 3 Ach dh' eirmais Caoilte le luas a chos,  
Air dóireachan ain-eolach 's chnoc;  
Is fhuair e rathad fínech solais,  
'S oidhche dhórcha dhóireannach.
- 4 'Chunnaig e naithe tigh mór,  
An lár gliun' air a cheud óir;  
Bha inghean úr air a lár,  
Is a dhoras fosgailt lán.'
- 5 'Bha inneal baoth air a teach,  
Bha seachd cloidheamhan aica steach;  
Bha d' a shleagh a suas re fraith,  
'S da mhiol chú mhor aica stigh.'
- 6 'Bha carradh re crann an áird,  
Cho mhor cho 'n fhacas re' m lá,  
Ghabh mí roimpe crith is gráin,  
A dhól a steach 's mí 'm aonarán.'
- 7 'No gabh thusa crith no gráin,  
Ma 's tu óg-fhear Inse pháil;  
'N nair thug mo ghradh gaisla da thigh,  
Re oighe 's ro-fhailteach aigneadh.
- 8 'Thug i orm fein suidhe suas,  
A dh' éisteachd a sgéul 's a duan;  
Is thug i dbamh drian d' a beathaidh,  
Agus da drian d' a leabaidh.'
- 9 'Ach se mhosgail mí as mo phnú',  
Air theachd beagan beag do 'n lá;  
Inghean ur ag radh rium fáill,  
Eirich suas a mhic Rígh Pháil.'
- 10 'O! ogain ohaoinb ghil aluin,  
Mhíe Ronan nan ros-g málla;  
'S na dea' mhna' a Dun ghil,  
Thainig uair d' iomairt anois.'
- 11 'Cíod e 'n iomairt thainig orm,  
Ainnir ur na 'm fuarra gorm;  
Tha 'm Foghmbhair 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 fein bu léir a chruas;  
'S chuir mí orm muin air mhúin,  
Mo sheachd luireich teanne truide.'
- 13 'Chuir mí orm air a muin dhu,  
M carradh uaine fein gu luth'r;  
Cloidheamh sínte re 'm shlios síos,  
Is sgia' air mo ghualain chlí.'
- 14 'Thug mí ruathar thun an dorais,  
A shealtain am faiciun am Foghmbhair;  
Co dhórchaich orm an ro-sholus,  
Ach am Foghmbhair mór 'n iom-dhoras.'
- 15 'C' um nam do ghadh díreach nimh,  
Cho 'n ann air do sith' 'ta mis,  
Cia air tha do sith' 's do shúil,  
Fhoghmbhair mhoir is measa run.'
- 16 'Tha leannan agam 'san Túr,  
Gur h ann orra tha mo shúil;  
Dáil bliadna thugsa dh' i dhuine,  
'S anois do thaingas da h-ionnsuidh.'
- 17 'A ní mo leannan' tha tu 'g radh,  
Fhoghmbhair mhoir san air a láimh;  
A folt buidh 'sa cúl clearcach,  
'S ann dbamhsa bu chubhaidh 'n coi-leabach.'
- 18 'S maith a labhair nu d' naisle,  
Mas tu mac an Leigh luachrach;  
'Mharbh mí gu 'n athadh no fuaradh,  
E la catha Beinna cruachan.'
- 19 'O na tharladh dh' a bhí 'm mhéin,  
'S bhí cho duilbhar rium na ghné;  
'S ann leann a thuiteas a mbac,  
Mar sguir e dhim d' a choi'-ghleac.'
- 20 'S maith gu d' innis thu sin dbamhsa,  
Fhoghmbhair mhóir nan arma' grainéil;  
Na cuig cinn 'ta air do bhrádhaidh,  
Bíodh aon dhíu agam na pháidhadh.'

- 21 Bhail sinn an sín air a chéile,  
Mar mhúinne shruth bhristeadh leimnach;  
'S bu chruaidh no fuaim mhíe talla,  
Gaoir ar faobhar caoine gealla.'
- 22 'Bha eisan mar neart na gaoithe,  
A leagadh coilteach Mhorathairn aobhach.  
'S bha mise mar luas nan sruthan,  
Bhíodh re adann gaoithe sruthadh.'
- 23 'Air bhí dhúinn mar sin re cómbrag,  
Omboch madáin gu trá neóine;  
O 'n dh' eirich a ghrian gu moch,  
Gus an deach i siar a chlos.'
- 24 'Thug mise seachd builleán déug,  
An corp an Fhoghmbhair mhóir 's cho bhréug;  
Thug e 'n sin amháire seach a sgia',  
A dh' fhaicinn cíod a dhur a ghrian.'
- 25 'N uair a fhuair mí fein am fáth,  
'S mhothaich mí e fuadh chrá';  
Thug mí béum beó dh' a gu gabhadh,  
Is sgath na cuig cinn d' a bhrádhaidh.'
- 26 'N sin leig mí 'm uilean air an tom,  
'S shíl mo chreucaibh gu trom, trom;  
'N deidh builean an Fhoghmbhair mhóir,  
Nach deachaidh neach rianh a léon.'
- 27 'O ogain chaoimh ghil aluin,  
Is fhearr luas do shluagh Rígh Pháile;  
Rís an goirear giorag comhraig,  
Mo cheud beannachd fein gu d' chombdach.'
- 28 'Co ní 'n guth curant ud tháil,  
Air an tulaich os mo cheann;  
Gu 'r e 'n t ainm a ghoirear dbamhsa,  
Aine inghean Rígh Chonchadh ór-bhuidh.'
- 29 'Aine dean thus crmsa báidh,  
Is na h innis e do mhuidh;  
Tog leat mo sgia' gu Dun-geal,  
'S ní do thog bean rianh i 'n glaic.'
- 30 Thainig Aine 'n sin gu dian,  
'S thog i mo chloidheamh 's mo sgia';  
Cho roisamh i 'n dréidh do 'n fhéur,  
'S cho mho dhuisgadh i mean éun.'
- 31 'Sin an treas turas a b' fhearr,  
A rinn Caoilt' nam béumaibh lén;  
'S 'n uair a chuaidh e Dhún an óir,  
Agus a mharbh e 'n forc mor.'
- 32 'S muladach mise re 'm ré,  
A sior thuireamh síos am béus;  
Mar chraun críon am fasach fuar,  
'N deidh éach 's mo dhuilach thoirt uam.'

O. 5. CAOILTE 'S AM FOMHFEAR. 84 lines.  
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 18. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.  
Edinburgh, March 16, 1872. In this version the  
stanzas are so broken that I have numbered the lines.

- 1 La dhúinn sealg beinn Aonais,  
Ler h-oigrídh ghasda, fir chalma;  
La eile sa' Bheinn Bhain,  
Sir chuir seilg air seacharan.
- 5 Suil gun tugas a bhán,  
Chunncas gleannan nan ceud oigh, (al. aigh)  
Ainnir sholuis air a lár,  
'S a seachd dorsan fosgailte.
- 9 Bha seachd claidhean air a h-aghairt,  
Bha seachd slenghan shuas air alchaig;  
Inneal baith air a heart deas, (al. as)  
Bha seachd miol-choin aig air slabhruidh.  
Ghabh mí eridh, ghabh mí grain,
- 14 O na tharladh dhomh bhí m' aonar aunn.  
Na bíodh ortsa crídh no gráin,  
Oig'fhear ur à Innis fáil,  
Bu mhiann leam guth a' Ghael ghlain,
- 18 An nair am minic chlutunnín e.  
Eirich thusa Mhíe rígh Fáil,  
'S ann an dingh than t-iomairt;  
Cíod am fáth iomairt thainig orm,
- 22 Ighinn ur is gloine rugh.



- Fomhfhear mor bhi teachd nad' dhail,  
 24 B' ansa 'n teug na dol na choir,  
 Rinn e dhomh mo leaba díon.  
 Ga beachdail air bathais an Urlair.  
 Gur e dh' allte linn m' an seach;  
 28 Fion uisge beatha 's curmailt,  
 (*AP. Fion uisge, is lion is Curmailt.*)  
 Chuir i ormsa an leaag shithe,  
 Leth ri 'n shlios, bu leor a muidic;  
 Chuir i ormsa air man sin  
 32 Na seachd luirichean Freamhri.  
 Chuir i sgiath air mo laimh chli,  
 'S mo chlaidheamh gear a' m' limh dheas,  
 Cholulach mise ma 'n radh sholuis  
 36 Am Fomhfhear mor ma 'n ionn dhorus,  
 Team as mo rathad a Chaoilte,  
 Cha 'n ann air a thí a tha mi,  
 Cíod an tí am bheil thusa,  
 40 Fhomb'ear mor na mí ran.  
 Tha leannan agam anns an Dun,  
 Leannan ur na malla seang;  
 An leannan sin a tha thu 'g radhte,  
 44 B'ait leam agam air son muaoi.  
 'S mise 'n duine mharbh t-athair  
 La catha Beinn A Chruachain;  
 Cíod e ged mharbh tha m' athair  
 48 La catha beinn a Chruachain.  
 'Se bhitheas agamsa air son paighe,  
 Na cuig cinn th' air a bhraigaid;  
 Ghabh iad an sin do cheile  
 52 O mhoch maduinn gu luidhe greine,  
 Thug am Fomh' ear sealladh fiar (al. siar)  
 Cíod e 'm ball an robh a' ghrian;  
 Thug mi sealladh beag na dheigh,  
 56 Sealladh bochd do 'm chreuchdaibh feín.  
 Thug mi sgiobag dh'a m braid,  
 58 Sgath mí na cuig cinn de bhraigaid.  
 Leag mí m' ullin ris an tom,  
 As shill mo chreuchdan gu trom trom;  
 Co i a bhean tha os mo cheann,  
 62 Dheanadh a' chaint chaoimhneil ruim?  
 Theireadh ruim m' n tra so 'n de.  
 64 Ailke nighean Rígh Couair.  
 To mo chlaidheamh tog mo sgiath,  
 66 Nach do thog bean romhad riámh.  
 Thog i mo chlaidheamh 's mo sgiath,  
 'S thog mí feín fo dhíon, (al. o ghníamh)  
 Chaoilte Mhíe Rígh soluis.  
 72 An ann maireach a bhítheas do bhannais?  
 Ma 's maireach mise an Dun til,  
 Gun tíginn t-ionnsuidh le h-airce;  
 Achanaich dh' irrainn air mo leannan,  
 76 An ní sin nach 'eíl an laimh,  
 Ceud Donran nach do chláthaich bruch,  
 Ceud eala nach do shnámh air cuan,  
 Ceud searach nach do chraoim air ion,  
 80 Ceud damh alluidh nach do thílg croc.  
 Gheibhte sud ceud maosach mhaol,  
 An gléann seirce taobh ri taobh,  
 Ceud sobhrach 's creunh glas,  
 84 Air a bhuaín san fhaoilteach gheamhraidh.

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 'Lochlaunaich,' Northmen, or Danes, or Scandinavians. The Sea Rovers wanted Fionn's famous hound, and his wife, his cup, his two spears, and his sword, Mac an Luinn, and sent all sorts of strange messengers in search of them. In H. 5. they send a messenger with some loud-sounding musical instrument—a Timbrel, according to Armstrong's Dict.—a Timbrel, Tabor, Drum, Cymbal, according to O'Reilly. The place

of the Norsemen, generally, is about Beinn Eudainn, now the Hill of Howth; so these ballads belong historically to the Norse occupation of Dublin, in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, when the Feinne flourished, in the 3rd century. Historians may explain the myths chronologically, if they can. I leave the mythology to comparative mythologists, for I know nothing like it; and as for the geography, it must take its chance. I give the Ballads as I got them.

H. 6. describes a monstrous mythical personage. H. 7. describes an early adventure in the Story of Oscar, the son of Oisein and grandson of Fionn. I tell his story elsewhere, in English; how he got his name, and what it means.

### H. 5. HOW A CHARMER CAME TO THE HEROES, NAMED HARD SCUL, 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 Claicean Mac Choin a chinn chruaidh, (that is, Hard Head or Hard Scul,) to sing a timbrel to them; and he would play so hard and loud that none of them could stay to hear it. Caoilte was watching; he came where he was and asked of him, how many Heroes had Fingal; he told him that they were divided into seven Cathairns, (that is, into seven Regiments or Companies, but it is not known how many were in each, but supposed to be 500,) and that every one had a wife, a servant-man, and two dogs; he went then to the house and played on the Timbrel. Since they could not stay to hear it, Fingal excused himself, saying that their women were . . . sorrowful, and that they do not like any music at present; but he would not give over playing unless he would get his own dog, named Bran, his two spears, and his sword; but Fingal refused that, saying that his music was not pleasant, and that he would not get his request, since he do not deserve it; then he gave three sounds, and the Heroes were deaf a long while afterward. They sent all their dogs after him, but in vain till they loosed Bran, who overtook him at a cave in Beinn 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 dhámh a Chaoilte chruadhach,  
 Mhíe Ronan cia mor d' eibhneas;  
 Cia lion tha Mhaitheadh 'n ar Féinnsa,  
 Le 'n coin is le 'n coi'-éirídh.'
- 2 'Seachd Cathain tha n ar Féinn,  
 'S cho 'n eil neach dhú sud gu 'n scia;  
 Gu 'n bhean gu 'n ghille, gu 'n da chú,  
 Sud e 'n Túr fúí 'n dealbhach iad.'
- 3 'Tha tiombáin nan íarrann fuar,  
 Re combla chruaidh mí 'n sge bhuirb;  
 'S fear no bean d'am bheil san Fhéinn,  
 Eisteachd ris a ghléus ní 'm fuila.'
- 4 Dh' ímech e gu cíos d'ar Túr,  
 For 'm bu Bonnhor cíníl is báird;  
 Is shéinn air an tiombáin phreair,  
 Ceól bu chruaidh' no íolach báis,
- 5 Cho 'n eisteachd ris neach san Fhéinn,  
 D' bhri géir a fuaimnach árd;  
 Ge'd bhíod cuan is mac talla bheann  
 Aig eibhich b' fhánn seach a gáir,
- 6 Labhair mac Chuthaill an gloir ghlic,  
 Mar bu nós dh' a ann 's gach drip;  
 'Tha bantrach' ar Féinne fúí' bhrón,  
 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 béum;
- 8 'Ne 'm fuigh tu mo shean chu scímh,  
 No mo dha shleagh gu 'n chion fath;  
 No Mac-an-lión nan luath bheuin,  
 A thnú ní m fuigh tu gu bráth.'

- 9 'Mar sin 's bréug a bhí gu d' mholadh,  
Fhinn gu 'n fhéileachd no urram;  
O 'n thug thu uait san aon la,  
Eúr is aithis do dh' aon duine.'
- 10 'Ni 'n duine thusa gu fíor,  
Ach tnú nathara, nár, mhílteach  
Gu 'n iúl no oileanach riamh,  
'N tra' dh' iarradh tu duais díoleadh.'
- 11 'N sin líon an t arrachd a' mach,  
Bhuair e uile ar comhnuidh;  
Rinn e trí sgreadan gábhídh,  
'S neach na dheidh cho b' fhiach am f . .
- 12 . camar ris coin na Féinne,  
Thair gach maóile cnuic is sléibhe,  
'S cho raibh teamhair air luas an fhir;  
Gu h uamh mhór am B'éinn éudain.
- 13 Thug sinn fuasgladh do chu Fhinn,  
Is ruidh e gu dian neo-mhall;  
Mu 'n raibh 'm fuath ach gan a steach  
Rug e air le tíoileam garg.
- 14 Thug e an sin deanal cruaidh,  
'S Claicéan mac Choin a chinn chruaidh,  
Is thorchair le Bran gu 'n fheall,  
Ceann Chlaigain air an uair,
- 15 Thainig e air ball do 'n Fhéinn,  
Is ceann Chlaigain ann na bhéul,  
B'ait an scalla leis an t-sluagh,  
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 themselves 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 Fingal 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 oghaoch neo-ionnalt,  
Tidhain air magh glinne níar.
- 2 Gomhal fúrsuidh, 's broidhe fíar,  
'S amhluidh sin do bha ann fuath;  
Lorg iarrain air fad á dhroma,  
Da lurgain loma 's iad luath,
- 3 Bha súil aig am bun na cluaise,  
'S bha i gu crithanach ciar,  
'S bha súil 'eile air dhath na réulla,  
A mullach an éudain shiar,
- 4 An sin do dh' fhiosraich an l árd Rígh,  
'Cia 'n t iúl a thainig am fuath?'  
Cia b' ainm dh' a fein is d' a athair,  
Is oguidhachd air gu luath.
- 5 'S mise Silballan mac Sithaill,  
Dhoirtainn fuil is réubhainn féoil;  
Bu mhiannach leam ruidh gu reachdmhor,  
Agus cuir as do Rígh Phóil.'
- 6 An sin do dheargaich an t árd Rígh,  
Ris a ghlóir do chan am fuath;  
'S tharraing e lann fhada biombhídh,  
Gu fada, deas, díreach uath.
- 7 Gach buille da 'n liubhradh an t árd Rígh,  
Le chloidheamh cuilgearra, cruaidh;  
Bheireadh am fuath 's moran tuillidh,  
Da bhuille mu n bhuille uath.

- 8 An sin do chuimhnich Mac Chuthaill,  
Air a threune chleasaibh lúith;  
Tharraing e Mac-an-loin gu talubhídh,  
'S le ágh marbhar e 'm fuath nach b' fhiú.
- 9 Bu mhaith leinn gu d' imich am fuath,  
'S gu deachídh na sluaigh a cás;  
Oir b' dara fuath bu mheasa,  
Thainig riamh air Fianntídh Phóil.

#### H. 7. HOW CROM NAN CNAMH KIL'D SGIATHAN, THE SON OF THE KING OF SCAIRBH.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 33. Advocates' Library, December 1, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Dublin, December 4, 1871. The story in some shape is in the Book of Lismore, Irish MS., 1450, but this ballad was not identified by Hennessy. I have part of it orally collected. Y. 3, Page 182.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

It was the custom of the Heroes to set out watch every night in the year, and their was coming every night a valiant Hero with an enchanted music; and the watchman would fell 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 proper, they were vexed that such an Owl was coming no them, and that all their attempts was in vain. There was a young fellow in their kitchen who was called by name (at that time) Crom nan cnámh or Crom an earnach afterwards Oscar, and he said 'I will watch the night.' Fingal said that they would not trust themselves to his watching; he said 'that suppose they would be watching twelve, that he would be with them.' then Fingal allowed him to watch since they would not be but as usual. The Inchanter came as formerly and he slept, but soon awaked and pursued after him, till he overtook him, and killed him. Observe the Poem.

#### DAN 6.

- 1 'Thuras lorgan laoiach sa bhlar,  
Madainn dhiamhair fuí' dhea' thrachd;  
'S thugas briathair air mo shleagh,  
Nach bí sin lorg Fhinn no Oisain.'
- 2 'No Caoilte beag nan cos lumhor,  
No neach a bha air Loch lurgann;  
No aon fhear do mhuintir Fhinn,  
A tharladh orms ann an Croma ghlinn.'
- 3 'Thogas 'm éudach 's leigeas ris,  
Air fea' móintich is garbh dhris,  
Bha mí fein am ruidh 's leum,  
'S cho raibh 'm fear mor ach na chruaí' chéum.
- 4 'Rugas air is rugas air,  
An gleann beag eidear dha chreag;  
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh innis dhamsa;  
No cia 'm ball am bí thu comhnuidh,
- 5 'S aimaidach thusa fhir bbig,  
'S ógan thu 's cho 'n eil thu glie;  
Cho b' uilair dhuitsa 'n Fhiann uile,  
Dh' fbaghail sgéul o 'n aon duine.'
- 6 'Cho 'n iarrainnsa do 'n Fhiann uile,  
Ach Fionn is Goll nan treun bhluilean;  
A chuid nach sracamaid le 'r lamhan,  
Dhiot loisgeamaid e le 'r 'n anail,
- 7 'Thugas dhámh sin 's thugas dhámh,  
An t sleagh mhór a bh' air a shon;  
'S chosgair e i thair mo chlaigean,  
Da throidh dhéug an aodann dailaig
- 8 'Thugas dh' a sin 's thugas dh' a,  
Au t sleagh bheag a bh' air mo sgá;  
Chosgair mí sud roimh a chroidhe,  
'S chosg mí moran d' a luath mhíre.
- 9 'Oghaoich mhóir nan iomadídh créuc,  
Sgearr gus an togar do leac;  
Innis an deireadh do latha,  
Cia thu feineach no cia t athair?'
- 10 'S mise Sgiathan Mac Rígh Sgeairbh,  
Míe an fhir ua' bhásaich ghairbh;  
'S gu b' e mo nós ann 's gach teach,  
Bhí síor chosgair cuid gach neach.'



- 11 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-amhunn,  
Gu mor a th' ann do Chlanna-reath;  
Tha cuig-ceud-deug fear fui 'n lionmhor armarchd.  
Is da choinn air laimh gach fir,  
A feitheadh ort a Chailleach.
- 12 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-Airde,  
Gur lionmhor ann Clann-na-cearda;  
Tha cuig-ceud-deug fui 'n làn armachd  
'S da choinn air laimh gach fir,  
A feitheomh ort a Chailleach.
- 13 Ma ghabhas tu air Bhèanna dubha,  
Gur lionmhor ann Clanna-rutha;  
Tha cuig-ceud-deug, &c.
- 14 Fhegair a Chailleach.  
'Cìod e sin theire tsa Ìulla  
Nam fàgainne na bheil ann sin uile  
Eadar chn luath is aon duime?  
Theire gu bu tapaich thu Chailleach.
- 15 Ach ghabh a Chailleach rathad Ach-nabainse,  
Agus thilg i gath naimhe 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 leum gu borborra bras.  
Is leum an triuir cholgorra dheas  
An t-eas an deidh na Caillich.
- 17 Ghlac Mac Cuthail a chuach,  
O 's ann da fein bha buaigh 's blagh;  
Ghlac Caoilte o' se b' fhearr luathas,
- 18 A chlaidhe cruaidh 's a da shleagh.  
Is rug Connan bho sè bha gu deireadh  
Air top lia na Caillich, is thilg e san Eas i.

H. 8. HOW A SPIRIT CAME IN THE NIGHT  
TIME TO KILL FINGAL AND THE REST OF  
HIS HEROES.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 64. 60 lines. Advocates' Library, December 8, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. A story like this is in the Irish tale of Magh Lena, published, ten years ago, from a MS. of 1720. Poem not known to Hennessy. Some verses are the same as the Mùileartach orally preserved, but the story I do not know as orally preserved.—J. F. C.

A GHOST came on the Heroes in the night to kill Fingal, Goll, Oscar, Caoilte, and Aogh, &c.; since they would not fight with her, she cast the door of the house off its hinges, and took away with her Fingal's golden cup, they followed her till they overtook her. This spirit and Sìhila were the worst that ever came to the heroes.

DAN 15.

- 1 OIDHCHE bha sinn a mùr Bhéara,  
'S moran do Mhaitheadh ar Feinne;  
Channaig sinn a teachd gu lùthmar,  
Fuath a b' áirde no 'n fhíúidh.
- 2 Bu mhór ciannas air fáir,  
'S bu mhó a siubhal no h áird;  
Bha cochall dubh sìos ma bian,  
Is fiacail seach a cmos siar.
- 3 Bha cloidheamh meirgeach dubh air a leis,  
Re h ám féirge bu mhór a ghreis;  
'S bha sleagh nimhe na deas laimh,  
Gheibha' buaidh air sluaigh gu 'n fheall.
- 4 ' Fosglaihb dhamb fheara' Fionn;  
'S mi gu fhuich hídagach fann;  
Shiubhail mi Eirinn fa thri,  
'S cho d' ug duime th' ann dhamb dìon.'
- 5 'Se fhreagair i Fearadhas béul dearg,  
Ba bhinne glóir a bha 'n Eirinn;  
'Mu rinn thusa sinn a chailleach,  
'S ann do chomharaibh droch mhnatha.'
- 6 'Ma 'n d' ig thu a steach d' ar muthainn,  
Innsidh tu dhainn bri do thurais;  
'Sa ghealltain nachdean thu dó bhairt,  
Air Fiann Inuse-Pháil no Frecine.'

- 7 'Innseamsa sin Fheadharais fhilidh,  
An t ádhbhar mn 'n d' ainig mise;  
A dh' iarruidh cómharg air Goll,  
Air Caoilte 's air Oscar crom.'
- 8 ' Air Mac Chuthaill nan lamb luath,  
Is air Aogh Mac Gharabh chraidh;  
Air (neo) gheadh duais thoirt dhiam gu 'n éura,  
Cho mhaith sa tha múr na Féinne.'
- 9 'Cho d' theid sinn chaoidh a ebomhrag,  
Re fuath oidhche raibh na énrachd;  
Gu 's an d' theid Aula air béinn Torc  
D' an deóin eho d' theid iad gu 'd lot.'
- 10 'N tra' chuala chailleach gloir Fhearadhais,  
Lion i suas le cutback feargach;  
Chuir i rompe comhla' Bhéara,  
'Sa steach chuai' i measg ar Féinne.
- 11 Thog i lé cuach Fhinn fhilidh,  
Gu grad lamach s'e cho d' fhaibhraich;  
Chuartaich i Eirinn le colg,  
'S' ann Fhianng gu léir air a lorg.
- 12 Faidheidh chuir i sinn san fhreacht,  
Cha raibh 'm fogus dh' i ach triar;  
Fionn is fear srainidh nam rámh,  
'S Caoilte beag Mac Ronan áidh.
- 13 Do leum i gu eas Eas-ruaidh,  
Ge do bha e cuir ma bhruacha;  
Lenn Fionn air a cas léum,  
'S chuir e ghéur sbleagh roi' a cachull.
- 14 Rug Fionn an sin air a chachull,  
O 'n bu leis a blagh sa buaidh;  
'S rug Caoilte nan lamb tréun,  
Air a chloidheamh sa sleagh génr.
- 15 Rug fear srainidh nan ramb,  
Air a h usgar loimhreach bán;  
Sin mar tharladh d' ar fir théune,  
'N oidhche bha sinn a mùr Bheura.

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 RIGH LOCHLUINN do 'n Fheinn a thoirt lethé le foil cuach na gessachd. Fhuair i Oisen maille re cuid de dhaoana ann an Talla no Feinne.

A BHUILEARDACH RUADH, (a Chailleach).

- 1 ' Fosgail, fosgail, laoiach loug,  
Nan airm fullug faothair ghorm,  
'S feuch cuid (or pairt) do d' fhaoilteachd,  
Do chailleach bhoc a thig a Caoilte,
- 5 'S mise sin a chailleach thruagh:  
'S fhada a dl' imich mi 's mi buan,  
Cha n-eil an cuigibh na h-Alba,  
No 'n cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn,  
Aon duime 'dhiultadh dhomh fosgladh,
- 10 Nuair 'chrouinn mo chean fo 'dhorus.'

OISEIN.

'Ma dh' imich thusa n' uigh sin uile,  
'S biadhtaichean iad ri droch urra;  
Fuairichid do smior a chailleach,  
Mu 'm fosgaillear dhuit mo dhorus.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 15 'S dona 'n aithne sin, a mhie righ,  
( 'Us mac righ 'ga ràdh ruit)  
Nuair dhiultadh tu fosgladh do dhorus.'
- OISEIN.
- 'Cha dhiultinn dhuit a monadh fiadh,  
Gad' bhiodh agad triath dy reir,  
20 Chuirinn biadh naoidlinear gu d' theach,  
'S biadh feachd leat o 'n Fheinn.'

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Cha bhi agam do d' bhíadh feadh,  
Ní mo 's áill leam do tháir (shar) fhacal;  
B' amhsa leam teas do d' aimhlibh,  
25 Agus leabaidh mair ri d' ghaghradh.'

## OISEIN.

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

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Cha 'neil mo choisceachda ach mall.  
'S theid an teine sin a crann.'

## OISEIN.

'Bunnig thusa leathtaobh Chnilinn,  
Cuir geigibh caol fo d' spuiribh,  
35 Seid gu caol gear le d' anail,  
'S deau do gharadh ris a Chailleach.'

A Chailleach sin bu ghairbh cráimh,  
Chuir i gualluinn ris a chleidh,  
'S bhris i na seachd geomhlibh iarúinn,  
40 Mur nach bidh annt' ach seann iallan.

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Tha mi nise stigh 'n ur teach,  
'S liubha nar marbh na nar beo,  
'S lionmhoir scobh bhios 'n 'ur teach,  
Na macan beo a marach.'

45 Cheangail i iad taobh ri taobh,  
Na b' eadar an caol 's an ruidh,  
'S rug a Chailleach air a chuach,  
'S thug i gu luadh a magh.

Chunnachdas a Chailleach le Fionn air dha  
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 h-airde,  
Bu bhoadhail dúit clann na ceairde;  
Tri cheud deug le 'n dian armachd,  
'S lothain choin air gach fear;  
55 Fir thugad a tha Chailleach?'

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Cíod a theireadh tus a dhiullan,  
Na 'm faguinnsa iad sin uile,  
Edar chu madh agus dheagh dhúine?'

Leam a Chailleach an t-eas,  
60 Leam gu garbh brais,  
Thilg i gath nimhe air Fionn  
A chaidh seachd troidhean 'san fheur uaine  
Thairis air bar a dha ghuaillibh,  
Thilg Fionn a shleagh taobh

65 'S bhris e ' cridhe na caol drúim,  
'S rug Geolach o 'n is i bu luaithe,  
Air sliasaid chruaidh na Cailleach;  
'S rug Caoilte beag nan cuach,  
Air a claidheamh cruadhach,

70 'S air a da shleagh.  
Bha iad seachd la 'us seachd oidheche.  
A roinn faobha na Cailleach;  
'S cha d' rug Oisein a bha air dheireadh,  
Ach air seann chliabhag liadh na Cailleach.

## OISEIN (?)

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

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Cha neil m' aois fein ri airéamh  
78 Tri cheud bliadhna 'sa dha.

Although the last four lines are recited with the piece as above, they seem to be out of place.—Of the second piece to which I referred in my letter, my father remembers but a few lines, and these, perhaps, not in their proper order—I give them as I got them from him, before I saw the version in Mac Callum's Collection.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

## PADRUG MAC ALPINN.

Oisein uaisail Mhic Fhionn,  
'S tu do shluighe air Tulluich eibhinn,  
Laigh mhór mhíleanta nach eat,  
Tha mi faicinn sproichd n ad euduinn.

## OISEIN.

Dh' innsinn fatha hronn 'th' orm fein,  
Phadruig Mhic Alpinn o n Fheinn,  
La dha 'n robh an Fheinn a mhuigh,  
'Nan suidh air torran coire (or Tora) Siar,  
Chunnachdas a tighinn o 'm mhagh,  
A bhean sin a b' aile feamh  
A ngeuan a b' aile snuadh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruigh,  
Bu ghile no gath na greine,  
A h earradh gheal fa gaodh a leine,  
Labhail an oighe fo gheala bheal'd  
'S lachan gaire na ceann.

This is part of the Lay of the Maiden. See below.—J.F.C.

## D. 6. CRUACHAN CRAIG AN TULLICH.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, February 29, 1872.

D. 6. and H. 9. are versions of the same ballad. I have no other versions of it, manuscript or oral, Irish or Scotch.

1 Ach a Chruachan Chraig an Tullich,  
'S mi fo Mhullich Sleithidh Fanis;  
Nochd a tharla mi fo d' Tegil,  
Gur trom a leagta do Laibh orm.

2 La shídh Dhuinne ri fágábh,  
Bha shin fo d' Dhiabhair a Thullich;  
She chunnaire shin Marceich cetich,  
As e teachd le sceilidh huggin.

3 Sana dhisrich Fion do 'n Mharceich,  
Gu de fa Taistair fo 'd Chricibh;  
Thanig mi fo Thaitbh na Shituidh,  
She labhair an Gíullidh ceudna.

4 San a ghluais e 'n Cean air Corich,  
Mar gu nigh Folum aig Fíllidh;  
Labhair e am briaribh isligh,  
Mar gach Marceich shibhailt shiunnidh.

5 Bithibhse a nochd nar fáirrich,  
A Tseiche Cathan na Feine;  
Gu de e aobhir air Fáirrich,  
She ní labhair Fear gar Feine?

6 Gu de a aobhir air Fáirrich  
She ní labhair Fear gar Feine?  
Agus nach heil Linn air buaidh,  
Nochd air ochd uachoribh na Herin.

7 Naile hig i oiribh a Chaillich,  
As a Harrachd othair edigh;  
'S gun cumidh ruibhse Coibhrig,  
Gad bhígh air Coinigh le chele.

8 San an shin a labhair Connan,  
Cha 'b onnarich dhúine Ghruagich;  
Mar a fona mid do Chaillich,  
Dhith fein sga Harrachd ga chruathidh.

9 Shin nar huirt Gruagich an ubhail,  
Air mo chuibhse a Chonnain;  
Dhaindeoin Sheac Cathan na Feine,  
Gu dearibh rebidh I do chollair.

10 Thug Connan shiocidh hun an ubhail,  
Gad nach bo chuibhidh dha bhualidh;  
San chuir e le ardan spreigridh,  
A chluas fo 'n Lechean do 'n Ghruagich.

11 Shin nar ghaillibh e nain an Gruagich,  
She gu fágábhíh feathich fearagich;  
Mar steid shreimigh dol air aistir,  
Chluint a Hartir ans gach Bearnaigh.

12 An Teich shin a bha fon Ghruagich,  
Gur he buaiche ra fhacain;  
San na Chean a bha 'n Trian orridh,  
M ro Innis na Heoirp do Chlachibh.



- 13 Har leinne bu bhor a Ghilid,  
Do T shide do T shról 's do Ghinnis;  
Fo steid chois chom a chnrridh;  
Le n faighe gach Duinne Duimpeich
- 14 'S an a ghaibh e uain an Gruagiech,  
Gu fiathich fuathich, le ardan shiubhail;  
Agus hanig na tri Fuathin,  
Mar a chualigh Fion Mac Cubhail.
- 15 Shin nar a hanig a Chaillich,  
As a Harrachd air a Culibh;  
Mar ri Celidh Leth a Leppich,  
'S riogh cha b' aobhir aithis duin e.
- 16 Cethir fichid Lan-laioich mor,  
Do chlainnibh Morni huit nan Tns;  
Uirrid eille Chlainnibh Baoisg,  
Agus Caogid a chuir leis.
- 17 Bha 'n oiche shin dhuinne bronich,  
An deis air Choibhrig na dherigh;  
A Tarruing air mairibh gu Huaighin,  
'S geil bu chruaithidh leon 's nu ceillim.
- 18 Bu truitimigh le Fion na Fuathin,  
A ghol uaidh gun am marraigh;  
I ad gun bheim sceinmigh nan Cnaithibh,  
'S nach ro Feinn nar sleighibh garriidh  
Na gad rechidh uaidhir eille shoirchaire  
Do na Eianibh gorana Gaitbill.
- 19 Hanig iad orne triuir Chlerich,  
Air Eirigh Greine n Larna-bharich;  
Agus Ballan sbithidh sheirce,  
Eaurigh ga hoirt a Lathair,
- 20 Dharridh Mac a Chleirich oig,  
Air cheid chaint an Tos tus do Dfhionn,  
Ca leas a reuinigh an Teuchd,  
Na co leis an deint' am marraigh.
- 21 Bu duillich leomsa shud inse,  
Nam bu ni e ghabhidh ceiltin;  
Gun tuittidh iad le tri 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 bberigh an da Trian beo.
- 23 Ba bhath leom shin ars a Fion,  
Gad a choiste e gho ni mor;  
Do dhaoin Fhear thogidh an Fhian  
Gar 'n digidh ach Trian diu leom.
- 24 Dherich Mac a Chlerich mhoir,  
Le sheirbhais choir os a cionn;  
Le Draoghichd Bhallain nam Buaigh  
Gheirich a Tshluaigh suas le Fionn
- 25 Mar a thoirchir 's mar a thuit,  
Shin iad dbuit do Bhuintir Fhinn;  
Fon shin fein a reinn an Teachd,  
Cha ghabhamid Feich ga chionn.
- 26 'Mhanarain ga math do Laihb,  
Thug thu do m Fhein masla mor;  
Fhinu na gaibhse dheth Tair,  
Fhir nach tium ri dol san sceo.
- 27 Fhinu na gaibhse dheth Tair,  
Fhir nach Tium dol san sceo;  
Sgur Draoghichd a churridh oirribh,  
Leis 'n do Chailigh a Chlann choir.
- 28 Triur air nach deargidh arm,  
'S nach loisg an Teinnigh ga Bhoid;  
'S nach mo Bhaite leis an Tuinn,  
Ciod an Tium a bha nan Teichd ?

Cricoch.

## H. 9. HOW AN INCHANTER WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD CAME TO KEEP WAR WITH THE HEROES.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 51. Advocates' Library, December 6, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. 120 lines.

Not known to Hennessy in Irish Manuscripts. Not known to me, orally preserved now.—J. F. C. Dublin, December 9, 1871.

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 II.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bhi re fiadhach,  
Gu' m anu mu dhiambair na tulach;  
Do chnnaig sinn Gruageach ea-trom,  
Le lidhachd le sgéule chugainn.
- 2 Do bha stéud ag a Ghrugaic,  
'S ann leinne a b' uallach fhaicsinn;  
Na cheann do bha an srian ór-bhuidh,  
Le iomcarachá dh' ór 's do chlachaibh,
- 3 'S ann leinne bu bhrea a dhiollaid,  
Do shíode, do shról, dh' fhiontran;  
Air an stéud chois ea-trom churant,  
Dh' fhagte leis gach duine diombach.
- 4 Ghluais e ann na uile chomhdhach,  
Gu Fiantidh phoil nar fhoir fíulidh;  
Agus bheannaich e gu siobhail  
Marcaich seimh nan siog- shuil sionnach.
- 5 Thrus sinn nile 'n sin gu déonach,  
Gu's an ogan a b' fhear earradh;  
A dh' fhagbail sgéul gu 'n éuradh,  
Uaith gu h' éibhneach uallach eallamh.
- 6 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Chnthaill d'on Ghrugaic,  
Ann am briathraibh nasal eibhainn;  
'Ailís dhuinne 'nois air thoisach,  
Cia as t astar gu riogh'chd Eirann.'
- 7 'Thainig mis' o thaobh nan sionnach,  
Do labhair an gille céalfach;  
Gu' m bi sibhsa noc nar caithris,  
A sheachd cathanaibh na Féinne.'
- 8 Cíod e noc adhbhar ar caithris,  
Do labhair Fionn flath na Féinne;  
'S nach aithne dhamb neach d' a bualadh,  
Eidear ceath' b' bhrucha' na h' Eirann.'
- 9 'Do thig chngáibhsa noc cailleach,  
Is a h' arrachd fein le céile;  
Is cnmídh iad ruibhsa cómbrag,  
A dh' aingain conamh 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 fein le céile.
- 11 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,  
Cho 'n eil onoir dhuinn a Ghrugaic;  
Cia beag a chéabhadh oirnn cailleach,  
A céile sa h' arrachd d' an cruaidhead.
- 12 'Do fhreagair 'an Gruagach guineach,  
Air a chubhaidh fein a Chonain;  
Thig na fuathan oirbh le chéile,  
Is reubar léó 'noc do ghon shuil.'
- 13 Do bha ubhall ag a Ghrugaic,  
Is thigáibh e uaith air astar;  
Cheapadh e e san laimh cheudna,  
'S ann leinne bu treabha gaisgaic.
- 14 Do rug Conan air an ubhall,  
Cho bu chubhaibh dh'a r'a bhua'ladh;  
'S chluas a bha leith r' a leith-cheann,  
Chuir e le spreagadh do 'n Ghrugaic.
- 15 Do chailh a Ghrugaic an t ubhall,  
Ona bu chubhaidh dh' a bhualladh;  
'S do sgar e 'n da chluais o 'n chlaigean,<sup>1</sup>  
Gu lom sgaphara do 'n Ghrugaic.
- 16 An sin dh' imich uainn a Ghrugaic,  
Se gu fiathach, fuathach, feargach;  
Air a stéud chois, ea-trom, ghasa  
Dheanann astar thair gach garbhach.

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

- 17 Is gearr air imeachd do 'n Ghrugaich,  
Se sin a chula Mac Chuthaill;  
Mar fhuaim tuinne na trì Garin,  
Sann dhuinne gu' m' b' ádhbhar cumha.
- 18 An sin thainig óirne chailleach,  
Is a h anachd air a culabh;  
Is a céile leith a leaba,  
'S cho b' ádhbhar aitas iad dhuinne.
- 19 Tri fichead déng 's cnogad curidh,  
A bhuaileadh buillean le chéile;  
Se sin a thuit leis na fuathan,  
Do Mhaithaibh 's do dh' uaislaibh ar Féinne.
- 20 Seachd fichead do Chlanna Moruna,  
Bha lán do chr'ueaibh 's do chneidhaibh;  
'Cho chulas riamh sgéul bu chruaidhe,  
No na trí fuathan d' an ceagal.
- 21 An oidliche sin dhuinn gu bronach,  
An deidh ar cómhraig fái dheireadh;  
A sláodaibh ar maibrbh gn h naidhaibh,  
Sgéula ro thruagh is ní 'n ceileam.
- 22 Ba mheasa le Fionn na fuathan,  
Dhol slán uaithe as an úraich;  
Na mbead is a thuit sa thorchair,  
Leó d' ar Fianatidh gorma gaidh' lach.
- 23 Cha loisgadh teine da mheud iad,  
Is cho bháite iad le h uisce;  
'Cho deargamaid orra le 'r n armaibh,  
Cáit anois am biodh an guinsan.
- 24 B' eisean Gruageach chreag na tulaich,  
Is sinn air uileann slábh Mhannis;  
Do tharladh dhuinne na fhreasdal,  
'S bu truagh a leag e a lámh óirinn.
- 25 Thainig chugain na trí Chleirich,  
Gu ro eibhainn 'n dara mháirach;  
'S am ballan síbhidh seachlúch  
Eatarra teachd ann san láthair.
- 26 Dh' fhiosraich iad do Mhac Chuthaill,  
Mar a bu chubhaidh san uair sin;  
'Cia leis 'n do bhearna' na gaisgáich,  
No créad mu 'n d' rinneadh am bualadh.'
- 27 'Gur decair dhuinne sin innseadh,  
No tionsgalaibh air a rádh,  
An triuir le 'n d' rinneadh air bualadh,  
Ghuab iad mu dhiamhair na dálach.'
- 28 'Ma sa sinne tha 'nois uait,  
Thainig sinn gu 'n luach da cheann;  
Comantu gu 'n tholachd gu 'n fhuarachd,  
'S togidh sinn do shluabh dhuit Fhinn,
- 29 Dh' eirich macaoidh do 'n chleir óg,  
'S an speirmaise mhór na laimh;  
Le feartan ballan na' m buadh,  
Dh' eirich a shluabh suas gu Fhionn.
- 30 'Na gabhsa masladh a Rígh,  
Fhír leis 'm bu mhianidh dol 's gach tóir;  
Cha raibh aed d'raoidheachd uil' ann,  
Leis 'n do chlaoidheadh do chlann chóir.'

#### D. 8. MAR CHAIDH ROCHD DO THIGH FHINN. 48 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 2, 1872.

This ballad, of 1750, relates to a well-known and widely spread legend. Roc belongs to the monstrous Smiths. He is here servant to Corraac. 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 TRICHDIRÉ Bha aig mo Ríogh,  
Rí Tim dol an nabbreath dho;  
Giulle a bha aig ra ghairm,  
Rochd Mac Fhíachair she b' aium dho.
- 2 Sabhail shín mar mhíthigh she,  
Bha aoin Chas Chlí as a t-shoin;  
Bha aoin Laibh as uelch nach Tim,  
Bha aoin suil an Lar a Chinn mhoir.

- 3 Bha do ghraoighiehd aig an Fhna,  
Gum bo luaidh naoin chas ghearr;  
Gun fagigh e gach neich air bith  
San as a Ríth a choir e Geale.
- 4 Sín nar luirt Cormaig rí Rochd,  
Mas aill leat bhí nochd gum veir;  
Gluais gu Hallbha a suas,  
Cuir geall air Luas risht an Fhein,
- 5 Ghluais Rochd an Guilligh nach Tim,  
Air Choibhra 'n Fhír bu bhinn Guth;  
Rainig e Allabhi nan Lann,  
Bheannaich e do D fhionn san Bhruth.
- 6 San nar luirt Diarmaid Donn,  
Mac o Duibhne nach trom Triogh;  
Fhír ad a thanig on Chuir,  
Gu de choir usa fo 'n Taogh?
- 7 'S missigh Gille Choirmaig Dhuin,  
'S air gach Druim bu bhatb mo Ríth;  
Hainig mí chur Geall air Luas,  
Rish na bheil sibbh T-sluuaigh astigh
- 8 Gheirich Gille nan Cass caoil,  
Ga ruidh air feo Fraoich as Bheann;  
Ga ghlaicde '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 Chriht,  
Aig meid an Ríth a rein Rochd.
- 10 Leim e Ess Ruaigh ga bu bhor,  
'S cha do bhean a Bhrog ga Bhor;  
Leim Mac Cuthail e gu grad,  
'S bha stad air gach Fearr do chach.
- 11 An uair a chunig mo Ríogh,  
Bhí briste Gessin an T-sluuaigh  
Ghia e 'Laibh mu aoin Chois Ruic,  
Air Aodin a Chruic thalabhi nair.
- 12 Gach Fearr a thige gar Fein,  
A Dhrium gearr gu harruig as;  
Sín nar chaidh Rochd do thigh Finn;  
An connibh a Chinn sa Chas.

#### F. 7. RANN MAR A CHAIDH ROC A THIGH FHINN. ROC-MAC-CIOCHAIR, GIULLE BH' AIG RÍGH CHORMAC. 7 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 80. Advocates' Library. January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

BHA an Ginlla 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, nar a deir an Rann.

BHA aon chos fodha nach robh mall,  
Bha aon lámh as uchd nach cli,  
'S aon suil air clar a chinn mhoir,  
Bha do dhruigheachd air an Fhuath,  
Gu' m bu luathé 'n aon chos ghearr,  
'S nach beireadh air neach air bith.

#### H. 10. HOW ROCHD WAS KILLED BY THE HEROES. 44 lines.

Kennedy's Ist 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 Fomhairain, as I learn from the Wars of the Gael, &c., printed.—J.F.C.

CORMAIC the King of Ireland had an Inchanter, named Rochd; this was his shape, he had one left foot, only one hand, and a circular eye in the middle of his forehead, like the Cyclops Vulcan's servants. The King sent him to try race with the Heroes, for he thought that they would not gain victory in running, but Fingal overtook him, and killed him.

## DAN 12.

- 1 TEACHDAIR do bha ag an Rìg,  
Re h àm dol an aimbhra' dhò;  
Gille do bh' aige r' a' ghairm,  
Rochd Mac Fhiathchair s' e b' ainm dhò
- 2 Do labhair Cormac re Rochd,  
'Ma 's àill leat bhì noc do 'm réir;  
Truss roimhad gu h Albhèinn suas,  
'S cuir geall do luas ris an Fhéinn.'
- 3 Dh' imich Rochd an gille nach tím,  
Le chómhradh nach bu bhinn léinn;  
Rainig e Teamhradh nan lann,  
'S bheannaich e le greann do 'n Fhéinn.
- 4 'S ann mar so do bha a shnúadh,  
Bha aon chos chlí as a thóin;  
Aon lamh air nchd nach bu tím,  
'S aon súil an clar a chinn mhóir.
- 5 'S e fhreagair e Diarmaid donn,  
Mac O Duimhne bu chruinn troidh;  
'Fhir ud a thainig d' ar Fhéinn,  
Cia do thuras fein o 'd thigh.'
- 6 'S mise gille Chormaic chruinn,  
'S air gach dream bu mhaith mo ruidh;  
Thainig mi chuir geall mo luas,  
Ris na bheil sibh shlanah a stigh.'
- 7 Dh'eirich gille nan cos caol,  
Da ruidh air fea' fraoich is bheann;  
Dh' eirich ge d' bu mhór a phian,  
Dh' eirich an Fhiann níl is Fionn.
- 8 Bha sinn mar sin o luan gu luan,  
A suibhal bhraich, bheann is chnoc;  
'S chuir sinn Beinn údain air chrith,  
Le mead na ruidh a rinn rochd.
- 9 Lénn e Eas-ruaidh ge mór,  
'S ní 'n do lean e bhórd a léum;  
'S leum Fionn e gu grad,  
'N nair a stad gach fear do 'n Fhéinn,
- 10 'N nair a chunnaig Fionn nam fleadh,  
Gu d' bhris e geas an shluaidh;  
Dh' iadh e dha léim mh' chois Ruichd,  
Air eudann a chnuc allbhidh fhuair.
- 11 Mar sin a chuaidh Rochd do thigh Fhinn,  
An combhair a chinn no chas;  
'S gach fear mar thigeadh do 'n Fhéinn,  
Bho dhrim géur d' a tharrungas.
- 5 Latha bha sinn an crom ghleann nan cloch,  
Thainig oirne an t-athach ioghna;  
Dh' fhalachadh 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 uchd gun bhì cli,  
Is aon suil an clar a chinn mhóir.
- 7 Oglaioich thainig an Cúin,  
Ciod a thug thu fein do'r tigh;  
Is mise gille Chormaic chruinn,  
Air gach luan bu math mo ruaidh.
- 8 Thaineam a chur geall luathas,  
Ris na bheil do shluagh 'nar tigh;  
'S faoin do bbeachd, a Roc nan lub,  
Ann a' d' run tha beairt chli.
- 9 Cha 'n eil a shluagh aig Cormac nan sleagh,  
Na dh' fheucha ruinn an ruidh na fri;  
Glaiseachd gille nan cosan caol,  
Ga ruidh feadh fraoich 's bheann,
- 10 Glacadh bu mhór a shian,  
Dh' eirich an Fhiann uile 's Fionn;  
Leum e eas Ruadh, ge bu mhór,  
'S cha do bhean a bhord ga throidh.
- 11 Leum Mac Cuthail e gu grad,  
'Nuair stad gach fear san Fheinn;  
Dh' iadh e lamh ma aon chos Ruic,  
Air eudainn cnuic talmhain fhuar.
- 12 Gach fear mar thigeadh do 'n Fheinn,  
Bha lann ga tarruing as;  
Sid mar chaidh Roc gu tigh Fhinn,  
An coinneamh a chinn 'sa chas.
- 13 Teachdaireachd fhuair Cormac mor, ? New.  
Gu na leona' Roc sa ghreis;  
Mhionnaich e bu diobhail duinn,  
Nach bitheadh Fiann g' an cheann thoir leis.
- 14 Ghluais e Chrosuidh o tulach ard,  
Gu Seallama a chuir fo thuin;  
Bluail e steach gu comhrag dian,  
Cu cian a charrais ud duinn.
- 15 Sheall Fionn o chaislidh nam buadh,  
Suas gu mullach mhìll deirg;  
Co iad na b-athaich a ghluais,  
Fhearruis co 'n sluaigh air an leirg.
- 16 Ghluais Feargus armach og,  
An rod a thainig am feachd;  
Co iad na fir chalma dian,  
A thriall do chrom ghleann an t-sneachd?
- 17 So Cormac righ Mhuilin an aigh,  
Cha 'n eil baigh aige ri neach;  
Ag iarraidh coir o Fhionn nam Fiann,  
Dioladh Ruic ruaidh nan each.
- \* \* \*
- 18 A Chormac a chuireadh cath cheud,  
'S mor an beud do theachd air leir;  
Cúimhnich a chomain a bha,  
'S gabh baigh dhuit fein bhail.
- 19 Cha chiall duit tagha gu'r feachd,  
Tha ar neart mar 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;  
Diolaidh mi a leon gu cas'  
Ma bhithcas an fhaich am reir (do'm).
- 21 Phill Feargus bu mhór blagh  
'Sa magh a critheadh fo cheumaibh;  
Sid e Cormac righ na Muile,  
Ag iarraidh fuil Ruic is beuman.
- 22 Crom ghleann 's fhada bha slán,  
Is tamb aig eilid nan raon;  
Gun ghuth cogaidh gun luaidh air,  
Gun fhuaim bais a struth o Mhaoil.

## O. 18. ROC. 132 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 103. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

*Cormac*, A.D. 213., sends *Roc* to *Albhuin* (Allen), to run a race with *Fionn*. He catches him at *Eas Ruadh* (Ballyshannon). Then *Cormac*, King of *Ullin* (Ulster), is changed into *Mhullin* (of the Mill) and later into *Mhulle* (of Mull). At \* \* \* the whole thing changes in style and rhythm. It becomes stiff, and all the names from *Cuchulinn* downwards to the end of the last battle are jumbled together in hopeless strife. 'Oscar' slays 'Connachar.' 'Cormac' praises 'Fionn.' Somebody in the East of Scotland manifestly composed upon this theme before 1800. April 1, 1872.—J. F. C.

- 1 LABHAIR Cormac ri Roc,  
Ma 's àill leat bhì nochd am reir;  
Druid romhad a dh' Albhuin suas,  
'S cuir geall luathas ris an Fheinn.
- 2 Nì mise sin air a riar,  
Chormaic nan clìar 's nan long;  
Ach 's eagal nach tig air m' ais,  
O laoich bhias na mór ghloinn.
- 3 Roc bha cagal riamh nad' chail,  
On tharladh tu nam luian;  
Co chuma ruit an luathas,  
Dol suas ri eudainn tuim,
- 4 Luath mar cheathach na beinne,  
'S a ghaoth g' a ghreasadh le toirm;  
Leum Roc na luing leathain,  
A reuba cuan atbach gur traigh.

- 23 Fheara na geillibh do 'n athach,  
'Se labhair Fionn 's cath na glruaidh;  
Pillibh an ruaig suas Druimalba,  
Faiceadh Cormac call a bhuidh.
- 24 Chaidh na fir an dail a cheile,  
Goll a' caithe na faiche;  
Oscar mo shar Mhac dealanach,  
Caoilte eridhe na gaise.
- 25 Cuthnlin an aigne mhoir,  
Faolan og, agus Diarmuid maiseach;  
Toscar nan arm gearra  
Bha mì fein a' measg nan toiseach.
- 26 Co sheinneadh cath nan hoch,  
Co dh' fhenda' a luaidh an t-arr;  
Thuit le laimh Ghuil Iolun armach,  
Mac rìgh Chormaic sìos air lar.
- 27 Thuit le Oscar Concharr nan lan,  
'S gann dh' fheadta fhearg a chasga;  
Dh' eirich Cormac dhìona' a sbleigh,  
Dh' eirich Fionn suas mar fhrascharn,
- 28 Thachair na fir laimh air laimh,  
Chaidh 'n gathan nam bloighdibh a' s t-athar  
Tharruing iad an hannan erodha,  
Chluinnte fead an armaan dathte.
- 29 Dh' fhalbh clogaide Chormaic chruinn,  
Lann bu duilich a chasgadh;  
Chromaic tha do bhàs 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 lionair suidh tha dhi teachrach.
- 31 Roc thuit le lubaibh fein,  
An struth Dhuithe threun nan glas charn;  
Siol gun bhaigh ehatar an uachdar,  
Buaidh gu brath cha tig le taise (gaise).
- 32 Tha Fionn, deir Cormac nan ceud,  
Mar shruth do 'n fheur anam na tior;  
Mar reul san oidheche da na neoil,  
'San ceo a' ceamh ma cheann gun chli.
- 33 Biodh ruim reidh, a fhlat nan ard bheann,  
Tha nam h ag iarraidh mo bhagrudh;  
Eirin uile ged bu leam,  
Gheibheadh tu choinn Garna chasgadh.

## THE SONG OF THE SMITHY.

CELTIC Heroes had mythical weapons like others of their class. They got them from a monstrous Smith, who belonged to the Norsemen. He was one of three brothers: 'Roc' was one, 'Lon Mac 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 Esculapius was slain by Jove. The versions of this ballad are so like each other, that, by the able help of Mr. Hector Mac Lean, we have hammered them into one. In April, 1872, I collated Y. 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 one, while I noted each verse of Y. 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 1800, 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 sium an dara mhìneach  
Ann an Ceardlach Lon Mac Lìomhean  
Gu bu Mhaith ar 'n ochd cloidheamhan  
'S ar 'n o-chid Sleaghan rìghne fur ghlan.'

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 Lìun.
2. Oisein . 2. Gearr nan Callan; or Gear nan Calg.
3. Osgar . 3. A Chruaidh-Chosgarrach; an Euchdrigh; an Driogheannach; an Druidhlannach;
4. Daorghlas . 4. An Leadarmach Mhòr; a Chreicid'ich; a Chruaidh-Chosgarrach;
5. Diarmaid . 5. An Lìomharrach; an Loinhcannach; 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 cloidheamhan Chlann na ceardach  
Bu ro mhaith am fèum ri gaisgeadh  
'S b'ainm do chloidheamhan nan, Saoithean  
Feadag is Faobhadh, is Fasgadh.

Otherwise, 6. Fead; 7. Faoiadh; 8. Fasad.—4. 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 Chonnlan-Nichd-na-Ceardach, have no masters. Sword is masculine, Blade is feminine, so the names vary in different versions. 11. Dearg Mac Droighan is mentioned once in O., a very imperfect late version; he has no sword; and he does not seem to have anything to do with this adventure. One sword has three masters. Eleven swords are named and eleven men. Cairial, Fionn's youngest son, is not named. He comes late in the story, and makes up the 12.

Here follows the fused version of the Smithy Song: the only bit of cooking that is to be in this work.

## DUAN NA CEARDAICHE.

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

- 1 LATHA dhùinn air luachair leothaid,  
Da cheathrar chròdha dh' aon bhuidhinn;  
Mì fhéin a 's Osgar a 's Daorghlas  
A 's Fionn féin, gun b' e Mac Cumhail.

D. 2.

- 2 Da cheathrar fhuilaidh 's iad beud-dhearg,  
Da cheathrar fhuil-dhearg 's iad ailtach;  
'Nam suidhe dhuinn air an tulaich,  
'S ann leinn 'bu clumba ar cuimhne.

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

- 3 Chunnac sinn a' teachd 'nar comhdhail,  
Olach mòr a 's e air son chois;  
An eulaidh dhuibh ghris-fhoinn chraicinn,  
Le còtan lachduinn 's le ruadh bharr.

Y. *Le choosal (mhachdal) dubh ciar-dhùbh craicinn*  
Y. *Le cheanna-bheairt lachdunn 's i ruadh-mheirg.*  
Y. *Le i 'onnar lachduinn 's le ruaidh bheart.*  
(bheir) D.

D. 4, H.

- 4 Bha currachd nu cheann maol éitidh, (chlogad)  
B' i' mhaol gheur a bha ro-ghrumach;  
Aon súil mhòlach an clár aodainn,  
'S e 'sior dhèanadh air Mac Cumhail.

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

- 5 'S ann an sin a thubhairt Mac Cumhail,  
'N an duinne 'bhith 'dol seachad;  
Co 'n ball an bheil do thuidhadh,  
'Ile le d' chulaidh chraicinn?

H. 4.

- 6 Nìor bhèannaich an trùth do sheachdnar  
Fhinn Mhìc Cumhail O Almhinn;  
Dhuithe 's na comainean ceudna  
Fhuath ro-dhèisnich, éitidh, chealgnaich.

K

O. 4.  
7 Lonn Mac Liomhuin gu b' e m' ainm,  
Ann tir Lochlainn fhuair mi m' arach;  
Bu nearachd m', athair do 'n rugadh mise  
I 's mo dhithis bráithrean.

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

7A Lon Mac Lióbhann, gu b' e m' ainm ceart e,  
Na 'm biodh agaibhs' orm beachd sgeula;  
Bha mi treis ri uallach gobhann  
Aig rìgh Lochlainn anns an Spaoil.

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

8 Tháinig mi g' ur cur fo gheasaibh,  
O 's luchd sibh 'tha 'm freasdal armaibh;  
Sibh a bhith 'gam' ruith 'nurn ochdnar  
Siar gu dorus mo cheardaich.

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

9 Cia 'm ball am bheil do cheardach,  
A thruth am b' fheairde sinne' faicinn;  
Faicadh sibhs e i ma dh' fhaodar,—  
Ma dh' fhaodas mise cha-n fhaic sibh.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

10 Gun d' thug iad an sin 'nan sibhal  
Air Chóige Mhumba 'nan luath dhearg;  
'S air Ghleann an Buidhe mu bheithe  
Gun deach iad 'nan ceithir buidhuibh.

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

11 Bu bhuidheann diubh sin an gobha,  
Bu bhuidheann eile dlíubh Daorghlas;  
Bha Fionn 'nan deaghainn 'san uair sin  
A 's beagan de dh' uaislean na Féinne.

D. M. O. Y. Z.

12 Thug e as mar ghaioith an earraich  
'Mach ri' beannaibh dubha 'n t-séibhe;  
'S cha-n fhaicadh thu ach air éigin  
Cearb d' a éideadh thar a mhásan

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

13 Cha ghearradh an gobha ach aon leum  
Air gach gleannan faoin romh fhásach;  
Air sliabh Buidhe mar bheithir,

D. F. M. Y. Z.

14 A' tearnadh air altan a' chuimhir,  
A' d'ireadh ri bealach nam fionnar;  
Chunnaic iad uatha fòir faire  
Ionad tàimh a ghothann éitidh.

D. M. Y. Z.

15 Fosgladh beag gun d' thug an gobhainn;  
Na druíd romhain arsa Daorghlas;  
Na fág mi 'n dorus do cheardaich  
An áite teann as mi 'm aonar.

H.

15A Chuir iad an lorg siar fú 'n teallach,  
Is teannachair do chorrann caorrainn;  
No ceathair uird a bha re freasdal,  
B' fharr no sud a fhreagrach Dorghlas.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

16 Fhuaras an sin builg ri shéideadh;  
Fhuaras air éigin a' cheardach;  
Fhuaras ceathrar ghoibhean rìgh Meirbhe,  
De dhaoine doirbhe mi-dhealbhadh.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

17 Bha seachd lamhan air gach gobha;  
Seachd teanachairean leothair aotrom;  
'S na seachd uird a bha 'gan sprèigeadh;  
'S cha bu mheasa 'fhreagadh Daorghlas.

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

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

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

19 Lahhair fear de na goibhnibh  
Gu grìomach agus gu gramnach;  
Co e 'm fear caol gun tioma  
'Shìneas an teinne crudhach?

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

20 An sin fhreagair Fionn Mac Cumhail  
Mar 'bu chubaidh dhà 'san uair sin;  
'Cha bhí 'n t-ainm sin gun sgròileadh,  
Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so.'

D. F. M.

21 Fhuaras an sin airm 'n an sineadh,  
Na claidhmhean liòmharr daite;  
'S iad coimhlionta air an deanadh,  
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, gasda.

22 Fhuair sinn an sin arn oched claidhmhean  
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, daite;  
Tri chladhmhean eile 'nam fochair,  
Fead agus Faoidh agus Fasdai.

H.

23 Tri chladhmhean chlann na ceardaich  
Bu ro mhaith am feum ri gaisge;  
'S gum bi 'n liòmharrach lann Dhiarmaid,  
'S iomadh latha riamh a dhearbh i.

Y. Z.

24 A chruaidh chosgarrach lann Osraig;  
An leadarnach mhòr lann Chaoilte;  
Mac an Luin aig Fionn Mac Cumhail,  
Nach fàg faigheal de dh' fheoil dhaoine.

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

25 Agam fhéin bha gearn nan collann  
Bu mhòr farum an am truide

F. 22.

26 'N sin 'nuair 'labhair an gobhainn  
'N déis am faghairt mar a dh' fhaod e;  
'Cha bhí iad uile gu m' réir-sa,  
Gun an faghairt am feoil dhaoine

F. 23.

27 Chuir iad an sin croinn mu 'n timchioll,  
Co air an d' thigeadh a' chaol-sp'irín;  
Co air an d' tháinig an iomairt,  
Ach air Fionn, rìgh chlann Baoisgne.

F. 24.

28 Dh' imich Fionn dh' ionnsuidh an doruis,  
A 's e làn carruich mu 'n aobhar;  
'Se 'tharladh air a' dol 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 faoilteachd;  
'Fhreagair seana-bhean e 'bha caslach;  
Gu glic, foisteach rinn i fhoighneachd.

F. 26.

30 Cìod na nithean 'tha thu sireadh;  
Na co as do theachd an taobh so?

F. 27.

31 Fhreagair Fionn an sin gu falaidh,  
Fios t' ainme b' àill leam fhaostainn?  
Cìod e do riaghailt air fuireach?  
Na do thuineachas an taobh so.

F. 28.

32 'Gur mise màthair a' ghoibhann  
'Bu mhaith a thobhairt nam faobhar;  
'S bha mi ri còmhuidh 'san asdail  
Anns am bheil thu 'faicinn m' aodainn.

F. 29.

33 Tha do mhaic ag iarraidh t' fhaicinn '  
Siar gu dorsaibh a' cheardaich

F. 30.

34 'Tha seachd bliadhna o nach fhaic  
Mi mo mhaic na duine de m' chairdean;  
Ach ma tha e 'gam' shreidh an ceart uair  
Théid 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 dosgiadh an dán dìth.



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

F. 33.  
37 Thuir e ri Fionn—'Sin di chlaidheamh,  
'S déan a thasgaidh anns an sgábard!'  
Thuir Fionn, 'nuair a ghlac e 'n chlaidheamh,  
Gun robh car ann 's an robh fáilinn.

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

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

F. 36. H. Y. Z.  
40 Gun do ghabh sinn an sin mu shiubhal  
'Ghabhail sgeula de rígh Lochlainn;  
Gun do bhíair an rígh uasal  
Le neart suarraicheas mar bu chubhaidh.

F. M. Y. Z.  
41 'Cha d' thugamaid air bhurn eagal  
Sgeula do sheiscar dh' 'ur buidhinn;  
Gun do thog sinn 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 seiscar.

F. M. Y. Z.  
43 Bu dithis diubb sin mis' agus Caoilte,  
Bu trínir díubh sin Faolan fial;  
Bu cheathrar dhiubb Fionn air thoiseach;  
'S bu chaignear dhiubb 'n t-Oscar calna.

F. H. M. Y. Z.  
44 Bu sheiscar dhiubb Goll Mac Morna,  
Nach d' fhuiláing tair ri m' chuibhne;  
Ach sguiridh mi nis d' an áireamh,  
O-n chaidh an Fhéinn gun sod oirnn.

D. 22.  
45 Ó nach mairíonn déagh Mhac Cúmbail,  
Cas shiubhail nam mór-cheum doireach;  
'Bhith air lán an duirn de 'n aran  
A' tarruing nan gallanan uisge.

D. F. M. Y. Z.  
46 Bu mhaith mi latha na teann-ruith  
Ann an ceardacha Loin Mhic Liamhann;  
A nochd ged as amhann mo threoir  
Déis an sgeoil so 'bhith ga innseadh.

Various Readings.

D. 3. Lines 2, 3.  
2 Le Mhantal duth ciar dhuth Craicinn  
3 Le Ionnar Lachdín 's le ruadh-bheire

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

O. 1. Lines 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Chunnas tighinn o 'n Mhuana  
Fear fada dubb 's e air aon chois  
Le mhantal ciar dubb ericinn  
'S apran de 'n eudach chianta.

D. 4.  
Le chlogaid mu cheann maol eitidh  
A mhaol gheur a 's ise gramach  
Linn duinn a' bhith faicinn an óglach  
Togadar ar 'n airm ri fhaicsinn.

H. 3.  
1 Bha currachd ma chon-mhaoil chéiste.  
3 'S 'nuair bha sinn mu chomhair a chéile  
4 Thogadar ar 'n airm le fuathas

D. 5. Lines 3, 4.  
Co 'n Tir ann aon bi do Bhunnadh,  
Na Fhir ud a Chnubail Craicinn?

H. 5. Lines 3, 4.  
Co an tir am bheil do mhúthinn,  
Fhir ud tha fai' 'n chuthall gramach?

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

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

D. 18.  
4 Fead a 's Faodh agus Fasgadh

D. 19.  
1 A bhagarach 's Mac Ceardich  
2 Bha Chosgarach mhór aig Diarmid.

D. 20.  
1 Mac an Loin b i Lann Mhic Cuthail  
3 Aig Oscar blithidh an Eucdrigh  
4 'S gum bi Chreidich lann chruaidh Chaoilte

D. 21.  
1 Agam fein bha Gearr nan Calluín.

H. 20.  
1 Be Mac an Loin lann Mhic Cuthail  
3 Gu b' e 'n Drioghleannach lann Oscar  
'S bi Chruaidh chosgarach lann Chaoilte

H. 21.  
1 Gu b' i 'n Laineannach lann Dhiarmaid  
3 A-gam fein bha gearr nan calluín.

H. 22.  
1 Bha trí chloidheamhan chlann na ceardach  
4 Feadag is Faechadh, is Fasgadh.

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

F. 21.  
1 A-gam san bha gearr nan calg  
3 Machd an Luin a bhaig machd 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 his leg and curiously clothed. They knew that it was for some mischief he was coming to them, for kings at that time had enchanted persons for their diversion and use, he enchanted them to follow him to the door of his smidy in hopes that he would overwhelm them to death; they followed him with all haste thro' mountains, vallies, and all rough and desert places, there was none of them near him, but Dorghlas who was called Caoilte since that day; he keeps him always in sight, and overtook him at his smidy; the rest came then one by one, they would not return home without reward for their trouble, they got their eight swords and eight spears that would get victory over any brutal force.

M. 5. CEARDACH MHC LUIN. 104 lines.  
This version is fused with the rest. It is quoted from Gillies for comparison.—J. F. C.

1 LA dhuinn air Luachar Leobhar  
Do chearrar chrogha do 'n bhúghinn  
Mi fein,<sup>1</sup> is Oscar<sup>2</sup> is Dorghlas  
Bha Fionn fein ann, is b'e Mac-Cumhail.

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

- 2 Chunnacas tighinn o' n mhaigh  
An toglach mor is e air aòn chois  
Le chochal dubh, ciar-dubh craicion,  
Le cheann-bheirt luchdainn is i ruadh-mheirg.
- 3 Bu ghranda coslas an òglaich,  
Bu ghranda sin agus bu duaicnidh,  
Le chlogaid ceantn-nhor ceantach,  
Mar mhaol eidi' dh'fhàs duaicail.
- 4 Labhair ris Fionn Mac-Cumhail,  
Mar dhuine bhiodh dol seachad;  
Cia i an tir am bheil do thuini'  
Ghiullla le do chulai' chraicion.
- 5 Lun Mac-Liobhain, 's e m' ainm ceart,  
Na 'm biodh agaibhe beachd sgeul orm,  
'S gu 'm bithinn re obair Gobhainn  
Aig Rì Lochlainnann an Spaoil'.
- 6 Thainig mi gur cnir so gheasaibh  
O 's luchd sibh tha freaslad armaibh,  
Sibh gu mo leantain buighinn shocair,  
Siar gu dorsaibh mo Cheardaich.
- 7 Ciod am ball am bheil do Cheardach?  
Na 'm fearda sinne, g'a faicinn?  
Faiceadh sibhse sin, ma dh' fhaodas,  
Ach ma dh' fhaodas mise, cha 'n fhaicisibh.
- 8 Sin n'ar chtaidh iad nan sùbhal,  
Mar chuideg mughla na luimedheirg  
Air shiabh buidhe mar bheithir  
Gu 'n robh sinn' nar ceathrar buighnibh.
- 9 Bu bhuighinn dhiubh sin an Gebhainn  
'S bu bhuighinn eile dhiubh Daorghlas,  
Bha Fionn 'nar deidh sin uair sin  
Is beagan do dh'uaishlibh na Fèine.
- 10 Cha deanadh an Gobhainn ach aon-cheum,  
Thair gach gleannan faoin 'n robh fàsach  
Cha ruicheadh oirne ach air eigin,  
Cearb d'ar n' aodach shuas ar masaibh.
- 11 Tearna gu urlar a choire  
Dire re bealach na saothair;  
Fosa beag ort, ars' an Gobhainn,  
Druideis 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 Goibhnihb re meirbhidh  
Do dhaoine dairbhe mi dhealbhadh.
- 14 Gu 'n do labhair fear do na Goibhnihb  
Gu grimeach agus ga grumamach  
Co e am fear caol gun timeadh,  
A shineadh mach tinne Crnadhach.
- 15 Dubhairt Fionn fear fuasgla' na ceiste,  
(An lamh nach taganah 's an fhiadhach)  
Cha bhi 'n t ainm sin sgoilte,  
Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so.
- 16 Bha seachd lamhan air a Ghoibhin  
Agus seachd teanchair leobhar aotrom,  
Na seachd ùird a bha ga spreige,  
'S cha bu meas a fhreagra Caoilte.
- 17 Caoilte fear fhaire na Ceardaich,  
Sgeul deirbhite gu 'n troid e  
Gu 'm bu deirge na 'n gual daraich  
A shnuadh, a toradh na h-oibre.
- 18 Fhuaras ann sin na 'n sine,  
Do arnaibh dìreach daite  
'S an coliana air an deanaibh  
Do dh'armaibh sìnte na faiche.
- 19 Fead, agus Faoi' agus Fasdal,  
Is a Chonnalann nic na Ceardaich,  
'S an lann fhad' a bh'aig Diarmad  
'S ioma' la riamh a dhearbh i.
- 20 Agam fein a bha Deire na 'n colag,  
Bu mhòr farum a truide  
'S Mac-an-Lùin a bh'aig Mac-Cumhail,  
Nach d' fhaig fuighead do fheoil dhaoine.

- 21 Gu 'n do ghabh sinne ma shiubhal,  
Ghabhail sgeula do Rì Lochlan;  
Sin n'ar labhair an Rì usal,  
Le neart suaire mar bu chuma.
- 22 Cha tugamaid air bhur cagal  
Sgeul do sheisir do'r buighinn  
Gu na thog sinn na sleaghan  
'S gu 'm b'ann re agbaidh na 'm bratach.
- 23 Bha iadsan ann na 'n seachd cathan,  
Cha do smaoinich fath re teiche  
Ach air lar na foide fineadh,  
Cha robh sinne ann ach seisir.
- 24 Bu dithis diubh sin mis; agus Caoilte  
'S bu truir dhiubh Faolan feall,  
Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoiseach,  
'S bu chuireag dhiubh an t-Oscar calma.
- 25 B' e sheisir Goll Mac-Mòrna,  
Nach d' fhuiling thàir re m' àiream,  
Togaibh mi tuile dheth 'n dh'èumh,  
O chuidh 'n Fheinn gu sodra'.
- 26 Bu mhath mi la na teann-ruith  
Ann am Ceardaich Lónach Iubhain.  
An nochd 's anmhann mo chàil  
An dèis a bhi 'g rìreamh na buighne.

## A MHUILEIRTEACH. 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 encumbered with splinters of bone. According to some versions, an eagle, or a griffin with claws like a tree was on her head. So at least I read the words. She was an ally of the Norsemen. She came from the sea, and fought all the Fèinne, 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 Duncald and the Islands. I print five versions. My own version, orally collected before 1862, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, will be found in Vol. III. In translating, I will make the best I can of the whole. I tried to fuse these versions, but could not do it to my satisfaction.

## D. 9. DUAN A MHUILEARTICH.

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

- 1 La do 'n Fhein air Tullich toir,  
Re abrac Erin nan Tiomchil;  
Chunnairc iad air Bharrbh Thonn,  
An Tarrachd eitidh aotail crom,
- 2 She b' ainm do 'n D'fhual nach ro fann,  
Am Muilleartich maol ruaigh mathionn  
muanich  
Bha Haodin du-ghlas air Dhreich suail,  
Bha Deud carbadich clainn-ruaigh.
- 3 Bha aoin shuil gholgigich na ceann,  
'S bu luagh i na rianich Maoirinn;  
Bha greann ghlas duth air a ceann,  
Mar dhroch Coill chruicich fo air Chritheann.
- 4 Rì abhàre nan Fian hu bhor Goil,  
T' sbauntich a bhiasd teachd bhì nan Innis;  
Mhairbh i le Habhichd Ciad Laoich,  
Sa Gaira mor na garbh Chraois.
- 5 Cait a bheil Fir as fear na shud,  
An Dugh ad Fhein a Mhich Cubhail;  
Chuirinne shud air do Laibh,  
A Mhuileartich Mhathion mhaoil chammaphach.
- 6 Air sea Luchd chumail nan Conn,  
Na bi oirne gad mhaoithidh;  
Gheibh u Cubhig as gaibh shith,  
Huirt Mac Cubhail an tard Riogh.
- 7 Gad' gheibhine Brigh Erin uille,  
A Hor 'sa Hfàigrid sa Hiunbhis;  
Bearr leom u Chosgairt mo T-shleigh,  
Oscar a Raoine, sa Chaoirail.

- 8 An T-shleigh shin ris a bheil u fas,  
San aice ha do dhian-bhas ;  
Caillidh tu Dos a Chinn chrain,  
Re deo Mhac Ossain a dhearraigh.
- 9 Busa dhuit ord crotaidh nan clach,  
A chaigna fod 'l Fhianclan  
Na cobhrig nan Fian fuillich.
- 10 'N shin nar dherich Fraoch na Beist,  
Dherich Fionn Flath na Feinigh ;  
Dherich Oscar Flath nan Fearr,  
Dherich Oscar agus Iullin.
- 11 Dherich Ciar-dhuth Mae bramh,  
Dherich Goll mor agus Connan ;  
Dherich na Laoich nach bu tiom,  
Laoich Mhic Cubhail nan arm grin.
- 12 Agus rein iad Cro-coig-cath,  
Mun Arrichd eitidh san Ghleann ;  
A chearthir Laoich a b' fhearr san Fhein,  
Choibhrigidh i iad gu leir,  
Agus flurthilidh i iad ma sheach,  
Mar Ghabh Rinne na Lasrich.
- 13 Hachir Mac Cubhail an aigh,  
Agus a Bhiast Laibh air Laibh ;  
Bha Druichd air Barrbh a Lainne,  
Bha laibh a Cholla ri Gain buaidh.
- 14 Bha Braoin ga Fhuil air na Fraochbith,  
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 Bbhrigh ;  
Gu Teich Othar an ard Rìogh,  
'S bu sgeuligh 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 gabhir Giabh ;  
'S nach deid Fua na arrachd as,  
Fon T sluaigh aluin Fhalt-bhui-iompaidh.
- 18 Bheir mise Briathar a rist,  
Ma bharbhig am Muileartich min ;  
Nach fhag mise aoin na Ghleann,  
Tom, Innis na Eillain.
- 19 Bheir mi breapadich air mur,  
Agus cnagadich air Tir ;  
Agus ni mi croran Coill (crocoian)  
Ga tarruing hugamasa Taithichean (Treibh-  
ichean).
- 20 S mor an Luchd do Loingear ban,  
Erin uille do Thog bhail  
'S nach dechidh do Loingear riabh air sail,  
Na thoga Coigibh do dh' Erin.
- 21 Mile agus Caogid Long,  
Sin Caibhlich an Righ gu trom  
A dol gu Cricibh Erin  
Air hi na Feinigh nan taragh (fanagh).

## F. 9. CHAILLEACH 'THAINIG GU TULAICH FHOIRR.

Fletcher's Collection, page 75. 36 lines. Advocates' Library. January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—March 21, 1872. Wars of the Gaedhel with the Gaill. Todd, 1867. xciv Introduction; page 41, Text. Examples of female adventurers taking command of a fleet are not uncommon in Scandinavian history. The ships of the russet damsel, 'Inghin Ruaidh,' and the ships of 'Oduind' 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 thiomchioll, chunnacadar a' teachd ar barr nan ton, Caillach eidigh, Iothar, chrom, aig teachd a dhubhairt comhraig orra.

- 1 AIR bhith do Fhionn air tulaich Fhoirr,  
'G amharc Eirinn mu thimchioll,  
Air faicinn dha teachd air bharr thonn,  
Earrachd eidigh, fheall, chrom,
- 2 Bu mhòr a h-ionnuid 's a fàs,  
Bu luath cuid siubhail ri h-aois.  
Bha euarain iarruinn mu dà mhàs,  
Bha faclan siar seach a craos ;
- 3 Bha claidhe meirgeach air a crios,  
Ri àm feirge bu gharbh greis,  
Bha da shleagh iarruinn air an taobh eile  
Do 'n flua' chul-liath Chailliche.
- 4 Bha car ga ionain mu chaol a duirn,  
Bha car ga caothair mu chaol-druim ;  
Bha h-aodan du-gblas air dhreach guail,  
Bha deud charabadach chrann ruadh,
- 5 Bha aon suil gholach na ceann,  
'S bu luath i na rionnach maoire,  
Bha greann-ghlas orra' mar bhi  
Na mar choill chrionaich air crith,
- 6 Air faicinn dhi an Fhianm nu dheas,  
Chuca ghabh a bhiast nan innis.  
'N sin thubhairt a Chailleach raitha,
- 7 Thainig mis' dhuatairt còmhraig ;  
Air Fionn mac Cuthail 's air Goull, mac-Morru,  
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 cion gun chomain,  
Mharbha leatha ceud laoch,  
'S bha gaire na garbh chraos.

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

- 1 LATHA d' an Fheinn air tulaich shoir  
Ag amharc Eirinn mu 'n timchioll  
Chunnaire iad ag teachd air fonn  
An t-arracht eitidh creathoil crom.
- 2 'S e b' ainm d' an fhuath nach robh tiom  
Am Muireartach maol ruadh Muingeann  
Bha eadan du-gblas air dhreach guail  
Bha deud a charbuid claon ruadh.
- 3 Bha aon suil ghlogach na cheann  
'S bu luathie e na rionnach maodhair  
Bha greann gblas-dubh air a cheann  
Mar choille chrionuich fo chrith-reo.
- 4 Re faic'inn na Feinne bu mhòr goil  
Shantuich a bheist a bhith nan innis
- 5 AN tosaich mireadh agus àir  
Rinneadh leis gean gun chomain,  
Mharbh e le abhachd ceud laoch  
'S a ghair na gharbh chraos.
- 6 O loch nan Cuach thainig mi  
Gu teith diomasach deadh dhian,  
Geill as gach aon fhear sa chath  
Gur e dh' iar am fuath gu comhrag.
- 7 Fear is fear ma chomhrag cheud  
Chuireadh an righ dh' fhios na beist,  
'S mar ruitheadh a mhuir-chlach mugh  
Mharbhadh am Muireartach Muingeann,
- 8 C'ait am bheil fir a 's fear na sud ;  
'S e labhair am Muireartach Muingeann,  
San tir san taing mi chugaibh,  
Mhic Cumhail, gu grain nu oilen.
- 9 Chuirinn-se sud air do laimh  
A Mhuileartuich Mhuingeann chlaoin chaim,  
Air seath luchd chumail nan còu  
Na bith oirne ga d' mhaoitheadh.

- 10 Gheibh thu cumhadh 's gabh sith,  
Thuir Mac Cumhaill an t-ard righ,  
Deich ceud ubhall d' an òr ghlan  
'S tog dh'inn a chulanuichan coin.
- 11 Ge d' gheabhainn-se brìgh Eirinn uile  
A h or a h airgiod 's ab iomhas  
B' fhearr leam fo chosgairt mò shleagh  
Oscar, is Raoinn, is Cairioll.
- 12 Labhair laoch nach d' fhuing tair  
Mac Morna d'ann b' ainm Conan,  
Caillidh tu dos a chinn chrin  
Re deagh Mhac Oissain d' fhoir righ.
- 13 B' asadh dhuit ord crothadh nan cloch  
A chagnadh fo d' d'heudaich  
Na comhrag nam Fiann fuileach  
Air nach do bhuadhaich aon duine.
- 14 Dh'eir'ich Fionn flath na Feinne,  
Nuair chunnairc e colg na beiste  
Dh'eir'ich Oissain flath nam fear  
Dh'eir'ich Oscar agus Iulunn.
- 15 Dh'eir'ich Ceothach nan arm nuadh  
Dh'eir'ich sud is Raoinn ruadh
- 16 Dh'eir'ich Ciar-dhubh Mac Brabh  
Dh'eir'ich Art Mac Morain nam Mionn.  
Dh'eir'ich diais a b' ainm dreach  
Cuchulainn is Faolan neo mheas.
- 17 Dh'eir'ich na laoch nach bu tiom  
Laoich Mhic Cumhaill nan arm grunn  
Rinn iad cro chum a chatha mhoir  
Mu 'n arracht air faiche nan seleo.
- 18 A cheathrar laoch a b' fhearr san fheinn  
Chomhrugaidh e iad gu leir  
Is fhrithéaladh o iad mu'd seach  
Mar ghadh rainne na lasrach.
- 19 Thachair Mac Cumhaill an aigh  
Is a bheiste laimh air laimh;  
Bha taobh a cholla re guin buailidh,  
Bha braon d' a fhuil air na fraochuibh.
- 20 Thuit am Muileartach leis an righ,  
Ach na thuit cha b' ann gun stri  
Deuchainn cha d' fhuair e mar sin  
O la ceardaich Lóin Mhic Libhainn.
- 21 Dh'fhalbh an Gobhain leis a bhrìgh  
Gu teach athar an aird righ;  
Rinneadh bend, deir Gobhain nan cuan,  
Mharbhadh am Muireartach ruadh.
- 22 A rìgh Beatha dhuit is nair  
Ar saruchadh le luchd aon oilein.
- 23 Mur do loisg teine, mur do bhath tonn,  
Mur do shluig muir leathan lom,  
Cha robh do dhaoinibh air domhain  
Na Mharbhadh am Muileartach Muingeann.
- 24 Cha b'e mharbh e ach an Fhian  
Buidheann leis nach gabtadh fiamh;  
Cha d' theid fuath na airachtas  
O 'n t-sluagh aluin fhalt-bhuidhe chas.
- 25 Bheir mise briathar a ris  
Ma mharbhadh am Muileartach min  
Nach tog mi do Eirinn aigh  
Tonn, innis, no oilein;
- 26 Nach tog mi an corraibh mo long  
Eirinn chorranta cho-throm
- 27 Cuiream breabannuich air muir  
Ga togbhal as a tonn-bhalla,  
Crocaim chroma re tìr  
Ga tarruing as a taibhe.
- 28 Is mor an luach do loingis bhain  
Eirinn uile a dh' aon laimh  
'S nach deachaidh loingear air sal  
A thogadh cuige do dh' Eirinn.
- 29 Chuir e fios gu fhuathaibh Fàil  
Am Muireartach fhaotain da slan  
No larra brìgh Eirinn uile  
Eadar mhac rìgh is aon duine.

- 30 Gabh mo chomhairle, 's in choir  
Labhair Mac Cumhaill mhic Trein-mhoir,  
Is fearr or cruainte nan clach  
Na comhrag nam Fiann fuileach.

## O. 16. AM MUIREARTACH.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 93. 105 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.

Fragments of the ballad which is current in 1871, with lines from other ballads introduced near the end, where the whole is much broken.

- 1 LA dhuinn air tulaich *Soire* (Soirnidh),  
Ag amharc Eirinn uile mar tìoncheoll;  
Chunneas tighinn air bharrabh thonn,  
Are aild agus Iall chrom.
- 2 Is e b' ainm do 'n namhanach ghlan,  
Am Muireartach Maol ruagh Mhaighe (mhara)  
Bha a h-eudainn du' ghlas air dreach guail,  
'S a deud charbad garbh ruagh.
- 3 Aon sud ghlogach na ceann,  
Na bu luaidhe na sionnach a maighe (rannach)  
(mara)  
Agus greann liath-glas troimh a ceann;  
Mar choille chrìonaich fo chrith-reoth (do chrithionn).
- 4 Air faiesinn nam Fiann fo geasamh (ma coinneamh),  
Tigeadh a bheisd do 'n Innis;  
'Se steud mìle gan tìonndadh,
- 5 Mharbh i le gean 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 sibhe air saile,  
Air sgath Chonalaich nan con (Chonallaich),
- 7 Oirne na bitheadh gach maoithe (Mhaoidhe),
- 8 Banna air barraibh mo shleagh,  
Oscar is Raoinn is Caoirral.
- 9 Deir an laoch nach d' fhulang tair,  
Mac Morna do 'm b' ainm Conan.  
Fagaidd tu dos a chinn chrine,  
Re Mac Oisein iarraidh;
- 10 Triath as gach naonar 'sa' mbagh,  
Gur e dh' iarr a bheisd gu comhrag;  
Comhrag de luchd comhrag ceud,  
Chuir sinne a dh' ionnsuidh na beisd.
- 11 Bha bheisd gam frith lannadh seachd,  
Mar *fhiodh chonna* air lassadh (*Iolum*).
- 12 Gun tharla Mac Cuthail an aigh,  
Agus a' bheisd laimh air laimh;  
Earlunn cha 'n thacas air sir,  
O Cheardach Lóin Mhic Lìomhuinn.
- 13 Cha bu dona Ioghuir an aigh,  
Rinn cobhair air an laoch ann ruadh;  
Oisean le 'n deargar na grì,  
Oscar arm ruadh agus Iolunn.
- 14 Ach thuit a bheisd leis an rìgh,  
Ma thuit cha b' ann gan chis (stri);  
Gun deach an Gabhainn leis a bhrìgh,  
Gu teach Gobha an ard rìgh
- 15 A dh' innseadh gu 'n do mharbhadh a Mhuireartach (mhìn).
- 16 Mar do shluig talamh toll,  
No Muir leathan lom;  
Cha robh air an talamh sa a shluagh,  
Na mharbha' a' Mhuireartach ruadh.
- 17 Cha ni rinn e ach am Fionn (an Fheinn),  
An dream leis an cuirte gach geill;  
'S ann duita ta a nair a rìgh,  
Do chis chatha bhì aig luchd *oilean* (*elan*).

- 18 Ma mharbhadh a Mhuireartach mhain,  
Bheir mise briathar dhí;  
Nach fág mi ann an Eirín clach,  
Ald, no amhainn no fireach,
- 19 Gun an tghaill air bharrabh mo long,  
An corpa cothromach co trom,
- 20 Gun tugainn breabainch air Muir,  
Gun togail as an tighibh;
- 21 Corr is nao míle long,  
Thug rígh Lochlain leis;  
Chum fóid na h-Eirín a ghabhail,
- 22 Dh' ionnsuidh bas na h-Eirín uile  
Edar rígh agus ro dhúine.
- 23 Teachdaireachd gu Flath Fáil,  
Chuir Fionn flath an t-sluaigh;  
Gabh cumba is dean coir,
- 24 Is gheibh thu deich ceud bratach chaol datha,  
Deich ceud caitinn chaol chatha,  
Deich ceud lan ehu thar chonnaibh.  
Deich ceud con iall lan trom,
- 25 Deich ceud cu coilair *cille* (*cile*).  
Bheireadh Fionn flath na Feinne,  
Gabh cumba is dean coir;  
Agus gheibh thu deich unga de 'n ór dhearg.
- 26 Ged fhaigeadh e gach seud bhuaigha,  
A bh' ann Eirín uile;  
Cha phill se a long,  
Gus am bí Eirín aig air aon *ruigha* (*rutha*).
- 27 Fearnas filidh toscar rígh,  
Fear a labhradh gu iular mín,  
Labhair e gu fíor ghlic, sar ghlic,  
Ris an rígh bu neo-bhrathail;
- 28 Ge b' e beag leat tha 'n Fhícin ann,  
Bheir thu do theann leum air ais,  
Do d' luing ghlais,  
Air no fuilgeadh tu a-imbheas.  
An laimh do fhraoich is d' fheirge.
- 29 Ille 's brengach do bheul,  
Trian na bheil an so do shluagh,  
Cha robh agaibhse riamh an Eirín;  
Dhúinne bu mhaing dol nan dail,  
Agus dhoibhse bu mhaing teachd thugainn.
- 30 Ba iomadh muintí gu maoladh,  
Agus corp g' an trom aomadh,  
O thus greine gu comh fheasgar,  
O laimh treuna an Oscar (*lamha*).
- 31 Bha lámh an Oseair an tiugh an t-sluaigh,  
Agus leigeadh leis cuig ceud fear sleagh gach uair.  
Ach gu 'n thuit air dhith 'n t-sluaigh,  
Aon rígh air meud ionmhas.
- 32 An sin do chuir sinn an ruaig  
Mar cliath chatha ri 'n sailtibh bha sinn;  
Nar cleath chatha g' an ioman,  
Air pilltinn dúim air ais,  
Air leinn gu 'm bu cruaidh an coltas;  
Riun corran nar sleagh,  
Na tolta troi chom an Oseair.  
Neo-ioman.

From John Stewart, tenant, Bohaly, aged 86. November 1, 1808.

& MUILEARTACH. 30 lines.

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

- 1 La do 'n Fhíann air tullach Oirm,  
'G amharc Eiríon ma 'n timhchioll;  
Chuala iad gaoraich air mhuir lom,  
Chunnacas mar mbuc air bharr thonn.
- 2 'S b' ainm dha an Fluath nach gann,  
An Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;  
Bha h-aodan air dhreach a ghuail,  
Deud Charbad cho ruadh.

- 3 An aon suil gbolloch bha na ceann,  
Bu luaithe i na ríomach moime;  
'S am fáil liath bh' air a ceann,  
Mar choille-chríon-chríbhean.
- 4 Ach mar do shluig talamb toll í,  
No mar do bláth muir sleabhainn lom í;  
Cha d' thainig chum an -tsaoghail a riamh,  
Líon a mharbhadh a Muileartach.
- 5 Thuit arsa Gobha nan ceann,  
Mur eil am Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;  
Clach cha 'n fhaig mi dh' Eiríon ud thall,  
Ann alt no 'm fireach no 'n amhain.
- 6 Togaidh mi an coire mo luinge Eirínn,  
Chomhanta-cho-throm;  
'S chluintear bragadaibh muir,  
Ga tarraing as a tathán.
- 7 'S mor an cualach de luingeas bán,  
A thogadh an cuigeadh de dh' Eirínn;  
Cuig fichead 'us míle long
- 8 A thog an rígh 's gur achd-throm.  
Gu cis Eirínn a chur fo smal,  
'S rígh na Feinne na *fenadh*.

MANUS, &c. D. G. H. I. M. O. &

THE demand for Fionn's Wife, and for his magic cup, and for his arms, and mythical hounds, led to the slaying of the mythical people above-mentioned:—The Musician, and the Witch, and Roc, and the seven-armed Smith his brother, and the Smith's mother; and the King's foster-mother, the 'Muirreartach.' 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 Diarmid wrote G. 2, in the Central Highlands. About 1774, Kennedy got H. 12, 15, and I. 4, 6, &c., about the coasts of Argyllshire. In 1780, Hill got J. 3, at Dalmally, 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. 1., 400 lines; S. 7., &c. In 1813, MacCallum printed V. 8, 9. In 1862, I printed part of the story. Y. 2., orally collected in Uist, and Y. 11, part of the sequel. I then had in MS. Z. 18, 22, 23, 26, 40, 63, 71. Seven fragments of the poetry. I have lots of scraps besides.

In 1871, the Policeman at Tiree sang me the Lay of 'Manus.' John Cameron, at Castlebay, in Barra, sang 41 verses, 164 lines, almost as in Gillies, omitting one verse. September 26, Angus Mac Donald, in South Uist, sang me his version, in which was this verse:

'Sin a labhair Fionn  
Onair agus buaidh  
Bheir mi a' fear dheir síos  
Le sgeul a nuas o 'n t-sluagh.'

The place for this verse is after the 11th in D., and the 8th in G., the 10th in H., I., and the 7th in M., O. The place of it is vacant in all the versions which I had gathered from 1750 downwards; and the gap was filled by a clever old fellow who cannot read a word.



In June, 1872, I got a copy of S. 1, and there found an equivalent verse.

This seems to me conclusive. This ballad has pervaded Ireland and Scotland for more than a hundred years, it has been orally preserved ever since it became a ballad. Mac Pherson got hold of it. It is worked into the English Fingal, but there is none of it in the Gaelic Fingal. Few ballads in any language have such a pedigree. But, on the other hand, I never heard a reciter repeat any part of Fingal as it was distributed *gratis*, in Gaelic, in 1818. Nor can I find a single verse of it in any ballad, from A. to Z. In 1805, Dr. Donald Smith picked more than 800 lines out of Manus and other ballads, which he arranged and printed above passages selected from Mac Pherson's English of 1762. In 1807, 'The Originals of Ossian's Poems' were published. In 1872, I print many of the very ballads out of which Dr. Donald Smith picked lines, in order that Gaelic scholars may judge for themselves.

In 1805, Mac Donald and his authority, Alexander Mac Rae, North Erradale, P. of Gerloch, aged 80; had recited and written in order:—1. The Muireartach. 2. Manus. 3. The Banners. 4. Fionn's Banner. 5. Fionn's Tribute. 6. The Battle of Beinn Eidin. All these exist separately. I had arranged them in this order, long before Mac Donald's manuscript was discovered by Mac Phail, in a heap of papers, in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, in 1872.

The story is, therefore, metrical popular history, orally preserved, which believers in Mac Pherson's Ossian condemned as spurious, and cast aside. The chronology needs explanation. If any Scandinavian Monarch invaded Ireland in the 3rd century, the dates agree. If the Monarch meant be 'Magnus Barelegs,' who was slain in attacking Ulster, 1103, then popular bards or Irish historians err. Cormac's army of the 3rd century conquer Manus about 900 years after their date, and Oisein, 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 I., all that he added in his second copy. J., got from a Smith at Dalnally, can be read in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1782-1783. K. is in the first number of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. M. 7. I reprint from Gillies, as the first printed Scotch version, 1786. N. is the first and only printed Irish version. The book is easily got at, and I want room. I print O. with references to M., to show, that a book, printed at Perth, had not affected oral recitations at Dunkeld, after 14 years, and to show that Mac Pherson's Gaelic Fingal was then unknown in his own district, a few years before it was printed. I do not print Mac Callum's version, 1816, V. A short fragment marked &. 8., illustrates the present fragmentary preservation of ballads even in districts where their recital has been forbidden. In it the Dialogue between Padruig and Oisein survives. In it I do not print my own collection. To print all existing versions of Manus is more than I can undertake single handed. As Mr. Kennedy says:

'Observe the Poems.'

## G. 2. ORAN A CHLEIRICH,

OR THE DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE BETWEEN THE FIANDS AND THE DANES. 1872. 168 lines.

G. 2, copied from a manuscript wrote in the year 1762, by Eobhan Mac Diarmad, possessed in 1872 by John Shaw, meal-miller, at Kenlochraimneach. Copied by John Dewar, June 11, 1872. Collated with Mac Nicol's version, and all notable variations entered in italics.

D. 10. OSSHAIN AGUS AN CLEIRICH. 1755. 188 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 3, 1872. These two had some common written ancestor, as I believe, from their accordance.

### G. 1.—OSSHAIN.

- 1 A Chlerich a chanfas na Saillm,  
Air liom féin gur borb do Chial,  
Nach eist hu Tamuil re sgeil  
Air an Fhein nach fhachd hu riamh.

### G. 2.—CLEIRICH.

- 2 Air mo Chumhasa Mhic Fhoin  
Ga bein leat bhí teachd air Thein,  
Fuaim na 'n Saillm ar feadh mo Bheoil  
Gur he siud bu cheoil damh Fein.

### G. 3.—OSSHAIN.

- 3 Na bi tu Coimheadadh do Shalm  
Re Fianachd Erin nan Arm nochd,  
A Chlerich, gur lán ole lium  
Nach sgarain do Chean red Chorp.

### G. 4.—CLEIRICH.

- 4 Sin fuaid Chomrichsa, a Fhír mhoir  
Laoidh do bheoil gur binn lenn fein,

(G.) *Togbhar leata*  
*Saillan ann.* Fuaimmaid suas Altair Thein.  
Bu bhinn liom bhí teachd air Thein.

### G. 5.—OSSHAIN.

- 5 Na mbidhin thu, Chlerich chaoimh,  
Air an traídh ha siar fa dheas,  
Aig Eass libhrídh nan' Shruith sheamh  
Air an Fhein bu mbòr do Mheas.

### G. 6.

- 6 Beannachd air Anam an Laoich  
Bu ghairbhe Fraoch ans gach Greish,  
(G.) *Arđ righ*  
*Lughan* Feam mac Cmhail, Cean nan Sloigh  
O san air a luoite 'n Teass

### G. 7.

- 7 La dhúine faghach na 'n Dearg.  
'S nach derich an Tealg nar Car,

(G.) *íomairt n'an*  
*rann on o'ir.* Gu facas deich Míle Bäre  
Air an Traídh a teachd air Lear.

### 8.

- 8 Sheasabh sinn ul air an Leoir,  
Thiomail an Fhein as gach Taoibh;  
Seachd catha-urcharie gu prop,  
Gur e dhiaidh mu mhachd Nin Taoig.

### 9.

- 9 Thanic an Cabhlach gu Tir  
Greadhin nach bu bhín hair leinn  
Bu bomhor ann Pubul Sroil  
Ga thogbhaill leo os an Cean.

### 10.

- 10 Hogiad an Coishri on Choill  
'S chuir iad orra an Airm ghaidh  
'S an air Gualin gach Fhír mhoir  
Is thog iad orra on Traibh.

### G. 8.

- 11 Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Fhein;  
An fhiaidh shíbh fein co na sloigh,  
Nan nd firsruigh sibh co Bhuaidhin bhorb  
Bheir an Deannal cruaidh san Strachd.

### G. 9.

- 12 Sin nuair thuir Connan a ris;  
Co bail leat, a Righ, bhí ann?  
Co shaoleadh tu Fhinn nan Cath  
Bhíodh ann ach fiath na righ?

### G. 10.

- 13 Co gheomaid an air Fhéin,  
Rechidh a ghabhail sgeul don sluadh,  
'S a bheiridh hugain e gun cleith,  
'S gu beireadh e breith is buaidh?

### G. 11.

- 14 Sin nuair huir Connan a ris:  
Co bail leat, a ríogh, dhul ann;  
Ach Fearghus fíor ghlic do Mhachd,  
O she chleachd bhí dul nan Ceann?

### G. 12.

- 15 Beir a Mhallaich, a Chomáin mhaoil,  
Huir an Fearghus bu chaoin Cruth,  
Racharsa ghabhail an Sgeil  
Don Fhein 's cho hann air do Ghuth.

### G. 13.

- 16 Ghluais an Fearghus armail og  
Air an rod an Coimneach nan 'm fhear  
'S dh físríche e le Comhradh foil;  
Co na Sloigh so hig air Lear?

- g. 14.
- 17 Manns fuileach, feasich, fial,  
(G.) *A Mhean*  
*Crioch.* Mac Rìogh Beatha nan Sgia dearg,  
Ard Rìogh Lochlan, Ceann nan Cliair,  
Giolla bu mhòr Fiabh as Fearg.
- 18 Cìod a ghlus a Bhuin bhorb,  
O Rìoghlachd Lochlan nan Colg seann  
Mar han a mhacdacla air Thian  
A hanig air Triath thair Lear?  
g. 15.—*Various.*  
*Cia ass a ghabhadar a bhuidhin bhorb*  
*Gas rièh Rìgh Lochlan na 'n Colg-seann,*  
*A dhiaridh common na 'n Fian*  
*Ma chian ris an Traidh ja near?*
- g. 16.
- 19 Air do laimhse, Fheargheas fhoile,  
As an Fhein ga mòr do Shuim :  
Cha ghabh sinn Cumha gun Bhraun  
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 Feau Combrag tréun  
Dhuit fein, ma 'm fuighe thu Bhean.
- g. 18.
- 21 Hanig Fcarghus mo Bhrair fein  
'S bu chosmhail ri Grein a Chruth  
'S dhisidh e Sgeile go foil  
Ga b' osgaradh mor a Gbuth.
- g. 19.
- 22 Mac Rìogh Lochlan sud faoi 'n Triath,  
Go de 'n fa dhomb bhi ga chleth?  
Cha ghabh e gun Chomhrac dlu  
Na do Bhean 's do Chu faoi bhrèth.
- g. 20.
- 23 Choidhe cha tugamse mo Bhean  
Do dh' aon neach a ta fuidh 'n Ghréin  
'S cha mho mbeir 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 tossd  
Nach tugamid Combrac borb  
Do Rìogh Lochlann nan Sciadh breachd.
- 25 Seachd Altramaìn 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 huirnt an Tosgar bu mhòr Prios.  
Diongamsa Rìogh Inse Torc  
'S Cinn a dha Clomhirlìch dheng  
Leig faoi m' choimhir fein an coisg.
- g. 22.
- 27 Iarla Mthuim (Munster) 's mor a  
ghlonn  
'S e, huirnt Dianamaid donn gun Ghluin.  
Coisge mise sud dar Féin  
No Tuitim fein air a shon.
- g. 23.
- 28 Gur e ghabh Mi fein fos Laimh  
Gad tha mi gun chail a nochd  
Rìogh Termin na 'n Combrag teann  
'S go sgarain a Cheann re Chorp.
- g. 24.
- 29 Beribh Bearnmachd 's bumill Bnaidh  
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 Lo  
Bainmig lein a bli gun Cheoil  
Fleagh gu fairsing, tìon is Céir  
So bheidh aig an Fhein ga òl.
- g. 26.
- 31 Chuneas mu 'n do 's car an Lo  
A gabhail Doighansa (Ghuirt  
Meirg Rìogh Lochlan an Aigh  
Ga hogail on Traidh nan nuchd.
- g. 27.
- 32 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine ri Cran  
Brattach Fhein bu gharg a Treish  
Lomlan do Chlochaibh Oir  
A guinne bu mhòr a Meas.
- g. 28.
- 33 Iommad Cloimh Dorn chron oir  
Iommad srl ga chur ri crann  
An cath mhic Cùmhail Fean na 'n fleadh  
Bu lionfar Sleadh o sair Ceann.
- g. 29.
- 34 Iommad Colan iomad Triach,  
Iommad Skia as Larich dharamh  
Iomad Draoisèach as Mac Rìogh  
'S cha raibh fear riamh dhu gun Arm.
- g. 30.
- 35 Iommad Cloigid maiseach Cruaidh  
Iommad Tuadh is iommad Gath  
'N iath Rìogh Lochlan na 'm pios  
Bu lionfar mac Rìogh is Flath.
- g. 31.
- Rinneadar an ùrnmigh theann*  
*Bu cosmhaluch re grian na 'n ord*  
*Cath fuileach an da Rìogh*  
*Gu ma ghuineach brìgh an Colg.*
- g. 32.
- 36 Rinneadar an 'Nuirnidh chruaidh  
'S bhrisèadear air Buaidh na 'n Gall,  
Chrom sinn ar Cean an sa Chath ;  
Is rein gach Flath mar a gheall.
- g. 33.
- 37 Thachair mac Cumhail na 'n Cuach  
Agus Mànus na 'n Ruag aìdh,  
Re Cheil' ann an Tiugh (*Taitem*) an  
Stlmaigh  
Chlerich nach ha chruaidh an càs.
- 38 Go 'm be sud an Turleim tean,  
Mar Dheann a bheiridh da Ord,  
Cath fuileachdach an da Rìogh  
Go 'm bu ghuineach brìgh an colg.
- g. 34.
- 39 Air Brisèadh 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 Bhoan an Cross.
- g. 36.
- 41 Leagar Rìogh Lochlan gan (an) adh  
Am banuìsh Chaich air an Raoch  
'S airsan ged nach bhonair Rìogh  
Chuireadh Ceangal nan trì Chaol.
- g. 37.
- 42 Sin nair huirnt Connan maol,  
Mac Mornadh bha riabh ri Holc,  
Cumar rium Manus nan Lan  
'S go scarrin an Ceann re Chorp.
- g. 38.
- 43 Bha neil agam Cairdeas (*na caomh*) g.  
Riutsa Chonram mhaol gun Fhaalt  
O 'n harla mi 'n Crasan Fhein  
'S ansa leam na bi fu 'd smachd.
- g. 39.
- 44 O harla thu 'n Ghrasabh fein  
Cha 'n icmair mi Beud air Flath  
Fuasgeath mi busa o 'm Fhein  
A Lamh Flreun gu cur mor Chathl.

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

- a. 40.  
45 'S gheibh thu do Raoghin a ris  
Nuair a treid thu do 'd Thir fein  
Cairdeas is Comunn do ghna  
No do Lamh a chuir faoi 'm Fhein.  
a. 41.  
46 Cha chuir mi mo Lamh faoi 'd Fhein  
'N cian a mhairtheas Cail am Chorp  
Aon Bhuille Taoghe Fhein  
'S aithreach Leinn no réinneas ort.  
a. 42.  
47 Mi fein agus Mathair is Goll  
Triuir bo mho glonn san Fhein  
Ged tha sinn gun Drosic no Colg  
Ach easteachd ri Hord Cleir.

## D. 12. CUBHA FHINN DO RIGH LOCHLIN.

Mac Nicol's Collection. 43 lines. Ossianic Ballad.  
Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 1,  
1872.

- 1 Deich ciad eulain deich ciad Cu,  
Deich ciad sluibhrich air Milchu ;  
Deich ciad sealtuin chaoil chatha (*sleigh*)  
Deich ciad Brat min Datha.
- 2 Deich ceud Gearaltich cruaidh dearg, (*Each*)  
Deich ceud nobal don or Dhearg,  
Deich ceud maighdin le da Ghun,  
Deich ceid mantal don shid ur,
- 3 Deich ceid sonn a dherigh leat  
Deich ceid shrian oir agus airgid.

## RIGH LOCHLIN.

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

## THE FLAGS.

- 1 Chunnair e Brattich a tin a mach agus Gille  
Gaiste air a Ceann air a lasa do Dh'or Eirinnich
- 2 Dibhuille Duibhne dualich,  
'Ni sud Brattich Mhic Trein-bhuaghich ;
- 3 Cha ni sud ach an Liath-luid-neach,  
Brattach Dhiarmaid O Duibhne,  
'S nar bhìgh an Fhian uil' a mach,  
'Shi an Liath-luid-nich bu toisich.
- 4 Suil gun dug Rìgh Loch, &c.

## DIBHUILLE.

- 5 Cha ni sud ach au aoinchasach ruaidh  
Brattach Chaoilte nan mor T-shluaidh  
Brattach leis an sgoiltgear Cinn  
'S le an doirtir Fuil gu aoibranibh.
- 6 Suil, &c.

## DIBHUILLE.

- 7 Cha ni sud ach an Scuab ghabhidh  
Bratach Oseair Chro-laidir,  
'Snar a ruighte Cath nan clair,  
Cha biach fhiarich ach Scuab-ghabhidh.
- 8 Suil, &c.

## DIBHUILLE.

- 9 Cha ni sud ach a Bhrìachil Bhreochil  
Brattach a Ghuil mhoir mhic Morni,  
Nach dug Troigh riabh air a bais,  
Gus an do chrithan an Tailibh trom ghllass.
- 10 Suil, &c.

## DIBHUILLE.

- 11 'S misa dhuita na bheil ann,  
Ha Ghile ghreine an sud a tighin  
As naoigh slabhriuin aist' a shios,  
Don or Bhuidh gun Dul sgiabh. (*Dail*)
- 12 Agus nao nao lan-ghaisgeach  
Fo chean a huille slabhriugh  
A togairt air feo do T-shluagh thibh

- 13 Mar Chliabh-tragha gu Traigh  
Bìgh gair chatha gad iummain.

H. 12. HOW MANUS, THE KING OF DENMARK,  
CAME TO TAKE AWAY FINGAL'S WIFE BY FORCE.

284 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 11. Advocates' Library,  
November 28, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Known to everybody in  
Ireland, but no copy older than the 18th century known  
to Hennessy.—J. F. C.

## THE ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN one day began to tell Peter how Manus, the  
King of Denmark, came to Ireland to make war on  
Fingal, unless he would get his dog and wife.

The Heroes have seen one day a navy coming from the  
north towards their shore, and when the navy came to  
harbour, they send Fergus to ask what news, and from  
what country they came from. They told him that they  
came from Denmark for Fingal's wife and dog, or if he  
would not deliver that willingly, that they would take  
them by force. When Fingal heard the news, he pre-  
pared for them the next day, then they drew up their  
army on both sides. Fingal and Manus said that they  
would try combat themselves first, and they ordered their  
men not to go near them, and whoever would be Con-  
queror that he would get his desire, and the army on both  
sides would be spectators. Fingal defeated Manus, and  
bound him hand and foot. Then he repented that he  
came at all, and promised with an oath that he would  
never come to war against him any more. Fingal upon  
these conditions loosed him, and went away for his own  
country, but on his way going home, his men said that  
suppose Fingal was stronger than he, that they were  
stronger than Fingal's men, and if he would allow them  
to return back and give a battle, that they would surely  
gain the victory, to which he consented. Then Fingal  
asked of Manus, when he came to him the second time,  
thus,—

'Dost thou remember valiant Manus,  
Last day thy promising 'oath to all us ?'  
'Most mighty Fingal, that I do,  
It's left upon the mountain dew.'

Then the battle began with swords unsheathed in hand  
very smart, till not one was left of Manus's host alive,  
except any person that asked pardon, or fled and hid  
himself in a solitary place. But Peter Mac Alpin said to  
Ossian that he had not much regard for his Histories and  
Poems (at present), besides the Psalms of David. When  
Ossian heard that, he said that if he would compare his  
Psalms again to Fingal's melodious poems, that he would  
separate his head from off his body.

Observe the Poem.

## DAN 2.

- 1 A Chleirich a chanas na sailm,  
Air leam fein gu'r baoth do chiall ;  
Nach eiste tu tamull sgéul,  
Air an Fhéinn nach cual thu riamb.
- 2 'Air do chubhi 'sa Mhic Fhinn,  
Ge binn leat teachd air an Fheinn ;  
Fuaim nan saila air feadh mo bheoil,  
Gu 'r e sin is ceol leam fein.'
- 3 C' onì bi tu coi-meas do shalmuibh,  
Re Fìonh gaidheal nan arm noicht ;  
A Chleirich ge lán oil leam,  
Gun sgaram do cheann o d' chorp.
- 4 Fuidh d' chomric tha' eams flur mhóir,  
Laoidh do bheoil is binn leam fein ;  
'S na 'n alla chualas air Fìonn,  
Gur binn bhì teachd air an Fheinn.
- 5 Na 'm biodh tusa Chleirich cháich,  
Againn air an traidh mu dheas ;  
Aig Eas loitheann nan sruth séimh,  
Air ann Fheinn bu mhór do mheas.

M. 2.

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

- 7 'Se sin fein an t-Eas so sbiar,  
Eas nu 'n deannam an Fhiannc Seilg ;  
Eas eibhain a b' aille srath,  
Bu lionmhor ann ló is deirg.
- M. 3.
- 8 Latha dhúinne fiadbach san leirg,  
Cha d' thainig an t seilg n ar car ;  
Chunncamar na h iomaidh lóng,  
Seoladh gús an traidh o near.
- M. 5.
- 9 Thainig an cablach gu tir,  
Buidheann nach bu mhídhur lein ;  
'S bu lionmhor sar phubul shróil,  
Ga thogail dhoibh os an ceann.
- 10 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Cuthail d' a Fhinn,  
'An d' fhuidir sibh an cabhlaich árd ;  
No cia 's Cennard air no sloigh,  
Do ni 'n total mor is traidh.'
- 11 'Se fhreagair e Conan maol,  
Mac Mormna bu chaoil gíomh ;  
Co shaolas tu Fhinn nan caih,  
Do bhí sud ach Flath no Rígh.
- 12 'Dh' fhiosraich a ris Flath nan euach,  
Do mbaithidh sluagh Inne-fáil ;  
Co rachadh a ghabhail diu sgéul,  
O 'n Fhinn bu mbaith buaidh is ágħ.'
- 13 'Se fhreagar e Conan maol,  
A Rígh co shaoles tu dhól an ;  
Ach Fearadhas fir ghlic do mhac,  
Oir 's e ehleachd bhí dol nan ceann.'
- 14 'Mallachd dhuita Choinain mhaoil,  
Do ra Fearadhas bu chaoim cruth ;  
Reacheamsa dh' fhaghail dhíu sgéul,  
O 'n Fheinn 's cho nan air do ghuth.'
- 15 'Dean thusa sin Fhearadhais fhéil.  
Reach a dh' fhaghail sgéul o 'n t sluagh ;  
'S cho fhad is bhítheas tu beó,  
Gu fuigheadh tu moran duais.'
- 16 'Dh' imich Fearadhais armach óg,  
'S an rod an có-dhal na 'm fear ;  
'S dh' fhiosraich é na combra' fóill,  
Co na sloigh thainig air lear ?'
- 17 'Tha Manus orra na Thriath,  
Mac Rígh Meaghich nan scia' dearg ;  
Ard Rígh Lochlan ceann nan ehar,  
Gille is ro' mbor fa 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' ngamaid a bhean o Fhionn,  
Da ain-deoin leinn agus Bran.'
- 20 'Air a laimhsa Mhannis mhóir,  
As do shloigh cia mor do mhúirn ;  
Cia mhead sa thainig leat thair tuinn (*lear*),  
Cho tabhair sibh Bran thair tuinn.'
- 21 'Do bheir an Fhiannc cómhrag cruaidh,  
Do 'd shluagh mam fuigheadh tu Bran ;  
'S bheir Fionn cath tálchuisseach dlú,  
Dhuit fein ma 'm fuigh thu a bhean.'
- 22 'Air a laimhsa Fhearadhais fhéil,  
As an Fheinn cia mor do ghreann ;  
Cho ghabh mi cumha gu 'n Bhran,  
Gun a bhean no cómhrag teann.'
- 23 'N sin phill Fearadhas mo bhrathair fein,  
'S bu chosmhúil re grein a cruth ;  
B' fhiosneach a dh' innseadh é 'n sgéul,  
Ge b' oisgarra tréan a ghuth.
- 24 'Se ard Rígh Lochlan a tha 's tráidh,  
Cíod é 'm fáth dhúinn bhí d' a ehleith ;  
Gun chómhrag díbhragach dlú,  
Air ghea' do bhean 's do chú faí bhreith.
- 25 Do dh' flian Fionn fada na thosd,  
'S bha moran sbrochd air an Fheinn ;  
Oir bu phéin ro' dhoilich léo,  
Am brosnadh mor a ríun an tréun.
- 26 Cha tabhair mise mo bhean,  
Do dh' aon fhear a tha fú 'n ghréin,  
'S cho mho liubhrann Bran le 'm dheóin,  
'N fhea' sa bhios an deó am chré.
- 27 'Is labhair e ris re Goll,  
'S mor an trom dhúinn bhí nar tos ;  
Gu 'n chómhrag díbhragach tréun,  
A thabhairt dhoibh sud fein a noc.'
- 28 Bha freagradh aig Oscar dh' a,  
'S cho bu nár dh' a teachd gu prop ;  
Leigeadh dhoibh codal gu lá,  
Is bio' sa máireach air e corp.
- 29 'S do labhair Oscar a ris,  
Díouamsa Rígh inuse torc ;  
'S ceann an da chomhairlaich dhéug,  
Cuiream iad gu léir o 'n corp.
- 30 'Seachd Iarlacha Locha luan, (*t. Maighreochan*)  
'Se thuir Momad mor gu 'n cheilg ;  
Iadsan fein ge mor an cruas,  
Coisgidh mis' am buaidh san leirg.'
- 31 'Iarla Muthann is mor glonn, (*t. oighre chumain*)  
Do rá Diarmaid conn gu 'n oth 'n ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mór an t-eachd,  
No tuiteam fein air a shon.'
- 32 'Truir mas Inuse torc 's mor cith,  
Do rá Caoilte nimh nan leirg ;  
Iadsan cia mor fenn is treóir,  
Ni mi 'n lot 'san léon le feirg.'
- 33 'Seachd oighreacha' ghleann nam fuath,  
Do rá Fearaghuin luath gu léon ;  
Cnusaichidh mi 'n corp le 'm airm,  
Gus an traigh an gaing 's an treóir.'
- 34 'Seachd Mic Maitheannis borb feirg, (*t. 33. Na-  
thais nan rosg borb*)  
Do rá Garabh bu tréun lamh ;  
Cuireamsa gu bas iad fein,  
No tuiteam fein air a bhlar.'
- 35 'Seachd oighribh na Beirathair bhán, (*t. 34. Mai-  
ghre*)  
Do rá Faoghlan bán gun gbó ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mor 's cia tréun,  
No tuiteam fein air an lon.'
- 36 'Seachd Mic Luthaich O Rois ruaidh (*t. 35. Oir  
lir uaine*)  
Do rá Caoireall bu cruaidh ghar ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mor an teachd,  
No tuiteam fein léo air ball.'
- 37 Da Mhac Mhannis ceann an t-sluaigh, (*t. 36. Braithrean*)  
Do rá Fearadhas buadhach gráidh ;  
'Coisgeamsa cia mór an gruaim,  
'S dheanadh gíomh cruaidh sa bhlar.'
- 38 'S an sin a dubhras fein,  
Ge ta mi mar tha mi noc ;  
Rígh Garabh nan cómhrag teann, (*t. 37. Scairbhe*)  
Gu sgareamsa cheann a chorp.'
- 39 'Míle beannachd dhuit is buaidh,  
Do rá Mac Cuthaill nan rung áigh,  
Manus mu 'n tional na sluaigh,  
Coisgidh mise buaidh sa bhair.'
- 40 Air bhí dhúinn 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 madain an dara mháireach ;  
Ghluais iad a dh' fhagail ar puirt ;  
'S mcirgeach Rígh Lochlan an áigh,  
Da thog' ail o thraidh 'n ar uclh.

- 42 Leig iad an gadhair fú 'n choill,  
'S cheangail iad orra 'n airm áig;  
Eallach guaille gach fir mhóir,  
Thogadar leó fein o'n traidh.
- 43 B' iomeadach ann elogaid cruaidh,  
B' iomeadach ann tuá' ehm sgath;  
'N cuideadh Rígh Lochlan gu fíor,  
'S cho raibh aon neach ann gu ghabh.
- 44 B' iomead cloidheamh 's b' iomead scia',  
B' iomead Triath le huircach ghar;  
B' iomead craosach air Míc Rígh,  
'S cha raibh aon neach dhú gu 'n arm.
- 45 Thionail iad an ear san iar,  
An sin an Fhianm as gach taobh;  
Seachd Cathain na h'iorraill gu prop, (1. 44. *cnoc*)  
Thionail sin mu mhac inghean aoigh. (*Taig*)
- 46 B' iomead cloidheamh an ceann bheairt óir,  
B' iomead sról da chuir re creann;  
Aig fuileacdaich Fhinn nam fleagh,  
'S iomead sleagh bha os ar ceann.
- 47 Thog sinn Gill ghreine re creann,  
Bratach, Fhinn, bu gharg 's gach greis;  
'S i lán do chlochaibh do 'n ór,  
A Phádraig nach bu mhór a meas.
- 48 Chuir sinn a mach dh' fhuilang d' oghrainn. (1. 47. *durainn*)  
Bratach Fhearadhais óigh mo bhrathair  
'S thog sinn a mach bratach Chaolte,  
'N Lia' luidagach b' aoibhneach dealradh.
- 49 Thogadh suas mo bhratach fein,  
A shoillese mar a ghréin an dúibhre;  
'S thog sinn a mach an Lia luidagach, (1. 48. *luimneach*)  
Bratach Dhiarmaid óig o duimhne.
- 50 Thog sin a' mach bratach Fhaoghlain,  
Ghuill is Oseair abbaich amblaich;  
Agus bratach gach ard cheannard  
Bú' ann 's na Cathanaibh san nair sin.
- 51 'N sin thional Fíonn Eirann gu tráidh, (1. 51. *Fíonn*)  
Thoirte coinneamh do chlanna gall,  
Air toirt dhuinn ar cinn gu cath,  
Deanamh gach flath mar a gheall.
- 52 Do thachair Manus nam buadh,  
'S dea' Mhac Cuthaill nan ruag áig;  
Ra chéile 'n toiseach an t-sluaigh,  
A Phádraig nach bu chruaidh an cás.
- 53 Thilgeadar uathe 'n airm áidil,  
Chuaidh iad gu spáirneachd laoch;  
Gu cómharg dibhragach teann,  
'S fathram an lann air an raon.  
1. 53. (*various*)  
*Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluagh,  
Air ar n' uileann shuas a ghleann;  
'Sann léine bu nhor an gníomh,  
Na 'm fuigheadh Manus d' air Fíonn.*
- 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 dhinn dá 'n cluich.
- 55 Thug iad an sin deannal cruaidh,  
Mar nach d' ugas riamh re 'm éinn;  
Coi meas dhoibh a near no niar,  
Cho 'n fhacas riamh ag fianntidh Fhinn. (1. 54. *Fíonachd*)
- 56 Clochan agus talamh trom,  
Charaicheall iad le spoirneach chos;  
A charachd siar is a niar,  
O! Phádraig nach bu chian gu 'n chlos.
- 57 Do leag Mac Cuthaill nam buadh,  
Manus nan ruag air an raon;  
'S air leim fein nach b' onoir Rígh,  
Chuir Fíonn ceangal nan tri chaoil.

- 58 ' Labhair an sin Conan maol,  
Mac Morana bha riamh re h'ole;  
Ghuais siar O Mhanus nan lann,  
'S gu sgaream a cheann o chorp.
- 59 ' Cho 'n eil cáirdeas dhann no gaol,  
Riutsa Choinain mhaoil gu 'n chéil;  
Tharladh mi fú' ghraisaibh Fhinn,  
'S céud fearr leam no bhí fú' d' mhéin.'
- 60 'S nan tharladh tu faí' m ghraisaibh féin,  
Cho d' rinn mi riamh béud air flath;  
Gheibh thu do chomas dhuit féin,  
A lamh thréin a chuir móir chath.'
- 61 'S do dha roghain dhuit a ris,  
No dal da thugh do d' thír féin;  
Combanas, comman is grádh,  
No do lamh a thoirte do 'n Fhainn.'
- 62 ' An fheadh sa bhios mise beo,  
No bhios an deó ann am chorp;  
Cho toir mi buille t' adhaidh Fhinn,  
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.'
- 63 Dh' imich iad an sin a dholbh,  
Do riogbacht Lochlan nan colbh sean, (1. 62. *O riogh-'chd Eireann*)  
A eagmhuis bean 's a choin, (*Fhinn*)  
Gu 'n bhui'll' thoirte le 'n loinn do neach.
- 64 Bha iad fú' aimeal ro mhór,  
Air an t' sligh dol d' an teach;  
Nach do' fhéud 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 bhuaidhacht ortsa Fíonn,  
Gheibh sinne buai' air arma gu beachd.
- 66 Chuir iad iompaid air an Rígh,  
Gu pillleadh a ris air ais;  
An dochas gu fuigheadh iad buaidh,  
Air an t-sluaigh bu chruaidhe 'n cath.
- 67 Phill iad an sin dh' ionnsuidh Fhinn,  
'S thuirte re Manus gu 'n ghruamaich;  
'C' áit am bheil do mbionann mór,'  
'Fagas le gó fa' r an d' fhuaras.'
- 68 'N sin fhreagair e an laoch borb,  
Air am bitheadh colg 's gach ghreis;  
Dh' fhagas e air dhruac an fheoir,  
Air an raon mhór ud mu dheas.
- 69 Thug sin an sin deannal cruaidh,  
Da chéile gu buailteach cas;  
Gus 'n do bhuaidhacht sinn gu cuanna,  
Air sluaigh Mbanuis naibhreach bras.
- 70 Mach o fhear a ghabh a shith,  
No rinn a dhidinn gu géur;  
Da chuideachd Rígh Lochlan gu fíor,  
Che deachaidh duine dá thír feiu.
- 71 Bheireamsa briathair gu fíor,  
Do 'n fbor Chriodsuidh fhuair a chéusa  
Gu bu mbaith a chuir sa fhuaradh,  
An latha siu sluaigh na Feinne.

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 MĪanuis ?  
Fagus far an d' fhuaras.

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

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

I. 63.

Thog na trein an suil gu h ard,  
Air gach Barc thainig air lear;  
Mar chuile loch Leuga bha 'n aircamh,  
Triall o 'n trian' sar airde near.

I. 64.

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

I. 65.

'S e combairle thug na sloigh,  
Air Manus mor nan long aig;  
Tigh 'n thuge air an ais o 'n chuan,  
Gu Maithibh sluaigh Innse phail.

I. 66.

A dubhradar ris an Rìogh,  
'S mor an di' 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 traig';  
Mar fhuaim tuinne bha gach treud;  
Is fathram nan céud nar dail.

H. 67. I. 68.

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

H. 68. I. 69.

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

H. 69. I. 70.

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

I. 71.

Mar choill chrìonaich air an t sliabh,  
'S an osag dhiann ann nan car,  
B' amhail is slachdraich nan sonn,  
Bha tuiteam fui' r bonn sa chath.

I. 72.

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

H. 70. I. 73.

Mach o fhearr a oh' iarr a shìdh,  
'S ghabh a chuideinn far sgèith;  
Do chuideachd Rìogh Lochlan, gu fìor,  
Cho deachaidh daine d' a thir fèin.

H. 71. I. 74.

Bheireamsa briathar d' om Rìogh,  
Riamh ann stri nach d' fhuiling thair;  
Gun do thuit do na seachd Cathain.  
Drian do mhaithibh Innse-phail.

I. VERSE 74, OTHERWISE.

Bheireamsa briathar do' m Rì,  
Mu 'n deachai' crìoch air a ghreis;  
Ceathrar is ceart leth na 'n Fiann,  
Th' fhag sinn air an t-sliabh mu dheas.

M. 7. COMHRAG FHEINN AGUS MĪANUIS!  
172 lines.

- 1 Ge b' e bhiodh leinne an laoi,  
Air an traidh tha siar fìo dheas,  
Aig uisge Laoi're na 'n sruth seamb,  
Air an Fheinn bu mhor a mbeas.
- 2 Beannachd air anam an Laoich,  
Bu gharbh fraoch anns gach treis,  
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na 'n treun,  
'S ann air a shloinnteadh an t-eas.
- 3 La dhninn ag fiaghach na 'n dearg  
'S nach d' eirich an t-scalg 'nar car,  
Gu faca sinn mìle bàrc  
Air an traidh ag teachd air lear.
- 4 Shesamh sinn uil' 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 mhor ann pùball sroil,  
Ga thogbhal leas os an ceinn.
- 6 Thog iad an gasradh o 'n choill;  
Ghlacadh leinn' ar 'n airm ghaidh,<sup>3</sup>  
Da shleagh air gualainn gach fir mhòir  
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 brath is bnaidh.
- 8 Sin nuair labhair Conan a ris  
Co a Rìgh, b' ail leat a dhol ann,  
Ach Fearghus fìor ghlic do mhac,  
O 's e chleachd a dhol na 'n ceann ?
- 9 Mallachd ort a Chonain nabaol,  
Labhair Fearghus bn caoine cruth,  
Rachain-se ghabhail seil  
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' an air do ghnth.
- 10 Ghluais Fearghus armoil óg,  
Air an rod an coinne na 'm fear,  
'S dh' fhàrnach e le comhradh foil,  
Co iad na sloigh a thig air lear.
- 11 Manus fuileach fear' a fial,  
Mac Rìgh Beatha na 'n sciath dearg,  
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na cìar,  
Giolla bu mhor fiamh<sup>4</sup> is fearg.
- 12 Cìod a ghluais a bhuidhean bhorb,  
O chrìochaibh Lochlainn na 'n colg sean,  
An ann a chuideacha na 'm Fiann  
A thainig an triath thair lear ?
- 13 Air do laimhse Fhearghuis fheil,  
As an Fheinn ge mor do mhuirn,  
Cha ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhrán,  
No a bhean a thoirt o Fhionn.
- 14 As do laimh ge mor do dhoigh,  
'S as do shloigh ge mor do mhuirn,  
Mhead agaibh 's thain' thair lear,  
Cha tugadh sibh Bran air tuinn.
- 15 Bheireadh an Fheinn combrag cruaidh,  
Do d' shluagh mu 'm faighcadh tu Brin  
'S bheireadh Fionn combrag treun  
Duit fein mu 'm faighcadh tu bhean.
- 16 Thainig Fearghus mo bhrathair fein,  
'S bn chosmhùil re grein a chruth,  
'S dh' innis e secula d' an Fheinn,  
'S gu 'm b' oscaradh treun a ghuth.

<sup>1</sup> Magnus.

<sup>2</sup> Greadhann ?

<sup>3</sup> Chait'h' ?

<sup>4</sup> Fraoch ?

- 17 Mac Rìgh Lochlainn sud o 'n traidh,  
Cìod e 'm fath dhamb bhi ga chleath ?  
Cha ghabh e gun chomhrag dluth,  
No do bhean 's do chuth a bhi fò bhreath.
- 18 De cha d' thugainn-se mo bhean  
Do dh' aon fhear ata fò 'n gheinn,  
'S Cha mho bheirinn Bran ga brath,  
No gu 'n d' theid am Bas am' bheul.
- 19 Labhair Mac Cuthail re Goll,  
Am mor an glonn duinn bhi 'nar tosd,  
Nach tugadhaid 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 Innse-toirc,  
Clann a dha chomhairlich dheug  
Leig fa m' eomhair fein an cosg.
- 22 Labhair e Conull a ris,  
Deangam-sa Rìgh Innse-con,  
Is ceim a shea-comhalta deug,  
No biaidh mi fein ar an son.
- 23 Iarla Mumhan<sup>5</sup> ge mor a glonn,  
Labhair Diarmad 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 nocht,  
Rìgh Teurmann na 'n comhrag teann  
Gu 'n scaruinn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 25 Beiribh beannaichd' beiribh buaidh,  
Arsa Mac Cuthail, na 'n gruaidh dearg,  
Manus Mac Garadh na 'n sluagh,  
Coisgear leam ge mor fhearg.
- 26 An oiche sinn duinne gu lo,  
B' ainmic leinn a bhi' gun cheol,  
Fleadh gu farsaing, fiou is ceir  
Gheibhte aig an Fheinn nas leor.
- 27 Chuncas mu 'n do scar an lo  
Gabhail doigh ann sa ghuir,  
Meirgh' Rìgh Lochlainn an aigh  
'Ga togbhal o' n traigh 'nar uched.
- 28 Chuir sinn Deo-gheine re crann,  
Bratach Fheinn bu ghairge treis  
Lomlan do chlochaibh 'n òr,  
'S ann leinne<sup>7</sup> gu 'm bu mhòr a meas.
- 29 'S iomad cloidheam dorn-chrann oir,  
'S iomad srol ga chuir re crann,  
Ann Cath Mhic Cuthail na 'm fheadh,  
'S bu lionmhor sleagh os ar ceann.
- 30 Iomad coiteim iomad triath,  
Iomad sciath is luireach gharbh,  
Iomad tóiseach is Mac Rìgh,  
Is ni 'n raibh fear dhiubh gu 'n airn.
- 31 Iomad clogaid maiseach cruaidh,  
Iomad tuadh is iomad gath  
Ann cath Rìgh Lochlainn na 'm buadh,  
Bu lionmhor ann Mac Rìgh is fath.
- 32 Rinneadar an urnaidh chruaidh,  
Bhriseadar air sluagh na 'n Gall,  
Chrom gach fear a cheann sa chath,  
Is rinneadh leis gach fath mar gheall.
- 33 Thachair Mac Cuthail na 'n cuach  
Is Manus na 'n rug aigh,  
R'a cheile ann tuiteam an t-sluagh,  
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chruaidh an dail !
- 34 Gu 'm b' e sud an tuirin teann,  
Mar ghreann a bheireadh da òrd,  
Cath fuileach an da Rìgh,  
Gu 'm bu ghnuineach brìgh an colg !

- 35 Air briseadh do sciath an Deirg,  
Air eirigh dhoibh fearg is fraoch,  
Thìlg iad am buill air lár  
'S thug iad spairn an da laoch.
- 36 'Nuair a thoiseach strìbh na 'n Triath,  
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chian an clos !  
Bha clochan agus talamh trom  
Mosgladh fò spoinn an cos.
- 37 Leagadh Rìgh Lochlainn air an traidh,  
Am fianais chaic air an fhròrach,  
Air-sin, ge d' nach b' onòir Rìgh,  
Chuireadh ceangal na 'n tri chaoil.
- 38 Sin nuair thuir Conan a ris,  
Mac Morna bha riamh re h-òle,  
Leigir mi gu Manns na 'n lann,  
'S gu 'n scarainn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 39 Cha 'n 'eil agam cairdeas no caoin,  
Riuts' a Chonain mhaol gu 'n iochd.  
O tharladh mi 'n lamhaibh Fheinn  
'S ionas leam na bhi fò d' smachd.
- 40 O tharladh tu m' lamhaibh fein,  
Cha 'n inuir mi beud air fath,  
Fuasglaidh mi thasa o m' fheinn  
A Lamh thereun a chuir mor-chath.
- 41 'S gheabh thu do roghainn a ris,  
Do chuir dhathigh do d' thir fein,<sup>8</sup>  
Cairdeas is comunn a ghnathach,  
No do lamh a chuir fa m' Fheinn.
- 42 Fa t-Fheinn cha chuir mi mo lamh  
An cian a mhaireas cail an chorp,  
Aon bhuille t-aghaidh Fheinn  
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.
- 43 Cha 'n ann orm sa rinn thu e,  
'S ann duit fein a rinn thu 'n cron ;  
Do na thug thu shluagh o d' thir  
'S beng a philleas ris an sinn.

## O. 14. EAS LAOIRE, NO CATH MHANUIS.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 73. 136 lines. Copied by Malcolin Macphail. Edinburgh, March 25, 1872.

NOTE.—The letter and figure M. 1, &c., refer to Gallies, which had been printed about 14 years. It will be seen how this varies from the book and from earlier versions.

1 A PHÉADRIC a chanadh na sailm,  
Air leam fein gur baoth do chiall ;  
Nach eisd thu tamull ri m' sgeul,  
Air an Fheinn nach fbae thu riamh.

2 Air do chumhsa Mhic Fhinn,  
G'e binn leat teachd air an Fhinn,  
Guth nan salm air feadh mo bheoil,  
Gur e sid bu cheol lean fein.

3 Nam bitheadh tu comhada do shalm,  
Ri rìgh tearmuin nan arm nochd ;  
A chleirich gur lan leam leam,  
Nach sgarainn do cheann o d' chorp.

M. 1.

4 Nam bitheadh tusa a chleirich aigh,  
Air an traigh ud siar fò 'n ear ;  
Aig Eas Laoire nan sruth seamh,  
Air an Fheinn bu mhòr do tbeas.

M. 3.

5 Latha dhuinne siubhal bheann,  
Cha do thachair an t-sealg nar car ;  
Chunna sin a teachd gu traigh,  
Iomadh bare bu lionaiv fear (nall thar lear.)

M. 6.

6 Thog sinn ar gas ruidh o 'n choill,  
Bratach Fhinn bu gharg a greis ;  
Air a *dìona* an clochaibh oir (duna)  
Air leinne gu 'm bu mhòr a teis.

<sup>1</sup> Mudhan.

<sup>6</sup> Gun òr.

<sup>7</sup> Aigh an Fheinn bu.

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

- m. 7.  
7 Dh' fharaid Mac Cuthail ga shluagh,  
Sau uair bu mhoir a ghean;  
Co theid uainn a ghabhail sgeoil,  
Co iad na seoid a thain' thar lear?
- m. 8.  
8 Thuirt Conan mearachdach maol,  
Co a righ a b' aill leat a dhol ann?  
Ach Fearghus fìor ghlic do Mhac,  
On 'se chleachd bhì do nan ceann.
- m. 9.  
9 Mallaehd dhuitse Chonain mhaoil,  
Thuirt amf Fearghus bu caoin ctuth;  
Rachainse a ghabhail sgeul,  
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air a ghuth.
- m. 10.  
10 Ghluaisidh Fearghus armach og,  
San rod an comhdhail nan fear;  
'S dh' fhiosraich na choradh foil,  
Co iad na seoid a thain' thar lear?
- m. 11.  
11 Manns fuileach corrach fial  
Mac rìgh Betha nan sgiath dearg;  
Ard rìgh Lochlain ceann nan chlar,  
Gille bu mbor feach a 's fearg.
- m. 12.  
12 Cìod a ghluais a bhuidinn bhorb,  
O rioghachd Lochlain na colg sean?  
An ann r chuideachadh nam Fiann,  
A thainig bhur triall thar muir.
- m. 13.  
13 Air a laimhsa Fhearghuis threin,  
As an Fheinn ga mor a mhuir;  
Cha ghabh sinn gu chomhrag fhear,  
No bhean is bran a thoirt o Fhionn.
- m. 14.  
14 Air a laimhsa Mhanuis threin,  
Asad fein g'a mor do spion;  
Air mhead sa thug thu leat thar lear,  
Cha tugadh sibh Bran thar tuinn.
- m. 15.  
15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comhrag cruaidh,  
Do d' shluagh nan biodhra iad Bran;  
'S bheireadh Fionn comhrag treun,  
Dhuit fein mu 'n faigheadh tu bhean.
- m. 16.  
16 Gluasadh Fearghuis thugainn fein,  
'S bu cosmhuil ri deo greine a chruth;  
Dh' innsadh e an sgeul gu foil,  
'S gu 'm b' osgara mor a ghuth.
- m. 17.  
17 Sid e Manus air an traigh,  
Cìod e' m fath dhuinn bhì ga chleth,  
Cha ghabh e gan chomhrag dlu,  
No do bhean 's do chu fo bhreth.
- m. 18.  
18 Chaidh cha tugainnsa mo bhean,  
Da dh' aon fhear a sheall sa ghrein;  
'S cha dealaich mi ri Bran gu brath,  
Gus an teid am bas na bheul.
- m. 19. 21.  
19 Labhair an t-Oscar ri Goll,  
'S mor an glonn dhuinn bhì nar tosd;  
Chann a she-comhalta deug,  
Leig mar coimeamh fhein an casg.
- m. 22.  
20 Deangamsa Cithach nam buadh,  
Thuirt Caoirreal bu chruaidh colg;  
G' au lethrom a chuir air cach,  
G' e b' e laoch g' an tig am cho-dhail.
- m. 23.  
21 Iarla Mutha 's mor an sont,  
Thuirt an Dearnad donn g'an chealg,  
Dheangainse e 'n lathair chach,  
No bithidh mo bhas 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'au 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 sgoltadh an sgiath 's an lann;  
Thulg 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 sraoineachd an ear san iar,  
B' fhada 's cian a chluinntean an clos.
- m. 37.  
26 Leagadh Manns air an traigh,  
Am fianuis chaich air an raon;  
Airsan cha b' onoir rìgh,  
Chuirteadh ceangal nan tri chaol.
- m. 38.  
27 Thuirt Conan mearachdach maol mac Morna  
Am fear bla riamh ri h-ole;  
Cumar duinn Manus nan lann,  
'S gu 'n sgarrain a cheann o a chorp.
- m. 39.  
28 Cha robb comhdhualtas no caomh,  
Eadar mise 's tu Chonain mhaoil gun fhalt;  
O 'n tharla mi to ghrasaibh Fhinn,  
B' anusa leam no bhì fo d' smachd.
- m. 40.  
29 O 'n tharla tu fom' ghrasa' feinn,  
A lamh threun a chuir mor chath;  
Ni mi do dhionsadh om' Fheinn,  
'S cha 'n iomar mi beud air flath.
- m. 41.  
30 Gheibh thu da roghain a ris,  
Cead dol dathigh do d' thir fein;  
No gaol, is comunn, is pairt,  
Ach do lamh a thoirt do 'n Fheinn.
- A NEW VERSE.  
31 Rach dathigh do d' thir fein,  
'S na tig air 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 ri neach gun treoir,  
'S cuimhne leann an la a chaidh;  
Foghlum ceart a' d' aros mor,  
Sid a rìgh an ceo nach luidh.
- m. 42.  
33 Bheirinnse mo bheathar a rìgh,  
Am fad sa mhaireas cail nan chorp;  
Nach toir mi buille t-aghaidh Fhinn,  
'S aithreach leam na rinn sinn ort.
- m. 39.  
34 Cha b' ann ormasa rinn thn e,  
'S am ort fein a reinn thu 'n call;  
A mhead 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 mu ar tiomhal  
Chunnaic sinn air bharr thonn  
Aoghalt, aithreachd, chuthal, chrom
- 2 Bha l' aogais air dreach a ghual  
'Sa deud cairbatach enam-braadh  
Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann  
Mar choille chriona, chrith-thean
- 3 Bha aon suil ronnach na ceann  
'S bu luath i no ronnach muigh'r  
Bha cloidheamh meirgeach fo crios  
Air gach taobh don chrithal chois
- 4 'S gur b' ainm don Fhuagh nach tiom  
A Bhuirbhurtach, mhaol ruagh mhordhin  
Re amharc nam Fiann fo dheas  
Gun ruith a bheisd na h' innis
- 5 Rinn i gean gun chomann duinn  
Mharb i le b' abhachd ceud laoch  
'S a gaire na garbh chraos
- 6 Cait on robh sluaigh bu chiallich  
'S bu narich na sud agubhls'  
Measg Fianna Inne-Fail  
No air Mhathibh na h' Erin ?
- 7 Labhair laoch nach d' fhulaing sàr  
Mac Moirna' dha m' b' ainm Coinean  
A bhuidhin sin bha fann  
Annra dheargadh do bhreim lann
- 8 Agus air sgath cullanach<sup>1</sup> nan con  
Oirne na bithid ga' muighadh  
Cha n da-fhearr dheug a b' fhearr san Fheinn  
Thabhart Comrag do 'n Bheisd
- 9 'S urrad eile ged bhithidh iad ann  
Bhiodh marbh san aona bhall
- 10 Ach gheibh thu cumha 's gabh còir  
Caogad Iuna dhe 'n dearg or  
Agus ga' m b' fhearr or enodidh nan eloch  
No cogadh nam Fiann fhaobharach
- 11 Ged fhoidhin 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 cumha comrag  
'S caillidh tu dos do chimhe-chrion'  
Re deagh mhac Ossian iarruidh
- 13 Dar dherich colg na Beisd'  
Gan derich Fionn Flath na Feinne  
Dherich Oiscean Flath nam fear  
Dherich Oscar 's dherich Iollin
- 14 Gan derich Diarmad donn  
Dherich leis an lion-bhuidhean  
Dherich laoch nach tim 's nach tais  
Dherich an Glas le mhor neart
- 15 Sin dar dherich iad uile  
Eadar mhac Rì 's gach aon duin'  
'S mar Bheisd' d'bhoghair 's a ghlean
- 16 Rinn iad Cro chrotha cathmhòr  
Mar Mhuir ri clochan a mbol  
Bha dol aig a Bhuirbhurtach orr'
- 17 Ach fhritheal i iad mu seach  
Mar ruith sradagan lasarach  
Ach an tus iorghal an aigh  
Thuit cabhair air na Laoich lann
- 18 Thuit a Bhurbhurtach leis an Rì  
Is ma thuit cha b' ann gun gan stri  
Deachan cha d' fhair e mach sud  
O la Ceardoch Lon Mhic Liobhìn
- 19 Ghluais an Gobh' leis a bhrìgh  
Gu teach athair an ard Rì  
Rinneadh beud ars' Gobhan nan ceann  
Mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach ruagh  
Rì.
- 20 Mar do slugadh i 'n talamh toll  
No mar do thagh a mhuir leathan lom  
Cha rath do dhaoin air an domhain  
Na mbarbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhoidhean  
GOBH.
- 21 Cha ne mbarbh i ach an Fhiann  
Buidhean nach gabh roimh dhuine fiamh  
Cha d' theid Fuath no arrachd as  
On t' shluagh aluin fholt-bhuigh  
Rì.
- 22 Bheir mise mo mhionnan Rì  
Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhìn  
Nach fag mi do dh' Erin an aigh  
Innis no Ealan no Tom
- 23 Nach tog mi 'n coir-thaobh mo laong  
Dh' Erin churanda ao-throm
- 24 'S chuirin breabnich air mhuir  
Ga togail as a tonna bhalladh  
Le Crocan cromra i tir  
Ga tarring as a tamb-thonnadh  
GOBH.
- 25 'S mor an luchd do luingeas ban  
Erin uile dh' aon laimh  
'S cha deach do luingeas air sàl  
Na thogadh Cuijeadh do dh' Erin
- 26 Deich ficid 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 daoin' naìlse Inne-Fail  
Oscar agus Keine Ruagh  
Ossian nam buadh agus Cairil ard  
FING.
- 28 'N d' fhiosraich sibh an deas no 'n tuagh  
Co ni n' teannal chruaidh san traigh ?  
Chan eil an ach Flath no Rì  
Thuir Coinean maol gun fholt
- 29 Och nam foillius' am Fheinn  
Fear a ghabhadh sgeul an t' sluaigh  
'S e labhair Fionn flath nam fear  
Gum fòrheadh e breith agus buaidh

## CONAN.

- 30 Sin thubhart Coinean a risd'  
Co a Rìgh b' aill leat dhòl ann  
Ach Feargus fìor-ghlic do mhac  
O 'n se a chleachd a dhòl nan ceann

## FERG.

- 31 Mallachd dhuit a Choinnean mhaol  
Labhair Feargus bu chaoim cruth  
Reachinse a ghabhadh sgeul  
Dha 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air do ghuth
- 32 Ghluais Feargus armal og  
Air a rod an coimheadh nam fear  
Dhoinech e le comhra foill  
Cia na slòighs' tha air lear

## LOCH.

- 33 Ma Manus oirne mar Thriath  
Ard Rì Lochlin nan sgia airm  
Se Rì Lochlin ceann na Triath  
Gille bu mhor fiach us fearg.

## FERG.

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

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

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

- LOCH.
- 35 Air do lamhsa Fhearguis fheile  
'S as an Fheinn cia mor do mhuirn  
Cha ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhran  
'S a bhean thabhart o' Fhionn
- FEARG.
- 36 Tha Ri Lochlin air an traigh  
Ciod e 'n sta a bhi ga chleth  
Cha ghabh e cumh' o' Fhionn  
Gun a bhean sa chu fo bhreith
- FINGAL.
- 37 Cha d' thugams' sin bhean  
Do dh' aon fhear tha fo 'n ghrein  
'S cha mho dhcaalachinn ri Bran  
'M feadh s' a bhiodh an deo 'mo chre
- 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 seol  
Mng iad air an turas leo
- 40 Gan seol i le'mful fo druin  
Air neadh nach-eil i nan coluin
- 41 S' b' fhearr na bhi gan iarnadh thuinn o' thuinn  
'M foidhean cruinn air aona bhall
- 42 Siud dar thubhart mi fein  
Ged eil mi mar tha mi an ochd  
Ri Lochlin nan Combrag theann  
Gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp
- 43 Sin dar thubhart Reine Ruadh  
Cia mor a thae' a shluagh baoth  
Naodh fichid do Gheard an Ri  
Dhaindeoin an stri, bheir mi an sar
- 44 Gan dubhart Caoilte nam Fian  
'S cur a sgia air a lamh  
Naodh fichid Curamh gun diomh  
Diodh mis iad air an traigh
- 45 Ghlac an Duth mac Rivin colg  
Le guth borb 's e labhart aird  
Naomar a luchd combrag cheud  
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 Labhair Cuairte gill Fhinn  
Tog dhiot do sheinn is bi slan  
'S geol thanig iad nil' air thuinn  
Cha mhor dhuibh theid air sal
- 48 Beirim beannachd 's beirim buaich  
Thubhart Mac Cumhail nan gruaidh dearg  
Maonas Mac Garrie nam sloigh  
Leagidh mis cea mor fhearg
- 49 Air mhoch erigh n' la air 'n mbarach  
Ghluais Fergus File gu gle dhan  
Air chombail mar bu choir  
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 lios 's a chrann
- 51 Bheannich e dar cha e mhan  
Dh' fhear a sheasomh aite Ri  
'S dhoinnich e le combradh foill  
Ciod e a mor shluaghs' a tha air tir
- 52 'Saimideach thu reir mo bheachd  
Co b' urra sa chleas dluth?  
Ach Maonas Ri Lochlin nan Laong  
Le fheachd trom gu cosnadh cliu
- FEARG.
- 53 'S aimideach a bhual tu 'n speach  
'S nach d' iomradh mi creach no toir  
'S ge mor a ting sibh luibh an all  
Gum feudadh sibh bhi gan n' falbh
- LOCH.
- 54 Co b' urra sa chleas dluth?  
FEARG.
- 55 Ch b' urra sa chleas dluth  
Ach Fionn ur a b' fhearr buaidh  
Nach do theich roimh dhuine riabh  
Ach gan teicheadh na ceuda uait
- LOCH.
- 56 Ni mise cogadh oirbh le 'm fheachd  
'S bheir mi creach o Fhianna Fail  
Bitidh Sgeollach<sup>1</sup> agam 's Bran  
'S bitidh Fionn sa bhean nam lamh
- FEARG.
- 57 Feudidh tu a chautan gu beachd  
Gur creach neart sin oim gu brath  
Ach cait am biodh Oscar og  
Agus Ri nam Fear mhoir ann 'n lamh
- LOCH.
- 58 Dhechinn fein Oscar og  
Ossian mor is Goll nan enamh  
Dechinn sliochd Ri nam Fian  
Is Fionna fial cia mor a lamh
- FEARG.
- 59 Feaidh ta bhi triall an tir  
Thubhart Fergus as caoin cruth  
'S tu laoch as mo fo 'n ghrein  
Ma dhearbhas tu fein do ghuth
- 60 Ciod e a choirre 's mo rinn Fionn  
Man d' thanig sibhs a thogail gheall?
- LOCH.
- 61 Se choirre 's mo rinn Fionn  
Muisne Ri Lochlin nan gleann  
Gun mharbhadh i 'n Erin shuas  
Seal mas d' fhuairis le Clann—
- FEARG.
- 62 Cha b' fhiach a choslas a bh' ann  
Bha l' aogas air dreach a ghual  
Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann  
'S co dheanadh clann ri fuath?
- LOCH.
- 63 Cha b' Fluath bhann ach Bean  
Cha robh i fann na tir fein  
'S nam foibhidh i combrag naodhnar  
Chuireadh i di air an Fheinn.
- FEARG.
- 64 Chan fhaca sinne bean ann  
Ach Cailleach chaun 's i gann do cheill  
Bha son suil ghlonnach na ceann  
'S chuir i annlachd air an Fheinn
- FIONN'S TRIBUTE.
- 65 Dheibhidh sibh Cumh' s gabhith coir  
Caognid Tunna do dhearg or  
'S gum b' fhearr 'or enodidh nan cloch  
No na bheir na Feachd da chuinn
- 66 Dheibh thu seachd ceud nigbin bhais-gheal-bhan  
Is seachd ceud Curadh theidha nan dail  
Seachd ceud bo gun bhloodhan riabh  
Seachd ceud Each le 'n deagh thriall
- 67 Seachd ceud Daimh chabair nam beann  
Ghlacadh gun ghuth cinn no coin  
Seachd ceud aomh le n' seachd ceud Maogh  
Chuiradh an lach an' Leitir Shoir
- 68 Seachd ceud seobhaga rinn sealg  
Seachd ceud Gadharg garg am beinn  
Seachd ceud Ealla dho 'n t' suamh  
Seachd ceud Lach le Ràe air Leinn
- 69 Seachd ceud Ruagh-Chearc dhe 'n Fhraoch  
Seachd ceud Coillach-chroabh air chrann  
Seachd ceud Iolair o' Thuath  
Seachd ceud Earb' a luath ran gleann
- 70 Seachd ceud Cubbag seachd ceud cuach  
Seachd ceud smeorach ' ghluais o 'n bhcin  
Seachd ceud Lon duth am beinn aird  
Is seachd ceud ni nam b aill' luibh

<sup>1</sup> Fingal's two dogs.



- 71 Ged fhoidhin buaidh Erin uile  
'H or sa d' airgid 's a crionnachd  
Cha phillinn mo Lòd air Sal  
Ach am biodh Erin uile air carras

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

- LOCH.  
72 Co i a Bhrachs' Fhili Dhuaich  
Ne sud Brach Mhic-treun Bhuadhich  
Chi mi Gille gathasd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or eblin ?
- FEARG.  
73 Cha re sud ach an Lia Luathnach  
Bratach Dhiarmid og o' duinne  
'S dar thigeadh an Fheinn a mach  
Gheòbhidh an Lia-Luathnach toiseach.
- LOCH.  
74 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuaimeich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich  
Chi mi Gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr eblin.
- FEARG.  
75 Cha ne sud ach an Duth-Nea' (or Nimh')  
Bratach Fhoilte Mhic Rea  
Dar chruinnicheadh Cath na Cliar  
Cha bhiodh iomradh ach air on Duth-Nea'

- LOCH.  
76 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuaimeich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic Treun bhuadhich  
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr eblin
- FEARG.  
77 Cha ne sud ach an aona-Chasach ruagh  
Bratach Reine na mor shluagh  
Bratach leis an briseadh eirn  
'S leis an dorteadh Fuil gu faohartan.
- LOCH.  
78 Co i a Bhratach ud, Fhili Dhuaimeich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich  
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or eblin
- FEARG.  
79 Cha ne sud ach a Sguab-ghabhi  
Bratach Oscar chro-laidir  
Leis an leigta cinn gun ambhichin  
'S nach tugadh troidh air a h'ais  
Ach an crithidh an talamh trom-ghlas
- 80 Sgaol sinn an Deo-ghrèine re crann  
Bratach Fhinn bu theann sa chath  
Loma-lan do chlochan dhe 'n or  
'S ann luinn gu 'm bu mhor ga meas—rath

- LOCH.  
81 Saolamid gun thuit a Bheinn——

#### FIONN'S BANNER.

- FEARG.  
'S durra dhuit na bheil ann  
Geal-gheugach Mhic Cumhil re crann  
Is naodh slabhrin aiseid sios
- 82 Dh 'n or bhuidhe gun dall-sgriamh  
Is naodh naodhnar a lann ghaisgich  
Fo cheann na b' uile slabhridh  
Mar Chleath treamhadh gu traigh  
Bithidh a gair-chath ga d' ioman.

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

- FEARG.  
84 Ge beag leatsa an Fhianm theires  
A Ri Lochlin na mor chamhlach  
Bheir thu do theann leum fo 'n fheasgar  
Roimh lauca glasa ni t-aimhceas.

- 85 'Arsin an toisich a chomhrag chruaidh  
Se lathair Mac Cumhil nam buadh  
Cromadh gach fear a cheann sa chath  
Is deantar leis gach Flath mar gheall.
- 86 Bu Bionmhor guailin ga maoladh  
Agus coluin a sruaghadh  
Bu Bionmhor ann tuitim feasgich  
O eirigh Greine gu feasgar.
- 87 'S cha deach faobhar airm gu muir  
Ach aona mhile do shluagh bàrr  
Theich iad mar shruth air bhara-bheann  
Is sinne sa chath gan ioman.
- 88 Deich fichid 's mile 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 Cathan  
Na bha do shluagh aig Ri Mheathan  
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh  
'S le Cairil mor na corra-chnamh.
- 90 Bha Mac Cumhil 's a shluagh gary  
Mar chaoir-theina na mor fhearg  
Mar sbardagan diana cas  
'M feadhs' a mhair Lochlinach ris.
- 91 Thachoir Mac Cumhil nam buadh  
Is Maonas nan ruag aigh  
Ri cheil an tuiteam an t' sbaigh  
'S ann luinn gum chruaidh an cas
- 92 Dar thoisich stri nan laoch  
'S ann luinn gum chian an cios  
Bha clochan agus talamh trom  
Fuasgladh o' bhonn an cos
- 93 Air briseadh don clodhean ha dearg  
Dheirich orr fearg agus fraoch  
Thig iad am buil' air an lar  
'S thug iad sparn an do laoch.
- 94 Thuit Ri Lochlin an aigh  
M' fianuis chai air an Fhraoch  
'S airse ged nach b' onair Ri  
Chuireadh ceangal nan tri-chaol.
- 95 Sin dar labhair Coinean maol  
Mac Moirne bha riabh bha riabh ri h'olc  
Leigibh mise gu Maonas nan lènn  
'S gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp.
- 96 Cairdeas cha neil agam na goal  
Dhuitsa Choinnean mhaol gun fhoil  
'S o 'n thurladh mi 'n lamhan Fhinn  
'S annsa leam e na bhi t' iochds.
- 97 Cha n' iomar mi beum air Flath  
Fuasglaidh mi thusa o m' Fheinn  
A Laoich threim chuir mor-chath.
- 98 Dheibh thu do roghan a risd'  
Dhol as gud thir tein  
Cairdeas is comunn is goal  
No thiginn led lann gu m' Fheinn.
- 99 'M fadsa bhithis ceill an chorp  
Cha bhuaill mi buille t' aghaidh Fhinn  
'S aichreach leam na rinnis ort.
- 100 Cha n' ann ormsa rinn thu n' lochd  
'S ann rinn thu 'n cron duit fein  
Dhe 'n thug thu do shluagh o' d thir  
'S beag a philleas a risd dhuibh sin.
- 101 Ach cia be thigeadh anns an uair  
Gu mullach Bhein-Eidin fhuar  
Chan' fhaic 's cha n' fhaic e gu brath  
Urad do dh' fhaobh ann' aon la.

&c. MANUS. 30 lines.

Mrs. Taylor's, 7, Dalry Park Terrace, Edinburgh.  
December 23, 1871.

I picked up—from the recitation of an old man—the  
enclosed in Lewis three years ago. You will see how  
closely it and Kennedy's version agree.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

MALCOLM MACPHAIL.

J. F. Campbell, Esq.

- 1 LA dhuinn a' fiadhach air leirg,  
Cha do thachair an t-sealg n'ar còir;  
Gu faca sinn mìle bàra, /  
Air sàl a' tighinn o near.
- 2 Thachair Mac Cumhail nan cuach,  
'S Manus nan gruaidhean àigh;  
Air leth air iomall an t-sluaigh,  
'S a Chlàirich nach bu chruaidh an càs.
- 3 Stad sinne taobh air thaobh,  
'S leinne bu chian an clos;  
'S nac faodah duine dhòl non dàil,  
Gus am faicadh each an luchd.
- 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 càirdeas 's cha 'n eil gaol,  
Riutsa Chonain mhàol gun fhàlt;  
'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 fèin,  
Cha 'n iomair mi trèun air fàth,  
Leigidh mi thu dhachaidh a làmh thrèun,  
'S iomadh a chur treun an cath.
- 8 'Gheibh thu do dha roghainn a ris,  
'N uair a ruigeas tu do th' fèin,  
Càirdeas is carantas is gaol,  
Ach do làmh a bhì saor o 'n Fheimn.'

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 Oisein's Lament to Padruig.

- 1 FLEYGH wor rinnì lay finni  
Innoiss dowt a halgin  
Fa hymmi dwn we ann  
Deanow albin is errin
- 2 Fearis m'morn morn  
Din reane fa gall glor  
A waktow fleywi zar  
O hanyth tow weanow errin
- 3 Di reggir sen finni wane  
Fa math wle tor is tear  
Dowrt gi wak fleywi zar  
Na gi fley ane reywe in nerrin
- 4 Chongimir huggin won tonn  
Leich mor ayrrichtich foltinn  
Gin ane dwn ag ach ay feyn  
Fa math in toglach essane
- 5 Mir hanyth shay in gen ni wane  
A dowrt in toglach fa keyve keyll  
Tarsyth lomsith noss inni  
Is ber cayd leich id di hymehill
- 6 Deych mek eichit morne mor  
Ber let in dowss di henoyll  
Fer is ocht zet chloinn 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 dermat
- 8 Ber let dermat o dwnith  
Bar ni swr is no schalge  
A feyn is kerrill id lwng  
Deychnor di zanith is di zorrin
- 9 Ber nenor do zillew let  
Fa farda how ym bec aggit  
Agis twss fen a inni  
A v'awasse erm zriuni

- 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 Berssi let in nossa inni  
In da chouni is ferri in nerrin  
Ber bran is skoillin let  
Lowt di zorrin i ginicht
- 12 Na heith fadcheis ort a inni  
Di ray in toglach ard evin  
Tuggir fa woye id heith  
Di we er ar sloye is soiche
- 13 Glor anwit bare id chenn  
Ogle out hanik chwggin  
Min fayn 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  
Ersr conane in nani  
Gowis gi neach 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 chrwnwoynyth
- 17 Errissyth arriss ann  
Is daniss a wurrill  
Fearyth yn beinni cwt  
Ag gowle di chonan in nani
- 18 Di wersi a wraa feyn di zinn  
Di ray gowle mor nim beymin  
War conan na mess a chinni  
Na bonfeit ass in tinchin
- 19 Ferris koill D' eichid in ghen  
Er nach leyr rawe cheith in ferrin  
Ay gin fess nyth feanith ag finn  
Trogy in skail so halgin
- 20 Faddi lommi a halgin trane  
Nach wagra ma dummi zi nane  
Ead a shelgi o zlenni gow glenn  
Is nith aewit no dymchol
- 21 Binvin lom ossin m'finni  
Na hanich kenn nach deach zee  
Ter gi dwini gar royve 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 Femme show that a great deal of the story is lost. I have nothing about the slaying of the King's sons, or the battles named. In the form of stories a great deal more of this Expedition to 'Beirbh' is told in the Islands. The stories I will place in translating. Mr. John Hawkins Simpson, in 1857, at page 209, printed a Mayo version of 'Fionn Mac Cumhal goes to Loughlin,' which is the same story.

D. 11. AN TATHACH IUNIGH. 67 lines.

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

- 1 LA dhuinn an Tigh Chromghin nan Cloch,  
Hanig gar 'niusuidh an Tathich;  
'S dholliche coig Meoir a Thraig,  
Trian do Dhurlar an Rìogh Thaign.

- 2 Bha aoin Suil an Lar a Chinn,  
Bha aoin Chas ehlì a a thoin ;  
Bha aoin Chrog nasach as uehd,  
'S bu duthidh I na Gualich Gothin.
- 3 Hog Connan an Dorn le Durichd,  
Gu Hathich mor na baoin suiligh ;  
Stad a Chonnain fanna' d cheil,  
She a labhair Fion flath na Fein.
- 4 Bu bhor an Taobhir Reachd leom,  
Gum buailte Teichdire Rìogh Lochlùn ;  
Sheo a chiad La a hain u gu 'm Theich,  
A nois Athaich Aonigh.
- 5 Fhir as gorm aoin suil gun Tlachd,  
Innish duinne Toir' as linnm michd ;  
Hanig me fon Lochlin lethich,  
Agus fon Chudiehd ghorm Tsleighich.
- 6 Hoig mì shìnigh nach ro male,  
Hanig mì fo chrichibh Lochlin ;  
Ighin Rìogh Lochlin bha bhug,  
Chuir i Fios air Fion gun tairbeart.
- 7 Missigh labhairt ri Rìogh Flath nan Fian.  
E dhòl ga sìrigh gu Lochdrum-cliar :  
Bha sheich ciad Fichid Cota shroil,  
An Tigh Bhic Cabbail Mhic Treimhoir.
- 8 Bha Clogid as Scia as Lurich,  
Air gach Laoich iursich Ard-ghlunich ;  
Bha Innil gasta air gach Fear,  
Fraoch teth air gach Laoich lannhear.
- 9 Bha Ulleib air gach Fear do Droing,  
Do Luchd nan Urchair innilte ;
- 10 An dug shìbh am iunsuidh Cithich  
Oran Buaigh ? Ars Manus
- 11 'S mis 'a bharibh Cithich nam Buaigh,  
Huirt Mac Cabbail nan Arm ruaigh ;  
Air an Traigh ba sbiar mu Thuath,  
Fenigh far 'n do thuit mor T-silhuagh.
- 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 :  
Gabbigh mì fostaibh Marraigh an Fhir.  
Fon a thuit e leom an Iurril.
- MANUS.
- 14 An dug shìbh gam iunsuidh Laibh nam Beud mo  
mhac fein ?
- 15 'S miss 'a bhairibh Laibh nam Beid  
She labhair Diarmaid O Duibhne,  
'S nar ro Math agguibh ga chion,  
Gad ba mì am Buisgáin Fheribh Lochlin.
- MANUS.
- 16 Ceanglibh an Fearrbogd ud.
- 17 Cait a bheil na Mìunnin 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 Mìagh ;  
She bharaibh shin trithir mun Fheir,  
Shail man dranig shin an Dorrast.
- 20 Bhrish shin Buaghina an Tuir,  
'S barbh shin an Dorsair,
- 21 Chaigh shin gu durragha steach,  
Shog shin ubhlidh na Cairich ;  
Hainig shin air an Fhaichigh amach.  
Nar Droing aigintich arramich.
- 22 Ghlaic shin Rìogh Lochlùn nan Buaigh,  
Hug shin lein e niar gu Herin ;  
Sriabh naigh shin amach  
Bha Cìosh agguin air Feiribh Lochlin.

Crìoch.

¹ History.

F. 11. MAR A CHUIR RIGH LOCHLUNN FIOS  
FEALLSA GU FIONN MAC CUTHAIL.

Fletcher's Collection, page 18. 92 lines broken. Advocates' Library, January 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 'S AN aig tigh Chrom-ghlinn nan clach,  
Thainig an Tathach ioghna ;  
Dh' fholuich cuig meoir a throighe,  
Trian do dh' ùrlar ar Rìgh-thighe.
- 2 Bha aon chos fodha nach chè,  
Aon suil air clar a chinn mhoir ;  
Bha aon lamh iarnuigh as uehd,  
'S bu duighe i na gualach gothain.
- 3 Thog Conan an dorn gun duire  
Gu A' athach mòr na h-aon sula bhualadh.
- 4 Stad a Chonnain 's fan a' d' chèil,  
Se labhair è Fionn fein,  
Bu mhòr an t-aobhar reachd leam,  
Thu bhualadh teachdair Rìgh Lochlunn am the-  
achsa.

## CEIST.

- 5 Nach è 'n diu an ceud latha,  
Thaing thu gu m' theach Athaich ioghnaidh ;  
Fhir is guirm' aon sùil gun tlachd,  
Innis dhomhsa t-airre is t-iompaidh ?

## FREAGRADH.

- 6 Thanaig mis' o 'n Lochlunn leathaich,  
Is o 'n Chuideachd ghorm shleaghaich ;  
Thug mì sinterag nach robb mall,  
Thainig mì bhò chriocheibh Lochlunn.
- 7 'Chuir Inghean Rìgh Lochlùn Bhà-bhuig,  
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart ;  
Leamsa 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 Lochlunn.
- 9 Bha sid againn seachd ceud fhead còta sròil,  
Ann tigh Mhic Cuthail, mhic Trenmhoir ;  
Bha da shleagh is lann 'us luireach,  
Air gach laoch iorsuch àrd ghlunmhor.
- 10 Bha inneal gasda air gach fear,  
Agus fraoch teith air gach laoch lannhear ;  
Bha ùlach air gach fear do 'n droing,  
Do luchd na 'n urchair innealta is dh' fhalbh sinn.
- 11 Rainig sinne Cathair na Bèirbhe ann Lochlunn.  
Thachair Rìgh Lochlùn oirnn a muigh 'us  
chuir è fàilte chridheil oirnn, agus thug e  
cuireadh dhuinn a steach. Ghabhadh bhuainn  
an sin ar cuid àrm, 'us chuir iad an tigh taisge  
a muigh iad, ach thugadh dhuinn fein an iu-  
chair ga gleitheadh. Thug iad a steach sinn an  
sinn do Rìghthigh mòr bha aca 'us dhuinte  
dorsan an tuir sin do oirnn. Do shuidh fear a  
dhaoinè Rìgh Lochlùn air gach gualain do na h-  
uile againne, agus bha fear eile a' frithealadh  
do na h-nìle truar a shuidh fù 'n làn armaibh,  
agus guu againn ach a mbain sgianan foluich  
oirnn (mar bu ghnà leinn ann an àm cunnairt).  
Bha 'n Rìgh na shuidhe air Cathair os-ar-ciunn,  
d' ar nairil 'us d' ar nairail. Ach 'nairil bha  
gach cuirm an deidh an cuir thairis 'S e dh' iarr  
an Rìgh fios Ceist.
- 12 Cò mbarbh' mo mbacsa Cìothach nam buadh ?
- 13 Am Freagradh.  
Is mise mbarbh do mbac Cìothach nam buadh,  
'S è labhair è Goull arm ruadh,  
Air an trà' ud siar mun thuath,  
Am feinne mun do thuit mòr shluagh.
- 14 Deir an Rìgh a rist.
- 15 Cò mbarbh mo mhac Gorm-shuil nan cath ;  
'Is mise mbarbh do mbacsa Gorm-shuil nan cath,  
'S e labhair an t-Oscar armach,  
'S cha 'n-àicheadh mì bàs an fhir,  
Bho 'n a thuit e leam san iorghail.'
- CEIST.
- 16 C' àite an dh' fhag sibh mo mhac fein,  
Lamh nam bèud am Biugál-brìgha ?

## FREAGRADH.

- 17 'S mise mharbh Lamh nam bèud,  
Do mhac fein am Bingal-brìagh;  
Se labhair è Diarmaid-o-duinne,  
'S nìor robh math agaibh da chionn,  
Ge d' tha mi 'm builsgen fìr Lochluin.
- 18 Beirbh air an fhear bheag ud 's ceanglaibh è,  
Arsa Rìgh Lochluin
- 19 C' àite bheil na briathra mòra a Mhànuis? Arsa  
Fionn.
- 20 Tharruing sinn an sin ar seachd ceud fichead  
sgian,  
Agus aig meud ar gaisge bhù mhòid ar gnìomh;  
Mhairbhte leinn truir mu 'n d' rainig sinn an  
dorus,
- 21 Bhrìste leinn dorsun 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 uallaich;  
Agus riamh bhò sin a mach,  
Tha cis againn a fèaraibh Lochluin.

O. 38. CARRACHD RÌGH 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 chrom gheannan nan clach;  
Thainig oirne an tathach ioghna,  
Dh' fholuich cuig meoir a throidhe  
Trian do urlar ar rìgh thig.
- 2 Bha aon chos fo 'n nach robh cli,  
Aon suil air clar a chinn mhoir;  
Bha aon lamh iarnaidh as uelch,  
Ba duibhe i na gualach Gothainn.
- 3 Thog Conan an dorn ga 'n 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 mhor an taobhar reachd leam,  
Thu bhuala teachdìre rìgh a' m' theachsa;  
5 Nach e 'n duigh an ceud latha,  
Thain' thu gum theach athaich ioghna;  
Fhir is guirne suil gun thachd,  
Innis dhomhsa taire 's t-iompaidh.
- 6 Thainig mise o Lochlan laghach (al. learach)  
'S on chuideachd gorm shleaglach;  
Thug mi sinteag nach robh mall,  
Thainig mi o chriochnaibh Lochlain.
- 7 Chuir nighean rìgh Lochlain bhla bhuig,  
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart;  
Chuir i fios dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,  
Dol ga h-iarraidh thach Loch druim eliar.
- 8 'Se bhì seachdan o maireach,  
Aig Cathair na Beirbh an Lochlain;  
Bha sid againn seachd ceud fichead earra shroil  
An tigh Mhìc Cuthail, Mhìc Treunmhoir.
- 9 Bha da shleagh, is lann is laireach,  
Air gach laoch iorsach ard ghluimhor;  
Bha inneal gasda air gach fear,  
Agus Fraoch leth air gach laoch lar.
- 10 Bha ulach air gach fear g' an droing,  
Do luchd nan urcharan innealta.
- 11 Is Dh' fhalbh sinn.  
Air sgiathaibh gaoithe a' siubhal euan,  
Dh' fhalbh sinn gu h-ualach ard;  
Mar coimneamh chunnaic sinn mar stuagh  
Cathair na Beirbh an cois na traigh.

- 12 Thachair rìgh Lochlain oirnn a muigh,  
'S chuir e faite chridheal oirnn;  
Thug e cuire dhuinn a steach,  
'S ged a thug cha 'n ann clum aigh.
- 13 Ghabhadh nainn ar cuid arm,  
'S thaisgeadh iad an carn a muigh;  
Thuga dhuinn fhein an fuchar glaththa,  
Cha smaain gleithe bh' air n-uigh.
- 14 Claidh slun steach do thigh 'n rìgh mhoir,  
Dhuine oirnn dorsan an tuir;  
Shuidh fear a dhaoine rìgh Lochlain air gnallain  
a h-uile fear againn: fear a frithealadh do na  
h-uile truir. Iadsan fon lan armaibh, gun  
againn ach ar sgeuan foluich.  
An rìgh na shuidhe os ar ceann gar n-carail;  
nuair bha gach cuirm an deigh dol thairis.  
Se dh' iarr an rìgh fios co mharbh mo mhacsa,  
Ceotach nam buadh.
- 15 'S mise mharbh do mhac Ceothach nam buadh,  
'Se labhair Goll nam arm Ruagh Cha 'n aicheadh.  
Air an traigh ud siar na dheas,  
Am Feinne ann do lot a cheas.
- 16 Co mharbh mo Mhac Gormshuil nan cath?  
17 'S mise a mharbh do Mhac Gormshuil nan cath.  
'Se labhair an t-Oscar armach.  
Cha 'n aicheadh mi bas an fhir.  
O na tnuit e leam san Tiorghail.
- 18 C'ait an d' fhuag sibh mo mhac fein,  
Lamh nam beud am beag a bhriathra<sup>1</sup>
- 19 'S mise mharbh lamh nam beud,  
Do mhac fein am Beuga Briagha.  
'Se labhair Diarmaid o Duighne,  
'S nìor robh math agaibh ga cheann, (chionn)
- 20 Ged thu mi builsgen fìr Lochlain,  
21 Beirbh air an fhear bhragaid,  
22 Ceanglaibh e ars rìgh Lochlain,  
23 C'ait a bheil na briathra mora Mhanuis?  
24 Dh' fhuagas far an d' fhuaras.
- 25 Tharruing sinn seachd ceud fichead sgian,  
Aig meud ar gaisge bu mhor gnìomh,  
Mhairbhte leinn truir m' an fhear.  
Seall tu 'n d' rainig sinn an dorus.
- 26 Bhrìsear leinn dorsan an tuir;  
Mhairbhte leinn an dorsar dur,  
Ach phill sinn lann gu dur a steach,  
'S thog sinn ulamh na Carachd.
- 27 Bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,  
Entrom aigeanach uallach,  
Agus riamh o sin a mach,  
Bha cìos againn air fèaraibh Lochlain.

This evidently differs from the other, though the character of the messengers answers the Champion of Cornac—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 INNIS thus dhuinn a Phadruig,  
O 'n a 's tu a 's fearr meadhair,  
Greis air Scialachd Fiannbh Fhinn,  
La àrid a bha sinn an Cromagheann.
- 2 LA dhuinn an Cromagheann nan clach,  
Thainig oirn an t-athach augsabli;  
Thuir e le glòir bhùig nach tiom,  
Nach càitthe leinn euid an Cromagheann.
- 3 'N sin labhair Fionn le guth mor,  
Uist a Chonain 's coisg do dhorn,  
'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,  
Sloinnsa dhuinn t-ar agus t-iomachd.
- 5 Thanig mis o Lochlunn Leatbunn  
O'n chuideachd chuirn fhleaghigh,  
Thug mi treun cheim gun bhí mall  
Ann an cein o chriochibh Lochlunn,
- 6 Thug nighin Ríogh Lochlunn nam bla buig,  
Dhuit fein Fhinn a gaol gun dearmad  
'Us dh' iarr i ortsa Mhíe Cúbhail,  
A tabhairt o luchd a tromha chleigh.
- 7 Cairibh air cotana sroil,  
Air ar corpibh seanga sithar  
Air Luirichin 'us math maise,  
Scabhuill óir fuaí fhíllidh gasta.
- 8 Sciath bhreac nan eangach dar díon  
Trogamid a ghaoil gun Iomaghain,  
Sciath bhil óir 'us Lann 'us Luireach  
Air gach Gill-Oglaoch Ard ghluinich,
- 9 Inneal combhann air gach fear,  
Fraoch Siubhail air gach Gille,  
Ulá' ach air gach aon do 'n dream,  
Do luchd nan uarachairin Innealt,
- 10 Thog sinn ri drummachull a chuin,  
A Bhuidhinn 's cha b' fhuirst air díongabbail  
Cath-eagar do dh' Fhianinibh Fhinn,  
Gun smaointin eagal na Ionaghuin.
- 11 Latha dhuinn sa mheirbh ag ól,  
Pobull Fhinn 'us Ríogh air tonail  
Ag ól sa 'g iomairt air feinn,  
Sinn fein 'us slughan Ríogh Lochlunn.
- 12 Sin labhair Ríogh Lochlunn fein,  
An dug sibh leibh Lamh nam bend,  
Na C'fhúch mo mhachd eila,  
Na Gomunn na Míoghsul briatha.
- 13 'Us mise mharbh lamh nam bend,  
Ars Osgar 's ní b' iomadh breug  
Gun tainc do dhúine ga chionn,  
Na na bhéil do fhíne 'n Lochlunn,
- 14 'S mis a mharbh Gomunn do mhac,  
Arsa Raoini but gheal glachd,  
Air Traigh a chliabhain fuaí' thuath  
Siar o rudha na moreuhan,
- 15 'S mis a mharbh Cúith' íeh do mhac eila  
Arsa Diarmuid Donn o Duibhne;  
'Us gabham re mar bhadh an fhíoir,  
O'n sann leam a thuit 'n lorgbuill,
- 16 Ghabh sinn air an fhaich' a mach,  
Nar dream aiginnich ualach,  
Scolt sinn roimh Dhorsibh an Túir;  
Agus thuair sinn buaidh air na Loch-lunnich.
- 17 Agus phill sinn air ar 'n ais a chum air 'n aite  
fein a ris.

## Q. 2. AIREAMH FIR DHUBHAIN.

Stewart's Book, Vol. II. p. 547.

As this book is by no means rare, I print this from a modern Irish MS., bought in Dublin. The figures are the same, but the words differ. As this is a numerical puzzle, the arrangement of the men who represent the numbers must always be the same. The Scotch and Irish words by which the numbers are remembered differ, but not materially. The problem is so to arrange two rival parties of 15, as to make every ninth man a foe and slay him. The game is very commonly played with black and white pebbles, ranged in a circle in alternate lots:

4. 5. 2. 1. 3. 1. 1. 2. 2. 3. 1. 2. 2. 1.

Beginning to count at 4, white for Fionn and his men, the 9th is the last of the first black lot of 5. The 18th is in a black lot of 2, and so all the 'black strangers' are cast out as nines, and slain by the craft of Fionn according to the tale. This arithmetical legend seems to fit where cunning was pitted against cunning.

## GOID FHINN AGUS DHUBHAIN.

- 4 Ceathrar fionn fiadha ar thís  
Fa merbhar liom aniomthús
- 5 Cuigear dubha na n dail  
de lucht derbh chogar dhubhain
- 2 dias o Fhinn borb g bheath
- 1 Fear o dhubhain teibhartach eath
- 3 Triur o mhac cubhuill fheill
- 1 As fear o dhubhain dreiche reilh
- 1 Snighios Fionn san mbroggh bhan
- 2 Gha dhias dhubha ar a laimh deis
- 2 Ia dias eile do mhantar fhinn allmhuine
- 3 Truir o dhubhan mo chion
- 1 Fer fiadhaigh na n aghaidh sinn
- 2 dha fhear on hoch nar lag lamh
- 2 dias o Fhinn
- 1 as fear o dhu ban

—30—

Copied December 29, 1871, from a modern Irish MS. bought in Dublin from O'Daly. See Stewart, p. 547, Vol. II., where the figures are the same, but the words differ.

## AN BRUIGHEAN CAORTHUIN. 1603.

THIS Fenian tale seems to be a copy made by a Scotch scribe, who used Irish characters and orthography. The story is common in Irish MSS. of late date. This is an old copy, and the language looks still older. I give it as a sample of language, in hopes that some one will print the entire manuscript. The following note is by the gentleman who copied the fragment:—

Copied June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from a transcript made into current hand by the Rev. Donald Mac Intosh, 1804, from the Dunstaffnage MS., written by Ewen Mac Phail, dated, October 22, 1603.

Among the Gaelic MSS. in the Library there is also a transcript of 'Brúighean Caorthuin' made into current hand in 1812 by Ewen Macachlan, 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 Bards, who were commonly educated in Ireland.—J. F. C.

The original is written, in Irish character, on paper, quarto, in a clear hand; but the ink is faded, and the MS. much damaged. This story seems to be a copy from some older writing. It is still current orally preserved. See 'Popular Tales,' vol. ii. Y. p. 168. See also 'Fionn le Feachd na Féinne air cúl Bheinn Eidin a' sealg,' orally collected, 1871, by Donald Mac Pherson.—June 20, 1872.

## THE STORY OF THE ROWAN TREE DWELLING.

A FRAGMENT.

RI UASAL oireadh ro gabhna fíaitheas & saor lamhas ar na cithre treabhaidh Lochloinnach ar feachd naill i colgan cruaidh armach mac Do ain & do co onn (caon & arl oireachdus laisan rígh aís saithd na beirbh loch luim bannaigh & rangadar an ceithre treabha Lochlanach na chomhdhail la air IS ann sin do labhair rígh Lochlain do ghuth ard mor folgh innsin naonnach & a feadh adubhuirt Lochlun ar se anaitidh díbh lochd no ainmhn nar rigare nar tigearna orunsa a dubhuirt eadh uile daitheas aon fhear nar barenuid a dubhuirt an ríghni nar sin dáisa fein ar se aith níd damh locht ro mhór oruin o sheain (shean) creud-he an locht sin

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

Top of page 2.]

agus forghun na Lochannach is do chaidhe d. d. ar magh duireadnab fomharach & is an do thuirtabhain ce iodhon. Ceathlann chalahd craos fhíalach & is ann ata a feart an dun Ceathlann don taoph at uaidh do magh Duir. IS ann sin do dhirt Niamhadh cruth toisais ingean Neidh gConair slaghuibh & goona cloinn & is ann ata dfeart don taobh ishair do cir & do tuit ann sin clanna Uaineid & is ann ata abfeart ag cla Luimhe & agcam Uaineid amarí Eareann do cheannadh baf Luigh uídh Lamh fiada IS ann sin a dubhuirt ri L. l. isead is allionasa ar se dul an Eairinn dhíghuill ciosa mo sinnsr o

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



Eaireann & dfaighuibh braghaidh gill re conhall damh a dubhradur maithé Lochlann gar maith leo fein an turus sin re denannh & gar miste leo a fad condearn e & a dubhuir ri Lochlann gaism! sluaigh do chuir ar an L. i. uide & do chruinnidh chuige U. ruagh chaithra re mhór ar fáithe na Beirbe Lochlann aid & do daingnídar a longa & alnath bharae & do chuaidir ionnta go lid mheach fhgairnach & tugadar leimh samntach isin a bfaíge go hór neartnar & ní bfeuchadar aise no dan f<sup>ra</sup> lann da fuarad no gar gabhadar chuan ad taise eart Ulladh & tangadar athair co tinneara nach & do gabhar ag arguin na criche co coim dhicra & is e pa ri air Eirinn an tain sin iodhon Corbnuic mac Art mhic U'inn ceud chathach & raine fíos na trom dainne sin go Teamhrínde mur roibhe Conn ceud chathach & do chuir Corbnuic deachda gu Healanuín Laighean mar roibhe Fionn mac Cuphuil da radha ris an trom dainh do iongbahail sin dhicra deareanachaibh iarra cluin strin sin dFionn do chuir trionar ar & cathup na Féinne tangadar go hobann athlann da ionnsuige isin mbaile & tigid ag coinne na nallmarach ina dromgadh disgre dasachtach & mor sugardar no ruadh<sup>1</sup> no go rangadar ag comhdhailna Lochlan : & ar raineis a ceile doijh tudagar ionnsuige neamhais<sup>2</sup> naimh dambuil fair a cheile & do tuitsadar socheilidh iondeat ara airg leith don tuireann treun neartuarin sin. IS ann sin do fhearuguidheadar an Fian do an datha go Poit & Il feridun laidir dala Ghuil Morna ar bfaicinn na Féinne ambaghal ag na Hallmarachaibh do ionnsuighe mara bfaicind Meairghe righ Lochlann & do nochd a lann borlha leathan leadarach & ro gabhadar urbhighe adh garbha amarrataca di ar na Lochlandachuibh & daigh sin tarla he fen & ri Lochlann da cheile Eac do rondadar comhrac disgre dachlad do endrain re cheile & do tuid ri Lochlainn afoir ceann an conhuic sin do beamannuibh ghac laidir Ghuil mhic Morna & do bhriseadh air na Lochlainn & do tind adriath & a tighearna & do chuaidh ar tri mhic ri Lochan do chathadh ag an eatha & do dhuit anatar & do mhurbh dios diobh & ainic Fionn an tres mac diobh, iodhon, Nioch mac colgan & do churadh ar na Lochlainn ar dtuidin an triar treun fhear sin nadh & ní deacha eal chach beatha as diobh gan marbha & do ghabh Fionn Mích & do bean alan fuaslagnhadh & do goireadh ri Lochlan do mhídhach ar sin a dubhuir Mích re Fionn o do tugais manam damh a lathair chath & gar tuilleas bas dfaighuil ní bfuicenn thu gu brath & do bheura cios na Lochlainnach chugam an Eirinn & caidfeadh maile friotsa he & anfad agad go brath iuthusa mhíodhich do an se a bfochuir Finn & drong mor da mhúimtir maileadh fris seal fad do míodach ageoinnídhis & a dubhuir Conan mac Morna re Fionn is mor an gnassch duit a find ri Lochlan do beachd ag goinídhichid do gnath ar marbhadh a athar acath dhuit do rath Osín mac Fhinn is fíor do Chonan sid ar se & o nach aill le ri Lochlann sgaradh friotsa tabhuir fearan do deannm tigidh & na biodh se' ad comhdhach ní siad no do bise. In ann sin do goir M'io mac Colgan euga & dubhuir Fionn frios toigis do deannam & do dtíubhradh se fein a rogha do da trucha cheadhú d' fhearainn an Eirinn do & rugh Míodh do roghainn & triuch. c. aon tuath taobh tuath dhi & aseadar far gabh se an fearoinn sin, iodhon, Fairsinge an chuain do bhí eaidar an da tir sin & nach biodh coimheud do gna fair adhbhar eile far gabh se an fearoinn sin anochus go bfeudfan se Lochlainnadh & Greugaidh do tábhairt lais ar an chuan sin an trath do geubha se baoghal faille re deannam air na Fianaibh & do haindead<sup>3</sup> an fonn sin le Míodach mac Colgan & do liondoice trom conach aige ceithre bliada no ar anordandh<sup>4</sup> sin aon do lo da táing Fionn & Fian Eirín do tseil & d'fhadhach fa trucha cheoin<sup>5</sup> ri & fa chriocheibh bfear more ris a raitar Hi Connal Gabhra a Mugh & do suigh Fionn na dúnna tseulga ar tulach n fairg sgana fris aratar fearoinn na ag Connul annid & drong dhánaibh Eacpoinn ma raon fris an'

Níor cian doibh annsin go bhfoceadar aon go laoch da mionnsuighe & he mor míleanta ag teachd do lathair chuga & trealamh conah daingeann catha uime, iodhon, cotun snathnídh sroil & ceannbheort cor chlochímh buadhach uima cheann & sgiath dhond dath abunre na ghuallun chli & da shleagh tsbhith fhoda na laimh dheas & tainic do lathair & do bheannuidh d' Fhionn & d' Fhianuibh Eairinn & do farfuidh Fionn sceala dhe do raidhsen fear dana me ar se tainic re dan chugadsa IS iongnadh an cul<sup>6</sup> fir chatha & fir comhrucíodh at sin mar sin.

IS fear dana mise ar se tanag re dan chugadsa tri lion<sup>7</sup> dana do diol so ar Fionn & tansa Bomsa go brughuinn

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

<sup>2</sup> ainmichead, gloss.

<sup>3</sup> chrioch caoin, gloss.

<sup>4</sup> neo-thais, gloss.

<sup>5</sup> anochdadh, gloss.

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

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

eigin do bhrughnibh Eairinn & do gearbad do diol ann uime a dubhuir an togchas gabhuinn mar diol uaidh ar son mo dhana a ciall do thuicain damh & cuirim go gearbuib tu fon attuieinn damh gabh dan ar Fionn in loisge teine uair go creach.

Ad connuire teach sin tir, as nach tabhairt geill do ri maith sean leuir gabhadh con righ teach tuigin sin ar Fionn is e sin brogh na boime iodhon, teach Aonghus oig mhic an Daigha or ní feudar a losgadh na creacha is e sin tuigin an roinn sin ar an fear danadh. Ad connuire fear sh leith tuath nach beiras a lan do hnaidh ní fear leis amh na bruth. No conuimh aorghb chith, Tuicinn sin ar Fionn is e sin cloidheamh Aonghusa oig ad connarcas & ní fearr lais amh na bruthie ag caraidhs cnamh & corp do laimh eacheidh Aonghusa ciodh mall a ceimtar gach tuath is luathie.

Ad connarc beannsa leith theas agas clann treu na enas, iodhon. Noach luath & asiad achlann do connarcus, Treana-Tuigin an bean sin, ad connarcus, iodhon, an boinn do leith theas enas, iodhon, Eiric mall chorera & a bhráidín eaochair breguair ciodh mall na sruth sin is luathie he Eaoch luath or sibhuidh na sruth sin re bliadhun & ní dhiongann each do luas an dubhairt sin is sin tuigin an rann sin ar an fear dana abhair tuilleadh do dhán damh ar Fionn do connuire ceathearnadh go mbuidh fair neigridis ionad sluaigh Eaochair og is Eaochuir tsat ciod ba frith ad connuire Tuil<sup>8</sup> eile tuigin sin ar Fionn is e ara daonghus go tusa & ní cara damhsa & is e síghe do gabh se leathtréasa luthgort feil & ad connarcus beith beaga os har dos & deagh bile ag tional ag cruasigh & is iad sin an ceatharn ad connarcus is fíor sin ar an fear dana isit sin tuig sin an dana ud do rime asduitse eia thusa fein a dubhairt Conan mac Morna ane nach aitheochur<sup>9</sup> tusa he ní aithinn ar Fionn do aitheanta mise & Osgar & Osín creud noch aithion uinn si mó mhúimtir fein & ní aithinn an fear ud ar Fionn is d'od mhúimtir fein sud ar Conan & ní caruid dhuit e & do budh coma de noach a namhuid dhaitime no charuid oir isse do dheamad ole dho & is e sud Míodhach Mac Colgan & is leatsa do chuid athuir & a dis dearbh brathair ag cath buidhe Feirbhe & do beannsa lan fuaslagnh as fein & ata se ríceidar mídhainnibh deug ag oigheachas agad & ní tuge biadh no deocha duit fris an re sin. A dubhairt Míoch Mac Colgan ní mise as ciontach fris sin a Conain ar se nair us roibhe me aon ní rsin nach beith fleath agam fan chomhair. & us thainic se da cathneamh & us mo tugas creudadh & atan fleadh agam dho anochd tigeadhse da chaitheamh & ata bruidhíar air tuinn ata an fleadh & ansa mburghuinn ata air tir do bheirchar da cathneamh iodhon cuirime Fionn go gearsaibh natha as luith le sin & a dubhuir Fionn re h-Osín anna ann so & drong d'Fiann Eireann maile friot & na leig diomsuighe brughie aoinleid iad & cuirfead fíos sgeula cugadsa cionas a bfiar an druidhean :

IS iad so an eugar do fan abfochair Osín isin duha tsealg iodhon. Diarnauid O'Duibhe & Cailti mac Ronain & Fiacha Mac Finn & Fath Cananar mac mhic Con & Ain<sup>10</sup> si mac Suibne tsealga & siad so do cnaidh le Fionn gus an nbruighinn iodhon. Goll mac Morna & Conan Mac Morna & Mac Lughach luimeach laiceachdhan & Sgiath bhreac bhreac mac Dathach & Glas mac don a cearta bearta & da mhac Aodh bhig mhic Fhinn & Daolgas & Conan mac an Leith Luachra & Gallan mac an Luachra & da ri Fheinnidh Chonachad iodhon. Coir cosluath ceud ginach & ceid chumidh mac Connall Cruacha & da ri Fhianuidh Fhian Laighean, iodhon. Flaitheas bfear Leith broighe & Doncha mac Breasuil & do chuaidh dhíachuinn le Fionn & do chuidid Conan rompa steach ansin nbruighinn & ní fhaír aon nduine innte & fuair se ag conh maith do Brughnibh riamh & euidhighe síoda so iasacha & bruit aile ioldathach or snaitheacha ar leath ugadh<sup>11</sup> ar urlar na brughie & gach re clarimite. iodhon, clar gle gheall & clar dubh & clar gorm & clar uaine & clar dearg & gach ar doman ar cheann do mol Conan go mor suighgha na Brughie & do chuaidh asteach innte an tan sin & do shuidhagar ar na bratuibh síoda fuaradar argioinn insin nbruighin & níor baill leo aneuidhighe feil beith ceteara & euidhíuna Brughie & do bhí baladh sar rhuiseach ag teachd don tinnadh ionnus gur fasadh & gar neudbhídh meannam aigonta an baladh sin Dubhuir Fionn ann sin IS iongna hóm ar se fad go faghtar ní eigin do biadhadh na Brughie sí chuinn dubhuir Goll mac Morna ata ní iongantuigh leam pein ina sin. iodhon, an tine roibhe boladh suaghaidh so maiseach ag teachd aon so duinn gar breime hí anois na caura an domhan & is sí is mo deathach do deintibh an domhain uile a dubhuir Glas mac Ain Chearta beurrta ata ní iongathadh leam fein ina sin. iodhon, an Brugh-

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

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

can a roibhe gach re ndatha deurasamh-lachd gach uile datha gan an clar anois innte ach iarna dluth daingniughadh ar e cheille re slataibh cruaidhe caorthuin & re cula 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 iongantuidhe leam spein inasin. iodhon. euduighe sioda & na bruit aille en samhla do bhi fuim<sup>10</sup> ag suighe ann so duinn nach bfuil en snaith fuim anois diobh & dair leam gar bi hi cre na tahuinn reurgreathadh anois & gar fuaire i no sneachdadh fhuar en oidheche IS ann sin a dubhuirt Fionn is geis damhsa abeadh an bruighin anan an doruis ar se & is eaguil leam garab bruighean a Fhail a bhruighean sa a bfuil nuidh & gearradh druim ar taobh i di deanamh mar sin air Conan & tug lamh laochadh tapadh ar armuibh & mor feud en cor do chor de IS ann sin a dubhuirt Goll mac morna a Fhinn cuir hortog fad geud fise & foilladisi duinn creud he an cosa oruinn is deacuir leamsa sin ar Fionn ciodh deacair is eigin damh a deanamh.

Cuirus Fionn ordog fan geud & do foillseadh. iodhon. fios & fior colus do IS annsin a do leig Fionn osna mhór as & a gabhaim ar son mor saoghuil a bfuaras go nuigid so uair ata ri Lochlann re ceithre bliadhni deug ag dealbh na faille chugain & a nois do fuaire se arach ar deanamh agus tug se tre<sup>11</sup> fhear do Ghreugachuibh lais dangoirtar righ an domhain mhoir & ata se righ deug na fairadh & seachd catha tional gach righ diobh & ata tri righ Innse-Tile orrtha sin. iodhon. tri draoidhe duaibhseacha diabhlaidhe & tren fhear talcra treun chalma iad sin. iodhon. Neuh & Agha & acuis ananama & is iad do chuir an uirse fuim da bfuilavid ceanguilte & ataid am bruighin anolein & is gearr gottigid geuirne cumbhais & ni feudmuid ne an brughiansa dfaibhal no go geomultar fuil na tri righes do cuir anuirsi fuim duinn & ba truagh laisan bfein an sgeul sin & do ronnfad caoineadh-adhbhal mhór ag chuinsin.

A dubhuirt Fionn na deanaisi sin ach gabha mend meannuin chugaidh re huchd euga oir ni roibhe do saoghal aguinn ach abfuaram & sinuadh an dord fianas dhuinn mar oirfidhadh duinn rea mbas & do rinnadar anmhla sin. IS ann sin a dubhuirt Oisín mac Fhinn do gheal Fionn fios do chuir chugam da ttatmadh an teannadh andeachuidh fris & agus cia do rachadh d fios sgeul eugamsa achadsa ar Fiacha mac Fhinn uair is ni duine oige anso rachadsa leat ar Insi mac Suibhne tealgae agus do ghlaisadar rompa chum na brughine & do chualadar an Dord Fian ag seinniuigh go ceolaur & a dubhuirt Insi mac Seaga Suibhne Is ole ata ar ac an droing do ni an ceol sa ar se uair is re linn do broin is gnath re Fian. uibh eirionn an ceolsa do dheanadh do chuala Fionn comhradh na deise deagh laoch sin & a dubhuirt Fionn ana guth Fiacha mhic Fhinn so ar se-is e go dearbh ar Fiachadh ma se na leig ni is nesa na sin duine e uair atamuid ceangult don talamh & d'uir Inne Tile & do fairnidh Fionn deasaich us do bhi ina foireadh ata da dalta. iodhon. Ainisi mac S. S. teaidhleas & na leig an gar cath rachna mallbharach e a dubhuirt ainisi mac S. S. a Fhinn ar se do bolc an luach oileanna damhsa teileadh romhadsa an tan is cruaidh duit & tu an guasachd bais a dubhuirt Fionn o nach ail leatsa deitheadh ar se cuiridh fen & Fiacha ar an athsa ar sgath na brughine & cosnaidh he no go beura drong eaign d'Fiannuidh Eairionn oruibh do rinneadh ar amhladh 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.<sup>1</sup>

Twelve stanzas (by Fergus) forming part of the above tale, copied July, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from Rev. Donald Mac Intosh's Transcript of Ewen Mac Lean's MS., page 157; and fol. 105, or page 20 of Book II. of MS., finished December 9, 1690.

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

- 1 BRADHACH sin a Ghuill go mbuaidh  
Is prap ro fhoras na slaignh  
Do bheithmis uile gun chinn  
Muna thiofas chugin
- 2 Giodh mor anuar ro fhoirus riamh  
Oruinne a Ghuill na nardghliadh  
Do bu mo in cas orne an uar  
Ar mbeith ceanguilte anenuaimh

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

- 3 Camog agus Cuillin chiar  
Is leo do cheangladh an Fhian  
Ocus Iornach fa garbh gleic  
Do cheangal sin tre croibhneart
- 4 Nuar do bhail leo ar ceinn  
Dho bun dinn gun eislan  
Do chuaidh na triar amach  
Is d'fag siad amhsion go bronach
- 5 Nior cian doibh sin ar an leird  
Na tri deamhadh fa claon cerd  
Go facadar ag teachd na gar  
Goll mor is e na anoar
- 6 Tiagaid na tri mnai mora  
Accmhaidh an an churaidh chrodha  
Ocus comhracs riun tre rath  
An dorus beoil na huambadh
- 7 Nior ghnath leis cothrom a diarraidh  
Goll mor anaignadh fhiallaidh  
Comhrucus riun go teann  
Dar mharbh Camog is Cuillin
- 8 Daon bhuite don loin linn  
Aghearus iad araon fa ndruium  
Gur thoruir Camog an bas  
Is C'uillin gar cruaidh an cas
- 9 Iadhas Iarnach leadh da druim  
Gion calma an curaidh comblan  
Iompus Iollain ri go ceart  
Ocus ceanglus i tre croibhneart
- 10 Nochdas Iollain an lann  
Is di do bheanfadh an ceann  
No gur gheall si an Fhian uile  
Aisde o og go seann duine
- 11 Sgaoilus Iollain di iar sin  
Tigid araon don bhruighin  
Agus sgaioleas dinn uile  
Eduir ri agus ro dhuine
- 12 Aon gair bheannochd uaine uile  
O oigach go sean duine  
Do Gholl ar mbeith amach  
Don bhuiue bbrighmúr bhuaadhach.

Buadhach.

## C. BRUIDHEAN CHEISE COREUNN.

I copy the following from fragments tied with 'Pope's' papers, but not in his hand. July 3, 1872.—D. M.

Ar bhi don thein ceangailt ambruidhean Cheise Coreunn trid draodheic le inghin Chonrain mhic ainmideil agus air feachd do Fheargus air Goll a teachd dam fuasgladh a dubhairt e an Leoidh.

- 1 BRADHACH sinne gus an dindh  
Is bras ro eudhas an sluaidh  
Bha sinn uile gun chinn  
Mun an tigeadh tusa thugainn
- 2 Ga mor gach uair dh' fhoir thu riamh  
Oirna & Ghnail nan ard ghliadh  
Bu mho an cas oirun an uair  
Bha sinn ceangailt an aon uaimh
- 3 Caomag agus Cuillionn chiar  
'S ann leo do cheangladh an Fhian  
Agus Iornach le garbh gheas  
Do chuibhrich sinne tre chroneart
- 4 An uair do bail leo air cinn  
Do bhain dinn gun eislan  
Dechaidh an triuir amach  
Is dh' f'haig iad an fhiann go bronach, &c.

## S. 9. IOMACHD NAODHNAR

(i. e. THE ENTERPRISE OF NINE).

52 lines.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, June 14, 1872.

This and the following version illustrate changes in oral recitations. The ballad is rare.

## ARGUMENT.

FINGAL with only eight of his train, resting themselves on the heath after the fatigue of the chase, are attacked by the King of Lochlin and his Troops. The Lochlins are slain and the nine Fingalians survive the battle.

- 1 OCH a shithean sin 's a thulaich  
Air am bheil mi 'n diugh lan boichdeas  
Bha mi uair 's a b' ionga leam  
Bhi nam aonar orta'
- 2 Mis is m' aithair is mac Luthach  
'N triuir sin dom chubbi 'n t' sealg  
Nuair a nochda sinn nar n arma  
Gur e thuiteadh lium Fiaidha dearg
- 3 Oscar is Goll is Caoilte  
Faoghan is Carril is Diarmad  
'S air m' ullain fein a Phadric  
Gun cuireadh sinn far air fiadhach
- 4 Le air naodh coin 's le air naodh goodhir  
'S le ar naodh sleaghana mora'  
Is le ar naodh claidheamhana glas  
Bu ghathead an toisich comhrag
- 5 Leig sinn anna sin ar naodh gadhair  
Thug sinn faoch 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 h' umhail  
'N tus' Mac Cumhail aghmhi
- 7 'S e sin mise Fionn nam buadhan  
Cia be thusa do shluagh an dombain  
'S mas ann thugain tha ar 'n iorghuil  
Tha sinn naodhar ma ar combair
- 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 cis dhìbh
- 9 Air laimh t' athar 's do dha sheanair  
'S air laimh do leannan shuarich  
Da mhead 's tha sibh dhaoine ann  
Rheir a naodnar 's dhuibh bualadh
- 10 Dhìmhich an teachdair gu siubhlach  
'S shuidhich iad iul mu ar combhair  
Mharbh gach fear again diubb deichear  
Sud mar reicadh sinn nar gnothach
- 11 Ach thug sinn sin an ruathar dān  
Bu lionmhor ann far a sluaigh  
Bu lionmhor ann gaineadh sleagh'  
Bu lionmhor ann fleasgach a snuaghadh
- 12 Bu lionmhor ann cloigin gan sgoltadh  
Bu lionmhor ann coluin ga maoladh  
Bu lionmhor ann fear crossa geal  
A freasadh fol air na fraochadh
- 13 Ach 'n tim dhuinn sgur do chur a chath  
'S na mathibh uile dhiochairt  
Shuidh sinn sin 's cha bu dochrhidh  
Fear is ochnar air an t'-shithean.

## X. 2. DUAN NAN NAONAR.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail (56 lines), from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, orally collected in Caithness. Edinburgh, February 8, 1872.

This fragment belongs to the Norse Wars, and seems to fit in here.

- 1 SHITHEAN sin is thulaich ard,  
Air a bheil mi 'n diu lan goirteas,  
Bha mi nair is b' iognadh leam,  
Gu 'm bithinn m' aonar orta,
- 2 Mi-fhein is m' ath 'r 's mac an Lobhar,  
An triuir do 'm b' chubhaidh an t-sealg;  
'S nuair a rachadh sinn air ghleas,  
Se dh' eircadh dhuinn feidhean dhearg.
- 3 Oscar is Goll agus Caoilte,  
Faolan is Coireal is Diarmad;  
Och air m' obhainn fhein Phadruig,  
Dheanamh sinn fath air fiadhach.
- 4 Le naoi coin 'a le naoi gadhair,  
'S le naoi sleaghan gear gabhaidh;  
'S le naoi claidheamhan gear glas  
Bu ghasd iad an tuis comhraig.

- 5 Leag sin na coin is na gadhair,  
Bha faoghaid feadh nam beanntibh;  
Se mharbhte leo aghan donn,  
Is daimh throuh nan gleantibh.
- 6 Air bhith dhuinn bli sgithe do 'n t-shocair  
Chunnaic sinn tighinn eolach gabhaidh;  
Dh' fheoraich e dhuinn gu h-umhail,  
An tusa mac Cumhail aghmhor!
- 7 'Se sin mise Fionn nam buadh,  
Cia b' e thusa do shluagh an dombain;  
'S ma 'sann ruinn tha ur 'n iorghuil,  
Tha sinu naonar ma ur combhair.
- 8 Is tana leam sin ri ur 'n eudan,  
Is liuthad treun ceud laoch gabhaidh;  
Thainig o righ Lochlinn do chosnadh na h-Eirinn.
- 9 Air laimh t-athair is do sheanair,  
Is air dh' laimh do leannan shuaraich;  
'N aiudeoin na chuireas sibh ri ur combhair  
Bheir sinn dhuibh bualadh.
- 10 Dhalbh an teachdair gu siubhlach,  
'S shuidhich e iul ma ur coinneamh  
Mharbh gach fear again diubb seisear,  
Sud mar reicadh leinn ur gnothach.
- 11 Thug sinn nis ruair dana,  
'S bu lionmhor gearradh sleagh;  
'S bu lionmhor sleagh air slios greis-laoch,  
'S iomadh greis-laoch bha na luidhe.
- 12 Bu lionmhor ann clagain ga spealtadh  
Is fleasgach bla ri iognadh  
Is fear shlios goal bha traoghadh,  
Thala air na fraocha.
- 13 Bu mbath Gall an tūs a chath ud,  
Bu mhath m' athair fein is Caoilte ann;  
Cha b' aithne dhomh co aca nach molainn,  
'S! bu ionmholt a naonar.
- 14 Air bhith dhuinn bli sgithe do 'n fhuileach,  
Is na mathibh chuir a dhith ora;  
Shuidh sinn 's cha bu doacalch,<sup>1</sup>  
Fear is ochnar air an t-shithean.

Crioich.

<sup>1</sup> *Doacal*, afflicted, from *di* privative and *focal* a word; hence *doacal* etymologically means mute, silent, which is invariably the accompaniment of grief and sorrow.

## P. 5. TURUS FHINN DO THIGH ODHACHA BEAGANICH. 1802.

Staffa's Collection, page 38. 177 lines. Advocates' Library, February 20, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS is a sample of the kind of repetition which is called 'Ursgul,'—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 Finnla' is now called 'Rìgh Fionnagha,' 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 Feinne, this is more mythical than the verse.—J. F. C.

BHA Fionn agus aireamh mhor do dh' naslhb na Feinne naille ris aig seilg, agus seachran seilg orra san uair sin chunnich iad fear mor an ard, agus e tighin nan combhdhail, agus fìor dhroch coltas air. Bha dorn Gullbunn do dara suil a muigh agus dorn Gullbunn do 'n t-suil eila stigh. An deidh faithe chuir air Fionn us air an Fheinn, thubhairt e cha chreid mi fein nach bheil seachran seilg oirbh. Dh' fheargair 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 cìed e brìgh do thuris san aitea.

Thainig mis arsa eisan air theachdairreachd a dh' iarruidh Fhinn agus a mhor uaislin, chum cuirm as cuid oich gha-

This is told of Cuchullin and others.

bhail ann an tigh Odhacha-beaganich a nochd. Cha 'n fhuad mis arsa a Fionn a fhearag, oir tha mi fuidh ghealladh gu bhi agig Ban-rioghinn Eas-ruaidh air an oicha nochd fein.

Bally-shannon,  
in Ireland.

Cha sin us coir dhuibh a dheanann arsa Conan, ach da carunn a dheanann air na daoibh a tha maille riut agus Goll a chuir air ceann an dara buidhidh gu Ban-rioghinn Eas-ruaidh, agus u fein air ceann na buidhidh eila gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich Smath a labhair u Chonain arsa Fionn mi mis a mar a dh' iarr thu ach feuma tu fein a bhi lean.

Roinn iad a chuideachd, agus chaidh Fionn air ceann an dar buidhne, gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich da 'n bu chombairim Riogh-Finla. Agus air ruideheadh dhoibh chuidh Fionn sa chuid daoine ann an tigh mor fada farsinn gun aon neach a chumail cuideachd na caiteamh aimsiribh leo. Thug gach aon do chuideachd Fhinn air aon taobh don Tigh, be Conan fear coimhead chon Fhinn an uair Sin. Thuir u ri Fionn an deigh greis don oiche dol thairis orra gun cheol, gun bl, gun aidhir, cha neil a choltas oirn arsa Conan gu fuigh sinn a bheag do thoilintin an so nochd. Tha mi toilceach eiridh agus crann a chuir air an doras, 'us gun duine leigidh a stigh tuilidh a nochd. Dean a Laochain arsa Fionn ma thoillich tu fein. Dh' eirich Conan agus chuir e 'n crann air an doras, agus sheas e fein an taice ris.

Cha b' fhada na dheidh so nair a chualas fosgladh san doras.

Co sud arsa Conan? Tha 'n so mise machd mor O Finla, agus sea garbh ghaisgich dheug leis, a tiogn a chumail cuideachd us caiteamh aimsiridh le Fionn machd Cubhail a nochd. An leig mi stigh iad Fhinn arsa Conan. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein arsa Fionn. Thainig iad a stigh, agus shuidh iad air an taobh eila do 'n tigh, mo choinmibh Fhinn sa chuid daoine, us cha dubhairt aon neach ri neach eila failte dhuit na cis do sgeula Thainig fosgladh ann san doras. Co sud arsa Conan. Tha 'n so mise Ninghin mhór O Finla, agus sia masaidhinn-a-diag lean a tigh a chumail crachdaireachd us caiteamh aimsiridh, re Fionn mac Cubhail a nochd. An leig mi stigh iad Fhinn arsa Conan. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein, arsa Fionn. Leigh Conan a stigh iad sud Thubhairt Nighin mhór O Finla, us i togail a goth air aird, cuiridh mi mo cheann rid cheann Fhinn le Cubhail nach bheil fear dheth do chuideachd nach leag mis ann an eoth-throm Gleachd. A Blith arsa Conan ciod e rann biodh a chroidh na dh' anan agad do cheann a chuir rim mhaigh-istira. Theid mise Ghleachd riut. An carann a cheila ghabh iad. Air an dara car chuir i Conan air a dorus air an urlar, agus cheangail i cheithir choilg gun daor agus gu dainginn le cord agus le sea snaom-anna-diag fhagail air. Bha Conan greis fuidh chuibhrich sin oir bha nair air Gaisgich Fhinn eiridh ga fhuasgladh, chionn gur a bean a cheangail e. Rachadh fear an dras sa rithist a mach a choinhead na h-oicha, agus dh' fhuasgladh e snaoin sin dol seachad.

Agus mar so lean iad gus an d' fhuasgladh an t-iomlan. Cho luath sa ghabh Conan a chasan an carann na h-Inghin a bha e an dara h-uair Leag e air a cheud char, oir bha e air fhearaghadh gu h-anabhair. Nach bheil fios againn bha Fhinn le Cubhail nach do leag mise bean na nighin riamh a rachadh gam 'euchinn ann an gleachd: nach rabh mi dh' fhear aice nan leaginn i. Mun leiginn air a cois i. Tha 'n fios sin agam arsa Fionn. Bha Conan a dh' fhear aice 'n lathir na bha stigh. Nach bheil fios againn Fhinn nach bheil le bha mi riamh a dh' fhear aice nach dug mi 'n conn dhith. Tha fios sin agam arsa Fionn agus bu leoir a dionadas.

Thug Conan an cean dhi, agus thog e leis i eidar cheann 'us chasan, agus thig e nach i air taobh muigh an Tighe, agus cha dubhairt aon neach ris gun b' ole. Chrann e 'n doras agus sheas e aige: cha b' fhada na dheidh sin nair a chualas fosgladh san doras. Co sud arsa Conan? Tha 'n so arsa fear a bha muigh mise tiogn le Torc gu Fionn mac Cubhail agus gu aas-lin cuiridh e mach daoine bheir a stigh e, sann air son suiper Fhinn a tha e. Bha fear an deigh fior a dol a mach ach cha rabh a h-aon idir a pillidh. Sheall Conan a mach agus faicair airamh do chuidhich Fhinn marb air an Dùn. Chaidh Conan a mach agus thrad thiontaich e 'n taobh air an rabh ca'g-neimh an Tuirc ris an fhear a tuig Ionns' an tigh e, agus bha e marb air ball.

Thug Conan a stigh an Torc agus Bhruch 'us dha' se e, agus roinn se na trì earannibh e. Thug e da earinn don Fhinn, 'us ghleidh e earinn eadar e fein agus na coin Labhair aon do chuideachd O Finla agus thubhairt e chuala mi riamh Iomradh math air an Fheinn, mar dheagh bhiaitich agus chreid mi e gus a noch, ach tha mi faicinn a nois nach fior e. 'Ne sin a tha u'g radh arsa Conan 'us e toirt an urchar sin do ghuala mhór an Tuirc a bha e creim, agus chuimsich e fearsa labhair man cheann, agus

spriod e 'n Teanachainn as ris a bhalla: ag radh se mo bharail gu bheil do leoir agasda dheth. Cha do labhair neach gun b' ole do chuideachd Fhinn no O Finla.

Cas na dheidh so thanig buaidh san doras, co tha sud arsa Conan?

Tha 'n so fear aig a bheil cu dubh air eill, ag iarraidh comhrugh chon air an Fheinn. An leig mi stigh e Fhinn le Cubhail. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein arsa Fionn. Cho luath sa thanig an cu dubh a stigh, an bad chon na Feime ghabh e, us mharbh e tri chaogid cu air an Fheinn man d' fhuasgladh Bran. Ach cha do chumhlich Conan a. Cha rabh neimh sa bhoirgs ge do theirta Brog neimh ria, ach na b' fhior gun rabh spuir neimh air Bran agus gu biodh e feumail air uairibh a bhrogsa bhi mo chois gan geard.

Bhog neimh a thoirt dheth chois Bhrain us bha 'n cu dubh a factinn a chuid a b' fhearr do bhran.

Labhair Fionn agus a dubhairt e sbaoid mi riamh gun bu ghille math chon u gus a nochd a Chonain. Sann aso a chumhlich Conan nach dug e bhrog neimh dhe chois Bhrain. Dh' eirich Conan ann an gradidh, a thoirt na Broige do Bhran, ach man d' fhuair e sin a dheanann thug na coin sea falannan diag air Conan. Cho luath sa thuair Bran a bhrog ri lar dh' fhuair e chuid a b' fhearr an chu dhubb, agus mharbh e thiodhad e. Be so 'n riasan man do channadh Laoidh a choin duigh, agus so i (see page 49).

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

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

Staffa's Collection, page 49. Advocates' Library, 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 seeming of deer.

- 1 La gan dh' eirich fath na Fiann,  
Greis man dh' eirich Griann air fonn;  
Chnasa sanna tiogn on Traigh,  
Fear erraidh dheirg sa choin duidh.
- 2 'S gile na gath greine ghnnis,  
Sa dha ghruaidh air dhreach na suth,  
'S gile na gach blath a chorp,  
Ged thachar fholt a bhi dubb.
- 3 Cha do ghabh e eagal ro bhair,  
Sann a dh' iarr e comhrugh chon,  
Leig sinn na coin chatha cheann-dubbh,  
Leis nach bu mhiann dol air chuil.
- 4 An cu dubb bu garbh a threis,  
Bhuidhaidh leis tri chaogad cu,  
Dh' eirich Fionn a measg an t-sluaigh,  
'S dh' ambaire e gu truaigh air bran,
- 5 Nair dheargich e 'n tor na cheann,  
Dh' eirich bart us greann air bran,  
Nair chrath Bran an t-slabhrach oir  
Measg an t-sloigh man doirt an fhuil.
- 6 'Sann a sin bha Scann-fhuil ghlan,  
Eidar Bran 'us 'n cu dubb,  
Thug iad cuir eifeachdach garbh,  
'Us dhagadar marb 'n cu dubb.
- 7 Oganich us aille delbh  
On thoraich-thair leinn do chn,  
Fios do shloinnich b' aill leinn uait  
Na co 'n tior as na ghluais u.
- 8 Ti-mhi-fhortain se 'n diugh m' ainm,  
Thani mi fuidh stoirn air con,  
Shaoil mi nach rabh ann san Fheinn  
Aona chlu bhuidhnadh creachd air Fôr.<sup>1</sup>
- 9 Mar a bhi Geola nan car,  
Agus Bran le miad a luis,  
An culein man duinte 'n Iall,  
Cha 'n fhagadh e siar nar Dùn.

<sup>1</sup> Ainm a choin dubb.

(? *Syeolan*)



- 10 'N sin thiodhlaichd an Fheinn gu leir,  
An tri chaogad cu fein,  
'Us thiodhlaich an Laoch a chu fein,  
Air chul aonich 's air aghuidh Grua
- 11 'S iomad grnagach dheud gheal og,  
'Us binn Gloir 's 'us Guirme suil  
Thiodhlichdadh an Dun nan Torc,  
Bheiridh biadh a noch dom chu.  
Crioich.

Na dheidh so chaidh Conan a mach agus rug e air a chu dhudh air earball air dha bhi air fheargachadh airson na mharbhadh do choin Fhinn, agus air son a mhi gnathich agus an droch aodheachd a thuar Fionn a uhaigistiar, agus chuid daoine, phron, 'us bhru, 'us mharbh e na dhams air ga naimhdeibh air Taobh muigh an tìghe. Ghlaodh aon do mhuintir O Finna. 'O! 's eisan nach dig sibh a mach agus gun caisgidh sibh a fear nach malluicht aig a bheil 'n cu dubh ria Earball.' 'Cha 'n fhag e daoine beo man stad e.'

Leum gach aon do chuidheadh Fhinn a mach as an tìgh, a dh' fhaicis co bha ann, agus dh' fhagadh Fionn na aonar. Dh' eirch na bha stigh do mhuintir O Finna, chum Fionn a mharbhadh agus chuir iad air Inuain agus Guian an tìghe. Chrom gach aon a chaidh a mach an ceann sa each maille re Conan. Bha Fionn san ams' an eigin mhòir. Thug e euidh air an sgiath shuithaich. Chluinnt e ann an cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn. Cha tughla uair sam bith euidh orr' ach uair a bhidh Fionn na Eigin, agus mar a digidh comhadh ga Ionaidh, man dugadh l' n treas euidh, bhiodh e cailte, chuala odh Fhinn gam b' ainm Oscar an euidh, agus a dubhairte, tha mo shean-athir ann an eigin mhòir. Leum gach aon ann am Beairt-thuinbhich, agus cho luath sa rang Oscar, chaidh e stigh air drum an tìghe. Cha rabh ceannas dha dol a stigh air an doras, a chionn gun rabh Geard laidir air. Chaidh e eidar a th' sean athir agus muintir O Finna, agus shaor e sheanathir as an lumaibh. Agus cha d' fhag iad fear Inne sgeoil, an clumadh Tuairc asgeoil, ach nachd mor O Finna, chaidh eisan a mach air mullach an tìghe, agus thuar e as orra.

Air madinn an la b' fhoisge ghabh na bha laithir dhù 'n turas gu pillidh ions' an aite fein. Agus thachir nachd O Finna rit 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 l' marbhich arsa Fionn. Cuiridh mise geall ars eisan nach marbh. Tha e ruit arsa Fionn. Mo thachris na feidh oir. Cha b' fhaida dhoibh mar sin, nair a chumaidh iad a'reamh lion-mhor dhiubh Stuir Fionn Bran, ach cha ghabhadh Bran stuiridh uaidhe. Cha deanadh each a chluasan a mhaoladh agus fheamman a chrathadh. Nach dubhairt mise ruit arsa fear a thachir orra.

Faic a nois gu bheil do gheall ort. Stuir Fionn an dara h-nair e. Ach cha deanadh Bran ach a chluasan a mhaoladh, 'us earball a chrathadh. An treas uair bhual Fionn e agus ri sibhal a ghabh bran agus thug e fotha s tharl a, us triod us rompa, agus cha mhòr nach dug e dith air an Imlan duibh. Nair a chaidh an Fheinn gam aite fein, cha d' fhuair iad mnathan na clann rompa. Bha iad air a marbhadh le Bran ga aindeoin, oir chuir nachd Rìgh Finna fu gheasabh iad.

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

Mae Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 4, 1872.

- 1 SUE chunnig shin tin fo 'n Traigh,  
Fearr Earra gheirg as Coin duigh;  
'S gille nan Gegan a T-sbuaigh,  
Bha dha ghruaigh air Dhath nan suth.
- 2 'S gille na gach Bha a Chorp,  
Gael harla ga Fhailt bhi duth;  
Egil cha do dhaibh e robhin,  
She dhiar e oirn Coibhrig Chonn.
- 3 Leigadar rissin Coinn Chaich,  
Lois nach bu ghna dol air Cul;  
She 'n Cu duth bu ghairbhe Greis,  
Thorchir leis tri chaogidh Cu.
- 4 Dherich Fionn am measg an T-shluaigh  
'S ghaibhric e gu cruaidh air Brann;  
Dhearragich a dha T-shuil na chean,  
Dherich gairt as Grean air Bran.

- 5 Nar chrath Bran an T-slaibhrigh oir,  
Measg an T-sloigh le 'n doirte Fuil;  
San an shin bha Seainnirt Ghlan,  
Eidir Bran as an Cu duth.
- 6 Thug iad Cuir eifichidh gharag,  
Fagadar Mair eibhich an Cu duth;
- 7 Oganich as ail'gh dealbh,  
Neis fon horchir lein do chu;  
Fios do Loinnigh' bail lein nait,  
Na co 'n Tir as 'ndo Ghluais u.
- 8 Bbhinn Ossain be sud mainn,  
Haug mo stoirn air Conn;  
Ilaoil mi nach ro sud nar Fein,  
Na bhuingh ereichdin air For.
- 9 'S ma bluithur Geola nan car,  
Agus Bran aig meid a Luigh;  
Cha ro Cullain mun duigh' Ial,  
A ghagigh For shiar mun Dun.
- 10 Suimmid maodin deud-ghéal og,  
'S binne Gloir sas buid cu;  
Ha na suithidh 'n Dun nan Torc,  
Bherigh Biagh a nochd do 'm Chnuth.

Crioich.

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

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

Eachdraidh air fear a thainig a thagairt comhrug chon air Fionn agus air an Fheinn uile.

- 1 Moch eiridh rinn flath nam Fiann,  
Seal mun d' eirich grian air magh;  
Chunnachdar a tighinn 'n leirg,  
Fear chochul deirg 'sa choin duibh.
- 2 B eibhin è ri amhrace suas,  
Bha dha ghruaigh air dhearach nan subh;  
Bu ghile na chaile a dheud.  
Fhailt o tharladh dha bhi dubb.
- 3 Thainig thugin gu mur Fhinn,  
Fleasgach grunn sa bhar mur lon;  
Bho fluil an fhir ghabh e sgo,  
'S ann a dh' iarr e air each comhrug chon.
- 4 Fhuasgladar uile coin chaich,  
Leis nach bu gnath dol air cul;  
An cu dubb bu gharbh a gheis,  
Mharbha leis naoi caogad cu.
- 5 'Sann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
Si shog an Iorhnil is cha bheag;  
A' tionndadh bho charruibh an t-sloigh,  
Is dh' amhric e gruannach air Bran.
- 6 Nuair chrall Bran an T-slabhruidh oir,  
A measg an t-sloigh bu gharbh a gaoil;  
Dh' eirich gart is greann air Bran,  
Gu bhi an sealbhan a choin duibh.
- 7 Buinnibh an iall do 'n chuillean gu fior,  
Bu mhaith a ghnìomh gu an duigh;  
Is gu faichdeadh sibh sgaimeart ghlan,  
Eidir Bran is an cu dubb.
- 8 Leig iad na coin sroin ri sroin,  
Measg an t-sloigh gun do dhoirt iad fuil;  
Le Comhrug diambhar gu du,  
Gus 'n do mharbha an cu dubb.
- 9 Ach fhir ud a thainig gur Feinn,  
Bho 's ann leinn a mharbhadh do chu;  
Innis do shloinne na t-ainm,  
No co an tìr as an d' thainig thu.
- 10 Eibhun Oisian b'e sud m' ainm,  
Thainig mi fodh stoirn air coho;  
Shaoileam nach robh sud nar Feinn.  
Aon chu chuireadh creuchd air For.
- 11 Mur bhi Geola nan car,  
Agus Bran le miad a luis;  
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' achnings air Padruic nam fear,  
Gu 'm faichdar a leachd san dun.
- 13 'S ioma maoiden deud gheal og,  
Bu bhuidhe cul is bu ghairme suil;  
Tha na 'n suidh an dun nan torc,  
A bheireadh a nochd biadh do 'n chu.
- 14 Thiolaidh sinne am forlach fial,  
An leabuidh chruaidh chon an cu;  
Gar e thiolaidh sinn nar Feinn,  
Aon fhichead deug caogad cu.
- 15 Deichid ceud fichead na narm glan,  
An la shin a mharbh Bran an cu;  
Bha aig mac Chuthail nan corn óir,  
Aig iomairt is aig ól san dùn.

## H. 14. HOW BRAN KILLED THE BLACK DOG.

84 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 48. Advocates' Library,  
December 5, 1871.Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Story known to Hennessy :  
Poem not.

A MAN early in the morning came to the Heroes with a Black Dog, named For (means literally a Dog who would go far and near to get venison and prey for himself), in hopes that he would kill all their Dogs, and killed 150, till they loosed the vanquisher Bran. Observe the Poem.

## DAN 10.

- 1 AIE bhí dhuinn la sa Bheinn t-seilg,  
Bu phuthar leinn bhí gu 'n choin;  
Ag eisteachd re gárraich ian,  
Re bairich fhiadh agus lon.
- 2 Do rinn sinn ár ann gu 'n chealg,  
Le 'r conaibh 's le 'r 'n armaibh neimh;  
'S thaing sinn d' ar teach tra' neóin,  
Gu subhach ceolmhor le gean.
- 3 'N oidhche sin dhuinn an teach Fhinn,  
Ochóin bu bhinn ann air cor;  
Re dhuinne bhí sgathadh thúd,  
Re caitheamh can, fhiadh is lon.
- 4 Moch eiridh rinn Fionn 'n ath lé,  
Mu 'n d' ainig grian ar a bhruth;  
Is chunnaig e teachd o 'n leirg,  
Fear chochaill deirg is choin duidh.
- 5 'S ann mar so do bhla a snuadh,  
Bha dha ghruaidh air dhreach nan sugh;  
'S bu ghile nan canach a cheas,  
Ge d' thariadh d' a fholt bhí dubh.
- 6 Thainig thugainn gu mór chrá,  
'N Gille grinn 's a bhár mar lon;  
Air urrlam cho luidheamh sgá,  
'G iarruidh air each comhrag chon.
- 7 Leig sinn thuige 'n tus a bhlaír,  
Gach greadhain a b' fhearr bhla 'n ar múr;  
An cú dubh bu gharb a ghreis,  
Mharbhadh leis tri chaogad cú.
- 8 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
'S e so an iorgaill nach lag; ' (i. s' mor slad)  
Thiondaidh e chul ris an t-suabh,  
'S dh' amhairc e le gruaim air Bran.
- 9 'N sin chrath Bran an t-slabhruidh óir,  
A measg an t-sloigh bu mhor a ghal;  
Do las a dha shúil na cheann,  
Is dh' eirich grann air gu cath.
- 10 'B uineadh an iall do 'm chú gu fíor,  
Bu mhaith a ghníomh gús an diú;  
'S gu faicemaid sgannail ghlan,  
Eidear Bran is an cú dubh.
- 11 Leig iad na coin sróin re sróin,  
Measg an t-sloigh do dhoirt iad fuil;  
B' e sin an deobhídlí údair gharb,  
Mu 'n d' fhagadh leis marbh an cú dubh.

- 12 'Fhir ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,  
O 'n mharbhadh leinn fein do chú;  
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh aiiis dhuinn,  
Is an tir as na ghluais thú.
- 13 'Eibhainn Oisain gar e 'm ainmsa,  
O riogh'chad torc nu stoibh ar co;  
Shaoil mi nach raibh ann 's an Feinn,  
Aon chu dheanamh créuc air For.
- 14 'Mar bhíteadh' Geola nan car,  
Agus Bran le mead a lúidh;  
Cha raibh eú nan 'n duinte 'n iall,  
Dh' fhagadh mo thriath beó 'n ar Túr.'
- 15 'S maith a chuma bh' air mo chusa,  
Bha alt luidd fad o cheann;  
Meadhan leathann, leodhar-chliabh,  
Uileann fhiar agus seoir cham.'
- 16 'Sboga bnidh 'ta air Bran,  
Da thaoibh dhubh, agus tárr geal;  
Drim uaine re sunn san t-seilg,  
'S da chluais bhiorach, chorrach dhearg.'
- 17 'S iomad gruageach fhionn gheal donn,  
Is gurne súil 's is ór bhuidh folt;  
Tha an dutaich mhic Rígh Torc,  
Bheireadh biadh do 'm chusa noc.'
- 18 'N sin thiodhlaic am fíor laoch fial,  
An leabuidh chaol cbria' a chú;  
'S do thiodhlaicuibh leis an Fhianin,  
'S an Dún shiar tri chaogad cú.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhainn Oisain uainn,  
'S cho bu bhuidhach leis a theachd;  
O na chaill é a dhea' chú,  
Bu mhor eolas lúdh is neart.
- 20 'S deich céud fichead do 'm arn glhan,  
'N la sin a mharbh Bran an cú;  
Bh' aig Mac Chuthail nan corn óir,  
Re h-iomairt 's re h-ól san Túr.
- 21 Creid thusa Phádraig gur fíor,  
Gu raibh sinn uair bu mbaith cliú;  
A chleirich ge d' tha mise noc,  
Ann am aon chéilainn bhoichd a d' mhúr.

## I. 7. AN CU DUBH. 84 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 60. Advocates' Library,  
April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

As this is a second version, written by the same man, I give variations only.

THE fame of Fingal's Hounds for the game was spread over a great part of the world, especially that of his own Grayhound, Bran. A man came from Inis-torc (supposed to be the Orkneys) with a large and monstrous Black Dog, not doubting but he could kill all the dogs that pertained to Fingal. At his arrival, For, being the name of the Black Dog answered to, engaged and kilt three fifties of Fingal's hounds. Fingal liberated Bran, which soon dispatched For. Fingal seemed to have had an extraordinary notion of chusing and training these animals being found very useful upon several occasions, especially for the game, and chasing and banishing wild beasts.

## AN CU DUBH.

- 2 Do rinn sinn ár air an leirg,  
Bu mhor ar seilg is ar coin;  
B' armach, eibhinn sinn tra'-moin,  
'N teach Ríogh Pháile Triath gun ón.
- 3 Triath na feile b' eibhinn tím,  
Ag caitheamh can agus lon
- 9 Bu bhorb a gheann, 's bu bhuirbe sgál.
- 12 Fhir ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,  
On' thorehair leinn fein do chu;  
Do dh' fhearadh an domhain gu leir,  
Cho 'n cil fíosam fein co thu.

<sup>1</sup> Mathair Bran, agus bha a colg no a fionnadh min.

- 13 Eibhinn-cosgar gur e m' ainm,  
O Innse-torc ma 'stoilbh ar con ;
- 14 Mar bhithheadh Geola nan gath, (? *Syeolan*)  
Agus Bran le mead luigh ;
- 16 Spogan buidh' ta air Bran,  
Tarr-geal uaine dhath san leirg ;  
Suil mar airneig spaircan comhlach,  
'Sda chluais bhiorach, chrodha dhearg.
- 17 'S iomad gruagach rinn-gheal, àrbhuidh,  
'S gurme suil, 's is aille folt ;  
Th' ann an Innse-torc nan armann,  
Dheanamh bhaidh ri 'm Chusa noc.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhinn-cosgar nainn,  
Cha bu bhadhar leis a theachd ;  
O na thorchair leinn a Chu,  
Bu mhór 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 Padruig, on the Hill of the Feinne, that is on or about the Hill of Allen. Probably some place on the West coast of Ireland was meant. This exploit is mentioned in one of the ballads about Caoilte. See above: page 55, line 89.

D. 19. CATH NA 'N SEISEIR. 62 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by D. Mac Pherson.  
May 3, 1872.

- 1 SEISEIR ga 'm biodhmaid ma 'n Rìogh,  
Cho bi 'n T-seiseir bu bheig Briogh,  
Sgar Ban diu Fearragan Fial.  
Còilt is Caoireal nan gorm Shrian.
- 2 Leig sinn air Cuachan re Sruth,  
Is reinn sinn an Tòl gun Gbuth,  
Cuach Fhein a bhuidhin an Geall,  
Shiabhladh i na haoimaran.
- 3 Thaineic seachd Sheashear nar Ceann,  
Don T-sluagh fhuilleach fhaibhar fhionn,  
'S a 'm Fear bu taribh dhibh sin,  
Go 'n 'diongadh e Ceud an Ceud an Comhrac.
- 4 Bhiodh ma Bhragad gach Fir mhoir,  
Scabull daingean do 'n dearg shrol,  
Osean na Craoisiche nimhè,  
Lanna saobhair 's iad doth-chaithe.
- 5 Da Luirealach an Eidibh Theann  
Ma Chuirp sheanga na 'n saor-chlann  
Bhiodh air uachdar sin orr' uille,  
Earreadh Uaine air aon Dath.
- 6 Thairg Fean doibh Cumha mhor  
An Earreadh fein de 'n dearg shrol,  
Ceud Bean no Baintreach sa bhron  
'S fear os a Chean sa Chomh-ol.
- 7  
Se huirte Clann a Chuilg na 'n Cleass  
Cho bhi sinne reidh go Hoiche.

- 8 Sin nnair dhiosluigh Fean a Gloir,  
'S e 'g ambrac ar Shuadh a Chomb-oil,  
Bheil sibh gabhail Teabheachd dheth,  
Dul a bhualadh na 'n seachd Sheisear ?
- 9 Bha mi Latha 'n Ruaig na 'n Gleann,  
Huirte an Tsgar bu mhor Greann,  
'S reinn mi Gniobh bu dorra leann,  
Na 'n Ceinn a bhuintin do Sheishear.
- 10 'S huirte Fearragan mac an Rìogh,  
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhibh,  
'S cho chuir e Trainn' air Neach eille,  
Na thig slan o 'n foruidhailse.
- 11 Diongidh misidh Sheisair eille  
She huirte Caorriil nan arm gaiste  
Is cha chuir e trom air Chach  
Aoin Laoch a hig am Chobhail.
- 12 Labhair caoilte nan Arm nibh'  
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhibh,  
Go ma dearg o bhun go barr,  
'M Ball an tairingin mo Gheur-lann.
- 13 Gur maing a dhagadh air Dail  
Diaish leis an craimte Craimh ;  
Marbhaidh mise 's Goll a Ghaisge,  
Air da Sheishear 's an aoin Aitteil.
- 14 Chrom sinn ar Cinn anns a Chath,  
Is reinn gach Flatb mar a gheall ;  
Mharbh mi fein mo Sheishear ar tus ;  
Sud a Phadric mo cheud Chuis.  
Mharabh Osgar Sheishear is Fear (? Fean)  
Se mo dhochun bhi ga iomradh.
- 15 An Fear mu dheire bha aig Fean  
Mar bhuinte edar dha leann,  
Ghabh e, is bu mhór an Teachd,  
A'r seachd Buillin na aoin Sgebh,  
'S mar bhiodh Osgar nan ceud Radh  
Cheanglaidh e sinn 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 araid' bha Fionn sa bheinn sheilg,  
agus seisear do 'n Fhein combla ris ;  
chunnacas Laoch a teachd na 'n comhail ris  
an do chian Fionn am fear Sighd'ir,  
ag radh

- 1 Fhir Shichd' ir sin agus fhir Shichd' ir,  
Cìod an t-àite as an d' thigeadh tu ?
- 2 Thainig mis' a Dùn-an-òir,  
An Dùn a ta an fhair ;  
An Dùn nach d' thugadh a gheil riamh,  
Nach d' thugadh a bhroighdean a mnaigh,  
'S d' am biodh a naimhdean diomach
- 3 Rainig Sinne Dùn-an-òir,  
'S chrom sinn ar cinn nu 'n cho-bì ;  
'S thainig seachd seisear d' fhearaihb mòr  
na ar ceann.
- 4 Do shluagh fuileach faobhar arm,  
'S am fear bu tàire dhia sud  
Gu 'n dìongadh è ceud an còmhrag.
- 5 Bha mu bhraidhe gach fir mhòir,  
Sgabull daite do 'n dearg òr ;  
Craosach mhaile na 'n lùmh neimhe,  
'S lannan leobhra' bha dò-chaithe.
- 6 Tùs slòigh 'n àm dol san teagmhail,  
Agus deire tighinn a mach ;  
Bho se' thoga buaigh na buidhne,  
Deir Fionn.
- 7 Ma dh' fhàg sibh air deireadh ciar,  
Dithist leis an croimear cnaì  
Diongaidh mis', 'os Goull a ghaisge,  
Air da seisear a dh' aon aithim.

8 Ach bha 'm fear mu dheire bh' aig Fionn,  
Mar Sheobhlag eadar dhà lion ;  
Fhrithéal è 's bu mhòr an feum,  
Air seachd buillean na aon sgeith  
'S nur bhith Osear nan rath,  
Cheangail è sinne mar seisear.

H. 13. HOW FINGAL, WITH SIX OF HIS NOBLES,  
WERE INCHANTED TO GO TO KEEP WAR WITH CLANN  
CHUILAGADAN IN THE GOLDEN HILL. 88 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 57. Advocates' Library,  
December 7, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Except as part of the Cu-  
chullin Story, this is not known to Hennessy in any  
shape.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day with six of his Nobles, was walk-  
ing out, and they saw a Fairy, coming unto them, when  
he came he looked narrowly on Caoilte, and Caoilte asked  
of him from whence did he come, thus:—

You little wise man,  
From whence did you come ?

I did come from the Golden Hill,  
Which lieth still 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 enchant you six men,  
With Master to our hands,  
To dine with us to day in Hill,  
And then to keep us War.

Then the conjurer ran away, when he enchanted them  
to follow him to the Golden Hill, Caoilte keeps him  
always in his sight; and had a faggot of sticks, and he  
would stab a stick in the . . . of every hill, and mount,  
that the rest would know where to follow him, which he  
use to do always when he would be in extremely hurry,  
and he would cast three shadows then, his two feet, and  
his head, when he came to the hill, he found a Table  
covered and all kind of victuals and liquor on it, which  
was to be found in that age. In a while after that the  
rest all came one by one, each according to his swiftness,  
and tho' they were both hungry and thirsty and also  
tired, they were afraid to eat or drink any, for fear of  
punishment; since there was none present to invite them,  
but one of them said, because it was presented to them  
that they would take some of it, they were not long eat-  
ing when Four Men came among them, and the weakest  
of which would kill one hundred in conflict; Fingal offered  
them a great reward for to touch him not, but they said  
since they were able to do it, that they would take no  
reward, but their six heads and to make himself a pris-  
oner, then they rather to give an attempt to them, tho'  
they were sure to fall, than to surrender otherwise; they  
began and killed them all, and brought home with them  
their arms, apparel, and every precious things which they  
had in their Tower.

DAN 13.

1 LATHA bha Fionn is seisear ag ól,  
'S iad nan suidh mu 'n aon bhórd ;  
Thaing seachd seisear 'n ar ceann,  
Do shluagh faileactudach faodhbhar arm.  
2 B' iad sin na gaisgich ro mhór,  
A b ' ualhbharra cruithceachd croic ;  
'S am fear a bu táire dhiu,  
Gu 'n dìongadh e céud gu 'n diú.  
3 Bha clog mu cheann garra fr mhóir,  
A ombdaech clocharra córr ;  
Is cotaibh ionnealta grunn,  
Mu chuirp thréun na fear neo' thim.  
4 Ghabh sinn eagal rompa uile,  
Nach d' ghabh sinn riamh roi aon bhuidheann ;  
Gu marbhadh iad sinn gu 'n sóradh,  
Oir cho deach meach riamh o'n comhrag.

5 Do thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór,  
Corr agus céud une do dh' ór ;  
Céud sath ris nach deachidh srian,  
Is céud bean bhannrach choi' fhial.

6 Céud cloidheamb 's céud carradh óir,  
Is suidh os a cheann ann 's gach ól ;  
Coimhdachd Rìgh 'm baile móir,  
'S dol a dh' fhulang lús a leóin.

7 Se thuir na curina tréune,  
O na 's comasach dhúinne dheanamh,  
Cho ghabh sinn cumha no gheall,  
Ach bhur sea cinn air aon bhall.

8 An sin dh' ioslaich Fionn a ghloir,  
Is sheall e air luchd a choi' óil ;  
A dhaoine 'n gabha' sibh deisainn,  
Dhol a bhualadh nan seachd seisair.

9 Se thuir an t-Osear bu mhór greann,  
' An lá chuireadh riu nan gleann ;  
Rinn mi túrn bu chruaidhe leam,  
No ge d' bhiceam an ceann do sheisear.'

10 ' Dìongaidh mise seisear dhíu,  
Do rá Fearraghuin bu mhór lúth ;  
Cho chuir e lé-trom air éach,  
Aon laoch a theid o 'm lámh.'

11 ' Dìongaidh mise seisear eile,  
Do ra' Caireall nan arm teine ;  
'S dearg mo fhraoch re sgahladh cheann,  
'N uair a nochdams' mo chruai' lann.'

12 ' Dìongams' Caoilte nan lámh luath,  
Fear is seisear do 'n mhór shluagh ;  
Gu 'r gineach iomairt mo lámh,  
'N uair a nochdam lann gu h-ár.'

13 Dìongams Oisain is grad lámh,  
Mo sheisear fein air aon bhlar ;  
Cho chuir e dragh air aon aitim,  
Aaon fhear theid o Ghearr-nam-callunn.

14 ' Mu dh' fhagadh gu deireadh cláir,  
Diais leis an creumar enáimh ;  
Dìongaidh mis' is Goll a ghaigidh,  
Ar da sheisear a dh' aon aitail.'

15 Lean sinn an sin air a chéile,  
Seisear do Mhathidh na Féinne ;  
Is Clann Chuilgadan nan cleas,  
Gu 'm bu choibhliant ar coi' ghleac.

16 Do 'n shiubhail mi 'n bhuidh bhraonach,  
Cho 'n fhacais riamh an coi' baodhlach ;  
'G eisteachd re slacraich ar 'n arm,  
Mar bluaith innain le trom fhuithrich.

17 Dhiongas mo sheisear air thú,  
A Phádraig 's bu mhór a chliú ;  
Dhìong Osear a seisear le aon bhénn,  
Mo sgéul goirt a bhí d' a iomradh.

18 Rinn na curina mar gheall,  
Mar rinn mise 's mo ghradh calma ;  
Ach am fear mu dheireadh a bh' aig Fionn,  
Bha mar bhuinn' eidear dha lionn.

19 Ghlac e 's bu mhór an téuchd,  
Ar seachd buillean na aon sgé ;  
'S mar bhithceadh masg Oseair le rath,  
Mharbhadh e sinne le gath.

20 Dh' imich sinn o Dhún an óir,  
Gu sabbach le gean gu 'n león ;  
'N deidh cosgairt na tréun aitim,  
Gheibha' buaidh 's gach bláir is batait.

21 Thug sinn leizn an airm 's an eideach,  
'S gach gné shéudaibh bu mhó féinne ;  
Le moran do dh' ór an Tearmainn,  
Gu sólasach gu Tigh-teamra.

22 Creid thusa chleirich na b-Eirann,  
Gu raibh sinn uair bu mhór eibhneas ;  
Ge d' nach maithrean aon anois dhiu,  
Ach mis' am 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 shicir toir fios dainn,  
Cia 'n t-uil as an d' thigeadh tu ?  
Thainig mis O Dhun an oir,  
An dun ud siar nan Triath fiontruinn ;  
An dun as nach d' thuigte bhraidean a mach,  
'S da' am bithidh a maimhde diomach.  
Cìod e ghluais o Dhun nan cliar,  
An t-oglaoch fiato, gearr ;  
A dh' ionnsuidh Cuthanaibh na Feinn,  
Nach d' fhuiling beud am blar ?  
Thainig mis' am theachdair cuilg ;  
O Chlann Chuilgadan nan cleas ;  
A tha ri feist a thoirt do 'n Fheinn,  
Do mhead sa dh' eile leis.

Fingal instantaneously followed this scout to the Golden Hill, where they arrived much fatigued and found none of Clan-chuilgadan at home. The Women treated them very hospitably and were eating and drinking by the time Clan-chuilgadan came up to 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-chuilgadan 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 sheisear mun aon bhord ;  
Thainig seachd seisir nar ceann,  
Do shluagh fuileachdach, fao bhlar arm.
- 3 Is cota creithilte grunn,  
Mu chuirp nan treun nach bu tim.
- 4 Mar fhuaim tuinne chluin an comhradh,  
'S cha deachaidh neach riamh o 'n combrag.
- 6 Ceud clodheamh, ceud earrad buaidh,  
Ceud ceann-beairt is slineach chruaidh ;  
Coimhdeach Rìogh anns gach toir,  
'S dol a d' fhuilang tus an leoin.
- 8 Dhol a bheuma nan seachd seisear.
- 16 'G cisteachd ri slachdrach nan dornn,  
Gach beum mar innein nan ord.
- 19 Mar bithidh Masg Oiscar nan geusan,  
Mharbhadh e sinne 'nar seisear.
- 20 Dh' imich sinn o Dhun an Oir,  
Gu subhach eibhinn gun leon ;  
An deidh Clann-chuilgadan nam bèum  
A chosgairt 's bu mhòr an sgeul.
- 21 Bu deurach bantrachd nan sonn,  
A caoidh na dh' eug air an tom ;  
Mar ghàrraich ean air an tràidh,  
Chluinte iolach bhroin gach mnàith.
- 22 Thug sinn leinn an arma geura,  
Liobhaidh, leudara, san t-eug-bhail ;  
Gu muirneach, miolaine, meamnach,  
Triall thair gach magh gn Tigh-teanmhra.
- 23 Creid thusa Phadraic nan cliar,  
Gu raibh sinn la bu mhòr miadh ;  
Ged nach mathrean ach mise noc,  
Am aonaran snithich fuidh sprochen.

## 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-ainel mor athach ioghna ;  
Fhir Shicair nan ceuma borh,  
Cìod an t-ait as an tigeadh tu ?

- 2 Thainig mise á Dun an oir,  
An Dun ata an aird an lar ;  
An Dun nach tug a gheill riamh,  
'S gu 'm bithendh a naimhdean diomach.
- 3 Rainig sinne Dun an oir,  
'S chrona ar ciun man cho-ol ;  
Thainig seachd seisir 'nar ceann,  
Do shluagh fuileach faor arm.
- 4 An fear bu taire dhui, sud,  
Gu 'n deanga e ceud an combrag ;  
Bha ma bhraigh gach fir mhóir,  
Sgapul date dhe 'n oir dhearg  
Craosach mhaile nan himh nimeh  
'S lannan liobhra bha do-chaithe.
- 5 Thairg Fionn doibh cumha mor,  
Thairgeadh leis ceud unga òir.  
Ceud saoi ris nach deacha srian.  
Ceud bean bhantrach co-fial,  
Tus sloigh 'n 'am dol san teughmhal,  
Agus deire tighinn a mach,  
O 'se thogadh buaidh na buaighne.
- 6 Ach fhreagar air cuiridhean calma.  
O 's comasach dhuiun a dheanamh,  
Cha ghabhar leim cumha no geall,  
Ach 'ur cinn uile air aon bhall.
- 7 An sin dh' islich Fionn a ghloir,  
Sheall e air luchd a cho-ol ;  
Diaoine an gubh sibh fuathas deth,  
Dol a bhualadh nan seachd seisir ?
- 8 Deir an t-Oscar bu mhòr greann,  
An la thugadh ruaig nan gleann ;  
Rinneadh gnìomh bu chruaidh leam.  
No na cinn a bhuiin do sheisair.
- 9 Deangar leansa seisir eile,  
'Se thuir Caorull nan arm gasda :  
Bu dearg fraoch a sgaradh cheann (sgatha)  
Deangar mise seisir rìgh.
- 10 'Se thuir Feargu an gloir mhin,  
Cha chuir iad leatrom air chach ;  
Gach aon laoch a thig a' m' choail. (cho-dhail)  
Deangaidh Caoilte nan cas luath,  
Fear is seisir do 'n mhòr shluagh.
- 11 Deangaidh fear saothrach nan ramh,  
A sheisir fein air aon bhall ;  
Deir Fionn Mac Cuthail  
Ma dh' fhaig sibh air deire clair,  
Dithis leis an croider camh,  
Diongaidh mise 's Goll na gaisge,  
An dà sheisair a dh' aon aitim.
- 12 Bha 'm fear ma dheirebh aig Fionn,  
Mar sheodhag eadar dha lion ;  
Fhrighail e 's bu mhòr am feum,  
Aiar seachd buillean na h-aon sgeath :  
'S mar bli Oiscar nan nadh.  
Cheangail e sinne 'nar seisair.

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 Croidhild mi ceud maolach mhaol,  
Air gleann Easgadal nan loagh ;  
Ceud Douran 's ceud damh alluidh,  
Nach d' fhaig an cuibhne an ard bheann.
- 14 Ceud comhladh do 'n chreamh ghlas,  
Air a bhuan san fhaioleach gheamhraidh.  
Chuirinn sid a steach am maireach,  
Air bhuidheachas mo leannan.  
Air greigh do eachaibh donn dearg,  
Fo chokann do fheara feannaid :  
'Se 'n diol do eachaibh co-sheilg,  
'S iad uile do dh' armaicha,  
Caotlaidh iad mise an sìth bhrugh,  
Ach cha tig mi tuille a' d' amharachd.

## TEANNADHD MOR NA FEINNE.

I AM puzzled where to place this ballad. According to peasant reciters, people from many foreign realms joined the Finne when their fame had spread. They had

besten Manu, the Northern invader, and the Southern tribes at Dan-an-Oir. According to this ballad, two recruits, of whom one was a son of 'Leir,' or Liuir, who seems to have reigned in the Isle of Man, took umbrage, and deserted to the King of Lochlann. According to current tradition, the warrior had a love-mark on his brow, 'Sugh Seirc.' 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 Baoisige, after eight days, nearly exterminated the Northmen, but a third, or two thirds, of the Irish army died. It somewhere appears that Fearragin had served with the Feinne, and that he, not Manus, enticed them to Lochlann.

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

This ballad is very popular. Copies of it were in Irish MSS. before 1784, and these are in 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 *Dibird fii*. Apparently it was the same which begins *Dibir Dlighe* in Mac Donald's collection. 2. Mac Nicol of Lismore, had two fragments, about 1755, 192 lines. 3. About the same time, Fletcher of Achalader had 224 lines. 4. Kennedy had 248, and 268 lines collected in Argyllshire. 5. In 1780, Hill got 46 lines in Argyllshire. 6. In 1784, Mac Arthur had 10 lines, got in Mull. 7. About the same time Bishop Young had 159 lines. 8. In 1786, Gillies had 236. 9. About 1800, Dr. Irvine got 194 lines from a man who learned the ballad from his grandmother, in Mac Pherson's country. This version contains many lines which are not in Gillies', printed at Perth, 1786, and lines which are in no other version known to me. 10. At some late date Mac Donald got 84 lines from George Mackay, in Dalrig House, parish of Farr, aged 55; John Mackay, Knockbreac, parish of Durness, aged 50; and Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, parish of Eddrachellis, 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 collated all these, more than 2040 lines. Were I to fuse the versions, they would make about 300 lines. I print D. Mac Nicol's version, in his own orthography; extracts from F., which is very like D.; Kennedy's first version, H.; and extracts from his second, L.; 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.

##### TEANNACH MOR NA FEINNE.

- 1 LA ga 'n raibh Padric na Mhùr  
Gun Saim bhì air Uigh ach òl  
Chuaidhe Thigh Osseim mhìc Fhinn  
O na leis bu bhìn a Ghloir.
- 2 Faighte dhuit a shean Fhìr shuaire  
'T iousaidh air chuairt thanig sinn,  
A Laoch mhìli baile Dreach,  
'S dearbh nach deir thu neach snad ni.
- 3 Sgeul a bail linn fhaotain uait,  
Ogha Chumhail, bu chruaigh Colg,  
'N teantach 's mo an raibh an Fhian,  
O na ghin thu riamh nan Lorg.

- 4 Dhìnsine sin dhuit gan Tamh,  
Ghiolla Phadric na 'n Salm grunn,  
Teantach smo an raibh na Fir,  
On a gineadh Fianachd Fheinn.
- 5 Dearmad Fleagha ga 'n drin Feann  
'S an Albhidh ri Linn nan Laoch,  
Air Chuid don Fhein shuas Druim dearg,  
Gu 'n derich a 'm Fearg san Fraoch.
- 6 Ma dhibh sibh sinne ma 'n Ol,  
Huirt Mac Romain le Gloir bliinn,  
Bherinse is Ailte ur  
Freiteach Bliana ri Mnr Fheinn.
- 7 Thog iad gu sgiobalt an Triath  
An Cloimh sa 'n Sgiadh nan Luing  
An Deish Fhenidh, Armaich, Fhial  
Go Rìogh'chd Lochlan na 'n Sgia slim.
- 8 Muinteris Bliana do 'n Rìogh  
Se thug an Deish a bh'fear Dreach  
Mac Rìogh Carchair' nan Sleigh Geur,  
Agus Ailte nach 'd eur neach.
- 9 Thug Bean Rìogh' Lochlan nan Sgiadh donn  
Gaoil gu trom 'scha bann gu deas  
Do dh' Ailte greadhnach an Fhuite deirg  
Dh folbh' I leish an Ceilg sám Braid.
- 10 Dh folbh' I leish a Leabaidh 'n Rìogh,  
Sud an Gniomh ma 'n doirte Fuil,  
Sa nionsaidh Flaitheas na 'm Fhian,  
Ghabhadar an Triath thar muir.
- 11 Fhionnail Rìogh Lochlan a Sluadh  
Cabhlach cruaidh sam bhì go deas,<sup>3</sup>  
Se dheireadh leis re aon Uair,  
Na naodh Rìoghre sa 'n Sluadh leis.
- 12 Lochlanich a Bhuin bhorb,  
'S ro mhait 'n Colg re dul an Cein,  
Thug iad um Freitiche Triath,  
Nach pillendh iad Srian na 'n deigh.
- 13 Thogadar an Abhaist<sup>4</sup> ard,  
Re Crie Eire garbh an Greish  
'S chuirthear a 'm Puible a mneigh<sup>5</sup>  
Gaoird on Bhruth an raibh Feann.
- 14 Teachdairachd thanig nar Ceann,<sup>6</sup>  
Teachdeareachd<sup>7</sup> chuir rìango Truadh,  
Comhrac cruaidh o Fhiana Fail,  
{ Fhetin air an Traigh mu thua } *Interlined.*  
{ Gur e bail leo fhaotain uait. }

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

- 15 Fhregair Ailte 'n Comhrac treun,  
Fear thabhairt Lan-gheligh sgach Cath  
{ Ceann ali mhic Leirg na lir, } *Inter-*  
{ Ceann Mhic Neambi, 's Ceann Mhic Lir } *lined.*  
Maoithear leis an dara Beun.
- 16 Seachd fìchid Ceannairt dar Foin,  
Agus Ailte fein air Tùs  
Thuit sud le Laimh Fhearagain mhor,  
Ma 'n deachaidh na Sloigh an dlus.
- 17 Se raite Feann Flath nan Cuach  
'Se gamhrac air Sluadh Inse fail,  
Co dhiongas Fearagain san Ghreish,  
Mu 'n leigemid Leis air tair ?
- 18 Se ni ghabhadh sud le Goll,  
An Sonn nach barraste chluidh,  
Diongamsa Fearagain san Ghreish,  
Leigr edir air Cleis Luidh.
- 19 Cuchulan is Diarmaid Donn,  
Fearra-chu crom is mac an Deirg, (Leidh)  
Dhìdin o Bhuilbh an Laoch  
Cuir dish air gach Taobh d' Sgeith.

<sup>1</sup> Rinnachain.

<sup>2</sup> Bann rìogh.

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

<sup>4</sup> Colvurs.

<sup>5</sup> gu tiugh.

<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 Shoisgeal mo Rìogh  
Chlannaibh morna na 'n Gniobh borb.
- 21 Buin leat Cath fengra na Fein  
Nach d'fhuidir Ceum thoirt air Cùl,  
Cuir sud air do Ghuailin deish,  
De Shìol Cumbail na 'n Cles luth.
- 22 Oehd Oiohin duinn is oehd Lo  
A sìor chuir ar air as Tloigh;  
Ceann Rìogh Leohlan na 'n Sgia donn  
'S e mhasidhe Goll air an 9<sup>th</sup> Lo.
- 23 Tuille is seachd fichid sonn,  
Thuit sud le Gara 's le Goll,  
On a gherich a Ghrian moch,  
Gus an deacha I siarr Annoch.
- 24 Seachd fichid do Chlanaib Rìogh,  
B' mhòr Gaisge agus Gniomh,  
Thuit sud le Osgar an aith,  
Is le Caoreal Cnes-bhànn.
- 25 Air a Bhaiste thug thu orm,  
Chlerich a chaufas na Saim  
Thuit leumsa 's le Feann nam Fleagh  
Coimhliona Ceann ris a Chearthair.
- 26 Ach nan fuighe E Cothron nan Airm,  
Deadh mhac Inuil 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-siabh a' d'heas,  
Ach na 'n lughamid a Ghrian,  
Cha mho na Trian thanig as.
- 28 Ach nan lughamid an Rìogh  
A Phadric, le 'm mian gach salm,  
Ge'd thanig Droing dar Maithibh as,  
Cho drin sinn ar Leas san La.

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

- 1 COBHIRE a chin aig Fion,  
'S aig Maithibh Eirin gu leir;  
Nighin Rìogh nan gaibhte uaip,  
Gun faithid e sa bhean fein.
- 2 Hug shinne gha nighin Rìogh,  
Bu ghuirne suil 's bu ghriune meir;  
Chuir shin ga coibhidichd ceud Eich,  
A' bear rish an dechidh strìan.
- 3 Chuir shin ga coibhidichd ceud Each,  
A bear rish an dechidh strìan;  
As ceud marich air am muin,  
Le Cullidh T-shriol (oir) le 'n laiste Gniobh.
- 4 San herrin I air an Raoin,  
'S ghagadar na' doigh na Heich;  
San a hug I ceim ga choir,  
'S da ubhl oir na Laibh dheis.
- 5 Da Chaillin ' air Gualin a Guin,  
Dealbha a Chruin fo Gheil nam port;  
Do naichd 's e Pùil Fhinn,  
Innis duin a Bhrìgh sa Bheichd.
- 6 Mo Naichds' e Pùil Fhinn,  
Gu 'n Insin a Bhrìgh gu ceart;  
Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,  
Gun' dimmir I gniobh gu cear.
- 7 Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,  
'S gun' dimmir I Gniobh gu cear;  
Cairdeas as Comman ri Fionn,  
Gun faigh du 's mi na Geall.
- 8 Dheothidh du shud as ceid Leig,  
As ciad shend don Tairbhi T-shaoir;  
Dheothidh du ceud shoebhac suaire,  
Air am bithidh Buaidh nan Ian.

<sup>1</sup> Chainnil.

- 9 Dheothidh du shud as ceud Corn,  
Dhianigh do 'n Uisg ghorm an Fion;  
'S ga be dhòigh aiste Deoich,  
Cha reichidh a Hart am meud.
- 10 Gheobhidh du shud as ceud Mios,  
Cuir sa Rìogh a Bheathidh 'naigh;  
'S ga be ghlethidh iad rim beo,  
Chumigh iad Duin og do Ghna.
- 11 Dheobhidh du shud as ceud Graoidh,  
As lan Glinne do Chreigh ban;  
Mar gaibh u suin bheannich leat,  
Hoir leat do Bhean 's dian ruin shi.
- 12 Co duginse Shith do Dhail,  
Na Mhathibh Erin gu leir;  
Ach Fionn fein a dhòil fo 'm Bhreth,  
Agus Creich a hoirt gu Traidh.
- 13 Ach cha dug u leat do neirt,  
Na bherigh a Chreigh gu Traigh;  
Fallaigh mishe 's bennich leat,  
Fon chaigh Teinnich bun do riunn.
- 14 Cha nailth thuss' a chiabh nan cleichd,  
Rìobhin fhairiste Bheoil bhinn;  
Gheobhidh du no sheide saoir,  
'S guilam 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 Dhon na D'fherin na Hulloich;  
Ach Erin na croichdan Glass,  
A hoghbail leom ann am Loingis.
- 17 Gun thiuntaich I riuthidh a Cuil,  
'S mharich I Cuirsu gu dian;  
'B iummid Sroil ga hoiggaill suas,  
'Nordibh gu hua chaidh an Fhian.
- 18 Doilfin nic Ghailein fon Ghreig,  
Muinne Fhearragin as ni 'm breig;  
Ri faicinn a Chinn ga Daulte,  
Rìgh bu neo aithidh a himmichd.
- 19 Goul & Oscar an aigh,  
Connil as Caoril Cueas-bhan;  
Mo bhuilher mi 's Fionn nan Fleigh;  
Gam bunnigh I 'n ceann don Cheirir.
- 20 Mar Fearr chaidh as o Beul airm,  
Na chaigh le Main don Ghreig;  
Do Rìogh Lochlin na ga ni,  
Cha dranig riabh an Tìr fein.

F. 12. TEANNDACHD MOR NA FEINNE. AGUS  
MALLE RIS, ORDAMH, AGUS TEACHD A MACH NAM BREA-  
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 orios,  
'S cha d' theid slios m' an d' theid iad eug;  
Chaisge iad leum-droma 's sgios;  
Leug rionnach nam bucal bà.
- 24 Gheibhe tu sud is ciad long,  
Sgoilte tonn air bhunne borb;  
Air an luchdacha gu teann,  
Deis gach aon-ni a b' fhearr doigh
- 25 Gheibhe agus ciad mac Rìgh.  
Bhuneadh cis air chluiche bhuir;  
Gheibhe is ciad scobhag shuairc,  
Air am bitheadh buaigh nan eun,

This also occurs in Manus.

II. PAIRT.

Sgaoil Fearrghus a Bhratach re crann,  
Mar chomthar gun do dhùalt Rìgh  
Lochlunn cumhadh.

- 1 Air faicsinn 'sin ghluais an Fheinn ghaolach gu foil.  
M' am biodh Eirinn uil' air earras.
- 2 Thainig slugh thair iomch' rum thonn,  
Thainig sud 's bu trom am feachd ;  
Suil gou d' thug Rìgh Lochlunn uaith,  
Chunnaic è Bratach a tighinn a mach,  
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,  
Air lasadh do dh' òr Eireannach.
- DEIR RÌGH LOCHLUNN.
- 3 ' Co i a Bhratach sid Iulla dhuanach,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein-bhuaghaich,  
Chi mi Giulla gasda air a ceann  
'S i fein aig togra thair slugh.'
- DEIR FEARRGHUS.
- 4 Cha ni sud ach an Liath-laidhmeach,  
Bratach Dhiarmad-odh-duimhne ;  
'N tra thigeadh an Fheinn uile 'mach,  
Ghabhadh an Liath-lui' neach toiseach,  
'S gur h è bu shuachneas don t-srol-bhuighe  
Toiseach teachd is deire falbh.
- 5 ' Cia i 'Bhratach so Iulla dhuanach,  
Au i sud Bratach Mhic Trein bhuaghaich  
Chi mi Giulla,' &c.
- 6 Cha ni sud ach an aon chossach (ruadh)  
Bratach Rhaoina na mor shluagh ;  
Bratach leis an sgoiltear cinn  
'S le doirtair fuil gu h-aobrainibh
- 7 ' Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghuanach,  
An i sud Bratach,' &c.
- 8 Cha ni sud ach a Bhriachail-bhròchuil,  
Bratach Ghuill mhoir mhic Morne ;  
Nach d' thug troighe riabh air a a-ais,  
Gu 's 'n do chrith an talamh trom-ghlas.
- 9 ' Co i Bhratach so Iulla,' &c.
- 10 Cha ni sud ach an Dubh-nimhe,  
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reathe ;  
Air a bhaid 's gu 'm bi sa chath,  
Cha bhiodh iomra ach air an Du'-nimhe.
- 11 Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghuanach,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein-bhuaghaich.  
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,  
'S i lasadh le h-òr aobhinn.
- 12 Cha ni sud ach an sguab-ghabhadh,  
Bratach Oseair chroida laidir ;  
Nuair a ruigte cath na cìar,  
Cha b' flui' 'farruich ach an Sguab-ghabhadh.
- 13 Ach thog sinn' Deò-ghreine ra crann,  
Bratach Fhinn bu teann 's chath ;  
Lom' lan do chlochamh 'n òr,  
'S cosmhal bu mhòr meas is rath
- 14 'S air faicsinn dha bratach Fhinn,  
'Shaoileadh e gu 'n thuit a bheinn.'
- FEARRGHUS.
- 15 'S duillich dhuitsa na bheil ann.  
Gath-greine Mhic Cuthail ra crann ;  
Is naoi slabhruidhean aiste sios,  
Do 'n òr bhuighe, gun dall sgiamh,  
Agus naoi naoi làn-ghaisgeach.  
Fu' cheann na b-nìle slabhraidh  
Aig tograirt air feadh do shluagh.  
Mar chliath treoghaidh gu traigh  
Thoir an aire dhuit féin,  
Biodh gair chatha gu d' iomairn.
- RÌGH LOCHLUNN.
- 16 'S breugach do bheil fhili bhinn,  
'Trian na ta agamsa do shluagh ;  
Cha rabh agaibhse sann Eirinn.'
- DEIR FEARRGHUS.
- 17 Ga beag leatsa an Fheinn thearc so,  
Bheir thu d' gheann mu 'n d' thig am feasgar,  
Roimhe 'n lana glasa no ni thu d' th aimbleas.
- BROSNUCHA FEINN.
- 18 'Cromaibh bhar cinn sa chath,  
'S deanadh gath Flath mar a gheall.'

- 19 Seachd fichead d' mhaithibh air Feinne,  
'S Ailte fein air an tús,  
Thuit sud le laimh Farragain mhor,  
M' an deachnaidh na sloigh an t-lùs,
- 20 D' fluirich Fionn fada na thosd,  
Luigh sprac air 'n Fheinn gu leir ;  
'Co dhionghas dhomh Farragain so ghreis,  
No 'n leigamaid leis air tair ?'
- 21 Sin nuair a labhair Goull,  
An sonn bha docair a chlaoidh,  
Leigear mi 's Farragain sa ghreis,  
'S gu 'n feachamaid air cleas luigh,
- 22 Mac-luthinn agus Cìaran crom,  
Diarmad donn is Mac-an-leigh,  
Ga d' dhiona bho bhullion an laoidh,  
Tog dithis air gach taobh mar sge,
- 23 Seachd fichead agus mìle sonn,  
Thuit sud le Garra' is le Goull ;  
Dha urrad le Oscar an aoidh,  
'S le Caoirreal còra enaidh.
- 24 'S air an ainm a thug thu orna,  
Iulla Phadruc nan salm binn ;  
Gun do thuit leom fein 's le Fionn,  
Choi-lion cean ris a chearthar,
- 25 Mur rath duine ann,  
Chuaidh 'mach o bheil airm ;  
Na theich le maoin do 'n Gheig,  
Do Rìgh Lochlunn no da shluagh,  
Cha deachaidh duine d' a thair fein.
- 26 Thuit sinne cor is leth air Fiann,  
Air an traigh tha siar fo dheas ;  
Ach n' an lughaitne a ghrian  
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 1.

- 1 LATHA bha Pádraig na mhúir,  
Cha robh Suilma air iugh ach sgeúil ; (ag ol)  
'Chuaidh 'e thigh Oisain Mac Fhinn, (Mhic)  
Oir Sann leis bu bhinn a bheil. (gíoir)

\* Labhair Oisain an so mar gu bu neach eile labhradh.  
1 Gluais.

- 2 'Fáilte<sup>2</sup> dhuita! shean f'hir shuairec,  
T' ionnsuidh air chuir<sup>3</sup> thainig nu;<sup>3</sup>  
Laoch mhíl' is caoin dearg dreach,  
Cha d' cur thu riamh neach m'n ní.
- 3 'S géul<sup>4</sup> a b' áil leam fhagáil<sup>5</sup> unit,  
Ogha Chuthaill bu chruaidh colg;  
An teanntachd is Moghadh 'n raibh.  
'N Cath is teinne chuir an Fhian  
O na ghen thu riamh nan lorg.'
- 4 Bheireamsa lín dearbhb dhuit,  
Ille Phádraig nan saibh binn,  
Mu 'n chath 's teinne chuir na fir,  
A na gheinamb fianntídh Fhinn.
- 5 Dearmad fleagha do rinn Fionn  
An Albheinn ri linn nan laoch,  
Bha cuid do 'n Fhinn fúí dhruim dearg,  
'S dh' eirich orra fear is fraoch.
- 6 Dhiuir iad sinne san ór, (ol)  
Mac Ronain nan gloir ceúin binn  
Dubhairt Caoilte is doidh leinn,  
'S ní mo fhuair sinn mar bu choir  
Ionad suidhe mor mbar Fhinn.
- 7 'An éric a mí-mheas dhuin,  
'S o neach do chum fleagh na Féist,  
Bheir mis is tus Aillí' úr,  
Freiteach bliadhne re m'ur na Feinn.'
- 8 'N sin thogadar orra gu triall,  
An cloidheamh san sgia' nan luing;  
'N diais laoch bu chaoín dearg dreach,  
Gu Rígh Lochlan nan srian slíom,
- 9 'S bu Rígh air Lochlan san uair,  
Fear a gheibhadh basáidh ' sgach blár;  
Fearraghuin mac<sup>6</sup> aon fhear nan long,  
O' Rígh bu mhaith a lann sa lámh.
- 10 Muintearas bliadhna do 'n Rígh,  
Thug an diais bu chaoín dearg dreach,  
Caoilte Mac Rannaghuin 'n sleagh géud  
Agus Aillídh nach d' eur neach.
- 11 Ach Ban Rígh Lochlan nan sgia donn,  
Ghabh i gaol tron nach roibh deas,  
Air Aillídh greadhnaich nan arm dearg,  
Gus an d' rinn i chealg nd leis.
- 12 Ghluais i a leabiadh an Rígh,  
B' e sin an gníomh mun dhoirteadh fuil;  
'S gu Albheinn aobheach na 'm fiann,  
Thogadar an triall thar muir.
- 13 'Mo chomric ort-Fhinn nan coín,  
Labhair e ghu cró-dearg aill;  
Nuair tharlas mí 'n cás na toraichd  
Tensairgibh mí sloigh Rígh Pháil.'
- 14 'Gabhann do chomric thair muir,  
Roimh aon neach a sheall sa ghréin;  
Tra tharlas tu an cás san toir  
Gabháidh 'n slogh do dhíon fúí 'n sgeith.'
- 15 Thionáil Rígh Lochlan a shluagh,  
'N cabhlach a bha gu cruaidh deas;  
'S e na thionál e m'n thuath  
Naoi Ríghridh san slugh leis,
- 16 Sheól iad an cabhlach gu h-árd,  
Gu rioghachd Eirann bu ghearg ágh;  
'S gu h-Albheinn oighneach na 'm fiann,  
Thogadar an triall o thráidh.
- 17 Shintich iad am Priplean gu luath,  
Rígh Lochlan sa shluagh nach raibh tiom,  
Air na tillichean a muigh,  
Gairid o' n bhruth an raibh Fionn.
- 18 Teachdaireachd thainig o 'n Rígh;  
An sgéul tim chuir ruinn gu truaigh;  
No 'n laodhad Inuseabh phail  
Cómbrag fear do mhuintir Fhinn,  
Fhagháil air a ghliun mu thuath.
- 19 Fhreachair Aillídh o 'n cómbrag cruaidh,  
'N sgeul truaigh sin thainig an céill;  
Ceann aillídhí dea' mhae Rígh Láuir,  
Thuit leis air an dara beim.
- 20 Deich Ceannaird fhichead d' ar Féinn,  
Is Aillídh féin air an tús;  
Thuit sud le luimh Fhearraghuin mhoir  
Ma 'n deachaidh na slóigh an dlús.
- 21 Thuit nach fhadadh againn teach,  
No amhuinn no b'cinn no tulach,  
Ach Eirinn na cragan glas,  
Nach d' uigte steach aon na loingas.
- 22 Do thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór  
Do na sloigh thainig an céill, (ceinn)  
'S do Rígh Lochlan nan colbh sean,  
Faraon agus a bhean féin.
- 23 Thug sinne dhoibh ingin riogh  
P. 89. 'S guirme suil sa 's gille deud  
Chuir sinn gu coimheadch ceud each  
As fear ris n' deachaidh srian.
- 24 Ach Lochlanaich a bhuidheann bhorb,  
Aig mead an colg is an ágh  
Cha ghabha iad cumha fúí 'n ghrian,  
Gun an Fhian a chuir nan dáil.
- 25 'S ceud marcach air a muin  
P. 89. Le 'n earradh sroil on laiste grian  
Nuair theirrin 'n sin air 'n t-sraid  
Sa a' fhag i no deigh na heich.
- 26 Cha mbo ghabhadh Fearraghuin mor,  
Aig mead a dhóchas as féin  
Duais no bhean air tir no tuinn,  
Ach suinn Eirinn bhí fúí mhéin.
- 27 Ach comhairl eile chinn aig Fionn,  
'S aig maithaibh Eirinn gu léir,  
Inghnan Rígh nan<sup>7</sup> gaibhte uath,  
A thabhairt dhosan na géill.
- 28 Fhuaradh an sin ingheann Rígh, (ur)  
Bu ghuirme súil 's bu ghriinne méar,  
Bha snuagh a ghnuis mar a ghrian  
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 's a gné.
- 29 Chuir sinn d' a coimheadch céud each,  
Bho mhaith ris an deachaidh sriann;  
Is ceud marcach air a muin,  
An eulaidh shróil bu lasrach fia.
- 30 'N uair a thurlig iad air an raon,  
'S a fhag iad nan deidh na h-eich;  
Thug i céinn an sin d' a cóir  
'S d'a ubhal óir na láimh dheis,
- 31 'Coid do nuagbachds' o phobull Fhinn,  
Ainuir ghriinn sa chiabh nan cleare,  
'S an t' adhbhar mu 'n d' aimgí thu féin,  
Aithris gu 'n chaird e le gean.'
- 32 'Se mo nuagbachds' o phobull Fhinn  
Gu 'n inseam dhuit e gu 'n cháird;  
O 'n rinn do bhean ort beairt chfí  
'S a dh' imair i e gu cearr.
- 33 Cairdeas is comau re Fionn,  
'S gu fuigheadh tu mí na géal;  
Anois 's ris feadh mo láith  
'S gach aon séud is ághoir thall.
- 34 Gheibhadh tu sin is céud léng,  
Is céud séud an talla saor;  
Gheibhadh tu sin is céud scobhag,  
Air am bitheadh buaidh gach aon.
- 35 Gheibhadh tu sin is céud erios  
'N slíom mu 'n bí cha tuit am blár,  
Coisgidh iad leum drom is sgiós,  
Séud riomnach na 'm bucal léan. (amlag)
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud cornn,  
A ní do 'n bhurnn ghorm an fíon,  
'S ge b'e dh' olas asta déoch,  
Cho bhí dhochartas gu 'n díon.

<sup>2</sup> Uimplachd.<sup>3</sup> Suinn.<sup>4</sup> Fios.<sup>5</sup> fhaotain.<sup>6</sup> Bè athair a bu mho loingas a bha r'a fhagháil 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 arbhúí óir.

- 35 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud mias,  
An luchairt Rìgh an beatha 'n àigh ;  
'S a b'e ghleadhas iad re bheò,  
Cumidh iad óg an duine ghná,
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud lórg,  
A spoilteas tóin air mbeinne 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 mbaith ris an deachdih srian,  
Is céud marcaich air a muin,  
An culaidh shróil is lasrach fia <sup>10</sup>
- 38 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud Ghréadh ;  
Is lán glinne do chrobb bán  
Is mar a gabh thus iad sin,  
Thoir leat do bhean 's dean ruinn saimh.
- 39 Cha tobhair mi sibh gu brath,  
Do mhaitheadh Eirinn gu léir ;  
Gus am fuigheam Fionn fú 'm bhreith,  
Is a chreach a thoir leam féin.
- 40 Cha d' ug thu féin leat do neart,  
Choidh na chuireas Fionn fú 'd bhreith,  
'No bhuidheas a chreach dhuit féin,  
Ach fólbhídh mis' is beannachd leat.'
- 41 'Cho 'n fholbh thusa chiabh nan cleare,  
A rìgh bhinn fharast a bheòil bhinn,  
Gheibheadh tu gach seud gu saor,  
'S ceannghlam thu re 'n thaoibh gear slím.'
- 42 'Cho 'n fhan mise Cheann nan ciar,  
O nach traoidh mi d' fhia no d' fhear,  
'S o nach fhuighean féin o d' bhéul,  
Sìth dh' fhiann Eirann gu 'n chath searbh.'
- 43 Cha tabhair mi sìth do dh' Fhionn,  
Air son aon ni tha fú 'n ghreine,  
O 'n thug e tearman do 'n fhear,  
A mheall nam mo dheas bhean féin.
- 44 'N sin charich i riu a cúl  
'S mbarcaich i d' ar céirt gu dian,  
B' iomad sról gu chur 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 shìochd Cuthail nan cleas lú ;  
Agus naoi fichead fear mòr,  
Bu docair a chuir air céul,
- 47 Dh' fhiosraich an sin flath nan cuach,  
Do Mhaitheadh sluaigh Innsa fàil ;  
Co dhiongadh Ferraguin sa ghreis,  
Mu 'n deanadh ar mi leas le tair.'
- 48 Do bha fhreagradh sin aig Goll  
Are sonn bu docair a chlaoidh  
Leigear ni 's Ferraghuin sa ghreis,  
'S gu feuchainn a chleasaibh lú,
- 49 Cuimhnich eadh feargarra na F'inn  
'S Chlanna morina nan cleas lú,  
Is mac Cuthail nan arm noicht,  
Air a threune chleasaibh lúdh.
- 50 Thor leat seachd fichead fear mòr  
Do Chlanna mormna nan cleas lú,  
A dh' fheitheamh air eacoir an fhir,  
Cuir Sin air thaoibh eùil.
- 51 Mac Lubhídh is Diarmaid donn,  
Oscar crom, is mac an Léig,  
A' d' dhion o bhuillean an Ládóich,  
Bíodh diais air gach taobh do' d' sgè.
- 52 'N sin chuaidh sinn an dáil a chèile,  
Slógh nan deich Rìgh is Suinn Eirann,  
'S bu luaithe na greann ghabh earrich,  
Sinn a dol an tús na t-éig' bhaíl.

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

- 53 Bu luaithe no millidh sruthan,  
A ruigh an aon slugan o árdabh ;  
Bhíodh a béucaich gu tréan meamacl.  
Le toirm Geamhraidh o gach fásach.
- 54 Cho bheacadh tréun thonn na tuinne,  
'N uair bhuaill iad re créugaibh ard ;  
Le neart na gaoidh tuath san fhuicllach  
Cho stuaghda re gaoir an ard chath.

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

P. 93. DR. YOUNG.

- 55 Oehd laithean duine gun tamh  
Sior dheanabh ar air no sloigh  
Ceann in rìgh Lochlunn no 'n sgiath donn  
Se buidhin Goll air a naochaibh lath
- 56 Ceart choimeas cómhrag nam fear,  
Cho 'n fhac mi riamh re 'm la ;  
Ceann Rìgh Lochlan nan sgiá donn,  
Bhuidhinn Goll air an naoi' amh trá'.
- 57 Tréunlamh ingheann Bhalcain o 'n Ghréig,  
Mnime Fhearraghuin gun aon bhréig  
'N uair thugadh an Ceann da Dalta  
Rí bu' neo' amhluidh a céill,
- 58 Bha Goll ann, 's Oscar an áigh,  
Conall 's Coireall a chneas bháin ;  
Mar bithidh mi 's Fionn nam fleagh,  
Gu 'n d' ugadh i 'n ceann do 'n cheathrar.
- 59 Deich fichead is míle sonn,  
Ceith ir fichead is coig míle sonn (5080)  
Thuit sud le Garadh 's le Goll ;  
Uighir le Oscar an áigh ;  
A dha urradh le Osear an aigh (10160)  
'S Uighir le Coireall is Soun,
- 60 Air a bheastadh thugas orm,  
Phádraig a chanas na saim ;  
Gu 'n do thuit leam féin 's le Fionn,  
Ceann is uighir ris a cheathrar.
- 61 O 'n dh' eirich a Ghríán moch thrá,  
Gus an deachidh i siar an moch ;  
Cómhrag aon fhear air an t-sliabh  
'S beag nach do thuit iad gu h-ìomlan.
- 62 Mach o mhead sa chuaidh leinn féin,  
No theich air a bhéigh mu dheas ;  
Do Rìgh Lochlan is da Shluabh,  
Cho deachadh duine dhú uainn as.
- 63 Ach luthreams' air anam mo Rìgh,  
Mu' deachidh croich air a ghreis ;  
Ceathrar is ceart leith nam fian,  
Thuit sin air an t-sliabh mu dheas.

## I. 6. FEARGIN.—A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 1. 204, 64 torn out, =  
268 lines. Advocates' Library, April 3, 1872. Copied  
by Malcolm Macphail.

In this manuscript about 64 lines are torn out. Marginal  
notes in various hands bear upon each writer's own share  
in the Ossianic Controversy. Extracts.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ALLY the son of Lear, and Cailte the son of Rangin, (two  
petty Kings in the South of Scotland) were sent by their  
Fathers, Lear and Rangin, to Fingal to be disciplined in  
the arts of War, Hunting, and Poetry, during their mi-  
nority. Fingal at their arrival happened to be engaged by  
Clan-Chuigídan, 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 fore-  
most seats in the King's Hall. Fingal being not in his  
own Hall cou'dnt 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 *Dallud of Dun an óir*.

Feargín, 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 Feargín consented. Soon after their arrival the Queen of Denmark (Feargín's spouse) fell in love with Ally with whom she fled accompanied with Cailte to Fingal for protection. Feargín 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 Alie the delinquent. The outrageous Danes landed, and Fingal sent Ally accompanied with thirty of his bravest men to ask his pardon, and offer him his wife back. Feargín kilt the thirty men and Ally leading the van. Fingal equip his granddaught daughter Semhrosóg accompanied with one hundred chosen men on Horse-back, and proposed herself to Feargín 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 Semhrosóg 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 Rangbhuin og,  
'S do Aillidh an t-ogán treun ;  
Teachd, gu mac Cumhail nan sluaigh,  
Gu Auna nan daan '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 dúlta daimh ;  
B' eibhinn aicheadhreach an Fhianu,  
Mar thoirn celtain ian gu traidh.
- 8 Ann Auana do chlann nan laoch :
- 10 An comain an teirbirt dhuinne,  
'S nach do chum iad fhearr nan ceud,  
Bheir mis' is tus' Aillidh ur,  
Freiteach bliadhn' rí mur na Feinne.
- 12 Fearghinn mac aon fhear nan long ;
- 15 'S gn h-Auna aobhach nam Fiann.
- 16 O 'n Mhereir-bhàn sheol na laoiach,  
Leis a ghaoih air chuanatidh near ;  
Clos cho d' rinn i 'm port air seinh-shruth,  
Ach mar can gu mein nam fear
- 18 Gabham do chomraic thair muir,  
Dhea Mhic Linir nan arman treun ;
- 20 Gu ríogh'chd Eirinn bu gharg ár ;  
Gu h-Auna aigheadh nam Fiann,
- 22 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn,
- 25 Ach Eirinn na crogan creachaith',  
Nach d' thuigte steach ann na loingens.
- 27 Cho ghabhadh iad cumha fúí' n ghreín,  
Ach an Fheinn a chur nan dail.
- 28 Chá ghabhadh Feargín nan ruag,  
Cis o 'n t-sluaigh air son a mhá ;  
Ach Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn,  
'Sa sunn a chosgairt fúí' phna.

Here the Princess gets a name.

- 29 'S aig Maithibh Eirinn nam peall ;  
Seimhrosóg nan dual arbhuidh oir,  
A thaibhairt dhosan na geall.
- 30 Fhuaradh a mach Seimhrosóg ur,  
Bu ghuirme suil 's bu ghriime near ;  
Bha snuagh a gnais mar a ghrian,  
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 'sa gne.
- 31 Chuir sin d'a coimhead ceud each,  
A b' fhearr ris an deachaidh srian ;  
Is ceud marcaich air pheill oir,  
'N eulaidh loinreach bu mor fadh (miadh)
- 33 Cíod do sgeul o phobull Fhinn,  
Anuir bhinn an-roinn-fhuil thlá ;  
'S an t-a' bhar mun d' thainig gu tuinn,  
Airis dhúinn, ma 's leim do ghradh.

34 'Se mo sgeuls' o phobull Fhinn,  
A laoiach nach fíom ann tus a bhlaír ;  
O 'n rinn do bheann ort beairt chlí ;  
'Sa dh' imair i 'n gníomh gu cearr.

35 Cairdeas is comann rí Fionn.  
'S gu fuigheadh tu ní na geall ;  
Le run díleas feara-pháile,  
'S gach aon send is aghoir thall.

36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud lengh,  
Is ceud seud ann tuaidh níd saor ;  
Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud seothag  
Air am bitheadh buaidh gach taobh.

40 Le ionnas na tonn a follbh.

57 'Ghluais sinn uile le Ríogh-pháile,  
Triath nan armann, b' fhearr san stri ;  
Bu chosmhúil rí toirm an-fhaslaich,  
Sinn a' doll an dail a gníomh.

58 Mar ghaoth earaich, no lon sleibhe,  
Bha gach treud a' triall nar ceann ;  
Mar shruth nise chluinte 'm beumna,  
A' tuitem far sge nam beann.

59 Mar leachda' tuinne san fhaoiach,  
Sruth dian a' maoma nan dáil ;  
B' aubhail is slachdraich nan laoch so,  
A' cosgairt na dh' aom o 'n traidh.

61 Treunlamh Mac Bhaleain o' n Gheirg (tuilne)  
Aide Fhearginn 's cho 'n aona bhreug ;  
Nuair chunnaig e 'n ceann d' a dhalt,  
62 Thug e 'n ceann le sbleagh do 'n cheathrar.

63 Is le Cairill, an t-armann donn.

64 Air an iargain thrúim so th' orm,  
A Phadraic nach dean stoilbh a h-eineach ;

65 Ona dh' eireadh a ghrian moch,  
Dhúinne gun chlos fad trí la ;  
Comhrag Ríogh Lochlan nan sluaigh,  
'Sa chath chruaidh ann gairte bron.

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

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

- 1 DEARMAD fleadha gu 'n d' rinn Fionn,  
San Albhain' re linn nan laoch,  
Air cnid d'an Fheinn shuas Drúim-dearg,  
Gun d' eirich am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 2 Ma dhibir sibh sinn mu 'n ol,  
Thuir Mao Ronair le glóir bhinn,  
Bheirimus agus Alde úr  
Breiteach bla'na re mur Fheinn.
- 3 Thog iad gu sciobalt an triall,  
An clóidheamh 's an sciath d'an luing,  
An diais fheinidh, armaidh, fhial,  
Gu Rígh Lochlainn na 'n srian shiom.
- 4 Bu Rígh air Lochlainn san uair,  
Fear a bhuidheadh buaidh gach blar,  
Earragan Mac Ainuir nan long,  
Gu 'm ba mhaith a lann 's a lamh.
- 5 Muintearas bliana d' an Rígh,  
Tug an diais a b' fhearr dreach,  
Moc Rígh Corchar na 'n sleagh genr,  
Agus Ailde nach d' ear neach.
- 6 Thug Bann-rí'nn Lochlann na 'n scíth donn,  
Trom ghaol trom 's cha b' ann gu deas,  
Ba ilde greadhnach an fhuil deirg,  
Is dh' fhalbh i an ceilg lois.<sup>2</sup>
- 7 Ghluais i leis a leabai 'n Rígh,  
Sud an gníomh ma 'n doirtcar fuil,  
'S a dh' ionnsuidh Flaithes na 'n Fionn,  
Thogadar an triall thair muir.
- 8 Chruinnich Rígh Lochlainn a shluaigh,  
Cabhlaich cruaidh a dh' fhas gu dcas,  
'S e dh' eirich re aon uair  
Na naoi Ríghrin 's an sluaigh leis.

<sup>1</sup> Almhain.

<sup>2</sup> Leis.



- 9 Lochlainn a bhuidheann bhorb,  
Is ro mhaith colg re dol am fein,  
Thug iad am mionna ag triall  
Nach pillleadh iad is Fiann uan diaidh.
- 10 Thogadar an Albaist ard,  
Seach críochá Eirinn nan colg teann,  
'S an Albain leathann na 'm Fiann,  
Thugadar an Triath air traidh.
- 11 Shuidhich iad am puible gu tigh,  
Rígh Lochlainn 's a shluagh nach tim,  
Air an tulach a bha muigh,  
Guairid o 'n bhrughann raibh Fionn.
- 12 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn,  
Teachdaireachd chuir rinn gu truadh,  
Comhrag dluth d' Fhiannaibh Fheinn,  
Fhaotain air na gleinn mu thuath.
- 13 Thairg Fionn doibh cumha mor,  
Do na sloigh a thain' ann cein,  
Do Rígh Lochlainn nam arm sean,  
Far aon is a bhean fein.
- 14 Comhairle chinn aig Fionn  
'S aig maithibh na Feinne gu leir,  
Nighean rígh na 'n gabtadh nap,  
Thoir do Rígh Lochlainn nan arm geur.
- 15 Ach Lochlainn a bhuidheann bhorb,  
Aig feabhas an colg is am mein,  
Ní 'm b' aíl leo cumha chunnaic grian,  
'S an Fhianh fhagail na 'n diaidh.
- 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 chuir fo 'n bhreth  
Is a chreach a thoir gu traidh.
- 18 Cha 'tug thusa leat do neart,  
Do bhrígh mo bheachd-sa, thair sal,  
Na chuireadh dhuit Fionn fo d' bhreth,  
No na bheir a chreach gu traidh,
- 19 Fhreagair Ailde na 'n comhrag cruaidh,  
Seuel a thainig truadh dha fein,  
Ceann mhic Néimhe 's mhic Lír  
Madhar leis an dara beum.
- 20 Seachd fichead do mhaithibh ar Feinne,  
Agus Ailde fein air thús,  
Thuit sud le laimh Earragáin mhoir,  
Mu 'n deachaidh na sloigh ann dlus.
- 21 'S e labhair Fionn flath na 'n buadh,  
'S e 'g amharc air sluaigh Inne-fail,  
Co dheangas Earragan sa ghreis  
Mu 'n leigeamaid leis ar tair ?
- 22 Do bhi freagradh sud aig Goll,  
An sonn bu deacair a chloidh,  
Deanamsa Earragan sa ghreis,  
Leagar cadrinn le 'r cleas-luidh.
- 23 Cuimhnichibh cath feargura Feinne,  
A Chlanna Morna 's mór cli  
A Chlanna Baoige na 'n arm deas,  
Leigibh ris lbur dea-ghníomh.
- 24 Beir leat Oissain is Diarmad donn,  
Fearr-chuth eom is Mac an Leigh,  
Ga d' dhionadh o bhuailibh an loich,  
Cuir diais air gach taobh mar sceith.
- 25 Buin leat cath feargura na Feinne  
Nach d'fhidir ceim a thoir air cul,  
Cuir sud air do ghuailin deas,  
Do shíol Chunnahil nan cleas-ludh.
- 26 Ochd latha dhuinne gun tamh  
Sior chuir air ais an t-slogh,  
Ceann Rígh Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn  
Bhuighinn Goll an naolbamb lo.
- 27 Naóí fichead is míle sonn  
Thuit sud le Garaidh 's le Goll,  
O na dh' cirich a Ghrian moch  
Gus an deachaidh i siar amoch.

28 Seachd fichead do chlannaibh Rígh,  
Ga 'm bu dual gaisg' is mor ghníomh,  
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh  
Is le Cairioll Corra-chnámh.

29 Mun' fear a chuaidh as o fhaobhar arm,  
No 'n comhrag le maon do threig,  
Do rígh Lochlainn no do shluagh,  
Cha deachaidh duine do thír fein.

30 Na 'm faigheadh e co'throm na 'n arm,  
Earragan Mac Ainmri na 'n arm glas,  
'S an Albhuidh na 'n abairt, *air Triath*,  
Cha ghlaectadh ach an Fhianh as.

31 Corr agus leath ar Fiann,  
Thuit sud air an t-sliabh mu dheas,  
Ach na 'n luadhmid a Ghrian,  
Cha mbo na ar trian thainig as,

32 Ach na 'n luadhmid ar Rígh,  
Cha mhaoi is Triath fo bhron,  
'S ge d' thainig d' ar maithibh as,  
Cha d'rinn sinn ar leas san lo.

NA BRATICHEAN.

MANUS, RÍGH LOCHLAINN.

33 Ge d' gheabhadh Rígh Lochlainn sud,  
Na bha mhaoin 's do shenda 'n Eirinn,  
Cha philleadh e sluaigh air ais,  
Gus am biodh Eirinn, níl' air earras.

OISSAIN.

34 Seoil Fearghus a Bhratach o chrann,  
Mar chomhar gu 'n dhiult Rígh Lochlainn cumha,  
Ghluais an Fhianh ghaolach gu foill  
Gus am biodh Eirinn uil' air earras.

35 Thainig sluaigh fairim chairim nan tonn,  
Thainig sud 's bu throm an fheachd ;

36 Suil d' an tug Rígh Lochlainn uaidh,  
Chunnaic e Bratach ag tith' n amach,  
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,  
Air a lasadh do dh' o' Eirvannach.

MANUS.

37 Cia i a Bhratachsá Fhili dhunanaic ;  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaic ?  
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,  
Is i fein ag togradh thair<sup>3</sup> sluaighadh.

FEARGHUS.

38 Cha 'n i sud ach an Liath-luineach,<sup>4</sup>  
Bratach Dhiarmaid o Duibhne,  
'N tra thigeadh an Fhianh uil' amach,  
Ghabhadh an Liath-luineach toiseach.

MANUS.

39 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhunanaic,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaic ?  
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,  
Is i fein ag togradh thair sluaighadh.

FEARGHUS.

40 Cha 'n i sud ach an Aon-chosach<sup>5</sup> ruadh,  
Bratach Raine na 'm mór shluaigh,  
Bratach leis an sgoiltear ceim  
'S le 'n doirtear fuil gu aobranaihu.

MANUS.

41 Cia i Bhratach-sa Fhili dhunanaic,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaic ?  
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,  
Is i fein ag togradh thair sluaigh.

FEARGHUS.

42 Cha 'n i sud ach a Bhriachaill Bhrochaill,  
Bratach Ghuill mhoir mhic Morna,  
Nach d' thug traigh riamb air a h-ais ;  
Gus 'n do chrith an talamh trom glas,

43 Gur h e bu shuaimhneas d' an t-sról bhuidhe,  
Toiseach teachd is deireadh falbh.

<sup>3</sup> Bhar.

<sup>4</sup> Luidnasech.

<sup>5</sup> Fhionn-chosach.

## MANUS.

- 44 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhìli dhuanach,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich ?  
Chi mi gille garta air a ceann,  
Is i fean ag togradh thair slughadh.

## FEARGHUS.

- 45 Cha 'n i sud ach an Duibh-nimhe,  
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reatha ;  
Air mhacad d' am bitheadh sa chath,  
Cha bhiodh ionradh ach air an Duibh-nimhe.

## MANUS.

- 46 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhìli dhuanach ?  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich !  
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,  
's i lasaradh le h-òr aoibhin.

## FEARGHUS.

- 47 Cha 'n i sud ach an sgruab-ghabhaidh,  
Bratach Oscar chrodha laidir,  
Nuair a rigtheadh cath na 'n clar  
Cha b' fhuair a fàraich ach an sgruab-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 dhùise na bheil ann,  
Gath-ghreine Mhic Cumhail re crann,  
Is maoi slabhraidh aiste sìom ;  
Do 'n or bhùighe gun dall-sgiom ;  
51 Agus naoi naoi lan ghaisreach,  
Fo cheann na h-nìle slabhraidh,  
Ag togairt air feadh do shluagh,  
Mar chliath<sup>7</sup> traodhadh gu traidh  
52 B'iaidh gair chatha ga d' iomain.

## MANUS.

- 53 Brengach do bheil Fhìli bheinn,  
Trian na ta agam ann so do shluagh  
Cha robh rianh agaih-b' ann Eirinn.  
Ge beag leats' an Fhiannteara-sa,<sup>8</sup>  
54 Bheir thu do theann leim mu 'n tig am feascar  
Roimh lanna glas, no nì thu d' aimhcas.

## FIONN.

- 55 Cromaihb bbnr ceinn sa chath,  
'S deanadh gach flath mar gheall.

## OISSAIN.

- 56 Bu liona ceann ga mhaoladh,  
Ag us gualain ga shnaigheadh,  
O eirigh Greine gu feascar.  
57 Cha deach' o fhaobhar lann gu loingis,  
Ach aon mhìle do shluagh barr ;  
Theich iad mar shrath o bharruibh bheann,  
Is sinne san chath ga 'n iomain.  
58 Bu lionmhor Fiannaibh agus sonn,  
Agus cruaidh bu throm trost ;  
Ach samhail d' Oscar mo mhac-sa  
Cha robh aca bhos no thall.  
59 Seachd cathai do bharr an t-stuagh  
Thuit sud le Oscar na 'm bnaidh,  
'S an naonar mac a bh' aig Manus Ruadh.  
60 Seachd fichead agus mìle sonn  
Thuit sud eadar Conan is Goll ;  
Ach Mac Cumhail 's a shluagh garg,  
Mar chaor theine na 'm mor fhearg ;  
61 Le shradagaibh diana cas,  
Bha buille gach laoch ann sa ghreis  
Fhad 's a mhair Lochlannaich ris.

<sup>6</sup> A Ghìle-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 'Alabainn,' Kennedy's 'Auna,' Gillies' 'Albhainn.' The place meant clearly is 'Almhuin,' according to Irish orthography, and according to these Scotch reciters. But scribes so write the sound, that modern writers contend for Mac Pherson's geography, and call 'the Hill of Allen,' 'Scotland,' 'Almhuin,' 'Alba.'

## TEANNDACHD MHOR NA FEINNE. Extracts.

- 12 Gu Albain bheag ladaich nam Fiann ;  
43 De rìgh Lochlain, no de shluagh,  
Cha deach duine do 'n tìr fein ;  
Dh' fhadh sinn coir as leth air Fìnn,  
Air an traigh bhia siar fo dheas.  
44 Ach nan tughainna a' Ghrian,  
Cha mhòtha na ar trian thainig as ;  
45 Ach nan lughamaid ar Rìgh,  
Chaidh mmai is Triath fo bbron ;  
Ged thainig de' r maithibh as,  
Cha d' rinn sinn ar leas san la.  
46 Tog arsa Fìonn, gu grad,  
Tog gu h-arda cliu an Laoich ;  
Bu neartmhor nn Triath na bhad,  
Ged tha e 'n diugh fo blac an fhraoich.  
47 'S iomadh suil au Lochlainn fhuair,  
Sileadh nuas gu frasach gear ;  
Cha 'n fhaic sibh a chaoidh na thuar,  
An curridh nis a leag air feur.  
48 Tha thalla gun chlu gun chlar,  
'S damhaich lan broin m' an fhear ;  
Ard rìgh Lochlain donn an sar,  
Se mi agh thug o thu thar lear.  
49 Cluinnibh fauin a Chaoilte ciara,  
Dh' fhalbh aighir nan clar 's nan con ;  
Am bheil a thannasg a' sùbhal gu fialadh,  
Na thuit an Triath am beann nan lon.

Charles Robertson learn'd this poem from his said grandmother, and also heard it from others many years ago.

## S. 5. DIBIR DLIGHE. 84 lines.

(i. e., THE NEGLECT OF RIGHT.)

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, June 1872.

This version contains lines which are not in other manuscripts. There are many slight variations in words, &c., which I have not thought worth notice. The following is the Collector's

## ARGUMENT.

FINGAL gives an entertainment to his Heroes, but neglects Alvin and the King of Rona's son. They, taking this as an affront, took their journey to Lochlin. After being some time there the King of Lochlin's wife fell in love with Alvin. Having made an elopement, they return to their native country. In consequence of this rape, the King of Lochlin collects his troops and navy, and invades Scotland, where it is said the Fingalians were at the time. A keen and bloody battle ensued, in which most of the Lochlins fell. Gaul 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 olie  
An tigh Ossian mhoir mhic Fhinn  
Gur ann luinn bu bhinn.
- 2 Fios bu mhath linn fhoilhean nat  
Ogh' Chumhail 's cruaidh colg  
'N cath 's cruaidh chuir an Fheinn  
Se bha mi fein air a lorg.

- 3 Agams' tha dheagh bhrath dhuit  
Phadric sheinnis na sailm bhinu  
'N cath 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 rinn nan laoch  
Air cuid don Fheinn air Drum-dearg<sup>2</sup>  
Dherich orr am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 5 Dhibir iad sinne san ol  
Mac Ri Rona bu do-innn  
Agus Elbh<sup>3</sup> Mac Iavir Ruaigh<sup>4</sup>  
Buidhean a dheargadh gu cruaidh rinn.
- 6 Dhimich an dithis ud don' Tar  
'S thog iad an triall nainn air muir  
Do thir Ri Lochlu nan laog  
Gur ann luinn bu trom an cean
- 7 Thug bean Ri Lochlin nan laog  
'N troma-ghradh nach robb ro-dheas  
Do dh' Elbh<sup>3</sup> greadneach nan airm  
Rinnis les a cheig gun fhios.
- 8 Ghluais i e leabhidh an Ri  
(Sud an gnioimh mu 'n dhortar fuil)  
Gu b' Albh<sup>1</sup> fhathach nam Fiann  
Thog iad leo an triall gu muir.
- 9 Gan thog Ri Lochlin nan laog  
Fheachd gu trom re chur an geill  
Deich Cathan fichid o' Thuath  
Don t' sluagh b' fhear bha fo n' ghrain.
- 10 Aon Cath deng bha sinn nan dail  
Do Fhiannidh Fail bu mhat grinn  
Taghadh gach fear a rug bean  
San teagheach ghlan an robh Fionn
- 11 Par dh' fhas an Ri lom-lan rachd  
Thog e a Bhratach re crann  
'Shuidhich e a luingsas gu tingh  
Muigh o'n bhruth 'n robh Fionn.
- 12 Gach treas claidheamh 's gach treas cù  
'S gach treas Luireach ur n' Fheinn  
Gach treas maighdin ogem fhear  
Thabhart do Ri Lochlin sa bhean fein
- 13 Bhaigir Elbh<sup>3</sup> comhrag cruaidh'  
Sgeul through re chur an leud  
Bhuineas le Iorghil nan lann  
A cheann air 'n dara beum
- 14 Deich Ceannaidh fichid do n' ar Feinn  
Is ceann Elbh<sup>3</sup> fein air thus  
Gan thuit le lamb Iorghil mhoir  
Mun deach na fir anns an luths'
- 15 Dhoinnich Mac Cumbail nan Cuach  
Re mathibh sluaigh Inne Fail  
Co choinichas Iorghil re dreis  
Mun leigadh sibh leis ar sar
- 16 Gar e fhreagair esan Goll  
Sonn bha deacair ri chlaoidh  
Mis agus Iorghil re dreis  
Leigar eadrin an eilas dluth.
- 17 Beannachd bhi ais do bheul  
'S minic a labhair thu sgeul mhat  
Chuir leat cath a chlaidheamb chruaidh  
'S ioma neach a chuaidh led chath.
- 18 Gabh Oscar is Diarmid donn  
Carril crom is Mac an Leith  
Dod dhedan o' bheuma 'n Laoich  
Dithis air gach taobh dhead sge
- 19 Tri la is tri oidhch gun bhiaidh  
Bha na firs' an sgainnir dhearg  
Ach na bhuineas le Mac Moirni nan lann  
A cheann air an t' seachda tra.

<sup>1</sup> Fingal's Hall.<sup>2</sup> Red or bloody hill.—Mac Donald.<sup>3</sup> Alvin, the same with Aldo, in the Battle of Lora.<sup>4</sup> This is similar in Mac Pherson's Battle of Lora.—J. Mac Donald.

- 20 Moch neach a dhalbh le moim  
No neach a chaidh as don Ghreig  
Aon do chuideachd Ri Lochlin  
Cha deach dl' atchidh gu thir fein.
- 21 Fear agus ceart leth nam Fiann  
Thuit air an t-sliabh 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 SEISIR. The Defeat of Carthonn. Tuirbhs re lein tarlach dara. Bardachd Dheireannach Oisein. Carthonn, &c.

ASSUMING that the conquest of Fearagin and nine Northern Kings ends the Norse Wars, and frees the Feinne, their next exploit seems to follow in this ballad. It is rare. Eight Warriors: Oscar, Caoilte, Mac Luath, Fionn, Diarmaid, Oisein, Raodhne, and Caoireal, went forth to war in Italy, France, Spain, and Britain, where they fought and conquered, as Oisein, one of the band, tells Padruig. In Kennedy's version, they are but six. In Kennedy's second version, name, argument, and story, are changed. To this belong fragments of Oisein's Lament. One came to me from Islay, in 1859; the other came from Dr. Mac Lanchlan, with its pedigree, March 31, 1872. This last fragment was printed in the Inverness Courier, with a translation and dissertation by 'Nether Lochaber.' The versions here printed explain points which seemed obscure. Whether this be of the time of Charles II., or a poem by Ossian, it certainly is very unlike Mac Pherson's Ossian, and very like other popular ballads. It has the characteristic Celtic imagery, which 'Ossian's Poems' have not. This poet, in Oisein's character, identifies himself with his natural, familiar woodland image of withering solitary age. He is not like the last nut in the husk. He is that solitary, withered, relic of past seasons, wavering in the autumn breeze, about to fall; the last of six. These were, Oscar, Caoilte, Oisein, Ruadhne, Goll, and Gorri. The King of Greece, in the 2nd verse, identifies the story, which was the same in all versions. In Kennedy's second version, lines marked \* were altered. They suit a new 'Argument.' Where Kennedy's English 'Arguments' are his own his Gaelic Poems remain like others of their kind. When his English improves, his oral ballads yield to Arguments which are not his. The Feinne become Mac Phersonic, *pro tanto*. Something vaguely like part of this story, was in Mac Pherson's English, p. 127, 1762. In the latest editions, vol. I., p. 192, are 371 lines of Gaelic, of which I cannot find one in this ballad. No Gaelic for the end of Carthonn exists, unless it has been found or composed since 1871.

## YMICH OCHTYR.

- 1 COYA lwm ymich ochtyr  
Chor tocht er my venmyrn  
Cut da nyuich cha chellwm  
Gin gur wellwn gi calmi
- 2 Oskir is keilt crowith  
Is m'lowith fa moltyr  
Finn agis Dermait deadzale  
Quogr leytych zar nochtyr
- 3 Misse agis rynith is Kerrill  
Keyve in norrin gin lochti  
Chinnimyr er chreith banwe  
Gir wea anmyrn nochtyr
- 4 Ymich orrin skail darwe  
Inni gi calm fane sotill,  
Daggimir downe vec cowle  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 5 Zawrmir downe re albin  
Bi chalmwe dwne a rochtin  
Hut reith lay m'kowlle,  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 6 Er zortymair zwle tagsin  
Ymich class inta is corkir  
Finni a wade gi brow  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 7 Huggymir cath sin neddall  
Di fre tegwalle na porteiv  
Rugimir hoye is cowe  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr

- 8 Hugimír caith ní frankgí  
O sann dí fre gí doggír  
Zowimír geylle is cowe  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 9 Hugimír cath ne spáne  
A tantyn is a tochtlyryn  
Qhoye r my ray tano doyno  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 10 Hugimír caith brettín  
Bí zeglich ay is be doggír  
Hoggymír gayle doyno  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 11 Warrimír Crom ní earne  
Er fargí is ay er ottill  
Foyrrymír gí ter oweille  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 12 Na rey haruik ní clossich  
A phatrik ossil hochmya  
Finni wayde er cowe  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 13 Noewe a manmsyth phadrik  
Is hard crawe is sochyr  
O phakgyth missi id coithr  
Cowan 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 further. Observe the Poem.

DAN 5.

- 1 'S BRISTEACH mo chroidhe sa Phádráig,  
'S mí tigh 'n air na bha sinn dearamh;  
'Nois ged nach maithean Mac Chuthaill,  
Leam is cumhain cuid d' a bheasaibh.
- 2 Gn 'n innsam dhubhsa Mhic Alpáinn,  
Aig bheil beannachadh uile Eirann;  
An treabhantas do rinn seisear,  
Nach gabhadh eagal no éuradh.
- 3 Ailis sin dhamh Oisian náraich,  
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leoir abhachd;  
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,  
D' ar laoi ch éibhneach, threisaíl áluin.
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n Chathair amaich,  
Seisear fear armach do bhuidheann;  
A dh' iarruidh freagradh gach tíre,  
'S a thogail cis do Mac Chuthaill.
- 5 Do ghluais sinn an tús ar teachd' reachd,  
Dhíonnuidh Rígh Sasgan nan géur lann;  
Ochóin! bu mheamnach ar 'n aigneach, theachd  
ro deisainn.
- 6 Teachdaireachd chuir gu Rígh Sasgan,  
Do bhri nearta bu chubhaidh;  
Géill a thoir dhainn air ar 'n eagal,  
Air gheca' freagradh do Mhac Chuthaill.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhuinne 'n Rígh buadhach,  
Do bhri uabhair agus treise;  
Nach d' ngadh e géill no freagradh,  
Is gu b' ion eagal do 'n t-seis.
- 8 Do thogamar ris air sleaghan,  
'S gu b' ann r' a ádhaidh ar bratach;  
Re aithris air ár nan gaisceach,  
Bla mnáí o 'n fhairsteach gu galach.

- 9 Thogamar leinne d' an aisle,  
Cuig ceud gu 'n fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;  
Sin dhuitsa sgéul a mhic Alpáinn,  
Aig bheil Laidcann agus Beurla.
- 10 Sin na rinn sim snas do bhraiddhean,  
Le tilgail ar saighde calma;  
Is na thog sinu d' an aisle,  
Mu 'n d' fhuasgail sinn bann do dh' Albinn.
- 11 Bu diais dhin mise 's Caoilte.  
Bu triar dhú Faoghlan fearrbhuidh;  
B' e 'n ceathramh dhú 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,  
'S b' e 'n cuige dhú 'n t-Oscar calma
- 12 B' e 'n Seathamh dhú Mílidh áluin,  
Nach do chlaón riamh bair re' n chuitmhne;  
'S a noc gu' r muladaeh a' ta mí,  
Re tim bhí 'g áireamh na búidhne.
- 13 Phill sinn air ar 'n ais do dh' Eirinn,  
Sinn mar cheathairn éibhneach shutha;  
Agheilleachdain air a bhagar,  
Do bhri feartean Fhinn mhic Chuthaill.
- 14 Rainig sinne na seachd Cathain,  
Dream nach deachidh riamh air theicheadh.  
'S air clor réidh na fola Feinne,  
Cho raibh dhinne 'n sin ach seisear.
- 15 B' iad sin fein a chuirear chruthach,  
A dh' fflag gu trom dubhach mise;  
Dh' fflag iad urseann mo chleibh snitheach,  
Agus crúin mo chroidhe bristeach.

I. 11. THE DEFEAT OF CARTHONN. 72 lines.

A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 26. Advocates' Library, April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE DEFEAT OF CARTHONN.

It is very probable that this Carthonn or rather Carthonn, is the usurper Carausius, 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 Carausius 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 valourous champions to reclaim the tribute of Carthonn, who at their arrival upon demanding the tribute (or appoint a day to engage Fingal and his army), were furiously attacked by Carthonn's Legions, of whom the brave Caledonians took 500 prisoners to Scotland where they were kept under close confinement till Carthonn laid down the tribute. This and several other successes helped greatly to establish Fingal's authority over all Scotland, and procured him the love and favour of his neighbouring Kings. The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine or St. Patrick.

All this is an afterthought. See above, A. 16. H. 16.—J. F. C.

- 1 'S BRISTEACH mo chroidheasa Phádraic,  
'S mí tigh 'n air na bha sinn dearamh;  
Noc ge d' nach maitheann Mac Cumhail;  
Leam is cumhain cuid da bheasaibh.
- 2 \*Gun sininn duitse Mhic Alpáinn,  
\*Bheireadh claisteachd do dheca' sgeula;  
\*Ann treabhantas do rinn seisear,  
Nach gabhadh eagal no éuradh.
- 3 Ailis sin damh Oisein náraich (dhaíneich)  
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leoir abhachd;  
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,  
\*Le 'n laoi ch bu treise sa gabhadh,
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n Chathair amaich,  
Seisear fear armach le 'r buidheann;  
\*A dh' iarruidh freagradh ar Ríghradh,  
'S a thogail cis do Mhac Cumhail.
- 5 Ghluaiseamar an tús ar teachd' reachd,  
Dh' ionnsuidh Rí Sasgan nan géur lann;  
\*Ochóin! bu mheamnach san astar,  
\*Na laoi ch a chaisgeadh an t-eug-bhail.

- 6 \*Teacdaireachd chuir gu Rìogh Carthonn,  
\*Do bhri' calmachd, mar bu eubhaidh;  
Geill a thoirte duinn air ar 'n eagal,  
Air neo-freagrachd do Mhac Cumbail.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhuinne Rìogh buaghar,  
Do bhri' uabhair agus treise;  
Nach d' thugadh e goill no freagrachd.  
Is gu b' ion eagail do 'n t-seisear.
- 8 \*Dhoirt iad chugainne na sluaigh,  
\*Mar theachd a chuain air rua' rugha,  
\*Gu beucach, buidheach 'n ar co' ail,  
\*S' nach tuigt' an comhars' san uighe.
- 9 \*Mar èitil nan ean ann soinn,  
\*S' doinnean a dubhadh an àbhar;  
\*Bha toirm nan Treonach, na millidh,  
\*Le gathan hobhaidh, gu 'r bearnadh.
- 10 Do thogamar ris ar sleighan,  
'S gu b' ann ri aghaidh ar bratach,  
Ri aithris air àr nan gaisgeach,  
Bha mnàì o 'n fhairsich gu galach.
- 11 \*Mar shileadh nam beann air aonach,  
\*Bha 'n creuchdan nan laoch a' dortadh;  
\*Mar ghaoth charannach Beinn-auna,  
\*Bha gàir nam fann ann sa chòmhrag.
- 12 Thugamar leinne da 'n Uaislibh,  
Cuig ceud gun fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;  
Sin dnitse sgeul a Mhic Alpain;  
\*Ga 'n biodh Laidinn agus Greigis.
- 13 Sin mar rinn sinn suas do bhraidean,  
Le tilgeil ar saighdean calma;  
Is na thog sinn da 'n Uaislibh,  
\*Ma 'n d' fhuasgail a chis do dh' Albinn.
- 14 Bu diais diu mis' is Caoilte;  
\*B' e 'n treasamh dhìu Faolan fearr-bhuidh;  
\*B' e 'n ceathramh dhìu 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,  
'S b' e 'n cuigeamh dhìu 'n t-Oscar calma.
- 15 \*B' e 'n seathamh dhìu Aogh Mac Dàire,  
Nach do chloan riamb bair ri 'n chuimhne;  
A noc gur muladach ata mì,  
Ri tim bhì 'g aireamh na buidhne.
- 16 \*Philleadar air 'n ais do dh' Albinn,  
Sinn mar cheathairna armaich, shuthaich;  
A gheilleachdain air a bhagradh,  
Do bhri' feartan Fhinn Mhic Cumbail.
- 17 Do rainig sinn na seachd Cathain,  
Dream nach do chuididh riann air theicheamh;  
'S air clor rè na foilbha Fhinnidh,  
\*Rainig sinn iad sin nar seisear.
- 18 Gu b' iad sin a chuirgear chruthach,  
A dh' fhag gu trom dubhach mise;  
Dh' fhag iad ursann mo chleibh smithich,  
Agus crun mo chroidhe bristeach.

## Z. 9. TUIREBHS RE LEIN TARLACH DARA.

Sent by Ion Mac Fergus, Port Weemss, Islay. Ceud  
Mios Feadharradh 10 Iadh. 1859.

SEISEAR bhraithrean sin air sliochd  
Seisear sinn nach d' fhidir lochd;  
Is-cha mhair ean t' de 'n seisear gu beachd  
Air an Lìchd ach mise nochd.

This verse is printed in Kennedy's Hymns, page 102,  
as 'Cumla 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 Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh,  
January 29, 1872.

- 1 SEISEAR sinne saor o sliochd,  
Seisear nach do smaonach lochd;  
Chaidh fear dheth 'n t-seisear fo lic,  
'S mor fath mo chlisgidh nochd.

- 2 Cuigear sinne 'dol air ghleus,  
Sid e thugad rìgh na Gréig;  
On 's dearmad dhuinu a dhòl air chuairt,  
Bhuineadh uainne fear an treud.
- 3 Ceathar sinn a' sealg ré seal,  
De bhuidhinn armaibh nach gabh g'  
Air cho cruaidh 's gan cuirte leinu cath,  
Bhuineadh uainne fear na fir.
- 4 Triùir sinn 'an gruomhan còr,  
'G aithris thairis air chleas arm;  
Shuibhail a' Ghrian o ear gu iar,  
'S bhuineadh uainu an Triath gun chealg.
- 5 Suidhidh sium 'nar dithis a maigh,  
Sgailidh sinn fo nar gan;  
Thainig an t-Aog mar bu dlighe,  
'S bhuint e uamsa 'n dara fear.
- 6 Mise 'n am ònar 'n an déigh,  
Cha bheatha dhomh ach an bàs;  
Cha d' thainig air thalamh 'nuas,  
Aon neach leis nach cruaidh an cùs.
- 7 'S mi 'n aon chnò 'dh' fhàs 's a mboghan,  
Gun chnò eile 'n am fhasgaidh;  
'S gearr mo bhogadh gu tuiteam,  
'S a ghaoth' dol fothan gu farsuing.
- 8 'S mi 'n aon chraobh a dh' fhàs 's a chnoc,  
Mar stoc a bhuaileas an tonn;  
Cha bheatha dhomh ach an bàs,  
'S maing do 'n fàgair a làmh lom.
- 9 Caoilte, Goll, agus Gorri,  
Agus Oscar, uallach sìos-gheal;  
Mise 'us Ruadhue o 'n a mheanbh bheinn,  
Gu-m b'e sid ainm an t-seiseir.

'The above verses have been taken down, by Farquhar  
Mac Donnell Plockton, from the recitation of an old  
man, Farquhar Mac Rae, Kintail, who on his deathbed  
repeated them a day or two before his death.'  
'Plockton, Lochalsh, February I, 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 Pàdrùig, with the same  
actors in it. Laomuin, the Giant's son, would seem to  
have something to do with the name of Beinn Laomuin  
(Ben Lomond.) Supposing him to be one of the people  
conquered in the last ballad, I place him here. The rhythm  
of this differs from the usual rhythm of these ballads.

- 1 Is cian o sin a Thulach ard,  
Gu facas air do bharr uair  
A bhuighenn nach diultadh roimh neach,  
Ge d' tha thu 'n diu gun teach gun tuar.
- 2 'S ann ortsa bhiodh Laomann mor  
Mac Nuagh-fhìr 'a chloai gach treis,  
Fear a chuir Alb fo aon chain,  
Le spionna dha laimh 's a chleis.
- 3 Acruineachd, a h-airgid 's a h-or,  
A l-iasga ead, a feoil 's a fion,  
A lenga logmhor is a maoin  
Ghabhadh leis an laoch gun fhiach.
- 4 A ris thainig cairioll 's an Fhiannc  
Mac Rìgh Aiba na 'n sciath 'n oir;  
Cha bu ladhaid thu sud mu d' rath  
A thulach dhaithe dhea' ghlan snuagh.
- 5 Bha sinn aon cath niar thiom,  
Nach do phill re aite cruaidh,  
Gun easbhuidh faobhair no rainn,  
Ge mor a bh'air ar ceinn do shluagh.
- 6 Thainig Diarmad 's Caoilte cruaidh,  
Fo 'n bhraataich euchdaich arm-rauidh,  
Le 'n cathaibh millteach gun dail  
Bu dearg sochair an ionairaidh.

<sup>1</sup> Cha bhì mi 's an laoch a iar.



- 7 Thainn an ceathramh Cath d' ar Feinn,  
Curaidh bu mhaith feim air tos,  
An laoch nach tugadh briathair tais,  
Iolunn bras Mac Mornai moir.
- 8 Naoi mic-fhlichead Mornai moir  
Thainn chugainn le 'n sloigh mhear,  
Naoi fhichead sciath giarg ann goil,  
A dheangadh ceud gach an fhear.
- 9 Thainn chugainn Faolan fial,  
Deich ceud sciath is cloidheamh glas,  
Goisridh do mhaithibh na 'm Fianu,  
Gu Dun-laomunn nan ciabh cas.
- 10 Glaisein connachdach na 'n tonn  
Choncas an cath trom ag teachd,  
Fa choinne Feinn fathail Fianu  
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh cas.
- 11 Thainn chugainn Galdui' mor  
Agnis Fiannachd Albarneachduinn,  
Fa choinne Feinn fathail Fianu,  
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh cas.
- 12 Thainn chugainn an deis noin  
Cath Fheinn Mhic Cumbail Mhic Treunmhoir ;  
Gu 'm b' i sud an Toirg ghradhach  
Fionn fein 's a lan teaghlach.
- 13 Thainn an Fhianu ghaolach gu mor,  
Leis na glas laoiach bu chruaidh neart ;  
Shlagh, fothrom is caithreim na 'm Fianu,  
Thainn sin, 's bu trom am feachd.
- 14 Bha fear rompa bu caoine ghloir,  
Gun casbhuidh sioda na saor-shroil,  
Bhiodh air taobh deas an fhir mhoir  
An cuisir gasta an-mor.
- 15 Or gu pailt air na h-earluinn  
Air slios an laoiach mhoir mheannmich
- 16 Chuige thionailleadh an Fhianu  
As gach sliabh an ear 's an iar.  
Bu lionar sin a bha sinn ann  
Lirreach agus lann is fear.
- 17 Corr agus naoi mile Buro  
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 chaitiu bu mthabh buaidh,  
Foi 'n Reilin daite arm-ruaidh.
- 19 Chunnaic sinn nu 'n enairt d' an Dun  
Comhlaoiach re daoradh dluth shlagh,  
'S an laoch fuilleach air an ceann,  
'S cinnteach gu 'm bu sean a bhias.<sup>2</sup>
- 20 Dh' eirich Laomunn gu deas,  
Air teachd oirne greis d' au lo,  
'S iomadh lamh agus cos  
A theasgadh leis agus ceann.
- 21 'S iomadh sleagh a chorcradh leis,  
'S lionar cneas sna chuir e lann,  
Bu lionar draoiseach 'nar Feinn,  
B' aillsidh creachdan fo kaimh.
- 22 Dh' eirich Oscar an aignidh mhoir,  
A chosgadh 'n fhir bha 'n gar dho ;  
Dhosan comhrag chaogadh laoch  
Niar dh'eitich an saoi sa chleo.
- 23 An t-Oscar mor bras-bhuilleach  
Fear a reubadh gach cath,  
An tuil mhor gharbh ghaista,  
Ur mhacan an ard-fhlath.
- 24 Mo mhac-sa bhndach an cnoe,  
Le h-Oscar a thuit an t-aoibh,  
'S ioma' reuba bha na chorp,  
'S ioma' leit na dheas-thaobh.

<sup>2</sup> Sean, no teann a mheas.

- 25 Seachd rathain do 'n Almhain nair  
Ga leigheas ann cuir na 'n Gall,  
'S cha dubhairt Oscar aich no iöd,  
Ge h-ioma cnead a bha ann.
- 26 Is mise Oisain den' mhac Fheinne,  
Is ann rinn gu leigeadh e rinn ;  
An la sin bu mhor mo rath,  
Bu mhi an dara cath air thus.
- 27 Beir mo bheannachd nam an nochd,  
Beir m' anam hochd gu Dia ;  
Soruidh 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 'tightest battle' the Heroes ever fought. This seems to be another story of a blood feud. We are told that Cumhall, Fionn's father, slew the father of Dearg mac an Deirg. A prose story tells that Oisain's mother was daughter of Dearg, and that she was enchanted, wooed, and won under the form of a deer. In a third story the Feinne go hunting with Dearg. To test his wife, they pretend that he has been slain by a boar. The wife prepares the funeral feast, sings a ballad, and dies. Dearg invades Ireland from Scotland; some specify Mull as his kingdom. The Feinne, who had gone from Ireland to hunt with Dearg, fight him when he invades their country, and Goll slays him in a ballad. Of this ballad 10 versions are known to me:—1. About 1690 a version was written at Archnonail, 267 lines. 2. About 1750 Mac Nicol wrote a version at Lismore, 290 lines. 3, 4. Kennedy wrote two versions, 256 and 256. 5. About 1780 Bishop Young got 36 lines in Scotland somewhere. 6. About 1800 Dr. Irvine got 38 lines about Dunkeld. 7. Mac Donald got 60 lines in the North of Scotland. 8. Mac Callum printed 294 lines in 1813. 9. In 1862 a great many people knew the story, and some few could repeat parts of this ballad. 10. Mac Donald's version, 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 Albhi, where the Feinne were buried. The next bit of the story is well known as a ballad. Conn, the son of Dearg, possibly brother to Diarag 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: Cumhall, Fionn, Oisain, 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 Laominn, that the son of Roc. In M. 14. Laominn, the Giant's son, is invaded and overcome. But Roc (p. 63) was the name of the one-eyed, one-legged runner slain by Fionn:—brother of the Smiths, who were allies of Manns, the Scandinavian foe. So the whole system hangs together. A great many stories are all brought to the same point. Whatever the story may be, it ends about Teamhra, or Albhinn, the seats of the Irish High King and his army. According to tradition, 'The praise of Goll was sung after the slaying of Conn Mac an Deirg.'

Verses (33 to 37. D. Conn Mac an Deirg) indicate another blood feud between the Clanna Baoisgne and Clanna Morna, which began in the days of Cumhall 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; I., 176; L., 170; M., 144; O., 159; S., 116; Z., orally collected by myself, 16, 158; 17, 66; 19, 139; 27, 191; 32, 60. In 1871 I heard the ballad sung by peasants in the Highlands. Of this story in verse I have of Dearg's Story, 1513; of his son's story,

2,047 ; in all, 3,560 lines, which I have collated. I print a selection below. Were they fused these would make about 600 lines, but to fuse them would be to lose the variations which seem to bear upon subjects of general interest, namely, Philology and Tradition.

D. 16. DUAN AN DEIRG. 290 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballads. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, February 29, 1872.

A comparison of this version with Kennedy's proves that they had no written original from which to copy. Both wrote from oral recitation in different districts, and their versions vary accordingly.

- 1 GLEIS air caithreim an Fhir mhoir,  
Thainig thugain an ceud nair ;  
An treun Laoch bha lan do dh' oil,  
B' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreithin. (Treithin)
- 2 Thug e a Mhinnin do,  
An ceud La aig dol air sail ;  
Nach faighadh e geil air bith ;  
Aigh aon Fhianaigh air Fheobhas.
- 3 Go Thasg nan Fiann as mor Goil,  
Glusaoidh an Dearg Mac Dreithin,  
An oir fo Thir nam Fear fionn,  
Gu crichibh Iaradh Fear Eirin.
- 4 An Dithist Laoch nach d fhuilin Tair,  
Aig aibhric a Chuain chobhair bhain ;  
Bha Raoidhne Rod-gheal Mac Finn,  
San Caoil Crogha Mac Cribhunn Righin.
- 5 Tra-sboir an Ti thin thair chuan,  
Thuitidir nan Guilibh Suaim,  
Gus an do ghaibh Berc an Fhir Bhoir,  
Car air an Traigh dan gear Choibhidh.
- 6 Thug an Laoch fa theintidh Dreich,  
Leim thair a crannibh craosach ;  
'S tharruing e a Bharc air snagheadh,  
Air an Traigh dhil ghaineach.
- 7 Bha Fault Fion-blui mar or cheard,  
Oscion a mbaileathin nach Duigh ;  
'Sa dha Gheare ghorra mar ghlainnidh,  
'S bu dhaelbh-ghnuis do 'n mhilidh.
- 8 Bha dha shleigh chraun-reibhir chath,  
An Laibh Mhic an ard Fhlath ;  
'Sgriath oir air a ghualin clith,  
Aig Mac nasal an ard Rìogh.
- 9 Ann nibhe ri lodairt chorp,  
Aig an Laoch gun eagal coibhraig ;  
Neul cuntuidh clocharra corr,  
O 'n mhilidh shocharra shuil-ghorm.
- 10 Geil gaisgaidh an Doibhin Toir,  
A choissin an Dearg Mac Dreithin ;  
Air mbeid a Thappa air Dheilbhbh,  
Air choibhrag ceart air cheudibh.
- 11 Dhuisgidh Raoidhne Rod nior Thiom,  
'San Caoil Ceutanach crogha calma ;  
Glaccadar an airm Laoch nan Laibh,  
Agus Ruidheadar na choibhdhail.
- 12 Habhair sgeul dhunn Fhir mhoir,  
Oirn' a ta gabhrac a Chuainn ;  
Da Mhac Rìogh le sar phailt shinn,  
Diou 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 nan Fear fionn,  
'G iarraidh ard Rìoghachd Eirin.
- 14 Labhair Raoidhne 'n aigne mhir,  
Ciod e an Rìoghan Dearg Mac Dreithin ;  
Freigair na geit air Tir Fail,  
Com am faigheadh tus e Laoich Iumlan.
- 15 Ge maith shibhs a Dbeishe Laoich,  
Do bhrìgh Farmaid & Fraoich ;  
Co bhacca dhim a gabhail,  
A glaccadh na biom gabhail.

- 16 Nan sloinise dhuita na cathan,  
A Dheirg Mhic an arl-Fhlath ;  
Shionbhar an Teibhra Laoch Laimn,  
A dh' euidh 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 chaoil chrogha bu mhath Dreich,  
Leimidh an Dearg gu dasanach ;  
Le Fraoch mor & lc feirg,  
'S maing air an do bhual an treun Laoch.
- 19 Dhianaigh an Dearg coithrag cruaidh,  
'S an Caol crogha le mor nail ;  
Agus thug iad Torrinn deas teann,  
Re sgotla sgiath & chath-bharra.
- 20 Gum iomrpa na Deishe,  
Ann san Iurrughail nior thairris ;  
Gu do cheangladh leis an dearg,  
An Caol crogha san Chrohdh-linn.
- 21 Dh' eirich Raoidhne Rod-nior thiom,  
An deis an Caol crogha do chriplidh ;  
Mac Rìogh na Fein gu sar,  
Choibhid an Treun-fhear 'sga chonbhail.
- 22 B' iongantach an cheassibh Goil,  
Eattara san air chruaidh Feime,  
Gus 'n do cheangladh leis an Dearg,  
Raoidhne nan Rod 's nan Laath bheumanan.
- 23 'S ro mhaith 'n gniobh san Cala dhuit,  
Shinne mar Dithis do cheangal.  
Fuaisgail an Criopaidh Laoch Lain,  
'S bigh sinne nar dithist ma 'd thiomchil.
- 24 Fuaisglaidh an Dearg 's nior threish Fiach  
Cuibhreach na Dushe deo Laoch ;  
'S ghaibhe an Briathar leth far leth,  
Nach toga shiad arm na Aoghaidh.
- 25 Ghasadar an shin gu Teibhra,  
Gu Cormaig a bhoir Theoghlach ;  
Mac Driethin nan gear Lann buaghach,  
Gu Triath Teabhra nan deagh Luaidhlean.
- 26 Dh' eirigh na Fir shin a Thoabhra,  
Fir mhora dhireacha dheallabhach ;  
'S gu 'n b' iumma Fear dhoun-bhroit-shroil,  
An tiomchioll Chormaig an ceud uair.
- 27 Labhair Triath Teabhra gun oir,  
Suighibhse Chliar chalma churanta ;  
'S cha 'n uabhar dhuibh Fear an Fhir,  
'S na Tognuibh airm na aoghaidh.
- 28 Air Eachdaridh na Faiche dho,  
Dho Mhac Dreithin nam mor selco ;  
Leigas na Roidin Rìoghailleach,
- 29 Bheannuich an Dearg le gloir bhinn,  
Do Thriath Teabhra gu aobhinn ;  
Agus fhreagair am Flath agus Dorainn,  
De Chath mhilidh na treun oige.
- 30 Suighidh an Dearg is nuon thiom,  
Agus fiarruiche <sup>1</sup> ard Rìogh Eirin ;  
Do bhriogh do Thruisibh gu Teabhra.  
Innish e Laoich mhoir mheannuich.
- 31 She beachd mo Thruisibe dhuit,  
Mhic Airt Churanta Chormaig ;  
Treis do dh' Eirin bu mhaith leom,  
Na Fiass bheumanan mu d' Thiomchioll.
- 32 Geil Eirin do tabhairt air muir,  
'S maing a dhìarraig i a threun Fhir ;  
A Prish cha choissin I gu brach,  
A deis a tabban le aon oglach.
- 33 Mu 'n faighinse nalsa Chormaig,  
Fathas uille gun Dorainn ;  
Coibhrag chuig ceud do chlanbhibh curaidh,  
Uaisle Mhic Airt ghriinn churant.

<sup>1</sup> Fiosruiche.

- 34 Chair Cormaig a cheud calma,  
A chluidheadh an Deirg ga Bhuaintir;  
Da cheud eille bu ghniobh dho,  
Chlaoidh an Dearg san aon Lo.
- 35 Chuir e Teachdarichd ga luath, luath,  
Gu Mac Cubhail a mhór shluaidh;  
Thainic air an Lamabhairreach,  
Mac Cubhail gu mor-dhailich.
- 36 Le nao míle gaisgeach glan,  
Nach pillidh acaíl na scaimnír;  
Ailíbh oír mu cheann gach Fír,  
Do shluaidh Fheine a h-Albhuinn.
- 37 Sgiatha Fithidh le 'n Imlíbh oír,  
Le 'n Earraidh sheibhidh saobh-shroil;  
'S gheabh slugh Mhic Morna nan creach,  
Cuirm is poit an Taigh Teabhradh.
- 38 B' e Iomrpa Mhic Riogh na Mionn,  
Air Tighin a steach ga' Pobbul;  
Thng na nao míle class Luth,  
'S ann ab' aobhar Iomruinn.
- 39 Gun bheannuich Fionn gun Dail,  
'S threagar an Dearg Dreach-bhor dha;  
'S dhíar e Cubha gu luath,  
Air Mac Cubhail na Coibhrag.
- 40 O 'n La 's math do Laibhsa Fhír,  
'She thubhairt Flath Feinn Albhuinn;  
Thoirbheirtinse Braidin<sup>2</sup> dhuit,  
A Dheirg air Eggal coibhraig.
- 41 Mas sann thugamasa thrialfas slíth,  
A Laochidh le 'r elaghinn solluist;  
Uaíse ceud ulabh Fhinn,  
A Mhic Cubhail airm ghrinn.
- 42 Chuir Fionn a cheud calma,  
A chlaoidh an Deirg da mhúintir  
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 Leochd,  
Ceud Fear Fuilleach faobhar-nochd.
- 44 Dh' eirigh Faolan le Feirg mhóir,  
'S togair a Mheirg shaoridh shroil;  
Agus phrosduichir a Chrip Chatha,  
Dol a chosnadh mbic an ard Fblath.
- 45 Gith Teine gith Caice cruaidh,  
Do bhí dheth 'n Lannibh na uair;  
Agus Gith eille do nimhe,  
Do bhí do Lannibh na Mhílidh,
- 46 Gun do thaisgeadar an Lannaibh,  
Air an Corpach caobha cna-s-ghealla;  
'S gun do ghlaic iad cuim a cheile,  
An deis an urraidh do aidhbail.
- 47 Gun do cheanladh leis an Dearg,  
Faolan Crogha nan Caoibhrain,
- 48 A Ghuil Mhic Morna nach míolta,  
Gniobh do mhír Crogha na Calmuinn;  
Caisg dhíom coibhrag an Fhír,  
Bheirigh Gaisge a mhór shluaidh.
- 49 'S leat fein shud air tus do Dhala,  
Trian Cubhadh & Feudalach;  
Deich ceud Uighe do 'n oír fa thri  
Gheibha tu nams' ars an Ard Riogh.
- 50 Gad a Dhraotar le Feine,  
Clanna Morna Mhunga bhuighe;  
Bheirin fein mo Chóibne dhuit,  
A Riogh na Heirin da d' Fhurtachd.
- 51 Shín mar a ghlnasadh Mac Morna,  
Na chullaidh Chatha, chruaidh choibhraig;  
A chasg Uabhar an Laoch Lain,  
'S maírg a phrosnuiche na choibh-dhail.
- 52 Shinn mar thogadar an Fhola,  
An Dithist mhílidh ro ghlanna;  
Le snaidheadh chloggad is sgiath,  
Eadar Mac Dreithin is Iulluinn.

<sup>2</sup> Hostages.

- 53 Shín nar thogadar an cleass,  
Aig an Dreinnadar am mor chleass;  
'S aig 'n do Thost Fír Eirin uille  
Rí Fiass-bheumanan na h-Iurragbaille.
- 54 Sheichd oichin & sheichd Lo,  
Far m bu tuirsich Mic is mnai;  
Gus am fac iad Goll Mor,  
An uachdar air an Dearg aibhidh.
- 55 Fuatr Goll mar a ghealladh leis,  
Fo Mhac Cubhail gun aineas;  
'S bu bhuigheach am Flath gun duair,  
Do choibhrag Iullain arm-ruaidh.
- 56 La is Bliaghan an Dubhar Ghuile,  
An deigh bhí coibhrag an Laoch Lain;  
Bha Mac Morna le Fios,  
An Taigh Teabhra ga leigheas.
- 57 Mishe Fear is Fíli Fhionn,  
Air sgath Feine Mhic Cuibhail;  
Teachd an Trein Fhír air Tuinn,  
Trian a ghaísgidh nior dh' Innish.

## VARIOUS.

- 58 \*Ca bheil h-uille neach dhuibh sin,  
She labhair an Dearg Mac Dreithin  
'S gun facha midde ra cheila,  
Mar Fheichin is mar an-fheichin.

## H. 17. HOW DEARG WAS KILLED BY GOLL.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 83. 256 lines. Advocates' Library, December 14, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Not known to Hennessy.—J.F.C.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THERE was a king on a part of Scotland called Drea-bhall, or rather Drao-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-<sup>2</sup>flight 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 cathream an fhír mhóir  
A thainig oirne cheud oír;  
An treun laoch s' e lan do mhear ghoil,  
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Drea-bhail.
- Thug e freiteach an laoch lán.  
Seal mu 'n d' ainig e thair sáil;  
Nach pillleadh gu 'n ghéil ga mór-thír,  
Do bhri' na Feinn' s Chormaic cómhraig.
- Gu nós na Feinn 's bu ghlarg a lon,  
Dh' imich an Dearg Mac Drea-bhail o noir;  
O thír na 'm fíor feara tréuna,  
Gu críochaihí fíorann Fíann Eirann.
- Air dol do 'n laoch lom a sheóladh,  
Seal mu 'n d' nabhair e gu cómhraig;  
Do chomharaich an Dearg déud gheal,  
Air Beinn éudain nan slugh aobhaim.
- Díais do bha aig an tráidh,  
Coimhead a chuain chobhair bháin;  
B' iad sin Rígh nan ról mac Fhíunn,  
'S an Caol-ero mac Ribhinn bhínn.
- Cho do dh' fhair iadsan an cnan,  
Ach thuit iad nan síoram suan;  
Gus an d' ainig Bát an fhír mhóir,  
Air an tráidh mhíu da 'n ceart chóir.

- 7 Chuaidh an tréun laoch bu mhór neart,  
An gathaibh a chaoil chrann neo-meat;  
Leag e beairteachadh gu toéma,  
'S tharruing i gu cithe ceolais.
- 8 Dh' imich an Dearg bu mhaith dreach,  
Chuceasan an sin a steach  
'S bha fholt donn bhuidh mar ór ceard,  
Os ceann a chuirp a b' áille dreach.
- 9 Bha da dhearc shuil ghorma ghloin,  
Ann an gnúis a mhíldh bhail;  
'S bha dha ghruaidh cho dearg re corcair,  
'S cho chaoir re iughar nan caocaihb.
- 10 Bha da shleagh reamhar gu sghathadh,  
An laimh mhic Rígh nan ann latha;  
'S cloidheamh sínte r'a shlios garbh-gheal,  
Gheibha buaidh air sluaigh d' an calma.
- 11 Bha clogaid do 'n teanna mu 'n cheann,  
Bu tréun aobhneach, neartnóir calm;  
Is sgia' uain air gualáin chrl,  
Death mhac usal an dhí Rígh.
- 12 Barr áill is gaiscíd an t-shaóghail,  
Do choisain an Dearg mac Draobhoil;  
A mead an gilead, an aóibhneas,  
An cómhrag deise 's an ceatfaidh.
- 13 Bha a míldh clocharra córr,  
Fuidh chochalach úr-ar ghorm;  
'S bha laun nithe gu cloáidh 's gu léonadh,  
Air leis gun eagal cómhraig.
- 14 Ghluais an diais bu mhór ágh,  
Na choineadh nach d' flmláing túir,  
Dhol a dh' fhagbail sgúla dhe',  
Cia e, no cia as a theachd.
- 15 'Ailís sgúla dhuinn fhir mhóir,  
Oirne tha coimhead an t-slóigh;  
'S diais laoch sar nabaith sinn,  
Do dh' uaisle maitheibh faun Fhinn.'
- 16 'Ma san chugams' thainig bhur treis,  
Cho deachaidh aon laoch riamh o 'm gheis,  
'S mi an Dearg mac Rígh nam Fionn,  
Thoir Eirinn gu leir o Fhionn.'
- 17 'A Dheirg nan iomadidh sgléó,  
'S faoin do bharail, cia ro mhór;  
Treise do lámh is do chuim,  
Gu dean thu re 'r la an túrún.'
- 18 'Mar a fuigheam fein gu deónach,  
Géill air eagal mo gharbh chómhraig;  
Gheibh Eirinn Dhamh fein re 'm linn,  
A dhainn-deoin Chormaic is Fhinn.'
- 19 'Na 'm feacha' tusa re 'r maitheadh,  
A Dheirg mhic Rígh nan ann lathaibh;  
'S iomad laoch a gheibh' d' ar seorla,  
Nach stuatha' tu choidh r'a chómhraig.'
- 20 'C' áit am bheil aon laoch dhu sin,  
Se labhair an Dearg le cith;  
'S gu feachamaid r' a chéile,  
Le fiathach mór 's le h-aun réite.'
- 21 'Air a ghlórsa ge binn aobhneach,  
'S e labhair an Caol-cro céatadh,  
Gu reachamsa fein gu d' chlaoidh,  
O na thainig thu thair tuinn.'
- 22 Chuaidh iad an sin chuig a chéile,  
Na fir mhóra bu léoir gcéire;  
Choi-sgreaddadh gach beann d' an lannaibh,  
'S chrithaichadh am blár fui 'n casaibh.
- 23 B' e sin an cómhrag teth teann,  
A sgoltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann;  
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,  
Au Caol-cro, is a thréun fhearg.
- 24 Chuir e a chaoil gu teann daingann,  
Na cuigear fuidh 'n aora cheangal;  
'S cho raibh fannadh air gu cómhrag,  
Na 's mo na tréun tuinn re mór ghaoith.
- 25 Dh' eirich Rígh nan Ród gu sgiobalt,  
'N deidh an Caol-cro a chriophladh;  
Mac Rígh na Féinne gu 'n táir,  
'N coimheadh an tréun fir 's na dháil.
- 26 Bhual iad an sin air a chéile,  
Mar bhriseadh tréun tuinn ag eibhaich;  
Agus chluinte toirm is góirach,  
Ac mar shrann ghaoith teach thair aonach.
- 27 B' e sin an cómhrag ro gharg,  
A sgoltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann;  
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,  
Rígh nan Ród, is a thréun fhearg.
- 28 Cheangail s' e e gu teann gabhdh,  
'S cho raibh sin na throm d' a lamban;  
Oir cheangladh e céud lán armaicht,  
Do thréun laoiich fuileachdach ealma.
- 29 'S maith do ghniomh agus do ghabhail,  
Sin farao a bhí fuidh d' cheangal;  
Fuasgail air cuibhreach a laoiich lán,  
Is tog sinne faraoon mu d' láimh.
- 30 'O' na tharladh dhuinn fui' d' mheín,  
Deansa iochd oirn le deadh ghné;  
'S bheir sinn brathar dhuit gu deónach,  
Nach tog airm a' d' aidhaidh 'n cómhrag.'
- 31 Dh' fhuasgail an Dearg bu mhór neart,  
Cuibhreach na' deis' bha 'n deadh dreach;  
'S cho d' iarr e brathar air neach,  
Ach leig e mu sgoail iad as.
- 32 Ghluais iadsan an dara mháireach,  
Gu teach Chormaic na mór abhachd;  
'S mac Drebbaill nan geur laun buadhach,  
Gu teach Anna na mor shluaghaibh.
- 33 Rainig iad poball Rígh Anna,  
Na fir bha mór díreach calma;  
'S b' iomad neach le dhonn bhrat sróil,  
Mn theach Chormaic teachd d' ar coir.
- 34 'N sin labhair Cormaic gu 'n oth 'n,  
'Suidheadh a chliar ealma sau tród;  
Na stuathadh re feirg an fhir,  
'S na togadh bhur 'n airm dh' a giu.'
- 35 Air suidh do 'n Dearg, 'S níor thím,  
Sin a dh' fhiosraich ard rígh Eirann;  
'Bri' do thurais-sa thair mhír,  
Innis dhuinne laoiich mhóir thruid.'
- 36 'Se bri' mo thurais o Albinn,  
Ard-rígh Churanta Chormaic;  
Géill Eirinn do bhuntain leom,  
No fras bléumanna' gu 'm chom.'
- 37 'Geill Eirinn thabhairt thair muir,  
Gí de ge d' iannadh tréun truid;  
'S eis nach togar i gu brath,  
Air tathach le aon lámh.'
- 38 'Mar a fuigheams' uaisle Chormaic,  
Maitheas agus duais gu deonach;  
Cómhrag céud do chlanna curidh,  
'S áill leam fhagbail gu aon tulaich.'
- 39 'N sin do chuir Cormac céud calma,  
A chlaoidh an Deirg a dh' aon aurra;  
Thuit an céud sin le roid bhobsan,  
Is ceud eile mhuintir Chormaic.
- 40 'N uair chunnaigh an Rígh an Dearg,  
'Dol air a luthcheas le fearg;  
Chuir e teachdaire gu luath,  
Gu mac Chuthaill na mor shluaght.
- 41 Thainig orra 'n dara mháireach,  
Fionn Mac Chuthaill na mór dhálach,  
Le seachd míle gaisgeach allail,  
Nach sgiuthadh air ais le sgannail.
- 42 Bha sgia' uain' an iomaig óir,  
Air earradh síde séud óir;  
'S bha saim mhór mo cheann gach feinnidh,  
Air fir Fhinn a h-Albheinn eibhainn.

- 43 Air teachd gn sa mhagh dhúine,  
'N ar buidheann churauta sluthach ;  
Thog an Dearg mac Righ nam Fionn,  
Públall mór gu fulang teann,
- 44 An sin 'n tra thainig Fionn fcin,  
Is a phobull d' a gheadh réir ;  
Bheannaich e gu binu do 'n Dearg,  
Do 'n óg innealta dhon dhearg.
- 45 Do bheannachdas Dheirg áluin,  
'S deirge gruaidh na subhan físaich ;  
'S gile bian no canach sleibhe,  
No úr shnachd air bharra ghéage.'
- 46 'Fhír is ághoir neart is naisle,  
Raibh mar charraig re h-uchd bualte ;  
Innis dhamsa brí' do tharuis,  
O Albinn nau armaicht curidh.'
- 47 'Inseams' sin dhuit Fhinn gu 'n táir,  
Is do d' shluagh o Altheinn árd ;  
A dh' iarruidh cumha neo cómhrag,  
Orta mhic Chuthaill a 'n óraclaid.'
- 48 'Air a lámhna ge maith 'n gabhadh,  
Se labhair Fionn nam bénu gúidheal ;  
Cha toir mise géill dhuit deonach,  
A Dheirg air eagal do chómhraig.'
- 49 'Mar a fuigheams' uait' Fhinn shuthaich,  
Duais mhór air eagal mo luinne ;  
Cómhrag ceud do dh' fhearra calma,  
'S áill team fhaghaill air a bhall so.'
- 50 'An sin do chuir Fionn céud calma,  
A chlaoidh an Deirg a dh' an arra ;  
Thuit an ceud sin re roid ghabhídh,  
Is céud eile shluagh Righ Pháile.'
- 51 'N sin 'n nair chunnaig Fionn an Dearg  
A dol a' ris air a luthcheas ;  
Bhrosnaich e a chip chatha,  
Is uaislean 'sa mhór mhaitheibh.
- 52 Dh' eirich Faoghan an fearg mhór,  
Le chraosaich rinn iomad león ;  
A dhól a dhiongail an laoiach láin,  
'S bu mhaing a bhrosnaich e na dháil.
- 53 B' e sin an cómhrag nach b' fhánn,  
A sgoltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann ;  
Gns 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,  
Faoghan fuileach le thréun fhearg.
- 54 'A Ghuill mhic Mórna na mor ghníomh,  
A charaidh chrodha, 's tréun air díon ;  
Nach coisg thu cómhrag an Fhír mhóir,  
A lámh a ghaissidh sa lámh mhór.'
- 55 'Gheibh tu suidh' air thús 's gach áit,  
Da drán bo is each, is áil ;  
Deich céud unca do 'n ór fhíor,  
Is nas modha o 'n ard Righ.
- 56 'Ge do thuit le d' chinnnach fuileach,  
Clanna Mórón' Mangaridh uile ;  
Cho duilt mí mo chonadh dhuit,  
A Righ Pháil re d' fheum an diu.'
- 57 Dh' eirich Goll 's nín d' fhuaileing táir,  
Na chulaidh cídídih íomlan ;  
'S na h-airm sheanta do bha 'm bruid,  
Thog mac Mórna mailidh 'n truil.
- 58 Bhuail iad an sin aít a chéile,  
Gu cruaidh cuidreach, is cho bhreugach ;  
Chuaidh 'n leirg air chrith fuí' an casabih,  
'S chuaidh teine d' an arma glasa.
- 59 Bhuailleadh iad gu neartmhór dobbidh,  
Mar dha mhúinne bhíodh re cómhrag ;  
Choi'-éighlath creagaibh is beanntídh,  
Re airm nan curine calma.
- 60 Se la agns aon tra' déug,  
A thug na curine sa bheum,  
Mu 'n do chlaoidh Goll nam bénaibh,  
'X Dearg mór a cheart reiginn.

- 61 'S olc a chuir a ruinn an Dearg,  
Dhiol c oirna throm fhearg ;  
Thuit leis da cheud do dh' fhir Fhinn,  
'S uighir do fhir Chormaic ghrinn.
- 62 Thuit sin leis an da la,  
D' ar fir bu mhó neart is ágh ;  
Gu 's an do r-harbh Goll nam beamaibh  
E 'n seachdamh la cheart reiginn.
- 63 La is bliadhna 'n leabaidh Goll,  
An deidh leadairt an laoiach luim ;  
An tigh teamhra' gu 'n fhios,  
Bha mac Mórna dá leighas.
- 64 'S mise Oisain, filidh dubhach,  
Bha do ghna' am Fiann Mhic Chuthaill ;  
'S ma dhí' éng 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 Dearthal is handed down by tradition in this manner. That he was a petty Lord of an island called Innis-dreithin. That his Father Dearthal or Draobail was kilt by Connal (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 Dearthal. 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. None 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 sic of his wounds for a year and a day.

- 1 GREIS air cairtheam an fhir mhoir,  
A thainig oirn le ceud sloigh ;  
An treun laoch bu mhaith sa bhail,  
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dara Mac Drebhail.
- 3 Gu tir nam fíor fheara treuna,  
Au críochbaibh fóireann Fiann Eireann.
- 4 Air doll do 'n laoch thron a sheoladh,
- 7 Leag a' suil ar lar a taomaidh,  
'S tharuing i an sglithe caolais.
- 8 Bha fholt fionn-bhuidh mar or ceard,
- 10 Bha da shleagh líobhar gu sgathadh,  
Ann laimh Mhic Ríogh nan ann-latha ;  
Cloidheamh sínte air síos a Ghaidheil,  
Gheibheadh bua' air slugh Ríogh Pháile.
- 11 Bha clogaid do' n tointe na cheann,  
An laoiach, cheutaich, neartmhoir, chalm ;
- 12 Ann comhrag deise sann t-eug-bhail.
- 13 Is loinn nímh a choisgeadh torachd,  
Air a leis gun eagal comhraig.
- 19 'S iomad laoch dhinn dhól an torachd,  
Nach stuatha tu choi'ch a chomrag.
- 21 Gu feuchamha fein an turann,  
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.  
Chreitnigh 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 'm beumaibh ;  
Is chluainte torrainn nan laoch,  
Mar chreag Ulan roi 'n íom-ghaoth.
- 27 An comhrag sin, bu gharg, teann,
- 28 Cheangail e 'n sonn air an traidh,  
Cha raibh sin na throm da laimh ;  
Oir cheangladh e ceud gun armadh,  
Do threun laoiach fhuaileachdach Chormaic.
- 30 Noch dhuiunn einich ann dea' ghné ;  
'S bheir sinu freitich dhuit gu deonach,  
Gur leat ar 'n airm, is ar conamh.



- 34 Na stnathadh ri fearg nam fear,  
'S na togadh ur 'n airm gu mear.
- 35 Bri' do thurais-sa d' ar rioghachd,  
Innis dhuinne, laoiach, mhor, mhillidh.
- 37 'S cis i choi' ch nach tog u 'n comhrag,  
Air a tathach le d' cheud og-iaoch.
- 38 Cis is luachmhoir na mo thorachd;
- 42 'S bha sai' mhor mu cheann gach Feinnidh,  
Air fir Fhinn nan arma geura.
- 45 No eathamh cuir air bharr gheuga.  
[The introduction of Morven is worth notice.]
- 47 Orta Mhic Cumhail na mor bheann.
- 49 Mar a fuigheams' Fhinn na feile,  
Duais Mhic Riogh, gun stri, gun enra',
- 55 A thì dh' eiris air thus na seilg,  
Gheibh thu drian do mhaoin gach leirg;
- 56 Ge do thuit le d' chimneach borb,  
Clanna Mungairidh nan colbh;
- 58 Bhuail na suinn air druim a cheile,  
Gu crnaidh cuidreach, is cho bhreugach;  
Chreithnich an leirg 's chbhis no slaingh  
Nach d' thigeadh Mac Moirne uaith.
- 59 Bha 'n airm liobhara sa bhail,  
Mar thein: na nial sa mhagh;  
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 slugh,  
'S an leith sud air Fionn nam buadh.
- 62 Thuit sud leinn an Dearg mor, mear,  
'S na laoiach a thug e air lear;  
Trein nam buadh bu chruaidh san toir  
'S trugh a thuit san iomairt-sgleo.
- 63 'N tigh Teambra, gun f' hios nan coi' each,  
Do bha Mac Moirne ga choimhead.
- 64 Bu deasrach, tursach ann Fhian, n,  
A' caoidh nan treun air an t-sliabh;  
Ma thuit an Dearg bu trom docair,  
Bu chian ri ailis ar dochann.

S. 8. DUAN DHIARAG, i. e., DIARAG'S POEM. 60 lines.  
COLLECTOR'S ARGUMENT.

A KING of the name of McCanno, whose father, it seems, Fingal had slain, comes to revenge his death upon the Fingalians. He finds Fingal asleep on the heath, and Diarag, who was an intimate companion of Fingal's, sitting beside him. Diarag, rather than disturb Fingal, encounters the King in person, and falls in the action. Fingal awoke, found Diarag expiring at his side, and not finding the perpetrator, pours out his lamentations over his lifeless body.

- 1 SGEUL th' agam air Fionn fior ghlic  
'S air Diarag og nan geallamh  
'S air macan nan colg dhiombasach  
Thanig anios a tir Ri Channibh.
- 2 Air Mac Cumhail Mhic treunmhoir  
Sud an sgeul tha mi ginne  
Thanig e do shealg do Alba  
'S ann a Erin urghlan Insin.
- 3 Geisdachd ri fuaim na srutha  
Sri gutha nan Eoin Cheinne  
San thuit suain nach robh gu h' entrom  
Air Fionn-ghlic ogh Threunmhoir
- 4 Gun luadh sin air Fionn na Feinne  
'S e air Tulach fliorghlas sbeannhoir  
Gun bbi maille ris don Fheannadh  
Ach Diarag og mac Ri Deighir
- 5 Labhrin riut am briathra fionald  
Agus dhinnsin dhat mo sgeul  
Ma se Fionn is e na chadal  
Na togair 's dhòl do dh' fheuchan.
- 6 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag  
Cha 'n iosaich mis an ceum's duit  
Ach an diobhil mi fein m' athair  
Air Fionn oir gur flath nam Fiann e.

- 7 'S baòh a gbloir a theiradh tusan  
Mhic Ceannibh o' ghleann sleibhe  
Bitidh do cheann do'd dhimuis fuabh thn  
Led ghloir chinn air ro-bheag ceill.
- 8 Sin ghluais fearg an da Ghrugair  
Agus thugadh iad gu cheil  
'S b' fhaid a chluinte no glaothil Curra'  
Faoch am buillean 's am benman.
- 9 Tharruing iad sleaghan nimh  
Tharruing iad claidheamhan gear  
Bha cuirp is enaman gan gearradh  
'S iad sìor chur fo air a cheile.
- 10 Sin dar dhuisg Fionn na sleagha gabh  
'S e 'n lathair nam fear chalmund  
Thog e air a dheas laimh Diarag  
'S e shinte sin gun amnin.
- 11 Ach air m' nllain fein a Dhiarag  
Nam dhiean dbomb do thearnadh  
Trugh nach bu naodh naonar do 'm mhaithibh  
Chaidh dhith do 'm ch Chaithibh, t'aitse
- 12 'S e mor an-Eric sin air Diarag  
'S labhair ris an slugh lamhich  
'S a luithad laoch treun re chathamh  
Bh' agads' do slhgn na h' Albhi.
- 13 So an lamh nach diolradh mise  
Re m' aois no' re m' aineol  
Ach an d' thanig an fheachd dhubhach  
Thugads' o' thir Channibh.
- 14 Sud am meur bu ghlinn air theudan.  
Fo 'n bheil bu ro mbath guth  
Sud an lamh a b' fhearr an ionas  
Cha ionaid riabh san t' sruth.
- 15 Togamid e chlaodh na h' Albhi  
Far an t' iolaicir na Fein  
Agus beannachd a bhi air t' anam  
A dheagh Mhic Alpin Fheile.

M. 11. DEARG MAC DEIRG. 40 lines.

BHA fhios aig an Dearg gu 'n robh mór ghradh aig a mhnaoi dho; ghabh cuid fa laimh a dhearbhadh dho nach robe agradh treibh-dhreach, agus chum na criche-sin; chuir iad teachdair d'a h-ionnsuidh, le cuid eadach lan fola, a dh' innsadh dh' i gu do mharbhadh an Dearg le Fiachullach. Air chuintin an seil dhubhaich, chum i an dan so, ghabh i air a clairsich e, bhris a cridhe agus chao-chail i.

- 1 AN Dearg Mac Deirg gur mis a bhean;  
Air an fhear ni 'n 'd' fhidir lochd;  
Ni 'm bheil saoi nach d' fhuair a leirheadh<sup>2</sup>  
'S trnadh ata mi fein an nochd.
- 2 Dearg Mac Cholla<sup>3</sup> craobh d' an Tu'r<sup>4</sup>  
Leis an seinntu gu cinin cruit;  
'S ionmhuinn aoidh air nach luith fearg:  
Chlaoidheadh an Dearg leis a mhuc.
- 3 B' ionmhuinn t-aghaidh mhin-dearg mhor,  
Bu deacair a cloth ann an cath  
'S bu ghile na Ghrian a dhath.
- 4 Mac Cuinn<sup>5</sup> a Innis Da-bhi,  
B' ionmhuinn Rìgh air son ar seabh;<sup>6</sup>  
Giolla gun ghaol bo no eich  
Re am creich, ach claidheamh Dearg.
- 5 Ni 'n eitich e duine mu d' ni,  
'S ni 'n d' iarr ni air neach fo 'n Ghrein:  
Fear bu mho 's bu ghlaime dealbh:  
Cha 'n fhaecas ann ach Dearg fein.
- 6 Ni 'n d' iarr tha duine fa sheud,  
Ni 'n d' rinn breug 's ni 'n d' fhidir lochd;  
'S niar mho dhuil thn comrag arm  
O neach 'gan robh an 'm na chorp.
- 7 'S mi nighean Laozuinn Mhic Roidh,  
Cha 'n tric 'na phronnadh or air cheird;<sup>7</sup>  
Ge b' iomad ga m' iarruidh saoi  
B' fhear leam bbi 'nam mhnaoi 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> Saoghu'.

<sup>7</sup> B' ionnann 's Rìgh ar seabh.

- 8 Gur mi nighcan Athain fheinn  
Leis am fiosaichteadh gach dealbh ;  
O sgaradh mo cheud fhear uam  
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 9 Sud a sheabhac 's a dha choin,  
Leis an do'lich \* cron na sealg ;  
An tea leis am b' ionmhuinn an truir  
Cuirear i nochd uir le Dearg.
- 10 Bha mi ann tigh an rair,<sup>9</sup>  
Dia an t-slabh sin Chnoc na learg,  
'S biadh mi ann an uaigh an nochd  
Mu 'n searar mo chorp re Dearg.

\* Le ceard.      9 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 bhean,  
Air an fhear cha didir leoch ;  
Cha 'n eil saoi nach d' fhuair a leira,  
Gur truagh tha mi fein de nochd.
- 2 'S mi nighcan Laomain mhic Roe,  
Do 'n tric a phronna or nan ceard ;  
Ge b' ioma ga 'm iarraidh saoi,  
Gu 'm b' fhearr leam bhi nam mhnaoi aig Dearg.
- 3 Gur mi nighcan aithin Fhinn,  
Leis am fiosaicheadh gach dealbh ;  
O 'n sgaradh mo cheud ghradh uam,  
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 4 Mac Cuiun á Innis Da-bhi,  
'S ionmhuinn righ, a sona ur sealbh ;  
Gille gun ghaol bo no eich,  
Ri am creich ach clodhe dearg.
- 5 'S ionmhuinn t-agbaidh mhin dearg mhor,  
Bu deachdair a cloth 'n cath ;  
Sin is Cridhe farsuing fial,  
Bu ghile na a ghrian a dhath.
- 6 Sud a sheobhag sa dha choin,  
Le 'n deanar moran cron an sealg ;  
Am fear lein b' ionmhuinn an triur,  
Cuirear iad san uir le Dearg.
- 7 Bha mi ann an tigh an Raoir,  
Air an t-slabh siu chnoc na leirg ;  
Bithidh mi ann an uaigh a nochd,  
Mar sgarar mo chorp ó 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. DROIGHAN)

- 1 TREIS air chaithean an fhir mhoir,  
Thainig an oir fo dhiombuidh (baigh)  
An treun fhear as e lan do ghoil,  
An Dearg dana Mac Druidhan.
- 2 An oir o thir na fear Fionn,  
Gu sith thoir rann Fiannachd Eirin,  
  
Chuid eile air chall ach an Rann ma Dheiri.
- 3 Seachd oidliche agus seachd la,  
Bu tuirseach Mic agus mna ;  
Seathadh chlogaid is cheann,  
Edar Goll agus Mac Druidhan.

Got from Mr. Macdonald, of Dalchosnie,  
February 26, 1801.

D. 17. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 188 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Advocates' Library. Copied by D. Mac Pherson, May 3, 1872.

- 1 SCEATA air Conn mac an Deirg  
Air a Bionadh le trom Fheirg,  
Dol a dhlacadh Athar gun Fheall  
Air (Chriocheibh ro-mhor) na Herin.  
(Uisliùh 's air Mhaitibh)
- 2 Airis duinne, Osshain nariach,  
Mhic Fhein usail so-ghraduigh,  
Sgclachd air Chonn fearrda fearroil  
An soun 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, mbearr, mbeanmnach ?
- 4 Bu mho Conn gu mor mor  
Tighin an caradh air sloigh  
Tarruing a Luinge a Steach  
An Cumhang Cuain is Caoilis.
- 5 Shuidh e air an Tulach gar coir,  
An Fhuaid caranta ro-mhor,  
Sgabhadh e ga Chlesibh gargadh  
Siar an am Balleibh 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 faobhar gheur.
- 7 Gruaidh choreur mar Eughar caoin  
Rosg gorm faoi Mhala chorrich, chaoil ;  
Falt orcheardail, grinnail, grunn,  
Fear mor meannnach, fearroil eibhin.
- 8 Colg nimhe re Liodairt Chorp,  
Aig Laoich teug-bhuaithean na mor ole,  
Bhiodh a Chlainn re sgadh Sgeidhe  
Aig an Laoich ri ath-ríte.
- 9 Buaidh sgach Ball an raibh e riabh  
Air ghaigse air mend a ghuimh,  
Ghabh e coibhlan Neart gun Sgiog,  
Re tabhairt Geil a moir chois.
- 10 Go 'n tugainse Briathar einteach,  
A Phadric, ge nar ri ins' e  
Gur ghabh an Fhian Eagal uille,  
Nach do ghabh iad riabh roimh aoin Duinne.
- 11 Ri faicis doibh Conna Choinn  
Mar Onna Marha le Toinn,  
Agus Falachd an Fhir mhoir,  
An coinneibh Athar a dhioladh.
- 12 Se huirt Connan maol mac Morna,  
Leiger huige an ceud uair mi,  
'S go 'm buinin an Cean a mach  
Do Chonn di-measach, naibhreach.
- 13 Marmhasg oirt a Chonnain mbaoil,  
Nach sguir thu 'd Lonn a choidhech,  
Cha bhuinne thu 'n Cean do Chonn,  
'S e huirt Osgar na mor-ghlonn.
- 14 Gluasidh Connan le (*mu*) mbi-cheil,  
Dhaindeoin na Feine gu leir,  
An Coinneabh Choinn bhadaicha bhras,  
Mar Char Tuaghla ma Aimh-leas.
- 15 Nuair chonnaire Conn bu chaoin Dealbh,  
Connan a dol an sealbh Arm,  
Thug e sioca air an Dnoi,  
'S e teachadh gu luadh do Dh' Albbhidh.
- 16 'S iommad Crap is Baile is Meall,  
Bha gat a suas air droch Cheann,  
Air Cean Chonnain mbaoil gu reamhar,  
'S na coig Caoil san aoin Cheangal.
- 17 Beannachd air an Laimh a reinn sin  
'S e labhair Fear na 'n Cruth nuadh,  
'S go ma Turis gun eridh dhuit,  
A Chonnain mbi-cheile gun Fhealt.
- 18 'N sin se Comhairle chinnd doibh  
Deagh Mhac Fhein bu bhinn Gloir  
Chuir ghabhail sgeula 'n Fhear dhocair  
Gluasidh Feargas binn Fhoclach.

- 19 Ghuasidh Fearghas binn, badhach,  
Glic cialach mor-dhalach  
Air Comhairl' Athar mar bu chòir  
Ghabhail Sgeul do Chonn ro mhor.
- 20 A Chuin mhor, bhadaich, bhrais,  
Fhìr shugich, ait, eibhin,  
Ghabhail sgeul Thanas o Fhean  
Cea Fath do Tharis do D'h erin.
- 21 Insimse sinn duit gu beachd,  
Fhearghas, agus buin e leat,  
Eirig Mathar bail lenn uaibhse,  
O Mhaithibh Teachlaich ar mor uaisle.
- 22 Cean Fhein 's dha Mhic mhora,  
Ghnull, Ghrìdhe agus Gharadh,  
'S einn Chlann Morna gu Hnile  
Fheatuin an Eirig aon Duine.
- 23 Na Erin o Hoinn go Toinn,  
A gheileachd in do 'm aoin Chuing,  
Na comhrag coig Ceud dar Finneadh  
Fhaotain air Mhadain a Marach.
- 24 Ghuasidh Fhearghais thughain fhein,  
A Phadric, ni 'n Canam Breug,  
Go 'n do thosd an Fhein uille,  
Re chuintin Sgeul an aoin Duinne
- 25 Cia do sgeula o 'n Fhear mhor,  
Se raite Fean Flath an stloigh,  
Ailis dùine e go propadh  
'S na ceil oirn' e a dh' aoin olcaid.
- 26 Se mo sgeula o 'n Fhear mhor,  
Gur ail leis Ceud dar sloigh  
Fhaoitin air Mhadain a Maroch,  
Gu Comhrag na Diath-mhaileadh.
- 27 Se labhair cuig Ceud dar Finneadh,  
Caigsidh sinne a lath Mhìre ;  
Cha robh sud doibh mar a radh  
Bhì dul ann san Iomairt bhaite
- 28 Hug e a mach Cloimh an Deirg mhoir  
Le conna Catha cheud Uair,  
Thug e ruadhar Fhìr an Gran  
Mar Sheabhaic measg Ealta mhìn-eun.
- 29 Biomad Fear sa Ghair a bhoss,  
Iomad Laimh ann is leath-choss,  
Iomad Cloigin ann is Ceann,  
Cuirp gnu choigleadh air a Bhall.
- 30 Cnig Ceud eile ge 'd bhì ann,  
Go 'n tuiteadh iad air aoin Bhall,  
Is Conn a cailecadh a Sgiadh,  
'G iarridh Comhraic 's go m' b' ain-riar.
- 31 Hagh sinn seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Do Mhaithibh Teachlaich ar mor sloigh  
Hoirt a chinnd do mhac an Deirg,  
'S dhaithnigh sinn Fear faoi Throm-fheirg.
- 32 Chaidh ar seachd Fichid no dhail,  
'S ann orra thanic an Di-mhail,  
Thug e ruadhar Fir forthuinn  
Bu luadhe e na Roth Gall-mhuillin.
- 33 Thuit ar seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Babhar Tuirse e 's Do-bhroin ;  
Go 'n 'd leig an Fhein gair Chruaidh  
Re dioghuga a mhoir-shluaidh.
- 34 Fhìr a chleachd mo chamhair riamh,  
Ghoill Mhic Morna no mor-ghnìomh,  
Bu mbian Suile gach 'b aile  
'S a Phrionsa Tola na Dio-mhaladh.
- 35 'S dana leam Conn bagra ort  
'S air Clanna Morna gu huille,  
Nach huinne thu 'n Cean deth gu fearroil  
Mar rein thu ga Athair roimhe.
- 36 Dheanaimse sin duitse Fhein,  
Fhìr na 'n breathra, blath, binn,  
Chuir gach Fuadh 's folachd air enil,  
'S go biodhmaid nille dh' aoin Run.
- 37 Gedo mharbhadh thu m' Fhein uille,  
Gu dioghuga an aoin Duinne ;  
Bhithin fein 's mo Threuna leat  
A Rìogh na Feine ga d' chabhair.

- 38 Ghuasidh Goll na Chlaidh Chruaidh,  
Ann an Fianis a mhor-shluaigh,  
Bu gheal, dearg gnuis an Fhìr,  
Na Hore garg dul an Tus Iorudhail.
- 39 Huidheachad an sin na Cìp Chathia  
A dhoil a bhairt an ard Latha,  
'S na Airm sheanta a bha 'm Braid,  
Thog Mac Morna mileant Iad.
- 40 Nuair chaidh iad an Dail a Cheile,  
Cha nactas riabh an Co-Baoibhail ;  
Na Curidhinn bu gharnh Cìth,  
Chuir iad an Tuich air bhall-Crìth.
- 41 Dith Fola do ehnaimhìbh an Cuirp,  
Dith Teinne do 'n Armaibh nochd,  
Dith Cailce do sgaibh 'n Aidh,  
Dul siar ans na Hìormailtibh.
- 42 Biomad Gaoir do Theinne ruadh,  
Teachd o Fhaothar an arm Cruadh  
Os cionn na Ceanna bheartibh corrich  
'S iad a cnuinich na mor flutlachd.
- 43 An da Churidh bu gharibh Cìth  
Chuir iad an Tullich air bhall-Chrìth  
Le 'm Beumibh bu leor meud,  
'S bha 'n Fhein uille gan easteachd.
- 44 Seachd Laethe agus aon tra Deng,  
Bu tuirsich Michd agus Muidh,  
Gus 'n do hnit le Goll na 'm Beum,  
Ann Sonn mor air cheart egin.
- 45 Gair eibhin gnu d' reinn an Fhian,  
Nach dreinnibh leo roimhe riabh,  
Re faiesin doibh Ghoill Mhic Morna  
Nuair air Chonn Treun-toirich.
- 46 Se tabhairt Chonnain a Sas,  
'N diaghaidh Lonnan a mhi-ghraias.  
Naoidh Raidhin do Gholl an aigh  
Da leaghas mun raibh e slan.
- 47 An seachd Fichid sair cuig ceud,  
A Phadric, ni 'n Canam Breug,  
Gon d' thuit sud le Mac an Deirg,  
Is bu chruin air Fein na dheaghadh.  
Crioch.

F. 17. EACHDRAIDH A BHA EADAR PADRUIC  
AGUS OISSAIN MO CHONN MAC AN DEIRG.  
210 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 161. Advocates' Library,  
February 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Collated with Mac Nicol's version : this has  
many variations, which follow. This evidently is an ill-  
written version of a very good oral recitation.

- 2 AIE maitheamh is uaisleabh na Feinne.
- 3 A mbic Fhìnn shuairche shoth ghraich ;  
Sgialachh air Chonn, fhearr fearail ;
- 5 A' toirt a bharcan a steach,  
Air an traigh ghil ghainmheach.
- 6 A dol siar am bailceabh nan Iarmailtean.
- 8 Bha folt buidhe mar òr eavuid,  
Bhos ceann gealla ghuala a mhileadh.
- 9 An laoch mòr mear muimeach fearail-eibhin  
Bha chalg neatha ri leuiduir chorp ;  
Aig laoch teagaisg na mòr ole,
- 13 Ach coimhrle a chinnt aig Fionn,  
Is aig maitheadh na Feinne gu leir ;  
Cò rachadh a ghabhail sgeulachd do 'n choltach,  
Ach ghuasidh Fearguth beul dearg linn fhoch-  
lach.
- 14 Ghuasidh Fearguth gu ba binn,  
Gu glic, snairece sòth ghradhach ;
- 15 Do mhac an Deirg bu gharbh cleachd,  
Bheannaich Fearguth gu fìor ghlic ;  
Is fhreagair Conn e mar bu chòir,  
Fearguth solanta binu a bheoil.

## FHEARGAIR CONN.

- 17 Dh' innsin-sa naicid dhuit Fhearghuth bainse-  
leat,  
Eiric m' athar a b' aill leam uaibhse,

## FEARGHUTH.

- 18 Ciod an eiric a bhí thu 'g iarruidh air d' athair,  
CONN.  
19 Ceann Fhinn sa dha mhic mhoir,  
Ghuill, Ghriuir, Airteair, Chaoirail, agus Chormig,  
Uaislean Chlanna Morna uile fhaoinn an ciric  
aon duine.  
Na eiric bho thuinm gu tuinn.  
20 A gheilichdean do m' an a Chuinn,  
Na coig ceud bh' uaibhse air mhoch mhaduin a  
maireach,  
Is gu 'n sgarin an Cinn re 'n Corp,  
A dhaingean Fhinn agus Chormig.

## THUIRT FEARGHUTH.

- 23 Gur e b' aill leis fhaoinn uaibhse,  
Air mhoch maduin a maireach,  
Deich ceud gar Fiannaibh,  
Is gun sgaradh e an Cinn re 'n corp  
A dh' aindeoin Fhinn agus Chormig.  
24 Is gun buineadh midne an ceann a muidh,  
Do chonn dínéasach uaimbreach.  
25 Ach air dhúine dol na dhail,  
Ní an robh súd duinn mar a ghrathain;  
Thug e ruathar fir am foirrin.  
Bu luaithe é na roth galla mhúilin.  
Dol troimh ialt do dh' ianuibh an t-sleibh.  
26 Air an fhaiche is e 'g iarruidh comhrúig  
27 Is d' fhaireach sinne Fionn foidh throm fheirg.

[This is a kind of Chorus repeated.

- 28 Chaidh air seachd fichead na dhail,  
Is thug é ruathar fir a gbná,  
'S iomad fear sa ghair a bhos,  
'S iomad lámh a bh' ann is cos,  
'S iomad claigean bh' ann is ceann,  
Is cuirp gun choigleadh air aon a pheall,  
Is urrad eile ged bhíodh iad ann.  
Gu 'n tuittfeadh foth aon a cheann,  
Is bha Conn a caileadh a sgiath,  
Air an fhaiche 'g iarruidh comhrúig gu han fhial.  
30 Ionnach orst a Chonain mhaoil,  
Deich ceud ad leitheabh air traith,  
Cha dugadh ceann Chuinín an Iomain,  
Ní 'n buineadh thusach an ceann do Chonn,  
31 Do labhair Osgar na mor glomn,  
Ach gluaisidh Conan nu 'nhi cheill;  
A dhaingean na Feinne gu leir,  
An combail Chuinn bhuidheagh bbrais,  
32 Mu char tua'll ga aimhleas,  
Nuair a chunnaic an Conn bu chaoin cruth,  
A teicheadh dbachidh gu b' Alabuinn,  
'S iomad cnap is faob is meall,  
Bha 'g eiridh suas air dhroch ceann,  
Air mhaoil Chonain gu dearbh deamhin  
Chuir e a choig caoil foidh naon cheanguill  
33 'S iomad screud is iolach chruaidh,  
Bh' aig Conan am fianuis an t-sluigh;  
'S bh luaithe na fuaimne tuinne a teachd,  
Is an Fhian uileadh 'g eisdeachd  
34 Gu ma slan do 'n laimh a shín dnit,  
'S e labhair Fionn nan crodh nuadh;  
Gu ma turas gun ghníomh eiridh leat,  
A Chonain mhaoil mhí cheil.  
35 A mbiann subhla bhíis gach bhain.  
Aurd fhlaith na teaghmalach.  
37 Cuir fuachd is falachd air cul,  
39 An sin nuair a shuidh iad na pruíp-chatha  
A dhól a thóirt an aurd latha;  
Na h-airm tseandach a bhacda am braoid,  
Gun do thog mac Moirnie meleanta iad

- 40 An sin nuair chaidh Goll na chulaich chruaidh  
Na phrop am fianuis an t-sluaigh;  
Bugheal dearg gnúis an fhir,  
Na thorc aurd an tus na biarghuill,  
41 An sin air dhoibh dol an dail a cheil,  
A d' fhiachuin co a l' fhearr beuman;  
Chuirroth iad di caileadh d' an sgiabhbh  
Is di teineadh gan armaibh.  
42 Di foladh do chneasuibh an cuirp,  
Le 'm buileabh baobhail,  
Dol siar am baileabh nan iarmailtean  
43 Am folt a fallbh le gaoth nam beann,  
Le sgleo nan cuirridhean co teann;  
An da churruidh bu gharbh líth,  
Chuir iad an tullich air bhalla crith.  
44 'S iomadh caoir do theineadh ruadh,  
Bha teachd ó neimh nan arta faobhar cruaidh.  
'S ceann nan ceannaibheirtibh corrach,  
Is iad a cuimhneacha na mór fhalachd.  
45 Latha agus aon tra deug,  
A chum iad combrag is ní 'm breung;  
Gun do bhuitin Goll ním beuman,  
Ceann a Chuinn mhoir air lóm eigin.  
46 Gair gun do leig an Fhian,  
Nach do leig a leithid roimhe riamh;  
Air faichdin doibh Goll a crodhadh;  
An nachdar air Chonn treun torachd.  
47 Bhi fuasgladh Chonain è sas,  
An deis lonan a mhi ghrais,  
Naoth raithean do Gholl an aithd,  
Ga leithis mu 'n robh e slan,  
Aig òl fionadh a dh' oiche sa la,  
Sa stroiche òir le trom a dhaimh.

Crioch.

H. 18. HOW CONN, THE SON OF DEARG, CAME  
TO REVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH ON THE HEROES.  
180 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 92. Advocates' Library,  
December 15, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Except a general  
knowledge of the story, not known to Hennessy.

CONN came to revenge his Father's death on the Heroes,  
to Ireland, and he was but a child when his Father was  
slain, and killed 1540 of the ablest of the Heroes, in  
three day's time, but he was killed by Goll, at the end  
of seven days.

## DAN 22.

- 1 SCEULACHD air Chonn mac an Deirg  
Air a fionadh le trom fheirg;  
A dhiol bas athar gu treabhach,  
Air fianntidh fearoil 'n h-Eiradh.  
2 ' Aill sin dhann Oisain náraich,  
A shean fhir shuairce théo-ghrúdaich;  
Sgéulachd air Chonn fearaidh fearail,  
An sonn calma, caomhe, ceanaíl.  
3 ' Am b' ionann d' a dhealbh is d' a dhreach,  
'S do 'n Dearg mhor, thréun, mheannach mhear;  
Na 'n raibh e cho chalm gu léon,  
Ris an fhear a b' athair dhó.  
4 Bu mhoda Conn na e gu mór,  
A teachd am fiadhuais ar sloigh;  
A tarraing a luinge caoile,  
An cithe caoin agus caolais.  
5 Shuidh air an tulaich d' ar coir,  
'N fhuaidh charanta ro mhór;  
Bha ghruaidh choreair mar iughar caoin,  
Rosg máil agus mala ro chaol.  
6 Aigneadh mhór do 'n fhine ghrinn,  
Mor, meannach, fearail, eibhinn;  
Bha lanna ním gu leadairt chorp,  
Air shíos an laoch gu eagal trod.

- 7 C' áit am b' áille láoch fuí 'n ghréin,  
Na Conn nan arm faodhbhar, géur;  
A leithid cho 'n fhuacas riamh,  
'G imtheachd rathaid na mór shliagh.
- 8 Ghabh sinn eagal roimhe uile,  
Nach do ghabh sinn riamh roimh aon duine;  
'S an a chite con-fhathadh Chúinn,  
Mar on fhatbhadh mara re tréun túinn.
- 9 Se chomhairle chinne aig Fionn,  
'S aig naisle Eirann nach b' fhann;  
Chuir a dh' fhagbail sgéul 'n fhear dhoerach,  
Fearadhas béul dearg, binn fhoclach,
- 10 Ghluais Fearadhas gu binn bádhach  
Gu muirneach, meadhach mor aghach;  
Air chomhairl' athar mar bu choir,  
A dh' fhagbail sgéul do Chonn ro mhór,
- 11 'Fhir mhoir a thainig d' ar fios,  
Do radh Fearadhas fíor ghlíe;  
Sgéul a b' áill leam fhagbail usit,  
Cíod e fath do theachd's o chuan.'
- 12 'Se fath mo theachd'sa gu beachd,  
Fearadhais ma 's áill leat;  
Éiric 'n athar a b' áill leamsa,  
Do dh' naisle fiann Eirann 's Albann.'
- 13 'Ceann Ghuill is Ghreathair mac Mornna,  
Fhinn agus a dha mhic mhordha;  
Is ceann Chormaic agus Oscair,  
'S na bheil sibh beó dh' Fhianm nochdamh.'
- 14 'Is Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn,  
Fhagbail dhamb fein fuí 'n aon chuim;  
Sin no cuig céud d' ar fine máireach,  
Gu cómbrag dibhragach dana.'
- 15 'Cho b' ionann sa radh air dóidh,  
A Chuinn le d' iomadidh sgleo;  
Nan d' igadh cuig céud d' ar fine,  
Choisgeadh iadsan do luath mhíre.'
- 16 Phill Fearadhas mo dhea' bhrathair,  
A dh' inns' an sgeoil mar a b' áthaist;  
Do 'n Fhéinn gu soerach foillidh,  
Ge b' osgarra tréun a chombradh.
- 17 'Conn mac an Deírg sud tha 's tráidh,  
O Albinn nam benanntidh árd;  
Gu marbhadh Ghreathair is Ghuill,  
Is Chormaic is Oscair chruinn.'
- 18 'Fhinn agus a dha mac mór,  
Chormaic is ar 'n nile shléigh,  
Sin is Eirinn 'n éiric athar,  
No enig céud fuí' iochd an ath-la.'
- 19 Bha 'n Fhéinn uile 'n sin da bhrónach,  
Le eagal roimh 'n churidh cómbrag;  
Gu marbhadh e 'n Fhéinn le cuthach,  
Is sluaigh Chormaic fein le luinne.
- 20 'Dh' fhiosrach Fionn an sin gu 'n sólas,  
Co reachadh an dáil an órain;  
'S gu fuidheadh e duais gu deónach,  
Nan d' igeadh e níos o chómbrag.'
- 21 'Se fhreagair e Conan mac Mornn',  
Leigear ní chuíge chéud áir;  
'S gu d' ngainm dhe 'u ceann gu fearail,  
Mar thainig d' a athair cheanag.'
- 22 'Mallachd dhuitsa Choinmín mhaol,  
Cha sguir thu d' lonan a choidhch;  
Deich céud a' d' leithid áir traidh,  
Cho chuireadh ceann Chuinn gu lár.'
- 23 A dh' aingain na Féinne gu léir,  
Do ghluais Conan le mhí-chéill,  
A dh' ionnsuidh Choinmín bhuidhaich, bhras,  
Gu car aimhleis gu luath cas.
- 24 'N uair chunnaig Cónn bu chaoim dealbh,  
Conan a dol an seilbh arm;  
Thug e sítheadh gus an naoi',  
'S e teicheadh naith ag caoi'.
- 25 B' iomaíd crap, is faob, is meall,  
Bha 'g éiridh air a dhroch ceann;  
'S chuir caoil Choinmín gu daingeann,  
Na 'n cuigar fuidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 26 B' iomad sgairt aig 's íolach chruaidh,  
Re am cruinneachadh a mhor shluaigh;  
Bu labhaire no fuaim tuinne, teachd,  
An Fhianm 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 sheobhlag roimh caitainn éan,
- 28 Bha Cónn a caileadh a sgia',  
'S e 'g iarraidh cómbrag gu dian;  
Air Féinn Innshe pháil is Fíreoinne,  
Le misg dhearg catha gu 'n soradh.
- 29 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh dho,  
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an dara ló;  
Chuaidh Cónn rompe gu 'n mhéin,  
Mar sheobhlag roimh caitainn éan.
- 30 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgia' moire,  
'S e sior iarraidh tuillidh cómbrag;  
Air Mac Chuthaill bu mhaith éolas,  
'S gu deanadh e lot is léonadh.
- 31 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh dhó,  
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an treas ló;  
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,  
Mar sheobhlag roimh caitainn éan.
- 32 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgia' móire,  
'S e sior iarraidh tuillidh cómbrag;  
Air Fiann Eirann agus Albann,  
'S gu deaadh gu leir a marbhadh.
- 33 B' iomad ar garraich a bhos,  
B' iomad lámh ann is leith chos;  
B' iomad claigean ann is ceann,  
'S enirp nan caiginn air aon bhall.
- 34 Thagh sinn seachd fichead fear mór,  
Do mhaithaibh teaghlach ar sloigh;  
A thoirt a chinne do mbac an Deírg,  
'N uair chunnaig sinu Fionn fuí' 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 gábhadh.
- 36 Thug Cónn ruathar fíor chuthaich,  
Bu luath' e no galla mhúilinn;  
'S e caileadh a sgia' le sólas,  
A sior iarraidh tuillidh cómbrag.
- 37 'A Ghuill mhic Mornna na mor ghníomh,  
O! 's tu chleachd ar cabhair riamh;  
Cha 'n aon oirnn tha Cónn a bagradh,  
Ach ortsa Ghuill is mó aigneadh.'
- 38 'Dearbhamsa sin leats Fhinn,  
Fhir nan briatbraibh bláth binn;  
Cuireamaid fuath agus falachd air cúl,  
'S biodhmaid níl' air an aon rún.'
- 39 'N sin chuaidh Goll na chlaoidh chruai,  
Ann an fiadhnaís a mhor shluaigh;  
Is bu chraobh dhearg gnúis an fhir,  
A dol an tús na h-iorgainn mhír.
- 40 Na curina bu gharg cith,  
Chuireadh iad an tulach air chriht;  
Le 'm beumanna mead air mhead,  
'S iad a cuimhneacha' neo' mhéin.
- 41 Le sgreadaíl an lanna garbha,  
R' a chéile le géur neart calma;  
Chuireadh iasg nan cuntaidh stuadhach,  
Ann an caoite caole fuáraidh.
- 42 Chuireadh feidh nam benanntidh árd,  
Gus na gleanntidh fuaraidh fásaich;  
'S ealtach binn fhoclach nan coilteach,  
Ann 's na speura le crith oile.
- 43 Cho 'n fhuaca mí riamh re 'm láithibh,  
An leithid an cath no 'n gabhadh;  
Chuireadh díth teine da 'n lanna,  
'S díth fóla da 'n cneasa geala.



- 44 Scachd oidhchean, is seachd lá,  
Gu bu tursach fir is mnáith;  
Gus an do chlaoidh Goll nam benmaibh.  
An Conn mór a cheart roigainn.
- 45 Seachd ráidhean do Gholl an aigh,  
D' a leigheas gus an raibh e slán;  
Ag eisteachd ceól a dh' oidhch 's do lá,  
'S caithreamh óir fuidh throma dhainh.

## I. 14. BAS CHUINN.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 40. 176 lines. Advocates' Library, April 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Con being a Minor when his Father Darg was kilt by Goll, whose death he sincerely regretted, and whose loss time could not efface until he would be revenged upon Fingal and Goll. When Con came to man's state he sailed from Inis-drain, or rather Inis-drethin, with a Band of 500 chosen men, in hopes of a compleat conquest, make himself King of Ireland, overturn Cormac the King and Fingal and his valiant Bands. At his arrival he engaged 500 chosen men, which were all kilt. Upon the day following other 500 men were turn'd out to engage Con and his valiant Band, who were all slain. Upon the third Day other 500 men were turned out by Fingal of the flower of his army to encounter Con, who all fell in the action, which occasioned great lamentations among the Fingalians seeing Con always victorious. Con's army being by this time reduced to 140 men, Fingal upon the fourth day musters his army, and picks up 140 of the best and most experienced warriors out of the Bands of 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 valorous Con fell by the hands of the mighty and tremendous Goll the son of Moirne.

- 2 Aitís 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 dhoerach,  
12 Eiric m' Athar is aill leom,  
Neo' fras bheumanna' gum chom.
- 15 Cho b' ionann sa radh air choir,  
18 'S na ghluaisis d' ar sluaigh san thoir;  
Is Eirinn an eiric an Deirg,  
No cuig ceud fuí' bheum san leirg.
- 19 Bha Cormaic fuí' thime throm,  
Riogh na Feinne, 's an treuu Goll;  
Mu phrosnachadh an laoih lain,  
Bu decair s' ann iomar-bhaidh.
- 20 Dh' fhiosraich mo Riogh, flath nan cuach,  
Do mhaitheibh Eirinn nam buadh;  
Co reachadh an dáil nam fear,  
Dhiongail an combraig air lear.
- 21 Mar thainig d' a Athair le Goll.  
23 A dh' ionnsuidh Chuinn, bu trom greis,  
An tnu 's cha b' ann air a leas.
- 28 A mesg chothann, gun sgath combraig.  
29 Chuai' Conn rompa gun fhia',  
Mar shoobhag roí' caitainn ian.
- 30 Air Mac Cumbail nan arm geur,  
'S nan sonn bu decaire beun.
- 32 Air na Fiantaidh gorma ceu'ach,  
Na suinn bu decair san t-cug-bhail.
- 36 Thug Conn rnathar fir cuthaich,  
'S bu luaithe no ghrian a shuibhal;  
Ag iarruidh combraig na Feinn,  
'S gun duine beo, ach e fein.
- 39 'S bu chraobh, or-dhearg gnuis nam fear,  
A' dol an tus na h iorgail mhear.
- 41 Chuireadh féidh nam sleibhtidh ard,  
Gus na gleantaithe fuarruidh fas;  
'S eanlach binn-fhoc'tach nam beann,  
'S an a'bharr le sgruideil lann.

- 42 Cho 'n faca mi riamh ri 'm linn,  
An leithid ann combrag Fhinn;  
Chuireadh diht teime d' an lunn,  
'S diht fola d' an eucasilh geala.

## M. 12. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 144 lines.

- 1 AITHRIS dhuinne, Oisain dhanaich,  
Mhic Fhinn shuairec sho-ghrádlaich,  
Sgheulachd air Chonn feartha fearail,  
An sonn calma, caoin, ceannil.
- 2 Sgeulachd air Chonn mac an Deirg,  
Air a lionadh le trom fheirg  
Dol a dhioladh Athar gun fheall  
Air uaislibh 's air maithibh na Feinne.
- 3 Cia bu mhó Conn na 'n Dearg mór,  
Oisain nam briathra bin bhcoil?  
No 'm b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach  
'S do 'n Dearg mheòr, mhear, mheannnach?
- OISAIN.
- 4 Bu mhó Conn gu mór, mór,  
A' teachad an garadh ar slóigh,  
A' ttraung a luinge a steach  
'An cumhang cuain agus caolais.
- 5 Shuidh e air an tulaich 'gar còir  
Am fuidh curanta ro-mhòr,  
Mar thrégha mara re tiron thuinn,  
Aig ro-mhead falachd an t-suinn.
- 6 Chaidh e 'm frithleamaibh nan neul  
Os ar cinn san ath-mhead;  
Is ghabhadh e d' a chleasaibh gairge  
Siar ann am bailcibh na h-iarmaite.
- 7 A mhac-sambail cha 'n fhacais riamh  
Ag imeachd magha mo mór shliabh;  
'S cha b'ailidh neach fo 'n ghréin  
Na Conn nan arm faobhar-geur.
- 8 Gruaidh choreuir mar iubhar-chaor;  
Rosg chorach ghorm fuidh mhala chaoil;  
Falt úr, ór-bhuidh, amlach, grunn,  
Air an óg mheannnach, fhearail, aoibhinn.
- 9 Colg nimbe gu liodairt chorp  
Aig laoch ághmhor nan trom lot:  
Bhíodh a chlaidheamh láimh r'a sgéith,  
Air an loch re h-aimb-réit'.
- 10 Buaidh sgach ball an robh e riamh  
Air ghaisce, air meud a ghionach;  
'S gu 'm b' iomadh laoch a bha gun sgios  
A' tabhairt da géill agus mór chis.

## CONAN.

- 11 'Se labhair Conan maol mac Morna,  
'Leigear thuige an ceud uair ní,  
'S gu 'm buin mi an ceann a mach  
Do Chonn di-measach uaibhreach.'
- OSCAR.
- 12 'Marbbaig ort, a Chonain mhaoil,  
Nach sguir thu d' lonan a mhóil?  
Cha bhluimeadh tu 'n ceann do Chonn,  
Do rádh Oscar nam mór ghlonn.
- 13 Ghnaisidh Conan na mi-chéill  
A dh' antoicín na Feinne gu léir  
An coinneadh Chuinn bliadaich bhrais  
Mu char tuathal aimb-leas.
- 14 'Nuair a chumnaic an Conn bu chaoín dealbh.  
Conan dol 'an sealbaidh arm,  
Rug e le síchd air an daoidh  
'Se teicheadh gu luath uait.
- 15 B' iomadh sgreud is iolach chruaidh  
O bheul Chonain nam diom-bhuadh:  
Chaidh air Conan maol gu deoinhail,  
Na cuig enoil fuidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 16 'Beannachd aig an láimh rinn sin,  
'Se labhair Fiom a' chruith ghil.  
Is sheall iad an sin air a chéile  
Móran do mhaitheibh na Feinne.

17 Gur i chomhairle chinn doibh  
Sár mhac Fhinn bu chaoine glóir  
Chur a ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhocrach :  
Gluaisidh Fearguth binn-fhoclach.

## FEARGUTH.

18 'A Chuin mhòir, bhnaidhaich, bhrais,  
Fhìr shùgaich, ait, aobhinn,  
A ghabhail sgeula thàinig mi.  
Cìod é fàth do thurus do 'n tìr ?'

## CONN.

19 'Innseama mo sgeul dhuitse,  
Fhearguth, agus bun leat e.  
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam uaihse,  
O 'r maithibh is o 'r mòr uaislibh.

20 'Ceann Ghuill 'sa dhà mhic mhòir,  
Ceann Fhinn flath an t-slòigh ;  
Cinn chlanna Morna uile  
Fhaotainn 'an éiric aon duine :

21 'An tìr uile o thainn gu tainn  
A gh'illeachduinn do m' aon chuig ;  
No còmhrag cùig ceud d' ar fineadh ;  
Fhaotainn air madainn an màireach.'

22 An sin labhair cùig ceud d' ar fineadh,  
'Caisgidh sinne a luath mhìreadh.'  
Cha robh sud doibh mar a ràdh  
Re dol anns an iomarbhaidh.

23 Thug e mach claidheamh 'n Deirg mhòir  
Le couffadh catha sa' cheud uair.  
Thug e ruathar fir forthuinn,  
Mar sheobhlag measg calta mhìn enn.

24 B' iomad cruth a chaochail greann,  
Is cuirp ath-chumta le crudhas laun :  
Iomad làmh ann is leth chos,  
Iomad cloigeann thall 'sa bhos.

25 Cùig ceud eile god' bhiodh ann  
Gu 'n tuiteadh sin air aon bhall ;  
Is Conn a' calcadh a sgiath,  
Ag iarraidh còmhraigh, 's gu 'm b' an-iar.

26 Thogh sinn seachd fichead fear mòr  
Do mhaithibh theaghlach ar mòr shlòigh  
A thoirt a' chinn do mhac an Deirg ;  
Is dh' aithnich sinn Feann fuidh throm fheirg.

27 Chaidh ar seachd fichead 'na dhàil ;  
'S ann orra thàinig an diobhail :  
A' dol 'an cumasgadh na buidhinn  
Bu luaithe e na roth Gall-mhuilinn.

28 Thait ar seachd fichead fear mòr ;  
B' aobhar tuirs' e is do-bròin :  
Gu 'n do leig an Fhianm gàir chruaidh  
Re dìothachadh a' mhòr shluaigh.

## FIONN.

29 'A Ghuill mhic Morna nam mòr ghnìomh,  
Fhìr a chleachd ar cobhair riamh,  
A mhìann sùile gach baile,  
A laòich làidir na teugnhaile,

30 'Is dána leam Conn a bhagradh ort,  
Is air clanna Morna uile,  
Nach buineadh tu 'n ceann d'heath gu fearail  
Mar a rinu thu dheth athair roimhe.'

## GOLL.

31 'Dhecanainne sin dhuitse, Fhinn,  
Fhìr nam briathra blàtha binn.  
Cuireamaid fuath is fàsachd air cùl,  
Biomaid uile dh' aon rùn.

32 'Ged' mharbhta an Fhianm uile  
Gu dìothachadh an aon duine,  
Blùthinn féin 's mo threuna leat,  
A rìgh na Féinne, 'gad chobhair.'

33 Gluaisidh Goll 'na chulaidh chruaidh  
Ann an fianuis a' mhòr shluaigh.  
Bu gheal is dearg gnòis an fhir  
Re dol 'an tús na h-iorghuile.

34 Dh' éirich frith, is fearg, is fraoch  
Air dà mhalaidd an dà mhòr laoch.  
An dà churaidh bu mhòr cith,  
Chuir iad an talach air bhall-chrith.

35 Aon là deng agus tràth  
Gu 'm bu tuirseach mic is mài,  
Gus 'na thuit le Goll nam beumannan  
An sonn mòr air cheart óigin.

36 Gàir aobhinn gu 'n d' rinn an Fhianm  
Nach d' rinneadh leo roimhe riamh  
Re faicinn Ghuill chròda 'n nachdar  
Air Chonn meannnach, mòr, uaibhreach.

## O. 7. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 159 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 29. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, 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 dhìoladh bas athar gun fheall,  
Air uaislibh 's maithibh na Feinne.
- 2 An sgeul sin raiùg Fionn,  
An Farnail nan creugan Ard ;  
Sheall mu 'n cuairt air armuin ghrèadhnach,  
Ghreas gach laoch gu bhuil chath sgith.
- 3 Co dhiu 'is mo Conn n' an Dearg Mor,  
'S e labhair Oscar nam binn ghòir ?  
No 'm b' ionann Dealh agus Dreach,  
Do Chonn Mor mear meannach ?
- 4 Chunnacas Conn thar stèudaibh glasa,  
A' tarraing a luinge a steach,  
Ann Carrais Cuaiu nan caolas.
- 5 Shuidh air an Tulach 'nar coir,  
Am Fìni Curraada, dian, mor,  
Ghabhail do chleasa gu garg,  
Ann am bareta nan iarmailtean (thaca na h-car-mailt)
- 6 Bha lann nimbe a hoidart chorp,  
Aig a Chonn theughlach na mor olc ;  
Ealtuinn cheardail ghlan ghrinn,  
Air an fhear mhor, mhèar, mheannnach,  
A 's e gu fearrail suibhear eibhinn,  
A mhac sambuil cha 'n fhacas riamh,  
A' siubhal sratha, no mor shiabh.
- 7 Gruaidh choreara mar Iudhar caoin,  
Rosg ghorm fo mhala chaoil ;  
Suil a tilgeadh teine ruaidh,  
A' loisgeadh gaisge na mor shluaigh.
- 8 Bha lann fo sga a sge,  
Aig an laoch gu aireite ;  
Dh' iomar o iomadh cleas luthaidh,  
Do 'n Fheinn gu 'm b' aobhar tuirse.
- 9 'S e comhairle chinn aig Fionn feir,  
'S aig maithibh na Feinne gu leir ;  
Deagh Mhac Fhinn bu bhàine glóir,  
A chuir thuige an ceud thos,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh sgeul dhe 'n fhear dhocrach  
Chuir sinn Fearas beul dearg binn fhoclach.
- 10 Chuinm mhòir mhìr mheannnach,  
Gheig uir ghil dhealbhaich ;  
'Se m' fhiosrachadh dhìot gu beachd,  
Cìod fàth do thurus a dh' Albuinn ?
- 11 Dh' innse sin duit gun chleth,  
Fhearais mas aill beir leat ;  
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam uath,  
Na bheil sibh a Mhatha san Fheinne. (al. Eirin)
- 12 Ceann Fhinn oirt 's Ghuill,  
Cinn chlann Morna uile ;  
Fhaotainn an éiric aon duine  
No còmhrag cùig ceud uath.  
Do 'r maithibh 's do 'r garbh shluaigh,  
Gu 'm buinnin na cinn diubh a mach,  
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn as Chornuag.

- 13 'N nair phill Fearas o 'n fhear mhor,  
'S e labhair Fionn flath an t-sloigh;  
Innis an sgeul dhuinn gu nochte,  
Na ceil oirm dh' aon lochd.
- 14 'Se sid Conn Mac an Deirg,  
Alr a lionadh le trom fhearg;  
Teachd a dhioladh bas athar gun fheall  
Air naislibh is maithibh na Feinne.
- 15 Eiric athar is aill leis,  
O na bheil sibh mhaithibh '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 Chormaig.
- 17 An sin thuirte Conan maol Mac Morna,  
Leigear thuinge mi 'n ceud thos,  
As gu 'm buininn an ceann a mach  
Dhe 'n Chonn dhimeasach uabhract.
- 18 Inich ort Chonain mhaol,  
Cha sguir thu do loineais ri d shaoghal  
Cha tugadh tu 'n ceann de Chonn,  
'S e labhair Oseair na mor ghloinn.
- 19 Ghluais Conan na mi-chèil,  
Dh' aindeoin na Feinne gu leir;  
An caramh Chuinn bhuaidhich brais,  
An car bu tuaille dh' eirich leis.
- 20 B' iomad sgreid is iolach chruaidh,  
Bh'aig Conan nan diombuaidh;  
B' iomad faob is crap, is meall,  
Ag atadh suas air a dhroch ceann.
- 21 Air ceann Chonain gu reamhar,  
'S a chuing caoil an aon cheangal,  
Bu chruaidhe eigh na toirm tuinne,  
Is an Fheinn uile ga eisdeachd.
- 22 An sin thuirte fichead fear Finne,  
Leagaidh sinne a luath mhìre;  
Rachadh Conn a romha sud,  
Mar sheobhag troimh ealtainn eun.
- 23 Thug e ruidhar fir ri foire,  
Nas luath ma roth muillein;  
B' iomadh ionnhas 's am bar a bhos,  
B' iomadh lamh ann 's leth chos.
- 24 Airt gu chogall air aon bhall; (al. cuirp)  
Uiread eile ged bhiodh ann;  
Thuiteadh le Conn air aon bhlar.
- 25 Bha conn a' caice a sgiath,  
Ag eigheach comhraig le an-rian,  
Chuir sinn cuig fichead fear uain  
G' ar maithibh 's g' ar mor shluagh,  
A thoirte a' chinn a Mhic an Deirg,  
Dh' aithnich sinn Fionn fo throm fheirg.
- 26 Rachadh Conn troimh sud,  
Mar sheobhag troimh ealtainn eun  
Rha Conn a' caice a sgiath  
Ag eigheach comhraig gu dian.
- 27 Dheagh Mhic Morna nam mor ghniomh,  
Fhir a chleachd mo chomhair riamh;  
Nach truaigh leat conn a' baguirte ort,  
Is air chlanna Morna nan gear lot?
- 28 Nach d' thugadh tu an ceann deth,  
Mar a thug thu die athair roimhe?  
Dheamainse sin duitse, Fhinn,  
Fluir nam briathar blatha binn.
- 29 Chaidh gach fuachd 's falachd air chul,  
Biot had uile a dh' aon run;  
An sin chaidh Goll na chulaidh churaidh,  
An tianuis a mhor shluagh.
- 30 Bu gheall dearg gnais an fhir,  
Na mheall garbh an t-siorghuill,  
Ghluais e gu ciocrasach dana,  
Dh' ionnsuidh na teughalach.

- 31 Tha ceth teine de 'n airm chruaidh,  
Tha ceth fala de chnainh an cuirp.
- 32 Tiomadh caor theine ruaidh  
Teachd o nimh nan arm chruaidh,  
Os ceann nan ceann bhcartain carach,  
Is iad a' cuimhneach na mor fhalachd.
- 33 An da chuiridh bu mhor eith,  
Chuir iad an tullaich air chrioth  
Am folt sguabadh gaoth nan gleann,  
Gleac nan curridhean bhia co taann.
- 34 Seachd lathèan agus nao tra,  
Bu tursach fir is mnaoi,  
Aig na bhuidhinn Goll na mor bheum,  
Ann Conn mor a cheart eigin.
- 35 Aon ghair eibhinn rinn an Fhian,  
Nach do rinn a leithid riamh,  
Ri faicinn dhoibh Ghuill an nachdar,  
Air Conn treuf, bras, uabhrach.
- 36 Tri raian aig gun robh slàn,  
Toirt Chonain chrin a sas,  
Leigheas Ghuill mhic Morna.
- 37 Sgeulach air Chonn fèara fearail,  
An sonn mor calma ceanaill.

## X. 9. DUAN CHOINN MAC AN LEIRG.

171 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, February 9, 1872.

THIS was orally collected in Caithness, 19th and 20th April, 1854, by George MacLeod and James 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 INNIS dhuinn Ossein naraich,  
Mhic Fhinn uaisle shuairc sho ghradhich;  
\*Do sgeul air Conn, Fearg, is Fearail,  
\*Na soim chalmant coghineal.
- 2 Co bu mho Conn na 'n Dearg mòr,  
Ossein nam briathar ceolbhinn;  
Am b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach,  
Is do 'n Dearg mhaiseach mhoralach.
- 3 Bu mho Conn gu mòr mòr,  
Teachd o mbara le shloigh;  
\*Tarruing a luingeas a steach,  
\*Gu teamhair<sup>1</sup> cuain is caolas.
- 4 \*Bha sgiath nimh air gu leagadh a chorp,  
\*Air crios teug-bhoil na mòr ole;  
\*Is claidheamh air sgath a sgeith;  
\*Air an laoch ud gu b-aimhreach.
- \*Bha gruaig cuire<sup>2</sup> air mar iuthar eomh,  
\*Rosg gorm, an dà mhala cho chaoil;  
\*Folt buidhe aghmhor teardail,  
\*Uasal fearal aoibhinn grunn.
- 6 Sheas air an tulaich ma ur comhair,  
Mìlidh curannt' bhia ro mhior;  
Leis an gabhta' chleas gu garbh,  
Aun am<sup>3</sup> bailleul na h-iarmailt.
- 7 Bheirèans' mo bhriathar cinn,  
Phadrug cha bu nar ri innis';  
Gu na ghabh sinn d' eagal  
Roimh uile is nach do ghlabh,  
Sinn riamh roimh aon duine.
- 8 \*'S e chomhairl a dh' inntir aig Fionn;  
'S aig fearibh naisle Eirinn;  
Aig clann na mara muirne,  
Deagh mhic Fhinn o 'm binn gloir,  
'Chuir ghabhail o 'n laoch dh' shocarach,  
Bhaigheach bhinn fhoalach.

<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 chabairl athair, mar bu choir,  
Do ghabhail sgeul churaidh  
O Chonn bu ro mhor.
- 10 Bheannaich Fergus le gloir bhinn,  
Do Chonn tairise<sup>4</sup> bha ro' Fhinn;  
Fhreagair Conn e mar bu choir.  
Fherguis fhúillidh fhir choir.  
Mhaic an fhir<sup>5</sup> dhúneasidh mhear,  
Dhuainn bhuaidhich dheud ghil,  
Thainig a ghabhail sgeul o Fhionn.  
'Cia fath do thochd do Eirinn?'
- 11 Fios mo tharus ann gu beachd,  
Fherguis nam b' fhear a b' áill leat?  
Eric m' athair a b' áill leam,  
Dhúibhse mbaithibh fir Eirinn.
- 12 Gu ceann Ghoill is dá mhac Mhuirn,  
Fhinn is Chribhinn 's Chori-Chorn;  
Gu ceann Chlonnairt na Muirne uile,  
Gu 'n dítheachadh mar aon duine,  
Cormaic Mac Airt agus Fionn.  
'S na th' beo do fhearibh Eirinn.  
O thuinn gu tuinn fhaotainn  
Dhomsa fò 'n aon cheuinge,  
Comhrag air coig ceud ur sloigh;  
Air mhoch mhaduinn a maraich,  
Gu sgarinn an cinn o 'n corp  
An aindheon Fhinn is Chormaic.  
Gluaisidh Fergus thugain fein,  
Phadraig na abairim breug.
- 13 Chlost sinn sud an Fheinn uile,  
'G eisdeachd rí sgeul Fherguis,  
Labhair Fionn flath nur sloigh  
Fherguis ciod do sgeul o 'n fhear mbòr?  
Innis dnuin gu beachd.  
'S na ceil romhainn na h-áiníochd.
- 14 Se mo sgeulsa o 'n fhear mhor,  
Nach fhearr leis gun choig ceud ur sloigh  
Air mhoch mhaduinn a máirich,  
Gu cath comhraig díobhalaich,  
Gu ceann Ghoill, is da mhac Mhuirn,  
Fhinn is Chribhinn 's Chori-Chorn,  
Gu ceann Chlonnairt : na Muirne uile  
Gu 'n dítheachadh mar aon duine,  
Cormaic Mac Airt agus Fionn,  
'S na tha beo do dh' fhearibh Eirinn,  
O thuinn gu tuinn fhaotainn  
Dhomsa fò 'n aon cheuinge,  
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 mhólach !—a Chonoin mhaol !  
So an onoir nach fhaidh thu chaoidh,  
Cia fath gu 'n coisgeadh tu Conn  
Fhuiribh,<sup>6</sup> Oscar na mór lom,
- 15 Gluaisidh Conon le mhi-cheil,  
'N aghaidh na Feinn gu leir,  
'N aghaidh Choinn bhuaidhich bhrais,  
Gu car tuasaideach aimhleis,  
Dar clunnaic an loch bu chaoin a dealbh,  
Coinean dol an seallbhan arm  
Thug e sídheadh do 'n fhear,  
Is ghabh e teicheadh a choin fhálbhídh,  
Ach 's líonmhór seread is íolach cruaidh.  
Bha aig Conoin rí aon nair,  
Bu luath e na tuirm tuile teachd,  
'S an Fheinn uile gu choimhead,  
Bu líonmhór enapain agus meall.  
Bha 'g éiridh suas air a dhroch ceann,  
Air maoile Choinnean gu reamhar.  
Na coig caoil sa 'n aon cheangail,

<sup>4</sup> Fingal's pledge of fidelity. *Tairis*, trustworthiness.

<sup>5</sup> Proud and sportive.

<sup>6</sup> Fuiribh, in derision, ironically, You who are so strong as Oscar.

Beannachd aig an laimh shin ríut.  
Labhair Fionn flath na Fiann,  
Gu ma turus gun éiridh dhuit,  
Choinnean dhona mhi cheillidh.

- 16 Ach chuir sinn ur coig ceud a mach,  
Gu near meannarach móralach  
Cha an loch ud trompa gun ghrainn,  
Mar sheobhadh dol troimh altan mhin eun,  
Is mas tionndadh tu barr a bhóis  
Bu líonmhór leth-laime agus eos,  
Bu líonmhór colluinn bha gun cheann,  
Nan coimneal marbh air 'n aon lámh,  
Coig ceud eile ciod bhíodh iad ann,  
Bhíodh iad marbh air 'n aon bhonn,  
Ghluais sinn seachd fichead fear mór,  
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an díobhal oirne  
Chaidh e trompa mar mbaol muileann,  
Bu luath e na rotha gall muileann  
Thuit na seachd fichead fear mór  
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an díobhal oirne,  
Far an d' rinn an Fheinn an gair cruaidh,  
Bhí dítheachadh ur mór shluagh,  
Fhir nach d' aitheachadh cabhain riamb  
Air thapiachd 's air mhór ghníomh,  
Mhiann suile gach bór:?  
Is phrionnsa gach teughíhoill,  
Nach fhaic thu Conn 's e maoitheadh ortsa,  
Ghoill churaidh gach namhaid,  
Nach cuireadh tu an ceann ud de gu fearal  
Mar chuir thu de athair roimhe,  
Dheanainn sin dhuits' Fhinn.  
'Bhriathraribh nan ceol bhinn,
- 17 Na 'n cuireamaid gach fearg is fuil air chul,  
'S gu 'm bidheamaid nile de 'n aon runn,  
Dar bha Goll na chullaidh churaidh'cht,  
An fianuis fháthaibh is a mhór shluagh  
Bha geal dearg an gnúise an fhir,  
'S bha shealladh garg an tús gach iorghuill  
Shin an da churadh bu mbor cith<sup>8</sup>  
Chuirte leo tulach air ball-chith,  
Le an ceumibh b' fhearail linn,  
An Fheinn uile gu 'n coimhead  
Bha cith fala chruinn chorp,  
De las-fhaobhar nan arm nochd  
Ann bail eul nan sgiathibh gu ard.  
Is e dol síos do 'n iarmait.  
Latha is aon trath deng.  
Bha na loich ud nan sgainnir dheirg  
Ach na thuit le Goll nan bume  
Conn mor air cheart 's air eigin,  
Sin an gair aoibinn thug an Fheinn  
Mar nach d' thug fos droigh a riamb  
Bhí faicinn Ghoill chruadbant.  
An uachdair air Conn treun.  
Is fuasgladh Chonain a cáis.  
'Eideadh cuir lannan na mhi ghrais,  
Seachd ráithean do Ghoil an aigh  
Gu 'leigheas ach am bí e slán,  
'G eisdeachd eul a dh' oidhch sa léir  
I! pronnadh éirí tromh dhainn.  
Sin mo sgeulsa air Conn mhic an Deirg.  
Thainig thugain fò throm fheirg  
Do dhíoladh bás athair gun fheallsa,  
Oirbhse mbaithibh fir Eirinn,

(Cia fad an duan ruigear a cheann gnath  
fhocal.)

Criche,<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 *cruinn chorp*.

<sup>9</sup> The annotations are the Collector's.

## X. 9. BAS CHUINN. Extracts.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh, February 7, 1872. 106 lines. Orally collected in Tiree, 1857, by Mr. Cumming, from a man locally known as Alisier Mor. He learned it from a man who went to America afterwards. Of this version I print Mr. Cumming's Gaelic Argument and lines which vary from other versions, or are not written elsewhere. Lines in this MS. are not numbered.

Mas fhior beul-aris chomhnuich Conn san Eilean Mhuil-each an deigh bás athair, a mharbhadh an Eirinn. Air do Chonn thighinn gu lan neart ruinnich e bas athair a dhioladh. Ruig e Eirinn chum na crìch so. 'S cha robh duine sheasamh roimh. Chuireadh teachdar do dh' Albain os iosal an riochd deirceadh a dh' fhaicinn an robh doigh ann air am feudta buaidh fhaothan air Conn. Thainig an teachdair Eirinnich gu ruig Mull gu tigh mathair Chuinn. Neach a dh' fharraid dhe na choigreach co e, is cia as da, is ciod a naigheachd a bh' aig.

Fhlegair easan gun d' thainig e Eirinn, gum bu deirceach e, 's nach robh naigheachd aig ach gun d' thugadh buaidh air Conn-Mac an Deirg. Eu-comasach ars mathair Chuinn, oir nan cumtadh fion dearg is mnanhan o Chonn cha neil an Eirinn na dh' gheabhadh buaidh air. Mar so fhuair na h-Eirinnich mach an deigh an claidh-eachd iad Conn; oir thug an teachdair dhachaidh air; air ball chuireadh meadhonan claidh Chuinn ri aghaidh is an deigh sin chaill e bhuanhadh do chionnsuichte.

- 1 Co dhin is mo Conn no 'n Dearg mor ?  
No Oiscean nam briathraibh binn bheoil;  
No 'n ionann dealbh agus dreach,
- 4 Dha fein 's do 'n Deargan mheannach.  
Chuir e 'dha shleagh air a sgàth,  
Tengbhoilceadh na mor lochd;  
'S a chaitheamh air sgath laoch,
- 8 Gun eagal aimhreat.  
Eiric m' athair a b' aill leam,  
O uilsean nìle na h-Eirinn;  
Ceann Chonain 's dha mhic Ghuill,
- 12 Ghuill is Chonain is Chormaic.  
Is na bheil beo do mhaithibh Eirinn,  
No Eirinn o thuing gu tuinn,  
'Gheileachdan do m' aon chuib,
- 16 No cuig ceud fear mor chuir so  
A chomhrag ri m' fhear-dioldhais maireach.  
Sin mar labhair Coirliomhan,  
Leagaibh mis' da ionnsuidh;
- 20 'S gun d' thugainn an ceann de,  
Thubhairt Fionn.  
Heid thusa Choirliomhan,  
Na bi tighinn air comhaadh cho cli sin;  
Cha cheannsaichean e gun fhoill,
- 24 Le da thrian 's na bheil an Eirinn.  
Bu lionmhoir sin a chluinnt ann,  
Phac is garbh mheall,  
Glaodh is iolach ard,
- 28 Ann am beul Chonain  
Cuim an deannins' sin ruit Fhinn,  
Fhir nam briathraibh binn a bheoil,  
'S gur fhein a thuit clann a Morla a mhor  
theachd,
- 32 Thigeanmaid is suiteamaid a dh' aon ruinn,  
'S cuireamaid faath is folachd air chul,  
It chuireanna mo Threun a leat,  
A rìgh na Feinn gar comhadh,
- 36 Nuair bha Goll dol an cula chomhrag  
A nuair sin am fianmais a mhoir shloigh,  
Chuir e sgiath bhuccaiceach,  
Bhaccaiceach air a laimh chli
- 40 Slacan cruadhach curantach,  
Claidheamh na laimh dheis,  
Fhalt mbor mhaiseach fhearail ghrinn,  
Iuthair gharbh eibhinn,
- 44 Gruadh corrach mar iuthair chaon,  
Fo rosg na mala cuma chaoil.  
Air an seoladh ann an caol bheortan corrach,  
Is e ri cuimhneachadh na mor ocl,
- 48 Sin dar thoisich an da laoch bu gharbh sgiath,  
Chuireadh an talamh air balla chrìth,  
Ri sgoltadh na sgeana sgiathach,  
Is sgoltadh na sgiathibh sgealbach,

- 52 Ri doirteadh na fola moir,  
Fo lamhan ùnachdach a cheille,  
Gus an d' thainig an oidheche,  
'S 'n d' thainig sìthichean nach as na cruic,
- 56 Gabhail ioghnadh is mor aithir.

## B. 6. AN DEARG MAC DRUIBHÉIL. 1690.

Copied June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from Rev. Donald Mac Intosh's Transcript of E. Mac Lean's Manuscript, p. 169, and fol. iii, or p. 31, Book II. of MS. 1690. The original, written at Ardechnail, 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, 1803, to Mr. Lewis Gordon, Depute Sec., H. S., Edinburgh.—D. C. M., July 3, 1872.

## DEARG MAC DRUIBHÉIL.

- 1 TREIS ar caithrean an fhir mhoir  
Do thanic an oir fa deaghlbhal  
An tren fhear a bhì lan do ghoil  
An Dearg dana mac Druibheil
- 2 Briathra go thug an laoch lan  
Seall far thrial se ar sall  
Nach geibhadh gun gheille leis  
O gach Feinidh da fheabhus
- 3 Gus na Fianuibh bfearr goil  
Triallas a Dearg mac Druibhil  
Onoir o thir na fear Fionn  
Ga crìochadh oirar Fian Eirionn
- 4 'N uair thanic an laoch lan  
Ar aneimearmist comhlan  
Gabhias an Dearg dead gheal cuan  
Go Bein Eadin mor shluagh
- 5 Dias noch ar chumhail dail  
Chaidh choimhead an chuan cobhar ban  
Feidh na roid' geal mbac Fhinn  
Agus an Caol crodha mac Chreamuinn
- 6 Sin dias rach ar coimhead cuain  
Ach tuitim na searum suain  
No ghabh bare an fhir mhoir  
Caladh is trachd namhaidh
- 7 Leimidh an Dearg bu mhaith dreach  
Ar tìr do chranuibh a chraoiseach  
Tharuing e a bharc bu maith snas  
Ar an trachd gheall ghainmhidh
- 8 Folt fionbuidh mar or cerd  
Os cion amhach in gruidh 'n Dearg  
Da dreach gormsbuil gar gloinn  
Bu ghlan gnuis a mhilidh

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



- 9 Da leccion remor chatha<sup>2</sup>  
An laimh mhic an athar fhilatha  
Sgiath oir ar aghuallan chfí  
Ag mac usal an ard rí
- 10 Lann nimhe le leadart corp  
Agan laoch gan eagla comhruc  
Mhian chumhdúigh chlochara chor  
Fan mhilidh fochar suil ghorm
- 11 Geall gaisgadh an an domhan toir  
Ar mhéad ar neart ar dbeilbh  
Air chomhrac cheart ar cheduibh
- 12 Eirghus Reidh na roid mac Fhinn  
Agus an Caol crodha mac creamhinn  
Do ghlacadar an airm nan dora  
Is reathadar na chomhdhail
- 13 Tabhar sgela duin a fhir mhoir  
Os ruim ata coimhead an chuan  
Da mhac rí gu sar bhuaidh sinn  
D Fiannaibh lan uaisle Eirionn
- 14 Crioch as an tlanic me anois
- 15 Is me an Dearg mhic rí na bFionn  
Ag teachd do dhíaruidh ardríghlachd Eirionn  
Labhrus rer unaghaidh mhíre  
Go dian leis an Dearg mac Draoibhil
- 16 Ní bfuaidh tusa a laoi ch lan  
Urram no geill feraibh Fíal  
Cia maith síese a dhias laoch  
Caus formud agus fiach
- 17 Cia bhacas díom a gabhail  
Da nairisíod duit gach flath  
A Dheirg mhoir mhic an ard fhilatha  
Gur biomadh an Teamhrae laochlann
- 18 Neaoch a gheibhadh leat comhlan  
Ca bhíul 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 por libh  
Do radh an Caol crodha mac Creinrinn  
Racha me do chloaithsi a nois  
A laoi ch iad a thanic thairis
- 21 Air chaol crodha bu mhaith dreach  
Leimín in Dearg dasachdach  
Le feirg mhór is le fiacha  
Mar gar bhuaíl in trein laoch
- 22 Do fhogar an Dearg comhrac chruaidh  
Gus an Chaol chrodha go mor nuáil  
Thugadar an toran teath teann  
Le sgoilte sgiath agus caura<sup>3</sup>
- 23 Gur beath íomghreis na deisi sin  
Ansan íomruaigh do bhí e entora  
No gur cheangla san rolan roth  
An Caol crodha san g Comhlan
- 24 Eirghus Re na roid Mac Fhinn  
Tareis an Chaol Chrodh do chreachda  
Mac Rí na Feinne gan tor  
Ag coine an fhir mhóir sna chomhdhail
- 25 Gur biomdha geleas ansan gala  
An san íorghraíl mar leig thairis  
No gur cheangla cruaidh an ceim  
Re na rod na luath bheim
- 26 Maith an guimh dhuit san ghoil  
Uaitsi síme aron do ehpapill  
Fuasgail ar cuimhrach a laochlan  
Beir leat sin ad timchioll
- 27 Duasgail Dearg nan arm siach  
Cuimhrich na deise deadh laoch  
Is do ghabha bhriathar air gach fear  
Nach togfadh airm na aghaidh.
- 28 Gluasadar an sin go Teamhradh  
Dfhios Chormic sa mhór theaghluidh  
Mac Draorbhil na gear lann buaidh  
Gu triath Teamhrach na udeluaidh.
- 29 Do eirghadar amach fir Theamhradh  
Fir mhór dheagh croidhach dheallbhach  
Gur biomadh fear duin bhruit sroil  
Attíomchiol Chormaic na geodach
- 30 Labhrus triath Teamhra gun onn  
Suidh a chliar chalma chuirinn  
Ní huairfidhe díobh meirg aon fhir  
Nach togadh airm na aghaidh
- 31 Suidhis treinfhír Iunís Fáil  
Greis ar cheil an chomhdhail  
Le teachd chuga dho go dana  
Fear foistínach fíor mballa
- 32 Se teachd ansna maídhín dho  
Do mac Draoibhlthil na mor ghleo  
Don og ínnitla chuimsach  
Leagalar an rod ré shoilsach
- 33 Beauídlhus an Dearg da ghloir bhinn  
Do thriath Teamhrach go haobhín  
Is do fúreagair an flath gan do dobhruin  
Chathmhilidh na tren fhodla
- 34 Le suidhe don Dearg noch ar thinn  
Labhrus ard rí Eirionn  
Brigh do thurus gu Teamhradh  
Airis a laoi ch mhóir bheannmadh
- 35 Gur be beachd mo thuras duit  
A Mhíe Art Churanta mhíe Chormaic  
Treise na b-Eirionn gur bail leom  
Dar neamh síe bheamena tíomheíoll
- 36 Geilluid Eirionn ar muir  
Gíodh gur minic shaor siad treinfhír  
Ní fritur sin fogur gu bruth  
Eire tablach le aon oglach
- 37 Cíodh nach ail leatsa chormic  
Flaithus a thabhart dum gan dobhruin  
Comhrac ced do chlapu curadh  
Uaitse a mhíe Art a Nulladh
- 38 Do churios me curaidh calma  
Achlaoi th anocgmhír Fhinn almhura  
Thog aneirg noch ar tim  
Le fearg moir do chum an chomhlain
- 39 Gur be comhras a mhíe rí na bhfionn  
An ced sin do thuitin na chomhlain  
An da ched síle fa ghuimh do  
Do chlaoi th an Dearg an enlo
- 40 Nuair chonarc Teamhra Dill  
An Dearg ar deanamh na hurlaidh  
Bhrosnuidh 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 mhúintir Fhíon o h-Almhúin  
Sgiath fhíodadh go íomcharr air  
Só Eairion síoda sígí sír shroil
- 43 Gath minic lan is luirach  
Fa gach laoch og ard sugach  
Ínníol lasta ar gach fear fínoich  
Deoibhtur ar gach laoch lan gheal
- 44 Le teachd anns na madhmhí dhíomh  
In t-sluagh curanta chumhdúigh  
Togbhus an Dearg bu maith dreach  
An pubil oirthúidh íollanach
- 45 Chuaidh fo Chormac an tim  
Cúir fáilte ar feinnibh o Ealmhúin  
Fuar cluioite Mhíe Murn na gercach  
Pog is cureadh attíghe Teamhradh
- 46 Ghluais mac Rí na bFionn  
Asteach uain ausa pubill  
Do thog trí chlog cleis luidh  
Fa mor an tabbur íomghruis.
- 47 Gluais Mac Cumhail fheíl  
As teach uair ara chead leim  
Agus beannuidhus se don Dearg  
Don og aithelach fhíonard

<sup>2</sup> Re mor chatha, gloss.    <sup>3</sup> Cabhara, gloss.

- 48 Beamughus Fionn noch fhruiluing tar  
Fragras an Dearg dreach dhana  
Do gar cumha go luath lom  
Ar mac Cumhail no comhlan
- 49 Cia math do lambsa fhir  
Do raidh faith na Feinidh o Ealbhain  
Braighe na h-Eirion ni beirillmise duit  
A Dheirg le h-eagla do chomhrac
- 50 Mas thugamsa do thriall sibh  
Aleachradh oscleibhte Laighean  
Fear comhrac ced ullann sin  
Uaitse a mhic Cumhail arm grunn
- 51 De chuiris no ched ansin  
Do chlaoidh in Dearg dom mbuintir  
Do chuiris mo dhorn mo chonn mhic smoil  
Do chuiris mo Chonn mac Chonan
- 52 Tuit mac Conan mhic aleigh  
Thuit an dorn nach roibh go re  
Is do mharbha le na laimh gun lochd  
Gach ceda fear gu faobhar nochd
- 53 Nuair chonarc mac Cumhail fheil  
An dearg ur deanadh na hurluidhe  
De bhrosnach se a chip chatha  
Do chosg mic anathur fhlatha
- 54 Eirghios Faolan le fearg mhor  
Ghlac ameirg tsaoilhadh shroil  
Glacadar cumpara cheile  
Tareis anrnadh do Draoiibheil
- 55 No gur chlaiothadh leis an Dearg an  
Faolan calma na ceamh chealg  
A mhic morna nach meata  
Chaan chrodheata calma
- 56 Coisg dhin comhlan an fhir mhoir  
A cheann ghaisgadh an mor shluagh  
Deich ced naonnughe 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 morbhuidh
- 58 Mo chumhnadh do bheiram duit  
A Ri na Feinnadh go turtachd  
Eirghus Goll nach ar fuiling tar  
Na chulidh eididh iomashlan
- 59 Chosg chomhlan an laoi lan  
Mar bhrosnuidh na chomhdhail  
Tugus an Dearg do chlaioth Ghuill  
Na hairm nimhe do bli agoige
- 60 Thanic se go diomsach daua  
Gi ciochbrach anait teagmhala  
Chuimhleadur abfoitannas re cheile  
An dias dilcanta deagh laoch
- 61 Re snoidhe chloigean is cheann  
Lionidhe mac Draoiibheil is Iollan  
Bheathadar mur sin fa ghreis  
No go tugadar an mor theais
- 62 No gur thost fir Eiroinn uile  
Le clos beimanach na hiorguile  
Dith teine, dith cailec, dith eruaidh  
Do bhí da sgiathuibh san uair
- 63 Agus dith fola do nimhe  
Bhí fo chriosanadh na miliah  
Beathadar comhrac tri là  
Far thursach mic agus mna.
- 64 No gur chlaiothadh an Dearg an  
Le mac Morna na bemanadh  
Do fuar Goll mar gheulla leis  
O mhac Cumhail gan ainbhfios
- 65 Gar buidhach an flaithe go mbuadh  
Do chomhrac Iollain arm ruadh  
Luidhe bliadhna anathur Ghuill  
Tareis comhrac an laoi lonn
- 66 Attigh Teambradh gon fhios  
Agus Feinidh mhic Morna da leigbhos
- 67 Do rin an Dearg ditchiol borb  
Oruin le na moir choig  
Thuit eed dar muimtir na throd  
Agus tre ched do mhuintir Chormraig
- 68 Is mi Fergus flie Fhionn  
O gruiddh Feinidh mhic Cumhail  
O thrial on feroin ar tuin  
Trian agaisgidh ni aiviosiomh.

Finid.

## THE PRAISE OF GOLL, AND OF FIONN.

A. M. N. V. Y.

THESE two Poems are in short metre, and would fit a quick cheery tune. The first is attributed to Fionn's son, Fergus of the Sweet Mouth, the other to Fionn's son, Oisein.

Tradition places 'The Praise of Goll,' after the victory over Conn Mac an Deirg. The Poem is still remembered in fragments in the Isles.

'The Praise of Fionn' is forgotten. Oisein sings the praises of his Father; but his song is half a Lament to Padraig. After a reconciliation between the rival Tribes, family rejoicings came naturally, so these two are placed together. With them is M. 13, from Gillies. N. 7. Miss Brooke's Irish version, is at page 298, edit. 1789. Mr. Mac Lean has transcribed this. No Irish type is available. V. 14. is another version printed by Mac Callum. Y. 5. is at page 293, vol. iii. 'Popular Tales,' and was orally collected in Barra, before 1862.

A. 22. ZOELL. 141 lines.

A HOUDIR SO SEIS FARRIS FILL.

1 ARD agne zwlle,  
Fer coggi finn  
Leich loyyir loonn,  
Owil ne timmi.

2 Scir 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 rynt  
Fa heggill lenn,  
A hagri hecht rinn

8 Derrim rwt a inn,  
Na drillis noonn  
Di warr agli zwle,  
Hagni 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,  
Torviridych fayll  
A throst cayth is boyn,  
Foss flath a chayl

12 Dwn na olt,  
A wurunni mir chelk  
Wmlane mi chorp,  
Lomlane da herk

R 2

- 13 Memnycht a weiss,  
Dalweich a zawnss  
Ne elle re ooss gowle,  
Ne chell ort a inn
- 14 Tress ni doon,  
A zasga zrin  
Flaaoill foss,  
Daytholl a kness
- 15 Er zoole ne cless,  
Ne slim er hass  
Broontych a zale,  
Convych a royr
- 16 Ferriddi mein,  
Melleddi moyr  
Da rayth gi brayth,  
Aw agis eich
- 17 Nawch ri cayth,  
Lawch a leich  
Claa chonis woyn,  
Sonnis ni wayne
- 18 Monmurrycht coyn,  
Illericht dane  
Loyvin er aw,  
Croyth na growith
- 19 Loyvir a layre,  
Royg ni reith  
Sonnis ni rowd,  
Sollis a zaid
- 20 Curris say layve,  
Gych trayn da wayd  
Boyn rowni a nyr,  
Boy corrik er
- 21 Leydwich a zolli,  
Egni in sterr  
Leich ewnych loonn,  
Neawnych la lynna
- 22 Targissi goole,  
Argissicht lynni  
Leich arm mar,  
Fargyecht 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 tlaa
- 25 Meith ni grayth,  
A zrayth fa blaa  
Scyor a chrow,  
Awzor a rath
- 26 Ne in tranith shrow,  
Na reym in gawth  
Math morn is dane,  
Fa orryth a zoyl  
Innoyr a zloyr,  
Beith woyn a chrayn
- 27 Trayth marri mer,  
Fayle ferri a chorri  
Gin tayr na zerr,  
A zaille er forri
- 28 Mak teadis cheiwe,  
Nach tregi dawe  
Gin choggi reith,  
Nar laggi a layve
- 29 Oowir a cholck,  
Is borbe a zlaa  
Nor erri arg,  
Trane shelga zea
- 30 *A e coule zriun,*  
Coythwil ess gyle  
*See bognych di zoell,*  
Gin noa gin nawle

- 31 In ness rame lay,  
A zuayn zoo  
Werrin gin chelga,  
Trayn selga zoo
- 32 Ni twlli a ann,  
Far nass i gor  
Graw tenni 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 nyll  
Is skeil mi zroyrn,  
Ne wor mi wane
- 35 Carri gin kelg,  
Bail tanni derg  
Anich si low,  
A clow oss ard.  
Ard agni zwl.

A. 23. FINN FLA RE NO VANE.  
120 lines.

ACTOR HUIJUS OSSANE M'FINN.

- 1 Sai la guss in dei  
Oy nach vaga mai finn  
Chanaka rem rai  
Sai boo zar lyn
- 2 *Mak neyn oe heik*  
Ree nyth wollych trom  
Meddi is mo raith  
Mo cheyl is mo chon
- 3 Fa filla fa flaa  
Fa rec er girre  
*Finn flu re no vane*  
Fa treach er gych ter
- 4 Fa meille mor marre  
Fa lowor er lerg  
Fa shawok glau geith  
Fa seith er gi carde
- 5 Fa hillauch carda  
Fa markyth nor verve  
Fa hollow er zneith  
Fa steith er gi schern
- 6 Fa fer chart a wrai  
Fa tawicht toye  
Fa hynseith naige  
Fa bratha er boye
- 7 Fa hai in techter ard  
Er chalm is er keol  
Fa dwlta nyn dawf  
O zaik graig ni glar
- 8 A kness mir a galk  
A zroie mir in ross  
Bi zlan gorm a rosk  
A holt myr in tor
- 9 Fa dwle dawf is doonna  
Fa haryth nyn aw  
Fa hollow er znee  
Fa meine ri mnawe
- 10 Fa hai meille mor  
Mak mwrna gi mygh  
Bar lynyth nyn land  
An cranna os gych ig
- 11 Fa saywar in rygh  
A vodla mor zlass nyth  
Din zort zar zeve  
Terf nocha thra . . .
- 12 . . . brone bane  
. . . er nyth tloye  
Fa bi chroy cham
- 13 Fa chossnw in greit  
Fa vanve ni bann  
Gin dug in flath  
Treachaid cath fa chann
- 14 Er serattyeh o zea  
*M'Coule* nor chail  
Id deir fa zoo  
Ne closs goo na vail
- 15 Ner earne er nach  
*Zor air* voo ynd  
Cha royve ach re grane  
Re reyve vass a chynn
- 16 *Neir aik pest in locht*  
*Na arrych in noef*  
*Neryn nyn neve*  
*Ner varoe in ser soyye*
- 17 Ne hynasse zueve  
A beine gin de bra  
Ner ynasse voyrn trane  
A voye si waa
- 18 Ach is olk id tam  
In dei ind ni vane  
Di quly less in flath  
Gi math wa na zei
- 19 Gin angnow in vor  
Gin amnith glau geith  
Gin nor in mne ree  
Is gin wre ni leich
- 20 Is tersyeh id tam  
In dei chinni ni gaid  
Is me in crann er creith  
Is me keive er naik
- 21 Is me chnoo cheith  
Is me in teach gin schrane  
Achadane mi nor  
Is me in toath gin treath
- 22 *Is me ossin m'fynn*  
Er trane ym zneith  
Nad be voa finn  
Di bi lwm gi neith
- 23 Vii sliss er y hyg  
M'Kowl gyn blygh  
Vii fythit skae cliss  
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 bane  
Na hallith re hoil  
X<sup>t</sup> urskir gorm  
X<sup>t</sup> corn in noor
- 26 Ach bi wath in traive  
A wag finni ni vane  
Gyn dochil gin drow  
Gyn glw is gyn gley
- 27 Gyn talkis ind er  
In err za ayne  
Ag dol er gi nae  
Di weith cach za rar
- 28 *Finn flath in tloye*  
*Sothran er a lou*  
Re nyn wlie aig  
Roy zwanni ni ner zwlt
- 29 Ner zwlt finn ree nath  
Ga bi veg a lynn  
Char churw ass i heach  
Nach zor danyth ann
- 30 Math in donna finu  
Math in donna ai  
Noch char helic nath  
Lai zor helic sai.  
Sai.

## M. 13. AIR GOLL MAC MORNA.

36 lines.

- 1 AED aignidh Ghuill  
Fear cogaidh Fhinn,  
Laoch teoghar-lonn,  
Fulangach, nach tiom,
- 2 Laoch fiann, fal,  
A 's milse glóir;  
Ní 'n saobh a chiall,  
Laoch aoibhidh mór.
- 3 A mhéine mèin,  
'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 ghaisge grinn,
- 5 Leòghan air ágh,  
Cródha 'na ghniomh,  
Nearmtóbor a lámh,  
Rogha nan rígh:
- 6 Cliath chómhraig bhuan  
Do shonas nam Fiann,  
Mordhalach sluaigh,  
Iorghuileach dian:
- 7 Buan rún an fhir,  
Bunaidh chómhraig air,  
Leumnach a ghoil,  
Euchdach a stair.
- 8 Fear deud-geal caomh,  
Nach tréig a dháimh;  
'An cogadh rígh  
Ní 'n lag lámh;
- 9 Poinnteach a gháir,  
Confhach a threoir;  
Fiúranda mín,  
Mileanta mór.

N. 7. ROSG GHOILL MAC  
MORNA.

Copied and divided by Hector Mac  
Lean, June 21, 1872. From Miss  
Brooke's Irish Collection.

- 1 AED aigneach Goll.  
Fear cogaidh Finn.  
Laoch leabhair lonn.  
Foghail nach tim.
- 2 Goll cruthach caomh.  
Saor, éineach suadh.  
Saorsnasidhach athaobh,  
Maraighe na sluaigh.
- 3 Mac Morna mear  
Fa cródha aghal;  
A chliu fa sean,  
Fear seineamhuil sin.
- 4 Laoch feinnidhe fal,  
Is gile glór;  
Ní saobh a chiall,  
Laoch áobhdha mór.

- 5 Ní tais do ní,  
Mar théid acath;  
Réim flatha faoi;  
Ce mín a chneas.
- 6 A mhéin ní mion,  
Sa sgéimh gan ghron;  
Is sé 's gloine dfhíor  
Oide na Sgol.
- 7 Níor lag a lámh,  
Fear dóidgheal caomh;  
Nach theigean Dúimh  
A cogadh riamh.
- 8 Os barraibh beann,  
Iarras ort roinn;  
Sa heagal linn,  
A thagra ríot Fhinn.
- 9 Ge trom a chliu,  
'S maith Goll um nídh;  
Gídh mór ní tréith,  
Sáith sluaigh do rígh.
- 10 Caidreamh na ndámh,  
Leadrach na slóigh;  
Tonn fairrige thrén,  
Goll meannmach mór.
- 11 Budh beagal dhuit a Fhinn  
Laoch cinnte ceart;  
Fraoch mhíllte a neart  
A deirim ríot.
- 12 A Fhinn an fhuil tais  
Air Goll na bris;  
A mbeirge ní tais  
Is maing thagubus ris.
- 13 Flaith gan fheall;  
Gráin chéad ar Gholl;  
Air mhéad ar theann,  
A ceath ní tim.
- 14 A deirim ríot a Fhinn,  
Comhail is geall;  
Sith bhuan do Gbóll  
Gan fluath, gan fheall.
- 15 Haigneach go trom.  
A deirim ríot a Fhinn,  
Na ndrithlis ndonn;  
Bí ar eagla Ghuill.
- 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 Oirdheireach re sluaigh,  
Toirbheartach trén;  
Cosg catha is buan,  
Fós flath e.
- 19 As fial lomlán da sheirc,  
Doimne ina fholt;  
A bhruinne mar chailc,  
Lomlan a chorp.

- 20 Eire fa chíos  
Budh cóir dha chúis;  
Is meannmach bhíos  
Is dealbhaic a ghúis.
- 21 An gaisgidheach grinn  
Ní bhfuil ní os Goll;  
Ní cheilim ort Fhinn,  
Is treise e na tonn.
- 22 Flaithreamhuil a fhós,  
Daitheamhuil a chneas;  
Ar Goll na clis  
Ní slim a treas.
- 23 Mileata mór,  
Brountach a dháil;  
Confhadhach a threoir,  
A fhearg go brut ágh.
- 24 Agus fíoch a bhuanachd ar  
chábh,  
Lámhachadh laoch;  
Rogha na rígh  
Leonban ar ágh.
- 25 Cródha na ghniomh,  
Leadbar a lámh;  
Cleaithe chonus bhuan,  
Sonas na bhfian.
- 26 Mórdháilach, caoin;  
Iorghalach dian;  
Éigheach astair,  
Buan rún an fhir.
- 27 Buaidh combhlann air,  
Leidheach, aghail;  
Sonas na rod,  
Solas a dhead.
- 28 Cuiridh se lean  
Air gach tréan da mhéad;  
Do ghnáth na ghar  
Orgau na econ.
- 29 Ro ghrádh na mban,  
Bion daimh mar siu;  
Flaith leasgach caoinh,  
Flatheleach úr.
- 30 Fear chise saor,  
Fear bris múr;  
Na cearoiseach ecórr,  
Leathan a laon.
- 31 Cathar Goll,  
Rithaioiseach teann;  
Treig thfíoch a Ghuill,  
Bí sioldha rian.
- 32 Re do réidh gan mbeirge,  
Trian fíodhaidh o Fhionn  
Ní fuar mo mhéin,  
Tréighimse m'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 Feinne; 2nd, the Blood-feud of Fearragin 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, 1871, 'Sean Dana') of a similar ballad. He introduces Dan 'Lighair' in his poem of 'Conn.' The translation is at page 306, Engl. edit. 1780, 'Cuthon, the son of Dargo.' Mac Pherson's Caledonian Fingal is instead of 'Fionn';

'Selma' is instead of Teabhra or Almhain; and Conn Mac an Deirg is named anew like Liur. Possibly Shakspeare's 'King Lear' may be the same person. A mythical Manx king, Lir, often appears in Irish tales.

H. 20. HOW LIUR MADE PEACE BETWEEN  
FINGAL AND GOLL. 128 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 73. Advocates' Library, December 5, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Dublin, December 9, 1871. Not known to Hennessy at all.—J. F. C.

## THE ARGUMENT.

A DISPUTE rose betwixt Fingal and Goll one day till they cast out. Goll went away to gather his army, and to get assistance from other Kings to give battle to Fingal. Fingal then went to an intimate friend named Liur, who was a King, to get his assistance; and when the time of battle came Liur made a peace between them. Liur before he died was begging from house to house, he happen to come where Fingal was hunting one day, then he recompenses 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 chuaidh Fionn do thigh Liuir,  
Le aon fhichead déug fear gu fíor;  
'S bu cheannard tri naonar fear feachd,  
An t-aoi fhear bu fáire dhinn.
  - 2 Shuidh bean Liuir air gualain Fhinn,  
Shuidh Fionn air le' gualain Liuir;  
Shuidh Rígh Arta na re Aogh,  
Aogh Mac Garabh a ghuáis ghil.
  - 3 Shuidh Conchair is Cormaic cruinn,  
Na re Aogh a b' áille bian;  
'So sin a' ris a mach,  
Shuidh gach neach bh' ann air am biadh.
  - 4 Bha cruitean da shéinn san teach,  
'S dáin da ghabhail gu ceart chóir;  
Bha bodha druinais air gach clár,  
A deanadh gairdeachas is ceól.
  - 5 Mar sin dhuinne caitheamh tím,  
'S gu bu bhinn leam fein ar dóidh;  
Gu 'n easbhuidh air mil no air fíon,  
No air fídhlaireachd is ceól.
  - 6 Mar sin bha gu la roi' n dáil,  
Gu subhach, sambach gu 'n bhróin;  
Gus an d' ainig mor shluabh Ghuill,  
'N 'ar fradharc air tinnin d' ar cóir.
  - 7 'S ann an sin air labhair Fionn,  
'Chí mi ní is an ait leam;  
Chí mi thall ud cabhlach Ghuill,  
Seóladh a nall gu Drim feann.'
  - 8 'Is chí mi bhraiteach gu b-árd,  
An gathaibh chrann thair Drim blagh;  
'Sa chomraic ud as mo cheann,  
Nach raibh mí ann coi' leon sléagh,
  - 9 'Comhairle Cailleich chuain,  
Comhairle chruaidh dhúinn gu beachd;  
Gach neach tha sibh eolach gu gniomh,  
Deongidh sibh tri air an fhear.'
  - 10 'Sam an sin a labhair Liur,  
Tha comain agam air Goll;  
'S ma sa cumhain leis an fhear,  
Bu ro aithridh mí air fonn.'
  - 11 'N sin ghluais Liur an co'-ail Ghuill,  
Triuir air eachamh is e féin;  
Is bheannaich e gu bhinn dho',  
Mar a nochdsá glóir mo sgéil.
  - 12 'Gu beannaich an t-agh thu Ghuill,  
Fhír is fearr a' ta fuidh 'n ghréin;  
Fhír is fhearr comain is cóir,  
'S fhearr thu gu mór na mí féin.
  - 13 'An cumhain leat la an eich bhric?  
Air fraochan os cionn Tom clíar;  
Thug mise dhuit an t-each glas,  
Bheireadh tu gu bras do 'n t-sliabh.'
  - 14 O 'n rinn thusa sin a Liuir,  
Fír is fhéilidh tha fuidh 'n ghréin;  
Ma tha t-atheuinge a bhos,  
Eirich agus gheibh gu réidh.'
  - 15 'Oighe do bha 'm thigh an róir,  
Fíonn Mac Chuthaill taobh mar thuinn;  
Thu da leigail slán thair sliabh,  
O 'n tharladh mo bhia 'na bhróinn.'
- Dh' ordach a bhean chomhairtichidh bh' aig, Liur,  
do dhaoine Finn fear a dhol nu chomhair triuir

do dhaoine Ghuill o na bha iad cho lionmhor;  
Mharbhadh each Ghuill latha, agus mhairbhte e  
fein mar an ceudna, mar a d' thuga Liur an  
t-each glas dha.

- 16 'Imichaibhsa air ar 'n ais,  
A shluabh bras o Innse fréine;  
'S mar ghabhsa an t-anam 'n ar corp,  
No briseadh focal mo bheól.'
- 17 Ghluais sinn uile do thigh Liuir,  
Is fhuair sinn ann mil is fíon;  
Ge d' tha e 'n diu na fhasach fuar,  
Bha e uair a b' áros Rígh.
- 18 Do chunnaig mise tigh Liuir,  
'S bu lionmhor ann mil is fíon;  
'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,  
Liur 's a bhean fhial fuidh dhí.
- 19 'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,  
Gu 'n spéis dhí aig fear no mnaoi;  
Aig imeachd o thigh gu tigh,  
Dh' fheuch cia 'n tigh a b' fhearr dha mhaoín.
- 20 Latha do bha Fionn a sealg,  
Le Fhèinn chaluha aig Beinn luire;  
Co chunnaig fad o lamh,  
Ach an t-árd Rígh d' a b' ainm Liur,
- 21 Dh' imich gu grad na dháil,  
Le gean agus gradh is subh;  
'S cho d' leig e neach leis do chach,  
Chum 's nach cuirte náir air Liur.
- 22 Se do bheatha fein a Liur,  
Fhír a chomain ghasta ghrinn;  
Fhuair mí moran do' d' chuid,  
'S cho d' iarr thu dadam da chionn.
- 23 Thug thu dhamb 's tu d' shuidh ag ól,  
Aon fhichead déug bo le 'n laoidh;  
Is baohan an cois gach bó,  
Air Fraoch os ceann Drim caol.
- 24 Thug thu dhamb naoi fichead each,  
Gu 'm iomeachair a cáis claidh;  
'S aon fhichead déug fúí 'm beairt,  
Da 'm thabhairt gu tráidh steach thair tuinn.
- 25 'Thug thu síu dhám gu 'n bhréug,  
Gu 'n éura' gu féilidh cóir;  
Gu 'n luach no diodhad da cheann,  
Fhír is céilidh caint is glóir.'
- 26 'Cho mhise féin anois Liur,  
Ors am fear a bu mhór iochd;  
B' fhearr leam bás fhulang am theach,  
No gu 'n gailbte mí na riochd.'
- 27 'Gu deimhin 's tu fein 'nois Liur,  
Ors 'm fear a b' áille bian;  
'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 lóng air an lúing,  
Da d' thabhairt gu tráidh tuinn a steach.'
- 29 'Fuasglaidh mí dhuit d' fhearann saor,  
O gach aon lán laoch d' am bheil;  
Ní mí thu a d' thoeach lán,  
'S cuiridh mí thu slán gu d' theach.'
- 30 Chó' lion e dha sin mar rádh,  
'N tra' chaitidh iad sea laith a chluich;  
Chuir e da thigh e mar gheall,  
Is cénd calm d' a dhíon o uile.'
- 31 'Sin agairbh ionlaid an da Rígh,  
Mar dh' iochd iad caoimhneas da chéil;  
Bu sheirecíl, caombannach, cóir,  
Gu 'n an-íochd no gó iad féin.
- 32 'Míle beannachd dhuit gach ré,  
'Oisain fhéilidh is búin glóir;  
Air son an sgeoil co maí' blagh,  
'S a dh' aithris thu dhám re 'm bheól.



## 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 gniomh ;
- 3 Lamh ri Aogh a b' aobhach fiadh ;
- 4 Bha cruiteann g' an seinn san teach,
- 'S dain g' an gabhail, seach gu loch,
- 'S blagh-bhinn druinneis air gach clàr,
- A deanadh gairdeachais is ceol.
- 6 Teach na feile, teach na baigh,
- 'M bu mhòr àbhadh nan ceud sloigh ;
- Gus an d' thainig cabhlach Ghuill,
- Am fradhare air tuinn d' ar coir.
- 8 Is chi mi bratach an àigh,
- Ann gathaibh chrann seach Drum-bhagh.
- 9 Comhairle Chormaic nam buadh,
- Comhairle chruaidh dhuinne gu beachd ;
- 15 Oigh do bha 'm thigh an raoir, (aoigh)
- 17 Ghluais iad uile do thigh Liuir,
- 19 Chunnag mi feile nam fear,
- 20 Ach an t-Aghor d' am b' ainm Liur.
- 24 Gu 'm iomachar a cas Chuin ;
- 'S aon fhichead deug Long fu' m beairt.
- 27 Ors an fear a b' aille 'n Fhian ;
- Gheibh thu 'n comain do dhean' ruin,
- Coi-dhioladh a d' reir gu fiail.
- 29 Choi-lion mo Rìogh mar a gheall,
- Mo Rìogh gun fhéid do Rì' Liur ;
- An fiontinn dh' eìdh maraon,
- A bhean 'san laoch bu mhòr cur.
- 30 Chuiread ceud calma gu dhion,
- Gus an tìr ann d' fhuair e iul ;
- B' eibhlin aithbearach an Fhian,
- A triall leis an Triath gu mhur.
- 31 'S e sin ionlaid an da Rìogh,
- Mar dh' iochd iad eineach na féil ;
- Bu cheanail caomhach, coir,
- Gun an-ìochd 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, Bhan an Mhacoin Mór Mic Rìghe Na Easpaint. He was killed, according to the story, by the Great Warrior Oscar, the grandson of Finn Mac Cumhail, in the reign of Cormac Mac ; but the whole story is purely legendary, but still worth attention, as it preserves some ancient Irish notions.' (Two leaves of small folio, vellum, bound up with part of the Book of Leacan.) It somewhere appears that this champion had a cat's head, and that Oscar's first exploit was this victory.

At least three metrical stories about distressed damsels are preserved :—

1. A Princess of Lochlann is pursued by Dearg, a Greek Warrior. They come to the Feinne while they are out hunting, and the end of the story is that Goll binds the mighty Greek.
2. The Princess of the Land under the Waves is pursued by Maighre Borb. They come by sea to the Feinne at Easruagh. Goll slays the pursuer, and the Lady lives with Fionn for a year as his wife.
3. A Princess of Greece is pursued by Ilin or Iolum, 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 ; Oseinn tells the story to Padruig, and points to the graves.
4. This story first appeared in print in Mac Pherson's 'Fragments,' 1760, pp. 26 to 30. It begins thus :—

'Son of the noble Fingal,  
Oscian, Prince of men !  
What tears run down the cheeks of age ?  
What shades thy mighty soul ?

Memory, son of Alpin,  
Memory wounds the aged.  
Of former times are my thoughts ;  
My thoughts are of the mighty Fingal.'

Mac Pherson's 'Oscian' then tells the story. The daughter of Cremor, Prince of Inverne, is pursued by Ullin. They come over sea to Fingal. The Pursuer binds his three sons, and slays the Lady. Oscar slays him. Oscian tells the story to the Son of Alpin, and points to the graves.

5. The story next appeared (P. 45, Fingal, Book 3, edit. 1762), as an episode in an Epic, transformed, and polished. 'Oscar I was young like thee when lovely Fainasolis came, that mild beam, that mild light of love,' &c. The Lady, 'The Maid of Creca,' is pursued by 'Borbair' he slays the Lady ; Oscian slays him, and he tells the story to his son Oscar. Creca 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. Easroeg . . . . .            | 162   | D. 18. An Irvin . . . . .         | 106   |
| D. 19. Eas Rumbh . . . . .          | 139   | D. 29. An Iomhbuinn . . . . .     | 72    |
| H. 19. Maighre Borb . . . . .       | 124   | F. 18. Iann na h-Inglin . . . . . | 128   |
| I. 13. Maire Borb . . . . .         | 128   | L. 2. Dan na h-Inglin . . . . .   | 109   |
| M. 19. Cath, Rìgh Sorchra . . . . . | 136   | M. 6. Iann na h-Inglin . . . . .  | 84    |
| N. 3. Moira Borb . . . . .          | 161   | S. 2. Iann na h-Inglin . . . . .  | 84    |
| S. 3. The Fall of Roys . . . . .    | 194   | V. 11. Dan na h-Inglin . . . . .  | 130   |
|                                     | 563   |                                   | 654   |

Of No. 1, 82 lines ; of 2, 953 ; of 3, 654 ; of fragments gathered by Dr. Mac Lauchlan, 288 ; of fragments gathered by myself, 418. Twenty-three versions, 2,385 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 Dásniche. This name is applied to Deor in a legend, and Dearg's sister was transformed into a Hind, according to another. This warrior overthrew eleven hundred of Fionn's men, and was himself overthrown and bound by Goll, who held him to ransom.

- 1 LA gan rabh fann alabinn,  
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-o grianan,  
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-na dálich,  
Nach d' fuair Fionn riamh a lagidh,
- 2 Air maoil fhionn chnoc na dalich,  
Na d' fhuair fionn riamh a lagadh  
Dh' eirich fionn gn fianntachd  
Gu h' ard os cionn na feinne,
- 3 Dh' eirich fionn, &c.  
Sgaoladar na fhianuis,  
Luchd seilge gach a sleibha
- 4 Sgaoilada, &c.  
Man dug an luchd seilge sin,  
An athbannan o cheila
- 5 Man dug, &c.  
Chunnachdadar sna maoghannan,  
Bean sa b-nidhe ro threann 'ar
- 6 Chunnachdadar, &c.  
A Bhaobh fharsinn mhoralach  
Tiogn thuginn mar mbnaoi mballa.
- 7 A Bhaobh, &c.  
Amhluidh 's do bha 'n og bhean sin,  
Bha orrase buaidh dealbha
- 8 Amhluidh, &c.  
Brat do 'n t-sioda bhuidhe bha,  
Mo nighin an t-seanga bheoin,
- 9 Brat do 'n,  
Folt dualach donna thlath  
Le ocd eireanna fleadha,
- 10 Folt  
Brat do neaghuinn orlucht,  
An in-chuine óir na braghd.
- 11 Brat  
Air cheangal le h-ór dearg,  
Sud nímpe sa Phadruig,
- 12 Air  
Air an tuéic fhod bhuidhe,  
Eada rinn ga feuchin
- 13 Air an  
Do dh' fiosruich fionn finna  
Do Nionag cas thanig
- 14 Do dh' fiosruich  
O chatir na Sochai  
Thainn ars an nionag
- 15 O chatir  
'S nioghn do dh' Ard Rígh Lochlann mí  
Maodhechabir a b' ainm dhuine
- 16 'S Niogn 'n  
Se 'n Rígh a bla 'r an Inno  
Gan d' rugadh mo mhathir
- 17 Se  
Sann sa chabair Lochlunnach  
A rugadh mí san oiche
- 18 Sann  
Dhaoidh mí san fhearann  
Us se Gealluch l' 'n air mo Bhrathir
- 19 Dhaoidh  
Rugadh mí mar Bhanacheila  
Don Dearg muinn mac an dreugmhuinn

- 20 Rugadh  
An Dearg mor bha toibheumach  
Cha d' fhuair e toil mo mheanmnadh
- 21 An Dearg  
Gum rabh an curi cath-míli  
O 'n latha sin gam leanmhuinn
- 22 Gun rabh  
Gum b' iomadh Tonn Thorra-bhnan  
Fíuidh sparradh an Deirg-Eibhniann
- 23 Gum b' iomadh  
Thíubhail mis an Domhan,  
Agus m' aghich air gach aon neach
- 24 Thíubhail  
Fear ghabhail mo chuiricheada,  
Cha d' fhuaras riamh a mhíeíd Cubhuill,
- 25 Fear  
Ne egal an Deirg mhóir-chuisic  
A theachd o Ríoghachd na Greiga,
- 26 Ne  
Nach gabhainnsa do chuiric 's,  
Arsa Fionn Flath na Feinne.
- 27 Nach  
Gabhsa Ghuill mo chuiricisa  
A ghaol a dh' fearubh Morna
- 28 Gabhsa  
O nach bheil nan chumhachdabh  
Bhí u aghaigh an fhuoir mhor achdannich
- 29 O nach  
Cuirims an Ad-mhullich  
Arsa Goll an lámh bu treina
- 30 Cuirims  
Nach bhí air an Domhan  
Laoch a gheibha tu air eigin
- 31 Nach  
Cha b' fhada fúin chuinnic sin  
Do dh' fearamh Fiann Eirinn.
- 32 Cha  
Nair chunnachdar a sonna mhíli  
A tign o 'n bheinn gu cheila
- 33 Nair  
Mac na Deirga Dásniche  
Nach facas riamh mhac samhla
- 34 Mac  
Na chaoiribh dearg mar bharr-lasir  
Tiogn thuginn gu dian dana
- 35 Na  
Bha lann líobh ro-gharbh-mhor,  
Aig an an Laoch an ceanna dearna,
- 36 Bha  
Far fearibh na feorni  
Maodhechabir sna bearnibh
- 37 Far  
Deich ciad toisich Tuarasdil  
'S ciad eila leis na bhuidhmidh
- 38 Deich  
Mo leagadh an Deirg Mhorechuisic  
Gum b' ann dar Feinn a chlaoidhbh
- 39 Mo  
Nair mhóthnic Goll gníombachdach  
Fiannabh Fhinn gan leagadh
- 40 Nair  
Dh' eirich e na fhíor-theasamh  
Mo lomachd mhic an Dreagmhuinn
- 41 Dh' eirich  
Dh' eirich an da chatir-mhíli  
Gu bras an aigh'ch a cheila
- 42 Dh' eirich  
Eidar an da ro-mhíli  
Gum b' ole an iognadh treina
- 43 Eidar  
Sann le 'n casan morchuisic  
A mhosgladh iad Trom talabhinn

- 44 Sann  
Nochdadh an fhuil ghrinnis leo  
Del n inuibh a cheila
- 45 Nachdadh  
Bhiota forra forragharg  
Na Laoich sin man cloit' ad
- 46 Bhjota  
B' e deiridh an imarsgeilsa  
Dimeas mhich an Druagnaunn
- 47 B' e  
Gun dug Goll leis ceangailt  
Ann a fiadhuais fheara Moranne,
- 48 Gnn  
Us Mile Marg o 'n Dearg  
A thoirt a nall a Rioghachd na Greiga
- 49 Us  
Sud thoirt do Gholl gealamhor  
Airson Dheirg thoirt naidh' air eigin.

## A. 18. ESSROYG. 80 lines.

## A HOUDIE SOO OSSEIN.

- 1 ANNIT doif' skayle beg er finn,  
Ne skayle nach currein soym  
Er v'coule fay math golle,  
Fa cwin sen rame ray
- 2 Di wamyn beggane sloeyg,  
Ag *essroyg* nym neggin mawle  
Di chemyn fa holta yr trae,  
Currych mor is ben ann
- 3 Keigit leich zownych mane leich,  
Fa math er gneicit er gych gart  
Fir rar ness is marg a cheith,  
Di gowmist er gi ter nert
- 4 Derrymir wli gi dane,  
Ach linn no wane is gowle  
Dethow churrych fa hard keym  
Wa na reym scoltyth nyn donn
- 5 Ne yarmyth 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 dalwee  
In nynin hanyk in gane,  
Di waymin feyn rompyth sorve
- 7 Heg thuggin gu pupaill finn,  
Is banneis gi grin doyth  
Reggir m'kowle na beimer,  
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 my zayll  
Ne elli trawe fa neyin grane  
Nar caris feyn di leich feal
- 10 A reifhyin hwlle 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 ca ter a hei  
Goym rayd chomre a wen  
Er gi far za will in greit
- 13 Tay la feich a techt er murri  
Leich is math gol er mi lorga  
*Mak re na Sorchir* is geire erme  
Is do fa ann in *Dyr borb*
- 14 Di churris gessi ne chenn  
Gi berre fin may er saylle  
Is nach bein aggi mir wnee  
Gar wath a ynee is awgo
- 15 Di raye osgir gi glor mir  
Far sin di ebosk gi reith  
Gin gar for finn di ycess,  
Ne rach tow less mir wneith
- 16 Di chemyn techt her stead  
Leich si wayd oss gi far  
Sowle ni farga gi dane  
Si nwle chadni zoyve a wen
- 17 Clokgit tenn teygne ma chenni  
Far nar beme is bi tren  
Skar yawwnych you er a zess  
A drum lin cless era claa
- 18 Clawe tromme tortoyl nac gann  
Gi tenn 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 Nail flath is rosk reith  
In kenn in ir fa keive erow  
Math in noyth fa gall a zayd  
Is loayth a stayd ne si srow
- 21 Tanik in stead sin in der  
Sin far nar weine riss in nayne  
Kegit leich wemir ann  
Zonyth ra bynsyth gar nar
- 22 Er eggill in ir is a heyth  
Ne royve leich zin gan zrane
- 23 Da twne mir hanik in deir  
Darrit in reith fa math clu  
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 wra less  
Ga math di thress a inn ayle
- 25 Derre oskir agus Gowle  
Bi worbe coskir lonn ni gath  
Name sessow in gar in tloye  
Eddir in far mor si flaath
- 26 Hanik in leich bi wath thacht  
Le feich is lay nart no genn  
Aggis fodeis woyn in wen  
Di we gar a zolin inn
- 27 Tak m'Morn in turchir dane  
Gi croy na zey din tleyg  
Ner anni in turchir nar hay  
Za sky gin darny da wli
- 28 Di crath oskir fa mor ferg  
A chrissi yerg za layve claa  
Aggis marveis stayd in ir mor  
In teeach a rinyth lai
- 29 Nor hut in stayd er in lerg  
Zimpoo la ferg is la feich  
Agis fokgris borbe in temo  
Corik er in kegitt in leich
- 30 In tewe moe zinsyth fene is dinn  
Kegit leich nar heim no zall  
Gar want 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 wli fa hur  
Mir hu ac coyk fir
- 32 Chaywill tre nenor gi moy  
Sin nirrill chroy solli di scur  
Ga croy chaywill ni de cheill  
Er gi eine dew sin a churr

- 33 Di zrwt gowle in nagni vir  
Gu leddirt in ir in gor roit  
Ga bea chewic cads in sin  
Bi zarve in gell sin gloe
- 34 Horchir m'Morn la laive  
M're nyth sorehir 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 eroye in ceme  
Di we neyn re heir fa hwne  
Bleygin ac finn ansyth nane
- 36 Flann m'Morn aynh in cass  
Hor bass fa mor in teacht  
Ne reive leich a dauk as zeive  
Gin a chucis lane di chrecht
- 37 Mathirsyth feine by wath tlacht  
Neach a wackyth roye neir er  
In nis ass derri dym zneith  
Er inn is annit doth skayll.  
Annit doth skayll.
- 38 Do zawe sea churro no o skay  
Leith na thraa zor royeve ann  
Na gin dug ayr mor er ir wane  
Is gin draukic se a feyn fyunn.
- 39 Mir wee kegitt leich garwe  
In daall in narm zo gi loor  
Wemist gin choywir fa smach  
Da goyvys woyu in eor
- 40 Di weit in glywe gin tocht  
A cluyith chopr 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 gneive  
Currir fa wraith gi moyr  
Fane oyr in nonor ni reith
- 42 Deyth bleyin zoelle in narm naye  
In leith worb nar loyeth in reith  
M'Morn fa deyiss lamm  
Gai leygiss ag finn ni 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 Sorcha' is supposed to be the son of the King of Portugal. It is exceedingly curious to note the changes which have taken place in this ballad, written by the Dean of Lismore about 1512, and by the Minister of Lismore about 1755 to 70. Every line has changed, but so as to preserve something like the sound, and something nearly equivalent to the meaning of each line, and each quatrain. A few verses have been forgotten; one verse in the second version is not in the first. The Story and the Ballad continue the same in spite of the changes.

A better illustration of the power of tradition I never saw.—J.F.C.

- 1 LAITHIDH dhuinne beggan shuaidh,  
Aig Eass Ruaidh nan Egin mall  
Chuncas aig sheola air Lear,  
Curach mor & Beann ann.
- 2 Sheisibh shinn uille gu dion,  
Moch Fionn nan Fiann & Goll;  
Aig aibhric a Churich b' airde leim;  
'S bean da reir a scoltadh Thonn.
- 3 Aithne cha dreinn neach ach tost,  
Gus 'n do ghaibh i Calla sa phort sheibh;  
Shin nar dh' eirigh air an Eass,  
Thaig as Macca Muaoi.
- 4 B' ionninn dearsa dhith 's do 'n Ghrein,  
'S bu thaoir a Mein ann 's gach Dealbh;  
Iughin og thaing an Cein,  
Beithemid fein roipe sòirbh.
- 5 Bheannuich I do phobhl Fhinn,  
Gun bheannuich i gu binn doibh;  
Fhreagair Mac Cubhail na Fein,  
Gu h-ubhail grunn dith 's gu foil.
- 6 Dh' fhairid an Rìodh bu mhath Fios,  
Cia t-airid a nighin ghlan ur;  
Nach iunish u dhuinn a Bheann,  
Cò 'n Treabh as an taing tu.
- 7 'S Inghinn mi do Rìogh Fa-thuinn,  
Dh' iusín Shìn dhuit ge Cruinn mo Dhail;  
Nach h-eil Tir mu 'n do Dh' iath Grianna,  
Nach d' iarras thusa a Fhlath Phail.
- 8 Do bhrìgh do Thurish air gach Rod,  
Inghin og as ro mhath dealbh;  
An t-abhar mu 'n taing tu 'n lein,  
Nach tabhair thu fein du'nna a Dhearbh;
- 9 Ort mo Choinnirín mas tu Fionn,  
Thoir dhaibh Linn a Mhacca Mhain;  
Do bhrìgh Furluinn is do Bhauidh,  
Glac mo Choinnirín gu luath tradh.
- 10 Glacam do choinnirín a Bhean,  
Dh' aoin Fhear da bheil an Crìch;  
Ach iunish dhuine gar beachd,  
Co an neach bhiodh air do Thì.
- 11 Ta ga 'm Bheor-uidh rugaidh air Muir,  
Laoch bu bhor guin air mo Lorg;  
Mac Rìogh na Sorcha 's gear air,  
Neach thìn da 'm b' ainm Maidhre-borb.
- 12 Geassin a chairín na cheann,  
Fhadsa bhithidh Fionn air sail;  
Nach rachadh du leis mar mhnaoi,  
Ge math a ghnìobh is a Laibh.
- 13 Labhair Osgar le Ghloir bhìrr,  
An Laoch a chaisgidh sud gach Reir;  
Gad nach foirín Fionn fa Ghéass,  
Cha rachadh tu leis mar mhnaoi.
- 14 Bliaghna dhuinne san Labh thèin,  
Chuncas an steud air an Leing;  
Agus a mheid as gach Fear  
Shiubhal na Fairge gu dian  
San Rod cheudna reinn a Bhean.
- 15 Bha cloggadd teann tuinntaidh mu cheann,  
Air an Fhear nach bu thiom 's bu thèann;  
Sgiath dhruinnich nach teid air a h-ais,  
O Imlaig gu cneas a chleibh.
- 16 Bha claidibh trom toirtoil nach gann,  
Do bhì an Laibh an Fluir mhòir  
Aig iomhairt a chlessibh gu dian  
A teachd ann Druinlibh a chuain.
- 17 Bha neul Flath & Rosg Rìogh,  
An ceann an Fluir bu chainn rùth;  
Gabh mhaidh a shuainigh 's geile dheid,  
Bu luathidh' steud na na shruth.
- 18 Badde labhan na creann Iughir,  
'S bu bhìune na Eoin chiuil a ghuth;  
Tighin o'n Tuinn gus a chrich,  
Aig 'n do fharraid an Rìogh bu m'ath cliu.
- 19 An saoilèadh tu fhéin a Bhean,  
'Ne thud an Fear a deireadh tu;  
Saoilidh mi Mhic Cubhail Fheinn,  
Gur a Coibhlan nach tìom e,  
Gun tairg eisín mo bhreath leis  
Ge mor do neart as an Fhein.
- 20 Thaig an Laoch bu bhor Thlachd,  
Le Fraoich as le neart nar ceann;  
Cha 'd fharraid e Curruidh na Triath,  
Na Laoch gar Fianbh gu raibh ann.
- 21 Sheisibh Osgar sheisibh Goll,  
Bu mhòr Cosg air Lonn an cath;  
Nan Dist an Iumail an t-shòidh  
Eddar an Fear mor sam Flath.
- 22 Do fhuaidh e leis a Bhean,  
Do bhì 'n cairibh Gualin Fheinn;  
Thug e Tair mhòir air an Fheinn,  
Gus an d' ràinig e fein Fionn.

- 23 Thug Mac Morn an urchair threun,  
Gu crothidh as a dheidh da shleagh;  
'S cha do bhean an urchair da chre,  
Ach reinneadar da sgeith da Leath.
- 24 Do thilg Osgar an aigh,  
A chraosich dhearg as a Laibh chliht  
As maratar leis stead an Fhír,  
'S mor am beud a chinneadh leinn.
- 25 Do thuit an steud air an Leirg,  
Thiuntaidh e le Feirg 's le Fraoich;  
Dh' fhogair ge bu mhór an Taom,  
Coibhrag air an ar cogaidh Laoch.
- 26 Tuilleadh dhiomsa fein 's do Fhionn,  
Chaidh ceud nach bu tìom na dhàil;  
Ge bu mhàth an aigne san Tosd,  
G'call eisiu an cosgairt le Laibh.
- 27 Clann a Morna cruaidh an eas,  
Fhair Bas ge gaing an Beud;  
Cha raibh neach a thainigas,  
Nach raibh cheaslach lan do chreuchd.
- 28 Bliadhna dhoibhsin gu airm aigh,  
Gach Laoch gaing a shath a shleagh;  
Nan Luidhidh fa theagas Fhinn,  
Dan leighis aig Fionn nan Fleagh.
- 29 Dh' eirich Goll an aignuidh mhír,  
A Liodairt an Fhír san chaol-roid;  
Ge b 'e chithidh iad an thin,  
Bu bhor an gail' is an seole.
- 30 Bha claghinín soc ri soc,  
Re liodairt chorp & sciath;  
Tinnil catha' bh' aig an Deiss,  
Cha 'n fhacas ris roibh riabh.
- 31 Ga do chlaoidh Mac Morna le Laibh,  
Mac Rìogh na Sorcha as theibh snuidh;  
'S mairg Treabh on daing a Bhean,  
Leis 'n do Thuit am Fear on chuan.
- 32 Thiolca a choir an Eass,  
An Gilli bu mhaith cleas as clith;  
Churigh mu Bhrathidh gach Meoir,  
Fain òr an onnoir na Rìogh.
- 33 Bha Inghin Rìogh Bhara fo thuin,  
Fad Bliadhan aig Fionn ann san Fhein;  
An Deigh Tuitim an Fir mhóir,  
O Choitba Chuaín truidh an sgeul.
- 34 Mathair fein bu ro-mhath Dreach,  
Cha do dhuit e neach da Thruadh no Threim;  
A nois o 's deire dha' m' chliuth  
Gu suim gur 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-thum; 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 Conjuror, but nevertheless he was kilt by Goll at last. Observe the Poem.

#### DAN 3.

- 1 THA sgeúl beag agam air Fionn,  
A chuireas m' n suim gach uair;  
Air dea' mhac Cutthail na 'm fheadh,  
Leis an buinte blagh is buaidh.
- 2 Ailís sin dham Oisáin fhéidh,  
Nach d' éur aon neach riann mh sgeúl,  
C'íod an gníomh rinn dea' mhac Cutthail,  
Bhíos tu cuimhneacha' gu b-eibhneach.
- 3 Latha bho Fionn is beagan sluaigh,  
Aig Eas-ruaidh nan learg strath;  
Chunnacas a scóladh o near,  
Curachán óir is aon bhean ánn.<sup>1</sup>
- 4 Sheaseamar uil air an tom,  
'S Flath nam fiann agus Goll trom;  
A feitheamh a churacháin a b' fhearr gléus  
Is e na reis a sgoilteadh thonn.
- 5 Air a churach cha' d luigh smal,  
Clos ch d' rinn an port no támh;  
Gus an d' rainig e an t-Eas.  
Is dh' eirich aiste maíse mná.<sup>2</sup>
- 6 B' ioncann dealradh 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 fheadh.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pabal Fhinn,  
Is bheannaich i gu grinn dó;  
Fhreagar Mac Cutthail gu grinn,  
A beannachadh binn le dóidh.
- 8 ' Mo chomraic ort mas tu Fionn  
Labhair rinn a macaidh mná;  
Le feodhas t-ainme 's do bhuaidh,  
Mo chomraic ort gu laath tráth.'
- 9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Rìgh bu mhaith dealbh,  
Cia as teachd na triall gheal úr;  
Cie an t-ainm a ghoirte rí,  
No cia b' athair dh' i air thús.
- 10 ' Inghéan Rìgh Tir-fuidh-thuin,  
Dh' innsin dhuit gu cruim mo sgeúl;  
Cho 'n éil rioghachd an d' eirich grian,  
Nach d' iarrais dhutsa Rìgh Fhinn.
- 11 ' Brí do thurais as gach ród,  
Ainm óg is glóine gné;  
'S an t-adhbhar mn 'n d' ainig thu 'n Fheinn,  
Aithris gu 'n dáil dhámh fein é.'
- 12 ' Torachd a tha orm air muir,  
Laoch is trom guin air mo lorg  
Mac Rìgh Soracha' nan sgeia' airm,  
Triath d' an goirear Maighre borb.'
- 13 ' Geasán do chuir s' e am cheann,  
Nach cumeadh Fionn mí o shúil;  
'S nach bitbainn bliadhna aige mar mhnaoi,  
Cia mór leis a ghníomh is ágh.'
- 14 ' Labhair an gaisgeach le glóir mhír,  
'N laoch leis an coisgear gach Rìgh;  
Gus an lubbhadh Fionn a gheasán,  
Nach reachaimsa leis gu sior.'
- 15 ' Glacam do chomraic a bhean,  
Roi' aon neach a tha an clé;  
'S a dh' ain deóin a Mhaighre bhuirb,  
Fad bliadhna gheibh thu nam díon.'
- 16 Chamacamar a tigh 'n air stéud,  
Laoch do bha nhead thair gach fear;  
A caitheamh na fairge gu dian,  
An t-úil ciadn' thainig a bhean.
- 17 B' fhad a leac bu gheal a dhéud,  
'S bu mhíre stéud no gach strath;  
Adhaidh fhlatthail is rosg rioghail,  
'N ceann mhílidh bu chaoín cruth.
- 18 Bha cloidheamh trom toirtail nach gann,  
Teaintne re slíom an fhuir mhóir;  
Sgáth chreimneach dhubh air a leis,  
'S e 'g' iomairt air chleasáibh gach dóidh.

<sup>1</sup> Cho b' ór e ged bha e cho loinrach re b-ór.

<sup>2</sup> No macaidh mná.



- 19 'Deir ruinn mar a thainig thu' Clí,  
Dh' fhiosraich mo Rìgh bu mhai chlá ;  
An aithnich thu fein a bhean,  
'N e sud am fear a deir thu,'
- 20 Aithnicheams' e mbic Chuthaill Flinn,  
'S gur puthtar leam e do d' Fheinn,  
Tairgidh e mise thoirt leis,  
G' e mór ar treis asailb féin.
- Not in I.
- 21 'Mo cheud bheanachd dhuit a' nois,  
Is dean mise fein a dhion ;  
O 'n ghaiseach is buirbe gruain,  
O 'n a dh' fhuathaich mi roí ghmiomb.'
- 22 'N laoch sin a thainig o 'n chuan,  
A eagmhais shuaigh bu mhor pris ;  
Do bhuidhinn é leis a bhean,  
'S i gairid o laimh mo Rìgh.
- 23 Dh' eirich Osear, 's dh' eirich Goll,  
Bheireadh losgadh lom 's gach cath ;  
'S dh' eirich iad uile na sloigh,  
Eidear am fear mór 's am Flath.
- 24 Goll mac Mórna nan urachair tréun,  
Asa dheidh do thilg e sleagh ;  
B' i 'n urachair bu truíme 's bu tréine,  
D' a sgé do rinn da blagh.
- 25 Thilg an t-Osear le lán fhéirg,  
A chraosach dhearg le laimh chlí ;  
Do mharbhadh leis sénd an fhir,  
'S mór an cion do rinneadh lé.
- 26 Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,  
An laoch bu mhor fearg is pris ;  
'S chlaoidh é naoi naonair gu luath,  
'S an iorgaill chruaidh shultaidh shith.
- 27 Mar bhithhead an caogad laoch gárg,  
Bhi 'g iomairt ar 'n arm fai leith ;  
Dh' fhagadh é sinne fúí sbrochd,  
'S cho ghaibhte uainne cosg leis.
- 28 Goll Mac Mórna nan lámh tréun,  
Bhuail s'e e gu geur le shleagh ;  
Mu chothair a chroíche le threóir,  
'S thuit e air an lon gu 'n fheith.
- 29 Thug e dha buille na dha,  
Gus ac d' thag an deó a chré ;  
Bu mhairg aen bhean mu 'n de thuit,  
A leithid do chleithreach treun.
- 30 Thiodhlaicadh leinn taobh an Eas.  
Macaídh mor nan cleas 's nan gníomh ;  
'S chuir sinn mu bhradhaid gach meóir ;  
Fáinn óir an onoir mo Rìgh.
- 31 Bha inghean Rìgh Tir fúí' thuin,  
Bliadhna shlan aig Fionn 's an Fheinn ;  
An deigh tuiteam an fhir mhóir,  
Le neart an t-shuaigh 's mor sgéul.

I. 13. MAIREBORB, MAID OF CRACO, OR EAS-RUAGH.—A POEM. 128 lines. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 20. *Advocates' Library*, April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Kennedy's *Geography* is not to be depended upon, but it is the traditional geography attributed to this ballad.

'Sorcha' is either 'Portugal' or 'Ardnámurchan,' 'The Land under the Waves' is either 'Holland' or the small Island of 'Trece.' '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 Ardnámurchan, a District of Argyllshire, fell in love with Semhchruth, daughter of the King of that Island Tirrie, then Tir-fui-thinn. Semhchruth, being not fond of Maireborb, seeing her Father willing, they should make it up, sailed (accompanied with a few hands) thro' the night to Ireland, to be protected by the great generous and hospitable Fingal, who at her arrival was hunting along with a

small party at Eas-ruai. Semhchruth made up to Fingal, and made known her story.

Fingal undertook to secure her for a year and attack Maireborb if he should attempt to take her off by force. Presently Maireborb approached upon the shore, mounted his steed and took away Semhchruth who sat upon Fingal's right hand upon the Hill. Goll threw after him his spear and broke his shield. Oscar kilt his steed. Maireborb seeing himself so desperately handled, attacked and overturned four-score and one of Fingal's party. And if Fingal had not sent fifty men one after another off to Bera for their arms, he would have been overcome by Maireborb and his small Party, and have taken off the captive Lady. Maireborb is kilt by Goll, and interred with great solemnity by the Fingalians.

Semhchruth resided in Fingal's Hall for a twelvemonth mourning for the brave and valourous Maireborb.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

MAIREBORB.

- 1 CHA raibh ann ach fear is ceud ;  
Leis am bui'nte blagh 'sgach enchd.
- 2 Ailís sin damh Oisein thim,  
Laoich is binn bhriathraich beul ;  
Cíod e 'n gníomh rinn dea Rí-phailé,  
Triath nam feagh, nam blar, 's nam beum.
- 4 Flath nam Fiann, is an triath Goll ;
- 6 Bha sinn gu leir roipe soirbh.
- 7 Is bheannaich i gu binn do ;
- 8 Labhair ruinn dea' mhaís gach mná ;
- 9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Rìogh a b' fhearr dealbh,  
Cia as teachd na Triath ghil ùr ;  
Bu deirge gruaidh, bu bhinne guth,  
'S bu ghile crua bu ghrian air mur.
- 10 Inghean Rìogh Tìre-fui-thuinn,
- 13 Nach cumadh Fionn mi na dhàil ;  
'S nach lithinn blia 'n aig mar mo mhiann,
- 14 Nach reachainnsa leis sa gníomh.
- 15 Roi' aon fhearr a' ta ann clí ;  
Re bhla 'n bi 'n tuilg 's an sith.
- 16 Chunnacamar a' tigh 'n mar ean,
- 18 Sgia' chreimneach, dhu air a leis,
- 21 Mar eítill nan ean ri gaoith,  
Bha 'n laoch a tigh 'n air ar muin ;  
Suntach, sligheach, sran-ard ceum,  
Mar steud eisg a' ruigh le sruth.
- 22 Labhair a bhean fhionn gheal og,  
Fhinn nan cornn gur an cruas ;  
Tionaladh ann Fhiam na cho-ail,  
So i 'n torachd-'s leoir a luas.
- 27 'Charuich e ruinn air an leirg,  
An laoch bu mhor fearg agus pris ;  
Chlaoi' e naoinaonair gu luath,  
'S an iorgaill chruaidh, shultaidh shith.
- 29 Goll tha' Moirne nan arm gear,  
Bhuail e 'n treun laoch ann sa bhail  
Thuit an t-armaicht, ceanaíl cabna,  
An lann ghairbh a b' fhearr sa mhagh.
- 30 Triath na Sorach bu doirbh ri leon,  
Chail e 'n deo, 's bu mhor an beud ;<sup>2</sup>
- 32 Bha inghean Rìogh Tir-fui-thuinn,  
Bhia' na aig Fionn ann sau Fheinn ;  
An deidh tuiteam an fhir mhóir,  
Le neart an t-sloigh, '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 Zeruah, 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 Fhianh,  
Air slabh Scalmath nan sruth dian,  
Choncas ag teachd sa' mhagh,  
Inghean 's i 'g inneachd 'na h-aonar;
- 2 An inghean bu ghloine sinuagh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruaidh:  
Bha dà rosg àillidh 'na ceann,  
'S i 'gamharc falachaidh u'a timchioll.
- 3 Bha léine do 'n t-sròl a b' ùire  
M'a cucas gràdhach, caoin, cùraidh,  
Is gu 'm b' àillidh na 'n gath-gréine  
A bràghad a suas o caomh léine.
- 4 Chuir i comruich air Fionn,  
'S air Goll muirneach Mac Morna,  
'S air Oscar an àigh,  
Làmh chosgair gach teugnhaill.

## AN INGHEAN.

- 5 'Mo chomruich oirbh, Fhianna matha,  
Eadar chloinn rìgh is ard fhilatha.'  
Ceist gach aon fhìr do theaghlach Fhinn,  
San uair sin thugadh do 'n Iughin.

## FIONN.

- 6 Dh' éirich Fionn féin 'na comhair,  
'A rìoghainn donn bhòis gheal nàrach,  
Am bheil tòrachd air do lorg,  
A gheug mhàlta nan saor cholg?'

## AN INGHEAN.

- 7 'Tha sin tòrachd orm féin,  
Fhinn nasail is rìoghail Fhinn,  
Iulann an airm dheirge 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 ruadh,  
Faolan agus Fearguth òg;  
'S dh' ardaich iad 'an glóir san uair.
- 9 'C' àit am bheil e 'n oir no 'n iar,  
No ann an ceithir rannaibh an dombain,  
Nach fàgadh canchaina a chinn,  
Mum buineadh e leis thu, Inghean.'
- 10 'S mòr m' eagalsa, Fhianna matha,  
D' ar leadairt is d' ar mòr dhòrainn.  
Tha 'm fear mòr, mìleanta, treun,  
Fùranta, mear, bras san teugnhaill.'

## FIONN.

- 11 'Suidh thus' an so air ar sgàth,  
Inghean o 'm màlta comhràdh,  
'S cha bhuih an fear mòr thu leis,  
Ge mòr do dhòchas a 'fheobhas.'
- 12 Choncas am fear mòr nainn  
Ag teannadh gu cal' as a' chuan,  
Ag tarraing a luinge gu tìr,  
Toirt gu 'r 'n ionnsuidh le h-ain-mèin.
- 13 Mar illbhinn aillbhinn chraige,  
Mar stuadhan ainmheasach thugainn,  
'Na chaoiribh teinntidh o chladach,  
Gu 'm b' e sin eoslas a' mhilidh.
- 14 Bha seuchd do 'n t-sròl bhuidhe mu 'n fhear,  
A cheannbheairt chlochara nàmhain;  
A lùreac mhòr iursach uallach,  
'Sa dhà shlcagh 'nan cuilg re ghuilainn;
- 15 A chladheamh mòr froiseach neimhcach,  
Cruaidh cosgara 's e co'-dhrèach:  
Sgiath innealt, òrbhùl', le 'm briste blagh,  
Air dorn toisgealt' a' mhilidh.
- 16 Thug e ruathar fir gun chéill;  
Cha do bheannaich e dh' Fhionn no 'n Fhèinn.  
Leum an t-saighid le sàr bheachd,  
'S thorchair le a làimh, an Inghean,
- 17 'S cheangail e ceathrar mhac Fhinn;  
'S bha 'n t-Iulann gu h-armach eutrom.

- 18 Thionndaidh mo mhac-s', air an leing,  
An t-Oscar 'se làn do throm fheing;  
'S thug e 'n aire gu dùr, dàna,  
Air an oiglach mhòr, a thàinig.

- 19 B' e sin an còmhrag creuchdach,  
Fuilceadhach, feumanniach,  
Bos-luath, beumannach,  
Ard-leumannaich, gábhaidh.

- 20 Mar abhuinn a' ruith le gleann  
Bha sgrios an fola cho teann;  
Mar chaoiribh dearga o theallach  
Torran nan laoch namhadach.
- 21 Ach thug Osgar beum feartha mear  
Gu h-Iulann ard an deud ghil,  
'S' thorchair leis a' bheum ghraineil  
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 suim è  
Air Mac Cuthail bu dearg dreach,  
'S eibhion leam re mo rè.
- 2 Lath dhuinn air bheagan sluaigh,  
Aig eas ruadh na n' èighin mall,  
Chunnacas fùl sheòl o 'n Ear  
Curachan oir is bean ann.
- 3 Caogaid Laoch sinne fu thre,  
Bu mhaith air gnìomh cairt,  
Fìr nar deigh gur maing do chi,  
Ge be tìr am bì mid cuairt.
- 4 Dh' éirigh sinn uile gu dian,  
Ach Fionn-n' a' Fian-n agus Goll,  
Dh' fheitheamb an Curachan a b' 'airde  
'S do bhì treun aig sgolta thonn.
- 5 Nìor ghabh si eùradh no cosg,  
Nìor ghabh si caladh a 'm port guàth,  
Air teachd don churachan air an eas,  
'S do dheirich as macaibh Mnà.
- 6 B' ionann dealra dhì 'S do n' Ghrèin,  
'Saoibhir a mead, maith a deilbh,  
An Ingh'n ùr do thàinig an cèin,  
Do bha sinn fein roimpe soirbh.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu poball Fhinn,  
Is bheanaugh i gu grinn dhà  
Fhreachair Mac Cuthail gu bin  
Am beannaicha a roin li dhà
- 8 'Brìgh do tharais air gach ròd,  
Inghean òg as àlta dealbh,  
Airis an toisach do sgeul,  
Cia thu fein no creud è d' ainm.'
- 9 'S Inghean mì do Rìgh na Suanin (*Seeden*)  
Innsim Dhuit gu cruinn mo sgeul,  
Is nì bhuih sruth fù luidh gràil,  
Nach suibhain, air iarrtas Fhianuibh fial.
- 10 Mo chomarich ort fein ma 's tu Fionn  
Se thuirit ruinn an macaibh mnà,  
Do bhri do mhorachd 's do bhuaidh,  
Gabh mo Chomruich uam gu trà,
- 11 'Ghabhamsa do Chomruich a bhean,  
Thair aon fhear gu bheil sa Chrìch,  
Labhair mo Rìgh bu nbaith fios,  
Cia noise atà air do thì.'
- 12 Fiachaibh ata orm thair mnair,  
Triath is mòr gaol air mo lorg  
Mac Rìgh na Sorcha is gear Airm,  
Gur è 's ainm dha Daighre borb,
- 13 Do chuirfias geasa ann a cheann,  
Gu 'm beireadh Fionn mì air sàil,  
'S nach bitih aigesan mar mhnaoi,  
Ge mòr leis a ghuimh is àgh.
- 14 Se thathairt Oscar le ghloir Mhìr,  
An Laoch sin a chaisgeadh gach Rìgh,  
No gu 'n cuireadh Tìan do Gheis,  
Nì 'n rachadh ti leis mar mhnaoi,

- 15 Chunnaca a teachd air steud,  
Fear 's a mhead thrach fear,  
Mareeach na fàirge gu dian,  
'San iùl chendna, thainig a bhean.
- 16 Da Chraòiseach Catha na dhòrn.  
A teachd sau ròd air a stéud,  
Air ghile, air dheirge, 's air dhreanch,  
Ni 'n faca mar neach mar e,
- 17 Do bhli flath agus rosg Rìgh,  
'S an aoghaidh b' aille Ì is cruth,  
Bu bhinne a ghuth no gach teud,  
'S bu mhireadh a stéud no gach sruth.
- 18 Cloidheamh trom trosdail nach gann,  
An teannt air taobh an fhir mhòir,  
Sgiath leobhar nach mochd air ais,  
Sé g'iomairt a chleasa corr.
- 19 O thuinn trá thainig se gu tìr,  
Labhair mo Rìogh bu mhaith cliù,  
An aithnigh thu fein a bhean,  
'Ne sud am fear a deir thù?
- 20 Aithneachas a Mhic Cuthail ghrinn  
'S mòr am pughar leibh gur he,  
Tairgidh se mise a bhain leis,  
(Ge mòr bhar treis) as an Fheinn.
- 21 Na dean 'sa bòsd a bhean,  
As aon fhear da bhuid da phòr,  
Ge 'd shiubhladh se n' domhain gu leir  
Gheibh't san Fheinn fear da chomh,
- 22 Dheirich Cairioll agus Goll,  
Dias a fhuair an losgadh trom an eath,  
'Nan seasamh an gar an t' sloigh,  
Eadar am fear mor 's na Flath.
- 23 Ni 'n d'fheuch é lann no sgiath,  
Do Laoch na Triath da 'n rabh ann,  
Gu 'n draoinn é tair air an Fheinn,  
Gus an d' thainig é gu Fionn,
- 24 Air teachd do oig fhear bu mhaith, dreach  
Thugainn le neart, f'achd, is feirg,  
Gu 'n d' fhuaidich e uainn a bhean  
Bhi 'n deas-ghar do laimh Fhinn eilg,
- 25 Thug Mac morn an urchar d'bian,  
Gu fada na dheigh do shleagh,  
An urchar nìor chuaidhe da reir,  
'S da stéud chearna si da bhloidd.
- 26 'N trà thuit an steud 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 laoch a bhi garg,  
Is fhagail doibh do t' airm an leoir,  
Bhìdh siad fa chobhair a sheamhach,  
Da 'n geibhte naithe a cheart choir.
- 28 Leig e nào naònar gu luath.  
San iarguil chruaidh mu 'n do sguir,  
Ceangal guineach nan trì chaol,  
Air gach Laoch dhiubh sin do chuir,
- 29 Clann Morna cruaidh an càs,  
Fhuair iad bàs bu mhor an sgeul,  
'S ni n' rùibh aon neach a chnaithe as,  
Gun a chnecas fa ioma crèuchd.
- 30 Dheirigh Goll an aigne mhir,  
Leadairt an fhir an cath gh' leo,  
Ge be chifadh iad an sin,  
Bu gharbh an gaol is an sglèo.
- 31 Re sgoiltadh sgiath, 's re leadairt chorp,  
Gu feartha fear treun calma cruaidh,  
Na leoghain laidir, gluineach, dhisgir,  
Araon comh chioerach gu baidh.
- 32 Do chlaoidh Iolunn na mòr fheachd  
Mac Rìgh na Sorcha sgeul truaigh,  
Gur mang gus an 'tainig a bhean,  
Far thuit am fear an chuan.
- 33 Do Dhalaiemar aig an eas,  
An gaisgeach bu mhir treis is brìgh,  
Is chuirfadh air fa bharr gach meoir,  
Fuil òir ann onoir mo Rìgh.

- 34 Do bhli inghean Rìgh fa thuinn, (under waves)  
Bliadhna na mhuoi aig Feann san fheinn  
Tarcis tuiteam an fhir mhòir,  
Le neart an t-sloigh, truaigh an sglèul!

*In the last verse the name is the same as it was in A. In verse 9 the name has the same sound, and has the meaning given in italic.—J. F. C.*

### S. 3. THE FALL OF ROYA, OR THE KING OF SORA'S SON.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, from Mac Donald's Collection. Made in the North of Scotland about 1800. This is the same ballad, in a different dialect of Gaelic, and interesting to students of Gaelic. Therefore I print it, though it is repetition.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

A WOMAN pursued by the King of Sora's son, by name Mayro Borb, escapes to the Fingalians and claims their protection. The Royal Hero appears and falls upon the Fingalians, kills a number of their troops; at last, in single combat with Gaul, he falls on the field of battle.

- 1 LA DO Fhionn as bheagan sluaigh  
Aig Eas-Ruagh Mhacear mna  
Chunnacas a seoldh o 'n Ear  
Cuireach oir agus beann ann
- 2 Sheasamh sinn uile air an t'sliabh  
Be Fionn nam Fianng agus Goll  
'G amhare Curach bu thion ceum  
'Si gu trean a sgoiltadh chunn
- 3 Cha d' rinn i fuireach no tamh  
'S cha mho ghabh fois am port gnà  
Ach 'g imeachd gu bruaich an Eis  
'Se dherich as Macear mna
- 4 'Se labhair ruinn Macear mna  
Gabh mo chomrich ma 's tu Fionn  
Air ghaol t'earlaid is do bhnaidh  
Gabh mo chomrich gu luath trath
- 5 Dheanainn 'sin ruitis a bhean  
Seach aon neach athafon ghrèin  
Na 'n innsidh tu dhomb re seal  
Co 'm Fear a th' air a shith
- 6 Geasimh tha orms' re muir  
Laoch is trom toir air mo lorg  
Mac Ri Sorach na sgiathan airm  
'S gur e 's ainm dha Maighre Borb
- 7 Geasimh cha chuir am' cheann  
Gu 'n d' thiginn gu Fionn air sal  
'S gu 'm bithin aige mar mhuoi  
Aig feamhas aoidh agus aill
- 8 Sin dhuinn an tas ar bruidhna  
Dhoineachd man Ri bu mhath fios  
'N athnichadh tu nis a bhean  
'N e sud am fear a th' air do shith
- 9 Ocha dan Mhic Cumbail Fhinn  
'S pughar teinn leam gur e  
'S tairgidh e nìs a thabhart leis  
Cia mor do threis as an Fheinn
- 10 Cha d' ghlac claidheamh na dhorn  
'S cha mho chuir sleagh o 's chionn  
Aon fhear a bheiradh tu uainn  
A dhaindeoin sluaigh Inne Fail
- 11 Chunnacas tighin air 'n steud  
Am fear mor 's a mhead as gach fear  
Mareach' na fàirge gu dian  
'N shubhal ceudn' rinn a bhean
- 12 Bu dubh a cheann 's bu gheall e dheud  
Bu luath air an steud e na gach sruth  
B' fhaid a lamhan no cruinn iùil  
Bu bhinne no eoinn ciuil a ghuth
- 13 A chlogaid gu teintidh mu cheann  
Air 'n Laoch nach tim 's nach tha  
Sgiath' chruaidh mheamnach air a teas  
A 'g iomard chleasa air a chle
- 14 Claidheamh trom toirtèal nach pill  
Gu dluth ri taobh an fhir mhòir  
Dha-shleagh ghaigeal 's cruaidh rinn  
Nan seasamh air aig e sglè

- 15 Dherich Oscar 's dherich Goll  
Broisbuinn bha tron sa chath  
Sheas iad air garadh an t-sloigh  
Eadar 'm Fear mor sam Flath
- 16 Cha d' ath e do churrag no thriath  
Na dh' onoir Mhic Ri gu robh ann  
Ach sior chuir far air an Fheinn  
Gus 'n dranig e fein air Fionn
- 17 Thanig an Laoch bu mhor tlachd  
Thugain le neart 's le gnìomh  
'S gau d' fhuaidich e uainn a bhean  
Bha air guailin deas an Rì
- 18 Thig Oscar ann an sin na dheigh  
'X urchair nach bu re an t-sleagh  
'S mun do sgath i idir re chle  
Rinn i dhe a sge da-bhlaidh
- 19 Chrath an t-Oscar bu mhor feirg  
A Chraosach dhearg as a lamh chliùth  
Leis an urchair thuit steud an fhir  
'S mor an cion a chinnech leo
- 20 'N cra thuit an steud air an leirg  
Thiouda' e le fearg 's le fraoch  
Bhagair e cia bu mhor am beum  
Conubrag treun air cheuda laoich
- 21 Chuir sinn tri chaogaid do Laoich gharq  
A chosg meannmema 'n oig mhir  
'S chuire ceangal nan tri chaoil  
Orra is fuil air taobh gach fir
- 22 Chlann Mhic Moirmi smor 'n gnìomh  
Gan chaochail iad be 'n truagh sgeul  
Cha roibh a h-aon diubh thanig as  
Nach robh o 'n criosa lan do chreachd
- 23 Mar bhithidh tri chaogaid do Laoich gharq  
Bha dh' annas airm ann ar comhair  
Bhithimid fo phughair gun smachd  
Nan feuchaid dhasan ceart choir
- 24 Dherich Goll nan aigriadh mhir  
Fianal an Fhìr bu mhor feum  
Coltas ann combrag an dithis  
Chan fhuca mi rithid na dheigh
- 25 Thuit le Goll nan aignadh mhir  
Mac Rì na Sorach ba sgeul thruagh  
'S maing ait as na gluais a bhean  
'N tra thuig i seal a dhinnisidh chuin
- 26 Nis tiolac mid fo bhonn an Eis  
'M fear mor 's a mhead 'as gach fear  
'S<sup>1</sup> curamid mu chainneal gach meoir  
Faithn air mar onoir mhic Rì.
- <sup>1</sup> al. 'S cuiramid mar on air ain an Rì  
Faithn air nan chainneal gach meoir.
- 6 Hug shin air trom-ghaol di uille,  
An Teoghlich shin Fhinn e Allabhin<sup>1</sup>  
Gun neich do 'n Fhein Gaoll do mhacoin fein,  
Ach do 'n Niubhinn.
- 7 Chuir i a Comrich air Fionn,  
An Righin 'si gu bog gheal binn;  
Chuir i a Comrich air Goll,  
Be sud Laoich aliu nan some  
Air Oscar mac Ossain an Righ  
'S air a Chaoil Chroigh mac Greidh.
- 8 Ma Chomrich oirbh Fhiannibh mais  
Eiddar Chlannibh Rìgh as Fhlath  
Co sheo torich e air do Lorg  
A Nighin uir as aoibhri colg.
- 9 Ha shin a torich orma fein,  
Fhir uasal as ribhich fein,  
Hlin mor milante mear,  
Oiridh air Rìogh na Hespainte.
- 10 Gur eigeoir leom Fhianibh phail  
E gar leidit as gar dorin  
Am Fear mor milante treun  
'S airm gu faobharich rein-gheir.
- 11 Cait an raibh e an Niar na 'n Noir,  
Na o Cheir raintibh an Dobhain,  
Nach faiceidh Eannachin a Chinn  
Man legimid leis thu Inbhinn.
- 12 Inbhinn bhois-gheal, bhog-gheal, bhinn,  
Ighin ùr nan gorm-rose mall,  
Suidh ussa an seo air me sga,  
Inghin ga graute do Chobhra  
Man doir am Fear mor u leis,  
Ga mor leat do *Dhoigh* as Fheothis. (Bhost)
- 13 Chunnair shin am Fear mor uain  
Caibh gu Callidh on Chuan,  
A taruing a Luinge gu Tir  
'Sa teachd huggin le Hanna-méin.
- 14 Gu 'm be sud am Fear mor *màilte* (miltich)  
Na stuaidh annibh allabarigh,  
Le Fraoich feirg gu Fianabh Fhinn,  
'S e teachd na Chaoir Heinte huggin.
- 15 Bha Chlaibh mor froissuch neibhich  
Cruaidh osgaridh co-dhìrich (interlined)  
An Ceann-bheirt hocerich fhir euitich,  
Bha Scia Oir le 'm hriste Bhaigh,  
An Doru Toisgealt a Mhìidh.
- 16 Bha Lurich ard iursich uarich (uallich)  
Bha sa threic Scabbal breachd buaich,  
Bha Ceanna bheirt chlochara sheibh  
Oscion Aghaidh hoceridh Imaccain.
- 17 Bha Danidh do 'n noir mu 'n Fhear,  
'S ceansichidh shìdidh gan ceangal,  
'S da Thleidh fa 'n bunn bu chruaidh reinn  
Nan Cuiig shesibh suas ra ghuailin.
- 18 Hug e ruathir Fir gun Cheil,  
'S cha do bheannuich e Dhìonn na 'n Fhein  
Bharibh e Ciad do Dhiuibh Fhinn  
Agus mheribhate leis an Innabhinn.
- 19 Cheangil e Faolan mac Fhinn  
As tri naoinar da Luchd leannabhinn  
Do 'n Chinnidh bhoir mbeannich mhear  
'S bha 'n Tillin gu harramich etria.
- 20 Hiuntaidh mo mhac's air an Leirg  
Oscar 's e lan do Thom Fheirg,  
Sgun do dhuabir e Cobhrig  
Es an Fhear bhor bhois-gheal bha rarich
- 21 Hiuntaidh Iullin ri 'm mhac fein  
'S dheante leo cobhrig trein  
O 's fear Ceannriach cwoich Ceann-dearg  
Grad-leimnich, bras-bheinnich, ainnasich.
- 22 Mar Hruibh ainn le Gleann,  
Bha Scios am Fòidh co tean,  
Mar Chaoir Heinte tin e Teallich  
Toirin nan Laoich naudich.

<sup>1</sup> Or Allabhit.

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 Tullich eibhin,  
A Laoich mhoir mhiligh nach mettich  
Gun faic wisidh Bron air Hintin.
- 2 Cuid do dhaoibhar mo bhroin fein,  
A Chlerich, mas àil leat eist,  
Chunnaire mi nair Teoghlich Fhinn,  
Bha e mear. mor. meorich eibhin.
- 3 Air an Tullich sheo bha 'n Fhian  
(Bha shin uil ann a' dhaoin. riar)  
'S eo Chunnig shin tin san Mhaoigh  
Ach Ighin huggin 's i na hoinir.
- 4 An 'Nighin ùr a 'bailidh snaidh  
Bu gheal as bu dearg a Gruaidh,  
Bu ghilidh na gach Gath Greine,  
A Braidh huas fa caoil Lenigh.
- 5 Bha da Rose gharichidh na Ceann,  
Bha Earridh àin na Tìmhil,  
Bha Dunidh do 'n or ma Brigid  
Bha slabhrich oir ma caoin àrin,  
Bha Lenidh don Tsròil ab ùrith,  
Le ra cneas graich sheibh, Cùlin.

- 23 Hug Oscar Beim fearraghlán Fir,  
Gu lllinn arramich deid-ghlann,  
Sle mhaoih e leis Bheim gbraunte  
Cean mhic Rìogh na Hespante.
- 24 Air an Tullich sheo ha Leachd,  
A Mhic Alpin, ha sheo fir;  
Leachd na mnaidh air an taoibh eille  
A Dheo mhic Alpin e Hallabhidh.
- 25 Bha leinnidh gum bo mha eid,  
'S nach roibh aoin neich dhiu ach sheid  
Ach Beannichd air an nannin gu leir  
'S hùg is beannichd eil air Ossau.

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 an fear mòr bainn  
Ag caitheadh gu cala o 'n chuan  
Ag tarruing a luinge gu tìr  
'S a teachd chugainn le h-an-mein.

14 various.

Gu 'm b' e sud an fear mòr millteach  
Na stuaidh ainneamh, allamharaich,  
Le fraoch feirg' gu Fiannaibh Fheinn,  
'S e teachd na chaoir theinlidh chugainn.

15 various.

Bha chhlaidheamh mòr froiseach, neimhneach,  
Cruaidh coscarra coi-dhreach  
Bha sgiath ordhaidh bhristeadh bladh  
Ann dorn toisgealt a mhillidh.

16 various.

Bha luireach ard, Irsnach, uallach,  
Fo thréun sgarbull breac, buagbach;  
Bha ceann-bheirt chlochara sheimh  
Os cionn aghaidh shocraidh a mhacaimh.

17 various.

'S da shleagh o 'm bun bu chruaidh rainn  
Na 'n cuilg sheasamh suas ri ghualainn.

22 various.

Mar shruthadh amhain le glèann  
Bha sgrìos an fola coi-tearn,  
Mar chaoir theinnte teachd a teallach,  
Toradh Toir'unn nan Laoch namhadach.

F. 18. DUAN NA H-INGHINN. 128 lines.  
Fletcher's Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library,  
January 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 Ach Oisain usail mhic Fhinn,  
'S tu a' d' shuidh air 'n tulaich èibhinn;  
Laoich mhòir mhileant' nach meat,  
Gu faicamsa bròn air t-intinn.
- 2 Dh' innsinn' aobhar mo bhroin féin,  
A Phádraig na 'm b' àill leats' éisd;  
Mì cuimhneachadh air Fèinn nam Fiann,  
Bhì air an tulaich so dh' aon rian.
- 3 Air an tulaich (so) bha sinn arao,  
Ile Phádraig (naomh) na breith saoir;  
Chunnaic mis' uair teachlach Fhinn,  
'S iad gu mear, mòr, meannach, aobhinn.
- 4 Air an tulaich so bha 'n Fhian,  
Latha dhuinn' ann dhaon rian;  
Chuannacas leinn bean ann sa Mhaath,  
'S i teachd thugainne na haonar.
- 5 'N ainneir ùr a b' àille snuadh.  
Ba ghile 'ns bu déirge gruaidh;  
Bu ghile na gach gath grèime,  
'Bragud shuas fùl' caomh léine.
- 6 Bha dà rosg àrusgach na ceann,  
Bha carradh àlùin mu timchioll;  
Bha dùmhua do 'n òr mu bràgud,  
Bha slabhruidh ùr mu caoin àraidh.
- 7 'S bha léine d' an t-sròl a b' ùireadh,  
Leath ri cneas gràdhach, caomb, curaidh;
- 8 Thug sinne air tromma ghaol uile,  
An teaghlach sin Fhinn a h-Albainn;  
Gun aon fhear dhinn ga mhnaoi féin;  
Ach air gaol uile do 'n Inbhin.
- 9 Chuir iscadh còmruich air Fhinn,  
'N ribhinn 's i gu bos-ghael bin;  
Chuir ise còmruich air Goull,  
'S b' e sid laoch àlùin nan sonn.
- 10 Air Oscar mac Oisain fhèile,  
Is air a Chaoil-chrogha mac Grudhein;  
'Mo chòmruich oirbh Fhianna maithie,  
Eadar chlàna Rìgh is Fhlaithean.'
- 11 Cò thà tòrachd air do lòrg,  
Ainneir ùr a 's àille dealbh;  
'Tha sin a tòrachd orm féin,  
Fhìr nasail a 's riobhaich Fèinn.'
- 12 'An t-Iolun mòr milleanta, mear,  
Oighre Rìgh na h-Eispainte;
- 14 'S eagal leamsa Fhianna Phàil,  
Bhì d' ar leadairt 'us d' ar doruinn,  
Leis an fhear mhòr mhileanta thrèun,  
'Airm iuranta, roinne-ghur.'
- 15 Dh' eirich snas ceathrar mac Fhinn,  
Caoirreal, agus Rainne ruidh;  
Faolan, agus, Fearguth òg,  
Is dh' àrdaich iad an glòir san uair.
- 16 C' àite an d' imich è nìar na noir,  
Na bho cheithir àirdibh 'n domhann;  
Nach faiccamaid eannchuin a chinn,  
Mu 'n leigcamaid leis thu Inbhin.
- 17 A ghéug bhonne-ghael, bhosgeal ghrinn,  
Inghinn ùr nan gorm-rosg eibhinn;  
Luidh thusa ann so air ar sgàthne,  
Inghean ge dana' do chòmbradh.
- 18 'S cha d' thoir an fear mòr thu leis,  
Ge mòr leat do dhòigh is fheothas;  
Chunnaic leinne fear mòr bhuanin,  
A' caitheadh a chalaidh 's a chuain.
- 19 'S è tarruing a luingeas gu tìr,  
'S è teachd thugainn le h-aon-meir.
- 20 B' e sid 'n fear mòr bosgeal mì-nàrach,  
'N a stuaghaibh alluidh allmharadh,  
Na fhraoch feirge gu Fiannaibh Fhinn,  
'S è teachd 'na chaoir theinlich, thugainn.
- 21 Bha chhlaidhe mòr froiseach neimhneich,  
Is è cruaidh cosgurra, co-dreach;  
Bha sgiath òir m' am bristaidh blaith,  
Ann dorn toisgeal a mhìli.
- 22 Bha luireach ard-iorsach uibhreach,  
Bha treun sgàbull breachd buagbach;  
Bha ceanna-bheirt chlochara shèimhidh,  
Osciann adhaidh shòchri'-ghaisgich.
- 23 Bha seachda do 'n òr mu 'n fhear,  
Bha ceansnichean sioda ga 'n ceangal;  
Bha dha shleugh 'os bun, bu cruaidhe, roinn,  
'S iad na 'n cuilg sheasamh ra ghualainibh.
- 24 Thug è ruathar fir gun chèil,  
'S nìor bheannaich è dh' Fhionn na 'n Fheinn,  
Mhairbhte leis ceud d' fhianna Fhinn,  
Agus mhairbhte leis an Inbhin.
- 25 Cheangail è Faolan mac Fhinn,  
Is trì naoithnear do luchd leanmhuinn;  
Do 'n chinne mhòr mhileanta, thrèun,  
'S bha an t-Iolun gu h-armach eatrom.
- 26 Thionndaidh mo mhacsa air an leing,  
Oscar 's è làn do throm fheirg;  
Sann a dh'abair è geur chòmhrug,  
As an fhear mhòr bhosgeal mhì-nàrach.
- 27 Thionndaidh 'n t-Iolunn ri 'm mhac féin,  
Is dheanta leo còmhrug treun;  
Bho 's fear mòr creamlach creuchdach,  
Bas-luath, bras-mheineach, ard-leunnach.



28 Mar shruthadh amhuinn le gleann,  
Bha sgrios am fola co-teann ;  
Mar chaoir theinntich teachd à teallach  
Bha torra na 'n laoch namhadach.

29 Thug Oscar bèum fearraghlan fear,  
Gu h-Iolunn armach deud-ghlan ;  
Sann a bhain e leis a bheum ghairnda,  
Ceann mac Rìgh na h-Eispairne.

30 Air an tulaich so tha leac,  
Dheadh Mhic-Alpin tha so fìor ;  
'S tha leac na m'ai air an taobh cìle,  
A dheadh Mhic-Alpin a h-Albainn.

31 Air leinne gum bu mhaith iad,  
'S cha robh 'naon neach dhiubh ach siad,  
Bennachd air 'n annan arann,  
'Is thugadh beunnachd eile air Oisain.

## X. 3. LAOIDH NA NHIGHINNE. 52 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, January 30, 1872.

THIS was orally collected for me, by Mr. Carmichael, in Skye. A copy was sent to Dr. Mac Lauchlan afterwards.

Eachun Donullach—Eachun mac Iain mbic Iain, ubic Eoghain an Talainh—sgeir anns an Eilean Sgiathanach.

- 1 LA dhomb romh 'u Fheinn a muigh,  
'S mi nam shuidhe air tulaich Coire-siar,  
Chuannacas a tighinn o' n mhaoghl,  
Nighean 's i g-meachd na h-onar
- 2 Nighean a b' ailli snuadh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge grnadh,  
B' ailli no gathan na greine,  
Geala bhrollach fo caol leine,
- 3 Bha lacha 's gaire na ceann,  
'Us slamhraidh oir mu geal bhraigh (*pro bhèrè*).
- 4 An gaol a thug iad uile dhi,  
O theaghlach nar Fhinn na h-Eileibhinn,  
Cha robh speis aig duine 'n an Fheinn,  
Ga mhaoi fein ach an nighinn,
- 5 Mo chomraich air Fionn nam Fiann,  
'S mo chomraich air Fiann nam fath,  
Edar rìgh agus ard fhath,
- 6 Mo chomraich air Diarmad donu,  
'S air Faolan nam faoitha (? rogha) sonn,  
Air Goll 's air Oscar an aigh,  
Luchd chasgairt na teugnballach,
- 7 Tog do chomraich dhiomh a bhean, (Goll)  
'S gur mi 's laige tha fo' n ghreinn,  
'S laige mi nam Boc mac smail,  
'S laige mi na Greanachar mac Greanacharbhig
- 8 'S gur mi 's laig thig no thainig,  
'S ionagh mor leam thu bbi lag, (oighe)  
'S mi ga d fhaicim an ana-bheachd,
- 9 'S gur tu 's cuimichte da chois,  
Dhe 'n shlagh alainn chruinn choitechan,
- 10 Chunnacas am fear mor ud uann,  
Taoghadh cala as a cbnan,  
Tarruing a luinge gu tìr,  
Tighinn thugain gu h-ana min,
- 11 Le fhraoch uchd 's le chruaidh chlogaid,  
Be sud am fear mor mall,  
Mar stuaidh dhirich as gach gleann,  
Le cheanna-bheairt chlochorra ehomhar
- 12 'S cinu shochair a mbac,  
Be sud am fear mor gu chiall,  
Mharbh ciad do dh' Fhiantaichean na Feinn,  
Agus an nighean
- 13 Thionndaidh mo mbac air an leirg,  
Oscar 's e lan do throm fheirg,  
Rinn e combrag ris gu garg,  
Gu faobharach fuilteach garbh,
- 14 Gu ceann-ru dorn-ru tulaichain,  
Mar chaora (chaoire) teinteach teallaich,  
Bha fuam nan laoch na-udach (? namhaidich)

15 Thug Oscar am beum faradhantach bras,  
A r grille donn an dend ghlain,  
Sgaradh leis a bheum ghraicel,  
Oighre araid an caspaig.

## 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 Simpson, in 1857, published a translation of an Irish version: 'The Battle of Ventry Harbour. The battle at the harbour of Ventry (*fair strand*) is supposed to have been fought about A.D. 240. A translation of the Epic poem relating to the battle is here given. It is not known who was the author of this very ancient work.'

Then follows a good English version of an exceedingly wild, extravagant Irish prose story, which has the marks of old manuscript tales. All the Kings known to the composer of the story, including the Kings of India and France and the Emperor of the World, invade Ireland. Fionn beats them in Homeric single combats. The Ossianic Society of Dublin were about to publish 'Cath Fhinn Tragh,' 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 Tragh was mentioned by Keating. See p. 344, O. Mahony's translation.

## A. 19. TRAYE FINTRATH. 168 lines.

ACTOR HUIJS OSSIAN.

- 1 LAY za deach say zai keill,  
Patr<sup>k</sup> zrynn ni bachal . . .  
Rug e 'n tossin less er wurm,  
Gow was aa gi . . . sl . . .
- 2 Is di bail awail noil,  
Ossau nan roak nach teynn  
Coo in tein neach gin a loyith,  
Snow char groyr er feanow fyinn
- 3 A cleyrth ni bachel brek,  
Bi wor ym beacht zut reid lin  
A churri a wrayr a znaath,  
Ne wai zaw er fanaow fyinn
- 4 Onyth harly zut gin noine,  
A Ossin gin doll nane dey  
Bee say er chathris gi braa,  
How gathris di znaa nyn fyine
- 5 Kegit blyin di kein boa,  
A geyskyeh reid choel syth heill  
Ne hyossit zut gow maik,  
A luit eacht a rin feanow fyinn
- 6 Fa ranew in doyn traue,  
Wa aggin fene er gyth . . .  
Keiss ga hokwail gow fane fin,  
Na noc in tegwail . . .
- 7 Ne reive ansyth si doythin vor,  
Nach da bi chor bea na . . .  
Ne reive in nalve nin laun brek,  
A darveith . . .

- 8 Da nynnosit zeive in ness,  
A Ossin nin gress noch mein.  
Coo yn tein neach hi zar lave,  
Wa sreyith . . .
- 9 Mor in feine, a churris orm,  
A cleyrith oyd nyth f . . .  
Ni hynossit gow lay looin,  
Ne way loye . . .
- 10 Onyth harlyth how nane dey,  
A Ossin da dane . . .  
Coo nyth leich bar lat maik skay,  
Ri dol din ane ausyith gath
- 11 Oskir is keilt is gowle,  
Is m'lowith nyn lanni maath  
Fa hymchill v'kowie ayl  
Boyin di bi raa si chaath
- 12 Farzone fallych m'ynreith  
Is kerrill ri sneive zaath  
Dermin daath alin gyn nawle,  
Re hor skaath chin bi waath
- 13 Collyth m'cheilt er wley mynni,  
Kyrkeith curri nyn genk maath  
Agus rynnith m'ynreith,  
Myrychin nar wenyth in gaath
- 14 Felane foltinn bi wakith ind,  
Agus garryth in dein narv  
Derring m'doyrin gyn none  
Aygh m'garryth bi waath law
- 15 Me fene is g. m'smail  
Is dyryth darrith u'ronane  
Tre mek nyth kerd gyn chalk,  
Re oyr hentyth di barn yark
- 16 Mir a zana ma zut goo,  
A cleyrth wor furt nyth mynni  
Cha noch banit dossyith din nane  
Ach gith fer faue a brnath 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 chaath guss in nane
- 18 Hanyth reith lochlin er ler,  
Daor done skaa by wor gnaa  
Di wraa keiss errin er koyne,  
Fane deyryth r sloyg gyth ler
- 19 Hanyth ith chawr zar wane,  
Twa dey hug ass gi knok  
Carbryth loacchr bi waath lawe,  
Iij chayth 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 hlych fene  
Xxx caath feit di loyith  
Nath dea woyin dar der feine
- 22 Waa ga weeow er in trae,  
Cown krer bi lawe gin locht  
Ruk sloyg nyn hynea zeive,  
Is di hog ea kenni reith er knok
- 23 Cown m'reith wlith nin eacht,  
Agus dollir nan greath trom  
Di zagamir er in traa  
Er ym bayth fo zar tonni
- 24 Iij mee doytith ga bi rane,  
Yth toythit o lar yn long  
Fer tenni is kerkil a flwk,  
A zaik sinni a gorp gi lommi
- 25 Oor armyth neyn reith grekga,  
Agus forni nyn beyme trome  
Di zagamir fa zaar byve,  
Is ner aig synn in vyve fa bron
- 26 Iij mee reith lochlin  
Bi a chasgr sein de neive arm  
Ne tre balwe one vorrin or,  
Neyn deacha sayd voyn ach marg
- 27 Re in doythin ga bi wor,  
Dare done skayth bi zall gnaa  
Di zaig sinn sin a chorp er trae,  
Er ni lot fo wail nyn nane
- 28 Di loyew in doythin trane  
Neyn deacha woyn fene sin nar  
Ach reith ni franki mir hea  
An lyn say brea er in nail
- 29 Er eggill in oskir wil,  
Cha di leggi ay voyeni er lar  
Gow glen baltan mir ta best,  
Is and di zawe ay foss is tawe
- 30 Er traye fintrath ni goyn  
Fer in churri ni sloye in tar  
Er reow in doythin trane,  
Di zoil sein fene er sar
- 31 Di binmi o reith r narm,  
Leich a waa marve er in lar  
Di binmi clawe agus skayth  
Na blaya har er in traye
- 32 Er traye fintraithin nyn port,  
Di binmi ann corp ferance  
Di binmi leich fa zar byve,  
Is di binmi ann fyve ar
- 33 Phatrik V'Alpin ail,  
Neyn danith zar wane wo rae  
Ach da cath eggr gyn locht  
Is ny roif in gorp slane
- 34 Cath di clanni bisskyni zeive,  
Boein noch char venyith in law  
Cath di clanni mornyth nyn gath  
Is in darne lay clannow smail
- 35 Er fr lawsyith ath halgin trane,  
Say zaik sin dar wane sin nar  
Coyk cathin eggr zar sloyg  
A legga woyn er in tra
- 36 xxxth ca feizit gin rath,  
Deechayd feithyit gith cath zeive  
Zarremay loyg zar zoynn,  
Nach drank er toynn a reiss
- 37 A halgin da wreggin clar,  
O baillait deym pen gyeh skail  
Gow dukgai caa zawryth nyth glann,  
Noch cha danik ken r lay
- 38 Di rynni sin a gawli long,  
Agus argit trome in reith  
In noor sin eydda sin neyght,  
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 noos di heith gou bass  
Gau turnigin is ear tlws,  
Is gew Dea mowch gi lay
- 41 Ar sloyve Seyane la luain  
Agus ni sloye er a lar  
Meichall is mur is mac Dew,  
Dy hoyrt fene er an law
- 42 In da espil deyk si wlay  
Gi cleyrch may is gi faye  
Edrwme agis effrin 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 bann is sessir far  
Iyn zhil is anneir ucht zaall
- 2 Finn fayn is Dermoit gin on  
Keilt is ossain is oskir  
Conan meithl gom maal er myg  
Agus mnan nin vi leith sen
- 3 Mygin is ban einn bi zane  
Is annir ucht zall mi wan feyn  
Gormlay aolli is dow rosg  
Neaof is neyn enneiss
- 4 Nor a zoyf meska no mnan  
Tugsiddir in gussi raa  
Nach royf er in doythin teg  
Sessir ban in goyth inrylk
- 5 A dowirt an nynnilt gin on  
Is Tulych carnich in doythin  
Ga maath sewse is ymmith ban  
Nach dryn fes acli re in ar
- 6 Gerrid er ve zawe mir sen  
Tanik in van dar rochtin  
Ein wrata wupa gin alda  
Agus e n iyn naygh
- 7 Tanik neyn a wrata inn  
An vaenissi v'kowlé  
Banichis din re gin non  
Agis swis na arrygh
- 8 Feafryth finn skail zyi  
Din neyn lwchr 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 gyu chaele  
Go westmist im brear mir  
A twg na mnawe wo chanew
- 11 Gawis ben chonnane ym brat  
Is curris wupa 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 wreie chonnan meil  
Noch char farr a wassi zyi  
Cassi ym brat fa keiyf
- 14 Gawis ben oskyr na zey  
Ym brad coo adda coyve ray  
Ga loyvir skayth a wrat inn  
Noch char ally a hymlyn
- 15 Gawis myghinis gi aal ym brad  
Is di churri fa cann  
Di chass is di chwarr mir sen ym brat  
Gi lo fa clossew
- 16 Tawir ym brata er m'raa  
Dym wneissi is ne owss clae  
Go vestmist in ness gon non  
Tres elli da hymhit 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 lwydgane

- 19 Ane phoik doaris in braed  
O wak o zwyne darmit  
Di reissi ym brad owm laar  
Mor wea see na hynnirane
- 20 Tawrew mi wrat doyf a wnaa  
Is me nein in derg zrana  
Noch cha dernis di locht  
Ach fess ri finn fyvir noch
- 21 Ber mo wallych is ymith woygin  
Se der m'kowlé gin boy  
A dagis fa mbaalych er mnawe  
Na tyr huggin ane lay.  
Lay.

## CAOILTE'S RABBLE.

THIS curious production is not remembered in any shape, so far as I know. It indicates a quarrel between King Cormac and his General. In a list of the Irish collection of the Rev. James Goodman of Skibbereen, I find mention of 'The Quarrel of Cormac and Finn at Teamhair.' In this old Scotch version Caoilte rescues his chief and kinsman from Cormac. In the next ballad Oisein slays Cormac. According to current Scotch tradition, and Keating's History of Ireland, Cormac choked on a salmon bone. The very bone is specified in Scotch tales.

## A. 28. C'HORYMRYTH KEILTA. 288 lines.

## A HOWDIR SO KEILT M'EOANANE.

- 1 HETM tosk zoskla fyynn  
Gow tawri ni draive nevin  
Gow horny moyr mhorlat mhirr  
Gow cornik m'art inir
- 2 Ner cleacht me meith my zloon  
Orss atwlych fer eddrwme  
Gi waldeis feynth fail  
Oss word locht a foyall
- 3 Warwemir in leich lan  
Mir a warmemir in crayc  
Di charnisdilr leich fane lay  
Mir a charssmir a ray
- 4 Hugssmir a cann gin cherri  
Guss a gnok oss boyamir  
Di rynis feyn boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 5 Di warwiss munn er zliinn  
Fer gi inwal in nerrin  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di roynissi fogryth owlay
- 6 Di raddis mun er zliinn  
Gwl gi inte in nerrin  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 7 Ni leith di legin fa boywa  
Doybis sin nerrin awwor  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 8 Ni dorsa er a beith a zeith zark  
A dosslin ead gi hymard  
Di roynissi boya traa  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 9 Ni gurt abbe un 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 loysss mi chass  
Gr ranegiss ross illirzlass  
In sin glossimsi schear  
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 charbre  
Tngis lwm claywa in reith  
Uch fa hay mor a wree
- 15 Mi clawe feyn fa gin gutti  
Fagwm in droyl chulk chormik  
In sin di quboyis in nwyn  
Is eaddi in dorrser owym
- 16 Inn nygyth sin doef ge beacht  
Is me bi kyllor ze chormik  
Is bert ooklachis is tei  
Hawle a vaonissi reith errin
- 17 Ga zaynith leve raa mi zloor  
Da hwle cheilt yn kyllnor  
Na habbirsi sen er finn  
Er ardre ny feyn voltyun
- 18 Ga tamsi in layve id tei  
Na ber tar er ny wntir  
Ni hay sin agne cheilt  
Far a will ay in vorwilty
- 19 Cha mir sen a conuil chynni  
Er a will dor er talvinn  
In sin tarnik toylli  
Ag in re ro zast rawor
- 20 Int choss geym in genn ni genn  
Teym less a is tee cotkin  
In sin chayis fa zass  
Di bi wlyg ay di maylass
- 21 Aeis tuggis lwm ym zoyn  
Kone esgin ard orwayll  
Eynit lwm in nee riss a ben  
Ers in re fati firzzlin
- 22 Balli kness cheilti za zoyn  
Di chone esgin orwoyl  
Na habbirsi sen a re  
Er wiss in ryth a zillin
- 23 Brarryth broggodych a derri  
Corsi hoich er orvidi  
Er a layve a keilt chaylle  
Mir wee finn flaa eyni
- 24 Gid tani ne hurfin gyle  
Derrow albin no errin  
Er maneach do gi beacht  
A deaffryth mis zi chormik
- 25 Gawa tow cow thlaa  
Woyme zoskla mydda  
Ne warrir fin lat id te  
Er ane chowe er talwon
- 26 Ach ane chow a keilt ehaye  
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 eowe ewnavill  
Di nasgis in brar mir  
Er chormik m<sup>c</sup> art inir
- 28 Gin leggi gi ray in re  
Da waya ay ni feyweill  
Mar nasgis in brar beynn  
Er re errin ni nwl inn
- 29 In deymsov gar zeggir royeve  
Heymsyth ze in dyaf  
Glossim turriss o hawre  
Fa turriss fr gi mannee
- 30 Do hymsov ni heltin  
Gar skeltyth a chwdydychi  
Tuggis lwm ii zelt zark  
Is ii znew ignyth ym ard
- 31 Aggis fey fy za won ii lach  
Sin loch a seyllin  
ii hynnith sleyvecwllin  
ii zaw awlle a burrin
- 32 ii zessivey zowrane zurra  
ii chellych fey a farzhrum  
ii hyane klyty creive  
Di latteve zrom zawreim
- 33 ii zoivrane a hen a mach  
O charri donnwane doivr  
ii eillin o thrae leith lee  
ii rulli a port larga
- 34 iii snekga on vrostna wane  
ii anoyk charga d . . .  
ii caechte one caechte ard  
ii smoyrych lettreth lom ard
- 35 ii zroyllane downe yve  
ii cheinkych ni corywe  
ii char 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 nssga o locht ernac
- 37 ii cherk reich one yowna 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 phedda oywrri a claa  
ii onchon o chroda claach
- 39 ii zoayne o thrae za wan  
ii erboyk loychir yr  
ii chollum one chess chur  
ii lon a lettir fin chwle
- 40 ii eddoyk letter roye  
ii thrudda tawrych teyve oyr  
ii choneyn a schee doc doynn  
ii wuk awlde cloyth chur
- 41 ii choyag o zrom dave  
ii ane oywryth layn de  
ii yghrgane laneyth farrith  
ii chreithir one chreive roye
- 42 ii sperr hawk in swa o cleyve gla  
ii loch lay o lwnyecht  
ii oyr ane one woyt  
ii ussock on wovnych wor
- 43 ii oynlayk a hon chnoyth  
ii brok a ereich ollonych  
ii rynith strayth sinnyth  
ii zlassoyk o wroch urri
- 44 ii chrottych o chonych zawlwe  
ii weil won wor hawni  
ii earrinnyth phillhorrych  
ii awllinnych seith boýgh
- 45 ii zassidi one wyg wylle  
ii cheith cheinekyche chnaw chyle  
ii woyok oo wrowyche brn  
ii neiskin o zowlyr
- 46 ii zerrin o leyve za ane  
Da chyill wreane turle  
ii annau ar o wy walg  
ii chonlone zatta o zranard
- 47 ii zrin zarrych o zruing  
ii vronargane on vor cheyyl  
ii wlyrrych o zowne ni barga  
ii elli zalle on zaltraach
- 48 ii royn o challow charga  
ii wuk wor on worarga  
ii eskar locht m'lanene  
ii zarzart my ni nellane
- 49 ii ane yek o wess a chwle  
ii eggin ess v'mowrn  
ii clit zlinni zlinn smoyl  
ii woyif o haach mow mor
- 50 ii onchon loyath o loch conn  
ii cychat a hoyw chloyechin  
ii obyraa schee zoivyane zil  
ii vuk wlcow vlyr

- 51 Rath is ker chorkrych chass  
Tugis lwm o einnis  
Tugis lum each agris lar  
Di zrey vassych vauynane
- 52 Tarve is bo zarri o zrwm kein  
Tugis lwn o wurm vunchane  
Do chonni di chonnev ni wane  
Di hir cormik orrum gi dane Teym
- 53 Gi neith zar chursin ym chenn  
Tugis lwm is teym  
Er in dymseyhyth all doyf  
Gow lar ane ew
- 54 Nor a baillwne a meyw  
Zobbredir voyne ach skeillych  
Di choy in feaych woym o zess  
Di bi wlya dom awles
- 55 Di rukgis er in Glenn da wan  
O orrir loch a lurgin  
Di qahoy ni lach fa layve  
Nach chussit faywail
- 56 Ter schroyow herwe brass  
Gow aych iun zowlass  
Di zowis e er wrawit  
Gin ger walaa beach hanye
- 57 Tugis lwm ee lach gin wacht  
Doslí fin o chormik  
Ne fooris zolk roya  
Heg rwm nyg ve me boa
- 58 Cha deyd ass mi chree  
Chinn gin nawleggir may in dalvon  
Lass aue nane beg lassane nane  
Dolle a chass ymon
- 59 Er ni tulleych er gi ay  
Cor fa lawe rg lassyn ane  
I chonwaille fyun ag in layve  
Er seiltin gin ad wawne
- 60 Is vin zeyntyth ay sin de hoyrt  
Er a gowe dinn fosslow zoywayl  
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 dross fossgillyth  
Cormik hug zeyve in teacht  
Mir zoy ym bea gi skei
- 63 Mir chonni may za gwryth  
Sin wrow arsing ill wrunych  
Legga brudyehyth gawe  
Vin a guddichyth greithane
- 64 Huggi ay brow slatzall sollis doyf  
Er chegit fre zorze  
Gi in dorris deye downtyth  
Ner way in soye cond in . .
- 65 Ead sin is tee gi bronych  
Miss a mwe gi anoyth  
Mi chree cove connis  
Fa la er gi in dorris
- 66 Ga mor nolk forris royth  
Wonyth skeythow choolyth  
Ner leigis ane deye a mach  
Gi tra erre in in varrieh
- 67 Anni ny hyrri skeillyth  
A *chorymyrth keiltu*  
Ach a wag sin teyve ra teyve  
Ne dor chormik za soyye
- 68 Nor a leggi finn a mach  
Di skeillidir gi skeillyth  
Cha deacha deis na trear  
Wo hawra zeive er in . .
- 69 Mi reith feyn agus reach fenn  
Merrolta cheme wass mi chinn  
Ni tre neachin fa darryth zoyve  
Ni troyth sin di hynsichow

- 70 We skay zoym er mi clow  
Creddwm in crist is ow  
Mimirche ass in cw inn  
Gar vcvwm lwm ne weym . .
- 71 Gar wadda mi leymsi lar  
In dawr lochra ni wayn,  
Is fadda in laym rugis ter  
xx kead try in dawr
- 72 In sen fa lowwr mi leym  
Wagis si viddirehyn  
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 Fírbolg. Oisein beheaded Cormac. This is the end of a quarrel between the High King and his army, and makes another blood-fend, 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 IUSSA. 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.

- 'S Cuth Duinne far nach Ionbhain  
Deirimsa riutsa Nighin Iussa  
Gu raibh mi m' dheo-laoch air bheirt eille  
Gad ha mi m' sheann Laoch san Lathas'.
- La gu deachas leinn  
Eibhir-Aluin Chas-fhalt Fheinn  
Shi Ninghin fa 'm Geallabach Glac  
Leannan Chaicrich Chormaic.
- Gun do ghluais shin gu sruth Locha leige  
An da Fhearr-dheug a b' fhearr fuidh 'n Ghreinn  
Ge be fhídhreach air Ruin  
Robhain bu teichbheach droch Cuth.  
8 in Gillies.
- Dh' fhosgladh dhúinn an Grianan Corr  
Air a Thughadh do 'n Chloth dhúinn  
Líon Meannneadh shinn uille  
'Gaibhrac Eibhir Chasfhalt Bhui.  
7 in Gillies.
- Labhair Brian 'scha dairt e Breug  
Gad bhíogh ann da ninghin-deug  
Aig feobhas do Chliuth san Fheim  
Bhíogha Cheud Roghin díubh aig Ossain.  
10 in Gillies.
- Gun ghluais shinn gu Druim Dha-Th  
S bha Cormaic roibhin na Long-phort  
'S e dar fethibh gu dana  
Le sheac Catha deug do 'n deo-mhath-sbluath.  
11 in Gillies.
- Shuadh Chormaic gu do Chass  
Aig na ghaibh an sliagh bla-lassait  
12 in Gillies.
- Ochdfhear do bhí aig Cormaic Cruinn  
Ionann an Gníobh dh' fhearibh-bolg  
Mac Olla 's Daire nan Creuchd  
Mac Tosgair<sup>2</sup> treun & Taog.  
13 in Gillies.
- Freasdal Baigbhadh Mac an Riogh  
Daire nan Gníobh bu bhor aigh  
Daora 'b fhearr fullang san Chuing  
'Smeirge Chormaic Chuinn na Laibh.  
1 Bran.

<sup>2</sup> Toscar for the first time mentioned. D. M.—Scribe's note. Supposed to be a mistake for an t-Oscar.



## NINGHIN IUNSA.

14 in Gillies.

- 10 Ochd-fhear do bhi aig Oissain ard  
Iunnan san Cath ga dhion  
Molla mac Sgeine gu fial  
Sgeuliche fial Flath nam Fiann.

15 in Gillies.

- 11 Faolan & Caorrl Cass  
'N Duibh mac Rìobhain nìor thais Colg  
Toscar an tus shiar na Chlann  
Chuadh fo 'n Chraan an ceann nam Fear bolg.

16 in Gillies.

- 12 Thachair Tosgar thachair Daoid  
Taibh ri Taibh an Iath' ar shluaidh  
Bha Coibhrig an da Churidh Chaoibh  
Mar gun doirtigh Gaoth a Cuan

17 in Gillies.

- 13 Bu Choibhrag dha Leobhan shinn  
'S cho 'n iarruidh e sgian da 'n goin  
Ge bu mhath Saoirsneachd nam Fear  
Bu bheo na Taosgibh an Fuil.

18 in Gillies.

- 14 Chuibhnic Tosgar air a Sgithin  
Arm bu mhian leis an Fhear mhaith  
Chuir e naoidh Goinibh an Taobh Dhaoil  
Sheal bog mu 'n do chlasin an Cath.

19 in Gillies.

- 15 Bha Cormaic aig Corbadh an t-sluaidh  
Mar Fhuaim Uird le Deiruibh 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 Sgiath gu Cormaic Cruinn  
'S gun bhris Cormaic mac Airt  
Caogid Lann ghlass air an Druim.

## NINGHIN IUNSA.

21 in Gillies.

- 17 Thugas an Ceann do Chormaic Cruinn  
Air an T-sliabh gus a Nochd  
'S gun do gluais mi leis gu Plath Fail,  
'S an Ceann sin an Laibh air Fhath.

22 in Gillies.

- 18 Ge be ghinse dhoibhsa shin  
An La sin a cuir a Chath  
Fheiridh rium mar bha mi nochd  
Gum faigheadh e oic fo 'n Laibh.

The story of this is, that the Feinne went to Loch Leige to seek the sweetheart of Cormac, Eamhair. They killed Cormac, and Oisein carried home his head.

## M. 15. SUIREADH OISEIN AIR EAMHAIR ALUINN. 88 lines.

- 1 'Is Cuth duine far nach Fionduin?<sup>2</sup>  
Deirimse riutsa nighean Iunnas,  
Gu 'n raibh mi 'm dhea' laoch air bheirt eile,  
Ge ta mi 'm sheann laoch san latha-s'.
- 2 Latha gu 'n deachaidh leinn,  
Eamhair aluinn fholt-ghrinn,  
Nighean bu gheal-lamhach glae,  
Leannan coigrich Chormaic.
- 3 Ghluais sinn gusaoith Locha Leige (perhaps *taobh*)  
An da fhear-dheug a b' fhear foi 'n gbrein,  
Ge b' e dh' fheidireadh ar run,  
Romhain bu theicmheach droch euth.
- 4 Bheannuich an sin Bran<sup>3</sup> mac Leacan  
D' an t-sluagh aluinn, ard, gheal-ghlacach,  
Gu narach, treoirach, néo-mheata,  
Nach do phill scannal no ascal.
- 5 Dh' fharaid e dh' inn an glòir bhinn,  
Ciod e an taisc<sup>4</sup> mu 'n d' thainig sinn?  
Caoilte fhreagair air ar ceann,  
A dhiarraidh do nighin ortsa.

<sup>1</sup> *Lit.* A man is a chief when he is not a Fingal.

<sup>2</sup> Iundriun, ionnuinn ?

<sup>3</sup> Brian.

<sup>4</sup> Taiscealadh, taisge ?

- 6 Co dha ta sibh ga h-iarraidh?  
Do dh' Oisein usal mac Fheinn,  
'S i mo nearac a gheabh thu,  
A Laoic h-laidir long-phortaich.
- 7 Labhair Brán 's ni dubhairt breug,  
Ge do bhiodh agam da nighin deug,  
Aig feabhas do chliuth san Fheinn,  
Bhiodh a cheud nighean aig Oisein.
- 8 Dh' fhosgladh dhuin an Grianan<sup>5</sup> corr,  
Air a thuthadh do clobh dhuin, (perhaps clùth)  
Licn meamna sinn uile,  
'G amharc Eamhair chas-fholt bhuidhe.
- 9 'Nuair a chunnaire Eamhair fhial  
Oisein Mac Fheinn flath na 'm Fiann,  
Thug an Ribhin a b' aille dreach  
Gaol a h-anna d' an dea' mbac.
- 10 Gu 'n ghluais sinn gu Dnrim da-thore,  
'S bha cormac romhain na long-phort,  
'S e dar feitheamh gu dana,  
Le seachd catha d' an dea' mbalaidh.<sup>6</sup>
- 11 Sluagh Chormaic gu 'n do chás  
Aig na ghabh an slabh ba fasair.
- 12 Ochd-fhear do bhi aig Cormac cruinn,  
Ionann an guiomh dh' Fhearaibh-Bolg,  
Mac Colla is Daire nan crenchud,  
Mac Toscair' treun agus Taog.
- 13 Freasdal baghach Mac an Rìgh,  
Daire na 'n guiomh bu mhor agn,  
Daol bu mhaith fulang sa chuing,  
'S Meirge Chormaic Chruinn na laimh.
- 14 Ochd-fhear bhi aig Oisein ard,  
Ionann sa chath gharg ga dhion,  
Mulla Mac Seoin agus Fial,  
Sgeulaiche fìor flath na Feinn'.
- 15 Faolan agus Cairioll càs,  
Dubh Mac Ribhinn nìor thais colg,  
Toscar an tus siar a Chlann,  
Chaidh foi 'n chraun an ceann na 'm Fearbolg.<sup>7</sup>
- 16 Thachair Tosgar 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 guin,  
Ge bu mhaith saoirsineachd na 'm fear,  
Bu cheo na taosgabh an fuil.
- 18 Chnìmhich Toscar air an seoin,  
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 lamh,  
Ag iarraidh gu Oisein gach nair  
'S an cath cruaidh do bheir e dhoibh.
- 20 Do scoilt Oisein air an t-sliabh  
Caogad sciath gu Cormac Cruinn,  
'S gu 'n bhris Cormac mac Art  
Caogad lann ghlas air an druim.
- 21 Thugas an ceann do Chormac Cruinn  
Air an t-sliabhsa gus an nochd,  
'S gun do ghluais gu Fialth Fail,  
'S an ceann sin an laimh air f'holt.
- 22 Ge b' e dh' innsedh dh'amhasa sin  
An la sin ag cuir a chath',  
Deireadh rium mar tha mi nochd  
Gu 'm faigheadh e oic o m' laimh.

<sup>5</sup> A round turret or tent.

<sup>6</sup> Mhal-shluagh ?

<sup>7</sup> Ceann na 'm Bolg.

<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 HICJUS OSSIN.

- 1 LA zay deacha finn mo rayth,  
Di helg er sleyve ny ban finn  
Tri meillith waython ny wayn,  
Ne zeath skaow vass in ginn
- 2 Ossin is vinni lvmmi di zloyr,  
Bannicht foiss er anmyñ 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 hutti er sleyve ny ban finn,  
Di zeyith lay fin nyth wlygh
- 4 Innis doyf royth gith skayle,  
Bannith er a waill gin zoith  
A bayig eaddith no ermni,  
A doll leive a helg gi lay
- 5 Di weith eaddith agus ermni,  
A doll leine a helg mir senni  
Ni weith feance zeive ym zoe,  
Gin leynith royle is men
- 6 Gin chottone scehe schave,  
Gin lurych sparri zeyr zlynn  
Gin chenvart clooth di chorrith,  
S zay ley in norm gi fer
- 7 Gin skay neynith waryth boye,  
Gin lanni chroye eskolthit kenn  
A nearyth in doythñ fayn scheath,  
Ne royth nath bi zer no finn
- 8 Is schea a barri euitch is awge,  
Ne zeath lav vassa chinn  
Doll in dastill a choyn zill,  
Gi aggin er farri mir finn
- 9 Cath eggr a choymir schear,  
A helg er sleyve ni ban finn  
A phatrik ayd chinni ni glar,  
Di balin grann vass ir ginni
- 10 Noyr a hwyth finni r gonni  
Da binni seirri agus schear  
Gow gyir o chnok gow cnok,  
A meskeith hork is feaygh
- 11 Di weith finn agus brann,  
Name swe selli er in tleywe  
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 tleywe  
A haggus eyg agus arbe  
Ne zarne selgi mir sen reywe
- 14 Gir hee deirrih ir selgi hear,  
A clarre oyd ni glar is ni glok  
Deich kayd kow fa lawre loyr  
Hutti fa leon x c tork
- 15 Di huttidir lyne ni twrk,  
A roynith ni helg er in lerga  
Mir a weyg r lamth 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 lin  
A waynew fin bi woith no sen

17 Ach sen selga a roinith finn  
V'alpiu ni minni blayth  
Gar ni goylane ansi cheille,  
Gi bi winni laym ane lay  
Lay za dcach.

H. 21. THE BEST DAY THAT THE HEROES  
EVER HUNTED. 69 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 shlabh na 'm ban fionn;  
'S mile do Mhaithaibh nam Fiann,  
Cho deachaidh riamh os a cheann.
- 2 Oisain gu 'r binn leam do ghlóir,  
Beannachd fho air anam Fhinn;  
Ailis dhurine cia lion fiadh,  
Thuit libh air shlabh nam ban Fiann.
- 3 Ailis o thoiseach do ghéin,  
Beannachd air do bhéul fuidheoidh;  
'M biodh bhur 'n eideamh is bhur 'n airm,  
A dol libh 'n bheinn t-seilg gach ló.
- 4 Gu 'n ar 'n eideamh 's gu 'n ar 'n airm,  
Cho reachemaid a sheilg nan cnoc,  
Bhiodh air gach féinnidh gach ló,  
Léine shroil 's air eill da choin.
- 5 Bhiodh cót air do 'n t-side shéimh,  
Láireach, is Barghil r' a shlios;  
Is ceannbheart chochalla chórr,  
'S a dha shleagh an doran gach fir.
- 6 Bhiodh sgia úain air a gheibha' buaidh,  
'S cloidheamh cruaidh gu sgotadh cheann  
Bodha (*meadaoch*) agus indhair,  
'S caogad guinach am am balg.
- 7 Siubhail an domhan mu seach,  
'S cho 'n fhuigh thu ann neach mar Fhionn  
A b' fhearr innhe 'sa b' fhearr ágh,  
Cho deachaidh lamh os a cheann.
- 8 Re cath teagair bha sinn siar,  
A sealg air shlabh na 'm ban Fionn;  
A Phádraig a cheann nan clar,  
B' áluin a ghrian os ar ceann.
- 9 'N uair a shuidhich Fionn a choin,  
Air an t-srath a bha fú 'n t-slabh;  
Shuidh gach féinnidh air tom seilg,  
Gus an d' eirich sgeilg nam fiadh.
- 10 Dh' fhuasgail sinn trí míle cú,  
Bu mbaith lúth, sa bha ro ghar;  
'S mharbh gach cú dhúin sin da fuidh,  
Seal mu 'n deachaidh iall air aird.
- 11 Iodhnadh 's mo 'a chunnacas riamh,  
No chuala Fiann Inse pháil;  
Gu d' mharbh Bran is e na chneilin,  
Fiadh agus idhir re echa.
- 12 Leag<sup>1</sup> sinn naoi míle fia' barr,  
Air an t-srath a' ta fuidh 'n t-slabh;  
A Phádraig san agus 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 eagnhuis earb agus adh;  
Thuit sin air sliabh nam ban fionn,  
Do dh' fhiadhach le Fionn nam fleagh.
- 14 Ach an déireadh ar seilgne shiar,  
A Phódraig nan eliar 's nan clog;  
Deich céud cu le 'n slabhruidh óir,  
Thuit sin faidheoidh le céud torc.
- 15 'S ann leinn mbarbhadh na tuire  
A rinn na h-uile air an leirg,  
'S mar bhithheadh ar lamha 's ar lann  
Cho deanamaid úr air an t-seilg.
- 16 Biomad laoch fuileachdach fial,  
Na sheasamh air sliabh Innse-crot,  
Gu 'n ach iall a chóna na laimh,  
'S e pileadh o ár nan torc.
- 17 Sealg mar sud cho d' rinn sinn riamh,  
A dhea' Mhic Ailpina na miann tlá;  
Guth do cheólan ann sa chuil,  
'S mór bu bhinneam lean a 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 accounted entered these Mountains with 3,000 Dogs or Hounds, each Grey-hound had slain two Deer, and Bran, Fingal's Grey-hound, slew as many as all the rest. 1,000 of their hounds fell by wild Boars, and beasts, and 1,000 of their Men were so far overcome with fatigue, before they kilt the Boars and gathered the venison, of which ever after they did not get the better. The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpin.

- 3 BEANNACHD air do bheul ní 'n ceol;  
4 Cho reachamaid a sheilg i an lon;  
5 Bhíodh cot air do 'n fhítidh sheimh,  
'S cloidheamh cruaidh, bu mbaithe sa cholg;  
Botha cradhach air dhea' luthadh,  
Chuireadh sibhal fuí 'n ghatb bolg.  
7 A b' fhearr éineach, sa b' fhearr agh.  
10 Bu gharg 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-fend 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 fall Conan; who was viewing them but Goll, he ran, and before he stop, he laid down one hundred of them on the Hill, a bloody battle immediately began, but not deadly.

## DAN 7.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bhi 'n gleann diamhair,  
Bha sinn re fiathach Muc alte;  
'S bha Fionn fein ann, Caoilte 's Oisain,  
Luchd a bhrosnachta gach sealg.
- 2 Bha sinn uil' ann clann Mhic Chuthaill,  
Bha farann ann Coircall céarnach;  
'S an t-Oscar óg laidair neartmhor,  
Nach enireadh an cath air chéard.
- 3 Ochagain air taobh a ghlinne,  
Shuidh sinn uile Clanna Baoisge;  
Do shuidh monad mór air bharradh.  
'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar daoín ain.

- 4 Chuir sinn air coin ris an fhreach,  
Gu cloidh is míleadh na béiste;  
Dh' fheachainn co d' ar conaibh gruamach,  
A gheibheadh lán bhnaí' air bréine.
- 5 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,  
B' e aon laoch comais gach áite;  
'No leigadh bhur gathair gu freach,  
Gu 'n chlanm 'm athairsa bhi láthair.'
- 6 'S ann an sin dh' eirich Faodhlan,  
B' e aon laoch spáirneach gach gnothaich;  
'S ann dhuinne bu lóir a dhonas,  
Gun d' ug e leagadh do Chonan.
- 7 An sin do tháinig Goll gruamach,  
Bu shar bheumeannach 's bu chruaí' builleán,  
Seal mun d' fhaodar leinn a chumail,  
Do leag e céud air an tulaich.
- 8 'S ann an sin a dh' eirich Oscar,  
'N hoch leis an coisgte 'n cruaidh chómhrag;  
Mar bhithheadh dhámh 's deachainn mo gheallidh,  
'S ann dhuitsa b' aithreach am bordadh.
- 9 Urram cho 'n fhuigh thusa namsa,  
'Se labhair Goll gruamach re Oscar;  
Gu 'r h-ann leamsa thuit do Shimsir,  
'S bu dearg líntidh le mor lotaibh.
- 10 'N ar measna dh' eirich a' bhuidhin,  
Bhorb na curina r'a chéile;  
Bu lionmhor sgia' bhreac air leith lamh,  
Agus lann bu leathan gle gheal.
- 11 Chuaidh gach fear air chul a chloidheamh,  
'S chuaidh gach Flath air chul sgéitha;  
Chum 's gu d' fheachamaid le 'r gathaibh,  
Cia bu treise dhinn no chéile.
- 12 Chuaidh Goll mor na chulaidh chatha,  
'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar daoín ain;  
Aig truínead 's aig tricead a bhuilleán,  
'N sin air chlaignaibh Chlanna Baoisge.
- 13 S ann an sin a labhair Conall,  
'Ma 's beó dnuie Chlanna Baoisge;  
Diolann an fheall is a mbeodhair,  
'N duí' air chlaignaibh Chlanna mornna.'
- 14 'N sin do fhreagair an Rígh Féinne,  
G' e maith do chomhairils 'a Chonaill;  
Fuidh 'm iochsda tháinig Clanna mornna,  
'S b' iad aon laoich sor-ghlic an domhain.
- 15 An sin do dh' eirich Fionn falaidh,  
Is Diarmaid déud gheal o dnuimhe;  
'S chuir iad na saoi' ean o chéile  
Ge d' bu mhór iargain na bruidhne.
- 16 A togail dhainn ris a mhallaigh,  
'S a díreach re uilean an t-sléibhe;  
Ge do tharladh gu 'n bhi marbh dhainn,  
B' iomadach ann osnaich chléibhe.
- 17 Bu lionmhor ann cuirp gu síleach,  
Agus laoich fuí' iomad creacainn;  
'N deidh nu 'm buillean tromá dóbhídh,  
Thug Goll mac mornna mhie neamhain.

## 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 Baigse wanted to set of their Dogs after the Boar in Gaul's absence. Conan who was always a Foamer of strife and wrangles with his impertinent loquacity stop 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-Baigse 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 Baigse. The amicable Fingal and courteous Dermid restored peace and amity between both Clans.

- 1 Bha Fionn fein ann, Caoilt, is Toscar,  
Luchl a phrosnachladh gach sealga.
- 3 Shuigh sinn uil' ann 's Chlanna-ruri;  
Do shuigh Momad mor air bharradh,  
Cha bu toiseach ratha dhuinne.
- 4 Chuir sinn ar coin ris an uchaich,  
A chloai', muice nan culg geura;  
Bu treine gainne nan cuicann,  
Bha friodh mullaich mar choill chreithich.
- 5 B' e aon laoch conais gach aite;  
No leigibh ur gadhair fui 'n flireach.
- 11 Chum 's gu feuchamaid gun athamb,  
12 'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar taith-ne;
- 13 Mar charrraig air adann tuinne,  
Air an cireadh bainnean arda;  
Bha 'n laoch a teirbit gach buille,  
Beuma guineach do cair 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 Argyllshire, and either of the parties was too lazie, and they were not doing so much as themselves, Goll and Fingal thought proper to deuide the mairs, 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 betwix both parties.

#### DAN 8.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne sealg na Leana,  
A tathach an fheidh o 'n Chlach leadh'd,  
Shuidh mi fein air Guala buidh;  
'S shuidh Mac Chnathail air Coir-easain.
- 2 Shuidh Caoilte air Coire-domhnail,  
Fear a chomhdacha' ar Féinne;  
'S cho d' flag a choin no gathair a bhos  
Aon fbiadh gu 'n tathach gu h-Eite.
- 3 Shuidh Diarmaid donn gheal o dhuimhne,  
Gille muirneach na morchuis;  
Maile r'a fhir thréune chatha,  
Thall air uilean enoc na b-Og' ghnais.
- 4 Shuidh Mac Mornna san Lia' ghumm 's,  
Tacan siar o Ghuala chuirnn;  
'S g' b' e chidheadh sealg nam fear,  
Bu lionmhor ann bás daimh dhúinn.
- 5 Ma 'n d' ainig deireadh an ló,  
Dh' eirich gníomh bu doilich léinn,  
Eidear Iodhleann nan arm glas,  
Agus Oscar Mac Righ 'n leirg.
- 6 Damh do mbarbh Oscar an áigh,  
Tacan beng o bhculamh Ghúill;  
'S thug Goll a bhriathar gu beachd,  
Nach feneadh é blas an daimh dhuinn.
- 7 Do thog Oscar e dh' a fein,  
'S e 'g eisteach re briathar Ghúill;  
'S gu bu' eisean an Gille fial,  
Thog e air a sgiú 'sa lúin.
- 8 Thainig an t-Oscar donn gu Athair,  
Thainig Maithadh Chlanna baoisge;  
Thainig orna sgiú na cobhair,  
'S thainig Colla, mac cruaidh Chaoilte.
- 9 Thainig Fionn fein an ceannard,  
Bu charrann teann air Chlanna baoisge,  
'S labhair e le iolach nabhair,  
Thugaibh urram 's biadh do 'm dhaoinne.
- 10 Thainig Fionn bán Mac Chuanthan,  
Le aon fhichead déag furaill ghaiseach;  
'S le midhir eile do dh' fhianntidh,  
Do thainig Maighre Mac Baistail.
- 11 Thainig a Macaidh dubh siobhalt,  
Gille gu 'n di meas lan dóghrainn;  
Le aon fhichead déag sgiú' nach fanaich,  
'S cho bu charaid Chlanna mornna.
- 12 Thainig Mac Nic o-theanraig,  
A bu roi' mhaith thun an trotaín;  
Le aon fhichead déag sgiú' nach sgannail,  
'S a bu roi' mhaith theanradh totail.
- 13 Le deich ceud curidh do dh' fhianntidh,  
Do thainig Diarmaid o dhuimhne;  
Le 'n gathair fiata, feargach fuileach,  
Gu fíor mhúileach slábh Mhíe súimhne.
- 14 Thainig Caoilte fiamh gach catha,  
Le cuig céad 's tri laoch gu súimhne;  
Le 'n lanna' fíor chruaidle geala,  
An gleus catha chum ar coibreach.
- 15 Le deich ceud 's fhichead laoch calma,  
Do thainig Garbh lámh Mac Mornna;  
Gu Iodhleann nan armaibh fada,  
D' a theanradh o 'r tional uór-ne.
- 16 Le tri fichead tréun laoch catha;  
Do thainig Garbh Mac Mornna;  
'S bu cheannard air tri fir fheachda,  
Gach aon neach dhúu teachd gu comhrag.
- 17 Le céud ursann chath gu 'n athadh,  
Do thainig Grad lamh gu deonach;  
'S na bha air eul gach curidh,  
Tríur laoch fuileachdach gu cómhrag.
- 18 Thainig le cuig fichead calma,  
Daoir' airmaitach Inse Fúine;  
Gu Momad na 'n buillean grada,  
'S cho bu rathail d' ar fir mhór-ne.
- 19 ' Beannachd dhuit 's no fuilaing táir,  
A Ghúill mboir do radh Conan;  
Thoir cath do 'n Fheinn gu 'n laigsa,  
'S do rath fein a Rígh cho donaid.'
- 20 ' No deansa sin orsa Daóire,  
'S feairrde ciall a comhairleachadh;  
Beannachd dhuit is fuilaing táir;  
Do dh' Fhionn árd Rígh Connachda.'
- 21 ' C' om am fuilaingeamsa táir,  
Do dh' Fhionn, 's na gabhsa a pháirt,  
'N uair bheiradh é mo dhlighe dhim,  
C' om am fuilaing a gu brath.'
- 22 Thionail Fionn an sin a shloigh,  
Gu Momad mór nan tréun bhúilean;  
Bu lionmhor ann bratach úr dhearg,  
Agus laoch fuidh Lúirich bhuidh.
- 23 Bha deich dorsan air shabh Ghúill,  
'S iad eagnaichd drim air dhrim gu dochann;  
Is bha caogad Luireach sholuis,  
A coimhead gac aon dorais.
- 24 'N sin chuaidh na fir r' a chéile,  
Gu fuileachdach tréunmhor ersaidhe;  
'S b' iorad corp a bha d' an sineadh,  
Le buillean a Mhíidh ghruamaich.
- 25 Gu b' iomad leith lamh, is leith chos,  
An deis an leadairt le géur lann;  
Le buillean a Chuinne chrodha,  
Bha air an lón shíos gu 'n eiridh.
- 26 'S an a chluinte faim a luinne,  
Mar chreag ulean no Beinn eudain;  
A sghathadh chnaman is feóla,  
B' e sin an sgeúl bróin nach b' éibh,each.

- 27 Chluinte fuaim air buillean uile,  
Mar thoirm tuinne re la gábhídh;  
No mar Easaichaibh na 'm beanntaibh,  
Tuiteam ann gach gleann chaol fasaich.
- 28 Cho raibh brochd no torchd, no taotban,  
Bh' ann an sgiolp no 'n creag no 'n uamh;  
Nach do theich ann an gleantaidh,  
'S ann am beanntidh fada uainn.
- 29 'Oscair an cumhain no chomain,  
'N uair a bha an Fhianan da leonadh;  
Thug mi airm laoiach a' d' laimh,  
'S mo chonamh nach b' fhanan a cómbrag.
- 30 'G' e do dheanamh tu dhamh fein,  
Gach aon mhaith a bha fuí 'n ghréin;  
C' om am fuilangeam tailcas Fhinn,  
'N fhear sa bhíos an deó am chré.'
- 31 'Cho 'n iongeantach leams ogh Fhinn,  
Bhí neo chumaillach air fhocail;  
'S a bhí borb gu 'n iochd gu 'n dáimh,  
R' a thréun naimhde re la dochaint.'
- 32 Cho deachidh an Fheinn le gráin,  
Lead aon iomaire o 'n bhlar;  
O' na dh' eirich a ghrian moch,  
Gus an deach i siar a thámh.
- 33 Theic Mac Mornna bu mhór gníomh,  
Is nu theich cho b' ann gu 'n dí;  
Thorchair drian d' ar Féinne leis,  
'S dh' fhad mise fuidh león gu leana.

## I. 10. THE CONFLICT OF LEANA. 132 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 33. Advocates' Library,  
April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Upon 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-beisg 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 SNUIDH mí fein air Guala-chuilinn,  
3 Thall air nilean cnoc nau 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 bán Mac Cuathan,  
Le aon fhichead deug curaidh gaisgidh.  
11 Thainig a Mhacraidh o 'n Isbein,  
Gilleán gun mhio-mheat an dorainn.  
12 Thainig Mac Riogh na Eite,  
Nan launa geur 's nan trodan.  
13 Le deich ceud 's fichead do dh' fhiantaidh.  
14 Le cuig ceud sonn gu sliabh suimhne,  
Na laoiach bu docair le geur loinn.  
15 Gu Iolann nan arma geura,  
'S bu mhór am beud do Riogh Phaile.  
16 'S e na bha air cúl gach curaidh,  
Triuir laoch fhuileachdach gu coi-stri.  
17 Do thainig Grad-lamh gu conamh,  
'S bu cheamard air trí fíreachda,  
Gach laoch neartmhor teachd gu combrag.  
18 Gu Mornad nam builleán treuna,  
'N laoch nach euraidh an cruai'-chombrag.  
20 'S fearde Triath a chomhairleachadh.

- 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 bhuiinn air sgeé nan cuantaidh;  
B' iomad laoch a thuit gan eiridh,  
Le buillean a Mhílidh ghruamaich.  
26 A' sgrathadh nan sonn sa chombrag,  
Sgeula broin ata an-eibhinn.  
27 Chluinte thoirm ar beum sa chumasg,  
Mar fhuaim tuinne ri la gabhaidh.  
28 Cha raibh broc, no torc, no boathan,  
'Bh' ann an eos nan creag, no 'n uaimh.  
29 Nuair a bha thu 'm bruid ga d' leonadh,  
Thug airm laoiach ann a' d' laimh.  
30 'N fhea' sa bhíodh an deo am chré.  
31 A bhí borb gun iochd no baidh,  
'S ann iomar-bhaidh na luchd coisgairt.  
32 Cha do theich an Fheinn le grain,  
Lead aon iomaire le sgáth.  
33 'S dh' fhad mise fuí leon gun leigheas.

## HOW CUMHAL WAS SLAIN. A. F. O.

In this ballad, which is old, Fionn and Garradh, of the tribe of Morna, sit at a Pass, and Garradh tells how he and his tribe slew Fionn's father. I will tell all that I have learned about this story when I translate. The ballad seems to fit here amongst Hunting Songs and tribal quarrels. The first is from the Dean's Book, 1512. The second is from the Collection of Fletcher, who could not himself write what he could recite. The third is from the Collection of Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, about A.D. 1800. The ballad is therefore ancient, and is 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.

- 1 . . . feyne in tulg churr  
Ay deis er gi . . .  
Hw a feyne agus garri  
Teive er heive in naue tr za
- 2 Gin darrith Finn di zarrí  
Er su zoith na arrih  
Or is twss do wee ann  
Kiinnis di warve sew cowll
- 3 Di weyr si zwt mi wrarri  
Er bee zwt orm za carre  
Gir heith mi laive laytich lomn  
Chur in kead za in gowll
- 4 For in caddrew zoiss sin  
A clanní morn mar zilli  
Is wulling is reawor zoif  
Zess dew mathr a varwi
- 5 Mass for in caddrew leat sin  
Inn vec cowill a balwin  
Leig in carri dr bwnskinni  
Is tog in uallydis chatchin
- 6 A dog mis zew lawe  
A clann morn is mor grane  
Fa toylling missi wile  
For gir gow deith eue dwu
- 7 Mass di zlassi tussi sin  
Ymichtin er slyecht haithr  
Bith lemenor sinni er linní  
Mir weith ein ellytin chowale
- 8 Gowl chor sinn in woyew  
Cowle hue orn mor withwr  
Gowl di zoichir a mach sinn  
A greithew ni geith
- 9 Chor dram zeine in nalbin inn  
Is dram elle in dow lochlinn  
Si tress dram si zreyg zilli  
Beddit woe cheyl r . .



- 10 Wemir seableyn deyg  
A hagsw errin is ner wrag  
Ner weg in smach downith  
Sinni gin er dew zagkin
- 11 In kead lay choymir er teir  
Zinse errin or weimin  
Warveir dein is ner wraik a ray  
Xvi e dein lay
- 12 Di warvis clanna morn  
Dan leichow is . . .  
Cha roif cine dwn zew sen  
Nach cow caydi di v . . .
- 13 Gonith caslane da galnew  
Clanni morn mor vanunith  
In ginni feyn bi leytiel  
Ann a weaniss far nerrin
- 14 Er a lawsi olach ni wane  
Cha nakgis horri no har  
Eine neith hug pask er mi hwle  
Ach fagsin a choskir
- 15 Hug say teim fame chree  
Re fagsin ni shiutee  
Huggimir nein teyg  
A crithew movin mor zerg
- 16 A royth gasge in r  
Bassid zowu owin a warvi  
Gyn deyve er in twlli hawle  
Ymbi woa dwuni clann chwle
- 17 Ronimir reith nach royve maule  
Gus in ty in roif cowl  
Huggimir gwn zothiü gr fr  
In gorp chwall zor sleyste
- 18 Gir gar ruggi missi ann  
In nor a warve she cowall  
Ne gneive roym scho ma haa  
Dielmissi orr wa mer lay.  
Lay za roymir.

## F. 3. MAR A CHAIDH CUTHUL A MHARBHADH.

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 Moirne.

Bho nach d' rugadh mise san àm,  
Cionnus a mharbh sibh Cuthal ?

B' e Cuthal Athair Fhionn,  
Deir Garra.

- 1 Is e Cuthal a rinn oirne an tàir,  
'S e rinn a' mòr sgaradh,  
'S fhada dh' fhògarh 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 chrìochabh nan coimheach.

A. 11.

- 3 A cheud latha do bha sinne,  
Air foid Eirinn nan gorm lann,  
Mharbh e dhinn is ban r' a 'n a'reamh,  
Seachd ceud deng air aon leannin.
- 4 Do mharbhadh do Chlanna Moirne,  
D' ar Fiannaibh 's d' ar maithibh;  
Is rinu e an sin càrn d' ar cnamhan,  
Ann am fadhinnis na Feinne.
- 5 'S e rinn trom air cridheachan,  
Air cuing a lhi na bhi na shnudeiribh.

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 phinhtar a mach, gu tachart ri  
Cuthal ma 'n tigeadh e far an robh iad; Bha do  
bhuaidh air Cuthal 'nuair a tharladh e ri mnaoi gu  
'n tuiteadh e na chadal. Agus co-luath 's a thach-  
air ise ris thuit e na chadal.

Thainig Mor-nin-Taoidh a mach agus glaoth i le  
h-ard iolaich, ma bheò duine do Chlanna Moirne,  
a dhioladh na maithlean.

A. 17.

- 6 Thug 'ear leinne ruith nach robh mall,  
'S raing sinn an tigh san robh Cuthal,  
'S chuir sinn guin ghoirt gach fear.  
Ga shleagh ann an corp Cuthail.
- 7 Bheuchdadh è mar gu 'm biodh mart ann,  
'S raoichdeadh è mar gu 'm biodh torc ann  
Is ge nach b' onair e mhac Rìgh,  
Bhranna Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 8 Sin agadsa Fhinn mhic Cuthail,  
Beagan do sgeula ma d' athair;  
Gn fhuath gun fhòlachd o shin,  
Gn eiseamail na gun urram.  
D' thubhairt Fionn an sin.
- A. 18.
- 9 Ge nach d' rugadh mise  
Ri linn Chuthail na 'n gear lann.  
An gnìomh a rinn, sibhe gu t'airal  
Diolaidh, mise ann an aon là è.  
A deir Garadh.
- 10 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin fhìr,  
Bhiodh 'g iomachd an slighe t-athar;  
Cuirse ad cairdeas air cùl,  
'S tog do 'n fhòlachd choit-chionta.

O. 3. BAS CHUTHAIL.<sup>1</sup> 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 Pherosnic 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.

<sup>1</sup> Cuthal is sometimes spelt Cumhal, and Cubhal. I consider the first as the most correct. Collector's note.

- 1 INNIS Ullin nan 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 cruidh '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 tuiteam o 'n spenr,  
Fraoch ag eiridh gu h-ard,  
An ceo bha lasadh le ioghnaidh,  
As torran broin a bairtheadh bais.

- 5 Chnannaic Garra ceum an fhìr,  
Chnannaic 'sa chridhe g'a chradh;  
Bha smuain a snamh am fuil,  
Bha aghuin a' sireadh aich.

- 6 Le smeatha breige a dh' fhòlnioh run,  
Chuir e failt air Cn nan ceud,  
Failt ort a Chuthail bhndach,  
Failt is buaidh leat anns gach ball.

- 7 Chuir thu t-sealg gu h-ard uabhach,  
'S maith do philleadh uatha gnn chall  
Gabb mo phuithar is aille dealbh,  
Biodh air di-chuimhn sealg an Duin.

- 8 'S leat i ga mor beartas,  
Dean do cheart ri, is do run;  
Mar reult an oidheche shaimbe,  
Dealradh air linne bhuig,  
Las a maise a cruth crodhearg.
- 9 Bu deas direach griun a ceum,  
Mar gheug uaine fo lan meas,  
Thug an righ a throm ghaoid trom,  
Do ighinn Mhorna nan cruaidh cholg.
- 10 Chaill e luathas, thuit fo gheasaibh,  
Cùirdh riamh nach d' fhuair a chlaoidh;  
Sgrìth is fann an gheannan nan lon,  
Cha b' iognadh ged a dhonadh e.
- 11 Cheangail iad an righ mu lar,  
Rinn iad tair ga chuir fo smachd;  
Mbarbhte leo an cùirdh calma,  
Bu mhòr 'arínachd ag neart.
- 12 Mar cheo air mullach na heinne,  
'S don shìon a' bagradh mu 'n cnairt d'i,  
Sheall Fionn is osna broin.  
O chom a' dusgaidh.  
Cha bhì Cuthal gun dioladh.
- 13 Chunnacas tighinn nar dail,  
Garra Mor a mbi aigh;  
Las ar fearg mar chaor theallach,  
Thog gach fear a shleagh o thalamh.
- 14 Thairt Fionn o nech d' rugadh mi san àm,  
Cia mar mharbh sibh Cuthal?
- 15 'S e Cuthal a rinn oirn an tair.  
'S e rinn oirn am mor sgaradh,  
'S fada dh' fhogair sinne Cuthal  
A mach air chrìochan nan ciomheach.
- 16 Bheuca e mar gu 'm bi mart ann,  
Roiceadh e mar gu 'm bi Torc ann;  
'S ged nach b' onoir e mhach rìgh,  
Bhrama Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 17 'S in agadsa Fhinn Mhìc Cuthal,  
Beagan do sgeulaibh t' athar;  
Gun fhuachd gun fhalachd o sin,  
Gun eisemàil gun urram.—

## THUBHAIRT FIONN.

- 18 Ged nach d' rugamsa ri linn nar geur lan,  
An gnìomh a rinn sibh gu tarail,  
Diolamsa an aon la e,
- 19 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin Fhìr,  
Bhì 'g imeachd an sliège d' athar,  
Cuirsa an cairdeas air chul, (naimhdeas)  
'S tog do 'n fhalachd mhiruin.
- 20 Cairdeas cha do thoil sibh nam,  
Chlanna Morna na mor uail;  
'S mar bhithinn baigheil rìgh,  
'S fada o 'n a chlaoidh 'ur faram.

## GAREA.

- 21 Mar chreag an aonaich ud shuas,  
Cruaidh sheasmhach ata sinn;  
'S cuirear an cath gun fheall,  
'S nìr lubar ceann do chlanna Baoisge.
- 22 Chaidh cuilin is aighir mu 'n cuairt,  
Dh' fhogar bròn gu faeud nam beann;  
Dh' ulluich gach gaisgeach e fein,  
Gu euchd cathream nan lann.
- 23 Dh' fhalbh an oidheche san ceo duinte,  
'S ghoir a chutach air bharraribh chranu;  
Dhuisg a' mhaduinn o leaba san ear,  
'S dh' or a' ghrian gach leachd is fonn.

## THE DEATH OF BRAN. D. F. M. O. Z.

This probably was the great traditional dog fight, in which Graidhne saw the love-mark on Diarmid's brow. The first two verses are curious, because they make the Wren, who is king of all birds everywhere, Fionn's doctor. I print D. M. is the same so far as it goes. F. is nearly the same. O. is a mosaic of fragments. Z. is a fragment with another fragment tacked on to it, in the mind of an old man who is now living in Ness, Lewis. This bit about Fionn's cup belongs to the Death of Diar-

maid, but I have no other version of it. The story is part of the blood-fend of Fionn and Goll. The Hound which caused all the Norse Wars dies at last by the hand of his master's favourite son; and here begins the obituary of the Heroes, who conquer each other, because nobody can conquer them.

## D. 22. CHAIDH BRAN A MHARAIGH. 56 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 5, 1872.

- 1 LAG as lag oirn ars a chorr,  
'S faddidh crom mo Luirg' am dheigh;  
Nam bristin se I a nochd,  
Cait am faighiu Luss na Leigh?
- 2 Leithisidh mibh' I ars an Dreoalan,  
Fon leithis mi moran rohdid;  
A Chorribh ha fos mo chion,  
'S mishe leithis Fion nam Fleigh,
- 3 An La bharibh shin an Torc liath  
'S immid Fian a bhan 'sa T-shleigh;  
'S immid Cuilain T-aobh-gheal sheang;  
Bha taibh ri taibh san Bheinn bhuig,
- 4 Nar a tshuic Fion an Tealg,  
Shin nar ghaibh Bran Fearg ra Chuid;  
Throidd an da Choin an san T-shlabh,  
Bran gu dian agus Cu Ghuill.
- 5 Man daodas smachd chuir air Bran,  
Dheallich e naoigh uilt ra Dhruim;  
Dherich Goull Mor Mac Smaile,  
Cuis nach bu choir mu Cheann Coin.
- 6 Bhagair e 'n Laibh an ro Bran,  
Gun Dail hoirt da ach a bharaigh;  
Dherich Ossain beg maeld Fhinn,  
'S coig ceid deig an cothaibh Ghuill,
- 7 Labhair e an Cora ard,  
Caisgin do T-shluaigh garg a Ghuill,  
Bhuail mi Buille don Eil bhuigh,  
'S do na Balagibh F-iundirnich.
- 8 Dhaulig mi an Tor na Cheann,  
'S truaigh reinn mi 'm Beid ro i sheann;  
T-sheoil mo Chulain har a Ghuain,  
'S gu 'm inuigh leis mi ga bhualaidh.
- 9 T-shruthidh e na Frassibh Falla,  
Fo Rainginn meargigh glannigh;  
An Laibh leis 'ndo bhàil mi Bran,  
'S truaigh nach han fon Ghuain a sear.
- 10 Mun dreinn mi am Beid a bhos,  
Gur truaidh nach hann eig a chaitis;  
Ciod a Bhuaidh a bhig air Bran,  
Arsa Connan naibhrich mear.
- 11 Fon ab aois Cullain do Bhran,  
'S fou a chuir mi Conn-ial air;  
Cha nachd fas am Fianibh Fail,  
Lorg Feigh an deis fhaghal
- 12 Bu bhath e hautbin Doraiu Duin.  
Bu bhath e hoirt Eisg e Hothin;  
Gan bear Bran a mharaigh Broc,  
Na Coin an Talaid' a thanig,
- 13 Cheid Leiggidh a huair Bran riabh,  
Air Druim na Coille coir lia;  
Naouar do gach Fiagh air bith,  
Bharibh Bran air a cheud Rith.
- 14 Cassibh buigh bha aig Bran,  
Da T-shlios dhuthidh as Tarrageal;  
Druim uaine mu'n iaghthì ' an T-calg,  
Da Chluais chorriche chro-dhearg.

Criche.

'Sui.

## F. 15. MAR A CHAIDH BRAN A MHRARBHADH.

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 crom mo lurg 'm dheidh ;  
'S cha na Briseausa mo chasan,  
Cia mar gheibhin lus na leigh.
- 2 Leighsidh mis' thu arsa 'n Dreolan,  
Bho leighis mi moran rumbad,  
A chorr ud' tha os mo cheann,  
S 'mise a leighis Fionn na fleadh.
- 3 An latha mharbh sinn an tore liath,  
'S iomad Fiann bha ann sa shleagh ;  
'S iomad cuilean caomb gheal caomb,  
Bha taobh re taobh sa mhointich bhuig.
- 4 Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg  
'S am a Ghabh Bran fearg r' a chuid ;  
Throid an da choin ann san t-sliabh,  
Bran gu dian agus eu Ghuill,
- 5 Mu 'n fhadu sinn smachd a chuir air Bran,  
Thug e na naoi uilt o dhruim,
- 6 An sin 'n uair chunnaig,  
Goll mar thachair ghabh e fearg.
- 7 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac snail,  
Cuis nach bu choir mo Cheann coin ;  
Bhagair e 'n lamh san robh Bran,  
Gun dail thoir d' a ach a mharbhadh.
- 8 Dh' eirich Oisain beg mac Fhionn,  
Is seach cend deng an cothail Ghuill ;  
Is labhair e an comradh aird  
Caisgeam d' shluagh a Ghuill.
- 9 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eile bhuidh,  
Is do na bailgeabh iundairnich,  
Is dh' adhlacaidh an tor na cheann,  
'S truagh rinneadh 'm bend co-teann.
- 10 B' ioghna leam chuilean fein,  
Mise ga bhuailadh le h-eil ;  
Is shileadh e na frasa fola,  
Air a rosgabh ranna ghлана.
- 11 An lamh leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh nach ann o' n' ghuaillean sgar ;  
Mu 'n d' rinneadh am bend a bhos,  
'S truagh nach ann eug a chaidheas.
- 12 Ciod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,  
Arsa Connan uaibhreach near ;
- 13 Bho b' aois cuilean do Bhran,  
'S o dhuneadh con-ial-air ;  
Cha 'n fhacas a niar na' n oir,  
Lorg feidh an deigh 's fhagalach.
- 14 Bu mhaith e thathan dorain duinn,  
Is cha mheas thoir eisg e b-amhuin ;  
B' fhearr Bran a mharbha' na brochd,  
Na coin na talmhin 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 Torc,  
'S iomad Fiann a bha san t-sliabh,  
'S iomad Cuilean taobh gheal seang,  
Bha taobh re taobh sa bheinn bhuig.
- 2 'Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg,  
'Sin nuair a ghabh bran fearg ra chuid ;  
Throid an da choin sa 'n t-sliabh  
Bran gu dian agus Cu Ghuill.
- 3 Mun d' fhacas smachd a chuir air Bran,  
Dhealaich e naoi uilt ra dhruim,  
Dh' eirich Goll mor mac snail,  
Cuis nach ba choir mu cheann coin

- 4 Bhagair e 'n lamh an raibh Bran  
Gun dail a thoir d' a ach a mharbha,  
Dheirich Ossian beg mac Fhinn,  
'S cuig cend deng an cothail Ghuill.
- 5 Thainig bran mun caoir,  
Sann leam bu chruaidh gu n'tainig,  
Bhuail mi buille do 'n eil bhuijhe,  
'S do na bailgibh fui an dairnich,
- 6 Dh' adhlaic me 'n tor na cheann,  
'S truagh a roinn me am bend ra theinn !  
Sheall mo chuilean thair a ghualainn  
Bioghnadh leis mi ga bhuailadh ;
- 7 An lamh sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh on ghualain nach do sgath,
- 8 Mun d' rinn mi am bend a bhos,  
Gur truagh nach ann eug a chuailheas
- 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 fhagal.
- 11 'S bu mhaith e thoir a Buiric an  
Bu mhaith thu chuman Dorain duin.
- 12 Ach eud leigeadh fhuair Bran,  
Air druim na caoilleadh coir-liath,  
Naonar do gach Fiadh air bith,  
Mharbh Bran air a cheud rith.
- 13 Cosa buighe bhiodh, aig Bran,  
Da shlios dubh, is tar geal ;  
Druim uaine on suighe sealg,  
Chasa corracha cro d'hearg.
- 14 An lamh sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran  
Struagh o 'n ghualain nach do sgath.

O. 2. CUMADH BHRAIN. 137 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 5. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.  
Edinburgh, March 15, 1872.

THIS is a fusion of fragments of three different ballads:—  
The Battle of Manus, the Song of the Black Dog, and  
the Slaying of Bran. I print it to show what happens  
to popular songs when they are going out of fashion,  
and get into the hands of scribes out of the mouths  
of forgetful reciters.

- 1 'S FADA lag mi arsa choir,  
'S fada crom mo lorg a' m' d'heigh ;  
Ach nam brinsinna mo chosan,  
Cia mar gheibhin lus an leigh.
- 2 Leighidh mise tha, arsa Dreolan.  
'S mi leigheas moran rumbad ;  
A choir ud tha os mo cheann,  
'S mise leigheas Fionn nam Flath.
- 3 An latha a mharb sinn an Torc liath,  
'S iomadh Fionn a bh' ann le 'shleagh ;  
'S iomadh cuilean com gheall caomb,  
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 eile bhuijhe,  
'S do na balgaidh iondarnach,  
Dh' adhlacadh an Tor na' cheann,  
'S truagh rinneam bend co teann.
- 5 B' ioghna leam chuilean a bhuailadh le h-cille,  
Is shileadh e na frasa fala ;  
Air a roisgibh roinn 'l ghлана.  
An lamh leis na bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh nach ann o' n' ghuailin a sgar,<sup>2</sup>  
M' an d' rinneadh am bend a bhos,  
'S truagh nach ann do 'n eug a chaitheas.
- 6 'S iomadh cleachda cruaidh dian,  
San robh Brecu triath nan cu ;  
'S truagh a nis a dh'ol do 'n eug,  
'S nach faic a' m' d'heigh mo chu.

Bran's  
death.

<sup>1</sup> rann.

<sup>2</sup> sgath.

- Black dog. 7 Chunnacas la a teachd o 'n leirg,  
Fear a chochuil deirg sa chulan daibh ;  
Bha Ailbe na dheigh agus Nuath. (al. mar nuath)  
'S dha ghruaigh air dhath nan sugh.
- 8 Bu ghile nan cobhar a chorp,  
'S fholt simteach e dubh ;  
'Leigamusa sar chuillean mo Rìgh,  
Cha 'n fliach gnìomh g' an chuir air chul.
- 9 An cu dubh is garbhe treis,  
Mharbhadh leis trì mìle Cn.  
Ach 'nuair thainn deireadh an lù  
Labhair Fionn gach gloir cheart  
Dh' eirich e measg an t-shuaigh,  
'S dh' anhaire e gu truagh air Bran.
- Goll's dog- 10 Throides dà choin air an t-sliabh,  
fight. Bran gu dian is Cu Ghuille ;  
M' an dh' fheadh sinn smachd chuir air Bran  
Thug e na naoi uilt o dhruim.  
Oganach o 'n thain' thu steach,  
Sìd mar thorachadh do chù.
- 11 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac Smaìl,  
Cuis nach bu choir ma choin a leas<sup>3</sup> cheann ;  
'S bhagair e 'n lamh an robh Bran  
Gun dàil a thabhairt ach a mharbhadh.
- 12 Dh' eirich Oisean beg Mac Fhinn,  
'S seachd ceud deug an combail Ghuille ;  
Labhair e an comhra iad,  
Caisgeam do stuagh gharg a Ghuille.
- 13 Mhosgail clachan 's talamh trom,  
Mhosgail sìd fo bhonn an cos ;  
Ma dheire geill do Oisean thug  
Goll mor nan cleas leith.<sup>4</sup>
- 14 Thainig oganach a' m' dhaill,  
Ciabh bhlat a leagh mo chre ;  
Thog e 'n t-sleagh gu uabhrach dian.  
'S sheol gu fiadhaich chum mo bhoig.
- 15 Ach sealan mu 'n rachadh tu eug,  
Innis dhomh fein co tha ;  
Eibhin, Oisean gur e m' ainm,  
Thainig mi o storm le m' choin.
- 16 Shaoilean nach faighinn san Fheinn,  
Na chuireadh crenchd air For ;  
Ma ri<sup>5</sup> dhomh siubhlach nan car,  
Agus Bran le mend a luth ;  
Cha 'n fhaca mi cu san Fheinn,  
Nach fhagainn a' m' dheigh san Dun.
- 17 Dun a' choin duibh, Dun os niar,  
Far an eirichd grian gu moch,  
Sin thuirte Conan maol gun fholt,  
Faiqbear dhomh m' annsachd nan lann,  
'S gu 'n sgathain an ceann de chorp.
- Manu. 18 Cha 'neil cairdeas agam ruit,  
A Chonain mhaol gun fholt ;  
B'annsa leam bhifogheasaibh. (alias foghrasubb)  
Fhinn na bhì fo d' smachd.
- 19 Ma tharladh dhuit, fong gheasaibh fhein,  
Cha 'n imcar mise beud air flath ;  
Ach cuiream thu do d' thir fein,  
Lamh threun a rinn mor chath.
- 20 Gheibh thu do roighinn a ris,  
Cleamhnas, no Comunn, no pairt,  
No do lamh a char fo 'n Fheinn.  
Cha dean mise ort Fhinn,  
Am fad a bhithes an deo a 'm chorp,  
Aon bhuille t-aghaidh, fhlat gu brath.  
'S aithreach leam na rinn mi ort.  
Cha 'n ann ormsa rinne thu e,  
Ach ort fein tha bhlat a nochd.

<sup>3</sup> Ias.<sup>4</sup> Baigh bhagain riamh.  
Labhair Caoilte bu mhine Cruth.  
Tha ghoice na Feinne uile.<sup>5</sup> A Chaoilte air dol a dh' aon bhreunim ean  
No seola na mnai sìtha.<sup>6</sup> A chaidh an aon riochd ruinne.<sup>7</sup> Marbhi.

There 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 rioghachd na greine air ais ;  
Aon duine cha teid do thir fein,  
A thainig a dheigh a mach.
- 22 Ciod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,  
Arsa Conan uabhrach mear ;  
O b' aois cuilein do Bhran,  
'S o dhuaidh an iall air  
Cha 'n fhacas an Ear no 'n Iar,  
Lorg Feidh a riamh a dh' fhag e.
- 23 Bu mhaith e thagun Douran duinn,  
Cha mhiosa thoirte eisg a b-anhainn ;  
B' fharr Bran a mharbhadh nam broc,  
No Coin na talbhainn<sup>6</sup> a thainig.
- 24 A cheud leagadh fhuair Bran riamh,  
Air druim no Coille Coire liath ;  
Naomr do gach fiadh air bith,  
Thuiteadh le Bran air a' cheud ruidh.
- 25 Casa<sup>7</sup> buidh bha air Bran,  
Da shlios dhubha 's tarra gheal ;  
Druim uaine air cuilean na seilge,<sup>8</sup>  
Da chluas Chorrach, chro dhearga,<sup>9</sup>  
'S truagh a nochd bhì ghad dhith.

<sup>6</sup> a Albuin.<sup>7</sup> Otherwise thus described :—

Bha cos dubha air Bran,  
Da thaoibh bhuidhe is tarra gheal,  
Druim uaine air cuilean na seilge.

<sup>8</sup> Al. druim uaine air an suidheadh seal.<sup>9</sup> Bhiorach.

## Z. BRAN. 10 lines.

Written by Mac Phail, from Murray, 1866.

- 1 SPOGAN buidhe bha aig Bran,  
Da shlios Dhubh 'us tarra gheal ;  
Druim uaine air dhreach na seilge,  
'S da chluais chombanta-cho-dhearg.
- 2 Cha do shìl mi deur a riamh,  
Ach mu Bhran 'us mu Osear aill ;  
Mu mhac ionmhuinn an taobh ghil,  
'S mu Chreacail a chuanm mo chridh.
- 3 Ach an lath leis na bhuaile mise Bran,  
'S truagh nach an bho 'n ghuaillean sgar.

## Z. CUACH FHINN. 8 lines.

Written by Mac Phail, from Murray, 1866.

THESE two verses belong to a mythical ballad ; but the rest I have never found.—J.F.C.

- 1 AN corn thug i do Threun,  
'S an sgian gheur do Fhionn ;  
Soilse 'us rath-dorcha-dubb,  
Chite sud am fad a crinn.
- 2 Cha robh deoch a dheidheadh 'sa chorp,  
Nach deanadh fion dearg na beor,  
Na deoch bhriagha laidir ghlan,  
Air am bitheadh iad sea aig òl.

## FIONN'S CONVERSATION WITH AILBHE.

The story told, is, that Fionn made love to Cormac's daughter. He married one, who eloped with Diarmaid ; so I suppose that he consoled himself. These Questions are current in the Scotch Islands. I have Q. 3, in Stewart's Book. Y. 6., p. 36. In December, 1871, I found two copies in Dublin. H. 3. 9. A quarto paper MS., described by O'Donovan, p. 296, transcribed during the last half-century, by Maurice O'Gorman, from some ancient vellum MS., from Sir John Sebright's collection, purchased at Col. Vallancy's sale, June, 1792. It contains a Law Tract, copied from the Book of Ballymote ; a Description of Tara, copied from H. 2. 16 ; a satirical Poem, ancient ; the Questions, which I copied ; and Cormac's advice to his Son, of which, a copy is in the Book of Ballymote.

The second version is in H. 1. 15, p. 653, (1738). 'The Psalter of Tara,' O'Donovan's Catalogue, p. 86. The com-

position is described as, 'a curious specimen of old Irish proverbial sayings.' The book is a large paper folio, of 961 pages, beautifully written. It purports to contain copies of older vellum MSS., such as the Book of Leinster, of the 12th century. 'Fionn's Conversation with Ailbhe,' is like the vernacular of Scotland, and the North of Ireland. It differs from the first version. Mr. Whitley Stokes was kind enough to transcribe it. He says, 'the MS. is horribly corrupt, and of some passages I can make nothing.' From this I gather that the language is vernacular, spoken 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>u</sup>ibh means she<sup>u</sup>ibh. úr 7 cr<sup>ó</sup>n means úr ocus crion. 2 means r.

This sample may help to explain how difficult it is to read the reconstructed Irish writings of country scribes.

Page 58, H. 3. 9. Trin. Coll.

SLUSNECH seghuinn Fhinn h-bhaoiscne fri h-ailbhe ghuib-ric Inghen Corbnaic Scann.

- 1 Ciodh as lionne ina f<sup>é</sup>r ar Fion? Drúchd ar an inghen.
- 2 Ciodh as teò ina tine ar F—? (Gnús dhúic maith graneguid aoidhídh gan biadh aige doib ar an i.
- 3 Ciodh as luaithe ina gaoithí ol F—? Memna mna ar an i.
- 4 Ciodh as milli ina míl ol F—? Biathra tocmhuirce ar an i.
- 5 Ciodh as duibhe ina fiach ol F—? Ég ar an i.
- 6 Ciodh as r bhe ina neibhe ol F—? Athais namhot ar an i.
- 7 Ciodh as faobhíe ina clíon ol F—? Cíall mna 7<sup>f</sup> dha 1<sup>f</sup> 4 au i.
- 8 Ciodh as fer do sh<sup>u</sup>ibh ar F—? Sgían ar an i.
- 9 C. as maoithe ina ctúim ar F—? Dearna f<sup>a</sup> lecan ar an i.
- 10 C. as líng f<sup>a</sup> g<sup>e</sup> lúis ar F—? Tenchoir ghoibhín ar a. i.
- 11 C. as gile ina snea ar F—? Firine ar á. i.
- 12 C. líon crúil fil acoill ar F—? Adho ar an i. i. úr 7 cr<sup>ó</sup>n.
- 13 C. as aille dath ar F—? Ruidhedh saor cloíne ar á. i. Anúar amolta no an aortha.
- 14 C. as b<sup>o</sup>sga ina curulán ar F—? Aign7h mna 7<sup>f</sup> 2 f<sup>4</sup> ar an i. (etar da fhear).
- 15 C. ar nach gabh glas ina slabhre ar F—? Rosg.
- 16 C. as f<sup>4</sup> do mhnaoi ar F—? Tlás fos feile ar á. i.
- 17 C. as f<sup>4</sup> do rosg ar F—? Fuar dorcha codladh ar á. i.
- 18 C. líon each ínghes taillte ar F—? A dho ar á. i. i. fírec, 7 bainec.
- 19 C. as f<sup>4</sup> do bhíadh ar F—? Bliós ar á. i.
- 20 C. as f<sup>4</sup> do láoch ar F—? Griomh ard 7 naill ísiol ar á. i.
- 21 C. as mesa do bhíadh ar F—? Sblíonach ar á. i. 7 ól c<sup>o</sup>za ar c. long<sup>d</sup>.

Maith tra a. i. ar Fion mainbh coll reasa do cozm<sup>e</sup> do buidhín let. imthiaghóir coill seach caillte ar á. i. do meill<sup>t</sup> tlas gan corcar. eabhoz líon gan mhíodh. imthiaghóir taillte g<sup>e</sup> chairpte. Ranoz forbo gan faobhra íngoid eich g<sup>e</sup> s<sup>a</sup>na. dlúighth<sup>t</sup> f<sup>o</sup>on cen tuathóibh. bríst<sup>t</sup> cnu g<sup>e</sup> dédu. Toghadh cách athghoa tocmhuire, sec Cozm<sup>e</sup>. Dia bhfaghoinis t b<sup>í</sup>n uadhoir do dhentaoc b<sup>í</sup>n íochtair diom Re<sup>t</sup>

Page 653. H. 1. 15.

CUMHBRIATHAR FINN 7 AILBHE.

- 1 Cidh is letheo na rian [sea]? ar Fionn. Is letheo in ceo, ar Ailbhe inghen? Cormaic, nar gabaidh se ar muir 7 a tir.
- 2 Cidh is ferr do sheadaibh? ar fionn. Scian ar Ailbhe.

<sup>1</sup> MS. cuinbratar.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ingea.

- 3 Cidh is gile na sneachta<sup>3</sup>? ar Fionn. Firinne bh<sup>a</sup>ir Ailbhe.
- 4 Caidh is luabhu sic<sup>4</sup> berbthar [sic] re gach lucht? ar Fionn. Tenchar gabhainn bar Ailbhe.
- 5 Cred is ma[<sup>o</sup>]ithi na clunh? ar Fion[n]. Derna re lecan ar Ailbhe.
- 6 Ca lín caraidh suil? ar Fionn. Adó ar in ingen. i. úr 7 cr<sup>ó</sup>n.
- vii. Ca mac beo gceus o mnaí maírbh? ar Fionn. Fadad ingni [sic] gain [sic] air in ingen.
- 8 Caidh<sup>4</sup> is súill dath? ar Fionn. Ruidbhídh snorellainne ar in ingen.
- 9 Cid his briseidh na curainn<sup>5</sup>? ar Fionn. Aignedh mna luaithe eamhaire ar in inghen.
- 10 Cidh in [sic] nach gabh glas? ar Fionn. Rosg daon<sup>6</sup> a im caraid ar in inghen.
- 11 Cidh is maith do rose? ar Fionn. Fuar olar [sic] dorcha 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 maill íscall ar in ingen.
- 14 Cidh is fearr do mnaí? ar Fionn. Tlas fos feile ar in inghen.
- 15 Cidh is ferr do biadh? ar Fionn. Bliocht ar in inghen uair maith a the, maith a thíng, maith a thana, maith a ur, maith a crion.
- 16 Cidh<sup>6</sup> biadh is mesa? ar domlan? ar Fionn. Spíonach dorchoirp [sic] te ar in inghen.
- 17 Cidh is teo na teni? ar Fionn. Gnús flur tel gos degaid damha gan a cuid aige ar an inghen.
- 18 Cidh is luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Men[má] mna ar in inghen.
- 19 Cidh is milli na míl? ar Fionn. Briathra carad im chuirr vel tocmhaire ar an inghen.
- 20 Cidh is duibhe na fiach? ar Fionn. E<sup>u</sup>g ar in ingen.
- xxi. Cidh is ud maille na iara<sup>7</sup>? ar Fionn. Comhairle fir bháith ar in inghen.
- xxii. Cidh is ollraich [sic] na saill tuire mesa? ar Fionn. Míosgais doberhar ar shearc ar in inghen.
- xxiii. Cidh is failti cimesgi [sic]? ar Fionn. Boidhí mna fo macamh ar in inghen.
- xxiv. Cidh is truma slataibh? ar Fionn. Fuacht ar in inghen.
- 25 Cidh as [s]erbhí [ná] neimh? ar Fionn. Aithais namhad ar an inghen.
- 26 Cidh is geri na cloidemh? ar Fionn. Cíall mna bídh idir da fer ar in inghen.
- 27 Ca líon each tegaid go Temraidh<sup>9</sup>? ar Fionn. A dhó ar in ingen. i. baineach 7 feareach.
- xxviii. Cidh as tana nan tuisgi? ar Fionn. De bar in ingen.
- 29 Cidh as luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Memna<sup>10</sup> duine bar in inghen.
- xxx. Cid is lethiú corbhadh [sic]? ar Fionn. Lethiú lear ar in inghen.
- xxxi. Cidh as garbí carrag? ar Fionn. Traigh tairgeach ar Ailbhe.

Maith trath a ingen ar Fionn. minbhadh millíndh rehta no cata do Cormac ar is faonfaínn [sic] tocht i caomhteach do chuirp.

NOTE.—The Roman numbers are not in H. 3. 9., or Stewart, or 'Popular Tales.' The first in Stewart, and H. 3. 9., and 'Popular Tales,' is not here. The whole lot makes 32.

<sup>3</sup> MS. sneachtadh. <sup>4</sup> MS. ciadh.

<sup>5</sup> MS. eadh. <sup>6</sup> A cucumber.

<sup>7</sup> MS. mesadh.

<sup>8</sup> Is this a mistake for iathbu, 'a Cat'?

<sup>9</sup> What number of steeds go to Tara?

<sup>10</sup> MS. memna.

THE STORY OF DIARMAID.

I print (A. 26. H. 24. I. 18.) (H. 25. I. 19. M. 17. O. 25.) (A. 27. D. 21. H. 26. I. 20. M. 18. O. 12. Z. 6. &.) These



three lots tell three parts of the story, cover dates 1512 to 1872, and great part of Scotland.

I do not print C. 3.; J. 6. 7.; V. 15.; Y. 6. 7. 8.; Z. 50. 67.; and a great many scraps and large fragments collected by myself, which I mean to use when I translate.

THE Story of Diarmaid runs with the Story of Fionn and his family from the beginning. He is described as a man, gifted, like his comrades, with superhuman attributes. He was invulnerable, save in the sole of his foot. On his brow was a love-mark, 'sugh seirce;' the woman who saw it loved Diarmaid. The character, like all the rest, is consistent in every story, and every scrap of verse. The elopement of Diarmaid with Grádhine is an old Aryan story, founded, as I believe, upon human nature. It has been a theme for poets, and it has got entangled with many histories. Fragments of this particular elopement are known to unlearned speakers of Gaelic all over Scotland. In Ireland it is mentioned in a very old list as one of 150 chief-stories which Bards used to recite before Kings and Princes; it is known to readers by old and modern Irish writings and books. It is perfectly familiar to the Gaelic speaking population; but the rest of the population know very little about it. The skeleton of the story is in the Story of King Arthur, and it is in the Tale of Troy. This is the skeleton:—After a great many adventures, Fionn, the old leader and chief of his tribe, courts or marries Grádhine, daughter of Cormac mac Art (H. I.). Kennedy tells the story in his quaint English Arguments. At a great feast, during a dog-fight, the Helen of the Drama sees the mark on Diarmaid's brow, loves the nephew, schemes to entice him, succeeds by wiles, and they elope. Fionn, the uncle, makes love to another sister, as above in the last ballad. Diarmaid laments for his comrades. (A. H. 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 boar hunt. He slays the Boar, which no one else could overcome. The uncle bids him measure the Boar against the bristles; he wounds the sole of his foot with a poisoned spike, which was the Boar's mythical gift. The uncle will not cure him with his mythical cup. He recites his exploits, declares that he is Diarmaid of Newry, Connaught, and Beura, 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 bruth choarain; 3. Tigh Teanbra; 4. Latha bhothain. 1. I have not got; 2. is at page 86 above; 3. I believe to be 'The Lay of the Buffet,' which follows in the Story of Goll; 4. I cannot identify, but I have many stories about adventures in booths. In other versions of this ballad other exploits are named; Y. page 70, verse 22, mentions—5. The Combat of Connall, and a Battle with Cairbre, which I have not got. After he is dead, somebody sings a Lament for Diarmaid, Grádhine, and two Grayhounds.

The Dublin Ossianic Society published a prose Irish version of the Pursuit of Diarmaid and Gráinne in 1855. The earliest and the latest versions, oral and manuscript, agree as to the story; and cross-references to other parts of the Fenian story abound in these Scotch ballads. From Cape Clear to the Ord of Caithness the story is known, and localised. 'Grádhine's Bed' is in the island of Tiree, and such beds are shown all over Ireland. The well and knoll where the tragedy ended are near Oban, near Loch Carron, in Skye, and somewhere in Sutherland. Beinn Gullban, where the Boar was roused, is in Sligo and Skye, and somewhere in the middle of Scotland; where also is Gleann Sith, where the mythical Boar abode, with his mythical owner, Mala Lith. The Campbell tribe are said to descend from Diarmaid; their crest is said to commemorate the slaying of this mythical Boar; in short, the Story of Diarmaid is traced in topography, genealogy, and Gaelic mythology throughout the regions where Gaelic is spoken. 'Against the bristles' of the national myth. Mac Pherson printed in 1760 fragment vii., at page 31. Ossian tells the Son of Alpin that Dermid and Oscar were one. They killed Dargo (Goll killed Dearg). Dargo's daughter, who was Oscar's grandmother, was loved by both (one was her grandson), but she loved Oscar. Dermid politely requests Oscar to pierce his bosom. Oscar ignorantly calls his uncle 'Son of Morny,' politely refuses, and begs him to wield his sword, and slay him. They fight by the streams of Branno, and Dermid dies. Oscar grieves, tells a big story to Dargo's daughter,

and makes her shoot him by stratagem accidentally. They converse awhile, she stabs herself, and begs to be buried with Dermid. (Oscar was killed at the battle of Gabhra.) The Deer feed on their graves. Miss Dargo was Oisein's mother, and a woman transformed into a deer. The story of the ballads is all there; but, like the sun's image on a rough sea, it is broken and scattered, changed and altered, so that the real shape of it utterly disappears in the reflections of a clever but distorted mind.

The following quotation bears upon the Death of Diarmaid, and the mythical Mistress of the mythical Wild Boar. I owe the reference to Mr. Hector Mac Lean, who first called my attention to Tacitus, cap. 45, 'Germania,' in December, 1862. Bohn's edit., Tacitus, 'Germany,' 1854.

'On the right shore of the Suevic Sea' dwell the Tribes of the Aesti, whose dress and customs are the same with those of the Suevoi, but their language more resembles the British.<sup>3</sup> They worship the Mother of the Gods;<sup>4</sup> and, as the symbol of their superstition, they carry about with them the figures of wild Boars.<sup>5</sup> 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 still 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 Fricka. 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 superstitious uses. (see Ecard.) 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 nayri w'cowle  
Wce nyr it tayne sin nagan  
Is bert nach fadyr a wlyng
- 2 Dyth zhagis clwycht is conzar  
Er chompan zaw neyss tair  
Dyth zhagis nman gin gillaa  
Is dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 3 Dyth zhagis marnid is meygzeer  
Curme is greyzin is garne  
Dyth zhagis clwirthi fylli  
Is dyth willis myschi a zraynnaa
- 4 Keiltaa mor is m'lowith  
Deyss er nach drwynn taayra  
In feyth nayr roywaa ryunna  
Dyth wilelis mischi a zraynna
- 5 Gold is oskry is osseyne  
Acma nach corrith partaa  
Dyth bynwynne leo sen synnyth  
Dyth wylelyss myschi a zraynna
- 6 Fynn fane in agnaa rawwoyr  
Is woygh zaifmost faittaa  
Dyth zhagis marnidnych hoe  
Is dyth wilelyss mischi a zraynna
- 7 Myr aweyss in noyf chaythi  
Zoytschi ne bewyr zayrria  
A coyad oywaa byggi  
Dyth wilelis mischi a zraynnaa
- 8 It doll ter wennew borriifaa  
Is er wollyth foyrnych ban . . .  
Ne mor nach tursych synnaa  
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynnaa
- 9 It doll ter ess roygh roinyth  
Is beg nar obyry ny wayle  
Faa rohwyrr geltti gliinni  
Di villiss missi a zraynnyth

10 Waym gi faddi is gi haazar  
 A tastil eyrrin ani  
 Is trane di woyr sen sinni  
 Di williss mischi zranu.  
 Di williss missi.

H. 24. HOW FINGAL GOT GRAINE TO BE HIS WIFE, AND SHE WENT AWAY WITH DIARMAID. 88 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 100. Advocates' Library, December 16, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Dublin, December 17, 1871.—Story known to everybody in Ireland; this version not known to Hennessy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE King of Denmark sent a Messenger to Fingal to Ireland, to enchant 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 Enchanter 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 stooped, 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 woful 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-naod*) and that she ordered him to take a special care of it, and that he would have some use of 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 incanted 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 Sthabhgaol, the Heron cried and she asked of him, why did she cry so early; he answered her, and lamented his fate by her faults in these following verses.

DAN 33.

- 1 'S MOCH a ghoiras a Chórr,  
 Air an lón a' ta 'n Sthabh-gaol,  
 A mbic o duimhne d'an d'ug mi grábh,  
 Ciod e 'm fáth mu 'n d' rinn i 'n glaodh.
- 2 'A Ghraíne inghean Ghormla' nan stéud,  
 A bhean nach d' rinn an eúam cóir;  
 Inneamsa sin dluit gu ceart,  
 Do lean a cas re leac reót.'
- 3 'A Ghraíne is áille snagha,  
 No bháth chrann uaine fúí' bhlah;   
 Ach tha do ghrádh cho iona luath,  
 Re neoil fhuachd an tús an la.'
- 4 'S ole a dh' inair thu do bhéus,  
 'N nair dh' fhuasgail gu léir mo rádh;  
 Chuir thu a rinu thá á-áradh cruaidh;  
 'S truagh a gin tu orm a Ghraim.'
- 5 'Thug thu mi o lúchairt Rígh,  
 Gu bí 'm dhíbarach re 'm la;  
 No mar chumhachag na h-oidhech,  
 Ag caoidh aoihbneas feadh gach áit.'
- 6 'S ann tha mi mar agh no fiadh,  
 Feadh ghleanntidh diambhair gach la',  
 Cho mbiannach leam f'haiesinn aon  
 D' an raibh gaol dharm teach nan slógh.
- 7 'Threig mi mo dhaoine gu léir,  
 Bu ghile cré no sneachd air fáir,  
 Bha 'n croidhe dhamb ionmhúinn fial,  
 Ma a ghrian 's speuran ar.'
- 8 'Ach lion iad anois le fuath,  
 Dharm a suas mar chuan nach traoidh,  
 O na mbéall thu mi a Ghraín,  
 O! Cho b' ághor dhamb do ghaol.'
- 9 'Chail mi 'm f'hearran leat re 'm ré,  
 'S mo ehabhlach bréid gheal gu air sail (brathl)  
 Chail mo shéuda agus 'm ór,  
 'S goirt a léon thu mi le d' ghrádh.'
- 10 'Chail mo dhúthaich is mo dhaimh,  
 'S 'm fhir nach b' fhanh air chulamb sge';  
 Chail mi caoimhneas agus grádh,  
 Fheara Pháil 's nam Fiann gu léir.'
- 11 'Chail mi aoihbneas agus céol,  
 Chail mi coir air 'm onair féin;  
 Threig Eirinn mi 's na bheil ann,  
 Air son d' aon ghrádh is do spéis.'

- 12 'Cho 'n fhaod mi pilleadh gu bràth,  
Re Fiantaidh Pháil bu mhór daimh;  
'S fuathaich le Fionn mo bheus,  
No na 'n bhéiste is géine greann.'
- 13 'A Ghráine is gile cruth (snaugh)  
Cho b' fhearr do ghluasad dhuit féin;  
Roghnaich thu dol leams' mar fhuath,  
No bhi 'n suaimhneas Rìgh na Féinn.'
- 14 'A Dhiarmaid is gile cnuis,  
No sneachd úr, no grant sléibh;  
B' ionmhuinne leam fuaim do bheóil,  
No na bhà do shról san Fheinn.'
- 15 'E' ionmhuinne leam dreach do shúl,  
'S do rosgaibh úr ghorm mar fhéur;  
No na bhà do neart 's do dh' óir,  
An talla mòr Rìgh na Féinn.'
- 16 'S am ball seirce bhà d' ághaidh ghil,  
B' ionmhuinne no mìl' air srabh;  
'N uair a chunnaig mi e shuas,  
B' ionmhuinne no shluagh 's Rìgh Pháil.'
- 17 'Thuit mo chroidhe féin a sìos,  
'N uair chunnaig m' d' iomhaidh' 's d' áill,  
'S mar a fuighinnis thu re 'm thaobh,  
Cho bhithainn is t-shaogh 'I aon la.' (mar tha)
- 18 'A haich chaoimh is gile bos,  
Ge d' 's mi rinn do leòch gu léir;  
Gabhsa aris leam mar mhnaói,  
'S bheir mi móid a chaoidh nach treig.'
- 19 'C 'om an gabhamsa mar mhnaói,  
Thusa' bhean cia maith do ghlóir, (maoth)  
Aon le a threig Rìgh na Féinn (dhiùir)  
Is mi féin na dhéidh gun ghó.'
- 20 'Is ge do threig mise Fionn,  
Mun tuitim le caoidh is brón;  
'S ge do threig mi ris thu féin,  
'N uair bhà mi gu léir lan leoint.'
- 21 'Cho treig mi thu 'nois a chaoidh,  
Ach grádh ionmhuinn dhuit sr' fhas;  
Mar mheanganaibh ur a craoibh,  
Le teas còmhail fad mo lá.'
- 22 'Coi-lion thusa bhean do rádh,  
'S go do mhár thu mi gu brón;  
Gabhidh mi riut fein mar mhnaói,  
Ge d' roghnaich thu 'm Foghnaibh 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 Malcolm Macphail.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

THE STORY of Dermid as handed down by tradition in the following manner, is both tedious and tragical; but we shall narrate it as brief and perspicuous as the connexion of the Poem will admit. Fingal had set out on an Expedition to Denmark, where at his arrival he and his attendants were very hospitably entertained by Gornala, or Gornu-lan, then King of that realm, who had a beautiful Daughter, named Grany, or Gradhingean, signifies the Loveliest of Maids, with whom Fingal fell in love and married to the great joy and satisfaction of both parties especially Gornala, the King, not doubting thro' this connection and alliance with Fingal, but he might be re-established in such parts of the Hebrides and Western Islands of Scotland, as Fingal did not himself occupy. 'Tis on this Expedition that Fingal is said to have taken Geolay, the dome of Bran, his famous and well-known Dog, in the Glen of Ghosts, which defied the experience of the Danes to catch for many years before. It is by a Charm or Belt (called Con-taod), left Fingal by his Foster mother this monstrous Bitch was taken. Fingal set sail

for Scotland and arrived at Dunscaich in Sky, where he held a feast for some days, and sailed from thence to Ireland, and arrived at Turra, where a general and sumptuous feast was holden, which was attended by the seven valorous and most victorious Caledonian Bands. Dermid O Duimhne, being a brave and eminent warrior, Lord of Conacht, and Fingal's near friend or nephew, was seated opposite to Fingal and his wife at the table whose beautiful complexion graceful mein agreeable carriage, great actions and harmonious voice procured him the applause of all the Fingalians and admiration of Grany, who fell in love with him, and who watched an opportunity to run away with him. Upon discovery of her growing passion and incidious proposal, Dermid strenuously refused to consent to such perfidious scheme which might be of dismal consequences to both, and swore that he never would go with her by night nor by day; on foot nor on horseback; within nor without; with company nor alone. Grany being artful and perspicacious enough to accomplish her treacherous design, she got herself equipt by the dawn of day, and seated upon a Pole she got fixed across the door of Tura, and sent for Dermid, and told him his oaths were to no effect. That it was neither night nor day, that she was neither upon horseback nor a foot, neither within nor without, with company nor alone. Thus the brave and beautiful Dermid O Duimhne found himself wheeled by a treacherous woman, for whose insinuating humour and base love he forfeits his honour and possessions, protector and friends. They then fled to Scotland and lived among the woods and most solitary places and caves upon fish and venison. They of an evening happened to light upon a Cave where a Giant lodged called Cithich Mac Daol with whom they stayed that night; next morning Cithich quarrelled with Dermid for the wife, whom he wanted to stay with himself, finding herself inclinable. Dermid finding himself engaged by both Cithich and his own incidious Wife kill the Gigantic, and left Grany to do for herself, and fled towards a Mountain in South Knapdale, near Cuntre, in Argylshire, called to this day Sliabh-gaol, where he is pursued and overtaken by Grany, his wife, who addressed herself to him in the following manner, and who is pardoned by the good-natured and tender hearted Diarmid. Sliabh-gaol, signifies the Hill of Love, on account love and amity was restored between Diarmid 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 TEUAGH a dh' imir thu do bheus,  
Dh' fhuasgaill thu gach ro' la;  
Stiur thu mi gu h-ànradh cruaidh,
- 5 Stiur thu mi o aros Rìogh,  
Bu mhòr prìs, gun iomaibh-ghaigh;  
Teach na feileachd teach nan slugh,  
Am bu lua'-ghlaireach na baird.
- 6 Thug u mi o luchnirt Fhinn,  
Au bu bhinn na teuda ciuil;  
An diu' mar Mhenbhaig nam beann,  
'S bronach, fànnè tha mi gun mhur.
- 8 Bha 'n croidhe dhann daimheil dlu,  
Mar a ghriaan ann iul an la.
- 10 Chaill mi m' fhearrann agus m' fheil,  
'S mo chabhlach breideach nan thon;
- 11 'S m' fhuir a b' fhearr ann cath nan eòd;  
Chaill mi einnach agus ceol;
- 12 Chaill mo run a bhòs, is thall;  
Chaill mo cheann anns' an Tur,  
Bu mho eiu ann Innis Ghall.
- 13 Fu Fiantaidh Phail, nan gearr laun;  
14 B' oic an gluasad, 's cruaidh an sgeul;  
Roghnaich thu almhaidh nam beann,  
Sach a bh' aig Fionn 's an Fheinn.
- 15 A Dhiarmaid is glaine gnais,  
No na bhà cheol 's an Fheinn.
- 16 'S do ruig ur mar osnach rò;  
No na bhà do thuilteidh oir,  
Ann talla mòr Rìgh na Féinn.
- 17 Am ball seirce bhà t-aghaidh ghlain,  
B' annsa na sa mbagh, na bhà;  
Nuair a chunnaig mi do shuaidh,  
B' ionmhuinne no uall Rìogh Phail.

? Cormac.

? Sgeolan.

- 18 Las mo rún, is leagh mo chroidh,  
'N uair chunnaig hobbhearachd t-aill;  
Mar a fuighinse do ghaol,  
Cho bhithinn is t-shaogh' l mar tha.
- 19 A laoch chaoirh is gile bos,  
'S mor mo lochd, ach 's mor an sgeul;  
Gabhna inghan Ghormla nan sonn,  
Bheir mi moid nan tom nach treig.
- 20 Aon t-é dhibir Ríogh 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 eraobh,  
Le teas ghradh nach traoidh gu brath.

H. 25. HOW THE HEROES FOUND OUT DIARMAID AND HIS WIFE IN THE NEWRY, AND HOW OSCAR KEPT HIM FROM BEING EXECUTED THAT DAY.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 107. 212 lines. Advocates' Library, Dec. 18, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER some continuance in Carric-an-daimh, Diarmaid went to a great wood in Ireland named Newry, to hide themselves there from the Heroes: they one day saw a Ran-tree full of Berries, they climb'd into the top of it, and were gathering some of the fruit. The Heroes were hunting in the woods that day, they were getting no sport: they were tir'd and said that they would sit down there it self, they all sit down among the trees; Oscar and Fingal happened to sit aside the Ran-tree under Diarmaid, and began to play on Dice, for to see which of them would play on the Fiddle.<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> Fiddle is a corruption for 'fithchioll,' a chess-board, or board for playing some game.

DAN 24.

- 1 'S CUMHAIN leam an iomairt nd,  
A bha aig Flath na 'm Fiann;  
E fein is mo mhac,  
'S ann Iughar so shiar.
- 2 Shuidheadar san Iughar,  
Eidear Mhith is Mhath;  
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' iomairthead an Fhidhal,  
Eidear an diais laoch.
- 4 Dh' iomairt iad an Fhidhal,  
Eatarra gu propail,  
Gus an d' eirich an fhocal,  
Eidear Fionn is Oscar.
- 5 Bheamar fein ann,  
Is bha mo dhiais mac;  
Air leith ghalainn Fhinn,  
'S gur h-ann leinn a b' ait.
- 6 Dh' iomairthead an cend chluich,  
Air Oscar le Fionn;  
Mar tha mi d' a aithris dhnit,  
Gu ro' mhait' s cumhain leam.
- 7 Air iomairt na h-ath chluiche,  
Dh' eirich an t-ole braghad;  
Air leigail do Dhiarmaid,  
An caorann air a chlar.

- 8 'N uair a chunnaig Oscar  
An caorann air chlar;  
Rug e air gu dea' thapuidh,  
Is chuir e fear na áit.
- 9 Air aithneach nan caorann,  
D' aonnan sin do dh' Fhionn,  
Labhair e gu faodhbharach,  
'Tha neach os ar cionn.'
- 10 Chunnaig sin gu h-árd,  
Os ar ceann san Iudhar;  
Diarmaid agus Grainne,  
So an sgeul is cumhain.
- 11 So mar bhíodh na briathraibh,  
Eidear ruin gach la;  
Bhíodh na caogad mallachd,  
D' a thabhairt air Grainn.
- 12 'N sin labhair Fionn fialidh,  
'N laoch curanta cosgar;  
'B' e teagasg díreach Dhiarmaid,  
Is iomairt ealamh Oscar.'
- 13 Labhair an sin Oscar,  
Gu socarach calma;  
'Nach fbaodadh an laoch Diarmaid,  
A briathraibh a shal' cha.
- 14 'Na cuir mi air mhearaichain,  
A laoch cia maith do lámh;  
Air ghea' bídh an Sheasgair,  
Thall sa bhos mu 'n chlar.'
- 15 'S cho séinnar an Fhidhal so,  
Am feast ann am fhia' nais;  
Gus am fuigh mise,  
A ni a' ta mi 'g iarruidh.'
- 16 'Labhair an sin Oscar,  
Mo dhea' mhac 's mo rún;  
Cia Rígh do na feara so,  
Ann sam bheil do shúil.'
- 17 'An éiric na h-as-umhlachd,  
A fhuair mi as bhur leith,  
Cho b' ulair leam Diarmaid,  
Fhagail fuidh mo bhreith.'
- 18 'S ole a bhreith Rígh Fheinne,  
A bheir tu fein Fhinn;  
G' e fuathach leat Diarmaid,  
Bu choir a leigail leinn.'
- 19 'Cho 'n ole a bhreith Rígh Féinne,  
Bheir mi fein air mealtóir;  
A dh' imich le Gráinne,  
'S an diu gu dán rinn falsachd.'
- 20 Labhair an sin Oscar,  
'Cho d' rinn e riamh d' fhaoil;  
'S nam bíodh loch d' ar 'n uireasbuidh,  
Bu choir a chuir ruin.'
- 21 An sin do labhair Faoghlan,  
Deadh mhac eile Fhinn,  
'Gur ro bhorb leinn Oscar,  
A labhras tu ruin.'
- 22 'Cíod dheanamh tu Fhaoghlain,  
Re dol an láthair cathanaibh;  
Gu gearrainn do chánáhan,  
Mar bhítheadh ánsachd 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 Fhaoghlain,  
No aon neach mun chlar;  
Aon fhocal d' an abarainmsa,  
Ghabhail claoídh os laimh.'
- 25 'Gur mór an guth sin Oscar,  
Fhir nan cosgar catha;  
Gun toir thu órn eiridh,  
'S an iorgail le 'r 'n athair.'
- 26 'Cia maith thus' is d' athair,  
'S na cathaibh gun tione;  
Gu toir mi mac o duimehne,  
O Chlanna baioige uile.'



- 27 'Ba mhor dhuit sin Osear,  
Do rabh Goll tósd nam beumaibh;  
Gun doir thu 'n laoch d' ar ain deoin,  
O thionail Fiann na h-Eirann.'
- 28 'S duiladha leam do bhrosnacha,  
A Ghnill chosgara threabhach;  
'No 'n Fbéinn bhí dhámh mi fhreagarach,  
'S gach laoch le bhagairt treabhídh.<sup>1</sup>
- 29 'Ma se sin a deir thu,  
Fbair le 'n caombe d' fhacal;  
Dean do dhiocheall dhuinn,  
Air an turra sin a ghlac thu.'
- 30 'An turra so 'nois a ghlacamsa,  
An láthair na Féinne,  
Ní 'm faodar gu bheil agaihbhsa,  
Na bheiras dhíom e reigainn.'
- 31 'S mór a chúis a deir thu,  
Ge maith gu león is leadairt,  
Dean do dhiocheall dhuinn,<sup>2</sup>  
Air an turra sin a sheasamh.'
- 32 'An túrn so' nois a ghlacamsa,  
Am fiadhnais feara Pháil;  
Druíd a'nuas a Dhiarmaid,  
Is glacams' thu air láimh.'
- 33 'Thig mis orsa Diarmaid,  
Chugadsa 's gu d' athair;  
Gur mor leam bhur barantas,  
A dhol an láthair catha.'
- 34 Thainig Diarmaid chugainne,  
'S cho b' ann air ar leas;  
B' iomadach laoch againne,  
A dhíothnaicheadh sa gheiris.
- 35 B' iomadach corp crécaidh,  
Ce urlamh na Féinne, (Fui)  
Agus lanna leadarach,  
Ag leadairt a chéile.
- 36 Cho 'n fhacas re' m chuimhne,  
Urlamh bu mhó géire,  
No clann Fhinn is Oisain,  
Air corpaibh a cheile.
- 37 Seachd cénd 's fíchead Toisach  
Do mhuintir Osear úr,  
Chuir Faoghlan gu dea' thapídh,  
Le aon laimh air cúl.
- 38 An sin do labhair Conan,  
Fear chosnadh mor urantais,  
Feach co le 'n deacair,  
Bhí feachainn greis d' ar fulangas.
- 39 Bu chosmhúil re fuaim tuinne,  
Guth na luinn' aig Osear,  
'S bu deacair r' a aireamh,  
Na bha armaibh a cosgairt.
- 40 Ba luath' e no eas oghann,  
No seobhag tríd na h-caltainn,  
'S gu 'm bu léir a dheacraich,  
Na phronnadh e fui' chasaibh.
- 41 'Gun togar oirn mar innise,  
'S an feaste mar sgéul;  
Gun na laoch so theasargain,  
O leadairt a chéile.'
- 42 'An sin do labhair Conan,  
'S 'e cnimhneachadh ua falachd;  
Leigar do Chlanna Baoisge,  
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,  
Gu rioghachd na Gréige.'

<sup>1</sup> I. 28. A bagairt sgréadail geurlann.

<sup>2</sup> I. 31. No dhíbreadh ao rúa  
O na 's duth ach dhuit bhí seasadh.

- 45 'Seachd bliadhna do bhíamar,  
'S na Beagaibh fui' mbealamh;  
'S nac leigadh an t-eagal dhuinn,  
Loc cadail a dheanamh.'
- 46 'Nach cumhain leat roimhe sin,  
Gu coidlenmaid gu snaimhneach;  
Air nrlar nan leabaiche,  
Au cleitaiche sról naíue.'
- 47 'Seachd bliadhna do bhíamar,  
An rioghachd Breatan blá- mhor;  
Aig Cuohall d' ar 'n iomruagadh,  
'S aig Iodhlan a bhrathair.'
- 48 'Cho 'n fhaod mi fein inuseadh,  
Gu deireadh an domhain ór- bhúidh,  
Na thuit an sin le Cathall,  
Do Mhaitheadh Chlanna Mornna.'
- 49 Seachd láithe do bhíamar,  
Tiomcheall air an Iudhar;  
Seach ceud, is caogad Toisach,  
Do thuit ann gu h-uilídh.'
- 50 A nochda' ceart an sgéule,  
Dhuit a chaomn nan chlar;  
Do thuit caogad laoch,  
Le' m fhaodhbhar do 'n Fhiamn.
- 51 Is briathar nach bréngach,  
Dhamhsa fein re rádlí;  
Do thuit ócud calma,  
A thuileadh air cáeh.
- Differently placed in I.
- 52 'N sin labhair Fíonn re h-Osear,  
'A laoch cair cosg air h-armaibh;  
Mam bí Clanna Mornna,  
Na 'r deidh beó an Albheinn.' (Albainn in I.)
- 53 Sin e 'n d' úr-sgéul fíor,  
Dhuitsa Chleirich chaich;  
Mar dl' eirich an d' iombhriseadh,  
Eidair Fianntídh Pháil.

Oscar kept Diarmaid from being killed that day, and told Ossian the very fact, how Grainne loosed his enchantment, and all what happened to them since the time they left them, but Fingal would not believe him, and his wrath increased more and more against him, since he lost so many of his men by his fault that day, and for that reason the unlucky Heroe was obliged to fled from Fingal a second time to preserve his life.

Verses 43 to 51 tell part of the Story of Cumhal and Iodhlan, and of the feud between the clans of Mornna and Baoisgne. Conan Mac Morna speaks.—J. F. C.

#### I. 19. DIARMAID. 304 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 96. Advocates' Library, April 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

##### THE ARGUMENT.

In this forlorn and disconsolate state Dermid and Grany pursued their journey to a small in the Chanel between the Continent and the Island of Turra, supposed to be Carig-an-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 favours of Fingal on account of his misdemeanour in complying to run off with Grany. Dermid was upon oath that he should ever pursue the horn and howling of Dogs in the chaise. That he should relieve the distressed and help to redress the injured. That he should oppose the strong and assist the feeble hand. That he should to contuse the Winer and direct the Losser to reclaim his loss at Gambolting. 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 nartree, whereto Dermid and Grany had climbed when they observed Fingal coming. Fingal and Oscar begun to Gambol in which the later had lost three times after another. Dermid upon recollection of his oath directed Oscar by the berries upon every point he should move whereby Oscar won and Dermid was discovered, who was ordered by Fingal to be instantly executed. Oscar



insisted upon his reprieve. Disputes ran so high that the whole tribe of Clan Baisege 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 Inghair,' 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 Albeinn to Albainn.

## M. 17. BRIATHRAN FHINN RE OSCAR. 26 lines.

- 1 A mhic mo Mhic, 'se thuirnt an Rìgh,  
Oscar, a rìgh nan òg fhilth,  
Chonnaic mi deulra do loinne, 's b' e m'uaill
- 4 Bhi 'g anhare do bhuaidh sa' chath.  
Lean gu dhìth re chù do shìnsreachd,  
'S na dibir 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 cliu gach teugmhail;  
Is mairidh an iomradh san dàin
- 12 Air chuimhu aig na baird 'an dèigh so—  
O! Oscar, claidh thus 'an treun-armach,  
'S thoir teamann do 'n lag-lámhach fheumach;  
Bi mar bhunne-shruth reohairt gearmhraidh
- 16 Thoir gleachd do naimhdean na Féinne,  
Ach mar fhann-ghaoth sbèimh thlà shamhraidh  
Bi dhoibhsin a shreasa do chobhair—  
Mar sin bha Treunmhor nam buadh
- 20 'S bha Trathull nan ruag 'na dhéigh ann:  
'S bha Fionn 'na thaic do 'n fhaun,  
'Ga dhion o ainneart luchd eucoir.  
'Na abhar shìnnin mo làmh,
- 24 Le fáilte rachainn 'na choinneamh,  
Is gheibheadh e fásgradh is càird  
Fo sgàil dhrithlinneach mo loinne.

## O. 25. COMHAIRLE OISEIN DO OSCAIR. 6 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 117. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

In this fragment the adviser of Oscar is changed from Fionn to Oisein.—J. F. C.

## COMHAIRLE OISEIN AIR OSCAR AN TUSEUCHD.

OSCAR CAOMH AN TREUN ARMACH;  
Bi cuin ris an anfhann fheumach;  
Bi mar shruth reodhairt gearmhraidh,  
A caithe naimhdean na Féinne,  
Ach mar thoth chiun sheamh bhlaith shamhraidh  
Dhoibhsan tha 'n gantar eigin.

## A. 27. 1512. DERMIT M'O'ZWNE. 104 lines.

## A HOUDIR SO ALLANE M'ROYREE.

- 1 GLENSCHEE in glenn so rame heive,  
A binn feig agus lon,  
Menik redeis in nane,  
Ar on trath so in dey agon
- 2 A glen so fa wenn Zwlbin zwrm,  
Is haald tulchi fa zran  
Ner wanew a roythi gi dark,  
In dey helga o lun ni vane
- 3 Estih beg ma zalew leith  
A chuddyeh cheive so woym  
Er wenn Zwlbin is er inn fail,  
Is er M'ezoynn skayl 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'ezwnn narm ay,  
Da by gin dorchire in tork  
Gillir royth ba zoill finn,  
Is sche asne 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 lach ni wane,  
Da gurri ca assi gnok  
In schenn tork schee bi garv,  
Di vag balleryeh an helve mok
- 8 Soeyth finn is derk dreach,  
Fa wenn Zwlbin zlass in tolga  
Di fre dimit less in tork,  
Mor in tolga a rin a shelga
- 9 Di elastich 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 niu leich,  
In shen tork schee er freich borb  
Bi geyr no ganth sleygh,  
Bi transeygh na gath bolga
- 11 M'ozwnn ni narm geyr,  
Fragor less in na vest olk  
Wa teive reyll trom navynyth gay,  
Currir sleygh in dayl in turk
- 12 Brissir an cran less fa thre,  
Si chran fa reir er in mew  
In sleygh o wasi waryerka vlaye,  
Rait less nochelar hay na corp
- 13 Targir in tan lann o troyle,  
Di chossin mor loye in narm  
Marvis M'ozunn fest,  
Di hanyth feyn de hess slane
- 14 Tuttsi sprocht er Inn ne wane,  
Is soyis sea si gnok  
Makozunn nar dult dayve,  
Olk less a hecht slane o tork
- 15 Er weith zoynth faddi no host,  
A durt gar wolga ri ray  
Totbiss a zermi o hocht,  
Ga maid try siu tork so id taa
- 16 Char zult ay achonyth finn  
Olk leinn gin a hecht da hygh  
Toissi tork er a zrum,  
M'ozunn nach trom trygh
- 17 Toiss na ye reiss,  
A yermi gi meine a tore,  
Fa lattis troygh ya chiun,  
A zil nin narm rind gort
- 18 Ymbeis be hurrs goye,  
Agus toissi zayve in tork  
Gunne i freich neive garve,  
Booun in leich bi zarg in drod
- 19 Tuttsi in sin er in rein,  
M'O'Zwne nar eyre fealle  
Na la di heive in turk,  
Ach sen ayd zat gi dorve
- 20 A ta schai in swn fa creay,  
M'O'Zwne keawe in gleacht  
Invakane fullich ni wane,  
Sin tullu so chayne fa art
- 21 Saywic swlzorne essroye,  
Far la berrit boye gi ayr  
In dey a horchirt la tork,  
Fa hulchin a chnokso a taa
- 22 Dermit M'O'Zwne oyill,  
Huttom tra ead nin nor  
Bi gil a wrai no grane,  
Bu derk a wail no blai k . .
- 23 Fa boe innis a alt,  
Fadda rosk barglan fa lesga  
Gnrne agus glassi na hwle,  
Maissi is cassi gowl ni gleacht

- 24 Binnis is grinnis na zloyr,  
 Gil no zoid varzerk vlaa  
 Mayd agis evycht sin leich,  
 Seng is ser no kness bayn
- 25 Coythyc is maaltor ban,  
 M'O'Zwne bi vor boye  
 In turri char hog swle,  
 O chorreic wr er a zroy
- 26 Immir deit eyde is each,  
 Fer in neygin creach nar charre  
 Gilli a bar gasga is seith,  
 Ach troyg mir a teich so glenn.  
 Glennschee.

D. 21. MAR MHAIRIBH DIARMAID AN TORC  
 NETHIDH. 66 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad No. xi. Copied  
 by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 4, 1872.

- 1 EISTIEB beg mas aill leibh Laoidh,  
 Air Chuidiehd *O Chaoid sheo chaidh*;<sup>1</sup>  
 Air Bein Ghullibin sair Fion fal,  
 'S air Mac o Duibhne nan seol trauaidh.
- 2 Dhimir iad 's bu bhor an Fheal,  
 Air Mac o Duibhne bu dearg Beul;  
 Dol do Bhein Ghullibin a T-shealg,  
 Tuire nach feididh arm a chlaoidh.
- 3 Dharich a Bheist as a suain,  
 Dhaibhire i uapidh an Flean;  
 Dhairich I Faragra nan Fian,  
 Teachd a noir san niar na ceann.
- 4 Mac O Duibhne nach' dob Daibh,  
 Chuir e 'n T-sheigh an dail an Tuirc;  
 Bhris e into an crann mu Thri,  
 Bu reachdar leis a bhi san Mhuic.
- 5 Harruing e t-shean Launn fo 'n Truail,  
 A bhuintigh Baaidh ans gach Eiar;  
 Bhairebh Mac O Duibhne a Bheist,  
 Hachir dha fein a bhi slan.
- 6 Hnidh shin uille air aoin Chnoc,  
 Laidh mor shrocht air Ceann Fhail fh;  
 Air bhi gha fadda na Thost,  
 Labhair e 's gum ole a Chail.
- 7 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid fo soc,  
 Cia miad Troigh san Torc a niar;
- 8 Shia Traighin deig do dhifhir thobhis,  
 Ha an Frioigh na Muice fiaghib;  
 Cha ne shin iddir a Tobhis,  
 Tobhis a rist I Dhiarmaid.
- 9 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid a rist,  
 Na aoghidh gu minn an Torc:  
 'S leitsa do Raothin ga Chionn,  
 Iulligh nan arm rein-ghur goirt.
- 10 Dherich e, 's be 'n Turras gaidh,  
 As thobhis e ghaibh an Torc;  
 Houll am Fritih bha nibhal garg,  
 Bonn an Laoich bu gharg san Trodd.
- 11 Aoin Deoch ghoss e d chuaich Fhinn,  
 Fhir nan Briaridh blatha binn;  
 Fon chail mo Bhrigh 's mo Bhlaoigh,  
 Ochoin gur a trauagh mar dohir.
- 12 Cha doir mishe dhuit mo Chuach,  
 'S cha bho choibris mi air Hiota;  
 Fon 's beg a reinn thu dom Leas,  
 'S gur mor a reinn thu dom, abhleas.
- 13 Cha dreinn mishe Cronn ort riabh,  
 Houll na Bhos an oir na 'n iar;  
 Ach namichd le Grain am Braid,  
 Sa Huar gam thobhairt fo gheissibh.
- 14 Gleann shi an Gleann sheo rar Taoibh,  
 'S lionbhor Guth Feigh ann as Loin;  
 Gleann an trioc an roibh an Fhian,  
 Anoir san niar an Deigh nan Conn.

<sup>1</sup> sheo chaidh usin.

- 15 An Gleann shin fos Beinn Ghullibin Ghuirm  
 'S aligh Tullachan ha fon Ghrein;  
 'S trioc a bha 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-shiuigh ri Taibh an Tuirc,  
 Shin sceul fhaitir duit gu dearribh.
- 17 Gulligh Eididh or as Each,  
 San Eigin nan creich nach gann;  
 Laibh bu bhor Gaisge a Gnomh  
 Ochain mar ha 'n T-saoigh san Ghleann.  
 Crioch.

H. 26. HOW DIARMAID WAS KILLED  
 BY A WILD BOAR.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 116. 344 lines. Advoca-  
 cates' Library, Dec. 20, 1871. Copied by Malcolm  
 Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

DIARMAID and GRAINE deserted from Fingal to a place called Eas-ruaidhe, in the county of An . . . a steep river which empties itself into the . . . and made his abode in the woods there abo . . . The Heroes were passing by the sea shore at the end of the Cataract one day, and Fingal saw a speal that Diarmaid cut off a stick in the water, and immediately knew that Diarmaid was in the woods thereabout, for the speal curled round nine times, and it was s . . . quarters long; there was none in Ireland that could do the like) loosed his dogs and let them through the wood after a wild cat which meet them there (for he knew that Diarmaid would not break his vows, see. When Diarmaid heard the dogs howling he appeared unto them; then Fingal did not know how to kill him because he was an excellent warrior unconquered in combats; unless he would break his law, and this was it, he would let but one go to fight with any person once, (for he knew that they would conquer the whole world by that regulation) and for another reason none of his best Heroes would answer him to kill Diarmaid since he was guiltless in taking away his. But Fingal was very cunning, he went to a . . . a mountain, called Beinghultban, to kill . . . iperous Boar, who was always slaying their Dog and none of them did never venture to go nigh him for fear of being killed. Fingal ordered Diarmaid to kill the Boar; according to his vow, see. Diarmaid obeyed Fingal, went after the Boar and killed him.

Fingal was very sorry that he came safe from the Boar without any detriment: Diarmaid was enchanted, tho' he would get a wound in any part of his body, it would not be deadly, but there was a Mole spot on the sole of his right feet, and if anything would bleed it, he would empty all his blood to the ground till the last drop: Fingal knew that, and he ordered Diarmaid to measure bare feet the Boar, and that they know how many foot in length that was betwix 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 faidh fhaidh is lon;  
 'S gnathaichte 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 Fiann,  
 'S mac o duimhne nan sgial trauagh.

- 3 'C' om nach eisteamaid re d' Laoidh,  
Oisáin ionnubhuinn 's binne glóir;  
No eoin nan cladaich ag caoidhran  
No eoin chóill re teachd an ló.'
- 4 Latha do bha mo Rígh fialaídh,  
. . . fhiantaidh nach b' fhiadbach sgá,  
. . . sealg feadh ghleanntina dianshair  
Theirrin sinn síos gus an tráidh.
- 5 . . . sin chunnaig mo Ríghsa,  
. . . ir thus fíor fhír thréine Pháil;  
. . . shlisag na cuartaig fháinn gheal,  
'Si naoi filte teachd gu sáil.
- 6 Rug e orra na bhois fhoir-ghlain,  
'S dh' amhaire gu bior-shuilach géur;  
Thomhais e i le chois mhaisaich,  
'S b' e fad cuig traidhe is réis.
- 7 An sin do labhair gu fiathaich,  
'S e Diarmaid rinn so gun bhréug;  
'S cho 'n aon neach do dh' Fhearra Chormaic,  
No do cholgaraiach na Féinn.'
- 8 Dh' eitich mo Ríghsa gun bhréug,  
' Nach gabhadh e béidh no deoch;  
Gus am faichte gnáis an Fhéinnidh,  
Ma bha 'n Eirinn beo an sloc.'
- 9 Chuir sinn ar gadhair fuí 'n t-sliagh,  
'S fuí 'n choiltich ro' dhianhair chaoín;  
A deidh fia' chat nan carn,  
'S gu cluineadh e 'n sgairinn san gaoir.
- 10 Chual an loch nach b' fhann an blár,  
Gaoir an áird re síos an t-sleibh;  
Agus labhair e r' a mhnaoi,  
' Cho 'n éist mi gadhair na Féinne.'
- 11 'A Diarmaid eaisa na gadhair,  
'S nach eil ann ach fadaihd bhréige:  
'S deacair taobain re Mac Chuthail,  
Leis is cumbair bhí gun chéile.'
- 12 'Ge de cho 'n eist mi na gadhair,  
'S taodhlidh mi gach fadaihd sleibhe,  
Bu nár nan leigán 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 thigáin nan ceann 's nan lámhe.
- 14 Chuaidh sinn gu Beinn-ghulbann ghruim,  
'S áille tulach tha fuídh 'n ghréin;  
Bu ghnáthaicht' le a shrathaibh dearg,  
Sealg bhí orra dh' Fhíonn na Féinne.
- 15 B' i Beinn-ghulbann leab an tuirc,  
A bha tric fuídh chosaibh fhiadh;  
Mn chomhair deadh mhac o duimhne,  
Do chaill Grainne cónn sa ciall.
- 16 Shuidhich Fíonn 's bu dearg a leac,  
Mn Bheinn-ghulbann ghlais an t-sealg;  
'Fair a Diarmaid air an torc,  
'S mor an lochd a rinn an fheall.'
- 17 'G eisteachd re con-ghaoir nan Fiann,  
Near sa mair a teachd u' ar ceann,  
Dhuig an an-beist as a suain,  
'S dh' imich i uainn air a ghleann.
- 18 Chuir air re faiesinn nan laoch,  
Sean torc nimhe nan fraoch borh;  
Bu treine gháinne nan fíodh,  
'S bu ghéire ghatn nan gath bolg.
- 19 'Sean torc diamhair do tha 'n sud,  
Lán do fhúil alluidh 's do ghúin;  
A Diarmaid mhic o duimh ud fhéil,  
Leansa féin an an-beist uile.'
- 20 Lean an laoch bu tal'mhídh lámh,  
An an beist a' b' áirde fíodh;  
Charaich e chuige 's na dháil,  
Mar fhuaim tuigne n' áirde lith.
- 21 An t-sleagh o' n bhois bhar-ghil bháin,  
Chuir eisean na dháil ga lot;  
Do bhris e 'n crann air na thri,  
'S dh' fhag e 'n ceann aic shíos na chorp.
- 22 Tharruinge e 'n t-sean lann a truail,  
Leis am buidhte buaidh 's gach blár;  
Thorchair le O duimhne bhéist,  
'S thainig e féin uaithe slán.
- 23 Do luídh sprochd air Flath nam Fiann,  
'N tra' shuidh o siar air a chnoc;  
Leasan cho bu turas áigh,  
Diarmaid a theachd slán o' n torc.
- 24 Air bhí dh' a tamull na thost,  
Labhair e 's gu b' olc re rádh;  
'A Diarmaid tomhais an torc,  
Cia líon troidh o thechd ga shail.'
- 25 Riamh cho d' eitich aon n' i n' Fhéinn,  
A chuir iad r' a ré na dháil;  
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dhruim,  
'S thainig e féin uaithe slán.
- 26 'Tomhais na adhaihd arís,  
A Diarmaid 's ma n' do lot;  
Do rodh atchuing' dhuit d' a cheann,  
Ile nan arm raana ghéur goirt.'
- 27 Thomhais e 's bu mhór a sgá,  
Mac O duimhne dhoibh an torc;  
'S ghúin am fíodhan barr ghéur trom,  
Bonn an laoch bu gharg san trod.
- 28 Do thuit e 'n sin air an t-sliagh,  
Mac O duimhne ciabh nan cleare;  
Aon laoch fuileach dach na 'n Fiann,  
Air an tulaich siar o' n teach.
- 29 Bha fhúil a ruídh o chorp caoín,  
Mar shruth caoí o fhuaran árd;  
Bu truidh bhí faiesinn a leoín,  
Gun chionta no gé fuídh chrá.'
- 30 Ge d' bu deirge ghruaidh nan t-subh,  
Bhíodh air uilean chnuc san fhéur;  
Dh' fhás iad gu dubh nealach nain,  
Mar neal fiar air neart na grúin.
- 31 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhúil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 32 'De cha tabhair mí dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamb riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fadheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 33 'De cha d' rinn mí d' aihl-leas riamh,  
Thall no bhos, an ear nan iar;  
Ach Grainne dhollbh leam an bruid,  
'N uair a bhris i orm no bhriath'r,
- 34 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhúil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 35 'De cha tabhair mí dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamb riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fadheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 36 . . . m bu chumhain leat latla shuine (shuí mhíne)  
. . . o 'n eil fáth a bhí da chuimhneach;  
. . . o mharbhas tri, is ochd cend dhuit;  
. . . meisg chothann, 's le 'm ghéur chuinsair.'
- 37 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhúil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 38 De cha tabhair mí dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamb riamh do m' leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fadheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 39 'Am bruth chaorainn bha thu 'n líomh,  
O' Fhinn bu mhaith dhuit mí feimach;  
'N uair a bha 'n Deud-gheal, gu d' ghúin,  
'S tu ann an eagainn san d' éug-bhail.'
- 40 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhúil,  
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 dhamh riamb do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mbi-leas.'
- 42 ' La eile bu mhaith dhuit mise,  
An Tigh teamhra 's tu mor iongain;  
Bu mhí 'n cosgarrach sa bhail,  
'S mi gu d' chosnamh as gach iorgaill.'
- 43 ' Aon deoch, anois a' d' chnaic Fhinn,  
Fhir nam brathraibh bláth, subhach;  
On dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 44 De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamb do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mbi-leas.'
- 45 ' Tri mic Innse Tir-fuidh thuinn,  
Mharbh mi iad uile d' an ain-deoin;  
'S dh' ionail mi nam fuil thu steach,  
Ge do chlaoidh thu mí le h-an-íochd.'
- 46 ' Aon deoch anois a' d' chnaic Fhinn,  
Fhir nam briathraibh binn 's na cabh;  
O 'n chaill mi mo bhí' 's mo bhlagh,  
Deoch do 'n fhuaran, nee' na tabhair.'
- 47 ' De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do lot gu siorruidh;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamb do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mbi-leas.'
- 48 ' Nam bu chumhain leat la Chonaill (' Chothain')  
Bha Cairbnidh roimhad 's mhuintir;  
Thu fein is an Fhianh ai d' dheidh,  
O! 's truagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 49 ' Na 'm biodh fios aig mná' na h-Oighe,  
Mise sheoladh ann san Iub so;  
Bu tursach an fir nan ádhart,  
O! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 50 ' Gur mi Diarmaid an Iudhair,  
Chonnachd, agus Buidh, 's Béure;  
'S mi dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,  
Neach air an raibh roidhe deilbhe.'
- 51 ' 'S mi dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,  
Bheirinn todhaidh do gach nr' chair;  
Thug barr air gach fear le fádhaid,  
O! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 52 ' 'S mi seobhag shuil ghorm Eas-rauidh,  
Leom a bheirte buaidh 's gach blár;  
O! struagh mo thorachairt le maic,  
Mu thulachainn a chnais so 'ta.'
- 53 Do thiodhlaic sinne faidheoidh,  
Le cumha, le brón 's le snith;  
Aon mhacaidh fuitteach nam Fiann,  
Air an tulaich siar fuidh lic.
- 54 ' Nuair a chunnaig Gráinne nilc,  
Gu do chuireadh e fuidh 'n lár;  
Chail i h-aithne is a gué,  
'S thuit i an neal air a bháir.
- 55 Nuair dh' aithric i is a pná;  
Sheinn i le crá' is le brón;  
Clíú Dhiarmaid bu ghile snuagh,  
Sios gu dnainidh air an lon.
- 56 ' Tha leaba deis' ann sa charraig,  
Bha Fionn da farráid ré bliadhna;  
Tha srúith' os a ceann do sháile,  
'S cha fhliuchadh mo ghrádhsa Diarmaid.'
- 57 ' S' i sinn an leab an raibh Leadan,  
A thogadh t-éug-bhail air fadhach;  
An fear nach do smuaintich eagal,  
Roimh cheilair nan con san t-sliagh ud.'
- 58 ' Ochón b' i sin uair a chéusaídh,  
Gur goirt 's gur géur dhamsa h-iar-guín,  
Do ghorm-shuil a bliu gun leirsinn,  
Fhir a b' eibhinn beul is briathraibh.'
- 59 ' Gar tu mac peathar an Ard-Righ,  
Bha gu badhach ághor fáidh;  
O! struagh a chuir e gu bás thu,  
Gun chion fáth a ghraidh a Dhiarmaid.'
- 60 ' Bu tu aon laoihc feara Pháille.  
A dh' fhuaitinn buaidh láir an comhrag;  
Thug bárr orr' uile ann 's gach chuicic,  
'S thug an subhachas 's an sólas.'
- 61 ' Bu ghile da chneas nan canach,  
No úr shneachd an gleannidh caola;  
Thug do chruth barr air an t-sluagh uil';  
Fhir bu deirge gruaidh nan caorann.'
- 62 ' Bu ghuirme do snil nan deargag,  
A bhíodh air uilean chreach bheann árd,  
'S bu chinne príoba do rosgaibh,  
No osnach lúbas féir gach fair.'
- 63 ' Bu ghile do dhénd nan gagan,  
A bhíodh air chrathadh feadh an lá;  
'S bu bhinne fuaim do bheoil ionmhunn.  
No ceól eoin choi'teach, 's gach élar.'
- 64 ' Mar dhrioinna' gréine tha d' fhalt,  
Gu fionn bhuidh casrlach ghabhach;  
Tha do chneas cho mbín san cobhar,  
Fhir a b' fhodhainntach 's gach áite.'
- 65 ' 'S dubhach mi gun iolach sólais,  
Ach turs' is brón a sior eibhich;  
A chruit chinil is binne mire,  
Cha tog mo chroidhe gu h-éibhneas.'
- 66 ' Thuit mo spiorad an cuan stadhach,  
Gun chlos, gun suainmneas ag garráich;  
A sior chuithneacha' do nosaibh,  
Och! Mo leonadh is mi gun abhachd.'
- 67 ' Cho chluinn mi tuille do chómhra',  
A b' éibhnaiche no ceól Fiodhail;  
No 'n smeóreach 's na gleanntidh fáisach,  
'S dubh a dh' fhag gu bráth mo chroidhe.'
- 68 ' Cho 'n fhaic mi ní 's mó do ghnúis-sa,  
No deabradh do shuil ghorm shoitbeamh;  
Ochón s mi fuidh thuitteach gabhaidh,  
Cho 'n eirich gu bráth gu solais.'
- 69 ' 'S doracha do chomhnuidh fúí 'n fhóid,  
Is cumhan do leab réot gun fhúinn;  
'S cho dearla mhadaín gu lá bhráth,  
A dhuisgas tu a' d' phná a shuinn.'
- 70 ' Ach folaiche chaoidh ann san úir,  
Mhianaicic gach súil do chiabbag;  
Bennachd leat fein is le d' áille,  
Anois agus gu brath a Dhiarmaid.'
- 71 ' Dh' uillich gach filidh a chlírásach,  
A shéinn moladh do 'n lán laoch chúinn;  
Gu do-bhrónach 's gu ro thime,  
Ceól 's bu shnitlach fann gach stúil.'
- 72 ' Gu ma beannaic' thusa Dhiarmaid,  
Fhir a' b' fhearr briathraibh is ágh;  
Do na tha am fantachd Eirann,  
'S an-aobhinn an diu ar gáir.'
- 73 ' Bha do neart nar thuiltach uisge,  
A dol a sios a chlaoidh do námh,  
An cabhaig mar iolair nan spúir,  
No stéud eisg a ruigh air sáil.'
- 74 ' A Thriath Bhéura b' áille leadan,  
No aon fhleasgach tha sin Fheinn;  
Gu ma samhach a raibh d' gr-chul,  
Fuidh chudrom an loin gach ré.'
- 75 ' Ní 's mo cha 'n fhaicear thu air chuan,  
Air an eireadh staathan árd,  
No 'n doire re sealg an fheidh,  
No 'm blár chéud a sgatha' chnamb.'
- 76 ' Cho mhó ehluintar nual do bheoil,  
A bu bhinne na glóir nan eán;  
An Tigh-teamhra' gu lá bhráth,  
Fhir bu ro mhaith grádh is gné.'
- 77 ' Gur dubhach an diu gach rosg,  
Bu gheal do bhos, 's bu ghil' do chneas;  
Bu tréun tabhachdadh thu laoihc,  
Bu phailt mais, is aoigh 's cleare.'
- 78 ' Mile mallachd air an lá  
A thug Gráinne grádh do d' ghnúis  
B 'e sin a chuir Fionn gu bréin,  
'S a chuir thu a' d' tréim gu h-úir.'

- 79 'G' e b' iomad daoin agus neart,  
 Mu d' thiomcheall a chleac nan áil;  
 'S tu lamh a b' fhearc iomairt is ágh,  
 Ochain do na tha sa ghlann.'
- 80 'Ach mhcalladh do chuma gach bean,  
 A mhic o duimhne bu mhear buaidh,  
 'S do shuiridhe cha d' thog do shuil,  
 Gus an deach úr air do ghruaidh.'
- 81 'Cha do ghlac cloidheamh na dhornn,  
 Nam brat sróil is fhearc san Fheinn;  
 Aon neach a bhéireadh tu naim,  
 A dh' aingain sluagh Righ na Feinn.'
- 82 'S cha mho ghlac e sgrú' na lann,  
 Neach d' an raibh ceann teachd a' d' ghaos';  
 Mhíc o duimhn ud a' ta marbh,  
 'N uair a bha thu 'n arm nan laoch.'
- 83 'Ach o na dholbh thu le Gráinn,  
 Feadh gach áit' mar f'huath no éilt;  
 Ghabh gach daíne dhinn ort fuath,  
 'S gu h-araid Fionn 's truaigh an sgeúl.'
- 84 'Cho 'n ionadh mí bhí gun chli,  
 Is dubhach, tiamhídh tréun sóias;  
 'S a liúhad enídh tréun calma,  
 Thuit dhinn air gach ám an cómrág.'
- 85 'Thuit iad uil' ach mis' am aonar,  
 Mar chrann mosgain, maol, gun duileach;  
 Gach darag maóthan is ógan,  
 Ge d' bu lionmhuur moir re 'n tuireadh.'
- 86 'Ge d' tha 'n diu gun tréin no comhdach,  
 Bu mhór mo chonadh 's mo lúth;  
 Gun easbhuidh daoine no níth,  
 Dh' fhag síu saoghal mu seach dhuinn.'

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 howling 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 kilt 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, valarous, 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 pericious Grany including Dermid to the detestable crime of adultery. Fingal is seldom possessed with the spirit of cruelty and revenge. We find him of a compassionate disposition, even to his professed enemies; hospitable to all strangers.

Full of tenderness and charity to the afflicted; Ready to relieve the miserable, and inclined to Forgive offenders. Slow to cast out with the strong, and powerful to overcome them in war, which is manifested by his advice to his grand son Oscar, one of which we take the liberty to mention here.

- 1 O OSCAIR ! Claoidh an calma treun,  
 Ach díon fuí' d' sgreith an fann;  
 An aghaidh namhan tabhair beum,  
 Mar neart sruth leug nam beann.
- 2 Bí mar an osag sheimh sa mhagh,  
 Do 'n dream is laige gíomh;  
 Gu maoineach, meineach, meat a leon,  
 Na 'n coimeach broin a stríochd.
- 3 Na tabhair beum, ach gus am féum,  
 Do chom is tréine dhíon;  
 No h-ob bhí mall gu combragg lann,  
 Mar eagal call 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. Collated with H. Mac Lean.

- 3 OISEINN fheilidh is binne ceól,  
 No coin air linnidh nan leug,  
 Mar choilid cheud tha fuaim do bheoil.
- 4 Latha do bha mo Ríogh Fíonn,  
 Is fhiantaidh bu treun am blar;  
 'A' sealg fea' ghléantaidh is leirg,  
 Theiring a maieirgeach gu traidh.
- 5 Do chunnaig mo Thriarth gear ul,  
 Bu mhór iul measg fheara Phail;  
 Shiseag nua' gu cuan nan tonn,  
 Air traidh nan clach donn, 's nam barc.
- 6 Ghlac Mac Cumhail an t-sleis og,  
 A b' fhearc doidh na coraibh cruinn;  
 'S ann leinne bu mhór an t-euechd,  
 Bha seachd reisean ann a druim.
- 7 Do labhair Ríogh' Phail nan cuach,  
 'Se Diarmaid truaigh rinn an t-euechd;  
 Cho 'n gon f'hear do Chathain Chormaic,  
 No ghabh tamh fuí' cholbh na Feinn.
- 8 Dh' eitich mo Ríogh bu mhór miadh,  
 Nach gabhadh e biadh no deoch;  
 Gus am fuighte Diarmaid donn,  
 Ma bha 'n Éiríon nan lon phort.
- 10 Chuaíl an laoch, nach b' fhann am blar,  
 Gadhair bhán rí síos an t-sleibhe;  
 Agus labhair e rí Graine,  
 Cho' n eist mí rí gair na Feinne.
- 13 Thainig Diarmaid gus a ghléann,  
 Gu Feinn m' ansachd Inne-Phaile;  
 Is b' ait an sealadh le Fíonn,  
 E tigh' n' os ar cionn air fáire.
- 36 Mharbhas trí fíthead, is ceud duit,  
 Bu mhór m' fheum le lanna cunsear.
- 48 Na 'm bu chumhainn leat latha Clothan,  
 Bha Cairbrídh roimhead, 's a mhuintir;  
 Thu fein is an Fhíann a d' adhaidh,  
 O! 's truaigh m' adhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbaun.
- 50 Gur mise Diarmaid an Iudhair,  
 Chonnachd, agus Buidh, 's Beura;  
 'S mí dalta Naóis nam fear bodha,  
 Laoch air an raibh rodha deilbhe.
- 51 'S mí dalta Naóis nam fear bodha,
- 54 'N uair chunnaig inghean Ghormala nan steud,  
 An treun na luighe 's an úir;  
 Chail e h aithne,—thuit san fheur,  
 Mar leug gn' eharuchadh sùl.



- 55 Tra dh' airich i as a puà,  
Sheinn gu craiteach iolach bhòin ;  
Clu Dhiarmaid na ghile suadh,  
Shios gu duainidh air an lòn.
- 59 Gur tu mac peathar Rìogh Phaile,
- 60 Bu tu aon laoch fheara Phaile,  
A bhuidhinn buat' làir ann comhbrag ;  
Thug barr orr uile 's gach luth-chleas,  
'S thug a d' ghluhan, sugach, solach,
- 61 Bu ghile do chneas no 'n canach,  
No 'n cathadh 's na gleannaibh caola ;  
Dhealradh do chruth ann 'sna leirgean,  
Fhìr bu deirge leac no 'n caorann.
- 62 Bu ghuirme do shuil no 'n dearc,  
Air uileann nan leacann ard ;  
'S hu chiuine iomairt do rosg,  
No 'u seimh osnach air fear fair.
- 63 Mar dhrisinne greine t-fhàlt,  
Am-lubach, cas-lubach, ar-bhuidh ;  
Tha do chneas co geal 'san cothar,  
A laoch, nach d' fhodhain na blàir dhuit.
- 64 'S dubhach mi, gun iolach sholais,  
Ach tursa bhroin a' sior eughach ;  
A chrùt chiuil is binne mire,  
Cho duisg mo chroidhe gu h-eibhneas.
- 65 Thuit m' aigneadh 's ann aigeal stuathach,  
Gun chlos no suaimhneas a' garraich ;  
A sior chuimhneacha' do nosaibh,  
Och! Mo threedhaid bhroin gun abhachd.
- 67 Nì 's mo cho 'n fhaicear do ghnuis,  
A dhealradh gu h-ur ann tur Chonail ;  
Ochoin! Mì! fù! thuilteach gabhaidh,  
C'uin a thig a ghràidh ort solus.
- 68 'S dorcha do bhuthainn fù 'n fhod,  
'S cumbann reot do leaba leom ;  
Cho dearl' a mhadainn, gu la bhrath,  
A dhuisgeas mo ghradh an som.
- 71 Gu ma h-aghòr thusa Dhiarmaid,  
Fhìr is fearr briathra' is àgh ;  
Do na tha am Fiamtachd Eirann,  
'S an-eibhinn an diù' ar gàir.
- 73 A thriach Bheura b' aille loinreachd,  
No aon ogan tha san Fheim ;  
Gu ma sambach a roibh t-òr-chul,  
Fui' chudram an loin gach re.
- 77 Mile mallachd air an la,  
A thug Grainne gradh do d' chruth,  
Chuir sin Fionn nam Flath o cheill,  
'S truaigh an sgeul mar dh' eug 'n din'.
- 78 Ge h-iomad laoch bu mhor neart,  
Mu thiomchall nan clearcann aill ;  
'S lamh a b' fhearr iomairt, is agh,  
Ochann-do na bha sa ghleann.
- 80 Arm ann usal nan luath bheum.
- 82 Ach o na dh' fholbh e le Grain,  
Fea' nan carun nar fhuath nan eug ;  
Ghabh gach duine dhian air grain,  
Is Rìogh Phaile-'s truaigh an sgeul.
- 84 Bu lionmhor sloigh aig Mac Cumhaill.

## M. 18. BAS DHIARMUID. 104 lines.

- 1 EISTIEH beag <sup>1</sup> ma 's aill libh laoidh  
Air a chuideachd' chaoimh so chuidh,  
Air Grainne, air Fionu fial  
'S air Mac o Duimhne nan scial truaidh.
- 2 'N Gleann sìth sin 's an gleann r'a thaoibh <sup>2</sup>  
Far 'm bu bhinn guth feidh <sup>3</sup> is loin,  
Far am miuc an robh 'n Fhian  
An Ear 's an iar an daidh an con.
- 3 Air an t-suth sin Ghulbunn ghuirn  
Is aillidh' talachain tha fo 'n ghreinn,  
'S tric a bha na sruthain dearg  
An daidh na 'm Fiann blith sealg au fheilidh.

<sup>1</sup> Beagan. <sup>2</sup> R'a'r thaoibh. <sup>3</sup> Fead feidh.

- 4 Dh' imir iad 's bu mhor a chealg  
Air Mac o Duimhne bu dearg li,  
Dol do Bheinn-Ghulbunn a shealg  
Tuirc nach feadaidh airm a chaoidh.
- 5 A Dhiarmuid na freagar air fhaghaidh  
'S na tadhaill am fiadhach breige,  
Na rach teann air Fionn Mac Cumhaill,  
O 's cumbadh leis a bhì gun cheile.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban a Ghrainne  
Na toil-se naire do d' cheile,  
Fhregairinn-se guth na seilge  
Dh' ain-deoin feirge fìr <sup>4</sup> na Feinne.
- 7 Dhuisg iad a bheist as a shuain,  
Bha freiceadan air shuas an gleann,  
'G eisteachd re garaich nam Fiann  
Is iad gu dian fo cheann.<sup>5</sup>
- 8 An seann torc nimhe a bha garg  
Thaiuig o Bhall ard nan Alla-mhuc,  
B' fhaide ionga na gath sleagha  
Bu treise fhriogh na gath builge.
- 9 Leig iad ris na deadh ghadhair,  
Gadhair Fhinn is fìr na seilge,  
Chuir iad a mhuc a bhann le lodra <sup>6</sup>  
'S bha na t-eun choim air a tiontadh.
- 10 A mhic o duimhne fhir threinn,  
Ma 's o 's gu 'n d'rinneadh euchda leat,  
Bith-se cuimhneach air do laimh,  
So an ti fa 'n dearnan leat.
- 11 Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh,  
Air faicinn do a bheist uile,  
O 'n t-slos thaobh-ghéal shlamhuich thla  
Chas e 'n t-sleagh an sail an tuirc.
- 12 Tharruing e 'n t-sleagh o 'n dorn gheal bhann  
Chum a sathadh ann a chorp,  
Bhriseadh leis an cran na thri  
Gun aon mhir dh' e bhith san torc.
- 13 Tharruing e 'n t-seann laun as an truail,  
O 's i bhuidhneadh buaidh 's gach blar,  
'S mharbhadh leis an uile bheist  
Is thearunn e na dhiaidh slan.
- 14 Luidh sproc air Fionn fial  
Is leig e siar e ris a chnoc,  
Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh  
A dhòl as gu slan o 'n torc.
- 15 Air dh' a bhith tamull na thosd  
Labhair Fionn 's gu 'm b' olc r'a radh ;  
A Dhiarmuid tomhais an torc  
Cia meud traigh o shoc gu shail.
- 16 Cha do dhiult e a' chuing' Fhinn,  
'S aithreach leun a theachd o 'n tigh,  
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dhruim  
Mac o Duimhne nìor throm traigh
- 17 Se traighe deuga do dh' fhior thomas  
A tha 'n druim na muice fadhuich,  
Cha 'n e sin idir a thomas  
Tomhais e ris a Dhiarmaid.
- 18 A Dhiarmuid tomhais a ris  
Na aghuidh gu min an torc ;  
Roghainn a gheabhadh tu ga cheann  
Togha nan lano rinn-gheur goirt.
- 19 Thomhais e, 's cha bu turus aigh,  
Mac o Duimhne nach trom traigh ;  
Tholl am friogh nimhe bha garg  
Bonn an laoch bu gharg san trod.
- 20 Aon deoch dhaml-s' a' d' chunaich Fhinn  
Dheadh mhic mo rìgh do m' chabhair ;  
O chail mi mo bhlagh 's mo bhrigh,  
Ochoin! is truaidh mi mur tabhair.
- 21 Cha toir mise dhuit deoch  
'S cha mho choisgeas mi air h-jota,  
O 'S beag a rinn thu do m' leas  
'S is mor a rinn thu do m' ainmheas.

<sup>4</sup> Fhear. <sup>5</sup> Is iad ag cuir gu dian mu cheann.<sup>6</sup> Mhan gu leath-trath.

- 22 Cha d' rinn mise eron ort riamh  
Thall no bhos, an ear n 'n iar;  
Ach im'eachd le Grainne am braid  
'S a tuar gam' thabhairt fo gheasuibh.
- 23 Thuit se an sin fo chreuchd,  
Mac o Duimhne ciabh nan cleachd,  
Sar mhac fulangach nam Fiaun,  
Air an tuluich siar fa dhias.
- 24 Cumhachdach gu mealladh bhan  
Mac o Duimhne bu mhór buaidh;  
An t-suireadh ead do thog a suil  
O chaidh an uir do ghruidh.
- 25 Bha guirme bha glaise na shuil,  
Bha mine bha maise na ghruidh,  
Bha spionnadh bha tabhachd san laoch  
Bha sud saor fo chneas bán.
- 26 Dh' adhluid iad air aon tuluich,  
Air sìth-dhùn na maise fiadhuih,  
Grainne Nì Chormaic a churuidh,  
Da choin gheal' agus Diarmud.
- 
- O. 12. BAS DHIARMAD O DUIGNE. 131 lines.  
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 60. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail, Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.
- 1 An gleann Sì, san gleann ri thaobh,  
An gleann an tric an robh fead laoih;  
Eoin is Lomhuinn;  
Far an tric an robh an Fhein;  
An ear 's an iar deigh nan con.
- 2 Air an t-shì Ghuibhinn guirme,  
Air an tuluich is aille fo 'n ghreinn;  
Air an tric an robh froidhean dearga,  
An deigh sealg fir na Feinne,
- 3 Eisdibh tamull ma 's aill leibh,  
Air a' chuideachd chaomh so chuidh;  
Air beinn Ghuibhinn, air Fionna fail,  
Air Mac O Duighne nan sgeul truagh (sgial)
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn bu chruaidh cheilg,  
Air Mac O Duighne bu deirge lith;  
Dhol a bheinn Ghuibhinn shealg an tuire,  
Nach d' fheadar leis na h-airm ga dhith.
- 5 Dhiarmaid na rug an fhagad,  
'S na taoghail am fiadhach teirge;  
Na rach teann air Fionn Mac Cuthail,  
O' s dubhach thu bhì gun cheille.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban, a Ghraine,  
Na toillsa tamail do d' cheud ghradh;  
Rachaisne dh' amhare na seilge,  
Cheart aindeoin feir fir na Feinne.
- 7 Cha d' fhas mi riamh a' m' chriosaich chrithunn,  
'S ionnan sa chreag mo runsa;  
Co a shealladh air graine le toigh,  
Nam fasadh Diarmad na mbeall unich.
- 8 B' e mo mhiann bhì 'n cois na seilge,  
An toir air Tore a' chraois namhainn;  
'S tric a leag mi 'n lon a luadhas,
- 9 Shuas air eudainn beinn a Ghuibhinn,  
Dh' fhalbh Mac O Duighne le ceum ard;  
Bu dubhach bu eirteach Grainne.
- 10 Shìl a deoir Mar fhros na Maidne,  
Mar cheò glas bha da shuil (al. a gnuis)  
'Cha' n fhaic mi tuille Diarmaid,  
Tha m' anam gu dian na dheigh,
- 11 Mhic Cuthail bì baigheil ri' m leannan,  
Cha bheannachd dhuit m' aighir a chlaoidh;  
Dhuigs iad an uile bheist as a shuain,  
Freicedan air chluas gach beann.
- 12 'G eisdeachd ri Coin ghairach nam Fiann,  
'S iad gu dian a ruith fo ceann;  
Leig iad rithe na deagh gathair,  
Gathair anu fir na Feinne.

- 13 Thug iad a' mhuic bhan ga leadradh,  
'S na sair choin ghealta ga teumadh (ga tiomn-  
daidh)  
B' fhaide e teanga na gath sleagha,  
B' fhaide a friogh na gath builge.
- 14 An seann Tore nimhe bha garg,  
A ghineadh o ardaì nan torc;  
Bhriseadh leis an doru gheal bhlar,  
Thachda dha na bha na chorp,  
Bhriseadh leis an cranu na thri,  
Gu 'n aon mhìr dhe dhòl san torc.
- 15 Tharruig e 'n seann lunn dubh o 'n truaill,  
O 'n sì b' iogna buaidh sgach blar;  
Mharbha leis an Uile bheisd,  
As thearnadh na dheigh e fein slan,
- 16 An sin luidh sproc air Fionn nam Fiann,  
Luidh e siar ris a chnoc;  
Air dha bhì tamull na thòsd,  
Labhair 's gum b' ole a radh.
- 17 Dhiarmad tombais an torc,  
Cia meud troidh o shoc gu earr?  
Na duitteam t-achuinnich Fhinn,  
O 'n 's dan leam cinnteach tighinn o t-ìochd!
- 18 Dhiarmad tombais e ris,  
Na aghaidh gu min an torc;  
Uam gheibh tu g' a chionn  
Tagha nan laun gear blar goirt.
- 19 Thomhais Diarmad bu tuirseach da,  
Mac O Duighne nan trom troidh;  
Thoil am friogh nimhe bha garg.  
Buinn an loich bu gharbh an trod. (al. bu g barg)
- 20 Aon deoch a' d' chruaidh Fhinn,  
Laoich Mhic Cuthail o 'n chro choimich  
O 'n theirgear mo bhrìgh, 's mo bhlat,  
Laoich foir no na doir dhuit. (al. no na deoir  
dhuit)
- 21 O 's aithne dhì leigheas gach feachd, (gach  
creuchd)  
Cha' n eil leigheas ann mo chruaidh;  
A Dhiarmad 's truagh leam do chor,  
'S truagh leam Graine 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 dhì cleas nan lub,  
A t-uaisa cha teid g' a toil.
- 23 Tha gaol domh daingean mar chrios;  
Tha misneach mar Ghaibhinn ard,  
G' a mor a h-òrna cha leig fios,  
Ged thuit mi le shìgh mo namh.
- 24 Co so tighinn mar cheò,  
'S a deoir a srutha gun chaidh,  
Cò ach Graine 's binne ghloir,  
Annir cha bheo do d' ghradh.
- 25 Mar Ghìll eigin nach deach snac till,  
Mar Mhacan is aille nan t-sugh;  
Ochadan gad' chaidh saghleann (mar t-aidh)  
Bha guirme, bha glaise na shuil,  
Bha mine, bha maise na ghruidh,  
Bha spionnadh, bha tabhachd sano lach.  
Bhì sid saor o shìosean ban,
- 26 'S truagh mise bhì gad chaidh,  
Ne m' ainmsa, cha 'n uigh do ghrain,  
Marbhaig air an torc,  
Ach cha 'n e a rinn m' ole san àm.
- 27 Cha 'n e, ach Fionn nan cleasan baoth,  
Mallachd aig m' fhaobh gun tamh;  
A Ghraìn na bi-sa a' d' dhìom,  
Tha Fionn mar Dhiarmad gu d' dhìon.
- 28 Dh' fhalbh e 's b' ole leam,  
Cha 'n e me run a rinn an gnìomh;  
Thuit Grainne gun cobhair a h-aigh,  
Air gnuis Aille Dhiarmad duinn,  
Stad a chreuchd bha doirt a fhail,  
Truagh a bhìul an lo sin duinn.

<sup>1</sup> O 's cinnteach leam tigeinn lochd.

- 30 Dh' aidhlaiceadh iad air aon tualach,  
Air friodhnaich na Muice fialhaich;  
Graine nighean Tormaid Mhic Curri,  
Da choin gheala as Diarmad.
- 31 A Ghulhbrunn, cluinnear do chaidh,  
'S beag m' uigh dhol gu t-ianach;  
Codail a thuire 'n ad chonnuich,  
Tha do chomhnuidh seasgair dìonach.
- 32 Luidh smal air an Fheinne,  
M' athair fein bha dheth diomach,  
Chlarsach na tog foun a bhroin,  
Tha deoir a cheana a' taomadh.

From the recitation of Archd. Stewart, man-servant in Dalchoanle, 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.

EISDIBH beag ma 's aill leibh laoidh,  
Air a bhuidheann chaoimh a dh' fhalbh uainn,  
'S mac-o-Duimhne nan sgeul truagh.

- 1 Tha srath a 'm beinn Ghuilbean, ghuirm,  
'S àrda tualach fo 'n a ghreim;  
Far an suidheadh sinn puibull àgh,  
'D ol do 'n t-seilg le Fionn nam Fiann.
- 2 Triall do bheinn Ghuilbean a shealg,  
Air muc nach feudar ainm dhi;  
Dhuisg an uibhast as a suain,  
'S dh' imich i bh' uainn air a ghleann.
- 3 'N uair chuala i tartar nam Fiann,  
Ghabh i an Ear san I gar fo ceann;  
'N uair chuala i tartar nan loach,  
'S i 'n gleann Sith an robh Fraoch borb.
- 4 Bu deirge i na graine fiodha,  
'S bu gheire friogha nan gath balg;  
Bhrisacadh leatha an t-sleagh mar stri,  
An crann bu rioghna fo na mhuc.
- 5 Bho 'n bhlas 's deirge eillichridh hhlath,  
'S bu chradh leinn nach b' ann na corp;  
C' uim' nach ciosnaicheadh tu an torc,  
Le tarun nan laoch bu mhòr naimhdeas.
- 6 Air bhi dha fada na thosd,  
Labhair e go' ole ri radh;  
Tharruing e an t-seann lann bho 'n truall,  
Or bu leasan buaidh guth blàir.
- 7 Dhiarmaid thomhais an torc,  
C' ia lion troidh o top a ta;  
Thomhais e mhuc àir a druim,  
Mac-o-Duimhne nach trauine troidh.
- 8 Dhiarmaid thomhais i rist,  
'Na aghaidh 's mine an torc;  
Thiomdaidh 's cha bu turus àgh,  
Cha d' thomhais ach a dha san torc.
- 9 Chaidh a gath nimh bu mhòr craidh,  
A 'm bonn an laoch nach tlà san trod;  
Aon deoch an uisge dhomh Fhinn,  
'S gheibh thu atcheuinge da chinn.
- 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-iotà.
- 11 Cha d' rinn thu riabh dhomh leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu 'n aon uair dhomh dh' aimhlean;  
E' fhada leis an Fheinn bu chumhne,  
Mar a bitheadh Fionn gha iarraidh.

- 12 Ge bu ghorm an d' an tualach,  
Bu dearg e 'n diuidh le fuil Dhiarmaid;  
Thiolcaicheadh sud anns an tualach,  
Fo thannachd na maic fialhaich.
- 13 Grainne ni-Chormaic, ni-Chuilleann,  
Le da dhealb chuillean 'us Diarmaid;  
Gu 'm b' fhada, 'us gu 'm bu bhuidhe fhalt,  
Mall a rosg us fada a leac.
- 14 Bha maise 'us guirme na shuilean,  
Maise 'us caise an cul nan cleachd;  
'S mionaig a ruitheadh an Fheinn,  
Air an t-slabh an deigh nan con.

&. EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

Addressed to Miss MacLeod of MacLeod, by a Lady, sent April 18, 1872, from Dumreagan.

This shows that Heroic Ballads are known to the very poorest classes in the Highlands, and that they are localised everywhere.

'Beinn Ianabheig, a peaked hill above the Bay of Portree, was once called *Beinn Gullban*, where Diarmaid, the friend of Fionn, was wounded when measuring the wild boar.

'At Sgor is the grave of Diarmaid; and at Benmore is *Tobar-an-Tuire*, from which, when dying, he besought Fionn to fetch him a drink.

'Margaret Macleod, a poor forlorn woman at Portree, knows these places, and can sing the songs about them.'

THE STORY OF GOLL MAC MORNA.

P. 3. (D. 23. I. 16. O. 20. Z. 25.) (H. 27. I. 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 Lochlan, 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 Dasent named Boats.

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, Cairtrral hangs his shield above the shield of Goll in the House of Almuin. (D. 5. below.) Possibly that pretension was a cause of strife when the Poem was composed or shortly before; but the popular tradition is most probable.

A curious underground dwelling in North Uist, discovered a few years ago, was strewn 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, Argyllshire.'

## P\*. 3. LAMB-FHAD. 146 lines.

Rev. Alexander Campbell's MS. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July 16, 1872.

WHILE printing these sheets a collection made, about 1803, by the Rev. Alexander Campbell, Minister of Portree, in Skye, was found in the Gaelic drawer at the Advocates' Library. I got a list of the contents, and marked it P\*. Some person unknown condemned the collection thus: 'Style low; versification harsh and clumsy,' 'Dargo pretty correct,' and so on. Wishing to judge for myself, and let others judge, I got this extract.

A story about Longhand and Goll, in Lochlann, is current in 1871. I wrote it myself in Uist from the telling of Mac Isaid. A story and ballad of the same purport were mentioned by Hill as current about Loch Awe in 1780. It is quoted by Dr. Donald Smith, p. 120, 'Appendix, Report on Ossian, 1805.' That story and this ballad belong to Fionn's Expedition to Lochlann. See above, p. 83. They explain how 'Iollan' got the name of 'Goll' = One-eyed. A ballad called 'Laoidh an Duirn,' or the Lay of the Buffet, is often mentioned in Scotland as one to be greatly admired, and a standard for Lays; but I have never found anyone able to repeat it. A ballad known by that name is common in Modern Irish MSS. In one, which I have, the chief characters, are Iollain Mac Morna, or Goll, and Lughaidh Lagha. In another Lughaidh Latha 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 mhaithreamh nam Fiann  
'Lochlann le cuireadh o Tarcum  
Gu cairdeas is gaol a choimhead
- 2 Gu sìth am bannamh gun cheilg  
Cheangal gu dian 's gu daing an
- 3 Tiaruinte dh' imeach na h-armuin  
Gun chunnart gun ghabhadh gu calla  
Choinnich slioc Lochlann air traigh riu  
'S an t-ard Rìgh dh' aitheich am beatha
- 4 Seac la agus oich' gun sri,  
Ri ceol 's ri iomairt 's ri aighear  
Bha Fionn is Tarcum nan long  
'S a laoch gu fonnar ga chaitibh
- 5 Ach 's mealta gun fluras a saoghal  
Ge broscalach faoilteal a shealladh  
Chi' thu e dreachd 's a tearnachd  
'S tric e na scaleadh nam fhlaicas
- 6 Tha Ghrian sa mhadain ag soilleadh  
'S e g eiri gun nial air athar  
Le mor theas togaidh e 'n driuchd  
Gu suilbhir seallaidh gach fearainn
- 7 Ach duthaidh go h' alamh nan speuran  
Tathaidh neil thuaidh air na beannamh  
Chitir an dealan a dearsadh  
'S chuintir an tairnean le forum
- 8 Silidh an t-uisge gu nuath' alt  
Diridh e nuas oirnn na mbeallan  
Croicidh an tuil o 'n a bheinn  
'S an earbag teachaidh gu falach
- 9 Mar sin caochlaidh ur dochas  
'S dolas leannuidh fu ghruaim  
'N diuidh tha thu nobhach gun douruinn  
'S labhraidh le solas do bheul
- 10 Treigidh a mairnach do bharrail,  
Thig norr-uinn faireas le fuaim;  
Gun fhios thig saighid cho guinneach  
'S tuisidh le turraig do cheum.
- 11 Rinn Tarcum feadhachas mhor  
Bha Fionn 's mhaithreamh fu ghean  
San dochas gu n' chaidir an Rìdh  
Is sìoth nach bristeadh e tuilidh.
- 12 Ach mealta bha fhocall 'n Fheinn  
Ceilg rinn e s'hmoides am milleadh  
A ghuin sa neimhdas dha 'n Fheinn  
Cheil e fo dhuthar nam foalladh
- 13 Bha Lamhfhad gu borb aig a chuilm  
Mac baoth na Muirirdeach ruaidh  
'S b' ionmhunn le Tarcum an laoch  
Ge b' aognaidh nogas 's a ghabhail
- 14 Scian orbhui chlocharra cheangheal,  
Riabh ris nach do dhealich Mac Chu'aill;  
Groim thuair Lamhfhad le fall orr,  
'S b' aill leis dha fein gun gleidh
- 15 Ach ghlac Mac Morn i na laimh  
Is Lamhfhad god dh' iarr cha 'n fhaidh  
Tus na h-iorghuill 's na douruinn  
Gu trugae se Tarcum choireach
- 16 Dh' eirich greann is fearg a laoch  
Ach Goll cha chaochladh an bharail  
Cha d' thugadh e seachad gun sri  
Scian bhuaidhar an Rìgh si aig'.
- 17 'Com am bheil thu dugsaidh iorghuil?  
Com bheil thu 'g iarrui dosuin?  
Do dh' Fhionngheal buinidh an scian  
'S do Lamhfhad a chaoidh cha tabhair
- 18 Suidh fhir mhoir 's na mill a chuilm  
Na hacld thoir-intinn na euideachd  
Na brist snaim daingann na sìoth  
Rinn bhur Rìglire treun an cheangal.'
- 19 Cha d' dh' eist an t-umpaidh an laoch  
Cha d' gheill e le sìoth dha chomhair!  
Dh' arduich e ghuth fadhachd cruaidh  
'S chluinte fada fuaim a mhineal
- 20 'Is tric se Morna a rinn thu beud  
Air maitheamh is treunfhir Lochlann  
Cha till thu tuilleadh air sal  
Gu brath cha taruing thu clodheamh.'
- 21 Tharruing e 'n dorn le laimh chearr;  
Mac Morna ghearr e gu fuilteach  
Thuit e fein alamh na dheigh  
Bho lar cha d' dh' eirich e tuilleadh
- 22 Sparr Goll a scian orbhui na thaobh  
Chruobh fhuil a choim as a dèadh  
Ghlaoth e gu cruaidh chail e chli  
Cha b' urrann Tarcum ga chobhair
- 23 Glac' mid ars' Tarcum bhur 'n airm  
Seas eirimh uile shliochd Lochlann  
Doirtibh fuil nam Fiantidh gu lar  
Na teicidh aon-aonan duibh dhaichaigh
- 24 Tuitedh iad le 'r faobhair chruaidh  
'S biodh aobhneas air mana'an 'n fhearainn  
Tuilidh cha chail oighean an gaoil  
'S mac cha bhi matbair a tuireadh
- 25 Bidh Morbheinn 's a feidh aig Laoich  
Nach strìochd a dh' iorghuil na dh' eagall  
Fionngheal 's a ghaigeach san uir  
Cha dhùisgir tuilidh dhuinn cogadh
- 26 Bha 'n Fheinn gun chlogaid gun seith  
Gun cheilg cha d' smuainteach air cogadh  
Gun duil ri tuasad no sri  
Gu sìothail na suidhe ma 'n t-shligeadh
- 27 Ach alamh ghlachd iad an airm  
'S ged' thionail na ceudan curri  
Dhion iad an euideachd gu treun  
'S an ceum a ghuasad gu lòngeas
- 28 Rhuibadh lamh Oscar an aigh  
Le geur lann guineach Rìgh Lochlann  
Ach scaradh eisin gu teann  
'S bu tiarhaidh buillean nan gaisgeach
- 29 Bha forrum a sciath san shluasad  
Mar fhainneach tharrarach chreige  
Nuair bhualis dealan i'm fuathas  
Ga bloidhidh na caoban le ghlaoidhir
- 30 Mar sin chluinte fuaim an sciath  
Gu mor uaibreach anns a' chath  
'S dh' arduich air gach tìobh an iorghuil  
Aig 'n d' rainig an traigh na maitheamh
- 31 Bhiodh Tarcum na Oscar 'n uair sin  
Na sineadh gu luath gun aneil  
Mar brist a steghan na chleamh  
'S gu na dh' eighmh mac Chumhail air Oscar

- 32 A mhic mo mhic Osaír aigh  
Bachd do lamh is fág an t-ainéal  
Tha ghaioth na deannamh gu Morbheinn  
'S air siuil bhana ard ri 'n crannaibh
- 33 Chaill Tarcum urram de laoiach  
Bhuinig thu chiu air 's an deannal  
Nach d' choisinn sinu buaidh na h-áraich  
Rinn feum mar b' abhaist dhe 'r lannamh
- 34 Sheas an iorghuill scuir an t-shri  
Sheol laoiach nam Fiann bho'n chala  
Is chluinte neimhead na 'n deigh  
Ri glaoidhaich eildol gun aighear
- 35 Deach agus fichead fear mor  
Gu fuilteach leonadh le'r lannibh  
'S a dha dheug eile 'sa naoidh  
Sin thuit air an raoin gun anam
- 36 Chaill sinne Faoitne gun ghrúaim  
Is Luath-chas dhireadh nam bealach  
Dithis bu shuthach aig cuilín  
'S nach tíntadh an cúl san deannal
- 37 Thog Fionn leis an Coirp ar síd  
Air ard bheinn chaireach san talamh  
Bha mnaoi fad bliadhna gan caonidh  
Is Righinn tuireadh an caulla.

LAOIDH AN DOIRNN. 124 lines. Irish. Extracts. The story current in Scotland makes this a quarrel in Lochlann. The Irish ballad makes it a civil broil in Ireland, at a feast at the King's House, at Teamhra, in the reign of Lughaidh Mac Con, who reigned, according to Keating, A.D. 182—212. Oisein, who was present, is made to tell the story to Padruig, whose mission began A.D. 432. I have made shift to copy ten verses from a second Irish copy of this Lay, in which there are 124 lines. I bought both MSS. from Mr. John O'Daly, Dublin, in December, 1871, and I know nothing of their pedigree. If I have erred in reading, I have not done it on purpose. Irish is not my business, but I have done my best to copy it letter by letter.—J. F. C.

## OISEIN.

- 1 Do chuadh mar go tos Teamhraí,  
As bu lionmhar linn teacht ar d-Teaghlaidh;  
Ar chuir Mac Con na g-cath,  
Rígh Eireann árd fblaith.
- 2 Is e buidhin do tháinig nár g-cionn,  
Do mhathaibh Eireann gan feall,  
Da árd rígh catha ceata,  
Mac Con a 's Fionn flaith na Feinne.
- 3 Cormac Mac Iollalaidh chais,  
Dear bhrathair Mbèic Con Mac a Mháthar;  
Brasair béara fear do bluaidh,  
Rígh Laigheann re h-ionad sluaigh.
- 4 Tháinig cugaínn as Cruachna,  
Liagan luaimhneach luachra;  
An tréin fhear do bhí lan do ghoil,  
Iollann Mac Mórna fortail,
- 5 Do shuidh Iollann Mac Mórna Mór,  
Gach fear diobh an-ionad áir;  
Fír Eireann ag-Cathaoir n-uáil,  
Ag-tigh rígh Teamhraí na mór sluaigh.
- 6 Do shuigh Lughaidh Lámba na g-creach,  
Ar ghualainn Ghoill go dána;  
Ar aghaidh Fhinn Mhic Cumhaill,  
As ar ghualainn Bhrasair Bhéara.
- 7 Ann sin adubhairt Lughaid Lámba focal,  
A 's mór bh-feirde friotal,  
Bheir muintirí marseo a d-tír Chuinn,  
Ní fhacadh tusa a 's árd fhlatha.

## GOLL.

- 8 Do chonsair mise Muintir mhór mhaith,  
A d-tigh Chuinn ceud catha ag ól;  
Buillidh do dá samhail a nglóann Catha,  
Da ghnais nasal a 's árd fhlatha.
- LUGH.
- 9 Níor comóradh raimh Conn,  
Re Mac Conn ar toinn;  
Buillidh da samhail a ngléann Catha,  
As dá ghnais nasal ard fhlatha.

## GOLL.

- 10 Do dhligh tusa guth thabhairt ar Chonn,  
Tur mhairth se do shánsir  
Gur ab e do mhairth to-scaí  
Mogha Nuadhat as Maicmadh Mac Luigheach.

D. 23. A CHIOS CHNAIMH. 66 lines.

Copied from Mac Nicol's Collection by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 3, 1872.

THIS fragment is part of the quarrel between Caoiréad, Fionn's youngest son, and Goll, chief of the Clanna Morna.

- 1 SIN iad hugaibh hun an Oil,  
Air mo shibthe maodhan mhór,  
Gun aon Sgiadh air dainne dhiibh,  
Gun a còmidach uille dh' or.
- 2 Dath na 'm Flath air dhath an Eug  
Dath an S sneachda thig a nuas  
Dath as aile no air Chach,  
Rosg Rígh orr uille gu leir.
- 3 Ha aon Duin' air thus an Sluaidh  
'S na biodh a Mheud mar ha Bhuaidh.  
Cha d' imigh e 'm Fear ga Choish  
Aon Neach ga 'n cumhaidh ris comhrac.
- 4 Caoiréal centach mar bu Dual  
A chi thu ar thus au T-sluaidh,  
Da Trian Ruim ort Fhein gan Fheall  
Rheitichir a Rum roimh Chaoiréal.
- 5 Go 'n chuir Caoréal ma Mhi-cheil  
Am Flaitheas a Shean-ath'r fein,  
A sgiadh bogainn sgeithe Ghoill  
Am an Talachin Tighe na Halbhaidh.
- 6 Go de bheireadh sinn duit, Fhír,  
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' fairid Caoréal seach a Lamb,  
Dheadh Mhic Cumhaill na 'n Arm sean  
Cia ma 'm biodh a Chios Chnamh  
Ga cuir uille a dhaon Lathair.
- 8 A Chios Chnamha, a Chiois Chnamha,  
Gur nairg leinne air 'n do thar Thu  
'N fheoil ma 'n do las meannma an Fhír,  
Cho raibh 'n sud ach Ciois trian fír.
- 9 Ge be bheireadh vain an Smíor,  
Chion agus nach bann dom dheoin,  
Bheirin breitic ris a Chnamh,  
Go La bhrath nach blaisinn Feoil.
- 10 Cnamh an Da'mh aillidh san T-sliabh  
Gun a chuir an coire riamb,  
Thugthar sud an Laimh na Deishe  
Air an lar nar fianishne.
- 11 Leanabh leanabidh is Laoich lán,  
Cho 'n ann' Comh' fhad theid an Comhrac,  
Cho leanabidh is Mac Rígh thar soal,  
On Tim the e fein air aitheast.
- 12 Dheridh Sheishear laidir Laoich  
Edir an Leanabh san Togloaich  
Gun Fhíu na sgein air an Críos  
Air Eagal a Cheile mharbhadh.
- 13 Se huirte Connán maol mac Mórna  
'M fear a bhadh rianh ris an ole  
Thugthar dhámhsa ma Sgian fein,  
S go 'm bithin thall eallora.
- 14 Se huirte Oiscean beg mac Fhein,  
Leith mar leith air an leath Roinn  
Thugthar dhámhsa mo Sgian fein,  
'S thugthar a sgián fein do Chonnan.
- 15 'S íomad Og an Earradh Gaisge  
Agus Laoch ar faicsin Gabhaidh,  
'S íomad Laoch luanaich air Lannaobh,  
Gheibhte thall ma Cheannaibh Chnamha.

<sup>1</sup> Gem bheim.



16 Am facadh tu Iognadh riamh  
A Chlerich, channadh gach Cliair<sup>2</sup>  
Bu mho na 'n Fhlein uill a theachd slán,  
Ga 'n edrigin on aon Chnainh.

<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 Cairrill 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 meal air barach gheugan;  
Is greadhainn nan lus ga charadh,  
Do Mhomad armann nan gear-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 pretension of Fingal) whereby they showed 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 ciuil,  
Air dhruine bhi steach mu' n ol;  
Dhuais an iomar-bhaidh na laoiach,  
Cairill caomh, is Momad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na Suinn,  
Bu traine no 'n tuinn cuilg an cos;  
Sroinich an cuim chluainté cian,  
'S an Fhiann gu cianail fuí' sprochd.
- 3 Clachan agus talmhinn trom,  
Threachailte le 'm buinn san stri;  
A chlarachd re fad an la.  
Gun fhios cia dhíu b' fhearr sa ghuíomh.
- 4 Air madainn an dara mháireach,  
Chuaí' na suinn an dáil a cheille;  
Cairill cuilgeara nan buadh,  
Agus Goll nan cruai' lann geara.
- 5 Dh' iathadh, dh' imiridh, agus tháirneadh,  
Iad gu naisinich sa chumasg;  
Gu cuidreach, cudramach, gabhaidh  
Bu chian le cach gair air builleán.
- 6 Bu mhinig teine d' an armaibh,  
'S cothar garbh d' an cneasa' geala;  
Chuaí' an sleaghan righne bberndh,  
'S an sgiathan gu lar a ghearadh.

- 7 Thuit Cairill caoin, calma, ceannail,  
Gun anail fuí' n Chiuinne-chrothia;  
'S beudach, baolach, borb am buille,  
Leag an curaidh sa chruai' chomhrag.
- 8 Mo laogh, mo leanabh, mo ghradhsha,  
'S truaigh a chraidh do blas an t-athair;  
Do radh Fionn an aignidh chianail,  
Bu traine no ghrían fuí' phlathadh.
- 9 O Chairill! A Mhíe, a ruineín!  
Dhruid do shuil, is ghlaís do dheud-geal;  
Ghluaís do neart mar osag namsa,  
Chaochail do shunadh mar bhla' ghegan.
- 10 Cho 'n fhaicear ní 's mo do thighin,  
Air an t-slighe chum na co-stri;  
Cho mho chluinn mí fuaim do gceithe,  
Ghaoil nam beum a' teachd do' m' chionamh.
- 11 'S truaigh nach b' ann le ain-neart choimheach.  
No Ríogh an domhain a bhuailt u;  
'S bheirinnse t-eiric a Chairill,  
O Chrigaile nan arm buadhar,
- 12 Beannachd dhuit a Chairill Chentaich,  
'S iomad ceud a dhíong thu 'n comhrag;  
B' fhad a thrial u, b' fhaide cliu ort,  
Ann 's gach iul ann d' fhuaras eolas.
- 13 Bu mháireach, misneachail, meannach,  
Thu 'n Tigh-teamhra measg nan ceudan;  
A laoiach fhuilichdich san torachd,  
Sgeula broin an díu' nár dh' eug u.
- 14 'S truaigh nach ann cathan mhíidh,  
Leaigt u mhín laoiach nan dual arbhuidh;  
Bhíodh síochd Cumhail toirt díu torachd,  
Fea' gach roid g' an leon san áraich.
- 15 'S tursach, deurach ceol na Féinne,  
Caol 'n treun laoiach, b' éibhinn gaire;  
'S tiambaidh, dolach Fionn ga d' bhron,  
Nach faicear beo u 'n teach nan armann.
- 16 'S dosgach eug a ghaigich euchdoil,  
Thuit gun t-eug-bhail ann sa chumasg;  
Mar neul oíche ghluaís e uainne,  
'S e sin an sgeul truaigh is cumhainn.
- 17 Oighean Shora seinnear bron leo,  
A leith an Ógáin chaoimh, aillidh;  
Mar cheo nam beann tha gach muthainn,  
'S níidhich, cumhach air lag mharan.
- 18 Thu' n laoch araiceil toirteil, talmhaidh,  
Gun íomairt gun arm, gun tighéam;  
'S cumhann conart, t-ionad comhnuidh,  
Chois an loin-gur mor am putlár
- 19 Air cuan nau leug, scian a ghluaís e,  
Air sumaine uathmhínn, cair-gheal;  
Ceolmhór, ceileireach san leirg,  
Re tim seilg' a tathach lan-daimh.
- 20 A laoiach, mheidhich, mhúirnich, bhádhach,  
Labhraich laidir luimnich, bheinnich;  
Mar shruth neartmhór u measg namhan  
Soraidh leai a ghráidh nan gear-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 blaisinn an fheoil;  
Nan tugta dhíom an smear (smíor)  
Cheana 's nach b' ann a' m' dheoir.
- 2 Chailleadh tu a smíor,  
Ga mor do chion air feoil;  
B' fhearr do Ghaisgeach luidhe air airm,  
Na gaoil a thóirt a bharan fheoir.

G.

C.

- 3 Air bhar an fheoir, ga mor do thair,  
'S tric a sbaruich thu 'n damh donn;  
Ruag thu 'n eild air a bhar,  
'S a dh' eirich tra ri ard nan tom.
- G.
- 4 Chaorul 's beag mo speis,  
Do d' chull nach robh riamb ach gann;  
Cha 'n fhuir' cuis lann air son snuair,  
'S eu ni troda ma chnaimh.

## Z. 25. COIREAL. 60 lines.

Orally collected by Hector Mac Lean, in Barra, September 30, 1860.

So far as it goes, this version is almost word for word the same as Kennedy's version, I. The man who sang this, lives still, in Barra. As Kennedy's manuscript never was published, this shows what national memory is capable of accomplishing. Donald Mac Phie could, and did, repeat and sing to slow tunes, nearly all the Heroic Ballads which Gillies printed in 1786. The book is very rare. He did not know any part of the Gratis edition of Ossian, distributed in 1818; but the Catechist quoted used to give readings from that book.

National memory will not be instructed, but is ignorant conservative.

Z. 38. is another version, of 44 lines, written by Alexander Carmichael, and recited by Kenneth Morrison, in Skye, about 1860. A second version was recited to the same collector, by Kenneth. I have them both in vol. 12 of my unpublished collection, see Index, vol. iv., 329, 330. How old this ballad may be, or who composed it, I cannot guess, but it is more than a hundred years old: it was known in Dunkeld, Barra, Skye, and Ceantire, long ago, and it is commonly sung still by the uneducated classes, in spite of the educated, who try to put down this kind of entertainment.

COIREAL. 'S ann a thaobh bàis Choiril a bha mìorun aig Fionn do Gholl gus an do mharbh e Conn Mac an Deirg.

- 1 AN taigh Teamhra nan cruine ciuil,  
Air dhuinn a bhith steach m 'n ol,  
Dhuiss ann an iomar bhaidh na laoiach,—  
Coireal caomh a 's Mòmad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na suinn,  
Bu truite na 'n tuinn enilg an cas,  
Strònaich an arm chluinnte cian,  
'S an Fhinn gu cianail fo sprochd.
- 3 Clachan agus talamhan trom,  
Treachailte le 'm buinn 's an stri;  
Clarachd aca fad an la,  
Gun fhios co dhùin b' fhearr 's a' gnìomh.
- 4 Air madainn an la 'r na mhaireach,  
Chaidh na suinn an dàil a cheile,—  
Coireal cuilgearra nam buadh,  
Agus Goll nan cruaidh-lann gearra.
- 5 Dh' iadhadh, dh' iomairleadh, agus thairneadh.  
Lad gun nàiseachd anns a' chumrag;  
Gu cnuidreach, cudthromach, grabhaidh,  
Bu chian le each gàir an buillean.
- 6 Bu mhing teine d' an armaibh;  
Cobhar garbh dh' an cneasaidh geala:  
Chaidh an sleaghan ruighne 'bhearnadh,  
'S an sgiathan gu lár a ghearradh.
- 7 Thait Coireal caomh, calma, ceamail,  
Gun anail, fo 'n Gholl chròda;  
'S beudach, baoghalach, borb am buille,  
'Leag an curaidh 's a' chruaidh chombrag.
- 8 Mo ghaol! mo leanabh! mo ghraidsa!  
'S truagh a chraidh do bhàs an t-athair!  
Gu 'n robh Fionn an aigne chianail,  
'Bu truite na 'ghrian fo phlatbaidh.
- 9 O! Choiril! a mhic! a rànan!  
Dhruid do shùil a 's ghlais do dheudach;  
Dh' fhalbh do dhreach mar oiteig, namsa;  
Chaochail do shnadh mar bhàth gheugan.
- 10 Chà 'n fhaicear na 's mò do thighinn.  
Air an t-slighe chum na comh-stri;  
Cha mò a chluinnear fuaim do sgéithe,  
A ghaoil nam beum, a' tighinn gu m' chomhnuidh.

- 11 Is truagh nach b' ann an cathan mhilidh  
A leag' thu, 'mhìn-laoiach nan dual orbuidh;  
Bhiodh shoehd Chumhail 'toirt dhù tuòrachd,  
Feadh gach ròid 'gan leon 's an àrach.
- 12 Is truagh nach b' ann le ainneart choimheach,  
Na rìgh an Domhain a bhualt' thu,  
Is bheirinn-sa t' eirig, a Choiril;  
O Bhreannaich nau arm bhmadhar.
- 13 Beannachd dhuit a Choiril cheantaich,  
'S iomadh cend a dhìog thu 'n combrag;  
B' fhada 'thriall thu, 's b' fhaide chù ort,  
Anns gach inil an d' fhuaradh eolas.
- 14 Bu mhuirneach, misneachail, meanmnach  
Thu 'n taigh Teamhra 'measg nan ceudan;—  
A laoiach fhuiteachdaich 's an tòrachd,  
Sgeul a bhroin, an diugh, gu 'n d' eng thu.
- 15 A laoiach mhithich, mhùinich, bhàghaich,  
Labhraich, bìdir, laimnich, bheumnaich;  
Mar shruth nearhtar thu 'measg nàmhaid;  
Soraidh leat a ghràidh nan gearr-lann.

From Donald Mac Phie, Breubhaig, Barra, who says he learnt it from Roderick Mac Donald, Catechist, North Uist, about 32 years ago. Mac Donald died shortly afterwards, at an advanced age. Breubhaig, Barra, September 30, 1860.

## H. 27. HOW GOLL DIED. 288 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 128. Advocates' Library, December 22, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This version was given to Dr. Smith. With it compare 'Gaul, a Poem,' p. 150, edition 1780, and 'Tìomna Ghull' (Gan'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 Ursgeuls or 'tales of later times.' He quotes mention of Goll Mac Morna in Barbour, &c. But nevertheless Mac Lanchan 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, Mirmorradi, and equal share with the rest again; likewise all the marrow of the bones (for there were none of them so big as Goll, and accordingly he would eat and do more than). Coirall was in enmity with Goll for having such a reward, and said: If he was worth, that he might have this Reward for himself before any other. He ordered Goll to come, and that they would try a single Combat and whoever would be the victor that he would have the Reward afterwards. Goll answered him, and began first to wrestle, the solid ground would shake under them, with their vast strength, but the one would not overcome the other. Again they began with their Arms, and tried several ways, they had for fighting; their swords would glance like a wandering star, and the sweat running down from their bodies like small rivulets' stream on the plain, and that of a bloody colour, with equal skill and strength, so that the one could not overcome the other. Lastly they tried the Cross-beam (that is a large piece of Timber they had betwixt them, a cross, and the one drawing it from the other). The one sat on the inside, the other on the outside of the threshold of their house before they gave over, they broke the door, and Coirall gained the victory.

Goll was sore vexed that Coirall had gained the victory, and took it as a great affront and shame. Then he asked of Fingal how he would kill Coirall, and Fingal did never refuse 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 Arus, 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 Cotral. When Oscar heard where Goll was, he went to see him into the cave (for they were fellow-companions in every place and battle), and after a while's conversation, Oscar went away, and Goll cast his spear after him, and if he would not have his shield on him, he would fall on the spot. Oscar let him alone, but unluckily to him Oscar's shield got some damage, and when Fingal saw the shield, he ordered the Heroes to go and kill Goll. They all went away to kill Goll, but he ran into a Peninsula that runs into the sea, and Fingal set watch on the Isthmus, so that he could not come out till he would starve in the Island. He made there his last will to his wife, and told her the man she would marry after him, and starv'd at the end of twelve days and a half on the Peninsula.

## DAN 26.

- 1 'A RIGHINN is binne ceól,  
Ghuais gu náraich 's na gabh brón;  
Mar bu bheart shubhach le saoi,  
'S mar bu chubhaidh do dhea' mhnaoi.'
- 2 'Na féicid do dhéur a bhos,  
A righinn is míne bos;  
No dean déur mu ní nach fluigh,  
Agus na dean an tír fhaill.'
- 3 'Cuimhnich d' airgead 's cuimhnich d' ór,  
Cuimhnich do shíde 's do shról;  
Cuimhnich síor leanmhuinn an fhuir,  
'S ole a thig díodhlain bean dea' fhuir.'
- 4 'Cuimhnich air do mhiosair mheamnach,  
A bhíodh againn an Tigh-teamhra;  
'Nuair bhíodhmaid air magh na báraich,  
Bhíodh gach aon neach dhinn re gard' chas.'
- 5 'Cuimhnich air do sheachd coin sheilge,  
Thug ní dhuit an cath Chruai-Jeirge;  
'S gach aon clu dhú sin gun sóradh,  
Gu marbhadh s' e fiadh na onrachd.'
- 6 'C' áit am fuigh mi calma cómhraig,  
A dhea' Ghuill mheamnach mhíe mornna;  
'S maith is aithne dhambha 'n lín laoch,  
'Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spáilte.'
- 7 'Air a laimhsa Ghuill gbreadhnaich,  
Air fhíneach is air a dháoine;  
Cha bhí mo cíomann glan caoin,  
Aig aon mhac Caillich a choidch.'
- 8 'Ní mac Caillich a tha 'n Aogh,  
Ach mac na mná 's fhearr san t-saogh'l;  
An t-sbaor 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 dhámh béud a bhos,  
Gun d' theid i éug d' a ceud toraich.'
- 10 'Aíne nan súidheadh tu air lár,  
Gun inusainn dhuit úr-rachd;  
Air an dea' churidh dhána,  
Mhead sa dh' aithrich mo threun lamhsa.'
- 11 'Latha do bha air Chruachan curidh,  
Shinn air fhíneach Fhinn mhíe Chuthail;  
Bha sinn fein agus Aogh glinnáich,  
'S ann ag ól agus ag íomairt.'
- 12 'S ann uamsa thuit an guth dona,  
Ris an do ghabh Fionn a chorrach;  
'S labhair e gu fiadhlí cró'-dhearg,  
A síor iarraidh tuilidh cómhraig.'
- 13 'De man sguir mis agus tú,  
'D' ar 'neud is d' ar 'n namh-rún;  
Cha bhí d' ar comann glan grinn,  
Ach an dara fear an Eirinn.'
- 14 'Gun toir mi ort a mhíe Mornna,  
Sgar do d' thair-fhocail 's do d' chómhraig;  
Gu b' fhearr dhuit úr-labhr' gun chuimhne,  
No bhí síor mharbhadh mo mhuintir.'
- 15 'Ní sin labhair fear cinneadh gach fearg,  
B' e sin Breacan mac Rígh Cro-dhearg;  
Greasamar na laoi ch' no luidhe,  
Tha na laoi ch' air mbeisg a mire.'

- 16 'Chuaidh Fionn a chodal air thús,  
Chosgar 'n éud is ar namh-rún;  
Is na bruidlín' agus na t-éug-bhail,  
O! 's ann d' a bu chubhaidh gear-bhail.'
- 17 'Ní oidhche sin dhúinne gu ló,  
Sinn re h-íomairt is re h-ol;  
'G eisteachd re gáirach luchd ciuil,  
'S re duain fhílidh bu bhíinn búir.'
- 18 'Bha sinn uil' air theachd an ló,  
Re h-imtheachd do dl' Innse-fhoín;  
Bha fuaimneach air ann gu líonhor,  
Agus mná a' dol nan díolaí.'
- 19 'Rainig sinn Corcair-an-leirg,  
'S do bha an amhuinn na feirg;  
'N uair bhíodh i na muine bras,  
Cha 'n fhéudadh aon neach dol thairt.'
- 20 'An sin dhúinn gu meadhan ló,  
Gus an sgaioleadh an fionna-cheó;  
Ag eisteachd re fuaim nan gleann,  
Gus an troidhadh i gu fánn.'
- 21 'Amharc da d' thugeamar uam,  
Air an t-sligh a bha mu thuat;  
Gu facamar Rígh na Féinne,  
Cosgairt nam fiadh, is fhuir thréune.'
- 22 'Do Rainig mi aigheadh mhor,  
Ge d' nach raibh mí líonmhór sloigh;  
Gun do dheasaich mí mo lothain;  
Air an t-sliagh a bha ma chomhair.'
- 23 'Do chunnaig sinn a teachd marcaich,  
An-mhór treabhaich, se ro-ghas;  
'S gu b' e marcaich na meisg chothan,  
Marcaich a b' áille san domhain.'
- 24 'Marcaich cuirnínach, cas-dhonn,  
Sa Chuirne ghlas air a ghuailín;  
Fuidh sgc' phoibhlích gu neo' thime,  
'S fuí' éideadh sróil agus sligheach.'
- 25 'Air each ceann-fhíonn ceannard, cleasach,  
Fad mhúinealach, mhaó, chneasach;  
B' e 'n stéud eatom, úrur, mhéareach,  
Fuidh 'n t' eibhinn, uasal, mheamnaich.'
- 26 'Ghluais iad uile 'n sin Fiann Eirann,  
A dh' fhagail sgcéal do 'n treun fhear;  
Cíod a b' ainm dh' a, n' na da bhutlaimn,  
No cíad e ádhbhar a thurais.'
- 27 'Dh' imnis eisean gu neo' sgcáthach,  
Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spáilte;  
A dh' iarraidh mo roghain d' ar mná,  
Cía dhú 's aingain líbh 'no 's áill.'
- 28 'Do fhreagair e Fionn gun lán,  
'S faoin do dhuit a churidh lán;  
Gu 'm fuigh thu do mhian d' ar mnáth,  
A dh' aingain dea Fhianntidh Pháil.'
- 29 'Mar a fuigheamsa gu deonach,  
Mo roghain d' ar mnáthaibh ór-bhuidh;  
Cómhrag naoi naonar d' ar calmaibh,  
'S áill leam fhagbail air a bhall so.'
- 30 'Chuir iad naoi naonar laoch calma,  
A chlaoidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aurra;  
'S thuit iad uile leis an-ógan,  
Air uilean an t-sleibh na onrachd.'
- 31 'An sin chuir Fionn caogad ceannard,  
A chlaoidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aurra;  
'S thuit iad ach Fearn ghluin is Faoghan,  
Agus Mor-lámh hu chruaidh baoghlach.'
- 32 'Ghluais iad an sin le mór pháinhan;  
Leis gu teach Fhinn na mó'r ábhachd;  
An deidh an curine calma,  
Gheibh buaidh is b'lagh 's gach an la.'
- 33 'An sin do chuir Fionn mac Chuthail,  
Fios chugam fein gu luath lunnach;  
'S du gu fhuighinn, síth, 's duais gun aireamb,  
Nan d' thiginn a chlaoidh an lan laoi ch.'
- 34 'Dh' imích mi fein le 'm fhuir mheamnach,  
Gu luath lunnach gu Tigh-teamhra;  
Air iartas beoil Fhinn mhíe Chuthail,  
Gu coimhead a mhna' o 'n mhuirach.'

- 25 'Thug e leis gun gheilt roí 'n lánhan,  
A roghain d'a mnaithaibh sar-gheal;  
Co cho' aiaich e gun fhanm-ebhrith,  
Ach mí fein is 'm fheara calma.'
- 36 'Bu tréun marcaich an eich shonraícht,  
Thug trí ruaig roimhainn mar sheóchdain;  
Is do dh' fthag e marbh air an drim,  
Naoi naonair gach aon uair dhinn.'
- 37 'Do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Fhílidh,  
'S do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Mhíne;  
Do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Pháil,  
'S do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Aille.'
- 38 'Do mharbha' leis Aogh mac Doire,  
Fear a dhíoleadh gach mor bhaile;  
Fear nach do dh' éir riamh aon neach,  
A bhíadh no dheoch le faradh leamh.'
- 39 'Ghluaiseamar fein ann na dháil,  
Is ma ghluais cha b' ann gun cháil;  
Mar neart na tuinne gu mór thír,  
B' amluaidh sin ar builleam cómhraig.'
- 40 'Eisean cha d' fhodhain d' a ghníomh,  
Is cha d' fhodhain dhosan mí;  
Thug e spuir sa Bhan-rígh leis,  
'S mharcaich e san amhuinn deis.'
- 41 'Ghluaiseamar fein ann san áth,  
'S de na ghluais cha b' ann mar thá;  
'N uair bha an saoghal air sórd,  
Gu bu nós dhámh laoch a leon.'
- 42 'Thairneamar cloidheam a truaíl,  
'N deidh briseadh air sleagh lán-chruaí;  
'S deacair inns' no aithris ullleadh,  
Do bhuaileama rgu cruai' euidreach.'
- 43 'Mar fhadhadh teine a dornn,  
'S mar eabhal air cloidheam gorm;  
Do dh' imich a sgiathsan nach cruinne,  
'S gun do dh' imich no sgiaths' uile.'
- 44 'Eisean cha d' fhodhain d' a ghníomh,  
Is cha d' fhadhain dhosan mí;  
Thug leis a spuir sa chéile (cheile)  
'S mharcaich e san amhuinn chéudna.'
- 45 'N sin thainig Fíonn fein a' mach,  
An Rígh ea-trom saírve gan; (suaírece)  
Thug e sgairt as aon e fliathche,  
Is trí pogan do 'n mharcaich.'
- 46 'Míle failte dhuits' Aogh álain,  
A mbic Rígh na h-Eas-spáite;  
Cia na sloigh a bh' air do cheann,  
Ailís Aogh nam beumaibh calm.'
- 47 'Sluagh aluin, árd-gheal, neartuohor,  
Treo' rach, nárah, 's iad neo' meate;  
Gun easbhuidh air each no air duine,  
An treise nan dreach nan cruithceachd.'
- 48 'Na h-ursanna catha calma,  
Gheibha buaidh gach sluaigh is armait;  
'S ann dhámh fein a bha san dán,  
Teachd o bhuilleam trom an lánam.'
- 49 'Rínn iad an sin reit is ól,  
Fíonn is Aogh bu chalma dorun;  
Gabh mo chomhairl' is mo ghrádh,  
'S rígh le d' mbaithias e gun cháird.'
- 50 'O! 's coma leam ciod a ní mí,  
Mar an d' thig thu steach a mhílidh;  
Tuilidh mí air sgá' a chuainn so,  
Fuídh ullach broin agus namhan.'
- 51 'Aine fagsa chreag chruaidh,  
A ríghinn is gíle sanagh;  
Gus an cinn fraoch air nuir mear,  
Cha d' theid mí ehadh a steach.'
- 52 'Trí triathibh fíched dharam gun bhíadh,  
Mar nach raibh neach roimhainn riamh;  
A bhí air sgáth na fáirge fuair,  
Ag ól an t-sáile shearbh rnaidh.'
- 53 'Nach tárr thusa steach a laoich,  
'S dean an codal so re 'm taobh;  
Is bhceireams dhuit níar ioclaínt,  
Do d' chabhair bainne mo chioche.'
- 54 'S measa na sin mar a tha,  
Inghean Chomail chaoimh an áigh;  
Comhairle mná near na níar,  
Cha ghlabh 's cha do ghlabhsa riamh.'
- 55 'Oir do dh' fholbh mo chái a choídh,  
Mar mhadh shneachd no duileach cóill;  
Mar chroíon gach luibh sa Gheamlhradh,  
Dhubh mo chroídh le nimh is campar.'
- 56 'Is dh' fholbh 'm aimsir agus 'm úin,  
Mar gach cách a chuaidh san úir;  
Cha mho gháiras grian air fáire,  
No madain a dhuisgas 'm árdan.'
- 57 'Beannachd leatsa Aine ghradhach,  
'S leis gach ní, is neach, is ábhachd;  
Ach ullachadh 'm fheara cómhraig,  
Uaigh dhámh air an elain ór-bhuí 's.'
- 58 'Thuit an tréun laoch air a charrag,  
Ge d' bu mhór a neart sna cathain;  
Aon laoch fuilleachadh na Féinne,  
'N uair a bh' éite cath is t-eug-bhail.'
- 59 Thuit Aine 'n sin air a bblár,  
Fuídh thúrsa, gun treis no cáil;  
Is labhair i le fáinn chómhradh,  
Air an amhail so do-bbrónach.
- 60 'A laoich mhílidh bu mhór maithias,  
'S truaigh thu chaochla' air sgeir mhare;  
A dhíobhail deoch ach an saile;  
Fhír a gheibha buaidh 's gach gabhadh.'
- 61 'Ní 's mo cha chluinar thu sgathadh,  
Na naímde mar ghéuga baraich;  
Na do ghuth an teach nan céuda,  
Fhír bu mhór blagh, fonn, is tréune.'
- 62 'Bha neart do chuim mar thréun tuinne,  
'S na blára mar fliadh air chutlach,  
Na mar sheobhag a meag eanlaich,  
Na íolair neartmhor gun mheineach.'
- 63 'Cha h' e airm Ríghridh chuir gu bás,  
Thu laoich an truid, bu mhór áil;  
Ach fuachd, is ocras, agus íota,  
Air sgá' a chuain fhuaraidh fhíor-ghlain.'
- 64 'A Thriath slíos Alba bu mhór agh,  
Samach dō leaba, gu lá bhrath;  
Cho d' thug a mhadaín sin a choídhch,  
A dhuisgas tu o úir gu soils.'
- 65 'Threig thu Tigh-teamhra' gu síorruidh,  
Is Fíonn fálaídh is mór ghuionuach;  
Bu tu tréun a dhíon 'a gach cómhrag,  
Tha 'n diu emhach is cha' neóuach.'
- 66 'Cha chluinn gu bráth fuaim do sgétha,  
'S cha mho tharlais orm le h-eibhneas;  
'S truaigh a thachair dhámh am órachd,  
Fuídh mhór thime, sníthach, bronach.'
- 67 'Cha mhó chi do shínl air chuantídh,  
Na do bhratach dhathach uaine;  
Na oran do rúmhach armaicht,  
Bu bhínn íol-ghair air stuath chalma.'
- 68 'Cha mhó chi mí sa bhéinn t-seilg,  
Thu Ghúill mhearcaich bu mhai' éirmis;  
Na cothann do ghadhair sheange,  
Air aonach roí d' thír mhór, mbeannach.'
- 69 'Thuit mo chroídh' gnu dríslsa deáibhach,  
Ann an dubhachas gun abhachd;  
Mar a ghrian dorcha le neaibh,  
Nach deau gáir air bíuin nan seimh-ghleann.'
- 70 Tha mí lan sháilach ag ambare,  
Air do lanna gorma glana;  
Fhuair buaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,  
Fhír bu mhai' cruth, mór tréun, solach.
- 71 'A chip catha bu mhear cómhrag,  
Gu ma beannaichte do chomhnuídh;  
Séinneam da chbú gu neo' cúbhinn,  
Le deó dheireannach mo chreabhag.'
- 72 'Cho 'n ionadh mí bhí gun sólas,  
'S mí mar chraoibh an gleann na h-on rachd;  
Mu seuch dh' fthag iad mí gam leiradh,  
Le nimh-chrá' 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 fished upon the desolate Island where he lived for eleven days upon dulse and vegetables. The Poem begins by Gaul comforting his wife Malag who sat upon the opposite shore giving her a charge to carry his effects with her from the Hall of Fingal, and to marry Aogh, a former lover of hers, of whom he gives an account how he had engaged him at a river called Corcar-an-deirg. After his death Malag laments over his grave in a most tragical strain.

- 2 No dean bron mu ni nach fuigh  
A choi' ch no dean tir shaigh.
- 3 Toir leat t-airgead, agus t-òr  
Toir leat do sheudan, 's do shròl;  
Cuimhnich sior leannhuim an fhir,  
'S ole na b-aonaran bean dea' fhir.
- 5 Na coin lthar, laimneach, laidir  
Mhairbhadh feidh ann an cuilg na damhair.
- 8 An t-shaor shlat do 'n fhine chosgar,
- 10 A Mhalag nan suighe tu air lar,  
Gun insinn duit ur-sgeul.
- 15 An caomh Breacan Mac Rìogh Cro-dhearg;  
Greasamar na sloigh so luighe,  
Tha laoch air mheisg a' mire.
- 16 Laoch na ful gun iomar-bhàidh,  
Bu mhor speis do dh' fhiantai' Phail.
- 17 Ag eisteachd ri seinn luchd ciuil,
- 18 Bha fuaimneachd laan oirn' ag eiridh,
- 19 Nuair bhiodh i na buinne bras,
- 20 Ag eisteachd ri fuaim nam beann,  
'S Corcar a' traodhadh nan gleann.
- 21 A' cosgairt nam fiadh bu mhor feileach.
- 23 Gu b' e macan na misg-chothann.
- 24 Fui' sge' chreimnich gu neo thime,  
Le eideadh loinneach, is sligheach.
- 26 Ghluais iad uile Fiann na h-Eireann,  
A dh' f'haighail sgeula do 'n treun laoch;  
Dh' fhiosraich Fionn gu meigheach, baghach,  
A thuras thair druim gach bearna.
- 27 Dh' innis an laoch gu neo'sgàthach,  
Aogh Mac Mhanalain o 'n Spailte;  
Dh' iarraidh mna' a' d' bhiantrachd Fhinn,  
Is aille cruth is snadh cinn.
- 28 Do fhreagair e Fionn gun on,  
'S foinn do thrial' o Innshe-toir;  
Gu fuigh u rodhain na mnaì;  
A dh' aidmcoin dea' Fhiantaidh Phail.
- 30 Air uilean an t-sleibh air Ionan.

- 31 An sin chuir Fionn caogd toiseach,  
A chloai Aogh ghli, ecarta comhla;  
Thuit iad ach Fearginn is Faoghlan,  
Agus Mòrlamb nam beum baoghlaich
- 32 Ghluais iad iule le mor phànman,  
Leis gu teach Flinn na mor abhachd;  
An deidh nan cur' aine treuna,  
Bu mhor buaidh ann cumasg cheudan.
- 33 An sin do chuir Fionn Mac Cumhail,  
Fios chugam fein gu Sliabh buidh;  
'S gu fuighinn Sith, is eis aghor,
- 35 Thug e leis sa ghreis an t-àrman,  
Seinbrosag nam buadh, nam bos bana;  
Co chomhlaich e gun fhann-chrith,  
Ach mi fein nach treigeadh bantrachd.
- 38 Fear nach diobradh an cruai' ghabhadh;  
Laoch nach do dh' eur riann ann neach.
- 39 Is mu ghluais, cho b' ann mar thà;  
Mar neart na tuinne gu mor-thir,  
B' amhluidh sin ar beum sa chomhrag.
- 40 Thug e steud sa Bhan-riogh leis.
- 44 Thug e leis a steud sa chèile,
- 47 Gun easbhuidh sa ghreis air duine,  
An treise no 'n dreach, no 'n cuma.
- 48 Na suinn chatha, chalma, chalgach,  
Bu mhor, treubhach, euchdach, armach.
- 49 Rinn laoch sith reit, is ol,  
Fionn is Aogh le 'n glaoite ceol,  
A Mhalag nam ban glac mo gluradh,  
Srig an Triath nach iargain agh.
- 50 O! 's coma leam ciod a ni mi,  
Mar a tarr u steach a mhilidh;  
'S cian mo bhron air sga' a chuain,  
Ag caoi gach lo na dh' imich vainn.
- 51 Cho 'n fhaic u mi choi'ch air lear.
- 55 Dh' fholbh mo chàil agus mo chli,  
Mar chatbhadh cuir, no coill chrin;  
Mar mheathas an luich sa mhaigh,  
Mheath mo chroidh nach dìongaite 'm t-ail.
- 56 Ghluais mo laith mo bhàì' mo mhuirn,  
Mar gach àll a chuai' san uir;  
C' uin a ghairreas grian air faire.
- 57 Ainneir og nan rosgaibh ciuin,  
'Sgair a' d' bhron,—na leon do rùn;  
Bannachd leat a ghraidh nam ban,  
'S cianail has Och 's cian a dh' fhan.
- 58 Thuit an treun laoch air an traidh,  
Bu mhor neart ann enes nam blar;  
Aon laoch fuileachdach na Feinne,  
Ann combrag lann, ri ann na t-òg-bhàil.
- 59 Thuit geug nan ciabh air a bhlar,  
Mar ghealach fui' neul an là;  
Dhuisg a h-aigheachd, las a comhradh,  
B' fhann a guth, gu tursach bronach.
- 60 A laoch mhilidh, bu mhor agh,  
'S truagh do dhiobradh air tìr tràit;
- 61 Ni 's mo cho chluinnear u sgathadh  
Na naimhde mar gheuga' barrach;  
Do ghuth Chluinte cian thair ceudan,  
C' uin a chluinn mi fuaim do sgeithe.
- 62 Bha neart mo ghràidh mar ghair tuinne,  
Ann 's na blaraihb, b' aghoir buille;  
Mar sheobhag u measg nan eun,  
No iolair nam beann gun mbein.
- 63 Cho b' airm Rìogbraidh chuir gu bas,  
An laoch nach dìthneicht' an blar;  
Ach fuachd, trosg, is gort, is iota,  
Air sgath a chuan fhuara' fhioreghlain.
- 64 A Thriath nan lear, 's nam beann àrd,  
'S mor an sgeula t-eng 's an traidh;  
C' uin a thig a mhadainn chinin,  
A mhosgias an sonn a h-uir?



- 65 Dhibir u 'Teamhra' nan lann,  
Fhinn na feile 's bèud a th' ann;  
'S tric a sheas an treun do chomhrag,  
Laoch nam beann nach curadh col'-stri.
- 66 Tarma Iobharra, trom, geura,  
C' o ni 'm teirbirt, co ne fenn leo?  
'S tragh a thuradh dhamb bhi 'm crnachd,  
Fui' throm thiomha, snithach, bronach.
- 67 C' uin a chi, mo run air chuantaidd,  
No do bhratach dhathach, uaine;  
No orain do ramhachd armach,  
Bu bhim iol-ghaire air stuath chalma.
- 68 Cho ruo chi mi sa bheinn t-seilge,  
Thu Ghuill mheargant a b' fhearr eirmis;  
No cothairt do ghadhar seanga,  
Air aonach nam beann a tamh-ruigh.
- 69 Chaochail dbamh gu bron a chlarsach,  
Le luchd nan deur dh' eng mo mharan;  
Luigh m' aigneadh mar cheo air sleibhti'  
Nach gluais gaoth nam beann a cheilidh.
- 70 B' amhail an laoch is crann giusaich,  
Dhionadh a lann gach fann ghluineacht  
Fhuair bnaidh air gach borb an comhrag,  
Fhir a b' fhearr cruth, 's dubh do chomhannidh.
- 71 A Thriath nan lann, 's faun a dh' fhad mi.  
Suthich mo rosg nach coisg abhachd;  
Seinnim do chlu gun run eibhinn,  
'N cian is beo, cho' 'n eol damh threigsinn.
- 72 Cho' 'n iodhnadh mi bhi gun sòlas,  
Mi mar chrann ann gleann na h-onrachd;  
Ma seach dh' fhad na h-armainn threibheach  
Mi fui' chradh, gach la gu deurach.

## P. 8. MOLADH AOIDH LE GOLL. 20 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 62. Advocates' Library, Feb. 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS fragment is part of the Death of Goll, picked up in Mull, about 1800.

- 1 CHA Mhac Caillich idir e:  
Ach machd na nua 'us fearr fun Ghrein,  
Oig-fhear gasta glanar i rinn  
Gaisgich e do dh' Fhianinibh Eirinn.
- 2 Chunnachdar a tigh na eubhlich  
Marchdach air Each Barr-fhionn buidhe,  
Each-bus-leabh a geng-mhor glan,  
Ceann aigionnaich eadrom earròil;
- 3 Crios leathann mo thaobh an laoich,  
'Us cha bu chrios Leathunn do 'n rod chaol,  
Ceann corr glegganach Leadhar,  
Scian fhada ghorm Dhìsnich,<sup>1</sup>
- 4 Bha 'n Abhuinn na buinne bràs  
'Us cha 'n fhaoite le neach dol thairt,  
Ach Marchdach ro glast an Eich mhòir,  
Leum eisan thairt 'n ceud-fhear
- 5 Th' seasamh mis' m' bèul an àth,  
'Us th' saòis gum bu mhath mo làmh,  
Chluinnidh screadail air sciath ma seach,  
Ach scoite e no sciath re 'm seamhail.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spotted.<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 Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, February 10, 1872.

THIS is another fragment of Gaul's last Dialogue with his Wife. Taken from the recitation of Betty Sutherland, in 1857, in Caitness.

- 1 AITHNE chragach a chraig a chruaidh,  
'S a ribhinn aluinn an uair,  
Ach an d' tìg fraoch tre mhic an fhir,  
Cha bhi diolain aig bean deagh fhear,

- 2 Aithne na cluinnear do ghul,  
Ma ni nach gabh ri do chruadh chàs,  
'S na biodh do bhron na ni nach eil,  
I! nach eil e 's 'n tìr thalmbaidh
- 3 Cuimhnich t' airgid cuimhlich t-òr,  
Cuimhnich do bhuan gbreidh  
'S iad gach uair gu d' arlach',  
Cuimhnich do sheachd coin seilg  
Thainig o thaobh muigh an leirg,
- 4 Ciod am buaine na fir,  
Be so uair de 'n iomairt.  
Bha mi aichear 's an Albinn fheile  
Air fineacha Mhic Cumhail,
- 5 Mise agus Aodh Dioreach  
Air fineachan' chruinn thalmhinn,  
Air an t' shreòil is an t' shìde ghlan,  
'G òl fion 's a 'g thoirbheirt
- 6 Is mise a labhair aig an fhion  
Comhradh nach b' fhiach ri radh,  
'S ann nam dh' imich an guth carr  
Ris na ghabh Fionn a chorruch
- 7 Labhair sin gu foill  
Ghoill mheannmhuinn ro mhor,  
B' fhearr dbut thiginn air labhradh eile  
Na bhi marbhadh ur mauintir,
- 8 Chaint sin theireadh tu nochd  
Mhic Muirn na labhradh ar  
Gu faigheadh tu fo do dhorn gu ghinn  
Gach dara fear a bha sa 'n Eirinn
- 9 Dh' eirich fear stuiraidh an tìgh  
Maeon mac fir chràbhaidh  
Dar bhitheas slugh air mhìsg  
An fhir b' fhearr an cìosd,  
Nan leabaichean
- 10 Laidh sinne sud uile an Fhianin  
Eadar an ear 's an iar  
Leinn cìod be ur 'n aonadh b' fhearr,  
Thug sinn ur trial gu dealachadh
- 11 Fir dhonn nan each mear  
Sheang shuairc o 'n ear  
O bhinn na slait a Greagh  
Gu binn dol da 'n diollaid.
- 12 An oidhe sin duinn gu ullumh,  
Marcachd an deigh a bhuinte  
Ach an d' rainig sinn an feirg  
Is an abhainn na fath feirg  
Is i na buinne cas
- 13 Cha rachadh duine againn thairis  
Bha sinn sin gu brioghal beardhal  
An oidhe sin duinn gu diarmadach  
'G eisdeachd 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 adhboltach laghach,  
De eich taghadh d' dheagh mharaicah,
- 16 Sin dar sgaòil an ceo  
Dar thainig meadhon an lò  
Sgaòil poball Fhinn gu farsaing  
Is leag e thugainn aon mharaicah,
- 17 Marcach an eich bharr bhuidhe  
Thainig thugainn da nr guidh,  
'S e eangbach taoruineach leasach  
Muinealach mor fàl shiosach.
- 18 Marcach an eich chungantach chorr  
Naol nairean chaidh e tromhainn,  
Air a blàs gus 'n deach ur slugh  
Aithne air mun deach e uathne
- 19 Thuit le caol druim na snaire  
Naonar ris gach aon uair  
Mharbhadh leis Airtair mac Doir,  
Fear gu biadhadh a chruidd mheanmhu
- 20 Fear nach do dhuilg biadh na deoch,  
Do dhuine rianh 's e 'n ainnis  
Thug mi mo sgrìobh thunn an àth  
B' fhearr leam gu 'm b' ann na thrà

- 21 Shaòil leam dar bha saoghal air surd  
Gu 'n gleachduinn aon laoch costadh  
Chuir mi mo dhruim ris an àth  
An d' shùl gu' n robh druim agam dha
- 22 Ge truaime leamsa do shleagh  
Cha chumadh i ris an laoch ud aon bhuile  
Thug e spuir do na bharruinn naithne  
Chaidh e 'n abhainn d' aon uair
- 23 Chrath oirne barr a shleagh  
Sgaoil e sinn mar chreathlilagan  
Chaidh e fein eisch aon naithn slàn  
Air dhealachas a leamnan
- 24 An ainm a chailinn ehnacad  
Edar anam anus ionmhuinn,  
Gur e do bheath thighinn dachaidh slàn  
Oighre aluinn na Esbuig
- 25 Cia mar bha sluagh bh' aig Goll.  
Air taobh tuath na h-eiler ?  
Bha sluagh baighach gradhach ragach  
Ciallach narach neo-mhisgeach,
- 26 Na fir og gharh ghaist,  
Ard naisle a Phannal  
Cha b' e olcas an t-sluagh.  
'S cha mho gu 'm b' e an diomb buaidh,
- 27 Thug dom s' thiginn dachaidh slàn  
Ach bhì bàn air an eathar  
Aithne mas falthair an saoi  
Gur math leat fear ri do thaoibh,
- 28 Tagh do dhionmhaltachd fear  
Nach nàr leat fhaicid an leabaidh  
Ciod e marach bhiodh sin ?  
Aodh cas mac na caillich
- 29 Cha b' e a chailleach a mbathair  
Ach aon ceann cheud thar cach  
Is b' e fath' shluinneadh air a mhaoi  
Luathads' a chlaoidhadh athair,  
Crioche.

&. TIOMNADH GHUILL. 118 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Hector Mac Lean, as shown in this extract from his letter:—

'Ballygrant, Islay, Dec. 25, 1865.

'Sir,—I send you a fragmentary Fenian Poem, which I wrote down Saturday evening from the dictation of Angus McEachern, brother to Duncan the piper. The old men who recite old Gaelic ballads and stories are disappearing rapidly. Both James Wilson and Malcolm McPhail died in Glasgow, but were taken home, and both are buried at Keills, near Portaskaig. I have not seen this fragment in any book. The old man recited it for me a couple of years since. But a young man, who had read much Gaelic poetry, thought he had seen it in some book, and 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.,  
Nidry 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 Mugan beag Mac Smàil in the third verse. The Reciter said that he was a supernatural being, trysted to meet and slay Goll on this rock; a tall, bloody, fierce-eyed youth, like *sher*

*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 Iurain,  
Na 'bheil a' mhaidinn braonach ?  
Na 'm faic thu laoch a' tighinn o 'n tràigh ?  
'S ann an diugh a 's teannu mo chuibhreach.

ISE.

- 2 Chi mi chugan òglach ard,  
Fear fuileachdach faoblar-gharg,  
'S e mar shòr na cuircè,  
Sòr na muic' air a cholainn.

GOLL.

- 3 'S e sin Mugan beag Mac Smàil;  
An diugh a gheall e teachd a' m' dhàil;  
Air bhith dhasan anns na càisibh;  
'S ann dèsan a 's dèan mo mharbhadh.

- 4 A righinn a 's binne ceol,  
Gluais gu nàrach 's na gabh bròn;  
Na dean deur mu 'n ni nach fhaigh thu,  
'S na bi' taighibh 's an tir airgidh.

- 5 Cuimhnich t'airgid agus t' òr;  
Cuimhnich do shìoda 's do shròl;  
Cuimhnich gear leannmhunn t' fhir;  
'S ole thig diòllannas bean deagh-fhir.

- 6 Cuimhnich air do theachd o 'n t-sealg  
Thainig chugad o chath Dhrum dearg;  
A' h-uile h-aon le bhuidh-chrann àgh,  
'S gu marbhadh e fiadh 'na aonar.

- 7 Àinne nach fag thu' chreag chruaidh.  
A righinn cèitidh an-fhuar,  
Gus an tig am fraoch romh mhuir mear,  
Cha tig an laoch gu d' chobhair.

ISE.

- 8 Na 'n tigeadh thu 's teach a laoich,  
'S cadal a dheanadh ri m' thaoibh;  
Bheirinn fhein mar chehlaint dhuit  
Bainne mo dha chich gu d' chobhair.

GOLL.

- 9 'S mìosa na sin mar a tha  
A nighean Chonail,—'s uì 'm breug e;  
Comhairle mnatha, ni h-oir na h-iar,  
Cha do ghabh mi riamh,—'s ni 'n gabham.

ISE.

- 10 C' àit am faigh mise fear eile  
Ann a' t' àite-sa' Ghuille gheadhnaich ?

GOLL.

Nàille dh' innseamsa sin duitse;—  
Aogh gasda, mac na caillich.

ISE.

- 11 Air do laimh-sa a Mhic Morna  
Air t' fhine 's air t' onair;  
Cha bhì me chomunn glan grinn  
F' araon agus aona nhab caillich.

GOLL.

- 12 Chà bu mhaic caillich dhuit Aogh—  
Mac na mnatha 's fhearr fa 'n domhan!  
Ainne do bhì air a mbathair,  
Nighean Chunnin o 'n Chròuan.

- 13 Beiridh thu dha naonar mac—  
Agus nighean fa 'n geal glac;  
Dh' innsinn dhuit a bend a bhios,—  
Theid i fhein gu ceud asaid.

- 14 Latha dhuinn air Cruachan Còrr—  
Mi fhein agus Aogh Doireach;  
Air sìoda 's air sròl mu seach  
Biotar ag òl 's ag iomairt.

- 15 Thuit nam fhein gu dona mach,  
Gu 'n d' ghabh Fionn rium coruich;  
Nach biodh d' ar comunn glan, grinn  
Ach an darua fear 'bhith 'n Eirinn.

- 16 Thug sinn ionnsuidh air 'n-eich mhèara,—  
'S ar n-eich thaughta g' ar giùlan;  
Fuaim na feoirn' o cheann na slaitè  
Agus bean u' dol gu diòllaid.

- 17 Biotar an oidhe sin mar sin,  
Sinn ag imeachd air Sliabh Muin,  
Gus an d' rainig sinn Corc air leirg ;  
'S gu 'n robh 'n abhainn 'na feirg.
- 18 Aig teinnaneachd a' bhuirne bhráis,  
Nach fhaodadh duine dol thairis.  
Bha sinn mer sin gu meadhon là  
'G eisdeachd ri faoghaid nam beann.
- 19 Gus an do sgaoil an ceo ciabhach,  
Gus an do thráigh an abhainn.  
Súil gu 'n d' thug mi fada uam  
Air an fhaiche 'bha mu thnath :
- 20 Faicear Fionn fein am flath,  
'S e 'na sheasamh 'na chéir chath ;  
Faicear a' tighinn am faiteach,  
'S eo phuball Fhinn a' marcachd,
- 21 'S e 'm marcaiche bhitheadh an sin  
Am marcach a b' áille fa 'n domhan—  
Am marcach cuirneimeach glas donn,  
'S a bhuirne ghlás air a ghualainn.
- 22 Sgiath phobail de 'n or air a shlios  
'S fhéile sról gu shigeannach.  
A ta 'chluig agus dorn gath,  
Sgian fhada, lom air dhéagh dhath,
- 23 Air shios odhar an laoi ch duinn  
A' dol an cath 's an cruaidh chomhrag ;  
'S aig nallaichead an eich chórr  
Thug e na trí ruaigean roimhinn.
- 24 Mharbhadh leis naonar d' ar muinntir :  
Mharbhadh leis naonar mic eile :  
Mharbhadh leis an gaisceach mu 'n can<sup>1</sup>  
Aille Mac Giollagain.
- 25 Chaidh mi fhein air mo stend chath ;  
'S ma chaidh cha b' ann mar shratha :  
Na 'm biodh an seic air soirn  
Bu dual domhsa 'gbsadadh.
- 26 Thairngeadh leinn claidheamh a truail :  
Bhuail sinn gu cruaidh cuideach ;  
Mar shradag tein' ann a' d' dhorn,  
Na mar reul ainneil adhar bu d' gbarbh,
- 27 'S dh' imich a sgiath-san uile,  
'S dh' imich mo sgiath-sa gu bile ;  
Esan cha deachaidh a *dhrioma*<sup>2</sup>  
'S mise cha d' thug éireadh dháisan.
- 28 Thug e spuir 's a' bharan leis ;—  
Chaidh e 'san abhainn cheudna :  
Thainig Fionn fein a mach ;  
An righ feuta fearail.

## FIONN.

- 29 Co na sloigh a bhíodh an sin,  
Aihis duinn Aoi gh nam beumannan ?

## AOGH.

Sluagh gal, maoth-gheal, and gheal, gleachdach,  
Ard mhúinealach mhi-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 múice*, the snout of the sow.

*Tír airgnídh* means land of robbery, but reciter says it means *tigh seánse*, a public-house.

*Ainne*. This word, I suspect, is a corruption ; reciter calls the mother of Aogh *Ainne*, and Anglicises the name, *Ann*.

*Do bhí*, the Irish form for *bha*.

*Cruachan Corr*. There is a pretty little round hill in the moors west of Staonsha called by this name.

*Féirne*, gen. of *feoran*, grass.

*Corc air leirg*, the town of Cork.

*Teinneimeachd*, tightness.

*Céir chath*, probably a corruption of *cith cath*, battle-rage.

*Bhúirne*. Reciter explains as *sgíath* or *lúireach*. *Birnie*, probably.

*Phobail*. Reciter could give me no explanation of this word.

*Srathu*, a sluggish, inactive person.

<sup>1</sup> Means ris an can iad.

<sup>2</sup> A 'ghrime.

*A dhrioma*. I should have written this a 'ghrime, out of his battle, hors de combat.  
*Eireadh*, yielding ; from *eirr*, a shield. H. M. L.

O. 6. CATH CHLOINNE BAOISGE AGUS MORNÍ.  
117 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 23. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.  
Edinburgh, March 18, 1872.

This is part of the Quarrel between Fionn's tribe and Goll's tribe, but it seems to me that some modern hand has been at work upon a ballad. I place it here supposing that the ballad was part of the Dialogue between Goll and his Wife.

- 1 LATHA dhomhsa 's do Fhionn fiail,  
Air sliabh Inaebair 's bu chubbi leim ; (chumha  
Uamsa dh' imich an Guth, (dhuin)  
Dhe na ghabh Fionn nam flath coirnich.
- 2 Air bhí dha g' am iarraidh,  
Air feadh bhal is Islar ;  
Air feadh airde nam beann,  
Is leug iosal nan Eirthire.
- 3 La dhuinn air sliabh Mhuilín, (Móilina)  
Chunnacas Fionn teachd le sheachd Cathan ;  
Dhomhsa bu chuis sheachnadh sin,  
As e g' am shireadh 's g' am shir-leanmhinn.
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn na pubuill gheala,  
Air na tulchana Ceardaich ;  
Shuidhich mise na pubuill eile,  
Air a' mhagh na fhuainis.
- 5 Mar gu 'm biodh Co-urriad sloigh,  
'S cha robh duine agam b' fhaic ;  
Ach oehd fíchede deug deagh ghsaigeach,  
Thuit an tour air a bhinn,  
Leum a Ghaur eadarinn.
- 6 Dh' fhas an ambainn bras,  
Cha taradh treun laoch thairis ;  
Ach cisidhí sinn ri gaoth nam beann,  
Aig an tragh an ambainn.
- 7 Ghluais a mach o phubuill Fhinn,  
An t-aon each buidhe baobhail bras ;  
A's e tighinn fo leasanaibh soluis,  
Bior-chlusaach donn, bar fhuinníon blar,  
Uchd leathann donn taobh gheal sholuis.
- 8 Marcach air muin an Eich mhoir,  
As ailde gu 'n facas thar sloigh ;  
Luarach le nao sretain oir,  
Ma chorpan sheimh shith shroil,  
Sgiath bhulganda bhalganda chor.  
Air a ghuainn deas ro mhór,  
Sgian mhór air a thaobh chli,  
Air mac uasal an ard righ.
- 9 Thug e spor do 'n ghearran bblar,  
Nach do thagbail riamh an t-ath ;  
Chaidh e nao nairéan troimhinn,  
Marcach an Eich shantaich chuanta ;  
Cleangladh leis an Donnán fhiodhí,  
Naonar Mac Ghill Ibhí.—
- 10 As naonar Mac Tuirmi nan clar, (ne clar)  
Is Garbhan Mac Maolair ;  
Is Eadargan Mac Doire,  
Fear nach do dhuil biadh no deoch,  
Do neach riamh san aoduin. (al. san fheadare)  
Sguich mi fbin roimh sau ath,  
Leam bu mhiltich 's bu tra.
- 11 Uair gu 'n robh saoghal air sogh,  
Chleachd mi aon laoch a chosgadh. (fhasda)  
Rug e air mo sgiath ro laothach,  
'S ma mo cheann rinn di bloigheadan,  
Mar bhithheadh mo chloagide ghlán,  
Chailinn an ceann lem leamhuinn,
- 12 Thug am Marcach mach an t-atha ;  
Thugas steud bhingh stad bhingh ;  
T-abhra phog do 'n t-sar mharcach,  
G' an dith do bheatha a Mhíe Rígh Fail,  
Laoich churranda shoghraidh.

- 13 Ciod an slugh a fhuair thu thall,  
Aig Goll Mac Morna na mor lann ?  
Shaigh taigs each ciallach,  
Narach neo-nhisgeach,  
Mar bithé d' ghrasan domh Fhinn.  
Cha tiginn slan nath 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 bhuille.
- 14 An sin chaidh sinn an dail a' cheile,  
Bu treun 's bu dochtair a' chomhrag ;  
Thug an Fhianntulga air ais ; (al. turrag)  
Thog clann Morna sgail doibh,  
Chriothnaich am fonn fo 'r casabh,  
Stad na sruthain le doghrúinn.
- 15 Chlanna Baoisge nam mor ghníomh,  
Dream bha misneachail rianh ;  
Sliochd threunnhoir nam blagh,  
An geill sibh do 'n Gharbh dùragh.  
Cumbichibh cruadhas na Feinne,  
Buailibh dannara treuna ;  
Pillibh le tabhachd gu cumasg'  
Gleithibh an arach, tìonda 'm buinne,
- 15 Sheall gach fear air a chlaidheamh liomh  
As air a shleagh shlan chosgi,  
Chual gach fear luaidh a' bhaird,  
Dh' iarr le naire a dheach chliu,  
Chunnacas Fionn a tearnadh nras,  
B' anbharach a chith sa choslas,  
Bu chiùnn tosdach na Duilean,  
A bheinn chrath le mor iognadh,  
Phill sinn an ruaig gu grad.
- 16 Co dheanga Fionn sa ghreis ?  
Thachair Fionn is Goll na mor chleas ;  
Thug iad an cath gaillbeach doibh,  
Dh' fhalbh nam bloighdean an sgiathan ball  
bhreac  
An cloigaiden sgealb air an raon  
An sleaghan chaidh nam miribh san adhar,  
Tharruing an claidhean foimnidh fine.
- 17 Sheas sinn uile an da shlogh,  
'G aubharch garbh chath na mor thriath,  
Bheuc na h-uill le eagal ;  
Sgoilt na creagan le mor thoirim.
- 18 Lùb a choille le fuathas,  
B' oiteil toru namham nan speur,  
Taighse 'g itealach sna neulaibh ;  
Sgreadail gu fiadhaich sa' bheinn  
Thog iad an talamh le 'n Cruaidh spairn.
- 19 Lùb Fionn guthail a ghruaidh,  
Ran an Fhionn le mead an eagail ;  
Ran, 's cha b' aobhar eagail doibh,  
Co chuireadh air Fionn ?  
Co sheasadh ris san spairn ?
- 20 Thuit mac Morna nan cruaidh bheum,  
Shil ar deoir mu Gholl nan ceud ;  
Eirich a Ghuill a leon tha fein,  
Cha 'n inear mo lannsa ort beud,  
'S cuimhne leam an Damh a babhaist,  
Fhionn rianh nach iarradh lochd,  
Tha mi fo d' gheasibh, cian a nochd,  
Glac mo chlaidheamh, glac mo lamh,  
Thoir dhuinn sith is bithidh slan.
- 21 Clann Morna tha dìreach deanta,  
Co tha cosmhuil ruitse Ghuill ;  
An cath gaillbeach nan crom ghleann,  
Co sheasadh tu ach Fionn fial,  
'S co sheasadh Fionn ach Goll ciar.

<sup>1</sup> Got from Roderick Mac Lennan Taksman, in Kintail, who took it down from the oral recitation of Murdoch Mac Lennan—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, 1802. Present, Mr. Alexander Stewart and many others.

- 22 'S eibhinn a nochd sith nam braithean,  
Sgaoil dhuinn fleagh' aird iar ceol—  
Buail clarsach nam fonn aosda.—  
Oighean thigibh caoin nar coir,  
Caoin thainig reultan na maise  
Bha fo smal car tamull an dall chòd,  
Las au gnias mar ghrian air éirich  
Cuir aobhneas air feidh is coiltean.'

## A. 24. KINN ZULLE. 28 lines.

If there were any doubt as to the antiquity of the Story of Goll, this fragment from the Dean's Book (English, p. 71; Gaelic, p. 50) is conclusive. It places the death of Goll late. Three of the Clanna Morna—Gorraidh, Conon, and Dnoire are going to avenge the death of Goll on Ossin, Oscar, and Caoilte. Caoirreel was slain before Goll, Goll was in the slaying of Diarmaid. These three are out of the story. The six here named are in later bits.

- 1 A zorra tryllmyt gow find  
Ighilk ernacht sowh linn  
Zorra kinn zulle er in ree  
Gyn gurmist aye gai keive cleith
- 2 Is lesk lumsyth zwle anna  
Onach clwnnwn gr fan chenna  
Is nach feadmist a zeilt  
Kenna v'morn vor znewe
- 3 Nail lusse ne is allwn pen  
Id durd conan mor gyn keale  
Marmy for mach gyth dunna  
In deilt zwle olt voe
- 4 Snyth in trnr var mon din naue  
Onach lamyt di zin fon  
Abbir a zorre is lawr  
Fayr sinni sin trom alle
- 5 Marvesyth ossin mor m'fyn  
Marve nai in tosgir nach teymmi  
Marvo dyre kille kaye  
Fayr sinni wle er in lawe
- 6 Mathé is agwm ne veis anna  
Cha dik linna noviel er finn  
Tutnoy ulle sin alle  
Cha dikge gowle dr gowrne
- 7 Da byth inni byth le a nort  
Dyth churmist finni za leacht  
Is ferr nyth hrar gyw nelle  
A derssi rwt a zorre.

A zorra.

THE DEATH OF THE WOMEN; OF GARAIHDH,  
AND HIS SON AODH; AND THE BURNING OF  
TEAMHRA.

F. 19. H. 28. I. 21. O. 8. P. 7. 9.

From this ballad, which never has been printed so far as I can discover, it appears that Fionn and his Feinne had taken possession of the High King's House at Tara. Goll's brother left behind, at the suggestion of Conan, another brother, fell asleep. The women wove his long hair to stakes, and shouted a war cry. He started up and tore his hair. In revenge or in prosecution of the blood-feud, he set fire to the house, and burned women and children, rings and garments and plenshing. The Feinne put Garaidh to death, but through his last petition he cunningly made Fionn suffer. Thenceforth Fionn was lame, according to tradition. None of the Heroes whose death songs I have placed earlier appear in this ballad. Padruig is not mentioned in it, but the person who is telling the story points to the mound above him, so this is part of the Story told by Oisein to Padruig upon the Hill of the Feinne, which begins in the Dean of Lismore's Collection, runs through all the rest, and is still current.

I have Z. 51. 7 lines, of the story, localised at the Narrows between Skye and the main land, orally collected by Mr. Carmichael in 1862, bound in Vol. xii. MSS.

On the 5th of September, 1871, I arrived at Tobermory at 11, and walked up the hill to the house of William Robertson, who was weaving blankets. I invited him to the Mishish Hotel, and set him to spout Gaelic while I wrote as best I could. He said that he was 87, that he

could not read or write, and he could speak no English. I wrote from his dictation, 21 verses of the Lay of Diarmid, which contained nothing worth adding to versions given above. I read what I had written, and he put his 'mark' on the paper. He next sang me 21 verses of the Lay of Garaidh. There are many variations in this version, but it is the same ballad and story which others got from people of this class. But the explanations given to me were wilder. Instead of being stretched on a noble bed, with a purple or red coverlet, the spy was stretched on the ground with his head under the lid of the cooking pot: 'S a cheann fo bhrot chosgair a chuain.' That was the name of the great Caldron. The liquids and some other letters were so quiescent that it was exceedingly difficult to catch the words. Moreover, the old man wandered about the whole Fenian Story directly he was put out of his pace. He localised this story at Jarvis's Field in Glen Forsa. He did not know what 'Tail' meant, but in the same line elsewhere the place was 'Jimse Phàil.' He explained a line to mean, 'They let away their falcons to the hills,' and said 'they used to go about with sticks between two men and falcons sitting upon them.' Here he got a dram, and said, 'That is the stuff, many a time I made it. I have made Treas tarruing so strong that three fulls of water would need to go to it. That's the stuff.' His story told after singing the ballad was this:—

Garaidh was left at home to find out what food the women took because they were so fat. It was Conan who said that they should do it, out on the hill. He said, 'We are lost and tired, hunting; and these women are as fat as seals.' So Garaidh was left. He hid under the kettle, and went to sleep. The food they had was birds' blood and deer's blood mixed with 'Carigean us staimh'—(I first wrote the word Calguirn)—The root of the Tangle, which still is eaten. Some say that they bled themselves to make this mixture, and that made them so fat.

Then they found Garaidh, and they wove his long hair, and pinned it to the ground with pegs. When they had done that, they gave a battle cry, 'Gaoir chath,' and he sprang up and left some of his skin. He went to the wood, and got faggots and drove them all in, and put bars on the door, and set fire to the house, and so he burned all that were in the House of Farnalach. That is not far from here for they smelt the fire.

'But,' said I, 'the house must have been near Skye, because of the strait where Mac Reathain was drowned.' 'That must be so,' said Robertson. 'The kettle is here, still, in Loch Sguapain. If you throw in a stone in winter, it gives a sound still.' (I may remark, that the kettle is in many other places, and that a man told me all about it in Cape Breton beyond the seas.) 'The last who took it up was Oisein. That was the time when he went for the big deer for Padruig. It was Oisein who made all these Luidhean (Lays).' By this time it was 4 p.m. After a rest, we began again, and got to the Lay of Oscar, after which we fell into the Lay of the Great Fool, from which we got to Conan and the Lay of the Buffet. Then he sang the Muilearteach, and at last we finished. So long as this old fellow was allowed to sing a ballad at his own pace he went right through so much as he knew, but questioned or stopped, he was as hard to follow as a grasshopper. It was this man's talk in 1870 that first made me feel that this Fenian Story might be arranged. On the 27th of September at Polchar, in South Uist, Angus Mac Donald, a crofter, gave me the end of the Story of Garaidh.

'His son Aogh Mac Gharidh took Misg chatha, the drunkenness of battle, when his father was slain. He worried the Feinne. They put him into gea' chladaich, a rift in the shore to hold battle against the speckled people—the breaking waves, and he broke his heart fighting with them, and so he was put to death.' I read him Robertson's ballad. He had never heard it, but the story told with it was all right.

From notes of this kind I mean to tell my version of these old Heroic legends when I translate the Ballads.

<sup>1</sup> This word is in Icelandic.

F. 19. LOGGADH BRUTH FARBAIRN. 84 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 111. Advocates' Library, February 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—This, learned by a man who could not write, and dictated by him to a scribe, must be genuine as an oral recitation. In it Fionn is called King of Teamhra, therefore, as appears in other places, he had taken up his abode in the palace of the Irish High King, Cormac Mac Art.

- 1 SORRÓR a chaidh Fionn le Fhiannibh,  
Thair sruibheadh Glasa Inne fail;  
Chuir iad as na leirgubh gasda,  
Daibh na Beann baisge dha.
- 2 Dh' fhadh iad nan diaghuidh an corn buadhach  
Is deadh mhachd Morn nan gruaidh dearg;  
Aghaidh chùil a labhradh na bhinn,  
Eoin chùin an torraibh nan cran.
- 3 An sin nuair a leig Gara mor machd Morna  
E nunn ann san leppidh chùil;  
Luaidh snain gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S cheann fuidh' n' bhraht chorcair chùin.
- 4 Comhairle a chinn air bheag ceille,  
Aig beantrebhach ùr nan fast cam;  
Dealgadh caol ann brottadh gasda,  
Folt an laoiach an glach dibh chrann.
- 5 Aisling a chunnaic Mac Morna,  
Air bhi dha 'na chadal trom;  
Chunnaic e Garradh fuidh dhiamhir,  
Cha raibh luaidh air Fhiannibh Fhinn.
- 6 Thug e fosgladh air a rosgabb,  
Ais an aisling fa na deur;  
Dhealluich an tonn o 'n eannmichin,  
Fuil an laoiach a dheargadh feur.
- 7 Mead sùgraidh Ban na Feinne,  
Chaidh e an chaoill is cha cheum deas;  
Dhùin na dorsan mar a chualas,  
Is thug criain air ghualan leis.
- 8 Bha ceud cotan ceud fainne seunta,  
Ceud srian bulgach nan each ard;  
Bha ceud bratach caol uaine dhathan,  
A ghabhadh gaoth ri gathaibh chrann.
- 9 Bha ceud cuilean le muineal airgid,  
Bha ceud nighan bu ghinne meur;  
Bha ceud machdan len brollach sioda, fìor ghran  
Is ceud bean na muin aig gach machdan.
- 10 A fhuair urram an teach na bean trenn,  
Air mo chnigh bha sd san talla;  
Bha ceud cailleach chashath ghreanach,  
Agus altrum a steach air glun gach cailleach.
- 11 Suil gan tng è thair a ghualain,  
Deadh mhachd Chuthail na gruaidh dearg;  
Chunnaic e ceo talmbh daite  
A thigh farabairn is lasair aurd.
- 12 Cuiribh oirbh a leoghain ghasta,  
Gach aon laoch tha an so rim lin,  
Sid agraibh an caismeachd anamoch,  
Is teanachdabh gu grad bantrach Fhinn.
- 12 Miad air dochais as air laochaihbh,  
Thug an talla dhùin breith chaol;  
Leum gach fear air barr a shleaghe,  
Is dh' fhadh iad Mac Reithe sa chaoil.
- 13 An sin nuair a thuir deadh Mhac Chuthail,  
San gaisgeadh air dol air cul;  
Cuirmid air druim ris an talla,  
Is caoine mid Garadh air thms.
- 14 Bu inaithre air cas do 'n talla,  
Nam biodh fios oo leanta ann;  
Chuir Fionn a mheur fo dheud fios,  
Fhreagair cach ann fios mur dh' fhuair.  
Iarruibh gu maith fear ann folach,  
Sann tha Garadh ann san naimhe.
- 15 Thug thusa a mach a nis a Gharadh,  
A mhic Morna na cleas truagh;  
Na 'm faithin achuingu gu harridh,  
Is gun manam a thoirt uam.
- 16 'Gheibheadh tusa d' achuingu gu harridh,  
A dh' aon seol ga 'm bheil an crioldh,  
Mo dheibhin t-anam na b-harr e,  
Bho sann do na Fiannaibh u.'
- 17 Mac an Lion a bhi guin manma,  
B' e sid m' achuingu a mhic gu fìor;  
Is mo bhrughad a chuir an giurradh,  
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn.



- 18 Ach chruinneach naislean na Feinne,  
Is bha sud na choimhriche chruaidh;  
Bu mhor a gheil dhinn air Garradh  
An Rìgh san talla bhi uainn.
- 19 A sin annair a dh' fhuasgail iad na geasan  
Le Clann Rìgh Inne Cuinn;  
Thìoluig iad cas Rìgh na Teimhric,  
Fodh fhoid ghlais don talmhinn thruim.
- 20 Chuir iad an ceann do Mhac Morna,  
Is chaidh mac an Lion bhos a chionn;  
Leig aiteal beag don chalg neatha,  
Fuil daite gu traighibh Fhinn.
- 21 Is bu dhuithe na drinich air dearna,  
Bha fuil bhos cionn gluin gearte Fhinn.

H. 28. HOW GARABH KILLED THE WOMEN.  
152 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 140. Advocates' Library,  
December 26, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE story of this ballad is told by Macphail 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 chuidh Fionn le Fhianntaidh,  
Gu srath lia ghlas Inne-pháil;  
Shnithich sinn ar leomhainn ghlath,  
Air feidh nam beann a bh'fhaigse laimh.
- 2 Re cath leagair feadh nan gleantaidh,  
Gu binn labhrach, calma bha;  
'S leag sinn air na leirge casa,  
Feidh nan glacag is nan ard.
- 3 Bha againn Aogh nan cornn buaghach,  
Mac Rìgh Fìghail nan cul cam;  
Le croinn chuil a labhradh ro'-bhinn,  
Mar coin air bhara nan crann.
- 4 Gach séud a loisgeamh san talla,  
Inneam dhuibh ma 's meoghair leam;  
Nin raibh teach bu linge cùdan,  
'S gach neach air dhea' cìdeadh ann.
- 5 Ceud seacamh 's ceud ceann-bheairt bholgach,  
Is ceud sgia' le 'n comhdach erann;  
Is cuig ceud luireach bu lóinreach,  
Le 'n ùr-mhallaibh òr-bluidh ann.
- 6 Ceud cupa 's ceud fàinne seanta,  
Cend elach bhmadhach 's ceud còrn cam;  
Is cend Bratach naime dhalbach,  
Ghabhadh gaoth an gathaibh chrann.
- 7 Cend enlain le 'n coilair airgaid,  
Bha 'n san Teaghlach bu dhò' leinn;  
Cend laoch a choidil le seantachd,  
Is cend saor bhean an teach Fhinn.
- 8 Ceud macain le 'n earadh uaine,  
'S ceud maighdean bu ghriinne méar;  
Is ceud bean bu mhùim do 'n mhacridh,  
Choisainn cliù an teach nan tréan.
- 9 Ceud earradh le 'm broilach airgeid,  
Le 'n leintaibh sròil finn-gheal bán;  
'S ceud shìgneach philleadh gach urchar,  
'S ceud srian bulgach nan each árd.
- 10 Ceud clòidheamh le 'n ceann-bheairt airgaid,  
'S ceud sleagh lainnrach bu mha' ágh;  
'S ceud Craosach le clanna Rìghridh,  
'S ceud Tnadh mìlidh bu mhór ár.
- 11 Ar 'n òr 's ar nigheam gu h-uilidh,  
Dh' fhad sinne steach am Bruth Fhinn;  
B' e sin teach nan sénda lomhar,  
Fa' r' m biodhmaid seinn ceol gu binn.
- 12 Dh' fhad sinne Garabh mor Mac Morna,  
'N taobh an talla 'n leabuidh áir;  
Lnuigh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S a cheann fu' 'n bhraut chorach chlidí.

- 13 Tamall do bha e san t-shmain sin,  
Air chúl bantrach nan dual cam;  
Cheangail iad air dhealga gasta,  
Falt an laoch an glaea chrann.
- 14 S' e sinn a chunnaig Mac Morna,  
Air bhì dho na chodal fáill;  
Gun raibh e fein 'n áite diambair,  
'S gun ionmradh air Fianntidh Pháil.
- 15 An sin do mhosgail Mac Morna,  
'N caslaigeamh a chodal tron;  
Dhealach an 't tonn ris an ionmhar,  
'S fhuil nach b' ionmhainn sios ga bhonn.
- 16 Ruigh e 'n sin a mach géur léointe,  
Le misg chómraig 's ghuil gu géur;  
'S dh' aithnich e co rinn an crá' dha,  
'S truaigh a tharladh dhunn gu léir.
- 17 An deidh sngradh bhann na Feinne,  
Chua' e 'n choillidh 's cho chéim deas;  
Dhruid na dorsan gu teann cruai',  
'S thng erionach air a ghuaille leis.
- 18 Do loisg e an sin an óigridh,  
Dheanamh intheachd nar bu dual;  
'N tra lasamh gu druim an talla,  
Dh' imich e gu grad gu h-naimh.
- 19 Suid do thug e thair a ghuailin,  
Deadh Mhac Chuthail nan ruag áigh;  
Chunnaig e coo talmhidh daite,  
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair árd.
- 20 C' ait am bheil sibh fhear Fiann Eirann,  
Freagradh a chaisamachd banbh;  
Nach fhaic sibh ceó talmhidh daite,  
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair dhearg?
- 21 Thionail iad an leomhain chatha,  
'S gach Fiann a bha 'n sin r' ar linn;  
Do chum teasarginn Tigh Teamhra',  
Is a theannas bantrach Fhinn.
- 22 Do bri' 'n dochais bh' aig na laoch,  
A léth an eos 's cho bhreith chlaon;  
Leum gach air bar an sleaghe,  
'S dh' fhag iad Mac Reatha sa chaol. (fear)
- 23 'N uair rainig sinn taobh an talla,  
'N deidh do 'n d' eng-bhail dol air cúl;  
Chuir sinn ar druim ris an talla,  
'S chaóinte leinn Garabh air thús.
- 24 'N sinn chruinich Fiann aill' Eirann,  
'S shuidh iad air tulaich nan deur;  
Gur mor an di dhunn air talla,  
'S gun ní ann o 'n leanar é.
- 25 Chuir Fionn a mhear fu' dhéud fios,  
Fhregair cách an fios a fhuair,  
Leanamh gu lua' fear ar falachd,  
'S gbeibhar leibh Garabh san uaigh.
- 26 'Thig thusa mach orsa Mac Chuthail,  
A mhic Morna nan gníomh truaigh;  
Theid nam fuighinn 'm chuinge áraid,  
Gun chad 'm anama iarmidh nait.
- 27 Ghheibh thu sin d' atcheuinge áraid,  
Do dh' aon ní am bheil do shúil;  
A h-eagnbuis d' anama no h-iar,  
O 'n tharlamh air na Fiantidh thu.
- 28 Mac-an loin thoirt an laimh Oseair,  
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' fhuilang air son a ghò;  
Air tí fhírinn a chumail,  
'S sinn a mio-run uile dho.
- 30 Dh' innis dhunn gach ní mar tharla',  
'S mara rinn na mnáith a león;  
'S mar a sgrios e sios gu leir iad,  
B' e sin dhuinne sgeal a bhreón.

<sup>1</sup> Ata tonn ris an ionmhar a ciallacha gu do dhealach  
f holt agus a chraicean na chlaigean mar a dhealachas an  
tonn re tir, no mar a ruighas an t-uisge re brathar' mar  
sin a ruigh f huil o chorp.

- 31 Chruaich sinn Maitheadh na Feinne,  
Air tulaich nan dear 's bu truaigh;  
Bu mhór an geall leinn air Garabh,  
Ar Triath s air talla thoir uainn.
- 32 'S iad clann Pháil Inne-teamhra,  
Dh, fhuasgail na geasán gu grinn;  
Fhuaradh sin gu iarraidh uathe,  
Ní nach truaileadh briathraibh Fhinn.
- 33 Chlathach iad seachd troidhean do 'n talmhinn,  
'S au tulaich ghuirim os ar ciunn;  
'S thiodhlaic eas gheal Rí Teamhra,  
Seachd troidhean fú 'n talmhinn truím.
- 34 Shin e uathe 'm bhraigéid sochridh,  
'N éiric air a gníomh a thóil;  
'S ghearr an cloidheamh sud gu h-an-mhór,  
Is seachd troidhean do 'n talmhinn truím.
- 35 Leig aiteal a chuil nimhe,  
Fuil dhaithe gu throidh gheal úir;  
'S bu luaithe na drac air deann,  
Chuislean gearr oscionn a ghluin.
- 36 'N sin chruaich Fiann áillidh Éirann,  
Gu dubhach, déaruch, ro-thruagh;  
Bu bheag an di leinne Garabh,  
Ach ar Triath 's ar tall' thoir uainn.
- 37 Labhair Mac Chathail gu fíor-ghlic,  
Cuma' cháint sin na tosd,  
Oir cho 'n fhiach ar glóir a h-ath-ra',  
'S leóir dhuibh na th' gaibh do dh' olc.
- 38 Chlathachadh uaigh do 'n fhear chalma,  
'Se Mac Mórna na gníomh truaigh;  
An fear a dh' fhag sprochd air cháirde,  
Cuireadh e san talmhuinn fhuar.

## I. 21. GARABH. 148 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 13L. 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 lauded 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 disoblged 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 traditinary related) by getting one of his Fingers into his mouth and chewing it to a joint, whereby he found out where the Traitor skulked. Gary was apprehended and sentenced to death after the manner he himself would chose, which was to be beheaded by Oscar upon the thigh of Fingal. Fingal's thigh was buried seven feet under ground and Gary's head laid perpendicularly thereon and behead by Oscar: Fingal's thigh being desperately cut by the tremendous stroke of Oscar. This deplorable and lamentable accident and the destruction of Dunscaich, intimidated greatly the Fingalians, who accompanied Fingal to Rhome or some distant King-

dom to get his thigh cured. At this Interim Cairbre the Usurper, suprehene King of Ireland, used every means to get Oscar (and as many as remained at home under his command) overthrown in the Battle of Cateavara.

- 1 SHUDBICH sinn air leoghain chatla,  
Air feidh nam beann au cathain aigh.
- 2 Feidh nan glac a b' fhaigse laimh.
- 3 Mac Ríogh Míodhlan nan dual cam;  
Mar coin bhinn air barra chramn.
- 4 Ceud cuilein coileirich, ball-bhreae,  
Ceud cruait labhrach nan teud binn;  
Ceud laoch a dhíthinich an-fha' inn,  
Is ceud bean do bhantrachd Fhinn.
- 5 Ceud oigh bu ghriinn suadh, is meur;  
Ann 's gach iul mar lasair neul.
- 6 Ceud sligheach nan luthain cuimite,  
'S ceud srian bulgach nan steud aigh.
- 7 Ceud cloidheamh le amaill aigrid,  
Ceud sleagh ceucach nam beun aigh;  
Ceud craosach bu bhao' lach imairt,  
Is ceud tuath rinn iomad ár.
- 8 Ar 'n or, ar 'n airgead ar 'n eaidh,  
Dh' fhag sinn gu léir an bruth Fhinn,
- 9 Mhosgail gair na ban Mac Moirne,  
Ann caisligidh a chodal trom;  
Mar dhcaisligidh tonn rí iomhar,  
Bha fhúil nach b' iomhainn gu bhonn.
- 10 Dh' eigh an gaisgeach las a chomhradh,  
Chúisig a dhochas, dhoirt a chreuchd;  
Dh' aithnich e co dhealbha leon,  
Bu truaigh an gó, 's bu mhór an sgeul.
- 11 An deidh sugradh ban na Feinne,  
Ghluais an treun do 'n choill nu dheas;  
Spin o gach crann mar a tharladh,  
As am bun le ghaidein deas.
- 12 Chuir e teine ris an oigridh,  
Dh' iomaradh ceol an teach nan duan;  
Dh' imich an Garabh gu h-uainn.
- 13 C' ait am bheil síh Fhearadh Éireann,  
Cruinnichibh gu leir o 'n t-scalg;  
Nach faic sibh ceo tallmhuidh daite,  
Tigh-teamhra' na lasair dhearg?
- 14 Fiann nam flath air srath a ghlinn;
- 15 'N deidh do 'n bhannal dol air cul;  
Chuir sinn ar druim ris a bhathán,  
'S chaointe leinn gach ailleg ur.
- 16 Gun neach beo gu airis sgeil.
- 17 Theid na 'm fuighinn atcheuing araid,  
Gun chead mo bhais iarraidh uait.
- 18 Ged' chuir a ábhachd air cul;
- 19 Thainig Garabh mor Mac Taige,
- 20 Dh' airis dhuinn gach ní mar tharladh,  
Mar a rinn na rnaí a leon;  
A loisg e mar lasair Beinn-Aula,  
B' iomad íolach ann, is bron.
- 21 Threachail iad 's olc ann san talmhainn,
- 22 Shin e uathe bhraghad dhocair.  
An éiric air an olc a rinn;
- 23 Air an tulaich dheurach thruagh;
- 24 Cumadh ar 'n inneadh na tosd;  
Oir cho 'n fhiach ar glóir a taghairt.

## O. 8. LOGADH 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 'Ossianie,' and quite different in every respect. It was got in Mac Pherson's country 48 years after he had begun to publish Ossian, and one year after the publication of his Gaelic originals.

- 1 La chaidh Fionn a shealg le Fhiannaibh,  
Gu strath Ghuirme an Iuse-fail,  
Chuir e air na leugaibh glasa,  
Feidh nam beanu a b' fhaiseg dha.
- 2 Dh' fhadh iad Gairi Mac Morna,  
Na shineadh ann an leaba ùir;  
Luidh suas gu trom air a rosraibh,  
'S a cheann fo 'n bharr chosgarna chuinn.
- 3 Dh' fhadh iad aogas nan corn buadhach,  
Aig oigridh shuairce nan cul seimh,  
Teudau shinneidh, Gaoth ro ghliuine,  
Mar coin chùin air bharr nan crann,
- 4 Cinn comhairle air bheag caille,  
An lo sin aig Banrigh Fhinn;  
Cheangail si de dcaigibh gasda,  
Falt an laoch an glacaibh chrann,
- 5 Thug e turrag 's turrag eile,  
'S e ag taomachadh nan deur  
Dhealaidh an t-sonn ris a chearral,  
Folt an laoch, bu dearg a chre.
- 6 'S ann air guallann bein a Feinne,  
Ghluais an Gallan air cheum deas;  
Dhùn gach doras mar a thuar e  
An creann beag aig a ghuailinn leis.
- 7 Sul gu 'n tug e thar a' chuan null,  
Deagh Mhac Cumbhal nan gruaidh dearg,  
Mhothaich e ceo talma daite,  
De thigh Pharmail is leasair ard.
- 8 Druaidibh leam a leomhna gasda,  
Mheud 's a tha sibh ri m' linn;  
Gabhaidh sid mar chuis anama,  
'S feuch an t-eiribh banrach Fhinn.
- 9 Aig meud an dochaibh bh' aig na Laochan.  
As an sleaghan ga bhì clonaj;  
Leum gach fear air bar chrano sleagha,  
Chail iad mac Reagha sa' chaol,
- 10 Mu 'n d' thainig iad am baile  
'S ann bh' an talla air dol gu eul,  
Chur Fionn a dhruim ris a bhalla  
Is chaointe leis Gairi an tus.
- 11 Mheud 's a chaidh losgadh san teach ud,  
Cha bu dualach dhoibh bhì buan;  
Bha ceud fàighe, ceud cota seang ann,  
Ceud srian bhuelach 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 ghataibh chrann.
- 13 Bha ceud rimhinn bu ghriune near ann,  
Deich ceud bean 's Banrigh Fhinn;  
Bha se ceud Muime nan so ceud mac ann  
Nach d' fhuair urram an teach no 'n ti.  
Bha ceud laoch fo bharr seang ann,  
A chosgadh feirg ann amadh stri.
- 14 Chuir Fionn a mheur fo dheudh fios,  
Gabhsa m' an fhios a fhuair,  
Leinnibh iorg fir an fhloch,  
'S gheibh sibh Gairi ann an namhaidh.
- 15 Teann a muigh a sin a Ghairi?  
Dheagh Mhìc Morna nan cleas truaigh,  
Mach a so eha teid mi 'n tra so,  
Gun m' achuinich araidh fhaotainn auth.
- 16 Achuinich t-auama na h-jarr i,  
O 'n tharladh air na Fiannaibh tu;  
Achuinich tha mi sìreadh,  
'S cha 'n e m' anam a leagadh leam,  
Ach Mac an Luinn chuir an laimh Oscar,  
'Se bhì cosgairt diom a chinn.
- 17 Mo bhragad a chur an giorraid,  
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn;  
Cladhaichibh seachd troidhean dhomhsa  
San taulaich ghorm sin os 'n crann?
- 18 'S adhlacaidh mo chas le tethail,  
Fo fhoid ghlais us talbainn truin;  
Nuair ghearr an claidheim a' chloch,  
'S na seachd troidhean os a cinn.  
Chuir faiteil a' chuil nimhe,  
Fuil daithe gu troidhean Fhinn.

- 19 'S daor an ceannach ort a Ghairi,  
Ar nmai 's ar talla thoir dinn;  
Dh' fhadh thu Fionn gun bhean gun Tearman,  
'S cha do choisinn thu g' a chionn.
- 20 A Mhalbhinn, 's truaigh an sgeul,  
Braighe soluis fo bhraid a noch;  
Bha li mar chanaich air gnaigh.  
'S a deud mar gheal stuagh an slochd.  
Da shuil mar reultan soluis,  
Do fhear turuis an oidhche duachnì.
- 21 'Sa folt a' tearnadh mar chraon fo bhlat,  
'S an taile gu seachd ga lasgadh;  
Bu chuinn, suaice soimhe ro dh' fhas,  
Guth a beoil mar theud a' bhaid;  
Aoidh mar bharr Lòinn ga chomhdach,  
'S a gnuis mar ghrian an lo do 'n ann.
- 22 Oeh nan oeh 's ernaidh ann beum nd,  
Ruleni dh' fhalbh le each;  
Bha maise mar dhealadh na greine,  
Bha ceum gu h-aighantach ard.
- 23 Bra gile co chumari comhra,  
An tuisge an col an greis no 'n dau:  
'A Mhalbhinn is cuimhne leatsa,  
Beus nam bunnaid,  
Tionnaich an deur,  
Sciann ri leanail.  
Mo ghnuise tha eruaidh mar chlach,  
Mo shuil cha tiormaid 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. LOSGADH TIOGH FARALA, 'US GUN A 'N FHEINN AIG A BHAILE. 72 lines.

Staffs'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.

DEALBH AN FHEINN IATHA DON BHEINN TH' SI 'N AGUS TH' seilge mar bu ghnath leo. Agus dh' fhàg iad Goll a gleidhidh nan Ban. Bha Goll fuidh thromadas, agus fuidh airmneol, Leag e cheann air Glun a mhna, agus thuit e na chadil, leag a bhean a cheann air Ìir, agus si chomhairle chinn aice fein, agus aig eadh gun ceangladh iad gach dual da fhaic re pìeamhair an sparradh anns talamh. 'N sin thug na mnathan Gaoir chath asd' le 'm basibh gam busidh air a cheila.

Mhosgud 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 nach us b' ann do 'n aineamh a thuar as bean Ghuille. Nuair a chunna Goll gun deach a tigh re theina us gun do loisgidh na mnathan, theich e agus dh' fhoinich se e fein ann an nadhich.

Air sealltainn do chuid do 'n Fheinn faich-dar Tiogh Farala re theinich.

Thug gach aon re astar, agus ghabh iad ri siubhal. Rinn ad iad fein cinnich, gun dang namhid eigin air Goll. Rinn iad sealg mhòr aobh-ach Ionannitach. O n' bu Dorn-dhearg Laòch 'us O m' bu cheann dearg Cù, 'us O m' bu trom eallach Gille. A fear bu mhòile se bu diombuiche. Thainig iad gu taobh chaol-rathain, 'us leum gach fear air cheann a shìlegha, 'us chaidh Mac Rathin sa chaol. Stad na fois cha d' rinn iad gus an d' ranig iad. Dh' fhiosruich iad do na mnabh ciod e chuir an Tiogh re theine. Dh' innis iad gur e Goll a rinn e. Bha 'n Fheinn fu' throm fheirg an aghaidh Ghuille, th' suich iad cuirt agus thugadh binn bais a nach na aghich.

Ach bha iad fu' eagal gun dughadh e Serios air moran dhu. Se chomhairle chunnachdas doibh gun cumadh iad e ann am prìosan gus am biodh e air anamachdida, a dhi bi agus dibha. Bha orda teann o 'n Fheinn gu cuirt gus bas neach sun bith a bheiridh dha biadh na deoch. Bha

e la 'n sin sa phrosan, agus bha bhean maille ris, agus thubhairt e. Tha mi ro lag an diugh. O! mo Dhunaich a thanig ormsa ghráidh do na fearibh, us gun a chroídh agam ní sam bith a dheanamh do chomh-nadh, ach a ghráidh nan deobhla tu mo clíochan, cha deobhail ars eisan. Carson ars ise. Tha ars eisan gu rabh mí lós sin a dheanamh mar a h-iarraidh tu e. Ach a nois cha 'n fhad mí do bhri' gun do chuir mo nuhaimé mí fúí mhionnabh gun aon ní dh' iarradh Bean orm a dheanamh.

Mata ghráidh ars ise nair a bhios tusa marbh, tha mí ciontach nach leig an Fheinn leamsa gun fhear eila phosadh, agus bu mhianam leam fios fhastinn utasa co fear a Luidheasich tu dhámh aon ad aite. Se 'm fear a dh' iaras mí ort a phosadh. Aodh cas machd na Caillich. O! ars ise na Leiga ní math gu sininnu mo thaobh ri Aodh cas machd na Caillich ann an aite do ghlachda Geala.

P. 9. ATHCHUING 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 mhíllidh. Bha e mar Lagh aig an Fhianin, gu fúidhidh gach neach a chuirte gu bas an raoghinn athchuinge. A reir an Lagh sa bha Goll re achuinge fein iarruidh agus fhaotinn a reir an Lagha sin.

Mac an Luin a thoirt do dh' Oscar  
Achanich a dh' iaras mí,  
'S mo Bhragaidh a chur an giorrd,  
Air bun sleisde gile Fhinn.

B' e ni arid a bha ann run Ghuill : sa bha gu tachirt ann an Lorg na h-achanich, gu 'n caillich Fionn an t-sliasaid, agus a chas do bhri nach dh' fhaig Oscar fuighill buille riamh.

Ach se chomhairle chunnachdas dhoibh gun cuireadh iad naoi Dachdairin do Leathar-liath, agus naoi brehain do dh' Iarinn Tur fuidh amhuch Ghuill, agus air muin sliasuid Fhinn. Thugadh cleidheamh Fhinn, ga 'm b' ainm Mac an Luin an Laimh Oscar. Dh'ail e Bhuile, agus leir a bhuile sin fein chur e 'n ceann do Gholl, gheas e 'n Leathrach, san t-Iarunn us dh' fuillich e air sliasuid Fhinn.

THE CATASTROPHE.

THE BATTLE OF GABHRA, AND DEATH OF OSCAR.

A. 29. 30. C. 4. D. 26. G. 3. H. 29. J. 1. 22. J. 8. K. 3. L. 7. M. 19. 20. N. 6. O. 13. V. 17. X. 12. Y. 9. Z. 6. 7. 8. 45. &c.

I HAVE more than twenty large fragments of versions of this old Ballad, collected in Scotland, from Caithness to Dunkeld, Lismore, and Ceantire; between 1512 and 1871. Many people sing it still in the Islands, and the Story is widely known to the uneducated Gaelic population. Kennedy tells it in his quaint English. A few words and phrases show that even he was affected by the Ossianic epidemic of his time, but the main story, which everybody knows now, is told in all versions of the Gaelic Ballads. A great many Irish manuscripts, of last century, contain versions of this Poem. Part of it, certainly, is as old as 1512, and I believe that it was traditionally recited long before part of it was written in Lismore, by Dean Mac Gregor, in the reign of Harry the Eighth. The poem is not known in any older writing so far as I can discover. In 1853, the Dublin Ossianic Society began the Fenian Story with this Catastrophe. A first volume, of 161 pages, tells the story of the last Fenian battle.

About 1763, Mac Pherson put the story of Oscar's death into the first book of Temora, but he so changed the story, and the manner of telling it, as to make the Epic his own. English readers could not believe in a second Gaelic Epic, and would not believe in 'Ossian.' Irish scholars were driven to despair: they held the battle to be historical. The Book of Leinster, 1130, contains a short poem, ascribed to Ossin, which mentions the battle. Gabhra is close to Dublin; Teamhra is Tara, the seat of Irish High Kings; Almuin is not Alba (Scotland), but the Hill of Allen. That pestilent Scotchman had shaken the whole system; to make Caledonian Epics with fragments of the ruin which he made. To smash Stonehenge and build a Parthenon; to hew modern antiques out of the Elgin Marbles; to paint pictures by Zeuxis upon Raffael's Cartoons; or to write Cuneiform

Inscriptions on the Book of Kells, could hardly afflict antiquaries more than the publications of Mac Pherson. A comparison of Kennedy's 'Arguments,' now printed, with Mac Pherson's Arguments of 1762-3, shows the havoc which was made of Scotch Traditions which still survive. At least fourteen Scotch Collectors, who are quoted in this volume, had versions of this Story, which correspond with each other, and to Irish versions; they are all condemned as 'spurious,' and they were left unnoticed in their drawer; while the 'Ossianic controversy' went wrangling on over one Gaelic manuscript, written by Mac Pherson, revised after his death, and printed as the original of 'Ossian's Poems.'

These are facts, and readers of this volume can form opinions for themselves.

I cannot find room for twenty versions of one ballad, which filled a whole Irish volume. I reprint the oldest version from 'the Book of the Dean of Lismore,' beside other versions selected from unpublished manuscripts, with references to the rest. All are versions of one Gaelic Poem, none are versions of 'Temora.'

Only five of the Heroes are in this ballad: Fionn, Fergus, Raoidhne, Oisein and Oscar. The Clanna Morna are out of the Story. Garriadh and Goll were slain in their ballads, which I have placed above, in Kennedy's order.

I have nothing about Conan, but no doubt his end was described. Caoireal and Diarmaid were slain in their ballads. I have no account of the end of Caoilte and Faolan.

Seven are out of the Scotch version of the Battle of Gabhra.

Oscar the eighth and Raoidhne the ninth are slain in this ballad. There remain at the end, Fionn and two of his sons, Fergus the Bard, who tells him the Story, and Oisein, who tells the whole to Padruig on the Mound of Tears, long after the Famine have passed away.

A. 29. CATH ZAWRYCH. 232 lines.

A HOUDIE 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 nochd my chow feyn  
A halgin a ta zim rair  
Re smeintan a chaa chroy  
Huggenair is carboryth cranroy
- 2 A maksen chormik ochennì  
Merga in neyn harlyth fa chung  
Reith giu chass vin chaath  
Di churri ris gin zrane royth boe
- 3 Kallswn gith ollith fame  
Hwnni inni is clann keive chwnn  
Guss wyne sen charrs roye  
Nir smeine seine olk na anweine
- 4 Di chan carbryth ranyth loyeth  
Agus di be in nellith chroye  
Gir har less twttwn cr mygh  
Agus in nane la cheille
- 5 Nassyth reithre wea vir  
Agus in nane a weith er nerrin  
Di chan barrin gi prap  
Cwneich mwkre agis art
- 6 Fir sinsir huttwn in sin  
Di wreith fellith ni faynith  
Cwneich a gessith chroye  
Is ewneich in non oyry
- 7 Is nach reym cogeith rame linnì  
Ach na hoggeith vakkowle  
Ba corle clonni ewne  
Agus carbre a lay trome
- 8 Ead feyne a hawrt dar ginni  
Agus sinni di zochin  
Gow marreith na zey weyeg  
Is gin nane a weith in nalwin
- 9 Is weadeist baiss fa zoem  
Tra nach bedeis in mir zleo  
Hug sen gi feich fergich  
In cathsin cacht zavrara

- 10 Di hut in nane bonni ri bonni  
Is reithro olsa errin  
Ne roygh a nynea nor  
Gow fodleith carra in doythin
- 11 In reith nach roygh far smacht  
Rar linni gwss a chaa sen a halgin.  
O churra an sen r nar ner  
Zoive rwneni keiss na kayn
- 12 Is ne roye ag dwn keith rwn  
Ach far gwde di zea nerrin  
Ymni er fey in doyn worre  
Nach lar wey in dey in tloye
- 13 Ni fonyeith la er lai  
A huttym la ny cheillith  
Da deg feith awlwarreith in seu  
Orrew in nerrin eazlyn
- 14 Ossin ered a zaneith finni  
Agus ersemi far nerrin  
Er a lave a cleyrre chaye  
Ne royith si vanve vane
- 15 Beggane di leichre erse  
Agus ogre gin darve  
Ga bea reith hoyssyth in sin  
Zoive sai fodleith in nasgeith
- 16 Gin cath gin nirril gin nawg  
Gin none gin achassen  
Churr sin ir tochta sor  
Gow faa mayk v<sup>e</sup> conni
- 17 Di hoith orrin nar genni  
Di zowell reithbreith errin  
Mor in tysin dymith  
Orweith a reith taureith fa mo torn
- 18 Twlleith owyr a tug  
Gow dul di warwa er ollea  
Ossin inuis doive skail  
Nor chorrew in nirril trane
- 19 Nor hutyth di waksi si chaa  
Na drwg tow er larwyth  
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 boe zar weane  
Woskin in garrith dyth feyn
- 21 Drong roe lawrrit or sin  
Is weith drong ellith gin armyn  
A cleyrreith na baichil bane  
Ga bea zeith chewith in toyr
- 22 Byth vor in troye rar lin  
Olsa errin di hwttim  
Ynmeith caihraa codeith keive  
Ymni looreith heith her
- 23 Ynmeith skaith harsi si wygh  
Agus a tree 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 ardacht  
Sanni a hor mo mi wag foyan  
Na lea er a willin claa
- 25 Is skaa nawriss er in layr  
Agus a lanni na zess lawe  
Donnwl allith er gith  
Lea dea er bley a looreicha
- 26 Leggwyn erla mi loy re lar  
Is di bi rynis oss a chinmi 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 hwggan a laave  
Er wayn er ym choaaili
- 28 Di zoive may lawe mi vee foyan  
Is dyth hocis ranyth crea  
Is don tw sin a lea  
Char churreis caiss sin teil
- 29 Hurrt rwmsyth ni wak  
Faryth agus a nar armynth  
A woe riss ni dwllw sin  
Di wesith slane a nythir
- 30 Ne zanwmsyth zewsyth gaeth  
Ne roe aggwyn 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 dlee  
Dul a gowar seil aweize
- 32 Crachte a sley carbre roye  
Fa ymlin oskir armuroye  
Lawe cheilt ga willin  
Doe reach in greachte nyth sley
- 33 Sarris keilta a knee er choyr  
Id toyr a inni na zoe  
It toyr a zrwme crechti kyn  
Er a zerre din zorley
- 34 Skreddis makronane sin  
Agus tuttis gow talwin  
Id dowirt keiltyth ym meille trane  
Er weith zoe er tryle in dyvenail
- 35 Feirane sen a oskir aile  
A skarris ranyth wane  
Is skar raa cauth ra fynni  
Bae in keiss ag seil mor chwne
- 36 Gerrit a weith zone mir sin  
A vec alpin a chierich  
Gi waka a huggin wo nar  
Ne roye boea zanew phail
- 37 Feichit keaid zonyth mir sin  
Eddr ogre is arse  
Ne roowe dwe slane dew sin  
Aggin din neychit cadsin
- 38 Ach fer ix gonni gi reive  
Fath low ag gin di chireactew  
Togmir in tosgir arne  
Er chrannew sley in nardew
- 39 Bermoyne ga tullych zlin  
Dyth howirt dea a heidyth  
Lead nyth bossyth zane chorp  
Cha rove slane wo na ait
- 40 Na gi ryg a wonyth lar  
Ach a ygh na hynirane  
In nyith sin dwa sin naar  
Geillingua churp gow laa
- 41 Gir hogsin clan v<sup>e</sup> ne finni  
Er chnokew ard evin  
Neyr choneith neach a v<sup>e</sup> fen  
Nir chein a wrar fa zeyth
- 42 Re fegsin me veesi mir sin  
Kaach wlyth a kenyth oskir  
Gerrit a wee zown mir sin  
Er curryth in a churp cheive zil
- 43 Gow vaka chuggin fa uona  
Fin m'kowle vic tranavor  
Gow dngsidir ansyth nar  
Drane boe di zanew phal
- 44 Er fyail clynni boissni neyr  
Fa chassil chroo sin nirril  
Di bi roye baeketh ni werri  
Agus skranil ni meillyth
- 45 Gow vaggi sin verga finni  
Re cranni sley voss er gin  
Hugsaid huggin assin nar  
Di hug sin na goalil
- 46 Di vannych sinn allyth ziinni  
Agis char reggir a sinni  
Dull er in tullych na rane  
Far in rowe oskir armzar
- 47 Nor a wowyth oskir finni  
Er tocht daa voss a chinmi  
Togissa nye neachla  
Is fannythchis da hanathur



- 48 Id dowirt in tosgir in sin  
Re m'murnaith sin nor sin  
Mí chin fest riss in maik  
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 dye fane errin
- 50 Malloch art in r gym moye  
Sai sa dwe tanyth reym loyth  
Di leon a orrw in her  
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 nosa  
Ach ne waym zin chomso
- 52 Re elastin kelwoin nyth finni  
A arw in a hosgir zi ling  
Di hein a woa in dai lawe  
Is di zea a rosga rinwlaa
- 53 Di hynta finni runna a chwle  
Di hilla deara gow donr  
Ach fa osgir is fa wranna  
Cha drin sai dar er talvin
- 54 Ach missi wane agis fin  
Ne roye a zayn woss a chin  
Hug ait tree zayrth sin noyr  
A class fa errin awoyr
- 55 Coyk fichtit 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 woa zi werrin
- 58 Woyn chath sen cath zawryth  
Noch cha drone ma tyn nawryth  
Cha rowe in oor roea na loo  
Nar leg maa ossni lan wor  
Mor noch.

## A. 30. CATH ZAWRYCH. 53 lines.

## A HOUDIR SO FARRIS FILLI.

THESE answers to Kennedy's 2nd part, and is very like it. It is not composed by Farris Filli. A character in the story questions him, and he answers. It is his speech as much as the speeches spoken by Celts, in Tacitus.

- 1 INNIS donn a earris  
Ille feynni orrin  
Kynis tarle zevin  
In gath zawrych ni beymin
- 2 Ne math v<sup>e</sup> kowle  
Mo skael o chath zawrych  
Cha warr oskyr invin  
Hug mor oskir calm
- 3 Cha warr seachta vec keilt  
Na gasre fean alwe  
Di hut oyk ni feani  
Inn in eadyth arrych
- 4 Di marwe m'lowith  
Si vi mek sin tathryth  
Di hut oyk ni halvin  
Di marwa feyn brettin
- 5 Di hut m<sup>e</sup> re lochlin  
Fa linnyth veith chonyth  
Bi chre fael farri  
Bi lawe chalma in gonyth
- 6 Innis doif a ille  
M<sup>e</sup> mo vec is marrwm  
Kynis di we oskyr  
Scolta ni gathwarri

- 7 Bi zekkir a innis  
Di bi vor in nobbir  
Ne roye marve sin gath sen  
Hut la armow oskyr
- 8 Ne loyth ess oyvin  
Na seaywok re sloth  
Na re vwni royth  
Na oskyr sin gath sin
- 9 Weith say ma zerrí  
Mir willith ra trane zeith  
Na mir chraun woss ewee  
Si wew gi a nautee
- 10 Hug oskyr na chonew  
Mir harwe twanni traa  
Mir chonnik sen carbre  
Di chraa in tlye hantych
- 11 Gir ehar treith a chinbir  
Gir bea in couva cadna  
Ner impoo sin oskyr  
Gin dranyth re errin
- 12 Gin dug beym gin deichill  
Gir zoichin ay garlyn  
Bollis art mac carbre  
Er in darna bull
- 13 Is mi ferris filli  
Dar hwil gych innis  
Troyg er essni 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, 32, 35, which are worth notice. This contains the Introduction, which is commonly repeated with the ballad now, but which is very difficult to explain. See version in Vol. iii. 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands.' 1862. Y.

## BAS OSGAIR,

Or the Death of Osgar, the son of Ossian, and grandson of Fian Maeull.

Copied from a manuscript wrote by Eovan Mac Diarmaid in the year 1762, & in possession of Mr. John Shaw, miller, Kenlochrae, in the year 1872.

- 1 Cho 'n abair mi mo thriath re m cheol,  
G a b' oil le Oissin a nochd,  
Osgar & Cairbre calma  
Fraothadar nille neath Ghauradh.
- 2 Ni sleagh nimbe is i n laimh Chairbre,  
Go n crotthe i re nair feige  
Theireadh am Fiahdach re goimh  
Gur ann leadha mhairbhte Osgar.
- 3 'S misseadh heireadh e ris fein,  
Am Fiahdach dubh ma mhicheil.  
A chuig fhear a tha sibh ma 'n chlar<sup>1</sup>  
Ach suil fir a bhi ga thachda.
- 4 Dh' fharaid sinne a Rath gun cheil  
Com an tachda air suil fein,  
Go de a ghoimh a h air air Rosg,  
Nuair a chaonmaid a chael Reachda.
- 5 Gaoraidh am fadhaich moch a maireach  
Air a ghruaidhs ann san aroich  
Ach gus an taining an 'nuaghl  
An fhaobh sin cho bolc a-hinneal,<sup>2</sup>
- 6 A Bhaobh anidheas an teudach  
Deansa dhuinne faisneachd choudna  
A tuit aon duine dibh linn  
Na 'n deid sin nille neimhne
- 7 Marhhair leatsa cuid ceud,  
Is godhnar leat an Rìogh fein.  
Arson sa 'n fear lagh a dheth  
Air seoghal nille go 'n thainig,

<sup>1</sup> About the table.<sup>2</sup> Beauty.

- 8 Na cluineadh e thu Rosg mac Ruaidh  
Na duine bhuine ga shluagh  
Na 'n cluineadh an Fhain thu nochd  
Ma 'm bi sinn uile go mcirsneach.
- These eight verses correspond nearly to Gillies' nine.  
19 in Gillies. Various.
- 9 Tomalaid<sup>3</sup> Cinn gun iomaidh Caoin,  
Beug còrach sud iarraidh oirn  
Se fath<sup>4</sup> ma 'n iarraidh tu sinn  
Sinne bhì gun Fhian gun Athair,
- 10 Ga do bhlithe an Fhian is t-Athair  
'A là ab fearr bha iad na 'm Beatha  
'Cha buileoir<sup>5</sup> leatasa re 'm linn<sup>6</sup>  
Gach sìod a dhiarruinn ga m faghain
- 11 Na 'm biodh an Fhian us t-Athair  
'N là 'b fearr bha iad na 'n leath bheatha,  
Steanna air am faghaidh 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 eile na aghaidh sin  
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle chalma,  
Go 'n cuireadh e sleagh na naodh siong,  
Ma chumadh fhuilt agus Eudin.
- 14 'N oidhche sin dhuine go Lò  
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 eile na aghaidh sin  
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle chalma  
Go 'n tugadh e Sealg is Creach  
Do Dh' Albainn an la air na mharach.
- 30 in Gillies.
- 17 Dh eirg sinn an la air na mharach  
Agus air Sluagh bìlìdh, badhach,  
Thogadh linn a h-Eirinn Creach.  
Da Chreic-dheug as gach Coig-dhìbh.<sup>9</sup>
- 18 Nnair a ranaig sinn ann,  
Bealach<sup>10</sup> cumhaing ann Caol ghleann,  
Lann a bhìodh an Cairbre glan,  
A Lona maireachd a teachd nar Combail.
- 19 Cuig fhìdh Albannach ard,  
Than tharr muir chairgìnigh ghairbh,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 20 Cuig fhìdh fear Chloidheamb ghlaish,  
Nach deach son cheim riamh air aish  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 21 Cuig fhìdh fear bogha  
A thainig oirne nar combair,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 22 Cuig fhìdh fear feachdaidh,<sup>11</sup>  
Thainig oirne a thr an t-sneachdaidh,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 23 Cuig fhìdh Cairbre ruadh,  
Thainig no ubhathibh an t-sluaigh,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

- 24 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbre ruadh,  
Osgar a snaithe an t-sluaigh  
An t-sleagh nimhe bha ma laimh  
Go 'n do leige sin na Chombail.
- 25 Thuit Osgar air a ghluu deas  
'Sa 'n t-sleagh nimhe roimh a chneas  
Go 'n chuir e sleagh na naodh siong  
Ma clumadh Uilt agus Eudin.
- 26 Eirigh Art is glac do Chloidheambh,  
Is seasamh aite t-Athar,  
'S ma thig thu beo 'n na cathaibh,  
Go ma Rìogh rath thu air Eirinn.
- 27 Thug e urchair eile a nairsde  
Air leinn bu leoir a hairde  
Leagadh leis le meud a chùimeas  
Art mac Chairbre air an ath urchair.
- 28 Chuir iad Crùn an Rìogh ma cheap.  
Los go buidhinte leo an Larach,  
Thog e leachdagh chonard chruaidh  
Bhar na Talmhuin taobh ruaidh,  
Bhris e Crun an Rìogh man Cheap  
Gnìomh ma dheireadh mo dheag m'bie.
- 29 Togaibh libh mi noise Fhiannaibh  
Cho do thog sibh roimh riamh mi,  
Togaibh mi go Tulloch ghlain,  
Ach go 'm buin sibh dhìom an t-endach.
- 30 Marbhaig ort a mhie na buaidh  
Nì thu brengan dhinn an darna h-uair  
Loingean mo shean-Athar a h-ann  
'S iad a teachd le Cobhair thu gainn
- 31 Bheanuigh sinn nìle do Dh' Fhian  
Ga ta cha do bheanuigh Dhùinn,  
Gus an dainig e Tulloch na 'n deur,  
Far an raibh Osgar arva gheur.
- 32 'S misseadh mhie a bhìodh tu dheth,  
Latha Catha Dun-Dealagan,  
Namha na curthan roimh d'chneas,  
'Si mo Iàmhse rinn do leigheas.
- 33 Mo Leigheas cha nìle e m-fath,<sup>12</sup>  
Cha mho dheantar e go bràth,  
Chur Cairbre sleagh na 'n seachd siong  
Edir m' Àradh agus m' iomlag.
- 34 Chuir mise sleagh na 'naodh siong  
Ma chumadh fhuilt agus Eudin  
'S na 'n ruige mo Dhùirn a chneas,  
Cho deamadh aon Leigh a leigheas.
- 35 'S misseadh Mhìe a bhìodh tu dheth  
Latha Cath Bhein Eudain  
Namhadh na feidh roimh do chneas  
Si mo laimhse rinn do Leigheas.
- 36 Mo leigheas cha n' eil e 'm fath,  
Cha mo dheantar e go brath,  
Goimh an Donaigh am thaobh dheas,  
'S<sup>13</sup> dorride do Leigh mo Leigheas.
- 37 Mo Laogh fein thu Laogh mo Laoigh,  
Leanabh mo Leanabh Ghil chaomh,  
Mo chroidhe leinnigh<sup>14</sup> mar Lon,<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>4</sup> more difficulty.  
<sup>14</sup> Leaping. <sup>15</sup> Eilk.

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-

<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.

ney's First and Third Parts. The only additions that I can see are the two last words 'An Albin' = in Scotland.

The battle was in Ireland, and they carried Oscar on spears to Fionn's House, which therefore was not in Scotland, but at Almhain, which is near the field of battle.

- 1 SMULLADICH mì 'n deigh Chraoite  
'S nach marthion Luchd mo cho-aois  
Lion mì lan Gallair as Goirt  
An Tim scariehdin ri 'm Choilte
- 2 Be Caoilte mo Choilte ceart  
San do dhimirin Buar as Brat  
Be Caoilte mo Leth-chuir Chatha  
Ri Hardan na ri haoin Athlgh
- 3 Thainig 'n Cairbhrigh tabhich lagg  
Ghlachda leis Erin fo Smachd  
Chuir Fios oirne gu Teibhrigh  
Gar 'n immirbhuidh nach e Hallabhi  
Dhianibh griobh bu dullich lein  
Dhol a bhuintin din air Tighearnais
- 4 Phregair shinne an Curidh dana  
A lion uille do na bha shin  
Cha roibh shinne 'd'fhein ann uille  
Na choisne dhuin am bith buidh
- 5 Air an Rathid ghle-ghael chleicidich  
Oichd Fiochid deng de Mharcih  
Huair shin Onnoir huair shin Biadh  
Mar a huair shin roidh riabh  
Bha sinn gu subhich a steach  
Cubhil as Cairbra san Teirich
- 6 An La na dheridh don Oil  
Huirt an Cairbra na Ghuth mor  
Imlait Cinn Sleigh a bail leam uaitse  
Oscar dhuin e Hallabhi
- 7 Ciod an Imlait Cinn bhig ort  
A Chairbra ruaigh nan Long-phort  
'S gur leat mi feinnas mo Tshleigh  
An Tim Catha na Coibhrig
- 8 Cha buillair leom Cios na Cain  
Na aoin Sheoid a bhig nar Tir  
Cha buillair leom rim Linn a bhos  
Gach sheoid a Ghiarin gun faithin
- 9 Cha neil Oir na Erras gu for  
A dhiarigh oirne an Riogh  
Gun Tair gun Talleas duin dheth  
Nach bu leatsa a Thighearnas
- 10 Cha buillair lom Imlait Cinn  
Cha 'n aidichin Caoichlaigh Croinn  
Imlait Cinn gun Imlait Croinn  
Begarich shud iarruidh orrum  
Gur he Fa man Shiridh du shinn  
Mishe bhi 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 Riogh,  
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 Oscar Donn e Hallabhi  
Gun toghbar leom Shealg as Creach  
'S gun reichin do Dhallabhi marich
- 15 Lion Fuarrichd na Laoich laun  
Ri clasin na Himirbhuidh  
Bha Briaribh garribh leth mar leth  
Edar an Cairbra san Toscar
- 16 Bha 'n oiche shin duinne gun Doir (Chobhir)  
Haul & a bhos mun Obhin (River)  
Bha Doir lan leth mar leth,  
'S bha Doirlan mar Edaruin.
- 17 Hog shin oirn an Larna bharich  
A lion uille do na bha shin  
A t-shealg sa dhiaghich har lein  
Gun Fharich do Riogh na Herin
- 18 Bharabhb shin Riogh Luthidh nan Lann  
Laoich fuillich le Faobhir arm  
Hog shin ri Sliagh gaoil Creich  
Gu Cria laoisgirnich luthor.
- 19 Mungan mao Sheire a bha 'n Uaidh  
A choibhrigidh ceud Claithibh cruaidh  
Huit shud le Laibh hall  
'S he mosglidh gu Riogh na Herin
- 20 Sheichd Fiochid do Chlannibh Riogh  
Bu bhor Gaisgidh & Gniobh,  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar hall  
She mosglidh gu Riogh na Herin.
- 21 Sheichd Fiochid Cairbra ruaidh  
Bha colsach ri Cairba an Tshluadh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
'S he mosgla gu Riogh na Herin
- 22 Sheichd Fiochid do Dhearibh Feachd  
Hanig e Tir uair an Tshneachd  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar hall  
'S he mosgla gu Riogh na Herin
- 23 Sheichd Fiochid Gaigheal' gairg  
Thainig fo 'n Tir uairidh gearribh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
She mosgla gu Riogh na Herin
- 24 Sheichd Fiochid do Dhearibh Bogha  
Hanig air Cairbra ga chobhir  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
'S he mosgla gu Riogh na Herin
- 25 Chogir ab fhaigse don Riogh  
Bhairibhe e iad stu bhor an Gniobh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
She mosgla gu Riogh na Herin
- 26 Nuair a chunnaic an Cairbra ruidh  
Oscar a snathidh an Tshluaidh  
A Chraosich nethidh bha na Laibh  
Leige huiggidh I na Chothal
- 27 Huit Oscar air a Ghlan deas  
San Tshleidh nethidh roibh a Chneas  
Iug e Urchair eill' a nun  
As bheiritidh leis Riogh na Herin
- 28 Erich Airt as glaic do Chlaibh  
Shesibh ann an Aite Tathar  
Ma dheibh thu do dhol Saoghil  
Saoidh mi gur mac Rath thu
- 29 An Toscar bu mhoithidh Boaidh  
San bhairibh e Cairba an Tshluaidh  
Huit le Oscar gniobh nach cuimisich  
Art mac Chairbra air an ath Urchair
- 30 Sluaidh Chairbra bu ghairibh Cleichd  
Hog iad Cath-Chara mun Cheip
- 31 Oscar mac Ossain an aigh  
Hog e Leig Chloicidh fo 'n Bhlar  
Bhris e 'n Cath-bhara mun Cheip  
Gniobh mu dheridh mo dheo mhic
- 32 Mo Laoigh fein thu Laoigh mo Laoidh  
Leinibh mo Leinibh ghil chaoibh  
Mo Chriodh a Leimnich mar Loin  
'S gn la bhrach cha 'n erich Oscar
- 33 'Bhic 'm bu mhissa bha thu dheth  
Na 'n La hug shin Cath Bein odin  
Tshnathidh na Coirrin rod Chneas  
Shi mo Laibhsa reinn do leithis.
- 34 Chaneil mo Leithis an Fa  
Schla bho nitar e gu brach  
Chuir Cairbra Sleigh nan sheichd sheim  
Eddar Mairnin & Mimleag
- 35 Hug mishe 'n shin Urchair eille  
Bhuithir gu 'm ban air a gainnidh  
Chuir mi sleigh nan nao Sheim  
Mu Chumidh Fhuil & Aodin  
'S nan rigidh mo Dhuirn a Chneas  
Cha dianigh na Leigh a lethis.

<sup>1</sup> Or gargaeh, or gas gheal.

- 36 Erich Ossain 'sglaic do Ghath  
Fo 'nach marthion Oscar arramach  
Cha surd Curruidh bhí caoidh mu Chloin  
Ma ha iad 's na Cathin huggin
- 37 Cha dainich orm Duinne riabh  
Gur Criod Feola a bha 'm Chliabh  
Ach Criodh mar Chuibhne cuir  
Air a Chuilbhriche le Stailin.
- 38 Bha Donnaillich nan Conn rim Thaoibh  
Agus Ullartich nan Shean Laoich  
Gal Bannail a caoidh ma sheach  
Gu 'm be shin a chraidh mo Chriodh.
- 39 Cha chaoimh Bean a mac fein  
Cha chaoimh Fear a dhean-bhrathair  
Air an Tullich luas ma dheas  
Bha shin nille caoimh Oseair
- 40 Hog shin lein an Tosear aluin  
Air Gualibh sair Sleighin airde  
Hug shin as Imriche grinn  
Gus an draing shin Tidh Fhin an Albin.  
Crioich.

## 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 told 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 Garabh were ruined,) to the feast. Oscar and his men came. They were feasting, singing and dancing during six days, and at the seventh day Cairbar asked Oscar's spear, Oscar refused that unless Cairbar would give him his own spear, which he would never do, they cast out that moment, and it is said that Cairbar burnt a great number of Oscar's men, where they slept that night (but it is not mentioned in the Poem, therefore it is hard to determine whether it is true or not). To-morrow Oscar fled with his men in fear that Cairbar's numerous Host would find means to overcome him, but when they saw that he fled they pursued him by 300 and 300, and overtook him. Oscar returned to them, and fell into a madness of strife and killed them by 300 and 300 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 mi fad o 'm dhaoine,  
'S nach maithrean luchd an coi'-raonte;  
Na caoimh bha fuileachdach bras,  
Re h-ám d' éug-bhail is mor chath.
- 2 'S muladach mi' nois am aonar,  
Gun Athair gun Mhac gun chaomhach;  
Gun Bhrathair no coi'-luchd catha,  
A dh' ath-dhiolas bás nan cathan.
- 3 'S muladach mi 'n deidh Chaoille,  
'S nach fhaic mi fear a choi'-nogaig;  
Bu luaithe na cathadh mara,  
'N nair dh' éireadh cruas catha.
- 4 B' e Ioilainn mo bhrathar cómhraig,  
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 chamhalte ceart,  
Leis a dh' imrinn buaigh is brat,  
Ciod e 'm fáth dhann bhí gan ainmach,  
'S gun iad bhí 'n lathair Chath-cabhara.
- 6 'N nair chualas leor tuas Fhinn,  
Ann 's gach ionad a bha 'n Eirinn;  
Lion iad do dh' éud is do dh' ann-run,  
Do na h-ogain úra chalma.
- 7 'Sin thuir Comharlaich 'd Ard-righ,  
Comhairl chum guin a bhais dhúinn;  
O! 's amaidach thusa Chairbuidh,  
Paidheadh cis do 'n Fhéinn, cia calma.
- 8 'N all air sgaioleadh fea' ghc áite,  
'S ceann no crioich cha d' thig gu brath or;  
Thusa mar icidh chaoi' gun innsadh,  
Re h-ám cath is cómhrag mhíldh.
- 9 Cia mar chiosnaichar na garbh laoich,  
Do radh Chairbuidh fuairidh falachidh;  
D ream nach do chloaidheall an cathaibh,  
Re gábhadh no ri h-ann latha.
- 10 An fhea' sa raibh Fionn air fúreach,  
Cian air chuan gun luaidh air thuras,  
Cuir fios air Oscar do dh' Albinn  
'S fuigh erann nan naoi sean do 'n-lann-ghill.
- 11 Bidh sea-seana deng a 'd lannsa,  
'S cho 'n fhuing bua' ort sloigh no armaibh;  
Ceannsaich ann sin Oscar 's ógain,  
'S glaine cruth no gagan shrónach.
- 12 Gh áirdaich so na mílidh ghruamach,  
A chuir sinne sios gu truaighe;  
'S Chairbuidh fuileach, lámhach bras  
A ghlac Eirinn fú' aon smach.
- 13 Choi-aontaich an cineach cruaiigh;  
'S uile dhaoine Chairbuidh ruaigh;  
Le comhairl' fear-iúil na mic-loinn,  
Chum 's nach fuigthe éú no cise.
- 14 Chuir iad chugain cuireadh dána,  
Dh' Albinn úr an raibh air 'n abhaist;  
A dheanann gníomh bu deacair leinn,  
Bhuintinn ar Tighearnais dhinn.

- D. 4.
- 15 Fhrecgair sinn an curidh dána,  
A thug uile gain a bháis dhuinn;  
Dhol a ghabhail féiste uaithe,  
Da 'm bu chrioch cradh agus truaighe.
- 16 Cha raibh sinn ann do 'n Fhéinn uile,  
Na chomhraigadh an laoch curidh;  
Air an rathad ghle' ghlan chleacaidh,  
Bha ocbd míle 's caogad marcaich.
- 17 Rainig siu an dara mháirach,  
Teaghlach Anna nan sluaigh gáirdach;  
Is Oscar caomh, calma, suairece,  
Air ar tús gu h-íom-ard nallach.
- D. 5.
- 18 Fhuair sinn urram agus miadh,  
Ceart mar fhuair sinn roimhe riamh;  
F' ad sea oídhéan is sea lé,  
Gun casbhuidh air fion no air ceól.
- 19 'S ann scachdamh latha dhuinn san ól,  
Labhair Cairbnidh le guth mór;  
Iomlaid cinn sleagh b' aill leam uait,  
Oscar nan arm faobhrach cruaidh.
- 20 Ciod e 'n iomlaid cinn sleagh th' ort,  
A Chairbnidh dhuinn nan lóing-phort;  
'S gur leat mí féin is mo shleagh,  
Re h-ám d' éug-bhail 's do mhór bhail.
- 21 Cho bhfuair leam iomlaid cinn,  
'S cho 'n aidmhichain caochla' crainn;  
Uait Oseair an leadáin amalaich,  
Cho 'n fhuilair leam air a bhall so.
- 22 Iomlaid cinn gun chaochla' crainn,  
B' ca-corach r' a iarruidh choídhch;  
S' e fáth ma 'n iarradh tu 'n ath-chuing,  
Mise blih gun Fhianng gun Athair.
- 23 Ge do bhíodh tu, s' d' Fhianng is d' Athair,  
Ceart mar bha iad riamh r' a 'n latha;  
Cho b' fhuilair leamsa gu dheimhinn,  
Aon séud a dh' iarrainn gu fuighinn.
- 24 Na 'm bitlínsa 's 'm Fhianng is 'm Athair,  
Ceart mar bha sinn riamh r' ar latha;  
Cho 'n fhuigheadh tu Chairbnidh dhuinn,  
Do dh' Eirinn lead do dh'a bhainn,
- 25 Lion fuaradh an laoch lán,  
Re claisáin na-h-íomar-bháidh;  
Do dh' úr Oscar, ionmhúinn, armaicht,  
Is d' a oig-fhír shuaghar chalma.
- 26 Mar sinn dhuinne gu tra' neóin,  
'G eisteachd ris na suinn bu mhó;  
Is leith mar leith briathraibh gurge,  
Eidear Oscar agus Cairbnidh.
- 27 Bheireamsa bríathar san uair,  
Do ra' an Cairbnidh claon ruagh;  
An t-sleagh nimh mu' m bheil do lámh,  
'S ann nimpe bhios do lua'-bhas.
- 28 Bheireamsa bríathar eile,  
Do radh Oscar nan arm teine;  
Gun tog mí dhíot sealg gun áireamh,  
Is theid mí dh' Albinn a máirach.
- 29 An oídhche sinn duinne gu lé,  
Eidear mnáithaibh fionn 's a 'g ól;  
'S briathraibh gurge fuaridh falachidh,  
Eidear Oscar agus Cairbnidh.
- 30 Air madáin an dara mháirach,  
Do ghluaisear gu mor gháirdach;  
A thóirt seilg leinn le coí' éibhneas,  
'S cho d' fhiabtraich sinn Rí 'n h-Eirann.
- 31 Thog sinn Gleann-caothann nan úr rós,  
Gu luath, laisgairnach luthmhór;  
'S chunnaig sinn a teachd nan teann-ruigh  
Buidheann fhuilach fhaobhrach chalma,
- 32 Macsamhailte do bha 'n daor-ruigh,  
Mar an t-sbran-ghaoth teachd thair aonach;  
No mar fhrois o 'n iar na gatháibh,  
Roi' na gothaibh booghlaich plathach.
- 33 'N tra' chunnaig Osear na slóighaibh,  
Dh' fhás e mar fhiadhl-bar air móintich;  
No mar chú air cill no lothainn,  
Re h-am teachd do 'n t-sheilg ma chothair.
- 34 A deir Oscar r' a luchd seilge,  
O! chaomh chalmaibh is maí' éirnaís,  
Tha cluich eile teachd nar carraibh,  
Ní 's fhearr no claoidh fhiadh air bharrabh.
- 35 Tha ar naimhde tigh 'n nan grunnáibh,  
Chum an t-sleibh gu feithach fuileach;  
A thóirt sgríos oírn ann an aon la,  
Mar stríoc sinn gu síor do Chairbnidh.
- 36 Pilleamaid riu gu dónach,  
'S na geillamaid chaoi' da 'n comhrag,  
Man di-measaich no man táirach;  
Sinn gu síor an dream o 'n d' thainig.
- 37 Sin a deir na Luthaich chalma,  
O! na d' thugaibh buille dhaibh 'n diu;  
'S fhearr dhuinn réite riu is cordamh,  
No tuitcam uil' air an lóu ad.
- 38 Fhrecgair Oscar Caomha grádhach,  
'N 'e sin a deir sibh a lán-íoch;  
B' fhearr leam tuitcam air na Maghaibh,  
No teicheamh no geill do bhaile.
- 39 Sin thuir Raoinidh aoibheil gáirdach,  
'S baoghalach dhuinn dol do 'n ghábha';  
Ach géd thuiteas sinn gu h-míldh,  
'S ro alloil gu bráth ar cumha.
- 40 Míle beannachd dhuitsa Raoinidh,  
Fhír is fhearr re lim na caobhrach;  
Do ra Oscar an Ceann catha,  
'N curidh calma, armaich, gathach.
- 41 A rís a deir na Luthaich ághor,  
Re caomh Oscar cosgair, aluín;  
Cha do thóg sibh sinn riamh na catbaibh,  
No air cáirdean gradhach gathach.
- 42 Bha siun riamh an tús gach gabhadh,  
F' ar 'm bu mhíng tuilleán lán-íoch;  
Cha d' rinn fós am bás a sheachna',  
Le meath-chríth no leanbachd mheata.
- 43 Ach 'n diu' chi sinn sloigh doth-áiridh,  
'S dubhadh shlighe is bheann d' ar námaibh;  
'S baoghalach dhuinn doll nar caraimh,  
'S gun air 'n áireamh dhoibh am fágus.
- 44 Bheir aon keagmh sinn sa ghábha 's  
Chaoi' na dheidh nach d' theid am blára;  
'S fhearr dhuinn fheucháin le cuthach,  
No blih rís gu síor fuí' Chumha.
- 45 A cheann-catha 's farsuing ainnein,  
Thoir thusa 'n ceann sean' do Chairbnidh;  
Oir cho mhaslaich síth re laoch sinn,  
Gus 'n d' thig Fionn le chalmaibh gaolach.
- 46 Ach ma 's ronaigh leats' imtheachd,  
Chuca siar gu pian no pileadh;  
'S ullamh thogas sinn ar 'n arma,  
'S tric a dheáir' an dubhra garbh-chath.
- 47 Au sin do ra' an t-Oscar calma,  
'S 'e cath fuileach mor mháinn' manma;  
Far an cluinte fuaim nau luinne,  
Mar thoraínn no srotha' muíne.
- 48 A deir e 'n sín r' a bhuidheann dheáirach,  
Fhír rathail is cruaidhe 'n gabhadh;  
'Sgaoileadh uaibhe meath-chríth chatha,  
'S bíodh r' ar féum an gléus nan Cathan.
- 49 Faiccam uile sibh an órdadh,  
Aiteam chathach, rathach, lóinreach;  
'S gluaiscamaid gn luthar, calma,  
Mar bu nos léinn ann 's gach aon la.
- 50 An sin dh' imích sinn air an fhróach,  
Chum buaidhe no bás maraon;  
Ar gnáís lóinreach le ar 'n armaibh,  
Chlaoidheadh fradharc mar ghriann Shamhráidh.
- 51 B' fhuaimnaiche síos síos an t-sléibh sinn,  
No coill Mhóraim' roi' ghaoi' threun-mhor;  
Na toirm na' mhannach na mara,  
'Nuair bheuceadh i rís gach carraig.



- 52 Bha ar luas mar fhéidh nan áonach,  
Bhíodh roí 'n fhlaghaid a sior dhaór-rúigh,  
No ceathach nam beanntaidh árd,  
'N nair bheanadh dh' a neart an fháilidh.
- 53 Rainig sinn a bhuidheann lónoil,  
'S bhuail chugain mar thuin an damhair;  
Bhíodh o bosraich gu treun calma,  
Ris gach Carraig Chruaidh sa Gheamhra.
- 54 Bhuail sinn orra mar an eodna,  
Gu luath lamhach, is cho bhéirgach;  
Mar mhór easaich nan gleannidh,  
'S roothadh síos re síos nan beanntidh.
- 55 Chóí'-fhreagradh na creagan árd,  
Do sgreadail ar 'n armaibh dealrach;  
'S dhicragadh a Magh fuí' ar cosaibh,  
Le fuil námh is ghrádhach cosgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dlúinne gu tra'-neóin,  
Gun fheith gun fhurtachd, ach león;  
A cosgairt gach buidne nan dithadh,  
Mar a b' fhaigsa dhuinn a thigadh.
- 57 Faidheoidh thuit sin air gach lámh,  
Mach o fhear a theich o 'n ár;  
'S cha d' thainig o 'n ghreis d' ar Cathain,  
Ach mis an amonán galach.
- 58 Na b' síthne dhamb féin do 'n t-sluagh,  
Aiream dhúin na thuit gu h-uaign;  
Sin re ra' d' ar namha gabhídh,  
Gun aithris air sluaigh Rí' Pháile.
- 59 Mogan Mac Seirce bha 'n uaimb,  
Chomhraigadh céud cloidheamh cruaidh;  
Thuit sud le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 60 Rígh Loitheann nan iomad lán,  
Geur fuileachdach, faobhrach rann;  
Thuit sud le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 61 Seachd agus ceud mangan maiseach,  
Le 'n clogaid cinn uallach gaisgach;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 62 Seachd céud do dh' fheara feachd,  
Thainig oirn o thír an t-sneachd;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 63 Seachd ceud Albannach calm,  
Thainig thair muir gáidheal garbh;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 64 Seachd céud do dh' fheara botha,  
Thainig oirn, 's cha b' ann dar comhair;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 65 Seachd céud do dh' fheara scairbh,  
Thainig o 'n tír nasaidh ghairbh;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 66 Seachd céud do chlanna Rígh,  
Bu mhó gaisgeadh, 's bu mhór gníomh;  
Thuit sin air lámh Oseair cheatfaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 67 Seachd céud Cairbnidh ruagh,  
Bu chosmhúil re Cairbnidh 'n t-sluaigh;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 68 Seachd is míle calma cruaidh,  
Chosgara' naoi' míle sluaigh;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí Eirann.
- 69 Seachd is fichead míle ris,  
Do lán ghaisgaich hu mhó gníomh;  
Thuit sin do námh Oseair aghoir,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh an Ard-rígh.
- 70 Míle mor-laoch is a dha,  
Le 'n sleagh chorrannach gu crádh;  
Thuit sin da lámh Oseair aghoir,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh an Ard-rígh.
- 71 Seachd céud fear tuaigne gu h-ár,  
A sgath síos sinn ann 's gach áit;  
Thuit sin do námh Oseair ghrádhach,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh an ámhghair.
- 72 Seachd céud Toiseach loimreach, árd;  
Fhuair urram air magh gach bíair;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 73 'N seachd céud eile b' fhaigse lámh,  
Le 'n Creathaille cradhach bán;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair fhéidh,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 74 Seachd céud eile is níor ghó,  
Ge' d bha sliagneach orr mar or;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair áluin,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rí' nan ámhghair.
- 75 A chuigear a b' fhaigse do' n Rígh,  
Bu mhó meas is bu mhór prís;  
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair ghradhach,  
'S e mosgladh ris na bha láthair.
- 76 'N nair a chunnaigh Carbuidh ruagh,  
'N d' Osear a smaitheadh a sluaigh;  
A Chraosnach nimhe bha na dhorm,  
Thílg e i chuige le thréoir.
- 77 Thuit Osear air a ghlu deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nimhe roí' a chneas;  
Thug e ath' urchar dh' i 'n ceud-rod,  
Is mbarbhadh leis Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 78 Art mhic Chairbnidh glac do chloí' camb,  
Is seas fein an áite d' Athar;  
Mar toir thu 'n t-éng do na Cathain,  
Gar leóir dhuit fein mead do rabhaidh.
- 79 Thuit le Osear sluaigh gun áireamh,  
Do mhaitheadh 's do dhaoine áglor;  
Agus fuidheoidh gníomh gun chumhne,  
Art mac Chairbnidh 'n dara urchar.
- 80 Chuir iad an sin na bha láthair,  
Camhar Chairbnidh suas san áraich;  
Chum a león le smaitidh tiamhídh,  
Aon laoch Eirann is nam Fiantídh.
- 81 Dh' imích an deidh na garg ghreis,  
Iarmaid an t-sluaigh fhuair gu treis;  
'S nan rigeadh mo lámh an cneas,  
Cho slánaicht' gu bráth an cneidh,
- 82 Osear mac Osian an áigh,  
Thog e leac chloiche o 'n lár;  
'S bhris e 'n cabhar is an ceap,  
Gníomh mo dheireadh a dheá' mhic.

PAIRT II. This is a version of Ballad A. 30.

83 O! 's mise Fearadhas flidh,  
Is chuartaich mí gach innais;  
A noc an deidh na Feinne,  
Struagh mo sgeul r'a innis.

84 Innis sgéul Fhearadhais,  
Fhílidh fiann fear Eirann;  
Cionnas mar a tharladh,  
Cath camhara nam béumanna'.

85 Níor mhaith e mhic Chuthail,  
Mo sgeulas o Cath-camhra;  
Cha bheo an d' Osear ionmhúinn,  
Achuir mor chos air chalmáibh.

86 'S cha bheo a bhrathair eile,  
Aon laoch fíal nan gaisgach;  
'S ann leis a Choran calma,  
A thorchair am fear sin.

87 'S mharbhadh fear a Mhantail,  
'S leinne do bha chónamh;  
Tha chroidhe gu fuar fal' chaidh,  
'S a lámh chalm an comhnuidh.

88 'S mharbhadh na Mic Luthaic,  
Na sea Mic san d' Athair;  
Mharbhadh o Rígh Anna,  
'S mharbhadh ann Rígh Láitheann.

- 89 Mharbhadh Muga seirce,  
Bha air thús nan sloighaibh,  
'S mharbhadh luchd nan Tuaghadh,  
A rinn mór thruaigh' sa chómhrag.
- 90 Mharbhadh na sea Cuinn,  
Na suinn bu mhai' sa chomstrídh;  
'S mharbhadh Raoinidh 's Art,  
Na laoi ch bu dáite, loimreach.
- 91 Mharbhadh Glais is Geamhail,  
Is seachd mic Chaoilt' Mhic Ronan,  
Daoire dearg is Aogh gal,  
Fead is Faoidh is Mor-lamh.
- 92 Mharbhadh an Dubh-chuimair,  
Cruinne 's Balbh is Gáire;  
Fir nan créuce calma,  
'S iad gu fa' chaidh fásail.
- 93 Mharbhadh Oscar Gharidh,  
Béirnidh is Fad-lamhach;  
Is Clann-pháil o Teamhradh,  
Agus Fearraghuin gradhach.
- 94 Mharbhadh naoi mic Mhíne,  
Dénd-gheal agus Ardán;  
Mor-ghlan maiseach fialaidh,  
'S Connlaoh ciatach áluin.
- 95 Mharbhadh ann an Tréun fhear.  
Deó-gréine agus Ailidh;  
'S tha Lubhar agus saor-ghlan,  
Shios r' a 'n taobh gun mháran.
- 96 Mharbhadh naoi mic Cholla,  
Goille 's na trí Sgáire;  
Ioghan is Fionn Breatan,  
Mac Bhreastail 's naoi mic Smáile.
- 97 Cho 'n ionann sa deireamsa,  
Ach mac mo mhic is manam;  
Cionnas a bha Oscar  
A sgoltadh a chatha?
- 98 Gur deacair sin r' a innse,  
Le ro mhéad na h-obair;  
Na thuit sa chath gun áireamh.  
Le armaibh 's lámhaibh Oscar.
- 99 Bu luaithe' e no Eas ombann,  
No seobhag tríd na h-ealtainn;  
'S mar rua' mhúinne seothadh,  
Bha Oscar a g' aiseag.
- 100 'S bhithheadh e 'n uair eile,  
Mar bhile re tréun ghaoiht;  
A lámh air gach fuídh,  
'S a shúil air gach tréun laoch.
- 101 Chumraig e Rígh Eirann,  
Shios air lar a chatha;  
'S thug e rnahtar chuige,  
Mar Mhúinne re carraig.
- 102 Mharbhadh leis an tréun laoch,  
Is an coran uime  
Mac peath'r a Mhathar,  
Am fear a chráidh sa ghuin e.
- 103 'S Art mac a Chairbuidh,  
Air an dara buille;  
Sgoilteadh e na cregan,  
Le leadairt a huinne.
- 104 'Nam biodh beachd mo sgéulsa,  
An críochuibh na Gréige;  
Bhíodh Mnaithan ann gu túrsach,  
Is fir air bheagan céille.
- 105 'N sin do rádbait 'm Athair,  
G' am b' alle Rígh na Féinne  
'Struagh anois a tharladh dhamb,  
Bhí gu bráth an-eibhinn.
- 106 Tha mi' nois gu caointeach,  
An deidh gach cath is comhraig;  
An deireadh mo láithe,  
Gun fhír gun mháir' gun sólas.
- 107 Imicreamaid roimhainn,  
Anois a chosg mo chomhraidh;  
Far am bheil an t-Oscar,  
A chuir mor chosg air slóighibh.

## PAIRT III.

- 108 Thainig sinn an sin is Fionn,  
Air an tulaoh os an chionn;  
'S chunnaigh sinn air magh na t-éug-bhail,  
Ar laoi ch chaomhe, chalma, cheatfach.
- 109 Iad marbh gu h-níidh san áraich,  
'San clab ris gach gaoith gun mháran;  
O! b' e sin an sealladh deurach,  
A dh' fhaig sinne chaoi' an-eibhinn.
- 110 Fhuaras Oscar mo mhac féin ann,  
'S 'e na luigh air uilain thréibhaich;  
'Sa shleagh sint air lar lom ruisgte,  
Is fhuil síos tríd magh a Laireach.
- 111 'S mease bhí tu dhe' a dhe' mhic,  
Na latha catha Béinn-eadaimn;  
Ghabham na corraín roí' d' mheadhan,  
'S fhuareamar arís do leaghas.
- 112 Mo leaghas cho 'n eil e 'm fáth,  
'S cho deannar e gu lí bhráth;  
Chuir Cairbuidh sleagh nan seachd aghan,  
Eidair 'm iomlag agus 'm áirnean.
- 113 'N uair thainig Cairbuidh nan lann,  
Le fheachd a chur cath nach gann;  
C' om nach do mharbh thu gun sóradh,  
E air thús' ma 'n d' rinn do leonadh.
- 114 'S mise 'm feasd nach guineadh Cairbuidh,  
Air na bheireadh long thair faire;  
Gus an guineadh mí gu neimhail,  
Sinn clann na deise dearbh pheathrach.
- 115 Do thug mise urchar bhatbhat,  
Mhíodhair 's g' a 'm bu leoir a guinne;  
'S chuir mí sleagh na naoi saoillean,  
An cumachd an fhúil san aodain.
- 116 Thuit e 'n sin air magh na d' eug-bhail,  
Le mor chráidh air muin nan ceude;  
Bha ionchain a síos gu shúilean,  
'S fhuil a taomadh magh a Lúireach.
- 117 'S truagh a mhic nach d' rinn thu trá' sin,  
Man d' thug e am buille dhuit;  
Cha slánaichear thu gu síorruidh,  
Fhír a b' aghoire meag mhíidh.
- 118 Cíod e 'm fáth chaoi sin a radhaid,  
'S nach fhéud duine le mead ághan;  
Tighain o 'n bhás a fhuar órda',  
Ge d' bhithheadh gach sloigh ga chaonadh.
- 119 'N sin thug leinn an t-Oscar áluin,  
Air bharadh ar sleaghan árd;  
'S thug sinn d' a' iomchar grinn,  
Gus an d' rainig sinn tigh Fhinn.
- 120 Chruinnaidh iad an sin na sluaigh,  
'S gu 'm b' iad sin na buirich thruagh;  
Cha chaoineadh bean a fear féin,  
'S cha ghuileadh a bhrathair e,
- 121 Cha chaoineadh piuthar a brathair,  
'S cha chaoineadh a mac a Mathair;  
Ach iad uile ann sa phlogail,  
A géur chaoineadh mo chaomh Oscar.
- 122 Donnalaich nan con re 'm thaobh,  
Agus buirich nan sean hoch;  
'S gal gach bannail ann gu snitheach,  
'S iad is modha chraidh mo chroidhe.
- 123 Mar sin dhúinn gu an ath-lo,  
Fuídh nallach uamhain is bróin;  
Ag ambare air a chaomh dhochain,  
Gus 'n do cháill e 'n deó ra phlogail.
- 124 Thug sinn léinn e 'n sin gun ghéir,  
Air ghuaillean is sleaghean árd;  
Gus an tulaich uaine dhrosach,  
'S thíodhlaicheadh leinn an sinn Oscar.
- 125 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
Air an tulaich fhuair gu fánn;  
Air an amháil so du-bhrónach,  
'S dh' éist sinn uile ra chaoi-chomhradh.

- 126 Mo laogh fein e, laogh mo laogh,  
Leannadh mo leinnadh ghil claoinn;  
Mo chroidh' léimnich mar Lon dochain,  
Chion gu bráth nach eirich Oscar.
- Here begins a passage which seems to be modern;  
compare I. The metre is different.*
- 127 Ach anois sa ris gu brath,  
Gun treise gun dreach mar thú;  
Fui lic fhuairidh chruai' gun chomhdach,  
Gun huadh gu la bhrath air comhrag.
- 128 Bha do chroidh mar ghathaibh gréine,  
'S do spiorad mar chanach sléibh;  
B' e do nós bhí aobal fáiltreach,  
Mar na rósaibh air gach fáire.
- 129 B' fhearr no sinu do chruth is d' aogas,  
Fhír a b' áille bh' ann is d' shaothal;  
Mar a ghrian a teachd roí' néalaibh,  
Bha do shuagh a meas nan tréun-laoch.
- 130 Bha do ghruaidh cho dearg san caóran,  
Na ruiteaga suas gu crábhach;  
'S bha do rosgaibh du-ghorm calma,  
Mar an osnaich chiuin is t-shamhradh.
- 131 Bha do chneas gu finn-gheall deáfrach,  
Mar ghealach uo sneachd an fháisich;  
Thug barr air gach neach a móideachd,  
'S thug an neart re tím a chómhraig.
- 132 Bha re h-am cath agus d' éng-bhail,  
Mar easaiche bhicann ag fábhach;  
Is chlaoidheadh e sios gach aiteam,  
Mar a charraig tuinn na mara.
- 133 'S trugh a tharladh eirich mo láithe,  
Bhí gun Fheinn gun ghean gun abhachd;  
Thuit mo chroidhe gu lár fui' shuinnicadh,  
'S cha tog ceól re 'm bhéas ós úr e.
- 134 Cha tog elarsach o an-eibneas,  
No Figheal is mire gléas,  
Anois no gu brath gu sólas,  
'S tiamhaidh a dh' thás eirich mo loithe.
- Here comes in the current ballad.*
- 135 'S ann an sin a dubhras féinach,  
'S mi sior chuimneacha mo dhea' Mhíe,  
Cho 'n ann dhamsa 's fhearr a tharladh,  
A bhí chaoi' gun mhac gun ábhachd.
- 136 Chráidh a blas gu bráth mo chroidhe,  
'S an-eibhinn mise ro' shnitheach;  
'S ionnchuinn a neach fui 'n lic ata,  
'S teara loch air am bheil a radh.
- 137 O! s' trugh nach mise thuit ann,  
Ann Cath-cabhara gníomh nach gann,  
'S bhíodh Oscar a near sa niar,  
A díol mo bhás air gach Chiar.
- 138 'S ge d' bu tusa thineadh ann,  
An Cath-cabhara gníomh nach gann;  
Cho chluimeadh neach a chaoi' osann,  
No iargain a' d' dheis ag Oscar.
- 139 'S ole a chreideas mi do radhsa,  
Nach bitheadh an d' Oscar grádhach;  
A díoleadh mo bhás gun chlois aig,  
Ann 's gach áite ghná' a cosgart.
- 140 Tha mi lán sháthach ag amharc,  
Air a líonn a b' fhearr sna Cathain;  
Fhuair bnaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,  
Le líimh chalma an-nhor sheolta.
- 141 Osain glaesa an gath calma,  
O nach maithrean an d' Oscar armach;  
'S bíodh sírd Curidh ort gun tiom-chridh';  
'S na Cathain a teachd mu d' thiomcheal.
- 142 Cho d' fbidir duin ormsa riamh,  
Croidhe feola bhí am eiliabh;  
Ach croidhe do chuine lán-dáimh,  
'N déis a cluithreach leis an stáilin.
- 143 Se Cath-cabhara mhil gu leir,  
Sinne 's air loich eabhmhe thréun;  
Cairbuidh is Garabh mac Mórna,  
'S cho b' aun dhoibh fein b' fhearr an leonadh,

141 Na thuit ann an cath nan cénd,  
Innscamsa na thuit oirn féin;  
D' ar fir shuaghair, chalma, og,  
Lu huathghaireach mu thra' noin.

145 Fear air fhichead, s fichead cénd,  
A choi síreach Fionn san Fhúinn;  
A dh uighir sin 's nior ghó,  
Dh' oigridh Eirann sgéul is mó.

## I. 22. BAS OСКАIR. 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 unfavorably with the rest, e.g. with the second part; and that it is an imitation of the style of Mac Pierson'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 killt by Oscar, and Oscar is mortally wounded by Cairbre. Arth the son of Cairbre commands the Irish army who is likewise killt 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 OСКАIR.

- 3 LUIMNEACH, leimneach, treun gun athadh,  
Nair a dh' eiradh euchd a catha.
- 5 Laoich nach iochda cis do Chairbni',  
Gus na dhithinnich láth-cathar iad.
- 6 Ann 's gach bail air fea' nah Eireann;  
Do na ogain shuadliar, shamhradha.
- 7 Do radh Comhairlich an Ard-riogh,  
Comhairle gu 'n iul gun ábhachd;  
'S mor an sgeul, gun enchd a Chairbni',  
Cis na h-Eireann aig Fíann Albann.

Cairbre  
was son to  
Cormac.

- 8 Sgaoilt an eilín, is cian ata í,  
Mar a mhadaínn mhóch a dealradh ;  
Thus' a' d' íochdaídh choi' eilín gun eirídh,
- 9 Cia mar chisúichear na calma,  
Dream nach do dhithinníoch comhrag,  
A noir no níar, nach d' fhíar conamh.
- 10 Cuir fios air Oscar o Albainn,  
'S íochdadh e dhuit lann, is barr-ghil.
- 11 Chardaídh sud a míldh gruamach,  
A dhithinníoch a t-og snuadhar.
- 13 Dhol a ghabhail feist is dhuana,  
Sgeul nach b' eibhinn do 'n Fhinn bhuaadhar.
- 14 Bha ochd ceud is caogad marcaídh.
- 15 Is Oscar caomh calma, buadhar.
- 16 Fad sía oichean, is sía lo,
- 23 Do dh' ur Oscar sguach, armach,  
Is da oig-fhír cheolmhor chalma.
- 29 'S chunnaig sinu cian nan teann-ruigh,  
Buidheann fhuileach nan arm cam-geur.
- 30 Ba mbae samhail triall nan laoch ud.
- 31 Nuair a chunacas leinn na sluaigh,  
Chaochail Oscar gean is snuadh ;
- 32 A deir Oscar ri luchd seilge,  
A hoeh nan arm glan gun mheirgeadh ;  
Tha iomaírt nan calg mar caradh,  
Is fearr no ruídh fhiadh air bharadh.
- 33 Tha ar naimhde teachd nan ceudan,  
Na sunn gluithídh gluthaich, gheura ;  
Gu toirt ar Tighearnaís dhinn,  
Dlighe dea' Mhíe Cumhail Fhinn.
- 34 Mun di-measaich ne mun tair oirm,  
Bhí da 'r dí an Ríogh o 'n d' thainig.
- 35 Do fhreagair na Lúthóich ághor,  
Rim láith o chian eagnaídh fhagail ;  
Gun bhí dian gu triall ann comhrag,  
Laogh no miannaídh doll nan comhail.
- 36 Fhreagair Oscar treun gaeh gábhadh,  
Leam is eibhinn triall gu gáirdeach ;  
Ann comhail nan fearadh armach,  
Geill mo Ríogh eho 'n íochd do Chairbni'.
- 37 Fhreagair Raonaidh loineach, láthair  
'S bao' lach, baoh a chaochail ábhaist ;  
Togaídh mi mo lann gu 'd chonamh,  
'S cian ar eilín ge d' thuit sa chomrag.
- 39 Do radh ris na Lútháich ághor,  
La an áir, air lar a chatha.
- 42 n.
- 40 Sheas o thus an tus na t-eug-bhail,  
Am bu mhíngí iomaírt gear-lann ;  
Eug nan creuchd an d' eur e sheachnadh,  
No beum ceud no threig le meatachd.
- 43 n.
- 41 Thuirling an diú sluaigh gun áireamh,  
Fea' nam beann, 's gun Fhíonn a lathair ;  
'S bao' lach Oscar doll nan dáil,  
'Stu air oigridh Inse-phail.
- 44 n.
- 42 Tha beum nan ceud eughach athach,  
Choi'ch na dheídh bídh 'n Fheinn air bhadhál ;  
'S an-íochd feirg, 's tha burbe dian,  
Co ní stri ri tuu gun fhiadh.
- 43 'S mor ar tuiteam, 's mor an t-ár e,  
'S cruai' an sgeul gaeh re ra chlaistin ;  
Oigridh shaghabach armach Fhinn,  
A sghathadh síos drim air dhrim.
- 44 Oscar na 'm buadh uraídh, chalma,  
Toir iomláid cinn-sleagh do Chairbni' ;  
Cho mhasladh dhuit síth ri laoch,  
Gas an d' thig Fíonn le chalma' gaoil.
- 46 n.
- 45 'S ulladh thogas sinn gach arm,  
Is tric a dhears' ri la garbh.
- 46 Far an cluinte toirm ar lann,  
Mar fhuaim tuinne, no sruth bheann.

- 47 Dhuit arís an t-Oscar aluinn,  
Oigridh mheamnach, no bhiadh sgáthach ;  
Sgaoileadh uaithibh meith-chríth Chatha,  
'S bíodh gach treun ann gleus nan Cathan.
- 48 Gluaiseamaid gu Iuthar ea-trom,  
Mar bu nós leinn ann 's gach t-eug-bhail.
- 49 Dh' imích na fir uir an t-Siabhb,  
Chum buaidh no bas, mar calt ían ;  
An gnúis shoilleir le 'n armaibh caol,  
'S cian a dhealradh air an moon.
- 50 Dh' imích Oscar air ar tus,  
Mar mhadaínn, no solus ur ;  
A chruth nar ghrian, a leac mar ros,  
Eitídh, borb, mar cholb an t-sloig ;
- 51 Bha fuaim ar cos ri dos an t-sleibh,  
Mar a choill roí 'n osaig dhein ;  
No toirm na tuinn air an Traídh,  
'Nuair a bheuceadh stoirm an ard.
- 52 Bha air luas nar fheidh nam beann,  
Bhíodh roí' n fhadhaid siar sa ghleann ;  
No ceathach nan sleibhtí cian,  
Ghluaiste le an-fheath na nial.
- 53 Bhuail chugainn a bhuidheann mhor,  
Laidir lionmhor, mílti' sloigh ;  
Mar thuinn fuí' fhathrum nan ramh,  
Shug na ceudan beum gu h-ár.
- 54 Bhuail sinn orra mar an ceudna,  
Gu luath-lambach is cho bhrengach ;  
Mar thoirm nan easaíche dian,  
Chluint ar slachdraídh astar eian.
- 55 Choi' fhreagraídh Mac talla bheann,  
Do sgreadaí ar 'n arm 'sa ghleann ;  
Dheargadh a magh fuí' ar cosaibh,  
Le fuil namh 'san araídh cosgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dhuinne gu tra-noin,  
Gun fheidh sa ghreis ann teas leoin ;  
A' cosgairt an t-sluaigh nan dithídh,  
Mar a b' fheiceadh dhúinn san t-slighe,
- 57 Faidheoidh dhithíníoch gaeh taobh,  
58 Mar dh' imích a síos an sluaigh.

*Here begin parts of current ballads.*

- 60 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
61 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
62 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
63 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
68 Seachd agus ceud calma cruaidh,  
A dhithíníoch sin gu truaigh ;  
69 An seachd ceud a b' euchdaí gníomh,  
Le creathailhe chruaidh san stri ;
- 75 n.
- 70 A chuigear a b' fhuaisge do 'n Ríogh,  
Bu mhor meas is bu mho pris ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar threibhídh,  
'S e mosgladh gu Ríogh na h-Eireann.
- 71 Thilg e i chuige, 's na chomhail.
- 74 Thuit le Oscar nam beum gaidheil,  
Maithibh Eireann beud do áireamh ;
- 75 Chuir na sluaigh a ghluaís gu traí-uainn.

PART II.

- 81 Cho bheo a bhrathair eile,  
Aon hoeh fial nan creach bheann ;  
'S ann le Mungan calma,  
A mharbhadh am fear sin.
- 87 Fir nan euchda' calma,
- 88 Is Beinnídh bríonnach, bla' bhinn ;  
Fearginn, is Fad-lambach.
- 89 Bhu bhíne no choill bhla' or ;  
Morglan maiseach, ceutach,  
Dendgeal agus Ardán.
- 91 Ioghlán, is Fíonn Breatail,
- 97 Mharbhadh leis an Cairbni',  
Air an dara buille ;

- 100 An sin do labhair m' Athair,  
Mo Rìogh air bhadal ceille;  
'S tursach, truagh a tharladh dlamb,  
Ghluais na laí' bha cìbhinn.
- 101 Tha mo thim gu deurach,  
An deidh nan Cathan comhraig;  
Gu h-aosmhor, an-fhann, ciamail,  
'S mo laoch nach iarar beo iad.
- 102 Ghluisemaid o 'n trai' so,  
No chuinneadh each sinn bronach;  
A dh' fhaicsinn Osaic chreachte,  
A choisg na ceudan sloighe.

## PART III.

*This is current still.*

## CUMHA OSAIR.

- 103 Air tulaich nan deur sa ghleann:  
Na Cathain claoimh, chalma, choutfach.
- 104 Tostach, bolbh, gun cholbh, gun chàradh,  
An clab ris gach gaoth, gun mhàran;  
Ochoin, rì luath, 's emadh an sgeul so,  
Adh' dh' fhag sinne choi' ch an-eibhinn.
- 107 Chuir Cairbní' sleagh nan seachd gainne,  
108 Gus an guinte mì os isosal,  
Gur sinn clann da pheathrach dileas.
- 109 Do thug mise nraichair bhrathast,  
Chuir mi sleagh na naoi faobhar,
- 110 Thuit an Triath air magh na t-eng-bhail,  
Claoidhte crat' air carr an t-sleibhe;  
'S fhuil a' maomadh magh a luireach.
- 111 Cho slanaichear u gu dìlinn,  
A laoch mheannaich, mbeigbich, mbilidh.
- 113 'S cho ghuileadh a bhrathair deur.
- 116 Mar sin duinne gu tra-non,  
Gur fheith, gun fhurtachd, ach bron,  
Ag ambarc 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  
Gaelic Paraphrases.*
- 120 Mar neul a ghluaiscas thair fàir,  
No cothar cuain air an tràidh;  
Chaochail do chruth Oscar ur,  
A laoch! 'Nì smo cho' n fhaicear thu.
- 121 Och a laoigh, cho' n fhaic do ghradh,  
Tu teachd o 'n feirg le lua'-ghair;  
'S fuar do leac mo chreach! gun chomdach,  
Gun luath gu la bhrath air comhrag.
- 122 Do chroidh caoin mar ghath greine,  
A laoch meaghaich, mhìnrùich, ghle-ghil  
B' e do nos bhì aoibheil failteach,  
Mar na rosaibh air gach fàire,
- 123 Bu mhor do chruth, is b' fhearr t-aosgag,  
Fhìr a b' aille bh' ann is t-slaoghal;  
Mar a ghrian a' teachd ro' neul,  
B' amhail do thrial, is do neal,
- 124 Chìte 'n laoch mar aiteal ceo,  
Neartor, luthar eibhinn, òg;  
Ann comhrag nan Cathan dlu,  
Mar am fear fuid' n osg chiuin.
- 125 Bha do chneas mar chothar sruth,  
Air an trai' nar chatha cuir;  
A laoch bu docair san leirg,  
Nuair a dhuisgt' u, choisgte feirg.
- 126 Cia uime dh' eireas a ghrian,  
Air mo chruth mar choe na nial;  
Nach an-eibhinn a bli beo,  
Tursach deurach ann talla bhron.
- 127 Co dh' eireas air teachd an ló,  
Gu comhrag ceud, 's ann iomairt sgleò;  
O nach maithrean Oscar ur,  
A choisgeadh euclid nan coimheach dhuinn.
- 128 Co dhiongas ann comhrag sluaigh,  
Armait almhai', cìtidh, ehruaidh;  
Onach maithrean Ocar aigh,  
Bu truíme beum, 's bu truíne lamh.

- 129 'S amhail m' fhonn 's an tonn gun chli  
A caoi' nan sonn bu trom 's an stri;  
Gun Fheinn gun aidhear, uo gun duan,  
Is mor au sgeul, 's an t-Oscar uainn.
- 130 Co nì ceol an teach nan ceud,  
'San t-Oscar og fuid' n fhod gach rì;  
Na mìlte sgrì' gun triath sa uhar,  
Is sleaghal geur nan treuna ciuin.
- 131 Chaochail ceol gu bron gach sonn,  
Gach ermit is clarsach dh' fhas i trom;  
Cho ghluais an t-aosmhor laí' gu strì,  
No 'n t-Oscar og nach beo gu gnìomh.
- 132 'S ann an sin a dubhras fein,  
O mbic! a luaidh gur truagh an sgeul;  
Do leon ag Caothann nan sruth mall,  
Gun Fhìon, gun Fhaodlilan a bhì ann.
- 133 Chru' do bhas gu brath mo chroidh,  
'S an-eibhinn mo laith, gun chli;  
'S ionmhunn an laoch fuid' lie ata,  
Is teare laoch air an bheil t-ìom ra'.

*Here comes in the cureat ballad, but apparently  
altered and added to.*

- 135 Ge do thuiteadh tusa thall  
Ann Cath-cabhara gnìomh a chialb;  
Cho chluinneadh neach eigh no osann,  
No iargainn a d' dheidh ag Oscar.
- 136 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeul,  
Nach diodh an t-Oscar 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;  
Aluin mar Anna nan leug,  
Chuireadh crith air brataich cheud.
- 138 'S cian is cumhainn leamb do ghniomh  
A laoch nau arm tana mìh  
A Bharghail s' an Driolanach aigh  
Co nì feum do sheud moghruidh

141 u.

- 139 Oiseinn glac an cloidheamh calma  
141 'Se cath-cabhara chuir fuid' dhi,  
Na laoch claoimh nach oba strì;  
A ghluiseadh 'sann iomairt sloigh.  
Eididh, armach, calma corr.
- 142 Na thuit aig Caothann nan leug,  
143 A dha uidhir, 's mìle sloigh

M. 19. BAS OSAIR. 256 lines.

- 1 CHA 'N abair mi mo thriath re m' cheol,  
Ge b' oil le h-Oisein e nochd  
Oscar agus Cairbre calma',  
Tradhar iad an Cath Ghabhra.
- 2 An t-sleagh nimhe 's i 'n laimh Chairbre,  
Gu 'n croidtheadh i re nair feirge;  
Deireadh an fiach rì' ghoimh,  
Gur ann lea' mhairbtheadh Oscar.
- 3 'S measa deireadh e ris fein,  
Am fiach dubh mu mhì-cheill,  
A chuireag ata sibh mu 'n chlar  
Ach fuil fir a bhith ga thachdadh.
- 4 Dh' sharaí finn, a Rath' gun cheil,  
Cuim an taedadh ar suil fein;  
Cìod i ghìomh a th'air ar rosgaibh,  
Nuair a choinneamaid a chaoil reachda?
- 5 Gairidh am fiach moch am maireach  
Air do ghrudhsa ann san àr-fhaich,  
Cuiread do shuil' a glac,  
As e sin a thig a thuiread.
- 6 Is dearg an fhaobh sin ta thu nigheadh,  
'S dearg an t-aogas do bhì uirre,  
Ach gus an d' thainig an dia',  
An fhaobh sin cha b' ole a b-inneal.

<sup>1</sup> Thre.<sup>2</sup> Bhaobh.<sup>3</sup> A shuil.



- 7 A Bhaobh a nighneas at t-eadach,  
Deansa dhuinne faisd' neachd cheudna,  
An tuit aon duine dhuibh leinn,  
No 'n d' theid sinn uile do neo-ni ?
- 8 Marbhas leasta cuig ceud,  
Is gonar leat an Rìgh fein,  
Araon 's am fear a laghad<sup>4</sup> dh'e,  
Bhar saoghal nìle gu 'n d' thainig.
- 9 Na cluinneadh e thu Rosg Mac Ruaidh,  
No duinne bhuineadh d' a shluagh,  
Na cluinneadh an Fheinn thu nochd,  
Mu 'm bith sinn uile gun mheisnich.
- 10 An cuala sibhse turas Fhinn,  
Nuair ghluais e gu h-Eirinn ?  
Thainig an Cairbre sleaghach garg,  
'S ghìlac e Eirinn fo aon smachd.
- 11 Dh' fhalbh sinne le dian damhair  
A lion d' an Fheinn as a bha sinn,  
Leagadh leinn ar feachd 's ar sluaigh  
An taobh mu thuaidh do dh' Eirinn.
- 12 Chuireadh le Cairbre annas  
Fios air Oscar cruaidh na Feinne,  
Dol a dh' ionnsuidh fheadh na Feinne,  
'S gu faigheadh e cis de reir sin.
- 13 Ghluais, o nach d' ob e namh,  
An t-Oscar aluinn gu leachd an Rìgh,  
Triachad fear treun dh' imich leis,  
A fhreasal d' a thoil 's da fheim.
- 14 Fhuair sinn onoir fhuair sinn biadh,  
Mar a fhuair sinn roinne riann,  
Bha sinn gu sughach as teach,  
Maille re Cairbre san Teamhruidh.
- 15 An la mu dheireadh d' an òl,  
Thuit Cairbre le guth mor,  
Iomlaid ceinn sleagha b' ail leam uait,  
Oscar dhuinn na h-Albainn.
- 16 Creud an iomlaid ceinn a bhiodh ort,  
A Chairbre ruaidh na 'n Long-phort ?  
'S tric bu leat mi fein 's mo sheilagh,  
Ann latha catha agus combraig.
- 17 Cha b' uileor leamsa cis no cain,  
No aon seoid a bhiodh na 'r tìr,  
Cha b' uileor leam re m' linn a bhos,  
Gach seoid a dh' iarrain gu 'm faighinn.
- 18 Cha 'n 'eil òr no carras gu fior,  
A dh' iarradh oirne an rìgh,  
Gun tair gun tailceas duinn d' e,  
Nach bu leatsa Fhighearnas.
- 19 Ach malairt cinn gun mhalairt crainn  
B' ea-corach sud iarraidh oirn,  
'S e 'm fath mu 'n iarradh tu oirn e,  
Mise a bhith gun Fhianngun athair.
- 20 Ge do bhiodh an Fhianngun is t-athair,  
Co maith 's bha iad riann na 'm beatha.  
Cha b' uileor leamsa re m' linn,  
Gach seud a dh' iarrain gu 'm faighinn.
- 21 Na 'm biodh an Fhianngun agus m' athair,  
Co maith 's a bha iad na 'm beatha.  
Is teann ar am faigheadh tu sinn  
Leud do thaghe an Eirinn.
- 22 Lion fuarachd na laoiich làn,  
Re claidin na h-ìomar-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' laimh  
Gur h-ann imte tha do lauth-bhas.
- 24 Briathar buan sin briathar buan,  
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh  
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan seach sìong,  
Eadar airne agus imleag.
- 25 Briathar eil' ann aghaidh sin,  
Bheireadh an t-Oscar calma,  
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan naoi sìong,  
Mu chuma' fhuil agus eadain.
- 26 Briathar buan sin briathar buan,  
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,  
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach  
A h-Albainn an la 'r na 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 amhainn,  
Bha doirlinn leath mar leath  
Bha doirlinn mhòr eadar-inn.
- 29 Chualas Olla le guth tiom,  
Air chlaireich bliinn ag tuireadh bais ;  
Dh' eirich Oscar am feirg  
Is ghìlac e airn na dhornaibh aigh.
- 30 Dh' eirich sinn an la 'r na mhaireach,  
Ar sluaigh uil' ann fin na bha dh' inn,  
Thogadh sealg agus creach leinn,  
Gu 'n fhaicadh do Rìgh Eirinn.
- 31 Mharbh sinn Rìgh Lathaidh na 'n lann,  
Laoch fuileach le fhaobhar arm,  
Thog sinn creach re shìabh Goill,  
Gu luath leis gearnach lu'-mhòr.
- 32 An nair a rainig sinn ann  
Beallach cumhang an caoil-ghleann,  
'S ann a bhòdh an Cairbre ard,  
Ag lonmaireachd ag teachd na 'r co-dhail.
- 33 Cuig fichead Gaidheal garg,  
Thainig o 'n tìr fhuair ghairbh<sup>5</sup>  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 34 Seachd fichead do Chlannaibh Rìgh,  
Bu mhòr gaisg agus gnìomh ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 35 Mungan Mac Seire a bha 'n naimh,  
A chuimricheadh ceud clòidheamh glas,  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 36 Cuig fichead fear clòidheamh glais,  
Nach deach' aon cheim riann air ais ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 37 Cuig fichead fear bogha,  
A thainig air Cairbre d' 's chobhair ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 38 Seachd fichead do dh' fhearaibh feachd,  
A thainig a tìr an t-sneachd ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 39 Cuig fichead Cairbre ruadh,  
Bha cos'lach re Cairbre an t-sluaigh ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 40 A chuigear a b' fhaigse d' an Rìgh,  
D' am bu dual gaisg' is gnìomh ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 41 Nuair chunnaic an Cairbre ruadh,  
Oscar ag snoigheadh an t-sluaigh,  
A chroiseach nimhe bha na laimh  
Gu 'n do leig e na cho-dhail.
- 42 Thuit Oscar air a ghuln deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troimh a chneas,  
Thug e urchlaire eile nunn,  
Is mharbhadh leis Rìgh nab Eirinn.
- 43 Eirich Art is glac do chloidh camh,  
Is seasamh ann aite t-athar,  
Is ma gheabh thu do dhiol saoghail,  
Saoilidh mi gur mac rìgh thu.

<sup>4</sup> Laoideadh.<sup>5</sup> Cuig fichead Albannach ard,  
Thainig thair mair chairginn ghairbh.

- 44 Thug e urchair cile 'n airde,  
Ar leinne gu 'm bu leoir a h-airde  
Leagadh leis aig mend a chuimsadh  
Art mac Cairbre air an ath urchair.
- 45 Chuir iad eham an Rìgh mu cheap,  
Sluagh Chairbre bu gharbh gleac,  
Los gu 'm buidh' nte leo buaidh laraich,  
Air faicinn doibh Oseair gu craiteach.
- 46 Thog e leacog ehnart chruaidh,  
Bharr na talmhainn taobh-ruaidh,  
Bhris e 'n Cath-bharra mu 'n cheap,  
Gníomh mu dheireadh mo dheadh mhic.
- 47 Togaibh libh nì noise Fhiann  
Nìor thog sibh me roimhe riarh,  
Thugaibh mi gu tulaich ghlainn,  
Ach gu 'm bain sibh dìom an t-eadaich.
- 48 Chualas aig traidh mu Thuath  
Eimbeach sluagh is fadhar arm,  
Chlìsg ar gaisgich gu luath,  
Mu 'n raibh oscar fadlasd marbh.
- 49 Marbh'-asg ort a mhic na buaidhe  
Nì thu breng an darra h-uair dhuinn,  
Loingis mo shean-athar<sup>6</sup> ata ann.  
'S iad ag teachd le cabhair eughainn.
- 50 Bheannuich sinn uile do Fhionn,  
Ge te cha do bheannuich dhuinn,  
Gus an d' thainig e tulach nan deur  
Far an robh oscar na 'n arn gear.
- 51 'S measa mhic a bhiodh<sup>7</sup> tu dh'o  
Latha catha sin Beinn-eadain,  
Shnamha na corran throimh d' chneas  
'S i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas.
- 52 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,<sup>8</sup>  
'S cha mho nìhear e gu brath;  
Chuir Cairbre sluagh na 'n seachd siong  
Eadar m' airnín agus m' imleog.
- 53 Chuir mise sleagh na 'n naoi siong,  
Mu chuma fhuilt agus eadain,  
'S na 'n rìgeadh mo dhairn a chneas,  
Cha deannadh aon leigh a leigheas.
- 54 'S measa mhic a bhiodh tu dh'o  
Latha catha sin duindealgainn  
Shnamhadh na geoidh throimh d' chneas,  
Is i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas,
- 55 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,  
'S cha mho dheantar e gu brath,  
An gath domhainn am thaobh deas,  
Cha dual do leigh a leigheas.
- 56 Sin an uair a chaoidh Fionn,  
Air an tulaich os ar cionn,  
Shruthadh na deoir sìos o rosgaibh,  
Thìontadh e reinn a chulthaobh.
- 57 'Mo laogh fein thu, laogh mo laogh  
Leanabh mo leimibh ghil chaoibh,  
Mo chridhe leimnich mar lon,  
Gu là bhràth cha 'n eirch Osear.
- 58 'S truadh nach mise thùiteadh ann  
An Cath Ghabhradh, gnìomh nach gann,  
Is thusa an Ear 's an Iar,  
A bhì roimh na Fiannaidh Oseair'.
- 59 Cha d' fhidir duine roimhe riamh,  
Gur cridhe feola bha 'm chliabh,  
Ach cridhe do chuimhne cuir  
Air a chumhdachadh le staillinn.
- 60 Donnalaich na 'n con re m' thaobh,  
Agus buraich na 'n sean laoch,  
'S gul a Phannail caoidh mu 'n seach  
Gur e surahdom eadh chridh'.
- 61 Thog sinn leinn an t-Osear aluinn,  
Air ghuailibh, air slenghaibh 'arda  
Thng sinn as iomchara grinn  
Gus an d' thainig sinn tigh Fheinn.

<sup>6</sup> Shean-'ar. <sup>7</sup> Bhi.<sup>8</sup> An dan.

- 62 Cha chaoineadh Bean a mae fein,  
Cha chaoineadh fear a bhrathair caoin  
Cia lion 's a bha sinn mu 'n teach,  
Bha sinn uil' chaoineadh Oseair.
- 63 Bas Oseair a ehadh mo chridh',  
Triath fear Eirinn 's mor d' ar dì;  
Cait am facas riamh re d' linn  
Fear co cruaidh riut air chul laimn?
- 64 Nìor chuir Fionn d' e crith is grain,  
O 'n latha sin gu la bhrath;  
Cha ghabhadh is cha b' fheirde leis  
Trian d' au bheatha ge d' abrainn.

## M. 20. MARBH-RANN OSCAIR. 120 lines.

This version is so broken that it cannot easily be divided into verses.

- 1 An cuala sibhse tras fhinn,  
'N nair a ghluais è gu h-innse Eirionn,  
Cairbhair slenghach lamhach garga,  
4 Ghlae è Eirionn fa aon smachd.  
Sud sgein bu duilleh 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 slugh,  
An taobh mu thuath do dh' Eirionn.  
Chuireadh le Cairbhair anuas,  
12 Fios air Osear óg na Fèinne;  
Dhol a dhionsuidh feisid an Rìgh.  
'S gu faigheadh e cis da rèir.  
Ghluais (o nach d' ób e uamh,)  
16 An t 'Osear aluin gu teach an Rìgh,  
Tri-chéud fear treim a dh' imich leis,  
A fhreasdal da thoil 's da fheum,  
'S dhás briathra garbh leith mar leith,  
20 Eadir Cairbhair agus Osear,

## CAIRBHAIR.

Malairt sleagh a baill lean uait

Oseair dhuinn a' h-Albuinn:

An t-sleagh a bha an talla an Rìgh,

- 24 Gur ann dhomh fein bu dual i,

## OSCAR.

Cìod a mhalairt sleagh a th' ort,

A Chairbhair mhoir n' an long-phort?

'S tric bu leat m' fein 's mo sleagh

- 28 An h-euir catha na comhraig,  
Ach malairt cinn, na iomloid croinn,  
B' eucorach sud iarradh oirn,  
'S e am fath mu 'n iart oirn è,

- 32 Sinn a bhì gun Fheinne gun athair,

## CAIRBHAIR.

Ged a bhitheadh an Fheinne 's t-athair,

Co maith sa bha iad re 'n lathaibh,

Cha builear leamsa re m' linn

- 36 Na seoid a dhairuinn gu 'm fuighinn.

- <sup>1</sup> Na 'm bitheadh an Fheinne agus m' athair

- 'Co maith sa bha iad ra 'n laithaibh,

- Cha 'n fhuigheadh tus a Charbhair Ruai

- 40 Leud do thraghaidh do dh' Eirinn.

- <sup>2</sup> Ghluais fuarachd na 'n Laoch gach lamh,

- Rì cluinntin na h-ìomairt aca bha,

## CAIRBHAIR.

'N sin nuair a labhair Chairbhair ruadh,

- 44 Briathra bheirime gu n' usainh,

An t-sleagh sin ann ad laimh,

Gur ann uimpe tha luaidh do bhàis.

Chualas Orran le thug tiom,

- 48 Air clarsaich bhinn a tuireadh bais,  
Dheirich Osear le mor th' eirg,  
'S è mosgladh gu Rìgh na h-Eirionn,  
'S t-seisear a b' fhaise 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> Osear speaks.<sup>2</sup> The Bard speaks.

- Nuair chunnaic an Cairbhair ruadh  
 56 Oscar asnuigheadh a shluagh,  
 An t-sleagh neathe bhia na laimh  
 Leig è sud na cho-dhail.  
 Chuaidh Oscar air a ghùn deas,  
 60 'S an t-sleagh neathe t-romh a chneas,  
 Thug e urchair eile nunn—  
 'S mbarbhadh leis Rìgh na h-Eirionn.

## CAIRBHIAE.

- Art mhic Cairbhair glae do chlainm,  
 64 'S dean seasamh an aite t-Athar,  
 'S mar dean an 't eug do thoirt  
 Diol mo bhias le meud do ratha,  
 Thuit le Oscar gnìomh nach cuimseach  
 68 Art mac Chairbhair air 'n ath urchair,  
 Sgar è dheth an clogaide, 's an ceann,  
 Be gnìomh mu dheirre mo dheach-mhic.  
 Chualas aig an traigh mu thuath,  
 72 Eigheach sluaigh is faoghair arm,  
 Chlisg air gaisgich gu luath,  
 'S fhuaras Oscar—leith-mharbh.  
 'Sin nuair thainig òrme Fionn,  
 76 Air an tulaich os ar ceann,  
 Shileadh na deoir air a rosga,  
 Thionaidh é ruinn a chul-thaobh,  
 ' Mo laogh fein thu 's laogh mo laogh!  
 80 ' Leanamh mo leimhìh ghil chaomh!  
 'S é mo chrìdh th' air a lot gu trom,  
 'Sgula bhràth cha 'n cirigh Oscar,  
 —'S measa a mhic a bha thu dheth  
 84 ' Ann la cur catha beinn Eudain  
 ' Shnamh na corrain ruimh d' chneas,  
 ' Si mo lamhsa roinn do leigheas.'

## OSCAR.

- ' Mo leigheas cha n' eil è n' dän,  
 88 'S cha mho nìthear è gu brath,  
 ' An gath domhain an thaobh deas,  
 ' Cha dual do n' Leigh a leigheas.'  
 Chuir Carbar sleagh na 'n seachd seang,  
 92 Eidar m' airnean agus 'n iomlag  
 Thug mise urchair eill a nunn  
 Mu chumachd fhuilte agus eadain,  
 'S n' an ruigeadh mo dhuirn a chneas  
 96 Cha deannadh Leigh a leigheas.

## FINGAL.

- 'S truagh nach mise a thuitheadh ann,  
 An cath 'g àrach gnìomh nach gann;  
 'S thus a near 's a niar.

- 100 Bhi roinne na Fiannaidh Oscar!

## OSCAR.

- Ge 'd bu tusa thuiteadh ann,  
 An cath 'g àrach gnìomh nach gann;  
 Ochoin! a near no niar  
 104 T' iarguin cha deannadh Oscar.  
 Cha didir duine riamh,  
 Gur crìodhe do chuibhne cuir,  
 108 Air achomhdaicha le stàilinn  
 Tatbanntaich n'an con re 'm thaobh,  
 'S buireadh n'an sean Laoch,  
 'S gul a pannail ma seach  
 112 Gur è sud a chraidh mi 'm chrìdh,  
 Thog sinn òrn an 't-Oscar aluin,  
 Air ghuailbh n'an sleagh a 'b airde,  
 Thug as iomchar 's giulan grunn  
 116 Gus an d' thainig sinn Tìgh 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' chaoineadh Oscar.

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 MEANMNAIC tha mise ma Chaoilte,  
 O nach mairrean fear mo cho-aise;  
 B' e Chaoilte mo cho-aise ceart,  
 Leis am buighnte buaidh is beachd. (san fheadh)
- 2 B' e Caoilte mo leth chruirdh chatha,  
 Rì fartachd is rì h-aonnar:  
 An rìgh bu cheannard dhuinn uille,  
 Ard threun fhlat nan Triath. (al. nam Fiann)
- 3 An sin do ghluais siubhal Fhinn,  
 Gach slios bhaile bha 'n Eirin;  
 Cairbre luath lamach neo lag,  
 Chuir e Eirin uile fo non smachd.
- 4 Chuir e fios oirrne g' ar teinn ruidh,  
 G' ar n' ioman a mach à Almhi;  
 Dheanamh gnìomh bu tursach dhuinne,  
 A bhuintinn dhain ar Tighearnas.
- 5 Fhreagar sinn an curruidh dana,  
 A lion ann uile na bha sinn;  
 Cha robh sinn ann dhe 'n Fhinn uile,  
 Na chosnadh a' phìob bhuidhe.
- 6 Air an rod gheal, gle gheal, cleacach,  
 Bha sinn oclad ceud ann sar mbarach  
 Chaidh sinn gu aoibhinn a steach,  
 'S bha cumha Chairbre an t-òigle.
- 7 Iomlaid cinn sleagha b' aill leam uatsa,  
 A dheagh Oscar aluin;  
 Iomlaid cinn g'an iomlaid crainn,  
 B' eucor id iarraidh òrn.
- 8 Gur e 'n fath m' an iarradh tu e,  
 Sinne bhi gun Fhian, gun athair;  
 Ged a bhithheadh an Fiann 's t-athair,  
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha riamh nam beatha,  
 Cha b' uilear leamsa rì m' linn,  
 Gach seud a dh' iarradh gu 'm faighinn.
- 9 Nam bitheadh an Fheinn agus m' atbair,  
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha nam beatha;  
 Cha bhithheadh agadsa, o rìgh,  
 Leud do throidhe ann Eirin.
- 10 Dh' fharaich fuarachd nan laoch lan,  
 Bhi cluintinn na h-iomar *bhaigh* (al. maigh)  
 Briathra garbha leth mar leth,  
 Eadar Cairbre fiat 's Oscar.
- 11 Gun tugainnse briathra gu nuadh,  
 Arsa an Cairbre crann ruadh;  
 An t-sleagh sin m'a bheil do lamh,  
 Gur ann leatha bhios do luatha bhàs.
- 12 Gu 'n tugainse breathra eile,  
 Arsa an Oscar donn a h-Almhi;  
 Gu 'n togar leam sealg is creach,  
 Gu 'n rachainn do Dh' almhi a maireach.
- 13 Oidheche a' faireach leinn gu là,  
 Mar rì *mnathaihbh* Fhian Co-ol; (mathaibh)  
 Shuidhich sinn Dour leth mar leth, (Doubhir)  
 'S bha Dour eadarunn.
- 14 Thogadh leinn an la air mhaireach,  
 Do Almhi bhithheadh ar 'n ards,  
 Thug sinn rì sliabh Baoisge nan creach,  
 Gu luath laoisgairneach luth-mhor. (laoisginnreach)
- 15 Mogan Mac Seirc a Nuadh, (al. Nuath)  
 Dh' ionga dhe deich ceud claidhe' ruadh;  
 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
 'S e mosgladh rì ard rìgh Eirin.
- 16 Deich fichead de mhacaibh rìgh,  
 'S air leinne gu 'm bu mhor am pris;  
 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
 'S e mosgladh gu h-ard rìgh Eirin.

## O. 13. CATH GABHRA' NO MARBH OSCAIR.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 66. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 23, 1872.

This makes the whole agree with the Irish story. Cairbre, Cormac's son, had taken all Ireland, and wished to drive the Feinne out of *Almhi* (Allen) their possession. The King of Ireland and his troops fell out, and the

- 17 Deich fichead Cairbre ruadh,  
Bha cosmhuil ri Cairbre an t-sluaigh;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh ri gu ard righ Eirin.
- 18 Deich fichead Albannach ard,  
A thainig a' tìr Ghael gharg;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh gu h-ard righ Eirin.
- 19 A chuigear a b' fhaicse do 'n rìgh,  
G' a choimhead o dhosgaim 's o ghnìomh;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh ri ard righ Eirin.
- 20 'N nair a chunnaic an Cairbre ruadh,  
Oscar a' snaithe an t-sluaigh;  
An t-sleagh nimhe bha na laimh,  
Thug e urchoir dhi cho dhàil.
- 21 Thuit Oscar air a ghluin deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troimh a chneas;  
Thug e urchoir eile null,  
Is *nharbhtha* leis ard righ Eirin. (thorcha)
- 22 Art mhic Cairbre glac do chlàidhe,  
Seasamh d'ann 'n aite t-athar;  
'S mu gheibh thu do dhìol saoghail,  
'S aoidh mi gur Mac ràdh thu.
- 23 Thug Oscar an t-sleagh air a h-ais.  
'S mharbh e Art air an ath-urchar;  
Sluagh Chairbre garbh an cleachd,  
Chuir sin a cath garg mu 'n cheap.
- 24 Oscar Mac Oisein an aigh,  
Thog e leac cloiche na laimh;  
'S bhàis e crun an rìgh nam cheap,  
Gnìomh mu dheive mo dheagh mhic.
- 25 Mar Ealtuin air a sgnapadh bras,  
Mar duilleach sgnaithe le cruidh fhàis;  
Mar cheò sgarite briste le pronn ghaoth;  
'Sin mar theich shiagh Chairbre as.
- 26 Bu truagh an gaoir gan tannadh sìos,  
Thiomach mo chridhe, 's mo chliabh;  
Le mi-rùn Chairbre chlaon.  
Bha àr a leanachd a dheagh dhaoin.
- 27 Oscar glac baigh na treig,  
Tha d' fhuil fein a strugha comhla;  
'S gearr 'se m' eagal do latha,  
Tha t-athair a cheana dhe bronach.
- 28 Mo latha-sa tha buain mar ghrian,  
Ghleidh mi dìon mo chliù san strì;  
Thuit Cairbre nan cleas fo m' laimh,  
Cha bhas ach beatha mo thì.
- 29 Thuit Oscar air a thaobh,  
Phill a shluagh mar iom-ghaoth;  
Fo dbubhar crainn Cuillin tuidh;  
B' iomadh snìl bha dian a ruidh.
- 30 Ba mhiosa Mhìc bha thu dheth,  
Latha catha beinn Èdinn;  
Shnamh na Corran tro do chneas,  
'S i mo lamh a rinn do leaghas.
- 31 Mo leighas cha 'n eil e 'n dan,  
Cha mho nìhear e gu brath;  
Chuir Cairbre sleagh na nao seang (seamb)  
Eadar m' airnean 's m' iomlag.
- 32 Chuir mise sleagh nan seachd seang,  
Eadar cumha fheuilt is eudainn;  
'S m' an ruigeadh mo dhùirn a chneas,  
Cha deanadh aon leigh 'a leighnas. (na laoch)
- 33 Sìu nuar thainig òirne Fionn,  
Air an tulaich as an cleann; (ar)  
Shil na doir air a rosgaibh;  
Thionndaidh e ruim a chul-taobh.
- 34 Laogh mo leimh mo laogh fein thu,  
Laogh mo chuilein ghlainn chaomh;  
Mo chridhe leumartaich mar lor,  
Gu la bhrath cha 'n eirich Oscar.
- 35 'S truagh nach mise a thuit ann,  
An cath *gabhi* gnìomh nach gann; (gabhra)  
'S tusa bhì 'near san iar,  
Roimh na Fiannaibh Oscar.

- 36 Nam bu tusa thuiteadh ann,  
An cath gabhi gnìomh nach gann;  
Cha chluinthe 'n ear no 'n iar.  
Iarguin ma dh' imhin aig Oscar.
- 37 Thogaim thu gu tulaich ghlainn,  
Sguirinn am feusd gad chaoidh;  
Thogar leinn an t-Oscar calma,  
Air bharrarbh ar sleagha arda.
- 38 Gus an tulaich bha suas an tìgh,  
'S bhithemaid uile caoiteadh Oscar;  
Sgalartaich nan Coin ri m' thaobh;  
Agus baruaich nan seann laoch.
- 39 Donnal as shannail nan seach,  
Gur e sud a chraidh mo chridhe;  
Leac Oscar a chraidh mu 'm chridh,  
Treun ri treun san air rithe.
- 40 'S iomadh neach gan teirca tabaist,  
'S tearc laoch air a bheil t-iomradh.

From — Macintyre, Glenlyon, who can  
neither read or write.

#### THE DEATH OF FIONN. F. 20. O. 19.

The usual tradition is that Fionn went away, and that he is living somewhere still. Fletcher's Collection contains a story about the Death of Fionn, of which I have but one other version. Fionn went courting one of the Clann Chuilgeadan, who appear in the Lay of the Heads, and in the ballad of Dun-an-oir. He is challenged to leap, and when he wins he is challenged to leap backwards. He falls, and is beheaded. But the slayers lived near Cape Clear, according to Irish authorities. Taileuchd mac a Chuilgeadan was the man, Gleann Dochart the place, an Island in Loch an Iubhair, near Beinn Mhòr, in Scotland, was the spot, and Fionn was buried at Cill Fhinn, a place near the end of Loch Tay. The slayer was slowly put to death by twisting off his arms and legs. This looks like broken poetry; and it certainly was a current story, because two men got different versions of it. The only Heroes named are Fionn and Oisein: so this comes after the Battle of Gabhra.

See Fionn's Irish Pedigree above for the Irish account of the Death of Fionn. Page 34.

#### F. 20. EACHDRAIDH MAR A CHAIDH FIONN A MHAREHADH. 93 lines broken.

Fletcher's Collection, page 132. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

AIR BHI DO DHUINE ÀRAIDH D' AN GOIRTE TAILEACHD-MAC-CHUILGEADAN, MAR AINM, A GABHAIL TAMHACHD ANN AN EILEAN LOCHAN IUBHAIR LAIMH RI BEINN-MHÒR ANN AN GLEANN DOCHART, AIG AN ROBH LEANNAN SITH, MAR CHOMALTRA SAN AITE SIN.

Air bhi do Fhionn-mac-Cuthail air fàiteann fiosa-chadh mu timchìoll, Chaidh è a steach ga faicsinn, agus ghabh e tlachd fuireach comhla ri. Ach fa dheireadh air bhi do Thailleachd air faigheann a mach gu 'n robh Fionn a tachair tric an rathad a leanann. Air dha ransachadh eataru mu dheibhinn. Thuiteadh leatha le cheile ann an eud co mòr, agus gu 'n rabhadar 'd' dol a bhuailadh a cheile. Ach a deir ise gu deanamar dhuibh riaghailt, na bitheabh am feirg ri cheile.

- 1 An fear a 's fearr buaidh an leum, is e leannas mi fein le tlachd,  
Dh' imich na Laoich an sin a mach a leum,  
Leum Taileachd o' n Eilean air tìr tiorann, is leum Fionn gu sgiobalt treun 'na dhèigh.
- 2 A deir Taileachd,  
Leumainse an liune air m' ais  
Is mur a leum thusa an cothair do chùil,  
Biodh agamsa an cliù gu eart.  
Leum iad aron air an ais,  
Ach 'se Taileachd a leum an toiseach;  
Agus bha è air tìr tiorann Eilan,  
Ach air leum an sin do dh' Fhionn,  
Chaidh e foilge gu Cheann.
- 3 Agus ghlac Tailenchd an sin an  
Corom bha thaobh cùil air agus bhain e an ceann  
do dh' Fhionn mu 'm burrain e rianh tionn-  
dadh ris.

- Thèich Tailceadh le h-eagal fuathas na Feinne,  
agus ceann Fhionn aige
- Gu 'n d' rainig e ceann Loch-laidinn, agus air bhì  
dha' sgith ga ghiulan, chuireadh leis air stob  
è air tom dubh aig àth na h-aimehne d' an  
goirear àth Chinn o sin a mach.
- 4 Agus air do 'n Fheinn corp Fhionn fhaotainn ri  
taobh an Lochain,  
Thogadar air Rìgh 's ar Triath,  
Air Ghuailibh briagha nan laoch,  
Is dh' anhlaisg sinn è air cù tuim,  
An uaigh do 'n goirear Cìlfhian mar ainm.  
Bha an Fheinn nìle fodh' throm fheing  
Co dheanadh orra an tàir,  
Dh' iomaichidair air toir a chinn,  
Na suinn mu '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 foidh dheud fios,  
Dh' inuseadh dhoibh an fios mur bha ;  
Tailceadh a bhì fo fhiamb,  
Air son a ghnìomh an Beinn-all-air.
- 7 Dh' fhuaras Tailceadh ann san uaigh,  
Is chuireadar gu cruaidh ris ceist ;  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn,  
Is fhreagair 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' ghnìomh,  
Bhuin sinn do Thailceadh gu fìor ;  
Bhuin sinn dheth an lamh eile,  
Air son ghnìomh na mòr chionta,  
Chuir iad ceist an dara h-uair,  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn.
- 9 A d' thuir Tailceadh,  
Air mo Rìogh nach aireach ;  
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas,  
An ruaig a chuir è air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 10 Shnìomh sinn an leth chos o 'n toin,  
Le teannaichnir rìghin chruaidh ;  
Agus phronn sinn a chos eile,  
Le leachdibh cruaidhe na sgeire,  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn  
Dubhairt Tailceadh.
- 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 gaioleach garg ;  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn  
Dubhairt Tailceadh 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 troinich chridhe  
Thailceadh is mharbh sinn e.

O. 19. BAS FHINN LE TAOILEACH. 43 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 108. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

- 1 ELAN an uidhir, Leannan sìth,  
Leum mar dhuais graidh  
Leum Taoileach mach as an Elan,
- 4 Leum Fionn a mach  
Leum Taoileach a steach an coinneamh a chuil  
Leum Fionn, is thuit san nìse.  
Chuir Taoileach an ceann deth.
- 8 Dh' fhalbh leis a' cheann, is chuir air stob aig  
Ath Fhinn, aig ceann shuas na cruaidh an  
Ranach. Dh' fhalbh iad an toir iar Fionn.
- Cha rohh fios eo thug an ceann deth ; Thachair iad air  
a cheann. Ma's fìor a labhair an ceann 'Nuar thar-  
ruing iad deud ; Thuir aon dìg, se sid guth Fhinn.  
Guth chinn air a chraun. Thug iad a nuas an ceann.  
Chuir fear a mheur fo dheud fios, fhuair fios eo rinn

an gniomh. Thuir Oisean Mac an Rìgh. Diolaidh  
sinn bas Fhinn.

- No 's masladh gu brath duinn.
- 12 Dh' fhalbhas air toir air Taoileach ; Fhuaires e  
an namb aig ceann shuas Beinn Arlar.  
Thaoileach an aithreach leat Fionn,  
Air mo rìgh, cha 'n aithreach leam ;  
Mar aithreach le Goll nan cleas.
- 16 An cath ruaig bh' air Clann Chuiligeadan.  
An lamh dheas a rinn an gniomh.  
Bheir sinn do Thaoileach gu fìor,  
Bheir sinn deth an lamh eile.
- 20 Ann an cionta na moir choire,  
A Thaoileach, an aithreach leat Fionn,  
Air mo rìgh cha 'n aithreach leam.  
Shnìomh sinn deth an leth chos
- 24 Le Teanchar gramail cruaidh ;  
Phronn sinn a choss eile,  
Le leacailbh 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 comain an droch ghnìomh a rinn e  
Nan abraih Taoileach gu 'm bu bheud  
An ceann a thoirt de chom nan ceud,  
Cuach Fhinn bheiridh beo,
- 36 Chuireadh an ceann ris a chlo  
Phill sinn gu bronach tuisreach  
Ghulainear leinn ceann Fhinn,  
Gum t-aite an d' fhuaires a choluinn ;
- 40 Ghiulan sinn e gu aluinn,  
Air chrannaibh sleagh Arda,  
Dh' adhlacadh leinn e an cill,  
Is deirear cill Fhinn ris gu 'n duigh.

#### THE DEATH OF OISEIN.

THIS Ballad does not describe the death of Oisein, but is part of his Lament for his comrades. Some marginal writer on the manuscript says that this is equal to anything in the books of Mac Pherson or Dr. Smith. To me it seems to be made up of fragments and mended. Some verses I recognise as in other ballads ; others bear the stamp of popular poetry, others do not, according to my opinion. The metre varies. Current tradition sends Oisein off to the Isle of Youth with his mother in the form of a deer, or with a mythical hound. In any case this ends Kennedy's Second Collection, and leaves Oisein the last of the Heroes alive. An Irish manuscript, called the Book of Lismore, contains a long composition called the Dialogue of the Old Men. In it Caoilte and Oisein converse with Saints and Chiefs, and wander about telling stories in Ireland.

I. 23. BAS OISEIN. 140 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 160. Advocates' Library, April 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

#### THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

It is certain that Ossian survived all the Fingalians, and lived till that Era Christianity was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick, who is no other than this Son of Alpin he addressed his Poems so frequently to. It is applied till this day to an aged man, who live after all after 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 Glencaithan, or the Glen of Wars, in his latter days. Conar's wife being a distant relation of Ossian wanted that he should immortalize and flourish the Fame of her own Family beyond that of Fingal's upon his death bed, but he refused, finding it unparalel and unreasonable. Ossian discovers by this Poem the strength of Fingal's army when in the height of his glory, and ranges over their actions in war and joy in peace. He regrets in the softest and most pathetic strain, That he is left alone like a bird wounded and benighted in the solitary woods, longing for the dawn to renew his joy and lull his grief. Or to a mouldering oak in the desert which is ready to fall by the least blast, without joy, music, growth or grandeur. Where is my Friend to lament my fall, and rear my Tomb ; and who shall dig my grave but cruel Aliens ! Where art thou, O Fingal !



Oscar and 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  
Gun ghuth gadhair ann gun cheol;  
Mo chroidhe cho deau e do 'm reir,  
'S mi fein an sean fhear gun treoir.
- 2 'N uair reachanaid do Ghleann-caothann,  
Bu bhinn bladhar againn ceol;  
B' iomad dea' fhear dhinn air chint,  
'S cho toileamaid diomb d' ar deoin.
- 3 'Nuair thogamaid ri Gleann-caothann,  
Bu lionmhór fadhaid gach iul;  
A cosgairt an daimh, 'san fheidh,  
'S iomad ceud nach eireadh dhíu.
- 4 B' iomad laoch a dh' eighthe mach,  
A dhíreadh gu bras an sliabh;  
Le shleagh 's i ruisgte na dhornn,  
Le cloidheamh mor agus Sgiath.
- 5 Fionn mo ghaoil caogad Triath,  
Le cheile air grianan ard;  
Is Gile-ghreine ri crann.  
Os a chionn, a bhatach aigh.
- 6 Bu chian ar sgaioleadh o cheil,  
Fea' gach sleibh air barra bhac;  
Laochraí' chalma, churant Fhinn,  
'S am botha gach tiom nan glaic.
- 7 'Nuair a dh' eireadh seilg an fheidh,  
Dh' fhuasgladhnaid na ceuda Cu;  
'S ioma' damb, earb, agus Adh,  
A thuiteadh sa bhaoil gach iul.
- 8 Philleamaid le 'r seilg tra-non,  
Gu Teambra' cheolmhór nan teud;  
Am bu lionmhór cruit is clar  
'S ioma' bard a sheinneadh sgeul.
- 9 B' ioma' slige doll mun cuairt,  
'S dana nua 'ga Inadh le cheil;  
A' caitheamh na feist 's ann Tur,  
B' aluin, ur na Flathaibh Feinn.
- 10 B' eibhinn nos na Feinn a ghluais,  
Ceolmhór, cuanar, snuadhar treun,  
Fion is foehlas agus feoil,  
Speis gu leoir, 's cho b' eol duinn breug.
- 11 Na mhór chaomba, chalma, ghraidh,  
Bu mhór baidh' 's bu chian an cliú;  
Feileachd, furan, 's a bhí dian,  
A dhion choitheach, ciau o' n iul.
- 12 La a chath air magh na báir,  
Co, na b' fhearr, cho chualas riamh;  
Chomhraigeamaid fear is ceud,  
Gach aon fear do 'n Fheinn bu Triath.
- 13 Cha do ghluais sinn riamh d' ar deoin,  
Ach gu fóil do chomhrag dian;  
An t-onrachdan dhion gu treun,  
'S an coitheach crencha f' ar sgia.
- 14 B' e 'n t-aireamh a bha ri' m linn,  
Ann an Teambra' bhinn nan teud;  
Ceithir míle deug, is caogad,  
N' ar cairdean gaóil air bheag bend.
- 15 Gun Inadh air oglaoich Rí' Phail,  
Aosmhóir sharaicht, no mnaí' og;  
No gilleán freasdail nan lann,  
Och! Gur fann tha mi fúí' bhron.
- 16 Siubhail an domhan nu seach,  
'S cho' n fhuigh u ann neach mar Fhionn;  
A b' fhearr éineach agus agh,  
Cho deachaidh lámh os a cheann.
- 17 Ghluais na laoch do 'n naigh gun lo,  
Sin a dh' fhag mar cheo mo shuíl;  
Mar aon can leoiné sa choill,  
Gun solas a' caoi' 'sa mhur.
- 18 Gun leirsinn, ur-fhas, no fonn,  
Mar an sonn a sguir a dh' fhás;  
No chnu tha sa ghleadhain chrion,  
Gu tuicam, 's cho 'n éiridh dha.
- 19 'S neo eibhinn do 'n chroidhe bhroin,  
Nach nochdar sólas o chaoimh;  
Mar fhiadh a bhais tha mo chruth,  
Dh' cig mo ghuth le deat na h-o'ch.
- 20 Chaochail mo fhradharc, 's mo shnuadh,  
Ach cho choisg an uaigh mo ghraidh;  
O Chait, is Oscar nua bhaidh,  
Is Fhinn naibhrich dea' Rí' Phail.
- 21 Tha m' osnaich a teachd gach taobh,  
Mar ghluaiscas a ghaoth gach nial;  
Tha mo bhron a teachd amach,  
Mar niseg bras, no sruth dian.
- 22 Ailis dhuinne Oiseinn fheil,  
Gus a bhás o' n tha thu doll;  
C' ait am fac u deas no tuath  
Teach is mo' u shluaigh no so.
- 23 Chunnacas latha teach Fhinn  
Air an iargain thruim so th' órm;  
Bu lionmhóire gile fir feachd,  
No Conar a' d' theach gun stoilbh.
- 24 C' ait 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 mi a rionn iomad ár,  
Ged' tha 'nois gun chail gun gbéan.
- 26 Is mi Oisein, dea' mhach Fhinn,  
Bha mi uair, 's bu ghairdeach leam;  
Gur mi shuithicidh an t-seulg,  
'Nuair a dh' eireadh fearg air Fionn.
- 27 'Nuair a bha mi ann san Fhcin,  
'S mi gu treun a meag nan fear;  
Thigeadh caogad Inghean donn,  
A dh' fhalcadh mo chinn a bhean.
- 28 Cho b' e failceadh nan ceann caomh,  
Air do mhaoil bu mhian leam feinn;  
Ach beist nimhe Loch-leathan,  
Reubadh do shean leathair léi.
- 29 A laoch nach mol u mo mhur  
Nan ceudan cu, 's nan teud mear;  
'S ceolmhóire no Teambra' bhinn,  
Annas gach tim bhíodh comhrag fhear.
- 30 Cha toir cliú do theach fúí 'n ghreín,  
Mar mhur fóilidhe Fhinn mo ghraidh;  
A leithid cho 'n fhaecas riamh,  
A near no niar taobh a bha.
- 31 Bha mi la bu mhór mo phris,  
Ann Teambra' nan ceuda clár;  
Tha i' n diu 'n h ábhaidh fhuar,  
Is mise mo thruaigh! gun rahiadh.
- 32 Mo dhea' Inghean bha mi uair,  
Ghlacaim an eilid air chluas cinn;  
Bheinn am bior fuinn amach,  
Ann 's an oi' che dhorecha dhail.
- 33 Ochoin, is mi 'nois gun treoir,  
Gun neach beo a ní mo chaoidh;  
Gun chaomh a thogas mo leac,  
Is m' uaigh cho treachail, ach buirb.
- 34 Gun Chailte gun Oscar, gun Fhionn,  
Gun fhear m' osnaich gu tiom truaigh;  
Gun fhear m' osnaich ann gu fíor,  
'S mi' n crann crion a chail na sluaigh.
- 35 Ghluais mo re mar sgeúl, no sgráil,  
Ghluais mo chairdean, is mo shíth;  
Ghluais mo sholas, is mo bhaidh,  
Mar ata mi-Gu brath biom.

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. Kilmurran, 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 Dunvegan steamer, between Uist and Barra. Sept. 18, 1871. He lives at Ballymartin, in North Uist.
2. Patrick Smith, South Uist. Sept. 17.
2. John Cameron, Borve, Barra. Sept. 25.
4. Duncan Mac Lellan, Carnan, South Uist. Sept. 27.
5. A boy, unknown, who came in while I was writing. Oct. 6.
6. Hector Mac Isaig, South Uist. Sept. 30.
7. A Lady's Manuscript, North Uist. Oct. 6.
8. William Robertson, weaver, Tobermory, Sept. 16, 1871. page 131. It agrees generally with the story told by Kennedy and Fletcher; and told already in text Y. 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 Duataich laid spells (*geasán*) upon Fionn that he would marry any female creature that he might chance to meet. Fionn fell in with a deer. . . . Then the deer turned to him, and said, "Now I have two. Come here again, and you will have a son." Then Fionn put his finger under his wisdom tooth, and he knew that the deer was a woman enchanted. He came to the place at the time, and found a man child, and he had *colg an fheidh*, deer's hair, upon his temple; and that is why he was called Oisein. On the corner of the brow here,' (touching his own temple,) 'because the deer's hair was upon his temple, he was called "Corner." That was "Oisein," the son of Fionn. His mother was the daughter of the Duataich, under spells.' From this, Oisein was Conchullin's nephew. (137.) 'When Oisein was old, amongst the Feinne, and his son was dead, Fionn took care of him. He was commander of the world. A pretty woman met Oisein, when he was out walking one day, and saluted him warmly, "Will you not go one day with your mother?" She said, "You have been long enough with the Feinne." He went away with her. She opened a door in a rock, and they went in. He staid with his mother for a week. But these days were so many hundreds of years. He wanted to go back to the Feinne. "Since you came here," said his mother, "nor Fionn, nor a man of the Feinne, lives." And here came a long story, of which part only is in the Ballads and Arguments printed above.

Mac Isaig, in South Uist, and from others next year, 1871.

Reciter.—'Oisein was the son of Fionn Mac Cumhail. He was born of a hind, (*sailearachd fheidh*.) His mother was a woman, under spells, (*fo gheasibh*.) She lived long in the mountains as a deer.'

Instructed Boy.—'Oisein was suckled by a hind; and that is the true story. His mother was a woman.'

Scribe.—'You have not got the story at all.' (Boy departs, snubbed.)

Reciter.—'Most of the old men say that Oisein's mother was a woman, in the form of a deer. I do not know how it all came about, or how it was, but they say that Fionn also was under spells;' &c., &c.

Scribe.—'That must have been when he fled, after he got his wisdom tooth, and slew Arc Dubh, at Eas Ruagh, in Eirinn!'

Reciter.—'Yes. When Oisein was born in the mountains, it was so that if his mother licked him, as deer lick their calves, he was to be a deer, like his mother. If not, he was to be a man, like Fionn, his father. She had so much of the deer's nature in her, that she begun to lick the child, and she gave one sweep of her tongue to his temple. The deer's hair (*colg an fheidh*) grew on the corner of his brow at once. When his mother saw that, she had so much of the woman's nature left that she wished her son to be a man, she stopped licking him, and he grew up to be a man, and they called him "Oisein." (Angle, or corner.) He was the best Bard in the world.'

Scribe.—'Do you know the song that he made to the deer, his mother?'

Reciter.—'That is Oran Luaidhe, (a fulling song) which the women sing now, when they are fulling clothes. A great many people can sing that song. That's a woman's; my wife knows it better than I do, but she is

too old and weak to come here.' After some persuasion, sings as much as he knows; and says that Carmichael, his neighbour, has got it written. Here follows the Song, as I wrote it myself.

## OISEIN'S SONG TO HIS MOTHER.

WRITTEN by J. F. Campbell, from the dictation of Hector Mac Isaig, September 3, 1871, at Carnan Inn, South Uist, and from other versions orally collected in September.

The first verse is written at length and fills the tune. The lines are written without the 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 Briex,' Paris, 1846, Vill-marqué has treated a similar chorus more boldly.

Tan! tan! dir! oh dir! tan! tan! dir ha tan!  
Tann! tann! tir! ha tann! tonn! tir ha tann!

\*O feu! ô feu! ô acier! ô acier! ô feu! ô feu! ô acier et feu!

O chène! ô chène! ô terre! ô flots! ô flots! ô terre et chène!

I am not sure that we have done right, but we have similar materials in these two Celtic songs, with vocal accompaniment.

1\*†Tha tùchran beag air m' anail,

*Bheir mì ho hòro hàv*

Cha chluinn mo leann na mo guth;

*Bheir mì ho ro Rìgh; o hàv;*

*Bheir mì ho ro Rìgh; o hàv;*

*Eigh! Hoogh! ro Rìgh; bhà gh'òl*

*Bheir mì ho ro ho, tha; Rìgh! thù.*

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 ghnìomh nan con.

4 Faicail ort o ghnìomh nan con

Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda.

5 †Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda

Faicail ort o Chlanna MORNÀ.

6 Faicail ort o Chlanna Morna

Clanna Morna 's an cuid con.

7 Clanna Morna 's an cuid con

'S da chu dheug air Ion aca.

8 'S da chu dheug air Ion 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 'us an cuid con

'S da chu dheug air Ion aca.

12 'S da chu dheug air Ion aca

'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fir.

13 Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda

Faicail ort o Chlann na GRAISGE.

Repeat 14. 15. 16. as 10. 11. 12.

17 Ma theid thu gu beannibh iséal

Faicail ort o Chlann na BAOSIGE.

Repeat 18. 19. 20.

21 Ma theid thu air bheanntaibh arda

†Faicail ort o Chlann na CEARDAICH.

Repeat 22. 23. 24. as above.

Here Mac Isaig stopped and said: 'I have no more, but that is a long song. When Oisein was out in the Hill the Hind was always coming near him, but he would not follow her. He was ashamed of his Mother, but he made that song.' (P. 170, &c.)

(P. 56.) The Tailor said: 'There is a song about that story. I have very little of it, Carmichael has written it.' Then he sang it to a very wild tune. The lines which are the same I have marked above \*. The rest are added below.

25 Ma theid thu gu gleanntaibh domhain  
Bheir mi o huro ho.

†Faicail ort a chllann a GOBHAIN  
Bheir mi o huro ho  
Bheir mi o huro ho  
Bheir mi li ri Righ riabhag  
Ho i ho ro, haw.

Repeat 26. 27. 28. as above.

October 6, 1871.—Copied at Dunvegan, a version lent by Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod, written this year in North Uist, by Miss Tolmie, from the repetition of women who used to sing this song at their work, but who have been forbidden to sing any secular music, and have given up the practice as wicked. Lines which are the same are marked † above. The chorus varies a little and indicates a different tune. As the Lady is a musician, probably her version is right, and the tune varies.

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 ibh og o ho  
Ri o hò ho rò.

The repetition varies thus:—

29 Ma theid thu air beanntaibh iséal  
Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
N' aire dhuit o Chlann na FRITHHEADH  
Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
Clann na Frithheadh 's an cuid con  
'S da chu dhearg air luo aca  
'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fear.

Repeat 30. 31. 32. with Chorus as above.

The song ends with the Chorus:—

Bheir mi hò ri u o hò.

In one verse is the line:—

'Eirich m' an eirich a ghrian.'

This counsel, according to the story told, was given that the Deer might break the spell which bound her, since the period before Oisein's birth. The same origin for 'Oisein's' name was given. He had a mole on the side of his face or the corner of it.

June, 1872.—Having collected and arranged these fragments myself, and having found three similar verses in Fletcher's Manuscript at the Advocates' Library, (F. 6. 11. 12. 13., p. 60 above), I wrote to Mr. Carmichael: who was kind enough to send me the following extracts from the Collection which he has been making during seven years in the Long Island.

Taking all these versions together, it is easy to extract the meaning. But it is impossible to convey any idea of this kind of vocal industry without transporting the reader to the scene where women and girls sing songs without words, and dance wildly to their own wild music, as merry and busy as a hive of bees.

#### OISEIN'S WARNING TO HIS MOTHER.

TRANSLATED from Mr. Carmichael's Gaelic Argument, transcribed and collated with other versions, by J. F. Campbell, July 4, 1872.

1. From Donall Mac Phie, smith, Breubhaig, Barra, December 10, 1866.

A hind was mother to Oisein. His mother Graidhne, Fionn's wife and Oisein's mother) was under spells. Surely it was a fairy sweetheart that put her under spells. They (the fairy sweethearts) used always to be at that kind of work. It was on a pretty little green island, which is called Eillan Sandraigh (or otherwise on a sea rock—*sgier*) in Loch-nan-ceil, in Arasaig, that Oisein was born. His mother laid her tongue on him, to lick him, above the eyebrow, before he was taken from her. Hair grew upon the place where his mother put her tongue, and because of that they called him 'Oisein' by name. Oisein knew that the Feinne wanted to kill her, and he used to warn his mother against the hounds, and tell her the gifts of every hound, and the might of every Hero in the Feinne. It is said that this was the first Lay that Oisein ever made, when he was a suckling little lad (*na phroilleachan beag gille*). Graidhne was the first wife Fionn had, and mother of Oisein. Oisein was near about

as big as he would be before Graidhne got free from the spells. He was giving her warning to beware of the dogs. (Carmichael's Note). It is curious that O'Curry in his valuable Lectures on the MSS. Materials of Ancient Irish History, page 304, says:—'Oisin, a word which signifies literally the little fawn.' There is some similarity between this and the Story of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, who are said to have been suckled by a she-wolf.—A.C.

A reference to the Story of Diarmaid and Graidhne will show how this varies from the story generally told about Fionn and Cormac's daughter. Nothing is said about any transformation of Graidhne anywhere else.—J. F. C.

#### A FRAGMENT OF THE SONG.

MAS tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,  
Bheir mi hoiriou o 'shon!  
Orst an sliaibh main tig an tcaasach (*hant fever*)  
Bheir mi hoiriou o 'shoa  
Shò hirir-bheag  
O na haoi o ro hou  
Faicil orst romh Chlanna Morna  
Bheir mi hoiriou o 'shoa  
Ehò hiri riabhag  
O na haoi o ro loa

Clanna Morna 's an cuid còin  
Beir mi hoiriou o o-hoa  
Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhear  
Bheir, &c.

'S a chu fhein an laimh gach fir  
'S a shleagh fein an laimh gach loich  
Ma theid thu gu srath-na-b-anhunn  
Faicail orst romh Chlanna Ghobha

Here repeat as above.

Ma theid thu do bheannaibh domhain  
Cuimhnuich an t-saigh earblach dhonn

Here this fragment ends.

2. From Aonas Mac Leoid, crofter, Baile Mharstam, Uist, a chinne Tuath, March 26, 1868.

MU 's tu mo mhathair 's gur fiadh thu,  
Bheir mi hoireann o a baw!  
Faicill orst romh ghnìomh nan con  
Bheir, &c.  
Eho heir ir eublag  
Ho-haoi o a ro baw  
Ma theid thu (a) bheannaibh domhain  
Bheir, &c.  
Faicill orst romh Chlann a Ghobha  
Bheir, &c.  
Eho, &c.,  
Ho, &c.,

Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhearaibh,  
'S a chu fein an laimh gach aon fhir,  
'S iad air eil aig Leide mac Liamain,

Here follows a verse as above with the name, Clanna Ceairde, and two more lines which an old woman in the Island of Baile shear South Uist placed at the end of each verse.

'S fear beag 'ad air sgàth chreagain.  
'S engail leis nach tigige (thuige?)

3. From Oirig Nic Iain, Tao Loch-euphorst, Uist a Tuath, September 27, 1868.

MUS tu mo mhathair  
Us gur fiadh thu  
Bheir mi hoirean o haw.  
Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst.  
Bheir, &c.,  
Faicil orst romh ghnìamh nan conaibh  
Ma theid thu romh sruth-an-loainn;  
Faicil orst romh Chlanna Morna  
Clanna Morna 's an cuid con.  
Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhearaibh,  
Fear beag beag ri sgiath creagain  
'S a dha-chu-dhing air lothain aige.

Here follow verses with the names, Clanna Ghobha, Clanna Baoisge.

4. From an old woman, met in a shepherd's house, at Lialal, close to Prince Charles's Cave at Borrodale, South Uist, May 29, 1868.

Ma 's tu mo mhathair 'us gur fiadh thu  
 Bheir mi oirrinu o haw  
 Bi d' fhaicill romh ghniamh nan conu  
 Bheir, &c., (same as in 2nd version.)  
 Eho, &c.,  
 O na, &c.,

'S iad eir bheannaibh arda romhad,  
 'S iad ag innse dhomh nach tig thu.  
 Faicill orst romh Chlann Ghil 'e ain  
 Clann Ghil' e' ain san cuid chon.

Here follows a verse with the name Chlann ic Phairece, and this note by Carmichael:—“This old woman said that all the Finneachann (tribes) were mentioned in the song. This I think doubtful. The part of the song mentioning the Clans must have been a later composition, for the rest of the song seems to me old—older than the mediæval time of the Clans. The Parks are nearly extinct here now. I only know one man of that name in the whole of South Uist, where there were many of that name formerly. All names seem to have been represented here. The Long Island seems to have been the Cave of Adullam to which all criminal and political offenders betook themselves.”

5. From Kenneth Morrison, pauper, aged 80. Naisi na h-Earradh, 12th, 1870. 25 lines, of which the whole are in the next version.

#### 6. OISEIN GA MHATHAIR. 63 lines.

Seinnté le Do 'ul Macaphí Gobha Breunhaig 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 ó  
 Na haoi o a ro haw  
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst  
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw, &c.  
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Siubhail sliabh mu 'n tig an teasach,
- 2 Ma 's tu mu mhathair 'us gur fiadh thu  
 Faicill orst romh ghniamh nan conaibh  
 'Siad air bheannaibh arda romhad.  
 'Seachainn Caoilte seachainn Laathas,  
 'Seachainn Bruchag dhugh nam bruchag,  
 'Seachainn an t-saigh earblach dhúgh (dùgh)  
 Bran mac Buidheig namh na 'm fiadh,  
 Agus Geolaí bhac nan car.
- 3 Mu theid thu do bheannaibh íosal,  
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Baoisge,  
 Clann na Baoisgne 's an cuid con,  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear,  
 'Sa shleagh fheinn an laimh gach 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 con  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh 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 ghleanna domhain  
 eir chuanta (chlubanta?) domhain  
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Ghobha,  
 Clanna Ghobha 's an cuid con  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear  
 'S a shleagh fein an laimh gach 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  
 Bi d' fhaicill romh chlann { a chearta  
 na ceirde  
 na ceardach  
 Clann na ceairde 's an cuid con.  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear  
 'Sa shleagh fhein an laimh gach laoiach  
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir  
 'S iad eir eil aig Leide mac Liannain  
 'S fear beag beag ri sga creagain  
 'S da chu dhiag eir lothain aige.
- 7 Gu 'n gleidh an sealbhu o 'n t-srannan  
 Mu 'n chlunn do leannan do ghuth,  
 'Sa dha chu dhiag eir faire mire  
 'Sa chu fein an laimh gach fir dhiu.  
 Bha mi la 's bheinn sheilig  
 'S chunnacas fíndh a chabair aird  
 Gu 'n ghear e torra leum dha 'n loch  
 Mu theid thu romh ghleannaibh domhain  
 Cuimhnich an t-saigh earblach dhonn  
 (Cuimhnich an t-saigh earblach dhonn ?)

July 4, 1872.—From these six versions gathered by Carmichael, and from my own collection of eight versions, this appears to have been a popular woman's walking 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 Pherson's Ossian, they indicate the nature of popular poetry current in Scotland, and ascribed to Oisein before Mac Pherson was born.

#### P. 12. LAOIDH NA SUAIMNICHÉ DUIBHE. 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.

- I FALTE dhuisse th' suaimnich dhuhl,  
 Caite 'n d' fag u do chruth corr,  
 Sgeul na h-Eirinn a thoirt dhunn  
 'S dheistamaid gu 'shùin re d' Ghloir,
- 2 Sgeul  
 'S òg a thaini' du rem sgeul  
 Nan tuigta leat fein mo dhan
- 3 'S òg  
 Sann re liun Chormaig ic Art,  
 A chuiridh re slait mo th' snàth
- 4 Sann  
 Bha mi Tamull aig an Rìogh  
 Gann Imrachadh air dhruin each
- 5 Bha mi  
 Ge sean suamhach mi gun phris  
 Chunnachdas òl air fion us creach
- 6 Ge sean  
 Thani mi 'malairt an Deirg,  
 Gù Rìogh Eirinn meic an àigh.
- 7 Thani mi  
 Thani mi m' dhillib air Goll,  
 O mhac Dreagmhuinn na fonn sàor

<sup>1</sup> seimh.

<sup>2</sup> imlaid.

- 8 Thani mi  
Bha mi rist aig Iolluinn greis  
A coimhead air cleas nan Arm.
- 9 Bha mi,  
Bha mi rist aig Osear òg  
'N deidh do mhac morla bhi marbh
- 10 Bha mi  
Osear nalich nan arm gèur  
Cha ghleidhidh e sèud ach seal
- 11 Osear  
Dhioluich e mise ro am  
Mhac O Duifhne na lann scan,
- 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 Ghloir na cheann
- 14 Bha mi  
Gus an d' thanig a sgeul truagh,  
A mharbhadh leibh th' suas sa Ghleann
- 15 Gus an  
Thug an t-Olla mi n' fear thèud  
Thug a fear thèud 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 all Dia  
Gabhail sgial a Leabhar Ban.

O. 33. AITHRIS AIR ORAIN NAM FIANN.

*Donair.* 85 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 145. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S Parody on the *Feinne*, traced back to about 1760, but as old as 1603. The people parodied, are not Mac Pherson's people, but the people of the Ballads, and of the Stories: the *Feinne*, the Giants, the Hags, and even the Foxes of the fables. The composer seems to have been a Roman Catholic.

- 1 AN raoir chunneas aisling,  
An leaba 's mi gun dusgadh;  
Ach ma 's fìor na fàidhean,  
Bha pairt dhì mor na breige.
- 2 Am fear sin chaidh shiolacadh,  
O cheann trì cheud bliadhna;  
A tighinn a dh' iarraidh deallachadh,  
'S bhean air dol am fiadh air.
- 3 O chunnaic mi na slobanan,  
'S na tobraichean air treasga;  
An fhairge ghlas na h-ìomaran,  
Fo chrìuthneachd, 's fo bhuntata.
- 4 Na bha 'n sin a dh' fheadh beathachaibh,  
A nuallaich air an smagair;  
Ag iarraidh aite gearrasdain,  
Dh' fhearann thighearna Ghrannta.
- 5 Chunnadh nend na curra, is i,  
Na cuirridh air Mùlan arbhair;  
Is i cor as trì miosan ag innsadh,  
Mar bha 'n aimsir,
- 6 An dreadhan donn na shanselar,  
Fo laimh an rìgh an Alba;  
Ag iarraidh aite sheanlair,  
An iolar eir a *meamh chro.* (*spreidh*)
- 7 O thachair Fionn Mac Cuthail orm,  
Is buighinn de na Fiannaibh;  
Is miol choin aca air iallaibh,  
Is iad a' dol air iarghlas.
- 8 Dh' aithnich mi na dh' fheadh mi dhiubh,  
Bha Caoillte ann bha Diarmad;  
Bha Goll mor ard, bha Iolain ann,  
Cha d' fhuirich mi ri 'n sgeulachd.

- 9 Dìreach ris na uchdanan,  
Bha cor is dusan mìle;  
Chaidh gach fear na armachd diubh,  
Mharbhtar mi mar pillteadh.
- 10 Ach suil a thug mi shealltainn orra,  
Bha Coll air each gun dialladh;  
Chaidh mi steach do ghleann bha 'n sin  
Cha tarla dhomh bhi siamh ann.
- 11 Bha lan a mhada alluidh ann,  
Le 'n strathruichibh slé 'n chabaibh;  
O thug mi dhoibh mo thombaca math,  
Is b' ait a rinn iad sgeulachd.
- 12 'G iarraidh pass o 'n chomhairle,  
Cead gnothuich dol a Ghrianaig;  
Chaidh mi steach an talla 'n sud,  
Bha lan caithream chailleach ann.
- 13 Thug gach aon to riamh dhù,  
Lamb a dh' iarraidh fairec;  
Ghuidh mi, ma bha ciall aca,  
Gun seola 'n rìgh na b' fhearh dhoibh.
- 14 Thuir am Fomhear mor 'se cascadiach,  
Na leag a mach an Tar ghallach;  
Rug e air a thuaidh mhoir,  
Is ghluais e chum an urlar.
- 15 Rug mise air mo *rosail*, (rosary)  
'S gu 'n denain 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 fairge.
- 18 'S gu 'm bitheadh esan paighte dheth,  
Co ceart ris bas a shean mhathair;
- 19 O chunnadh mise sessamaich,  
Nan seasamh ri ball cainne  
Mhuca mhara cho ghaosidh,  
No cearca fraoich no calman.
- 20 Pass air an *Roimh* an sud (Rome)  
An seomar an cois armait;  
Slaod Sichailinn na Cimaids as a h-earball,
- 21 O chunnaic mi na Muilearnan,  
Nan curraidh air an deguach;  
Ag iarraidh sneachd 's roata,  
Teann mhor tbeachd as na speuran.
- 22 Gur s n n th' air as sarachadh,  
A cur nan aid ri cheile;  
Gleth ar leachd as grotan dhuinan,  
A steach a chor nan dhilan.

Written from Alexander Cameron, tailor, in Easter Druimcharry, who got it 50 years ago from Donald Cameron, tailor there, 1802.—(DR. IRVINE'S Note.)

O. 34. AN TAILPHEAR DO NA FIANNAIBH.

68 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 149. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S parody on the *Fiann*, of the Ballads and their domestic and family broils. Composed, as appears from the costume, about 1715 to 1745, when the dress of the Highlanders was to be changed by Act of Parliament, and men wore velvet breeches and cassocks of silk. This is very good. The metre is not the metre of the Ballads, but it is near about it.

- 1 CHAIDH mi turas dheanamh endaich,  
Chlanna Baoisge mach a h-Albain;  
Cha tug iad a nasgaidh mo shnathair,  
Gu 'm b' iad fhein na daoine calna.
- 2 'S tric a rinn mi cosag mhaiseach,  
Do Gholl mhor an aigne mhacnamhach;  
'S cha lugha leam na Gainn (Guinea)  
D' ur shineadh e a lann dhomh.



- 3 Chaidh mi tur a dheanamh trinthass,  
Do Chuchullin an Dun-dealgain;  
An am dhomh suidh gu chumadh,  
Thaig Fomhear mor a' m' ionnsuidh.
- 4 Tharruing Cuchullin an claidhe,  
'S mairg a tharla air san nair sin;  
Sgath e na cuig cinn de mhùineal,  
'S mise chunnaic bhi g' am bualadh.
- 5 Gheibhte forras a' d' thig Rìghail,  
Pìobaraicheachd is cruic, is clarsach;  
Gheibhte coin sheang ann air slabhruidh,  
Ionad spainteach ghlas air alaichaig.
- 6 Fion g' a aisig, ol g' a iomairt,  
Fir ur aga iomairt air thalaisg;  
Mnathan deud gheall fualadh anairt,  
Ceur a' lasadh ann an coileir.
- 7 'S Ionar clogaid is ceann bheart,  
'S iomadach dearg is naine;  
'S ioma dioghailt as srian bhucallach,  
Pìllan oir is cuipean airgid.
- 8 'S Ionar sleagh le 'n roinn gheur fhaoir,  
Bha 'n taic ri kaidh a' d' thalla;  
Gheibhte Tombac is sgetlachd,  
Brandi Eireanach gu airceas.
- 9 Chuir Fionn teachdairreachd gam shireadh,  
Dheanamh Briogas da de Bhalbhach,  
'Dean farsuing e am bac na h-ìosgaid,  
Los gu 'm faigh mi ruidh gu calma.'
- 10 'S mise an duine as luaith a theirte,  
B' ann an seachd cathaibh na Feinne;  
Air a chluais na freagair duin aca,  
Gus am bi thu ullamh m' sheirbhis.
- 11 Thuir Oscar 'se gabhail mi-thlachd,  
Cìod an sta dhut bhi ga shireadh;  
Mar fhaigh mise moch a maireach,  
Sgudaidh mi 'n cleann dhe mhùineal.
- 12 Oscar is mise do shean athair,  
'S e thachairt agam na shuidh;  
Gus am bi e ullamh 'm serbhis,  
Cha dean e greim a dh' am duine.
- 13 Ge bu tu m' athair 's mo shean athair  
Cha bhi mi nis faide ruisgte;  
Mo chaoadan side ri fhuathail,  
Bheirinn duais chionn a dheanamh.
- 14 Thuir Conan 'se dusg a chogaidh,  
Ge b' ail le Oscar is le Fionn e;  
Gheibh sinn cuid ar croinn dhe 'n Tailfhear,  
Gu eudach bainne mhic Morna.
- 15 Dh' eirich Caoilte, dh' eirich Diarmad,  
'S neonach cìod a chiall th' -agaibh;  
Stri mu lan puid's a Thailfhear,  
Is nach riaraich e air fad sibh.
- 16 Gabhaibh gu suidh is gu sìochna',  
'S ni mi innleachd air an ceart uair;  
Cuiribh gu foich na Feinne,  
An Tailfhear m' an eirich leis breamas.
- 17 Math do chomhairle's Dhiarmad,  
O 's craobh sìochda dhunn air fad thu;  
Cuiribh an Tailfhear as an teaghlach,  
Cha mhair a chaonag nis faide.

## O. 35. LABHAIR DIARMAID. 27 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 152. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

This poem was composed about the year 1715 by a Mac Nicol, tailor, in Arimane Glenlocha, the same on whom McIntyre made the satirical song. Taken from Angus Stewart, tailor, Bunnarnoch's recitation, who had it from Donald Dewar, tailor, now dead, at Dalchosnie, Feb. 25, 1801.

It mentions King George and King James and the 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. . . Diarmid wants to know why they did not send for him and his people to drive away the Saxons to Newcastle.

- 1 LABHAIR Diarmad gu glia soisneach,  
C' ait am b' abbaist domh bhi chomhnuidh;  
Thuir mi fhein le briathraibh ailde,  
Gu 'm b' abbaist domh bhi 'n glèann Locha.
- 2 Cia mar tha iad mo luchd innich,  
Edar 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 maclair Alba;  
Eadar rìgh Deorsa 's rìgh Seumas,  
No ma thearunn iad gun mharbha.
- 4 Bha mise ann an cath an t-siorra,  
'S innsidh mi dhuine Dhiarmaid;  
Rinn clann Dombnuil riamh an dlìghe,
- 5 Tbeich Diuc Gordon as na cianaibh,  
Mar-aisg oirbh chuideachd an donais;  
Cìod nime nach do chuir sibh fios oirne,  
'S chairtemid nunn na Sagsanaich,  
Thar a Chastail Notha aon uair.
- 6 Ma thig an rìgh air a philleadh,  
Steach a Shiorrachd na h-Alba;  
Cuiribh litir bharr a' gear sreadh,  
'S gu Diuc o' berrag 's enrachd.
- 7 Biodhse 'g imeachd a dh' Albuin,  
'S feuch am faic sibh mo dhaoine;  
Beir sòrruidh uams mo cheud beannachd,  
Aithris dhoibh gu 'n chaisg mi chaonag.

## X. 6. LAOIDH AN TRUISEALAICH. 43 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 29, 1872.

This is an imaginary conversation with a great standing Stone in the Ness of Lewis, in the Parish of Barra. It is curious because made up of names, and of single lines of Ballads which are recited entire in the neighbouring Islands and printed above. It is a very good sample of the decay of tradition, a good ending to the Story of Cuchullin, Deirdre, Fraoch, Fionn, and the Feinne. Murray, the reciter, asserts that it was the custom in his youth to recite this 'Lay of the Truiseal Stone,' near the butt of Lewis in Shawbost.

- 1 EISDIEH beag ma 's aireamh laoidh,  
Chailin O! an stiùir thu mi?
- 2 Sgèula leat a Thruiseal mbòir,  
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 ceann òir,  
Lèonadh e gun chomhla an airm;  
Le biast a ghlinne bho thuath,  
Thuit mac Chumhail fo chruaidh cheilg.
- 4 Bu mhòr am beud an fhuil bhaor,  
Tuiteam le gnìomh nam bean baoth;
- 5 A cheud là a chaidh Fraoch a shnàmh,  
Lu gutli mhèineibh thàrladh olc;  
Thug e làn a bhruig gu tìr,  
A chaoirainn abuich min gun lochd.
- 6 Sud an lus am bheil mo mhian,  
A laimh Mhic Chumhail nan ciamh càmh  
Uballan na craoibhe a 's arda dos,  
Chi mi air an loch ud thall.
- 7 Labhair Mac Chumhail nan euach,  
'S lasair a dhà ghruaidh mar fhuil  
Chaidh e shnàmh an loch air uair,  
'S an cadh-uair am fuachd ga ghuin.
- 8 Mothachaidh gach fear fo 'n ghreìn,  
A bhean fèin mu 'n deau i chiron;  
Ma 's bi iad uile gu leir,  
Mar tha bhaobh an deigh nan corp.
- 9 Seachd rìghrean chuir i gu leis,  
Thàrladh sud 'na dàil 'us gum b' olc;  
Cearaill, 'us Earail, 'us Fraoch,  
'S Cuchullin a sgoilteadh sgiath,  
'S Fear Liath an taoibh ghil,  
Oissian Mac Shigheigh nan clair,  
Nach diult biadh do neach air bith.

- 10 Bha mise an cath an dè,  
'S gu'n robh mi fèin an cath enuic,  
An eath callan bho 'n taobh tuath;  
'S eath carran bho 'n cruaidh trod.
- 11 Is Truiséalach mi an dòigh nam Fiann,  
'S fada mo phian an deigh chaich;  
Air m' ulain 'san aird an iar,  
Gu bun mo dhà sgiath an sis.

As recited by an old Lewis-man (Norman Murray, Habost, Ness,) in the Spring of 1807. Given to Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan by Malcolin Macphail.

## LATER HEROIC BALLADS.

THE Story of the Feinne as told by Oisein to Padruig ends here, so far as I have been able to gather. But the story has a sequel.

The 'Lay of the Great Fool,' according to Fletcher's version, concerns the last branches of the Feinne. According to Staffa's version, the Hero was a son of Dcarg. The scene is laid at Dun-an-Oir, where Fionn was slain, where Connal avenged the death of Cuchullin, where Caoilte fought his best fight. Padruig and Oisein are out of the story, but the story still goes on. Different minds have been at work on this, but it bears the marks of genuine popular verse.

I print, F. O. O. P., all late versions of this ballad, which still is exceedingly popular. I have already printed a version (Y. vol. iii. p. 154.) It is there placed with the story of Fionn's birth and education, and with part of the Arthurian story of Peredur and Peronnik, the Breton Idiot, who is the equivalent character, as I supposed.

In December, 1871, after ten years, I found, p. 166, O'Donovan's Catalogue, Trin. Coll., Dublin, H. 2. 6., MS. written about 1716. Eachtra an Amadan 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.

PAIRT DO 'N DREAM MU DHEIREADH BHA EÈ DO NA  
FIANNIBH.

Fletcher's Collection, page 89. 238 lines. Advocates' Library. January 19, 1872. Copied by Malcolin Macphail.

- 1 CHULAS sgèul luainneach 's cha bhreag,  
Air an Oimid d' an geill na slòigh;  
Laogh meannach air nach dearg àrn,  
'S b' e b' ainm dha 'n t-Amadan mòr.
- 2 Smachd an Dombain de ghlas se,  
Giulla nach d' fhaod gun bhi b'òrb;  
Cha b' ann gleachda sgia na lann,  
Bha neart a bh' ann ach na dhoid.
- 3 'S amhluidh sin do bhith eadh e,  
'S iomad triath' bha fù' smachd;  
'S sgèula gearr na dheireadh thall,  
Tuig mo rann 's gu bheil i ceart.
- 4 Lò g' an rabh an t-Amadam mòr,  
Air chrìochaih bh Lochlain le seòl gaoith;  
E-fein is aon mhac-o-mnai,  
'S ni 'm facas riamb h-aite mhnaoi.
- 5 Ann gleann diomhair tharla dhoibh,  
'N gleann bu bhoilche bha fù' 'n ghroin;  
B' aile srath 's bu mhine fonn,  
Fuaim a thonn ri slìos a shlèibh.

- 6 Sin 'n uair thuir mac-o-mnai,  
Fhìr is fearr làmh ga bheil ann;  
Chuairetich mi 'n domhain nu thrid  
'S ni facas tri mar tha 'n gleann.
- 7 'S chunnaicdar a teachd an ròd,  
An Gruagach bho bu bhreagha brot;  
Saothach dh' òr loigste na dhòrn,  
Coltach ri corn sam biodh dooch.
- 8 Sin 'nuair 'labhair an fear mòr,  
Ni 'n rabh mise fòs ri m' rò;  
Aon uair bu mhò thart,  
B' ait leam a theachd no cò è.
- 9 Comhairle a bheirinn ort arsa bhean  
Na h-òl a dheoch 's na blais a bhiaidh;  
Gus am fiosaicheadh tu 'n gleann,  
'S nach rabh thu ann roimhe riamb.
- 10 Air dhoibh teachd air cheann gach sgeoil,  
Shuidh an Gruagach bu bhreagha brot;  
Deansa suidhe Oghlach mhòr,  
Na biodh dublach is òl do dheoch.
- 11 'S na comaine ceudna dho,  
Thuir an t-amadan le glòir ghlic;  
'S e toirt sìoca sugh draotha borb,  
'S cha d' fhàg braon sa chorn nach dibh.
- 12 'S air imeachd do Ghruagacha a chuirn,  
Bu neo-bhuagha a chuirn r' a h-òl;  
Nu cosa bho na gluine sìos,  
Bha sid a dhith air an fear mhòr.
- 13 Sin 'nuair 'labhair a Mac-o-mnai,  
'S tuagh a fhìath mar tha thu noch;  
'S tearc do charaid san domhain mhòr,  
'S ni 'n oill leu thu bhì gun chos.
- 14 Sin 'nuair thuir an t-oglach mòr,  
Biodhsa ribhinn òg a' d' thosd;  
Cha bhì cos air duine a' s' tri,  
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 fear doigh.
- 16 Dh' imich iad an sin faraon,  
Bhean 's an laoch bu dharg san trod,  
'S bu luaithe è air a dha ghuln,  
Na seisear le lugh an cos.
- 17 Air dhoibh suidhe air an t-sliabh,  
Chunnacas fiadh shuas Gleann-gorm;  
Gaothar geal cluas, dearg na dbeigh,  
Tathunn gu geur air a lorg.
- 18 Sin 'nuair thilg an t-oglach mòr,  
Urechair ghlasda le seòl geur;  
'S chuireadh le neart laimh an laoch,  
An t-sleagh troidh' dha-thaobh an fheidh.
- 19 Ghlac leis an gaothar bhan,  
'S chuireadh è na laimh air èil;  
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 dearla òir;  
'S ann liobhadh air a thaobh èil,  
A dha shleagh 's a sgiath na dhorn.
- 21 Bheannaich an Gruagach deas donn,  
Do 'n Amadan mhòr is ga mhnaoi;  
'S ghabh e sgeula dheth gu beachd,  
Ciod an ball an do cheleachd an t-saoi.
- 22 Is mise Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,  
Tha air do laimhse Mhaca-mòr;  
Rìddire Curand gu b' è m' ainm,  
'S anns' gach bala gu gleithinn buaidh.
- 23 Bheirinn 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 Mhaca-mòr,  
Leth-bhreth na dho, air an roinn;  
An t-sealg nì bhì air do laimh,  
'S an gaothar bhan a lèigal leam.

- 25 'S mise féin a rinn an t-sealg,  
Se thuirt an t-amadan gearg dian;  
Ge b' e againn is treise lámh,  
Biodh aige an gaodhar bàn 's am fiadh.
- 26 Bho thàrladh mo ghaothbar ort,  
IS po chosa, a bhí d' dhìth;  
Biadh is aodach fad do ùr,  
Bheirinnse dhuit féin is do d' mhnaoi.
- 27 Sin 'nuair' labhair am Maca-mnai,  
Bheir thusa 'n gaodhar gearl do;  
Gheibh e sin is an gaodhar breac,  
N' am b' eairde leats' n' bu mhò.
- 28 Thog an t-Amadan am fadh,  
A lann a sgiath agus a bhean;  
Agus dh' imich iad nan triuir,  
Ann san iul a rinn am fear.
- 29 'Se chunnacas uatha sa ghleann,  
Cathair gan rabh dealra òir;  
'S ni 'm facas riamh sealla sùl,  
Nach faighte annsa chuirt na s leoir.
- 30 Sin 'nuair labhair am fear mòr,  
Cò i chatbair òir bhui' ùr;  
'S boidheche dealbh s is aile dreach,  
Na faigh' sinne breith na h-iul.
- 31 Dùn-an-òir an dùn am bhùil,  
Dùn-a-ghuill gu b' e sid ainm;  
'S ni mairtbeann a Fhiannaibh fail,  
Ach mise 'mhàin agus aon bhean.
- 32 Chuannacas aon bhean anns' an Dùn,  
'S ni 'm facas sealla sùl bu bhreagh;  
Bu ghile na 'n cabhadh a cneas,  
'S guirme rosg sa dend mar bhla,
- 33 Dh' fhiosraich an ainneir òg,  
An tús an sgeoil da fear féin;  
Cò i maca-deud-ghéal-òg,  
Is am fear mòr do 'n d' thug i spèis.
- 34 'N-t-Amadan mor gu b' e ainm,  
'S iomadh triath a bha fu' smachd;  
Fir an domhain bha ga reir,  
'S mise fein gu do gheil do.
- 35 'S neònach leam na bheil thu radh 'n,  
Mhiads air 'n do thar e doigh;  
Mu chuir e domhain fu' smachd,  
Com na leig á chosan leò.
- 36 Rìghrean an domhain gun gheil do,  
A roghainn sin an Ionhoir òir;  
'S mur bhí druigheachd a chuirna chrosd,  
Cha leigeadh e chosan leò.
- 37 'S air dhoibh suidhe air an òl,  
An da mhnaoi òg a b' fhearr cliù;  
Bha Gruagach dhùn-an-oir nan treis,  
Is Amadan mòr nan cleas lùgh.
- 38 Ach 's mithich dhamsa dol a shealg,  
A Dhùn-deilg 's do Ghleann-smàil;  
Gleith mo rath dhamb air mo chùil,  
Mo chuid òir is gleith mo mhna.
- 39 'S ge' do robh mi fad a mach,  
Na cadail is na crom do cheann,  
'S na leig aon duine a mach,  
Na duine' steach ach na bheil ann.
- 40 Sin 'nuair thuirt an t-òglach mòr,  
Thigse ribhin òg fu' m' cheann;  
Tha 'n cadal a teachd am thuar,  
'S ni togair leam suain ann Gleann.
- 41 Ach air bhí dha na chadal trom,  
Thainig Gaisgeach donn a steach;  
'S do mhnaoi a' Ghrugaich thug e pòg,  
'S cha b' oill leis an òigh a theachd.
- 42 Ach dh' eirich an ainneir mheirbh,  
Is tharraig i gu garbh a cheann;  
Biodhsa t-fhairreach—oglaich mhoir,  
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-àm.
- 43 Mur bithinse am shuain gu leoir,  
Cha d' tigeadh iad oirm a steach;  
Gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-oir,  
Mu 'n rachadh am beò a mach.
- 44 Choir an doruis do ghabh è,  
Ghlacadh leis a sgiath na dhorn;  
'S cha d' bhual gobha' ceard na saor,  
Comhludh bu daingne na 'n laoch borb.
- 45 Dh' eirich an Gaisgeach deas donn,  
'S a dha shealg a sgiath na dhorn;  
Fàg an doruis ogleach mhoir,  
Cha bhall coir am bheil tu tàm.
- 46 Rìgh! gu fuilling mis' a bhean,  
Bho ghabh mi e tras am cheann;  
Mu 'n d' theid aon duine a mach,  
Na duine steach ach na bheil ann.
- 47 Gheibhte tu m' airgead is m' òr,  
Mo chulaidh mhath shròil is m' each;  
Bu choi-dheas leam muir na tìr,  
N'an leigeadh tu 'ris mi mach.
- 48 Ge do 's math t-airgead is t-òr,  
Do chuladh mhath shroil is t-each;  
Ach gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-òir,  
Cha racha' do bheò a mach.
- 49 Mo chomraich ort ogleach mhòir,  
Gabh naoi dachunn do dh' òr glan;  
Fonn is earras 's fearann saor,  
'S leig mi 'n raon a dùn-nam-ban.
- 50 Bheirinnse briathra na dho,  
Nach rachadh do bheò a mach;  
Ach an d' thig Gruagach an teach-òir,  
'S gu dioladh e pòg a mhna.
- 51 Gheibheadh tu do leth-chos fud,  
Mar a b' fhearr gan rabh i riamh;  
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,  
Leigse nise dhomb bhí triall.
- 52 Sin 'nuair thuirt am fear mòr,  
Dean thusa ort fos gu mall;  
A chos eile gu ceum cruaignh.  
Gu d' thig bh' naitsa na do cheann.
- 53 Mo chomruich ortsa a bhean  
Didinn mo chorp 's glac mo lann;  
Do dhidinn cha nìil an bhàs,  
A mbacan is aithe dreach.
- 54 Do dhidinn cha nìil, &c.,  
A mhacan, &c.  
Ach a chas eile thoirt do,  
'S bi 'g imeachd an ròd a mach.
- 55 Fhuair thu nis do chosan fud,  
Mar is fearr gan rabh iad riamh,  
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,  
'S mithich dhomb a nis bhí triall.
- 56 Na cosan so fhuair mi ceart,  
Nì 'n leiginn iad leat na leo;  
'S ni 'n rachadh tu fos a mach,  
Ach an d' thig gruagach an teach òir.
- 57 'S mise gruagach 'ghaodhair bhàin,  
'S mi chuir ann 's gach càs thig;  
'S mi thug do chosan bh' nait,  
Dh' idreachduim do huais 's do lugh.
- 58 Bho a tharla dhuin bhí 'n sìth,  
Thugainn 'n ar dithis dol a mach;  
Sìubhlaidh 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 mhein is gràdh air ghràdh;  
'S chualas sgeul luaineach 's cha bhreug,  
Air an Eoin d' an goil na sloigh.
- 60 Laoch meinmach air, &c.  
Ga b' ainm an t-Amadan mor.

O. 11. LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR. 146 lines.  
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 54. 144 lines. Copied by Malcolm  
Macphail. Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.

COMPARED with Fletcher's version, this shows how a  
Ballad orally preserved alters. Every verse, almost every  
line, differs in some degree; but so as to preserve the  
story, the sequence, and the general sound of the lan-  
guage. In this manner a Ballad might last for centuries,  
changing with the dialect and the locality in which it is  
remembered.

- 1 CHUALAS sgeula luanach gun bhreig ;  
Air Onaid gan gheill na sloigh ;  
Fear meannmhach air nach dearg arm,  
'S e b' ainm dha un t-amadan mor.
- 2 La do bli an t-amadan mor,  
Au crich Lochlin na seol goith ;  
E chuideachd air aon mhacan mna,  
Gum b' aido briagh i mar mhnaoi.
- 3 An gleann diomhar gu'n tharla doibh,  
Nach romh iad fos ann roi riamh ;  
B' fhuil shrath 's b' ailde fhonn,  
F uaim a thoun ri slíos a shleibh.
- 4 Chunnas tighinn o'n traigh,  
Gruagach o'n dealradh brat ;  
Sadhach oir lasta na dorn,  
Coltach ri coru am bitheadh deoch.
- 5 Comhairle Bheirinn ort,  
Na feuch a dheoch na blais a bhíndh ;  
Ach gu'm fiosraicheadh an gleann,  
'S nach robh sinn ann roi riamh.
- 6 Bheannaich gruagach a bhrait oir,  
Do'n Amadan mhór 's do mhnaoi ;  
Na bisa dubhach fhir 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' fflag braon sa chorn nach dibh.
- 8 Dh' imich gruagach a chuirn,  
'S b' fhuathach a cuilm ri ol (cal cuirm)  
Na cosan o na gluinibh síos,  
Bha dhi air an fhear mhór.
- 9 Sin do'r thuirte Macan mná,  
'S truagh an cas am bheil thu nochd ;  
'S tearc do charaid san domhain mhór,  
'S ionnubainn leo thu bli gan chos.
- 10 Thuirte an t-amadan ra mhnaoi,  
Tog a' d' chaidh 's bi nad thosd ;  
Cha 'n eil aon chos ann san tìr,  
No gleithidh mi ris mo chos.
- 11 Dh' imich iad an sin an dithis,  
Bhean san laoch bu gharth trod ;  
Bu luaithe esan air a dha ghluin,  
Na seisair air futh a chos.
- 12 Chualas faghaid anns a ghleann,  
Guth gadhair van bu bhinne ceol ;  
Imrich mo sgiath 's mo lann,  
Gu aonach is fearra doigh.
- 13 Air dhoibh bhi tamull a' triall  
Chunnas fadh a beannaibh borb ;  
Gadhar cluas dearg na dhoigh,  
Taghann gu geur air a lorg.
- 14 An sin gun tug an t-oglach mor,  
An uirchir ghasda le seol gaoith ;  
Chuir e fada lann an laoch,  
An t-sleagh ro' dha thaobh an fheidh.
- 15 Rug e air a ghabhar bhan,  
Nu laimh is chuir e grad air cill ;  
Bithidh tu agamsa ri ceol,  
Aig an tig an toir a' d' dhoigh.
- 16 Chunnas tighinn o'n traigh,  
Gruagach aluinn o'n dealradh òr ;  
Lann min gear air a thaobh chli,  
Da shleagh is sgiath na dhorn.
- 17 Bheannaich Gruagach a' bhruite oir,  
Don Amadan mhór, 's d' a mhnaoi ;  
Ciod i do rioghachd gu beachd,  
No 'n tìr anns na chleachd thu bli ?
- 18 An Ridire Coreur gur e m' ainm,  
Anns gach ball bheirinn buaidh ;  
'S mi gruagach a ghabhair bhain  
Ma' r' a lamhsa Amadain mhoir.
- 19 A mhacan is ailde dealbh,  
Bheirinn fhein mo dhearbh dhuite  
Nach bi gruagach a ghaidhir bhain,  
Gu la bhrath ri radha ruit.
- 20 Cum nach foghna leat fhir mhoir ;  
Leatrom na dha bli sau roinn ?  
An t-sealg uile bhi air a laimh (al. lann),  
'S mo ghladhar ban a leigeadh leam.
- 21 'S mise fein a rinn an t-sealg,  
Arsa an t-amadain garg dian,  
'S ge bi againn 's fearr lamh, (al. laun)  
'S leis an gadhar ban 's am fiadh.
- 22 O 'n tharla mo ghadhar ort,  
'S do chosan a bhi ga d' dhoigh ;  
Biadh is eudach fad do re, (al. grad reir)  
Bheirinnse dhuite fein 's do d' mhnaoi.
- 23 Sin do labhair Macan mna,  
Thoirsa an gadhar bun domh ?  
Bheireadh as an gadhar brec,  
O'n b' aill leatsa 's ni bu mho. (al. ge b' ait leis)
- 24 Dh' imich iad an sin man truir,  
Anns an iul na ghabh am fear ;  
Thog e air a mhain am fiadh,  
Chranag, a sgiath, is a bhean.
- 25 Dh' imich iad an sin a shealg,  
Air Uamhuinn dearg s air ghleann smail ;  
Amhaire mo chaithir 's mo chuid,  
Mo chuid oir 's caithir mo mhna.
- 26 Mu caithir tharladh mi ri d' thaobh,  
Caithir ann o dealra òir ;  
Ni 'm faca mo shuilis riamh,  
Dath air nach robh air nis leor.
- 27 Ach gu'n tig mise fhir mhoir,  
Na luadh, is na eom 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 riamh na saor, (ceard)  
Comhla 's dainge nan laoch mór. (borb)
- 29 Thuirte an gruagach cas don (dens)  
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 rachadh mach.
- 31 'Nuair bha 'n gruagach na luim,  
Leum e suas an uhd a mhna ;  
Gabhann do chomhrich, a bhean,  
Amhaire mo chor 's mo lann.
- 32 O nach umbail duit am bas,  
Fhleasgaich tharladh a' d' chas teann ;  
Chas eile gu ceum cruaidh,  
'S fearr dhuite uat na do cheann.
- 33 Ach mo chosan a bhain diom,  
Cha leiginn ris leat na leo ;  
Ni mo rachadh tu a mach,  
Gu'n tig a gruagach na Teach, oir.
- 34 Buaidh is beannaich ortsa fhir mhoir,  
'S mor mo dhoighsa as do run ;  
'S mi gruagach a ghair bhain,  
'S mi choinnich air lamh thu.
- 35 'S mise thug do chosan uat,  
Dh' fheuchain do luathas 's do luth ;  
Chaidh iad an sin a mach,  
A ghabhail beachd air gach uil.
- 36 Ghlacadh iad cheile air laimh,  
Máin air mhain 's gradh air ghradh ;  
An domhain uile gu beachd,  
Am fear mor gu smachd fhuair.
- 37 An aill leibh sgeul lunnach<sup>2</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 CHUNNCAS uatha sa ghleann,  
Cathair dhe 'n robh dealbra oir;  
Cha 'n fhacas riam a sealla sul,  
Nach faea anns a' chuir n is leor.
- 2 Dh' fhaoineachd a Maca Mor,  
Co i a chathair oir righ ur:  
'S aille dreach 's is gloine dealbh?  
Am faigh sinn brath no iul.
- 3 Dun an oir sin dun a bhail,  
Dun a bhail gur e sid ainm;  
Ni mairean de fhiannaibh fhail,  
Ach mise a mha'n 's m' aon bhean.
- 4 Chunnas ainm anns an Dun,  
Na suidh an cathair uirigh oir;  
Bu ghile 'n an cathamh a cneas,  
Bu ghoram a rosg 's a deud mar bhla.
- 5 Dh' fhaoineachd<sup>1</sup> an ainm og,  
Toiseach gach sgeoil ga fear feil;  
Co e am macan deud gheall og,  
Nam fear mor gu bheil sibh geill.
- 6 An t-amadan corcara gur e ainm,  
Anns gach ball gu 'n tug e buaidh;  
Sluagh an Domhain tha fo smachd,  
Is mise fein gan ghulla dha.
- 7 'S ioghna leam na bheil thu 'g radh,  
'S liuthad Triath 's 'na shar o dhoibh;  
Mar geill an domhain da air fad,  
Cum na leig e chosan leo.
- 8 Bheirinnsa mo dhearbha duit,  
Ainm mheirbh mhin a bhra' bhreagh;  
Mar ri duigheachdan a chuim chrosd,  
Cha do leig se a chosan leo.
- 9 Leag iad air iomairt 's air ol (perhaps ceol)  
An da mhnaoi og a b' fhearr clu,  
Gruagach Dhun an oir na treis,  
Is amadam mor nan cleas luth.
- 10 'S mithich dhombas dol a shealg,  
Air uan an Deirg an glenn smail;  
Glethsa mo rath air mo chul,  
Gleth mo Dhun oir gleth mo mhnaoi.
- 11 Ged fhuirich mise fada mach;  
Na caidil no crom do cheann,  
Na leig duine air bith a steach.  
No duine a mach de 'n bheil ann.
- 12 Sin dor thuir a Maca Mor,  
Tair a Righinn oig fom' cheann;  
Tha 'n cadal g' am thoirt air chuairt,  
Gu 'n togair leam suain sa' ghleann.
- 13 Air do bhi na chadal trom,  
Thain' an gaisgeach deas donn a steach;  
Do 'n mhnaoi ghruagaich thug e pòg,  
'S cha b' aill 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 tha 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-am.
- 15 Mar bithinnsa am suain gu leòr,  
Cha tigeadh se oirm a steach;  
'S gu tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,  
Mun teid esa an rod a mach.
- 16 Chois an doruis do ghabh se,  
An laoch air nach teid gun bhi garg;  
Cha do bhual Gobha, ceard, no saor,  
Comhla 's daingne n' an laoch borb.

<sup>1</sup> Dh' fhoisrachadh.

- 17 Sin thuir an gaisgeach deas donn,  
'S rug se air a sge na dhorn;  
Fagsa 'n doruis, Oiglaich mhoir,  
Cha bhail coir sa' bheil thu ghna.
- 18 Ach gu' m faighinnsa am bas,  
O 'n ghabh mi 'n tra so e' m cheann;  
Ma thig ann duine a steach,  
Na duine a mach ach na bheil ann.
- 19 Gheibheadh tu m' airgid 's m' or,  
Mo chulaidh mhaith shroil, 's m' each;  
'S co annsa leis muir no tìr,  
'S leag seachad mi ris a mach,
- 20 Ge maith d' airgid agus d' or,  
Do chulaidh mhaith shroil, is t-each;  
Gun tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,  
Mu 'n teid thusa 'n rod a mach.
- 21 Gabh mo chomraich nam fhir mhoir,  
Gabh nao dabbhichan de 'n or ghlan;  
Mo chrobb 's m' eich 's m' fhearran saor,  
'S leag dhomh an raon 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 dhomhs' anis a bhi triall.
- 23 Deansa fossa ort gu mall,  
Thuir an t-oglach nach robh cù;  
Chos eile le ceum cruadhas,  
Bhithes i uat air neo do cheann.
- 24 Do dhidin 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,  
Crioich Laoidh an Amadain,  
Air sheol eile.

## P. 13. LAOIDH AN UMPL. 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 SEOL uainich chualas gun bhreug  
Air Eoin gan a gheill na sloigh  
Fear mor meannach mac an Deirg  
Ga 'n b' ainm an t-amadan mòr  
Fear mor
- 2 Neart an Domhain do ghabh se  
'N Laoch nach faod gun bhi gu borb  
Neart
- 3 Cha do ghlachdadh leis Sciath na Lann  
Ach a neart a bhi ann a dhòid  
Cha
- 4 Latha gan deach n t-amadan mor  
Do th' sean Riogh' chd Lochlunn ceol-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 roimbe riamh  
Chasidh
- 7 Do dh' fiosaich a machdaibh nna  
Fhir a fearr lamh rabh tu ann  
Do
- 8 Th' siubhail mi 'n Domhan mar thri  
'S cha 'n facas tior mar an Glean  
Th' siubhail
- 9 'B aill fiodh us fear 'us fonn  
Us fuaim a thonn ri shios a th' sleibh  
B' aill

<sup>2</sup> 'S mi chuir anns gach cas thu.



- 10 Achanich a dhlarrams ort  
Na h'ol a dheoch 'us na cath a bhiaidh  
Achanich
- 11 Gus a fiosruich n eia 'n Gléann  
Nach rabh u ann roimhe riamh  
Gus
- 12 Gu bheil mise fos rem re  
On la glachd mi Sceith na lann  
Gu
- 13 An nair b' mho bhiodh mo thart  
Sin an nair bu th' seachda bearl'  
An nair
- 14 Chunnachadar a teachd san ròd  
Gruagach ùr o 'm breocha bròt  
Chunnachadar
- 15 Sa chorn falluichte na dhorn  
Coltach re corn am biodh deoch  
Sa chorn
- 16 Bi nad th' suidhe oiglaich mhor  
Na bu dubhach us òl deoch  
Bi nad
- 17 Ruge air a chorn gu brise borb  
'S cha rabh braon sa chorn nach ibh  
Ruga
- 18 Nair mhothuich Gruagach a chuirn  
Nach bnaidha a chuirn ra b-òl  
Nair
- 19 'N da chois o na Gluinibh sìos  
Bhiodh a dhith air an fhear mhor  
'N da
- 20 Sin nair labhair Gilbhan òg  
'S mor a m' brons thair imeachd ort  
Sin
- 21 'S tearc do charid san Domhan mhor  
'S cha n' òil leo u bhì gun ehis  
'S tearc
- 22 Uist a nis a Ghilbhann òg  
Tog thus ad bhron 'us hì d' thosd  
Uist
- 23 Cha bhì aona chas ann san Tiòr  
Neo gheibh mi rist mo dha chois  
Cha
- 24 'N imraich thu mo Sciath 's mo Lann,  
Ga an Inbh us fear dreach us deal bh  
'N iomrich
- 25 Dhimchidar a sin a raon  
A Bhean sa a Laoch bu mhor trot  
Dhimchadar
- 26 Bu luaithe eisan air a dha Ghluin  
Na seisar air lus an còs  
Bu
- 27 Chunnachadar a teachd san Ròd  
Gruagach nr fuidhn dearsadh òir  
Chunn
- 28 A Lann than' air a thaobh clì  
A dha th' sleadh sa sciath na dhoid  
A Lann
- 29 Bheannuich Gruagach a bhruit òir  
Don Amadan mhor 's da mhnaoi  
Bheannuich
- 30 Us ghadhadh leo sgoula gu beachd  
Cia 'n t-sliog as na chleachd an t-saoi  
Us
- 31 Riodaire choreair se m' ainm  
As gach ball do bheirinn buaidh  
Riodaire
- 32 'S mi gruagach a Gbhadhair Bhàin  
Air do Laimhsa mhachdaibh mhòir  
'S mi
- 33 Bheira mise dhearbhadh dhuit  
A mhachdaibh 'us fear dreach 'us dealbh  
Bheira
- 34 Nach bi gruagach a Gbhadhir bhain  
As a so ri raitin riut  
Nach
- 35 Nach fognadh leatsa mhachdaibh mhòir  
Leathrom na dho bhì san roinn  
Nach
- 36 An t-sealg uile bhì air do laimh  
San Gbhadhir Bàin a leigidh leinn  
An
- 37 'S mise fein a rinn an t-sealg  
Ars an t-amadan Garg dian  
'S mise
- 38 'S ge b' e neach 'us treisa lamh  
'S leis an Gbhadhir Ban sa fiadh  
'S ge
- 39 On tharladh dom Gbhadhir ort  
'S na cosan a bhì gad dhi—o 'n &c  
On
- 40 Biadh agus aodach mar th' feum  
Bheirinn sid dhuit fein 's dod mhnaoi  
Biadh
- 41 Sin nair labhair Gbhlbhan òg  
Thoir dhosan an Cadhir Ban  
Sin
- 42 Gheibhadh e sud san cù breac  
'S nam bu leatsa ni bu mhò  
Gheibhadh.
- 43 Dhimchidar a sin na truir,  
Ann san iùl a rinn a fear  
Thog e air a mhuin a fiadh  
An crannagibh sgiath sa Bhean
- 44 Chunnachadar a teachd ren taobh  
Cathir ùr fuidhn dearsadh òir  
Cha rabh dreach ge faca suil  
Nach rabh air a chuirn gu leoir.
- 45 Air chromadh dhuinn anns an Dùn  
Cha 'n faca 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 dun deing  
Cia e machdaimn steud-gheal òg  
Na 'm fear mor gan dug u Geill
- 47 Se sud an t-amadan mor  
Agus Gilabhann mheirbh an rois  
Rìghre 'n Domhuin tha na mhèinn  
'S mise fein a gheilladh dho
- 48 'S iognadh lean na bheil thu 'g rath  
Rìghre 'n Domhuin bhì fuidh srachd  
'S gun leigidh e chasan leo  
Sa liudhid sloigh a thug dha geill
- 49 Bheiradh mise deirbha dhuit  
A mhachdaimh 'us fear dreach 'us delbh  
Mar bhì Draoidheachd cheuirn chrosd  
Nach leigidh e chosan leo
- 50 Bi mis' a nois falbh a th' seilg  
Uadha deing fuidh ghleann a Smeoir  
Coimhead thusa Bhrathrin ghraidh  
Caitbir mo mna 's mo chuid òir
- 51 'S air fhad 'us gam bi mise muigh  
Na deann luidh sna crom do cheann  
Na loig thusa duine mach  
Na duine steach gan dig ann
- 52 Tarinn a ghilabhann fuidh 'na cheann  
San cadil gan th' suain gu mor  
Tharinn i a cheann gu cruaidh  
Rinn thusa 'n t-suain 's cha b' e 'n t' àm
- 53 Thanig an Gruagach deas Donn  
'S do mha ghruagaich thug se pòg  
Lathir an Doruis saun thugh se  
'N Laoch nach fiod gun bhì borb
- 54 'S cha do chuir Gobhinn na ceard  
Combla b' fear na 'n Laoch borb

- 55 Nair bha 'n Gaisgich an cas cruaidh  
Leum e gu luath 'n uched na mnà  
Tha mi cuir chumric ort  
Coimhliontachd no chos's mo lamh
- 56 Ach cha 'n eagal duit do 'n bhas  
Cha nann an eas tharladh tu  
Gus an dig gruagach dhuin an oir  
'S gun dioladh e pog a mhà
- 57 Thug mise le 'm Dhraoidheachd fein  
Do léith chas do 'm luing a steach  
Gheibha du fuid mar bha u riamh  
'S mo leigail sa ròd a mach
- 58 A chas eila gu ceim cruaidh  
Bheira du uait na do cheann  
Gus an dig gruagach dhuin an oir  
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhà.

Chrioch.

## X. 7. IULAIREAN. 61 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, 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 Tírèe, by John Dewar.

## IULAIREAN.

- IULAIREAN 'us horo hì !  
Là 'chaidh Oscar nan slugh,  
Iulair ohon horo chò !  
Gu tulach nam buadh a shealg ;  
Iulairean 'us horo hì !  
Gu 'm fàcas eige 'n à shuain,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Ribhinn a b' fhearr snuagh na 'ghrian,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- An fhìor bhealaidh ruadh bha 'n a bun,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Chunnacas 'an iomall a' chuain,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Iùbhrach nam buadh tigh 'n gu tìr,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Bu lìonmhor innt' cuach agus cup,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Aon bhean innt' 'an cathair òir,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Ag iomairt 's ag òl nu seach,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Dh' fhoighneachd e de 'n mhnaoi og,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- ' An àill leat mise near fhear ? '  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Labhair ise 'm briathran bò  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- ' Cha-àill leam thn air son fìr,'  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- A fhleasgaich, ge boidheach do dhreach,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- 'S ge briagha leat fhéin do shlios,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Tha mi 'nis a' dol a nach,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Is sgéula na bheil agaibh orm,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Tha sgéula beag agam no dhà  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Air Fionn mac rìgh nan arm,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Ruitheam, caisgeam, traogham, d' fhearg,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Cuiridh mi dealg 's an fhear mhòr,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Cia mar a dheanadh tu sin,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- 'S nach tu laoch a 's fèarr 's an Fhéinn ?  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Goididh mi 'n claidheamh o 'chrios,  
Iulair ohon, &c.

- 'S gearraidh mi gun fhios deth 'n ceann !  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- A laoch a thainig a 's teach,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- 'S ann leat a chinnich an t-uchd :—  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Mharbh thu dithis de chlan rìgh Gréig—  
Iulair 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' fhearr snuadh fo 'n ghréin  
Gum b' fhearr leis tuiteam 'n a gean  
Na còmhradh 'pheathar mthath féin.
- 2 Labhair Sior Bhoilidh gu fal :—  
' Théid mise g' a h-iarraidh dhuit ;  
Mì féin, mo ghille, 's mo chù  
'Nar triuir a shreudh na mnà.'
- 3 Seachd do sheachdhuinn ean 's trì mìosan  
Bha sinn sgith ri siubhal cuain ;  
Ma 'n d' fhuaras fearann, na fonn,  
Ionad an gabhadh long tàmh.
- 4 Latha throimh iomall a' chuain ghairbh,  
Clachan meadhna, min-geal, gorm ;  
Uinneagan gloine ri stuaigh ;  
Cupaichean a 's cuacha, 's 's chàirn.
- 5 Latha dhomb 'seòladh g' am bun,  
Thàinig an t-slabhraidh chuir a nuas ;  
Cha do ghabh mì sgreamh na sgaoin ;  
Chaidh mì urra 'm dheann a suas.
- 6 Chunnacas a' bhean dhen-dheal òg  
'Na suidhe 'san òr a steach ;  
Sgàthan gloine air a da ghùin ;  
'S bheannaich d' a gnùis ghil.
- 7 Fhir a thàinig oirn o 'n chuan,  
'S truagh fear beannachaidh an-so ;  
Aig fear na cathrach so féin  
Nach do dh' fhidir treun na truaghas.
- 8 Air do shuidhe-sa, 'bhean mhàil :  
'S coingeis leam a ghràdh na fhuath,  
Chuir iad Sior Bhoilidh fo chleith,  
Thàinig a stigh am fear mòr.
- 9 ' Ulaidh, 's a Thasgaidh, 's a Rùin ;  
'S mòr an cùram th' agam dhìot ;  
An cuir thu do cheann air mo ghùil,  
'S gun seinninn duit ciuil a 's cruil ? '
- 10 Thuit e 'n sin 'na shioram suain  
An déis 'bhith 'cuartachadh chuain ghaùbh :  
Thug iad a chlaidheamh o 'chrios,  
'S thug iad deth gun fhios na cinn.
- 11 Cheanghail iad an slugh gu léir,  
'S bha 'bhean féin fo chumha thrùim ;  
Fhuair iad gach ni mar a b' àill,  
'S thug iad an lamh do 'n taobh tuath.
- 12 Gus an tulaich ghuirm ghlais ùir  
Far am ba làghbhor eù 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, Connall 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 Connall in Vol. iii. Y., 1862. O'Donovan supposes that these tales were composed about 1400, during the reign of Magic and Knight Errantry. Old copies of this tale are in the Advocates' Library.

## O CEINS LEG.

THIS Story of Conall Gulban and a whole series of other stories of the same kind were framed in a story about the breaking of a man's leg. A man now living in Paisley repeated this compound story to Mr. Hector Mac Lean, who wrote it out in 1870. By fusing and mending versions of the tales which are told in this frame, it would be easy to make a larger volume than this one. Samples of the tales in question are in Text Y. Conall Gulban, The Knight of the Red Shield, Murdoch Mac Brian, The Lad of the flapping Gray Garment, The slinswarthy Champion, &c., &c. Modern Irish manuscripts are full of stories of this kind, and several from older writings have been published. Amongst these is the 'Battle of Clontarf.' The following ballad is a sample of Gaelic of 1654-5. It is a parody, and consists of catchwords and first lines of stories and recitations, of which many are known to Irish scholars, many are forgotten, and some are in this book. The 'Battle of Clontarf' is mentioned at the 12th line.

It follows that this composition dates between 1014, the date of the Battle, and 1854, the date of the writing.

## CATH CHLUAIN TARBH. 69 lines.

TRANSCRIBED June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from No. xxxv. Kilbride. 'Report on Ossian,' 2956, No. iii. written in the Irish hand, by Eamonn Mac Lachlain, 1654-55.

- 1 NAE mhairéann teamhair atnuith  
Ni fan easa ruaidh na choebd  
Fionn mac eubhail fath na bhfiann  
Ab theid go sliabh dha ebon
- 5 Do chomair mi ceisid dha cur  
Cia as luaithe anugh no an cheare  
Do rinne og carannan feall  
Ar o cconnaing na ceall mbeag (comg)  
Ni bhfaicinn ion a bráthair bochd
- 10 Mairg a nochd ata gan arm  
Innis dnuin a bheansa amuigh  
Nar chuireadh cath chluain tarbh  
Do thoglach brughin da dbearg  
Cuma lom sealg shleibhe crot
- 15 Iomdha sionnach aslach ga  
Fada fuar anoidhe anochd  
Do rinne Fionn eirighe mhoch  
Ni hionann broc agus fiadh  
Do bhean na faghtar ar fail
- 20 Tangadar gail anath clath  
Do fuair mac samhan aghuin  
Gana celnin na bidh gan arm  
Fad lom garaidh is Goll  
Tainn long asliabh cairn.
- 25 Do dhearg mac lughaidh alamh  
Is iomdha bad ar an Siuir  
Tarla do chraun air an tosp  
Druid romhan gu ros mac criuinn  
Do thuit meirge cath cuim
- 30 Leig don luing teacht attir  
Mairg na bfan abhearrann ceall  
Ait an cuirfinn ceann no linn  
Math an maraidhe mac leoid  
Do thoghladh fa dho an traoi.
- 35 Ni fansa saoghal ach seall  
Is aithne dhomh fear gu mhnaoi  
Do chuala mi glaoth sa bpart  
Nach ionan muc agus miol  
Do mharbhadh gail aceluain tarbh
- 40 Eire aird innis na riogh  
Seacht mar onnid anochd  
Tainn long a bport a bháid  
Do bhi claidheamh ag mac ceacht  
Is iomdha sgen air na mnaibh
- 45 Conall cearnach do mharbh Conn  
Is aluinn fonn mhughe ré  
Do chnaidh an claicuech ar ceairt  
Ambale i Ruairé bhios o nuill  
A bhansa fa ndeannann tu ead
- 50 Is binn beul na ceol crot  
Do thuit ean cheann innis fail  
Na Deana do dbail ga bog  
Ne hionann ceare agus coir  
Ad bathadh long asliabh liag

- 55 Cia don fhein rer ceangladh roe  
Dail catha idir ceare is miall  
Mac Subhlaitach na sleidh slim  
Ds chuin ar chach  
Do mharbhomhair fiadh araon
- 60 Don taobh thair don thsliabh bhan.  
Is mor mo dhonas tar chach  
Beag nach bhfeair am bas ren bheul  
Iomdha aracht a ghleth ruic  
Ag sin an cruic ar na gheas
- 65 Donncha mha guidhir nar cereach  
Fear nach cuirinn ceare air eill  
Na leigse a choir le cach  
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 'Ruus.' 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:—

## AC. MOLADH CLADHEIMH CHONAILL.

Orally collected by Alexander Carmichael.

'S E mac mnatha sithe a bha ann an Conall Gulbann. Chuir righ Lochlainn fo thraoidheach e; agus bha e fad tri ruidhean 's a' phrumh (bruth!) agus diul aige nach robh e ann ach ann oidheche. Fhuair Conall an claidheamh a shean-athair, sin bodach sith, 'nuair a bha e ann am prumh Bhein Ghulbann.

'Nuair a rachadh an saoidh 'n a chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig, 's e bu chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig dhá, a chrios stréin, stróilain, a léine shleamhuinn de 'n t-sioda bhuidhe, 's a lúreath agillemeach iar-rúin, a chlogada cleoharra ceanna-bhuidhe gu díon a mhúineil agus a gheala-bhrúghaidh, Chuireadh e sgiath bhú caideach, bha caideach mhín-dearg air a thaobh eil, air am bu linnmhor deabhl lemhain, Bobairt, gri-bláimich, nathrach bheumnaich losnaigh shlioghich.

Fin an uair a dheasáicheadh an leach a Shlachdan geur, cruaidh, curraata claidheimh an déigh a tharraing as a chisidh chaoil ghuirn ghúmhaish. A cheann air a chur ann gu socair, mar chúisimhda, 's e gu' fhoical air a linn-tean. 'S e gu lóimha, líomhara; 's e gu láidir, fulangach; gu ruighinn, geur, ri iomarsachadh; gu so-chur, sátha, so-bhuailte 'n a lámhuinn Geur, entrom, iongantach. 'P' e sin an claidheamh, Siosantach, Snasantach. Ghearradh e naoi naoinear a null, agus naoi naoinear a null, agus ghlacaoth e fhein anns an lámh cheudna a rithi 's e; uaile ri a dha sgiathinn ghúineasa, ghóimeana, mar arm gheur ghorrag, mar arm ghorm sgián. Sgián a ghearradh ubhal air uisge agus fuiltean foimnearra, fiorghaidh; a bheireadh uisge air stiornannan, agus teine dearg air an earriuin anna air an toiseach agus asta air an deireadh; far am bu tigh e bu tanae, 's far am bu tana bu luath-sgoilteach, bu díon-mharbhadh. Cha 'n fhágadh e fear innseadh sgeoil na moidheadh an tuairisgeoil, mar an rachadh e 'n talamh toll na 'n seilpeannan chreag; ach aon fhear claghann ruadh air leith-shíil, 's air leith-ghlúin, 's air leith-chláis; 's gead a bhíodh deich teangann fíilidh fíor-ghlic 'n a cheann, 's ann ag innseadh uile fhein agus uile cháich a bhítheadh e, agus treuntan a' ghaishgich.

## Q. 3. CORADH

TIAMHAIDH EADAR INGEHAN OGHRE BHAIACLIATH, 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 fhir fúdh chreuchdaibh,  
A mhic cheataich an earraidh uaine,  
Cíod e 'n leath, na 'n cath o 'n tain' thu,  
'S íad mo bhráthairean mo chuis trainghe.
- 2 Imis thusa dhomh-sa air thoiseach  
Aobhar t'osnaich a gheug mhálta,  
Na 'n robh daimb agad, na caradh,  
Ri furaibh nan crídeacha calma.

E E

- 3 Tri trianan de chloinn mo mbàthar,  
B'iad mo bhrathairean iad san uair sin,  
'S ar leam fein gu 'n robh iad coomhail,  
'S a' naonar ann an earradh uaine.
- 4 Na 'n tugadh tu dhomh-sa cobhair,  
Deoch fhuar o thobar na h-ìochhlaint',  
Gu 'n innsin duit na comain sgeula  
Air naonar an earraidh shìoda.
- 5 Sin ghluais a bhean gu suilbhir,  
Gus i chluinntin sgeul a brathairean,  
A 's fhuaras lea 'n tobar tuinn-ghlan,  
'S e lomlan an cois na tràighe,
- 6 Thog i lea làn a chuiche  
De nise an fhuarain 'san àin sin,  
'S gu 'n tug i dh'ionnsaidh an laoiach e,  
S' bha 'n sgeul ud faoilich o 'n bhanaich.
- 7 A nis o chaisg thu t'ìota tharta  
Innis dhomb-sa pairt de d' sgeula,  
Ach a laoiach na biodh ort ioughuin,  
'S an leam fein gur mor do chreachdan.
- 8 Latha dhomb-sa bhi sa bhàr,  
Anns an robh na curaidh chalma,  
Le m' chlaidheamh geur, a 's mi m'aonar,  
Leam a thuit do naonar brathairean.
- 9 Thuit mo bhrathairean-sa 'n Cath chluaine,  
'S air leam fein gur cruaidh an aoidh,  
Sgal a chuillean chaoin a chualas  
A 's mò a rainig riamh mo chridhe.
- 10 Ach mus emaidh leat sgal a chuillean,  
Na bi caoidh cloimne do mbathar,  
Air ghradh t'èinich na ceil orm,  
Co thu fein, na co e t'athair.
- 11 Inghlean oighre Bhaileachaidh,  
Cha cheilinn a thriath nan lann,  
'S do ghruagach Eilein nan eun,  
'S ann a rug mi fein mo chlann.
- 12 Mis 'a 's gruagach a chuirn Cheusda,  
An trinar macan, a 's an cu,  
An t-seisear a b'aillidh fudh 'n ghreinn,  
Gus n' do mhìll sin fein ar spaid.
- 13 A mhacain sin a ghearr na sgoiadh,  
O 'n a thog thu do shleagh ri sion,  
A nis o thainig mi do d' fhios,  
Innis a ris co thu fein.
- 14 Mise Murcha sin mac Brian,  
'S ioma sciath a sgoilt mi 'n cath,  
Gus an diugh gu 'n diougain ceud,  
Le m' chloidheamh geur, a 's le m' gath.
- 15 Triochad bliadhna thug mi beo,  
Mar chuillean na chluainean fein,  
Cha robh bàigh agam ri neach,  
Ach ag sior thòirt chreach an geill.
- 16 Latha dhomb-sa bhi san Dùn,  
'S ann domh fein bu chruaidh an sgeul,  
D'fhag mi 'n gruagach, 's a thriuir mac,  
Sinte fudh 'n bhàr shìoda, sheamh.
- 17 'S air an taobh mu thuath de 'n Bhrugh sin  
Chumacas an tobar a b'aluinn',  
Bha na bric a' snamh gu h-eatrom,  
'S iad ag leimeadh suas re bhraghad.
- 18 Na tri bric àluinn, iongantach,  
Re faicinn sgàile m' aodain-se,  
Thuit iad fuar ann an tinneas  
'S ann domh-sa a b'aoibh thursaidh sud.
- 19 'Nuair a chual' an cuilleen sìtheadh,  
Gu 'n robh mis' a caoidh na cloinne,  
Leig se na tri sgalan uath,  
'S thuit se fuar mar neach eile.
- 20 Chladhaich mi uagh dhoibh san Innis,  
O na d'fhalbh iad de 'n aon tinneas;  
Ach a Mhurcha nan sciath laidir,  
Sin agad mar d'fhag mi 'n Innis.
- 21 Ach a Mhurcha nan gruaidh corcair,  
O 's ann leat a lotadh mo dhaoine,  
Gur e chobh'radh air mo dhochann,  
Làn a chopains' dhe d'fhuil chrobaich.

22 Tog thusa leat làn do chuaiche  
De 'n fhuil fhuair, a 's i gun tiomadh,  
Eineach deighnòrach ch' n' èuram,  
Their leat mo sgeul, agus iutbich.

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 Tiree, 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.

AN SIN DO GHABHADH LEINTEOG SHITHE SHEIMH SHROID DO 'N SHIODA BHUIE, ON DEILG GHEISTE 'N TEANTRA RI GHEALCHEANAS. DO DH' IATHAS MU 'N LEINTEOG UD AN COITHEAN EOMHA, CUANMHA, CEOS-BHLA, BAOBHA, CROS-MHOR, COCHARSICHTE, SUAINMHOR SROLDEARG, SÌODA, AIR UACHDAR NA H-OR LEINTE SIN.

DO DH' IATHAS MUN CHOITHEAN SIN AN SCABUL FIGHI, FION-DEIRGIN, ORCHUM, CEARNACH, COILEIRICH, FARSUING, CEOMHGHORM, CLOCH-CORRAGHIN, AIR A CHONDACH CLOCH-CORRANHOAGAIL, FUAIM CNEAS DA CHUDRAM AIR TAOBH AN TREUN SCABULL, IOGHAIN MU 'N CHLET-TAOBH UCHD AGUS ANOABHRETH. DO DH' IATHAS MUN SCABUL SIN AN LUIRREACH SHITHE, THREUNAMALACH, THORRUM, GHEUSTA, GHARBH, GHABHALLACH, FHAD, EATROM VILLEANACH, FHARSUING, LEOLHAR, LOCHLANACH, GUN FHEAUTAS, GUN FHOTOS, GUN FHEAUS-FHOTOS, AIR UACHDAR AN TREUN SCABUL SIN. DO DH' IATHAS MU 'N LUIRICH SIN DA CHRÌOS AMALACH, AN OR LITIR DAINGIN, DUILLICH, DEO-MHÀISEACH, SUAMHAIN, CLAR-LEATHUM, AN EUGAS SAMHAILTE, DON AMHAILTE, BALLACH, BREAC-CHLAR, BUGH-SIAMHACH, DON ANOMHACH GU CEARD AMHAIL DO CHLOCHA BUAGHACHA, BREAC-MHÀISEACH, AS A CHATH-CHRÌOS CHO-UCHDACH, GU DIUN CNEAS A CHA-MHIL AS NA CATHAMH CREUCHDHOIR.

ANSA CHRÌOS SIN DO CHUIRTE A CHLAIDHEAMH, CLAISLEATHAN, CO-SHUNTEACH, ÌR-CHUAIH, SGATEACH, GORM-SHOLUIST, BAOBHA, BEUMCHEARNACH, BLEITHICH, USSAL, AN T-EALT CHLAIDHEAMH A LUN, ORLITRICH, DO 'N GHOINEACHD GHLAN, GHORM-SHOLUIST, NUNGH, ALUINN, DON DORRIST, OR-THRUAILL GA UIME DHIDIN, AIR TAOBH CUI AN TREUN-CHURAIH, AN AGHAI NA H-IORRAGHAIL 'S GACH IORRAGHAIL DA IOMAIN.

AIR SIN DO GHABHAR DHUO GHIA DHOMH, DHUALACH, AON DHUALACH DA GHUALAIN DHA THAOBH SLEAGH CHUDROM, CHROFHARSUING, LE SEAMANABH OIR 'S LE FAIRISTIBH AIRGID.

AN SIN DO GHABHAR A CHATH-BHARRA, CHUDRAMACH, CHNEAS-BHUGHACH, CHLOCH CO DIG 'M BU CHOAIMN CLOGAID ANN SAN T-SHEANNA GHAILIC.

AN SIN DO DH' UIMEHEADH EACH DHA GA M' B'AINM GORM-STEUD, GHASTA, GHNIOMH-EALARNH, MION FORASTA, FOLT-LEAMHAR, UAILHNEACH, FHOILSEACH, IOMBATACH, TOINCEACH, TOS-LUATH TORUMHAR, MUNGAECH, MEANANACH, MO CHROID-HEADH, SUI-GHORN, SEANG-ARD, SEOCAL, FALLAIN, FEOLHUR, FEADREACH, 'N EUGAS ORSHRIAN SÌIR BHLAR DO MBARCAICHDH TRID NA 'M FALACHAN CO MATH SA MBARCAICHDH E MACHAIR MIN SGIANHACH.

EOGHAN O NEILL A CHIUR AIR EACH.

From the Revd. John Campbell, Minister, Tiree, 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.)

CUIT AN EOGHAIN B' UAISLE, B' AINNEAMH, BI GA MHAOIDHEADH.

GILLE UAIHREACH IOGNACH NAN GART GÀBHAIL CEANNAS FOILLEART, BEAG AN T-UILLEART, FHUAIR AN T-ÒIG-FHICAR, GU IOGHNACHD NEILL ÒIG MÀS ÈIGRIN.

GE IOMADH LAOCH BHA 'N LATHA SIN AN TEACH EOGHAIN, GÀBHAIL GU BUAN RIS NA BATH-CHIAL, BUAR AN T-UNACHIAL, SRATH LATHRUINN O SHIOS TEAMHRAICH, MAR BHA FEARGHUS 'S SUR PHILLINORE, SAOR DHUNOIGHRE MAOS DHUN DEALGAIH, 'S GEARR AN UIME GUS AN FAIC SÌBH RÌN NAN CHUDACH LATHA DHUNDEALGAIH. GHEILL ÒIG ÈIGRIN NAN DÀNA MHAOC-DUIBHNE; 'S ANN DA B' UMHAIR NEART NACÀINE, DO NA DAOIDHEAN 'S NA DAOI-RÙINE.

Dh' éirich Clann o Biorrachdainn a Biorrachdainn a Buidheasach, Clann a Dìomasach a Dìomasach, dèigh mhearra, dèigh mhorra, dèigh Dhomanullach, Clanna Rìgh, ruadh, rud fir air urran, a sheasach éididh dh' Eoghan o Néill san nair sin gun nìreasbhuidh.

Chuir iad an laoch na chaol léine ghréis, innealta, air a dìon-chriosadh, 's a maise gu muincheall.

Chuirte 'n taice ris an léine an triùbhsan utrom, eachdarach ;

Chuirte 'n taice ris an triùbhsan a bhòrg choil dhìbrèach,

's a bhòrg dhìonach dheagh-chumta, gun a rabhadh romhòr ;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin na sà-spair àillte, innealta, ruighinn, chroda, cheardalach ;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an còta stiomach, taitneach, an-ùracha, an-òracha, an-ùllinnach, breac-cangach, sgiamhach, sgamhach, sgobhanta, enparra de 'n òr, ro-iasgaidh mun fhuasgladh.

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an claidheamh tana, diasd-ghéal, bòdarra, làidir, leadanach, air chumadh bhalgan àirdh,

's mar bhòrd de 'n nìbhar ìochdarach.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird agus bàird 's luchd fìlìdh, gun robh a dhìol éididh às airm d' s inneil aig Eoghan, nam biodh a dhìol eich aige ;

'S iomadh 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, meadhan seang, 's mairsinn buar air a mharcachd ;

Bha trì gnèithean a ghnè an t-sionnach ann an each Eoghain, Earball meadhon mòr, car an aghaidh cuir, agus cluas ri cuisdeachd ;

Bha trì gnèithean de ghnè na gearra ann an each Eoghain, sùil mhòr chòlgarra, sròn bhiorach, mhingearna, muineal reamhar 's ceann cas ;

Bha còig gnèithean deug de ghnè na saoilh ann an each Eoghain, bha e gu h-easgaidh, òg, innealta, ciar, gearanta, cluas, mas dhuilleig, uch-d mar ghearran, fad-shreathach, stad-spreathach, mòr-shùleach balg shìrbheach, na tharbh trusgach, 's na bheithir bhùmannach, tighinn, bho àite nan ionad gu ionad na h-èirdh.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird d' s bàird d' s luchd fìlìdh, gun robh a dhìol éididh, d' s airm, d' s inneil, d' s eich aig Eoghan, nam biodh an diollaid air each Eoghain.

Fhuaras dha an diollaid chòmhnard, bhuaicheadh, thorrach, sheineach, thacaidhach, ghlasach, ghiortach, stiorapach, srian o dhruim leathar nan tarbh 's a tharr leathar nan aighean, o làimh greusach 's a gobhainn, air a sparradh an ceann na sruide, 's meòis bhoga nan saoidh ga sreang-thuigeadh ;

'S chaidh e trì uairean tiomchioll 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 to be 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 Ardrichon Castle, in Loch Awe; date, between 1685 and 1693. The inference to be drawn is, that all the rest were first composed about the dates of the events celebrated, and that Heroic Ballads are Metrical Popular History, orally preserved and orally collected.

Thus for these Ballads make a consecutive, though broken, series, into which Mac Pherson's Story does not enter, though his story contains traces of these Romantic Histories.

- 1 Is maith mo leaba is olc mo shuain  
An sgeil so chualas osaird  
Gillaspic buachail a chrùn  
Ar na ghlasadh san tuir fo gheard.
- 2 Dia cobhur ar ar feidhm  
Cur tuallas na bréag ar chaird  
Cur car na consobid mun échairt  
Beir consobid na sléigh a baird.
- 3 Fuasgail e o dbòrsuibh báis  
Rétuidh an ród dho gno deas  
Ge<sup>2</sup> hóba phrisoil na sluaigh  
Ort ni bhfuil ni cruaidh no cheisd.

- 4 Do ghairdean laidir na thóir  
Air gach póir ga faighid an fheill  
Dhainh Dheóin a mhí rún sa ceilig  
Gabh na leughan garg mad suachid
- 5 Impire Babiloin mhóir  
Chuir an ionghuigh or san leirg  
An cinnhin lasrach na colg  
Mug aise na hóighe o fheirg.—
- 6 D' uasgail thu na geinlha erúaidh  
Do Phedar na buagh na fheidhm  
Charm thu an fhaireg sías le sruth  
Tha ú an deudhgh mar bath- (bha ndé)
- 7 Fagfuidh a churadh fa dhion  
Are na ri ancant  
Leoghan do lochd smérbe mor  
Clunnar ni na sléigh fad smachd.
- 8 Seobhae don caitin abfearr  
O dreim Artuir a ba garg colc  
On chú chrú re búan na gereac  
Feinich fearail na mbfeun<sup>1</sup> borb.
- 9 O Duibhne o Dhún na genach  
Gan tìoc fadh na sléigh fa tìochd  
Bruth sollas ba niamh bés  
Mbiadh coimhion na ced go d
- 10 Iomdha toiseach trén admhagh  
Fa lionmhar fèadh agus lann  
Arman fu dhìdion do sgeith  
Deirdh le triath Dhundalbhann.
- 11 Do bhrandrach ad bhaile d'rách  
Gam biodh do theach na thigh stóir  
Gaisgìgh go hnaibhreach na gèlús  
Mar ghuar do bhés tra nóin.
- 12 Ba cleathach calma do 'n chrúin  
Libh o thús o lin go lín  
Bhí ga fhreasdíl anns gach buaidh  
Is ro bheg liom do dhnais da cionn
- 13 Thirsach mé tuiribh do bhéis  
Chraoibh thuinidh deiradh rath  
Iosa le mbeir gach buaidh  
Tabhair eisteachd dom dhú<sup>2</sup> go maith.

<sup>1</sup> Na Feineborh geors. <sup>2</sup> Dhuan. D. M. P.

### MYTHICAL BALLADS.

BESESIDE the Heroic Ballads, of which samples have been given above, certain Mythical Ballads are current. The following are samples. I have another attributed to a Fairy, who wanted to steal a child; but these are foreign to my present subject.

Z. 4. GILBHINN. 40 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, in 1860.

BHA duine 'chòmhuidh làmh ri coilidh, agus bha nìghean dhreachmhòr aige. Chaidh i mach latha, 's choinnich fear i, agus 'e 'n t-ainm a thug e air féin Gilbhinn. Thòisich iad air leannanach o latha gu latha. Dh'innis i d'a piuthair e—agus gheall a piuthar nach innseadh i do dhùine 'sam bith e,—gun d' thigeadh e mach air a ghìum ma 'n d' thigeadh e mach air a beul. Ach ma dhreiradh dh'innis a piuthair d' a muinntir e, 's chaidh ise chuibheachadh a stigh an sin. 'S e leannan sìth a bha ann. Cha robh i fada beò an dèigh so;—ach bhàtar 'ga cluinn-tinn daonna na neas a bha i beò a' gabhail an òrain so.

### GILBHINN.

- 1 GRAIDHIN Gilbhinn hùgaidh ò. Fonn.  
Hùgaidh borò hùgaidh ò.  
Gràidhìn Gilbhinn hùgaidh ò  
Thug thu 'n céile cadail diom.
- 2 Air an luan na air an luan,  
Cha d' thèid mise 'chrò nan nan;  
'S cha mhò thèid mi 'chur an fhrois,  
O nach bi mi bhos r' a bhuaìn.
- 3 Air a' bhìolair 'ud 'san t-sruthan,  
'S air a' chunthaig a 'n 'n t-suin;  
Air a' choill ud thall na dhinnleach,  
Cha d' fhuair duine riann mo sgeul.



- 4 Chi mi mo thriuir bhrùthrean seachad,  
Air na h-cachaibh loma luath;  
Sgeannan caol 'bhith throimh an crios,  
'S am fuil fhein 'na sitheann fhuar.
- 5 Chi mi m' athair air an tràigh; —  
Gur h-e fear an triubhais bhàin;  
A rìgh nach fhaicinn na h-eòiu  
Os cionn a' bheoil a' bigearsaich.
- 6 A phùthrag de phùthragan,  
'S ann riut a leig mi mo rùn;  
Gur luaithe thàinig an sgeul,  
Air do bheul na air do ghàin.
- 7 Ach a nighean 'ud 'san doras,  
Gu faicinn triuir air do bhanais,  
A ni sgòtadh a' bhradaìn fhìor-uig,  
Eadar do dha chich 's do bhroilleach.
- 8 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,  
Na ri mac an Iarla ruaidh,  
Gus an cuir am bradan tarra gheal  
Tri chuir dheth an crò nan nan.
- 9 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,  
Na ri mac an Iarla ruaidh;  
Gus an dèan fìolair mhòr nan spògan,  
Leaba chlàimh an druim a' chuain.
- 10 'S a' chraobh chaoirinn 'ud 's an doras,  
'S ann urra thèid mi do 'n chill;  
Bheir sibh m' aghaidh air Dun Sealbhain,  
'S ni sibh dhomha carbad 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., Y. 58, MS. 334. I will give my own version with other translations.

BHA gaol aig Duaran (Suaran ?) agus Goll air an aon nighinn, agus bha namhaiden a ri cheile leis a sin. Bha fear a ruith, eadar riu ag inneadh an darra fear gu de bha am fear eile 'g radh mu dheighinn. Pha fuas, fuas aig Ian mac Iain ic Eoghain air an laoidh Choidheich so. Ach cha 'n eil cuimhne agusach ach air beagan fhacal. Cha chuala sibh riamh, riamh na bha aige do bhàrdachd agus do laoidhean Oisein, agus cha chuala duine beo riamh bardachd bu bhriagha na i. Chumadh e fad na seachduinn gheamhraidh sibh a seinn laoidhean Oisein, agus Ochain! Ochain! 'se fein a sheinneadh iad. Agus aig deireadh na seachduinn cha chuala sibh leth 's na bha aige. Nis bhiodh an tigh aige dian lan a chuille h-oiche, a cuir a mach air an doras, agus nach faigheadh sibh suidhe no seasadh ann. Cha 'n eil duine beo 'n diugh aig a bheil laoidhean (bardachd) Oisein mar bha aig Iain mac Iain-ic Eoghain (an Talamh-sgeir).

Coimneach Moireastan, (Mac Illehoire ?) 's an Trithean 's an Eilean Sgiatharach. Sgrìobhta Deiruir (Dec.) 12mh, 1862.

- 1 THUG an dís an ainm ri goll,  
Ach air Goll bha gorm shuil chaoin;  
'B' e fa a b-aislig, e 's an oiche.  
'S fa a 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 shìochd ?
- 3 Fhuairleadh an aileag 's i bronach.  
'S heo cha bhuinte bho gaol,  
Beul ri beul (*ri bheul* ?) 'us uchd (*'s a h-uchd*),  
ri uchd,  
Mar fhithheadh slat ri (*mu* ?) stoc aosda.

This fragment indicates a lost poem, with part of the Story of Goll in it.—J.F.C.

&c. 1. COLLUN GUN CHEANN. 22 lines.

A fragment written by Mac Phail, from the recitation of Norman Murray, Habost, Ness, Lewis, 1866.

I HAVE no other fragment of this ballad. A headless body comes to the Feinne, and gets her wish. There is something like the story in Vol. iii. Y. 403, No. 86. A hideous creature turns into a beautiful woman, who, in some strange fashion is mixed up with a grayhound, and turns out to be the daughter of the King of the Land under the Waves. I suppose that all these strange mythical legends were told in alternate prose and verse, and that the verse is almost forgotten.

- 1 LA bha 'n Fheinn ag 'ol,  
A' caitheamh 's ag iomairt lagha,  
Clunnaic iad collum gun cheann,  
Dìreach o gheann an dà chlaidd.
- 2 'Mo chomraich cìrth Fhiannaibh maith  
Eadar mhaic rìgh 'us mhaic Fhlath;  
'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,  
Os an ceann uile gu leir.'
- 3 'Or 'us airgead 'us cuid,  
Gheibheadh tn sud bh' nam gairn air,  
Ach cha luidhe leam mar fhear,  
Air na chuir na neimh gu làr,
- 4 Ni mo a shìnean ri do thaobh,  
Air a bhì gun mhuaoi gu brath;
- 5 Fhinn mhaic Cùmhaill a ghlin Leigh,  
Cha robh mi' feum do chuid òir;  
Ach thu luidhe leam mar fhear,  
'S gun thu ga eileith air an Fheinn.
- 6 Labhair Treun mo ghollan féin  
Ge do labhair bu bheum laoch;  
'Luidhidh maise leat mar fhear,  
'S cha chleith mi e air an Fheinn.

HEROIC GAELIC POEMS, LIKE MAC PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

AMONGST the numerous manuscripts ransacked for Heroic Ballads I have found only the following, which resemble Mac Pherson's 'Ossian,' or form part of it. D. 30. Malvina's Dream. O. 26. a fragment got from Captain Morrison, who was Mac Pherson's assistant. It is exceedingly like Mac Pherson's Ossian, but I do not know the passage if it is in that work. Two addresses to the Sun, in which the sun is masculine, whereas the word is feminine. Goll and Fionn. The Death of Goll by Muehtan. 'Comnlaoch and Cuthon,' 184 lines of the book, which was printed soon after this MS. collection was made by Dr. Irvine. I print these in order that believers in the antiquity of Mac Pherson's Ossian may compare quantity, date, and quality. I have no other fragments of Mac Pherson's Ossian in manuscripts older than 1807.

O. 26. TOIR AIR NA TUATHAICH. 44 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 118. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

THIS metre differs from the Ballads, but this looks like original Gaelic composition. Mighich: Plain-men, or possibly people of Meath, and Fionn, are the only two names by which to identify this with any part of the Fenian Story. Apparently it was got from Captain Morrison, who was one of Mac Pherson's assistants. The writing dates about A.D. 1800.

- 1 TAOM a Char amhain, taom do shruth,  
An aoibhneas an dugh siubhail sios;  
Dh' fhalbh cogreagh b' airde guth,  
Cha 'n fhaicear an steud each san t-slabh.
- 2 Tha stoirm cogaidh fada thall,  
Aig Clanna Gall o' thuath;  
Dh' fhalbh iad mar mar aileas chrann,  
Ar lamha dearg am fuil Lechlain.
- 3 C' ait a nis a bheil thu Eite,  
C' ait a bheil do bhreagan dana (*granda*)  
An dean iad do chobhair an cruas (*cruadhas*)  
An dean iad suas cron do chairdean.

- 4 Fheara faicibh 'n tuil ag, aomadh,  
Thar sgeir fhaoin o uheadhion sgairnich;  
Sid mar ruagais naimhdean seurse (or sairse)  
O ghleannaibh, so chraobh nam fasach.
- 5 Lean sinn an ruagig fu diana dana,  
Chualadh Tuaid guth an air;  
Ghoadh mor thighearn, baighail, baighail,  
Faic a bhaigh a righ ma 's fearr.
- 6 Ciod uime deir Fionn, A threig thu,  
Leachd nua eud f'hearau a bha;  
Ciod uime dh' air thu coghua dhaonnan,  
Chuir tha Fionn 's a dhaoinne o bblar.
- 7 Thainig Maighich orm mar thorrann,  
Losg mo thighearn 's mo mhna;  
Ruisg C mo choilltean aobhinn aluinn,  
'S dh' fflag iad mi mar cuu gun sta.
- 8 Chuir mi flos a Lochlainn uabhrach,  
A philleadh uam neart an air;  
Tha mi nis mar sgeir ga cuairteach,  
Le mear thonnaibh buaireach ard.
- 9 Tha mi nis fo d' echain a threun-fhear  
Fnic mo bleud dean rimm baigh;  
Tog m' uallach tha trom ri ghuluan,  
Tha mi cuirte anns gach aire.
- 10 Tha Fionn mar oiteag a gheamhradh,  
Do naimhdean eilan mo ghraidh;  
Ach caoin mar aiteal an t-samhradh,  
Do shlioehd aimbeart thig a' m' laimh.
- 11 'S leat mo chloidhe, s leat mo laochruidh,  
Cha 'n fhaoin an iomairt nan lann;  
Pillidh Lochlan mar thonn na sgeire,  
'S bithidh Breatann dhe fathast slan.

## 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 Baoisgne, and seems to be a  
popular ballad broken and mended. I have no other  
version.

- 1 Ma shealgachan mor a' ghlinne,  
Ma Leitrichein ghlinn Loire;  
Ma ghleann dubh nu loch nu lach,  
Ma theach righ Soch righ Suine.
- 2 Chaidh Fionn gu sliabh maigh Macharach,  
A chruinneachadh steach na seilge;  
An uanlan mor Ghn bhinn glao bhinn,  
Gur e leig O-baoisg agus Obair ghlic.
- 3 Chruinneachadar an Fheinn uile,  
Iar claisdinn doibh na glaoth Feinne;  
Lomlan a' d' fhuil agus a' d' fheithibh,  
Dh' ionnsuidh na Talich san robh O-baoisge,
- 4 'Se Fionn fein a rinn an t-sealg,  
Do na Fiannaibh usal banbhidh;  
A 's nir dh' fflag e san Fheinn, g' e b' iognadh,  
Aon' laoch deanach no fear dearmad<sup>2</sup>
- 5 Tus eiridh do na Fiannaibh,  
Aois Feinne do Mhac Cumhail;  
Is b' eigin do Gholl gaosraidh,  
Tus uigh na Feinne fhulang.
- 6 Air do laimhsa Ghuill Mhic Morna,  
Fhir nam briathra togha, treuna;  
'S ann mur sud bhiteas am fiadhach,  
Ged nach fan thu am fiannach Eirin.
- 7 'Se labhair Goll nan ceuma calma,  
Dhuita Fhinn a bhreitheamh bhaoilich;  
Dh' fflagas mi 'm aogh braonach meamnach<sup>3</sup>  
Gur e dh' agair Goll air Oisain.
- 8 A' gheng a chosnadh dhuinn gach feum,  
Aisig sinn a near do Albuin;  
O mo h-Erlin gu mo h-Irlin<sup>4</sup>  
Gluasadar 'nrr longaibh leothra.

<sup>1</sup> Aon laoch diomach no fear dearmad.

<sup>2</sup> I suspect Tearman is the true reading.

<sup>3</sup> Ball bhreac no banbhidh.

<sup>4</sup> O Dhun Erlingu Dun Irlin.

- 9 Is ann 'ur bareaibh fada reamhra,  
Ann an ait a' bhreitheamh bhaoilich;  
Gabbail gloir na gwoithe gwobha.

- 10 Thug sinn bliadhna an Dun Erla,  
Ann an aite gle ghlic tosdach  
Ar mnathan agus ar clann an Albuin,  
Is bha ar n-annasach an Dun Monidh.
- 11 Ghluasadar an ceart cheann na bliadhna,  
Ann an trom ghloil dian na dile;  
Fear nach do chleachd ionmhuin obaich,  
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg deadradh.
- 12 Chruinnich torr<sup>5</sup> nan treun fhear,  
Chanadar gloir gle bhinn ghaosruidh;  
Chuir sinn Teachdaire chuan nam Flath,  
Gu 'm b' e sud na Catha calma.

- 13 Is neonach a chlanna Morna,  
As ar tighin foigula do'r<sup>6</sup> n-aois;  
Teacha dh' fhuabairt Cath a dh' Albuin,  
Ga aibhine chlanna Baoisge.

- 14 Agus nach b' ionan coimeasg<sup>7</sup> Gobha,  
Dhuinne agus dhoibhs;  
Agus nach b' ionan cruas do'r sgeinibh,  
No do'r lannaibh no do'r doirdibh.
- 15 Agus nach b' ionnan coimeasg catha dhuinne,  
Agus do chuiridhean O-baoisge<sup>8</sup>;  
O mhae Morna gu Dun Miogha,  
No o laimh na Sotha Saoinaich.

- 16 Aobh agus Oscar agus Oisain,  
Seacla ceud deug agus tri fichead,  
Fionn agus fine mhic Cumhail,
- 17 Thainig Mac Iain righ Iaric,  
Fear nach do chleachd ionmhuin obaich,  
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg deadradh,  
Gu 'm bu bhanbh ri dol san trod iad,

- 18 Thainig Iolain nam beumana,  
Fear nach d' thugadh geill a nasgaidh,  
Cabhlaich mor de mhaithibh Eighne,  
Thainig fo'n cath-eididh thugainn;

- 19 Thainig clann Fhinn uile,  
Dh' fhuilingeadh mor cheum doerach,  
Agus clann na Meara Morna,  
A' bhuidhean shogha sheasmalach.

- 20 Chanadar an sin ri cheile,  
An comhara bu leoir a ghnotha;  
A chuireadh Mac Ialla a' creagaidh,  
Is a' bareaibh reamhra reithe.

- 21 Thuit leamsa Duthan,  
An cios iomain a' bhuille;  
Aobh agus Goll Mac Laghair,  
Dh' fflag mi ann iad a' thri buillean.<sup>9</sup>

- 22 Mar thuil a' ruidh le gleann,  
Trom bhuirich am meag nu crann;  
No mar fhiadh-ri firach beinne,  
Is gadhair dian 'na dheigh mar theine.

- 23 Sid mar theich clanna Morna,  
Dhearg am fear le fuil nan treun fhear;  
'S iomadh creuchda a bha ri chasgadh;

- 24 Thog am bard an Iolach broin.  
'S trugh clanna Morna caithe.  
Bhail e chlarsach, gu trom, trom,  
Am fonu tha 'm chluasaibh taiste,

- 25 Phill sinne gu dun Fhinn,  
Le caithream binn a ceumadh faiche;  
Thainig ar mnathan 'nar comhail,  
A seinn oran, 'falte gaisge.'

- 26 Tha seachd dorsan air teach Fhinn,  
Air an eugnadh druim thar dbruin;  
Caogad luirich shuairce sholuis,  
Bhitheadh air gualinn gach aon doruis.

<sup>5</sup> cor.

<sup>6</sup> dol.

<sup>7</sup> coimeas.

<sup>8</sup> O-bocair.

<sup>9</sup> Chaidh dibhal anns an teughail,  
Farson agus beagan buidhne,  
Seachd ceud deug tri chathan,  
Thuit le Maithibh na h-Eirin.

- 27 Mise agus Diarmad agus Garra,  
Car sealan am beannaibh ard;  
Gur e gheibhnaid o Mhae Cumbhal,  
Gur ro mbinc urram seilge.

O. 21. BAS GHUILL LE MUCHTAN. 46 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 112. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

THIS was got from a Loch Tayside Fox-hunter, about 1802, according to the Collector's note. It seems like a verse of a Ballad on which some one has enlarged. The Story is nowhere, but the verse is a vague ejaculatory rhapsody, like 'Mordubh,' and a few other Gaelic compositions, which all came from the same neighbourhood. I have no other version of this.

- 1 'SE sin Mughtan beag Mac Smail,  
An diu gheall e teachd a' m' dhail;  
Mar charaid o bhlar na macharach,  
A' d' dhail tha mi gun fhaianh.
- 2 Smithich an gnìomh a chuimhnicheadh,  
'S tu mharbh m' athair am beinn a Chatain;  
'S dioladh tu a bhraise an uair so.
- g.
- 3 Tha mi nis aosda liath,  
Dh' fhalbh mo thriau fada nunn;  
Bha mi uair nach geillinn diut,  
Mhughtan ga garbh do bheum.
- 4 Thainim slàn as na cathaibh,  
Ged sann duita tha 'n dan mo mharbha;  
Cha bhi sealbh do thruin fhear arm  
Thionndaidh e aghaidh ris a bhalla,  
'S dh' fhalbh anam ann an ceo.
- 5 An ceo ged dh' fhalbh cha lag,  
An t-anam bh' aig a ghaigceach mhor;  
Bha e ard mar sgeir an aonaich,  
Bha e aild mar chraobh fo bhla.
- 6 Bha e ciuin mar oigh na maise,  
Nuair bhiodh fleagh ma bhord is caird;  
Bha e garg an troid nan ceud chath,  
Mar madadh alluidh reuba bha.
- 7 Tionnail do Gholl cha 'n fhagheadh,  
Cha 'n fhacadh, is cha 'n fhaic gu brath;  
Dh' fhalbh Fionn ceann na maise,  
Esan araon air Feinne bi bar.
- 8 Ach dlh dha tha Goll mor cheum,  
Och nan och cha bheo thu gradh;  
Cuime a dh' fhadadh mi nam nonar,  
Mar theann darag am faon ghleann.
- 9 Gun gheig gu fagadh o 'n don-shion,  
Ach e grad lubadh nuas a ceann;  
O co chaireas mi gu uaigneach,  
San tigh chumlan, dhuchainn, dhall,
- 10 Far nach cluinn mi guth na teugnhaill,  
'S nach tig leus gum' chridhe fann;  
Ruige mi Oscar Mac mo cheud ghraidh,  
Ruigidh Ethir, run Alba.
- 11 Bithidh sinne subbach anns na neulaibh,  
Co 'n sin a dh' iarrais baigh;  
Eutrom bithidh ar n-anam ait,  
Fhinn thig athair mo ghraidh,
- 12 Bha mise roimh nearthmor luthar,  
Ged tha mi 'n diugh ciurte dall.

These fragments got from foressaid D. M<sup>c</sup> 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 Carthou.)

A COPY of this fragment is in Mac Nicol's Collection, of 2,819 lines, of which samples are printed above. It is the only fragment of Ossian's Poems which I have found in any manuscript written before A.D. 1800. It looked so different from the rest of my collection, that I took some pains to trace this fragment.

In 1762, Mac Pherson printed the English of Croma, p. 249.

The Gaelic was quoted by Shaw, as an example of Gaelic, in 1778. Edinburgh, 4to., Shaw's 'Analysis.'

Amongst Mac Nicol's papers I found 56 lines of Gaelic, written in a hand of the period, and marked on the back, 'Astorraing' (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 'Aisling Mala-Mhuin,' and 'Mhalhine'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 'Thoscair,' 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 'Macaronic 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 shealas e sìos na shoille (p. 30, Gillies). This manifest error is corrected in later 'texts,' but it is the sort of error which a translator might easily make; especially if he were stronger in classics than in Gaelic. This same error runs through the whole of 'Ossian's Poems,' and so marks the composition of one man.

In 1807, Croma was published, p. 211, vol. i. of the large edition of Ossian, in Gaelic.

It was printed from Mac Pherson's manuscripts, revised by able vernacular scholars.

In 1807 Mac Pherson's Gaelic Text was translated into Latin. Mac Nicol's 'extract' is there. The worst of the Anglicisms in it, and in Gillies, are struck out or softened. Sentences are recast, words, even lines, are changed. The sense remains as it was in 1762, but the Text is amended.

In 1818 the Gratis Ossian, revised from the printed text, contains the extract, but further improved towards modern orthography, and current local idiom.

In 1870, Mr. Clerk's Gaelic text, revised from older printed texts, departs from the oldest known form, which is the 'extract.' The editor claims no authority, but his own, for his alterations. Mr. Clerk's translation of his text differs from Mac Pherson's English. The question is, which of all these is the 'original' of the 'extract,' which contrasts so very remarkably with the rest of Mac Nicol's Collection, and with all older written Gaelic; and which corresponds to Mac Pherson's sample of Gaelic, printed 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 fluttering of my soul.'*

In 1807 Mac Pherson's text is:—

*'Tha forum mo chleibha gu h-ard.'*

The closest rendering of that line is

*'The noise of my side (or thorax) is above.'*

Mr. Clerk says that the line is probably 'spurious,' and translates it freely

*'The throbbing of my heart is low!'*

For lack of a Gaelic verb 'to flutter' in Mac Pherson's sense, and because of the fetters of verse, it was necessary to change the image in the Gaelic 'extract.'

Mac Pherson's original character felt a fluttering inside.

The Gaelic heard a clattering on high.

I think that the idea was first clothed in English, in this case, and throughout the fragment.

In 1762 Mac Pherson said—

'When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun.'

In the 'extract' the line added by another hand is

'Nuair phill thu fhathail o'n t seily.'

The line is in Gillies.

Something was wanted to lengthen this Gaelic translation and make it scan, so the meaning was enlarged to

'When thou didst return (NOBLY) from the chase.'

In 1807 'nobly' was taken out, and of the Cairns' put in, and the construction was altered to

'Nuair thearnaibh leat o sheily nan carn.

'Quando descendebatur a te a venatu molium suzearum.'

Mr. Clerk translates the line—

'When from the mountain chase thou comest down.'

The passage stood in Mac Pherson's English text thus in 1762, at first, so far as we know,

'When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun.'

A close translation of the last text, 1870, is

'When thou hadst descended from the chase (OF THE CAIRNS) in the (CALM) day of the (HIGH) sun (IN THE SKIES).'

I suspect the first idea was

'When you came back from the Hill ON SUNDAY.'

Translators commonly enlarge on texts. In this case the text, which purports to be Ossian's of the 3rd century, has grown by additions and alterations from Mac Nicol's 'extract' onwards. I have never seen another bit of Mac Pherson's text in writing of this period, and the evidence seems to me conclusive. It seems to prove that this 'extract' from Mac Pherson's 'text' is a translation from Mac Pherson's original composition, that he is the author of 'Malvina's Dream,' and of 'Croma,' from which Mac Nicol somehow got an 'extract,' Dr. Smith another copy, and Shaw a third.

Saving these 56 lines of 'Croma,' no part of Mac Nicol's collection of 2,819 lines is in the Gaelic Ossian of 1807.

M. 21. MHAHLINÉ'S BRUGH DAR LE OSSAIN.

57 lines.

This will not make verses.

- 1 'S e guth anam mo Ruin a tha 'nn!  
O! 's ainmach gu aislin Mhalbhinn' thu,  
Fosgluibh-se talla nan spur,  
Aithir Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum;
- 5 Fosgluibh-se doirsa nan nial,  
Tha ceumna Mhalbhine go dian.  
Chnalann guth a' m' aislin fein,  
Tha fathrum mo oibheibh go ard.  
C' uime thanic an Ossag a' m' dheigh
- 10 O dhubb-shiubhal na linne od thall?  
Bha do sgiath fhuaimeach ann gallan an  
aonaich,  
Shiubhall aislin Mhalhine go dian,  
Ach chunnic is' a run ag aomadh,  
'S a cheo-earradh ag aomadh m' a chliabha:
- 15 Bha dearsa na greine air thaobh ris,  
Co boiseal ri or nan daimbh.  
'S e guth anaim mo ruin a tha 'nn,  
O! 's ainmach gu m' aislin fein thu.  
'S comhnuidh dhuit anam Mhalbhine,
- 20 Mhic Ossain is treine lamh,  
Dh 'eirich m' ossna marri dearsa o near,  
Thaom mo dheoir measg shioladh na h oiche.  
Bu ghallan Aluin a' t-fhianais mi Oseair,  
Le m' uile gheuga uaine ma m' thimchiol?

25 Ach thanic do bhas-sa mar Ossaig  
O 'n fhasach, i dhaomn mi fios.

Thanic carrach le fioladh nan spur,  
Cha d' eirich duill' uaine dhamaigh;  
Chunic oigha mo samhach 's au talla,

30 Agus bhualaid iad clarsach nan fonn.  
Bha deoir ag taomadh le gruaidhean Mhalbhine;  
Chunic oigh me 's mo thuirleadh gu trom.  
C' uime an bheil thu co tuisreach, a' m' fhianis,  
Chaomh Ainmir-og Luath-ath nan sruth.

35 An robh e sgrimlach mar dhearsa na greine?  
Am bu cho tlachdor a' shiubhal 's a chruth?  
'S taitneach t-fhonn an cluais Ossain,  
Nighean Luath-ath nan sruth dian.  
Thanic guth nam bard nach beo,

40 Am measg t-aislin air aomadh nan shlabh,  
Nuair thuit codal air do shuilean soirbh,  
Aig euan mor-shruth nan ioma fuaim,  
Nuair phil thu fhathail o'n t-seily,  
'S grian la thu ag sgoilta na bein.—

45 Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo:  
'S glan faiteal do chiuil fein.

'S caoin faiteal nam fonn o Mhalbhine!  
Ach claoidh iad anam gu deoir;  
Tha solas ann Tuireadh le siobh,

50 Nuair dh 'aomas cliaibh tuirse gu bron;  
Ach claoidheadh fad-thuirse fiol dorthuim,  
Fhialth-nighean Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum.  
'S ainmach an la gan nial  
Thuiteas iad, mar chuisag, fo 'n ghrian,

55 Nuair sheallas i sios 'n a soile,  
Andeigh do 'n dubh cheathlach shiubhal do 'n  
bheinn,  
'S a throm-cheann fo shioladh na h-oiche.

THE SUN HYMNS. O. U. 5. 6.

GRANT (U.) printed (4) the 'Address to the Sun,' in Caritharra, 11 lines, and (5) 'The Address to the Sun,' in Carthon, 38 lines.

These were got January, 1798, from Donald Grant Ulnish, 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 còmhrag a snann air a ghuais,' 1818.  
The fight; a swimming on his face.

'Tell him that we are mighty in war,' 1760.

'Iuis da sa chòmhrag ar brìgh,' 1818.  
Tell him in the fight our broth (pith).

'The tear is on their cheek,' 1760.

'Dear a' shiubhal lie bhannail gun ghionh,' 1818.

Tears a travelling checks 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' were 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' éirich a Ghrian  
'S gu 'n do chuir i fo a sgiath na néoil.'

Because the Sun has arisen; and because she has put the clouds below her wing (or shield).

- 1 O THUSA fein a shiubheas shuas.  
Cruin mar lann sgiath chruaidh nan triath,  
Cò as tha do dhearsa gun ghruaim,  
Do sholhs tha buan a Ghrian.
- 2 Thig thu mach nad aille fein,  
Is foltaichidh reill an triall;  
Theid geallach gun tuar o 'n speur,  
Ga cletha fein fo stugh san iar.
- 3 Tha thusa ann ad astar a mhain,  
Cò tha dana chi nad choir;  
Tuitidh darag o 'n chruaidh ard,  
Tuitidh carn fo aois is scoir.
- 4 Traoghaidh is lionaidh an cuan,  
Cailear shuas an rè san speur;  
Thusa a' d' aon a chaoidh fo bhuaidh,  
An aoibhneas do sholuis fein.
- 5 'Nuair a dh' thas m' an Domhain stoirm,  
Le torran herb is dealan Berr;  
Seallaidh tu nad aille ro 'n Toirm,  
Fiamh gaire ort am bhrùillean nan speur.
- 6 Ach dhomhsa thà do sholus faoin,  
'S nach faic a chaoidh do ghnuis,
- 7 Sgaoladh euil as orbhuidh ciabh,  
Air aghaidh nan neul san ear;  
No 'nuair chrithes 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 gu fheum an am,  
Ar bliadhna tearna o 'n speur,  
A' siubhal le cheile gu 'n ceann.
- 9 Biodh aoibhneas ort fein a ghrian,  
'S tu neartmhor. a triath, nad' oige;  
'S dorcha mi-thaitneach an aois,  
Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chail.
- 10 'S i a sealladh o neoil air an raoin,  
Is liath cheo air taobh nan carn;  
An oitetag o thuath air an Reth,  
Fear siubhail fo bheadh 'se mall.

## O. 23. URNUIGH NA GREINE AN CARRAICTHURA.

11 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 115. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

BECAUSE the Sun is called 'a mhic' (son) whereas the word is feminine, this cannot possibly be an old Gaelic composition: 40 years before 1801 accords with the pub-

lication of Mac Pherson's Fragments 1760, and with Jerome Stone's translations 1755, and to that date I would attribute this Sun Prayer. The verbatim agreement of all the numerous copies of this composition indicate a common manuscript original. Oral Ballads differ, as shown above.

- 1 An d' fhaig thu gorm astar nan speur,  
A mhic gun bheadh, as orbhuidh ciabh;  
Tha dorsa na h-oidhe dhuit fein, (reid)  
Is pailiun do chlos san iar.
- 2 Thig na stuaidh mu 'n cuairt gu mall,  
Choirhead fear is glaine gruaidh;  
A togail fo eagal an ceann.
- 3 Ged fhaicinn co alluin na shuain,  
Theich iadsan gun tuar o d' thaobh;  
Gabhna cadal ann ad chos,  
A ghrian is pill an tos le aoibhneas.

Got these two addresses from Mr. Mac Diarmaid, of Weem, July 29, 1801, who says he got them from Duncan Robertson, Craigelig, Glenlyon, upwards of 40 years ago, when a student at College. Compared with two I got from Captain Morrison with which they agree almost verbatim.—Dr. IRVINE'S Note.

## O. 29. CONNLAOCH AGUS CUTHONN. 181 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 121. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

See Stewart's Collection, 1804, page 581.

IN this language savours of the North Country and of the Isle of Skye. *Nial*, becomes *Neul* in Stewart's Book. The printed version has all the seeming of a version revised and corrected by some one whose own ideas of Gaelic differed from those of the scribe or composer.

1800. Irvine's MSS., O. 181 lines.

1804. Stewart's Collection, Vol. ii. 581. 184 lines.

1870. See Clerk's 'Ossian,' Vol. ii. 562. 184 lines.

This looks like an extract from the manuscript which was printed in 1807. All known copies correspond in all respects, and differ from the Ballads, which vary as shown above. This is printed as written to show the broken irregular metre of 'Ossian's Poems.'

## CONNLAOCH AGUS CUTHONN.

- 1 An cual Oisean gnth neo-fhaoin,  
N' an gairm latha fo aoma' th' ann?  
'S tric mo smuain air aimsir nan raon,  
Mar ghrian fheasgair tha claon an gleann,  
Nuathchear mor Thorman na seilge,  
Sleagh fhada na marbh ann am laimh.
- 2 Is ceart a chual Oisean an guth,  
Co thusa shiol duilhir na oidhe;  
Clann gun gnìomh an suain fogha,  
Gaoth a meadhan an talla gun soilleir.
- 3 Tha sgiath an rìgh a fuaim air am,  
Ri osag carn is airde gruaim;  
Sgiath chopanaich balla mo thalla,  
Air an cuir mi ear tanull mo lamh.
- 4 Ceart gu 'n cluinn mi mo chara fein,  
Is fada guth an trenn o luaidh;  
Cuinn astar air dubh neul gun fheum.
- 5 A shìol Morna ua beum cranuidh,  
Sar Oscar neo-bhaoth air eul sge;  
Is tric a bha 'n gaisgeach ri d' thaobh,  
A Chomlaioch an am aoma na sleggh.
- 6 A bheil cadal air Tais Chonnlaoch mhin ghuth,  
A meadhan talla fo mhòr ghaoth toirm;  
An cadal tha e Oisean, nan corr ghnìomh,  
Is an ro chean ma chomhuidh fo stoirm.
- 7 Cha' n' eil uaigh tha fo leirsinn an Innis,  
Cia fada bhias sinne gun chù;  
8 A Ri Sheallama '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 ?  
Shiubhail e air oisag do ghaoith,  
Mar fhaileas fo aom na nial.
- 10 Thigs naithe do bhalla fein,  
A Chlarsach nan treun le fuaim ;  
Biodh solas na cuimhne air beinn,  
Ithonn an eirigh a chuain.
- 11 Faiceamsa mo chaidre an gníomh,  
Chí Oisean gun trian na treuna ;  
Air Innis tha dubh ghorm fo nial,  
Cos thorna nan sin an aig eirigh  
Air carraig channich nan crom chran.
- 12 Tha struth a tornan aig a bbeul,  
Tha Toscar a' Croma' thar fuaim ;  
Tha Fearghus fo mhulad ua threun,  
Cumha thonn nam beus fada shuas.
- 13 Am bheil gaoth air aoma' nan tonn ?  
N' an chuain mi air chrom an guth ?
- 14 Tha 'n oidhche Thoscar fo ghallinn nan sian,  
Thuit g' an trian o chraic ;  
Tha dubh shiubhal mara fo nial,  
Tha biacail nan crion thon m' an cuairt.
- 15 Thainig tein adhair le beum,  
Le sealla na fearnaich do threun ; (doi)  
Chunnaic mi Fhearghus gun bheud,  
An tais de na bha treun an oidhche,  
Gun fhocal sheas e air bruaich,  
'S a thrusgan a' cuir fuaim air gaioith.
- 16 Chunnaic mi a dheuran le truaigh,  
As e 'n duine gun tuar 'se baoth ;  
As a smuainte ga claon an cliaibh,  
'S e t-athair Feargus, a Thoscar a t' ann,  
Tha e faicinn a bhais ma shiol.
- 17 Mar sin bha choslas sa am,  
'Nuair thuit Mor Ronan fo nial ;
- 18 Eirin nan cnoc uaine fo fheur,  
Gur annsa domh fein an gleann ;  
Tha samhchair mh ghorm thuit do bheann,  
Tha griane air do raon gun bhí mall,  
A seau fonn do chlarsaich air Scalama.
- 19 Glan guth do shealgair an Cromla,  
Tha sinne an Ithonn nan garbh thoirn ;  
Trom is duilich fo mbara bheuc thonn,
- 20 Na tonna le geal cheannaibh baoth,  
Lenma thairis air aoma na traigh ;  
Mise crith a meadhon na oidche,
- 21 C' ait a shiubhail Toscar anam a bhlaire,  
A dheagh Fhearghus nan leadan liath ;  
Chunnaic mise thu gun eagal o bhas,  
Do shuilean solas nan sgiath  
C' ait a shiubhail anam a bhlaire ?  
Cha robh eagal g' ar saruch riabh.
- 22 Gluais Coimhead air glas lom nan sal,  
Thuit a ghaoth le sarachadh sian ;  
Tha crith air na tonnaibh fo fhiamh,  
Ri crith le grian na stoirm.
- 23 Gluais a Choimhead a mhoir chuan gu thrian,  
Tha Mhadainn gu iar, as i liath ;  
Seallaidh solas nan speur o 'n oir,  
Le morchais mar fheur, ma shoillse.
- 24 Sgaol mise mo sheolan le solas,  
Fó thalla ard Chonlaic nan triath ;  
Mo thuras gu Innis gun chala,  
Glan chumh thonn air toir nan ruagh ciar.
- 25 Chunnaic mi mar dhearsa na scilse,  
Teine bolg 'se boillsge fo nial,  
A leadan mar dhu' ehu' na oidhche,  
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 bhian shealgair nan sar Innis faoin,  
A tha uaire fo dheuraibh gun aircamh.
- 27 Tha i smuaineach air Conlach neo-bhaoth,  
C' ait a bheil do shiutha Oigh ?  
A chumh thonn na mor throm ciabh,  
Craig ag aoma air sal,  
Liath chrauna fo aois air le coinich.
- 28 Na tonna a' ghuaa' ma thrugh,  
Air a thaobh Innis bhla nan Ruagh ;  
Oighan nan sealg gu 'n pill o bheinn,  
Chunnaic e 'n sealla' air an cul ;
- 29 C' ait Ighinn Rurmar nam beum ?  
Cha do fhreagar na oighen fo ghruaim,  
Tha mo shiutha iar cruachaibh Mora,  
A shiol innis na tir fada shuas.
- 30 Pillidh Toscair an oigh gun sithse fein,  
Gu talla nan teud aig Contach ;  
A 's caraid do 'Thoscair an treun,  
Bha fleagh do mo reir na mhor thir.
- 31 Uaigh Eirin air oisag thla,  
Cuir seola' o thraigh gu Mora ;  
Air Mora as saraich do 'n oigh bhain,  
Lai Thoscair a snamh gu doghruinn.
- 32 Is mise ann on cos fo dhian,  
Is mi sealla' air grian an racin ;  
Tha aital nan cranna o nial,  
Gu cuin a ghlan ainuir neo-fhaoic,  
Cumh thonn nan saoi le guth broin.
- 33 As fada o mo chluais an oigh,  
Ann talla Chonlaic nan corn fial ;  
B' e nial, tha Cumh thonn tuiteam orm fein,  
Tha 'g imracha mo threuna shuas.
- 34 Tha mi faicinn trusgan gun fhem,  
Mar liath cheo air astar na chruaich ;  
Cuin a thuiteas mi a Rurmar threun.  
Tha mulad mo chleibh gu bas.
- 35 Cum nach faicinnse Conlach na beum,  
Ma' n tuit mi gun leus an tigh caol ?  
Chí thusa ghlan oigh, Oisean do run fein,  
Tha astar an treun air a chaol.
- 36 Bas Toscair a dorch ma shleagh, (Thoscair)  
Tha lot is e dubh na thaobh,  
Tha e gun tuar aig tonnaibh na h-uaign,  
Is e 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 fhaic mi na treatha nis mo.
- 38 A bhaird nan am neo mhosgail riabh,  
Cuiribh cuimh air Conlach le deoir,  
Thuit an gaisgeach so iomall a la,  
Lion doirche 'thalla le bron.
- 39 Sheall a mbathair air a sgiath air balla,  
Bha ise snamh fala gu coir ;  
B' aithne dh' ise gu 'n do thuit thu threun,  
Chualas a guth fo bheud am Mora.
- 40 Am bheil thu, oigh gun tuar, gun fhem,  
Air taobh gaisgic nan beum a Chuth thonn ?  
Tha 'n oidhche tighinn, pillidh ghrian,  
Gun duine g' an toirt sios g' an uaigh.
- 41 Tha thusa cuir eunla fo fhiamh,  
Tha do dheuran mar shian mad' ghruaidh ;  
Tha thu fein mar nial is e glas,  
Tha 'g eiridh gu fras o lon
- 42 Thainig siol Sheallama o' n ear,  
A fhuair iad Cu' thonn gun tuar ;  
Is thog iad an uaigh gu leir,  
Bha fois di ri Conlach nam buadh.
- 43 Na gluais dom aising a threun,  
Fhuair Conlach nam beum a chliu ;  
Cum fad do ghuth om' thalla,  
Tuitidh cadal fo fhaileas na oidhche.
- 44 Truagh nach di-chuimhnicin mo charai,  
Gus nach fhaicear air aird mo cheum ;  
Gu' m bithinn le solas nan gara,  
Gus an cuir mi chairis gun fhem,  
M' aois is beud san tigh tha caol.

These Fragments of Mac "Pherson" 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. 52, 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 Dearthmòt,' 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 Dearthmòt." I was extremely proud 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 Dearthmòt;" 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 will become 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 1597, 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.

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| 6.  | Duan na Clainn . . . . .            | 108    |
| 7.  | Duan na Sealg . . . . .             | 92     |
| 8.  | Duan Conlaach . . . . .             | 82     |
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July 13, 1872.—The whole written very small and almost illegible.—And two lines illegible.—D. M.

July 20, 1872.—Manus missing.—J. F. C.

## C. 1. IOMACHD NIONAR. 56 lines.

Rev. Alexander Pope's MS. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, p. 104.

1 SHIAN sin sa Hullaich  
Er vel mi ndin' lan goirt  
Va mi nair sa bin lom  
Mi vi maonir ort

2 Mis is mathair is mac Lu'ach  
N triuir sin leis mo chu' an tealg  
Oscar Goul is Caolte  
Fìlan Connal is Diarmaid

3 Och er mullin a Phadrich  
Chuir shin fair er fìu'ach  
Le nar ni Conn le er ni geuir  
Le er ni slei'in moir

4 Le er ni clavin glass  
Bu ghaist an tuis gach Coruig

5 Leig shin sinn er eud gai'ir  
Er fei'li fea na beanta  
Mharved aùn don lim  
Agus daimh throm no gleuntu'

6 Nde dhuin serios do n'alach shin  
Hunicus mar bavish  
Na hairna gheal is ghlass  
Vi gan casu' eir no fairach

7 Hui shin shinn air an Tullich  
Is haing huggin steach gari  
Ghearich ruim gu humhilt  
Shiu' is mac Cuil ai ar

8 Mise Fionn na mbuo s'in  
Ca he shuis do luath in domhan  
Mis san huggin ha er nirighiol  
Ha shin nionar mar er combair

9 S teinn lom sud ri er nedin  
Is i liu' ceud fear calma caslua'  
Hanig vo Ri Lochlin  
Gu' eosun' na Herin

10 Er luimh tathair is do sheanar  
Is air luimh do Leannan huarich  
Cha diggu' huggin dar shirru'  
Nach dugn shin dhoibh bualu'

11 Ghimich in Teachtir gu siu' lach  
Charich iad iuil ma er combair  
Varbh gach fer agin diu seasar  
Sud mar chreech shin er gnoach

12 Hug sin shin ruar daan  
Go mo lionar gann fear slei  
Go mo lionar clagin ga skoltu  
Gor lionar fleggach snoiu'  
Gur lioner fear chosu' geal  
Frasu' fall er troichu

13 Bo mha Goul ntùs gach ca'  
Bo mha mathair an is Caolte  
Co ziu' do shin nach molain  
Oh ri bo honne nionar

14 Ndea vi Ca' n' an ha  
 Ia mai' ns er in diochart  
 Hui shin seha bo dochi  
 Fer Is ochtar in tshian.

## C. 2. IOMACHD OCHDNAR. 35 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, page 104.

- 1 O s' cui liom Iomachd ochdnar  
 Shi ghag sprog er mo mhermuin  
 Ceud fa nois gni ceilam  
 Is nach cil mi ach anvin
- 2 Oscar Goul is Caoite  
 Filan agus Diarmad deud ghiall  
 Couignur ghluisi dar n' ochaar  
 Mis agus mathair s' Ferghus  
 Truir gheal sharbh sin tottal  
 Phadrich mo Chreidis du mo sheaneus  
 Bo sudaguds ainm mo n' ochdnar
- 3 Ranig shin Cuirt ri Sassan  
 Bha ioma glass an gu' forcum  
 Thuit an ri le ma Cail  
 O Cuidh liom iomachd ochdnar
- 4 Bha shin an Carri na halb  
 Biomu ann Fer Calmind Cass lna'  
 Hug shin dius Cios is cubh  
 O cuibh liom iomach ochdnar
- 5 Bho Erin nan skia Alpin  
 Gu erioch Lochlin no stru seimh  
 Bho sud agus Maonns o Daiv  
 Va sud fo chain og an ochdnar
- 6 Glac shin Crom na Cairge  
 Er in n' Fhairge min le Oscar  
 Go ba 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 mhadh  
 O seuidh liom iomachd Ochdnar
- 8 Phadrich nan clag binn  
 San lett bo mhin no Cleru  
 Thug shin ghachi go-nuasclu  
 Ceud don Uaislu do dh Erin.  
 Finis.

IOMACH 8<sup>th</sup>nar.

## C. 3. DUAN DIARMID O DUIN. 85 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, Diarmid.

- 1 GLEN shi sho ri er taobh  
 Gur bin an gu' laoich is loan  
 Gar miug vi an Fhein  
 Eir in thabh er dei na Conn
- 5 Glen fo na bhin Guilbin ghoirm  
 Is ard i Tullich fo no ghrein  
 Is er binnachd er duni go teann  
 G' ull do healg gu Ri na Fhein  
 Coismachd ni baill len loach
- 10 Er i chuidachd chaomhs cha Noin  
 Er i bhin Guilbin is er i bheist  
 Marghabh e vo 's laimh an tore  
 Gealad er de ghuain Fhion  
 Errach liom gun drinnis gloc E
- 15 Er bi gha bhi tamul na hos't  
 Labbar Fion is holec ri ghra  
 Dhiarmad tomhais in tore  
 Cia mead trei vo hoic gu hail  
 Cha do dhiult e achoneich Fhion  
 O lir gun danig fo hir  
 Tomhsid e ntorc er i dhrim  
 Mac o Duin bo trum treidh  
 Teanta i s tomhais i risd  
 Dhiarmid vol is min in tore
- 25 Lott in bir neimh gu garg  
 Bon in fhir bo hearth san trod  
 Vol ha fer rohan do chin  
 Tadhga gach slei rin gheur ghort  
 Heante cha ba tarrus ai

- 30 Agus toisid e on tore  
 Taidid e shud er i baobh  
 Mac O Duin le trom feile  
 No shint ri taobh in tuire  
 Rin sud aer ghut mar dheall
- 35 Er bi dha truin' fhuil chreach  
 Mac O Duin Ciabh na cleachd  
 Aoin mhaieis faitach no fein  
 Er in tullich siar fo hic  
 Sbui do chean agus tant
- 40 Guirm rask mar vin dearg ceilt  
 Va guirm is glassid do huil  
 Caiss is mass in Cul no n Cleacht  
 Binnid is Gliniid do ghloir  
 Chin sprog er mo dhoi oin dearg bhea  
 (deargbhla)
- 45 Vo mead is tabhacht an laoich  
 Corp shaoi seimhi fo chrios ban  
 Skeimbach meittar bhaun  
 Mac O Duin bo va buaidh  
 Neis cha throg sin suil
- 50 Vo cha nair char er i ghruai  
 Si meudad her e er each  
 Fer les in trogad chreach i beais  
 Nar trua leibs mar gun cual  
 Gun huit e le fua i ghlinn.
- 55 Seasid air urlar ghaibh  
 Mac O' Duin grai na scoll  
 Seul vo utursach na mnaoi  
 Mar ghabh e vos laimh an tore  
 Se ntorc shi fo rüch borb
- 60 Go m beid no ngava er eabh  
 S bo gharbh i huit no no ca bolg  
 Lottid e le chran faraoin  
 Staddid eir so voic  
 Sin tlei vo no Caosh bla
- 65 O lin gu ha no corp  
 Diarmad mac O Duin eile  
 Mo hurchir les in tue bheist uice  
 Chur taobh trom lei in vi ga  
 Schur slei an in arm tuire
- 70 Tra dhuigs in urlan na truaill  
 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 guigh Fion bo dearge dreach  
 Er bhin ghalhin ghlas san tealg
- 80 S mo hult Diarmad leis on tore  
 S' mor an tole rinn a chealg  
 Geisdeach ri conghair no Fion  
 Sin arri shiar tean er cean  
 Gun dhuigs in ulbh bheist e snain
- 85 S gun dimich voin 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 DÜRUG, a most entertaining poem, giving account how K. Fin came to Scotland to hunt, and his mighty men with him. In course of their hunting Fin is seized with a profound sleep, and none attending but a young man named Dürug . . . guard that attended the King. In the mean time on M'Annu' comes with a body of men to attack King Fin, who had slain his father. After some arguing Dürug and Mac Annu attacked one another, and after fighting most desparately both were slain upon the spot. When Fin awakened and saw Dürug slain before him he lamented sorely, and at last ordered the body of Dürug to be buried in the burying-place of those mighty men. It is really a most moving description.—See above, p. 112.

1 NÖACHT hagam er Fin fiorghlich  
 S' er Diurag no no gealla

- S' er vaccan no calp diomsach  
 Hanig hugin sior Brugh Anna  
 5 Mhic Cuil vic treuvor so shone ha  
 Gun danig e healg do Alb  
 S ann a Erin urghlan ri insin  
 Gesidinamh ri fuain na struan  
 Is ri gu no neon Bin  
 10 Gun huit suain nach ro go hedrum
- O nac feci shin fionn e slein  
 Se er tullaeh gorm ghlas dovin  
 Gun Ni Cudrish don Feinn  
 Nioch Diurag don mac i Deir  
 15 Labhrin in Coura findal  
 Is gun innsin dhut mo secal  
 Ma se fionn na do chol  
 Na so gin ghul do dheuchin  
 Sai nach insin dut in ceinsin  
 20 Ach in dül mi bas mathar  
 S bu chaint hered ossin  
 Vi Annu e glen sleav  
 Bhi du gun chean na fale  
 Le do Chaint Buirb do ro bheag  
 25 Tra ghluais fearg an da Dhreggan  
 Is do thiodu ad vo cheil  
 Gum baid na glaoh curri  
 Faoidh im buillin is am beuman  
 Do ghluais Fionn no slee gavi  
 30 Do ghul an lathar na fir chaland  
 Rug e er deas laimh Dhiurag  
 Sa na shint sin gun amhin  
 Hairigid leo na sleün reamh  
 Hargid leo na cloibhin gearu'  
 35 Bi Cuirp is enamhan gan gerru  
 Ach gu riggu aid i cheil  
 Adir Diurag og no gealla  
 Is mac Annu' e glen Sleave  
 Och er mulnis i Dhiurag  
 40 Na mb eidin do hearau  
 Thuogm ni maru do mo vahu'  
 Do mo ghi sdo no chahu Calamund  
 S mor cliu sin le Diurag  
 La vir ris su lavrad  
 45 S hü treun laoch re chau'  
 Vagads la na halair  
 Ach so lamb nach dibir misin  
 San le maoin no re macunne'  
 Ach gun danig na seachd stran  
 50 Hugas vo bruch Annu'  
 Se so mer ho vin er hedin  
 To no vene bo ro va tigus  
 Cumb bu ghil shear 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  
 Voe 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 Leron 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 Leron'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 Leron. 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 Leron's Castle, and killed him and numbers of his followers, as a traitor to his country; and there is a very strong presumption that Leron 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 arl  
 Er i var gu vacuis uair iad  
 Bhuion nach diultu vo neach  
 Cid ha i nochd gun teach gun tuar innt  
 5 Is ann int ghebt Leronm mhor  
 Mac conil cha ghloir er aish  
 F'hir chuir Alb fa Choimh  
 Le neart i lamh is i threis  
 Int gun tigeadh gach aon lo  
 10 Imeart amnan sloi is ri  
 Croinnacht is Alb fal  
 Hargid se hor sa fion  
 Cha do veggich sud do mhuirn  
 Hulloch uir bu bhrea toir  
 15 Ach go daing Carryl e fein  
 Go mac ri Alb na shiain oir  
 Hanig tri Chan er fein  
 Le gull 's na fein in toir  
 Laoich nach diulta corrag do dheir  
 20 Iullin mor mac Muirna moir  
 Diarmaid agus Caolite cruaidh  
 Hannig Clann in Iver ruai  
 Buion dhargu s lua rinn  
 Ca mor er cairdas is er daimh  
 25 Do huabh fearg is mor bhai  
 Hanic triur vac chlann Dhuin  
 Hanig er Buion ser nionas  
 S deich faid skia dhearg na gall  
 Diolta gach aon fhear ghiu ceud  
 30 Ca imu agus er eis  
 Dombalach uir gach sheoil  
 Hanig nis o ca' gach mei  
 Sho do fil neul i cruai  
 Er egil fuair no vri  
 35 No no va er mo chin do lua  
 Deich ceud sluaigh le neomhir oir  
 Bu deoir na clo an ni ca  
 Do mahu marach ner sloi  
 Hanig sin rua gu brais  
 40 Hanig sud is Filon fal  
 Se chaogad ski is cloir glass  
 Bho Dhuine fir ghlic na feine  
 Gu Dun Lermoim nan clais cass  
 Hanig Fiom a ries cheil bu mhoir  
 45 Agus glasriu o Gach neach  
 Rein biova as gach trein  
 Er lin gom bo trom er feachd  
 Er bhi dhuinn tamul mu euidim  
 Huncas thir na slei  
 50 So agin in erei vors  
 Sho buion an treal is fear  
 Co luinas in mol in treol  
 Ach ni mo vaicins do cumh gloir a hear  
 Bha scabbul oir er i gualin  
 55 Le oan veairt do chlach i Buai  
 Le gui lei ad chil dirich  
 Le cloi Cruai co hirt rish  
 Bo sin laoch fergach fullach  
 Osgir calmund cruai vullach  
 60 Bo cho rdil leis gach Cai  
 Mac an voir vic na hard la  
 Er hi ga hin gidis don tli  
 Lein gu Osear nanairm neih  
 Ghluais an ar tarug mor meirat  
 65 An sin gur an gu lan teilach  
 Heis sin ma na ghil ghrein  
 S deich Caan ea gne erin  
 Van Bhratach uir dhail glan  
 Ma rivin alun in dait i  
 70 Deich eiginis deich mil bargu  
 Hanig steach in trai no doss  
 Sud eluei no gabh iad tar  
 Fannin agus Blas is fois  
 San gu Dun Lermoim nan lann

- 75 Voi bo lioner ann iomad fer  
San hig linaí nin ian  
As gach sliar near is niar  
Ima skiaí gun shorbtu leis  
Agus Oros es na haird lan
- 80 Sioma le lamh is cos  
Gun gherrin leis agus cean  
San leis choisgen in loi  
Mo vaicins oscuir nan Caan  
Vo chorug Lerman no closs
- 85 Hug mor go aniov leis gu haov  
Ghem duit Phadric uir  
Shall beg edrinn in Dun  
Le hurpih nio chiu mo ehleas  
Nan marrin fein no Clessin dlu
- 90 Gur mi Oisin bochd mac Fin  
San orm legid gach run  
Scad harlin mi nochd gin ra  
Sim udar Ca er linn  
Ghisin duit Phadric no Bochtu
- 95 Osdu chunis mo ehos gu noi  
Vo nads cho drin mo laimh lottu  
S fad hom so nochd sgur Cion.

## C. 6. DUAN NA CLAINN. 108 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 12, 1872.

I HAVE no other version of this Ballad. It ought to come next after those which describe the Battle of Gabhra, and the Death of Oscar. In this, Oisein tells 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 Feinne and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland.—J. F. C.

- 1 INIS ghuin Oisein eile  
Vie fin va seach min sceul  
Ca cah bo truoi leat fein  
Chuirf le do laoich airm gheur
- 5 S meirg us dheinich sin diom  
Phadrick se do mo dhion  
S-gur e ca bo truai lium  
La san chuir sin Dir Chloinn  
Vo cha ganra na slei geur
- 10 Phadirik na abram breug  
Nach do lean linn dor fein  
Ach mis is Caoit di aon vein  
Hug shin as sin er dios  
Gu [tigh] te alvi na mor chios
- 15 Far an bi mnaoi na fein  
Agus Claunna na Caomh chlev  
Oir guvaighin vi er Cloin chaomh  
Phadrick chri chaomh  
Harlin nach dainig riamh
- 20 Nar no oru no an ceal  
Hanig techderacht don tir  
Vo ri Lochlin gu hanmin  
Er Kios nockaigh na lamh  
No ar ni uille agail
- 25 Chur shin techdire vuanin  
Gu ri Lochlin vor luai  
Cha dugamid da cios no caimh  
No ni fo do' on duaval  
Ach ca gur ha ardur gundaal
- 30 Les i Chlan sin va gioman  
Sud dar hunig i chlan va  
Curi aid am bol ri lar  
'S tilgir vo na Camainan  
Sud lavir mac Oscar in aig
- 35 Na leig vo na cha slan  
Mar bans hin kor aiv  
No ma in don donval  
Sud laver mac Cairry e risd  
Na i e so no cha nios
- 40 Fer cruit rachis leo sios  
Mis mait er mor chios  
Hagaid hugin aid ro mi

- Churt leo tullach er bal chri  
Sud hug e mnaoi fein
- 45 Choit glie s bo get cheil  
Gun cha bord san uair  
Ve ach erin vor luas  
Na Covid suas chloin slan  
Gun denmid nein Col-on
- 50 Charich sin cotan strool  
Ma ni mionin sionnh saish (?)  
Na cuirtin bear maish  
Na scibulin oir er ghleicist  
Le ceaveart chloch in chuin
- 55 Togimid ris i Clann gun imru  
Le lanna fo niunui buai  
Le Crios cru crann vuc  
Togimid sud ri tiv suas
- 60 Bratach Fin fla na mor lúch  
Ach gun drangin sin i mbrue  
Toggar hun in duin  
Der hunig sin aid uil er lar  
Chloin gin ta bo lag bo neimnach
- 65 Tsarlin gur or fearu Phail  
Agin so chnoc er co'al  
Mhin shin garh cha sin uaiv  
In oehd ri Lochlyn no mor luai  
Chuir sin in treis va trua
- 70 Dhimid aid uile san aon uair  
Gun neach do hannu vo bheinn  
Ach Dearg Dünach nairm gheur  
Dur hanig mac ri Lochlyn vuai  
Mar sin cur di er sluai
- 75 Chuir sin in treis va truai  
Dümid aid uile san oeu uair  
Henta nderg mac nio va fein  
Ri mac ri Lochlyn no narom geur  
Cean da ord dhe
- 80 Do bhem Currid Cloimh  
Chuir e slei no tre chrios  
Na hinsa linn colvi  
Noich sin duin fo bhron  
N alvi gom bi no sloi
- 85 Geisdach ri gair van go trua  
Sri Connard mhoir luai  
Doanalach no con sin rithai  
Ri gair Bannal na gna fion  
Hug deir er mo chu nach tim
- 90 Ha sud no habri er  
Leg sin Cuainard Fin voir  
Ghe na slaurin dearg oir  
S hi' gach cu er hom pfein  
Vic Phadric vic Alpin eile
- 95 Leig sin sin na goir ma seach  
Am feild gu aon neach  
Sealg an la sin ri mo linn  
Vo rei ist elvin ri aon lo  
Chlerich cha neic mar sin
- 100 Scalg an lo sin mar sin chleri  
Churta er da chul ri cheil  
Er de no hinnil le ao Ceil  
Von lo shin cha nac mis  
Do vac pfear in ard ri
- 105 Ca be neach chredid nam  
Mar hunnig mi uair an Tullach  
Phadrick leais na sailm  
Smaor mo thruai ri innish

## C. 7. DUAN NA SEALG. 92 lines.

THERE is another version, dated 1813, 'taken down from the oral recitation of Robert Gunn, from the Parish of Lathcon, Caithness-shire.' 69 lines.

- 1 LA do dhfin e shelg ni Cluani  
Cuir na feild fad vuanin  
Go vacuis tiin do n telg  
Maidin uir au beart chrodherg
- 2 Crios du crios du' er i taobh  
Crios is ailt cha er mnaoi  
Va erra oir er chean chrios  
Sin go mbo decir do heoid ga val



- 3 Le cullanin seddi nain  
Er dorn ivhin deis na fer chruai  
Tamul duin mar sin  
Shin fuairach err na conn
- 4 Gur e ghuseir in golan geilrach  
Tartir in ei bo vor meinmi  
Vo ntom er ro Paul  
Gus in ntom er ro Cannon
- 5 Dur leg Connan in giall mor  
Do chur in ei var i heol  
Cha ro e ach gerrid na ghaill  
Sad na lei cu Chonain
- 6 Gunni leig Dermad mac in ri  
N da Chon dberg hu mha gniomh  
Ma'ar na cuainn va glinn  
Dhag na ley cu lllan
- 7 Go no leg nosu fla na fian  
Gach cu faa cean sliabh  
Cha rachn 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  
Ghramich ris in annir accoin?
- 9 Heis in riin gu dur dur  
S ghlacai milchu er i mer  
S gun leiggi gu cumsach ceart  
Na tri choin da nin loan
- 10 Beannact ossin er i mheul  
Agus innis do skenel er chon  
M Bio'n orihis erru no airn  
Dir he i sibh don telg nach lo
- 11 Cha vii agin in er mor  
Gun lein sreoil gun da choin  
Gun chean hbeart choichlich oir  
S gun da lei an dora gach fir
- 12 Gun chotun don Tid sheimh  
Gun luirich malich sheimh ghlain  
Gun skia nain chosnu buai  
S gun lann chruai gu skoltu chean
- 13 Beannach Ossin er u dhei  
Beannach fos er t' anam fein  
Innis duim Ca miad fia  
Thuit er sliabh na Beann fin
- 14 La gin rachu Fion do shealg  
Sgo mbo shealg sin fo bheannu borb  
Gin vi cudrish don eainn  
Ach e fein san ni'in òg
- 15 Sealg in lo sin ri mo linn  
Vic Alpin in go glinn bla  
No gu' na ceol as in chil  
S me gur bin linn an la
- 16 Ossian is bin liom do ghloir  
Beannach fos er anam Fhii  
Is inis duin 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 flea
- 18 Beanacht Ossin er a bheul  
Is inis duinn do skeul er choir  
Bin oirbh erru no airn  
Nam dol don telg gach lo
- 19 Cid huilt in doinn ma seach  
Cha nait neach mar sid ach fionn  
Fer beur innach is aine  
Cha do chrai lamh vosa cion
- 20 Biomu an ard leoch fuilach fial  
Er ullin sliabh innsi Crot  
Guinnach ialach an i lamh  
Ghabhas leis vos laimh in toro
- 21 Sin do gherich Cuain an tuire  
Leig sin na huile er i sheig  
Mar bion nar lannan star lamh  
Cha chuiri shiu far er in telg

- 22 Leig shin sud deich ceud cu  
Bo ro va lns is va garg  
Vorv gach Cu ghiu da ia  
Mis drug in ein er in lorg
- 23 Heis in riin gu dur dur  
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 HANIG hugiu dhe bar Bivil  
Curru' croind Conlaoch  
Le gissin moir e garbh glinn  
Vo Dhnn scaich do Gherin
- 5 Dhiarich Cuchullin ri cach  
Co churramind do ghiss an olich  
Do dhetin beachd no skeul dhe  
Sgin teachdir do dhanin voi  
Gluais Connal buaach brais
- 10 Do dhetin sceul do na mhacan  
Go ho mhoir agin sparn in laoch  
Chealt Connal le Conlaoch  
Fianis no Fein uile  
Agus Ri no Curroi combraite
- 15 Ceud do nar sloi gu 'n cealte leis  
Ba deacair a sceul ri himis  
Ach Cuchullin no slei slim  
Nuair hunnig e coirich Chonnail  
Gluais e le neart trenne lainn
- 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 hug mi no mo Theadh  
Nach fòidin skeul hord do neach  
Ach na dugu do neach fo no ghreinn  
Ban duitse ghnais 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'  
Fhir agus fhir Vig  
Ga do labhair cha baghlin
- 35 Cha buiral duitse an Fhein uile  
S nach deanins mo loinnu ri aon duine  
Ach na dign Fienu' Phail  
Sho chuid be les ghin ri ghra  
Chuiru du tairme ri tar
- 40 Is bedar dhuith do loinnu  
Ach huggaid shiu gu cheil  
Fo deachin is tha ban gu reitac  
Macan sin gun duaire ghoinu  
Agus doltan sin do na chruaidh chnhha
- 45 Leg a uillin er in tom  
Clubhu all gu ro throm  
Olach mhoir ort fein do chroinn  
Bear do loinnu bho chionn  
Deanis do loinnu nois gu lua
- 50 Sna bimid na seid n' ainmheus  
O solc dainich leat mise  
Do mhac seimh sualdach  
Nuair chrai 'n gu fuar fiann  
'N tsleidh i ha ort a harlig
- 55 Inise Conlaoch macce Chonn  
Eir dliach dhuin Diallbin  
Is mi n' run dtag u mbroin  
In Dun scaich go mfholan  
Seachte Blian deug dho sin tri hoir
- 60 Foghlam goisgiu vo mo mathair  
. . . sin na hurchir sin  
Cho ro oira do essi triuir  
Oh o Dun a mhie Sheimhe  
Do heisge dheuin go crioch mfhulig
- 65 Gul do chorug nios le grain  
Och o dan nach truadh an turras  
Do mharbh mi us gun aon lochd

- S trua' nach e mo blas ghiar mi  
 Mis do d'carg mi er do chaomh chorp .
- 70 Ach a Chonlaoch chri  
 'S merg mi ghrioch er do shivil  
 No mbi du meriom cho bhains no maonir  
 As ma do ghoul sma do gheisi  
 Sma do mhac Cullain chelli
- 75 Sma dhainh uile nach au leo huit maon vaccs  
 Bhoc mharvin anne terig  
 Ceud no ceuda da dhainne  
 Ach ha mi nos e de sar laoch  
 Gun mhac dilis no gun Bhrathar
- 80 Agus gun Chonlaoch tha is dun  
 Och o dair mo lusi tra'ai

Here follows:—

'Collected by the late Rev. Mr. Alexr. Pope,  
 Minister of Reay, in the county of Caithness.'

(Signed) 'W. P.'

D. Mac Pherson, July 13, 1872.

C. 9. AN DEILGNIACH MHOIR. 16 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 15, 1872. I can find no trace  
 of the beginning.—D. M.

ARGUMENT.

This poem is compleat beyond many of them that are  
 of the same nature and antiquity with it, and contains  
 an account of a Battle fought betwixt Fin mac Cooil,  
 King of the Heroes in Ireland, and Magnus, King of  
 Norway. It appears that this battle was fought near  
 Colrain or Londonderry in Ireland, and that it was fought  
 with great valour. . . . N' Deilgnach mhoir, or the Great  
 Hunting at the fall or cataract of Colrain in Ireland. See  
 above, p. 71. Manus.

- 1 Bho harla du mo ghrasin fein  
 Laimh threune chur mor Cha  
 Skaoil mis u an i tein  
 Is cha doir mi beum er fla
- 2 Gheibh u' do rahan e risd  
 Dhul dachi go do thir fein  
 Cardui is Commun is part  
 No do lann hor fo n Fein
- 3 S' cha dugin feiu gu brach  
 Ne is bhios Ca'l mo Chorp  
 Aon Bhuil a tai aidh i Fhionn  
 Is errach liom no riunis ort
- 4 Mis agus m' ahair is Goul  
 In trair bu mho gloinn sin Fhein  
 I cid ha mi gun chrislich gun chonn  
 Eisd mi nochd ri ordu Chleir  
 ndeiglnach mhoir.

C. 10. AMHUIRBHIRTAD. 123 lines.

FRAGMENT.

Advocates' Library, July 18, 1872. See above, p. 66.

- 1 CHA' n e mharbh I ach an Fhian  
 An drong dheth nach buinear geil  
 S mor nair do Flath Fail  
 Bhi geiligh do luchd aon Eilean
- 5 Gad bhig slugh a domhain uille ann  
 Eidir chumant is Uaislibh  
 Fuath na duine cha rachaghar  
 O Shluagh Fheain ahain alt bhuigh  
 Trogar hugam ms thealagh coir
- 10 Rith na Hespun is a Lod  
 Righ Greig Righ Galum glan  
 S gun trogar lein deich nuile Barnach  
 Oir trial mis an Iar  
 Trialam agns trialam fos
- 15 Agus bherins mo mhionan Rith  
 Ma mharbhaigh mo Mhuirirteach mhin  
 Nerin na fhag mi elach  
 Ann Alt nan toran no Fireach  
 Gun trogail ann corain mo long
- 20 Eruint choimhiunt cho throm  
 Ruinn brebanaich air muir  
 Gu tarrin as a tachair  
 Smor s'plagh do Loingear bhan  
 Dheanaigh Eruin a thogail

- 25 'Snach do Loingear cir bith  
 No throaigh do Dheruin Coig dhiuth  
 Deich fichid is deich mile long  
 Throg an Righ sba Raclad bhu trom  
 Eir slith Eruin chuir as
- 30 Eir mhian na Heruin na farnaigh  
 Cha ro port na leth phort ann  
 Ann an Coig Coigibh na Heruin  
 Nach robh lan de na Loingear mhath  
 Ach Birlinin fo Thighearnan
- 35 Chuir E teachdaireachd gu Flath Fail  
 Muirirteach hium an drast slath  
 Le beorbugh Eruin uille  
 Eidir Mhac Righ is ro dhuine  
 Bhuigh mac Cui sud
- 40 Do Righ Lochlain gun diombail  
 Deich ceid skia is Clainh crudaichd  
 Deich ceid uthal 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 fhaighigh Ri Lochlain sud  
 Na bha sheoid bhughach ann an Eruin  
 Mionaich nach tiligh e slugh
- 50 Ach an buigh Eruin na Tor ruagh  
 Fear labhairt a chonrath chiun  
 Tre mhic Tamhan mhic Treunmhor  
 Bear na siarugh o thuir gu tuir  
 Air faitur uille eir an aon bhonn
- 55 Sin dar thuir Garaidh nan Gleann  
 Ma gabhas sibh comhairle Finn  
 Bheir air sar eir Flath  
 'S bith sibh gu brath fo Eanibh  
 Fhogair Julin 's bu cheim Laoich
- 60 Gach neach lean e taobh eir thaobh  
 Ga leadraigh ehaid on atha  
 'S min bail lois Neach da fhasgach  
 Stads Iulain mar a ta  
 Se labhair Macuil an-aigh
- 65 Ga ole iumpith an Irr  
 S ro mha lamh san Irghiol  
 Huidr Osgar 's e gabhail leo  
 Ga be long dhu 's aird sheoil  
 Snambas i fuil eir a druim
- 70 No cha neil urad nan culunn  
 Ghuaisigh Fliugh freigirach Finn  
 Git thagraidh gu hialach  
 Sa labhair gu fie ghlic E  
 Ris an Rith gu neo-ghraite
- 75 Ga beg bhbs an Fhian ann  
 Na seachd cathan cochalmant  
 Bheir sibh air teane leim tre lann ghlas  
 Oir ni shlibh uille air ainleas  
 Brengach do bheachd fhilibh Fhinn
- 80 Se labhair gu feargach an righ  
 Cha ma na trian na bheil ann sud  
 Ni bheil dh Fhian ann Etrinn  
 Trogar hugain fearg an righ  
 Lan do mheing s bo dhanrium
- 85 Nam bole dhuinn bh eir a cumi  
 Cha bear daibh tin huggin  
 Rinn ind droth mor air maigh  
 Sluagh Ri Lochlann mu nar timchioll  
 Ach nar serios uille eir an aon bhall
- 90 Briomaigh sa chroth Mili fear  
 Dhianaigh colg gush choman  
 Bu lionar claigan ri chuir ri lair  
 Agus colann dha maolaigh  
 Briomaigh ann gear loit sleigh
- 95 Agus Toscair caol rinneach  
 Buma lamh Thrum damair cisamh  
 O Erith Grein gu con Fheasgar  
 Bhar Osgar an tuigh an sluaigh  
 Ceid Fear Sleigh sa chiad uair
- 100 'S ceid eile sa Phobuil a risd  
 S e deamamb gus an ard Rith  
 S ceid eile da mbath slughan na Fear  
 Eir an taobh eile do Rith Lochluin  
 Eidir na saothan ma seach

- 105 San gheihht an Tosgar gu crìatach  
 Ach na mharbhaigh le dìthr na sluaigh  
 Ruith air mhiad on arach  
 Dar chunnaig iad gun huit a Rìth  
 Aig miad amir san aire
- 110 Leig le strathaibh gu sàl  
 S bha chor chath eir an iomthau  
 Fichid mille Rì Lochlain do tshluagh  
 Eir ochd Cath Bein Edin re aon uair  
 San deach o aohhair arm as
- 115 Ach aon mhille gu an Loingear  
 'N de tan toir don aire  
 Chite gurma chalp a dha  
 Gu rachaigh roi thunlagh na sliagh  
 Na Coriun 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 Codhainig le fhuinn 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.



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