

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 Lisimore, Argyll . . . . .	P.	2656	A
1603	A*	Mac Phail . . .	Dunstaffnage, Argyll . . . . .	MS.	xxx	A*
1690	B	Mac Lean ? . . .	Ardehonaill, Argyll . . . . .	MS.	1476	B
1739	C	Pope . . . . .	Minister of Rea, Caithness . . . . .	MS.	763	C
1755	D	Mac Nicol . . . .	Minister of Lismore, Argyll . . . . .	MS.	2819	D
1755	E	Jerome Stone . . .	Teacher, Dunkeld, Eastern Highlands . . . . .	P.	132	E
1750	F	Fletcher . . . . .	Farmer in Auchalladar, Glenorchay. Dunstaffnage to Scone . . . . .	MS.	2459	F
1762	G	Mac Diarmaid ? . .	Rannoch . . . . .	MS.	454	G
1774	II	Kennedy . . . . .	Schoolmaster, Kilbrandon, Argyll . . . . .	MS.	4448	II
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	X	Miss Brooke . . . .	IRELAND . . . . .	P	1060	X
1801	O	Irvine . . . . .	Minister of Little Dunkeld, Perth . . . . .	MS.	3695	O
1802	P	Mac Donald of Staffa .	Scribe, Mac Pherson, Teacher, Mull, Argyll . . . . .	MS.	1342	P
1803	P*	Rev. A. Campbell . .	Port Ree, Skye . . . . .	MS.	4187	P*
1804	Q	A. & D. Stewart, A.M.	Scotch Highlands . . . . .	P.	884	Q
1805	R	Highland Society . .	do. . . . .	P.	2273	R
1805	S	J. Mac Donald . . . .	Minister, Northern Highlands . . . . .	MS.	988	S
1813	T	Turner . . . . .	Soldier, Pauper. Scotch Highlands . . . . .	P.	1496	T
1814	U	Grant . . . . .	Advocate, do. . . . .	P.	261	U
1816	V	H. & J. Mac Callum .	Travellers, do. . . . .	P.	2738	V
1841	W	Mac Kenzie of Glasgow	do. . . . .	P. P.	1674	W
1857	X	Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan	Minister, do. . . . .	& MS.	1167	X
1860	Y	J. F. Campbell . . . .	Barrister, do. . . . .	P.	1022	Y
1862	Z	Do. . . . .	do. . . . .	MS.	3738	Z
1872	&	Do. . . . .	do. . . . .	MS.	3612	&
Total Lines . . . . .					54,169	

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

28. 900? Kilbride Manuscript, vellum; quoted.  
29. 1603 A\*. 2nd ditto. Report on Ossian. 295 quoted.  
30. 1654. 3rd ditto. ditto ditto quoted.  
31. 1690 B. 4th ditto ditto 296 quoted.  
32. 1238. Glen Masan MS. quoted.  
33. 900? 'Emanuel,' p. 305 quoted.  
34. 900 to 1200? No. 4 parchment quoted.

It is unknown whether all these were written in Scotland or elsewhere. Some were written in Scotland, and they are all in that language which was called 'The Irish Language,' in writing English and Scotch. The following note proves what Gaelic used to be called in Scotland:

## BRAAVEN, NOW CALDER, OR CAWDOR.

- '1569. Allan McIntosche, who had been "exhorter and reader in the Frische toung" from Candlenas, 1567, was pres. to 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. 1805. 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.  
54. 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, Tobar-mory, 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 Snaith, 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 *Surety* 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	Cowebullin . . . . .	56	1
2	34	Connleach . . . . .	104	9
3	40	No Kinn . . . . .	96	15
4	36	Fríoch . . . . .	132	29
5	12	Ossin agus Padriac . . . . .	136	40
6	122	Ditto . . . . .	40	40
7	1	Tylvech Finn . . . . .	16	47
8	1	Is Fadda Nóch . . . . .	36	47
9	10	A Tarrag Cloch . . . . .	48	47
10	11	In Seo Chonnich Maa . . . . .	36	47
11	50	Na Tullych . . . . .	24	49
12	62	Tullych ni Faynith . . . . .	96	50
13	58	Skaile et Choyle . . . . .	40	50
14	58	Binn Toov . . . . .	16	54
15	54	Colin Chen . . . . .	120	51
16	52	Uinich Ochtayr . . . . .	52	104
17	60	Fleogh . . . . .	84	83
18	14	Estoyg . . . . .	162	129
19	6	Traye Fintrath . . . . .	168	137
20	4	Sleyve ny Ban Finn . . . . .	68	143
21	66	Cowl . . . . .	72	146
22	28	Zoill . . . . .	144	123
23	18	Finn Mac Cowle . . . . .	120	124
24	50	Kinn Zulle . . . . .	28	175
25	50	Neyn a Wraita Inn . . . . .	84	138
26	64	Dyth Wydyless Myschi . . . . .	40	152
27	20	Dermit Mac O'zwne . . . . .	104	157
28	42	Keitta . . . . .	288	139
29	24	Cath Zawrych . . . . .	252	180
30	32	Ditto Farris filli . . . . .	53	182
			2,652	

### A.\*

The Dunstaffnage MS., dated October, 1663, 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 Colgain Mac Righ Lochlainn, and is a version of the Rowan-tree Dwelling. A copy is in another MS.—56
2. Brúighín Bheng na Hainmhuin is about a quarrel between Fionn and Goll. A copy is in Text B.
3. Goll Mear, a poem, is missing.
4. A Poem in praise of a Lady is missing.

### B.

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

1	Connell Gullan, &c., measured prose and verse . . . . .		
2	Two poems on the Earl of Argyll, and four short poems and maxims . . . . .		
3	Na Finn . . . . .		
4	Feadh Mhor Chaim, Fenian tale		
5	Sealg Snaire, ditto . . . . .		
6	An Dearg Mac Droibheil . . . . .	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		Imachd Nìonar . . . . .	56	218
2		Imachd Oehnar . . . . .	35	219
3		Duan Diaruid (Glenshee) . . . . .	85	219
4		Duan Diarug . . . . .	61	219
5		Duan Leronn . . . . .	98	220
6		Duan na Cloinn . . . . .	108	221
7		Duan na Sealg . . . . .	92	221
8		Duan Omlach . . . . .	82	222
9		Manus (fragment) . . . . .	16	221
10		Muirbhartach . . . . .	123	223
Total . . . . .			756	

### D.

Mac Nicol's Collection, made about 1755:—

Printed No.		Lines	Page
1	Garbh Mae Stairn . . . . .	151	3
2	Fraoch . . . . .	105	39
3	(4) Urribh O'sain . . . . .	146	41
4	(5) Caslta and the Bear . . . . .	65	52
5	(4) Caslta and the Giant . . . . .	95	51
6	(5) The Carlin . . . . .	47	59
7	(6) The Goblin . . . . .	114	61
8	Bochd . . . . .	48	63
9	Mhuilbhartach . . . . .	84	68
10	Manus (17-53) . . . . .	188	72
11	(12) Flaga and U'ubha Fhinn . . . . .	43	71
12	(11) An Tathach . . . . .	67	83
13	Manus (extract) . . . . .	68	
14	(20) The Black Dog . . . . .	38	91
15	(19) Cath na'n Seisear . . . . .	62	96
16	(14) Cath Bein Elin . . . . .	112	96
17	(13) Colshair Fhann . . . . .	80	97
18	(16) Dearg . . . . .	229	108
19	(17) Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	188	113
20	(19) Eass Ruaidh . . . . .	139	130
21	(20) An Inyinn . . . . .	106	135
22	(28) Oisín's Courtin . . . . .	70	141
23	(22) Bran's Death . . . . .	56	148
24	(21) Diarmad . . . . .	66	158
25	(26) Cairid . . . . .	66	166
26	(26) Cath Ghailbhran . . . . .	166	183
27	(25) Mireadh Mac Brian An Iomhluim . . . . .	52	210
28	(22) Malvina (see M.) . . . . .	22	185
29	The Snaibh . . . . .	57	
30	Translation of No. 1 . . . . .	95	65
31		168	84

### E.

Jerome Stone's Collections, made about 1755.

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

### F.

Fletcher's Collection, learned by heart about 1750.

1	183	Garbh Mae Stairn . . . . .	210	4
2	25	Dwipre . . . . .	339	19
3	122	Cathad . . . . .	40	147
4	10	Fionn . . . . .	61	35
5	9	Fruigh Oisain . . . . .	132	43
6	103	The Carlin . . . . .	72	29
7	80	Roe Mac Ciochair . . . . .	7	63
8	148	Carbach Latin . . . . .	167	65
9	75	The Muilbhartach . . . . .	36	69
19	70	Rann an Chir Mhóir . . . . .	35	93
11	18	Fios falls a Righ Lochlainn . . . . .	92	84

## Fletcher's Collection—continued.

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
12	49	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . .	234	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 . . .	130	134
19	111	Losgadh riùh Fàralaine . . .	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 1702. Part recovered in Rannoch in 1872:—

1	Fraoch . . .	132	182
2	Cath Mhànuis, written 1702 . . .	168	
3	Bàs Oscair . . .	154	
			454

## H.

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

1	168	Oisein and Padraig . . .	284	44
2	179	Caolite and the Boar . . .	68	48
3	74	Caolite and the Boar . . .	112	53
4	79	Caolite and the Giant . . .	128	55
5	66	The Timbred Player . . .	60	57
6	62	Silhalan . . .	36	58
7	33	Szathann Mac Sgarbh . . .	69	58
8	84	The Carlin . . .	60	60
9	51	The Gollia . . .	120	62
10	55	Roc . . .	44	63
11	27	The Smithy . . .	92	67
12	11	Mannas . . .	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	Luir . . .	128	125
21	69	Silabh nam Beann Fhinn . . .	68	143
22	36	Gleann Diarmhair . . .	68	144
23	58	Leana . . .	132	145
24	100	Diarmaid . . .	88	153
25	107	Diarmaid . . .	312	155
26	116	Diarmaid . . .	244	158
27	128	Cairriol and Goll . . .	288	168
28	140	Garabh and the Women . . .	152	177
29	145	Bàs Oscair . . .	580	185
Total . . .			4,448	
(Not in I. 760 lines)				

## I.

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

1	74	Conlaoch (2) . . .	444	10
2	66	Conal Na Cinn . . .	188	16
3	158	Tuiridh Nam Fian . . .	68	48
4	10	Mannas . . .	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	Silabh Nam Beann Fhinn . . .	68	144
9	63	Gleann Diarmhair . . .	72	144
10	51	Leana . . .	132	146
11	26	Carthon . . .	72	105
12	31	Dearg . . .	256	111
13	20	Maire Borb . . .	128	132
14	30	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	176	117
15	36	Luir . . .	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 Oscair . . .	572	189
23	160	Bàs Oisein . . .	140	196
(Not in II. 1,164 lines)			4,460	

## J.

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

1	Ossian's Prayer . . .	114
2	Mulcennach . . .	87
3	Mannas . . .	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 . . .		50
3	Death of Oscar (Temora) . . .		11
4	Erragon . . .		
			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	Craigh Osian . . .	105	
2	The Maiden . . .	100	
3	Dearg . . .	36	
4	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	170	
5	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . .	159	
6	Suirreadh Oisein . . .	82	
7	Death of Oscar . . .	155	
			840

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

## M.

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

1	212	Cuchallin's Sword . . .	130	1
2	24	Conlaoch . . .	129	13
3	260	Dwirdre . . .	240	22
4	107	Fraoch . . .	136	31
5	283	Ceardach Mhic Luin . . .	104	67
6	250	Muireartach . . .	120	69
7	18	Mannas . . .	172	77
8	305	Teanntach Mór na Feinne . . .	256	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	Laominn . . .	108	106
15	11	Suirreadh Oisein . . .	88	142
16	170	Bran . . .	46	149
17	34	Briatbrann Fhinn . . .	26	157
18	284	Diarmaid . . .	104	162
19	313	Death of Oscar . . .	256	191
20	167	Ditto . . .	120	193
21	210	Mhàthain's Brughdar . . .	57	215
22	29	Aisling Mhàthain . . .	57	
23	1	Murdubh . . .	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	Cuchallin's Lament . . .	72	
3	271	Magnus . . .	196	
4	278	The Chase . . .	351	
5	288	The Maiden . . .	160	
6	296	War Ode of Oscar . . .	42	
7	298	Gaul's Ode . . .	141	
			1,630	

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		Bas Chathail . . . . .	90	147
4		Dan an tIar Shìcair . . . . .	73	85
5		Caolte and the Giant . . . . .	85	56
6		Cath Chloinne Baisige agus Morni . . . . .	119	
7		Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	159	118
8		Leasgath Farnaid . . . . .	108	178
9		Teannachail Mor na Feinne . . . . .	192	103
10		Bas Chonnlaich . . . . .	112	14
11		Laoibh an Amadain Mhòr . . . . .	144	204
12		Bas Dhiarmaid . . . . .	132	163
13		Cath Ghlabra . . . . .	160	194
14		Eas Laoire Mennis . . . . .	134	78
15		Clann Fusa-han Deirdre . . . . .	312	24
16		Am Muiseartach . . . . .	105	70
17		Urnigh Oisein . . . . .	120	46
18		Ioc . . . . .	132	64
19		Bas Fhinn . . . . .	52	196
20		Goll agus Carrall . . . . .	16	167
21		Bas Ghnùil le Machan . . . . .	36	214
22		Faite no 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 Tuathair . . . . .	41	212
27		An Gobhainn . . . . .	16	65
28		Dearg Mac Drochainn . . . . .	11	113
29		Conlach agus Cuthon . . . . .	177	216
30		Fionn agus Gara . . . . .	220	6
31		Mar Fhuair Oisein a Fhradharch . . . . .	64	39
32		Eachbuidh nam Fian . . . . .	60	40
33		Aithris air Oramailh nam Fian . . . . .	80	391
34		Taibheir nam Fian . . . . .	68	201
35		Labhair Diarmaid . . . . .	28	292
36		Part of Oisein's Lament . . . . .	8	49
37		Laoibh an Amadain Mhòir . . . . .	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 1st 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. . . . .	129	38
3	35	Oisein's Ring do. . . . .	12	38
4		Padraig's Building do. . . . .	23	39
5	38	Fionn's Expedition to Odlach's House . . . . .	117	89
6	49	The Black Dog . . . . .	115	90
7		The Burning of Faraia . . . . .	72	179
8		Praise of Aodh by Goll . . . . .	20	172
9		Goll's Petition (Garry's) . . . . .	21	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. fool-cap, written on one side. Part 1. Do. do. Part 2. Dan na h-Enginne, or Colm, incomplete, same size, 8 pp. . . . .	251 392	
3		Mar a Mharbhadh Lann-fhad 4 pp. . . . .	242	165
4		Dan na Muirbhrìoch, 15 pp. . . . .	426	
5		Do. Part 1. . . . .	461	
		Do. Part 2. . . . .	309	
6		Dargo (pretty correct) . . . . .	232	
7		Air Fear Mòr . . . . .	157	
8		Bas Oscar, 2 editions. 1st do. do. 2nd . . . . .	121 158	

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
9		Laoibh Phadraig . . . . .		163
10		Bas Chonnlaich . . . . .		136
11		Erragon, or Dearmad Fheadh . . . . .		131
12		Duan Ghàrda Mhìo- Stairn . . . . .		33
13		Laoibh Naiss (Deirdre) . . . . .		102
14		Dearbh Mhìo Loin . . . . .		81
15		Dun Laomann . . . . .		27
16		Trod Chlann Morn agus Chlann Raos . . . . .		176
17		Laoibh Fhionn . . . . .		56
18		Duan a' Choin Duibh . . . . .		110
19		Caoidh Oisín air Oscar . . . . .		92
21		Crachan Creag an Tullaich . . . . .		26
22		Leasgath Bruth Farbairn . . . . .		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	515	Fionn and Ailbhe . . . . .	42	
2	547	Fionn and Dubhan . . . . .	17	86
3	549	Murha 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	630	Sun Hyon . . . . .	38	
9	592	Sun Hyon . . . . .	111	
			884	

Q.\*

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

1	103	Cuehullain agus Laoighe Buidhach . . . . .	60	
2	105	Tuireadh Eimire air Cuehullain . . . . .	52	
3	106	Four Stanzas on Cuehullain by Connall Carrach . . . . .	16	
4	109	Connall and Lughaidh—Dioghaidh Bac Cuehullainn . . . . .	44	
5	3	Laoibh na Ceaird . . . . .	120	
6	116	Casì Ghormlaich in Fhloinn air Nial O'Neill Ghnùilte . . . . .	72	
7	119	Conn mac an Deirg . . . . .	180	
8	126	Sgeol Beg agam air Fionn . . . . .	132	
9	132	A Cheirigh Chanais na Saim . . . . .	192	
10	140	Padraig agus Oisín . . . . .	72	
11	143	Aithis dhuinn Fhearguis (Cath-ghalair) . . . . .	32	
12	144	Caol Oisein air Oscar . . . . .	144	
13	151	La da Phadraig na Mhùr . . . . .	120	
14	156	Brùighann 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 Eòin . . . . .	400	80
2		Maiden . . . . .	84	
3		Fall of Roy . . . . .	104	134
4		Cuehullain's Horses . . . . .	12	
5		Battle of Lora. Teannachail Mor na Feinne . . . . .	84	103
6		Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	116	
7		Manns . . . . .	80	
8		Duan Diarag . . . . .	60	112
9		Ionaichd 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)	193	Cuthullin and Laoichre . . .	60	
2	195	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 Boib, or Maid of Craca . . .	132	
8	132	The Chase . . .	192	
9	140	Ossian and Patrick's Dialogue . . .	72	
10	143	Cath-Ghabhra (Fionn's Inquiry) . . .	32	
11	144	Oscar's Lament by Ossian . . .	144	
12	151	Teanntachd Mhor na Feinne . . .	120	
13	156	Ode to Gaul (Brughin Chase Corain) . . .	64	
		Total . . .	1,496	

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

## U.

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

1	418	Cuchullin's Car . . .	66	2
2	425	Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	90	
3	429	Part of Fingal, Book III. . .	11	
4	432	Sun Hymn in Carriethura . . .	11	
5	433	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	144	9 Connloch . . .	144	15
3	132	6 The Heads . . .	60	18
4	221	Deirdre . . .	33	
5	95	1 Dearg . . .	294	
6	113	3 Eamhair Aluinn . . .	129	
7	166	2 Crom Gleann . . .	124	
8	119	4 The Bannery . . .	95	
9	124	5 Teanntachd Mór na Feinne . . .	180	
10	137	7 The Black Dog . . .	76	
11	165	13 The Maiden . . .	130	
12	170	14 Dan Chiuhaich . . .	176	
13	197	19 The Greatest Hunt . . .	58	
14	150	Goll's Praise . . .	18	
15	151	10 Fionn's Counsel to Oscar . . .	26	
16	186	Diarmaid . . .	160	
17	154	12 Death of Oscar . . .	247	
18	216	24 The Smithy . . .	192	
19	153	19 Colg-shuil is Trathal . . .	16	
20	179	15 Sun Hymn . . .	74	
21	181	15 Ditto . . .	23	
22	183	17 Mor-ghilan agus Min-fhonn . . .	57	
23	193	18 Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	92	
24	200	20 Connal Ghulbinn . . .	158	
25	207	21 Uirsgel Oisain . . .	45	
26	209	22 Ioma Cheist Oisain . . .	156	
		Total . . .	2,738	

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

## W.

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

1	1	Mordubh, 3 Books . . .	758
2	9	Collath . . .	594
3	14	Old Bard's Wish . . .	144
4	17	The Owlet . . .	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		Duanan agus Goll . . .	10	212
5		Bardachd Dheivannach Oisain . . .	36	106
6		Truiséal . . .	43	202
7		Juhaircan . . .	61	208
		(Caithness Collection, from Betty Sutherland.) . . .		
9		Death of Conn . . .	171	119
		Another version from Tírce . . .	106	121
10		The Maiden . . .	92	
11		The March of Nine . . .	56	89
12		The Death of Oscar, Battle of Gabhra . . .		
		Dan an Eich Bar Bhuidhe (Goll) . . .	144	
		(Mentioned, but not got.) . . .	115	172
14		Duan na Cloinn . . .		
15		Duan na Mnatha . . .		
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	Mulicartach (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 (&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 Mhanuis . . .	15
2		Bran's Colour . . .	4
3		Rìgh Breatainn (X.7) . . .	39
4		Leannan Sith . . .	40
5		The Heads . . .	62
6		Cath Gabhra Fionn agus Fergus . . .	8
7		Ditto . . .	2
8		Ditto, Part of the Lamont . . .	8
9		Six Warriors' Lament (Islay) . . .	4
10		The Laird of Tarlochan . . .	26
11		Scraps of Fraoch . . .	20
12		Ditto . . .	26
13		Caolte and the Giant . . .	79
14		Black Dog . . .	56
15		Caolte 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		Caerul . . .	60
26		Teanntachd Mór 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		Caillach Eileitine Bric . . .	8
36		Duan Collaine . . .	35



Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
37		Ystel no St. Kellan (from A.)	18	
38		Caraid	41	
39		Suircaith Oisein	41	
40		Laoidh Cheirich	83	
41		The Smithy	84	
42		Bitto	85	
43		Muircaith	85	
44		Sir Neil Campbell	112	
45		Death of Oscar	19	
46		The Black Dog	81	
47		Oisein (Mac Pherosnie)	24	
48		Sun Hyinn	22	
49		Lax of the Great Fool	112	
50		Diarmid's Death	72	
51		Mac Keathain (Death of Garry)	7	
52		Mar mhair Cathal a Mhac (Smith)	30	
53		Fiann and Dubhan	8	
54		Maiden, Bigh Soracha	32	
55		Maiden	32	
56		Fiann 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 Chathalach Mhic Chuchullain	24	
61		Oisein in his Old Age	8	
62		Sun Hyinn	10	
63		Fiann's Banner	6	
64		Ossian's Maxims	21	
65		Sun Hyinn	26	
66		Suirich Oisein	71	
67		Diarmid	4	
68		Oisein lamenting Oscar	12	
69		Fiann's Ghost (Mac Pherosnie)	12	
70		Oisein in his Age	8	
71		Fiann's Banner	14	
72		Theara Gormne	21	
73		The Bonners	16	
74		Cuchullin's Funeral Car	7	
75		The Maiden	27	
76		Oisein	29	
77		Bideala	5	
78		Tri-thal	10	
79		Fiann and Dubhan	18	
80		Cuchullin's Battle Car	54	
81		Beannachd Baird	32	
82		An toglach bhon d' fhalbh a bhean	26	
83		Oisein in his Age	4	
84		Mac Mhathain	4	
85		Fiann	5	
86		Malmhina	4	
87		Bidealan	4	
88		Tigh Dubhain nan Gormlan	43	
89		Ais-ciribh an Raibaire	42	
90		Duan Chollaim	56	
		Total lines of poetry	3,738	

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

&c.

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

Vol. I.

1	The Family of Maim (A Lament)	168
2	Sir Neil Campbell Eilan Gheir (by Dr. Mac Ealair)	108
3	The Words of the Lochiel Piobearchd. ('Come hither, ye tribes of the hounds, and get flesh')	4
4	A Lobber's Song	16
5	Teundlach Mor na Feinne. Prose. About	360
6	A lot of scattered verses in the Stories	7
7	Song by the Lady of Danda-thragh	68

Vol. II.

8	Diarmid Donn, Prose, 7 pages	
9	The Black Dog, Prose	266
10	A Genealogy of the Argyll's (1921 as the Tribe of Diarmid, 18 pages)	630
11	A lot of scattered Quatrains in Stories	
12	Mary Cameron's Song and Chorus	62
13	A Genealogy of the Mac Leans of Duart, making them of Irish descent, 12 pp.	408
14	A Song about a Quarrel between Two Sisters	64
15	A Miller's Song	168
16	The Son of Sruinfeasgair	181

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
17		Mary Cameron's Song and Chorus	122	
18		Iain-Smittach's Song	8	
19		Mac Pharlain's Song about Graybeards (same as Z. 1., with a different story)	40	
20		Somhairde Cameron's Love Song (Ancient Heroic Ballad)	112	
21		Laoidh Laomhain (version of M. H. 108.)	108	
22		Cuchullin's Sword (M. I. 13.)	13	
23		A Chorus on robh dail	8	
24		Dearg (M. H. 40.)	40	
25		Coithe and the Giant (D. 5, 95., II. 4, 69.)	74	
26		Seunlach beag air Conachar, Prose	32	
27		Version of D. 7, F. 6, H. 8. (The Hag Got from Sarah). Fletcher in Mall, 'I know the Woman'	52	
28		Laoidh. (Theardais Version of Gara, F. 19., II. 28., I. 21. Never printed. Prose and verse)	76	
30		Version of Z. 3, 39., X. 7, 61. (from 'Ma-hair') Arthurian Ballad in Gaelic	64	
31		Brideich Iain nan Carn	63	
32		Mura-chadh Mac Brian's Rhyng Uisge. (Also from Sarah Fletcher, in Mall)	84	
		Vol. III.		
		Sammy Scraps of Verse		
		Dewar's Collection	3,453	

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	136	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		Muilcartach	30	71
4		Cusach Fhinn	8	150
5		Bran	10	150
6		Diarmid	59	164
7		Buailte an aon 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 Chunnig an Air.
2	Laoi na Seilge.
3	Meisege Rath na m-Ian.
4	Sealg Sléithe Faoil.
5	Laoi Mhuighnuis Mhoir.
6	Sealg Gileanna an Snaoil.
7	Laoi an Deirg.
8	Aois Maithe na Feinne.
9	Fuarta na Uamha Taoiseach na Feinne.
10	Tiomna Ghoill mhic Mhoirna.
11	Leacht Ghoill.
12	Moladh Ghoill mhic Mhoirna.
13	Laoi Mna an Bhruit Bhaín.
14	Targaireacht Fhinn mhic Chumhail ar Eirinn.
15	Sealg ar Mhuall draoibheachta Aonghus.
16	Laoi Chollainn gan cheann.
17	Sionna Chuirill agus Ghoill.
18	Laoi an Mhaighre Bhuirh.
19	Sealg Losha Deirg.
20	Laoi Aoilna mhic Cheadaigh agus a mhna.
21	Sealg Sléithe na m-Ian gan cheann.
22	Laoi ar Gharadh gharbh mhic Mhoirna do loisg tigh agus banntracth Fhinn.
23	Iomairbhail Chormaic agus Fhinn a d-Teamhair.
24	Tarus Laigne mhic righ na bh-Fomhoirach.

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

- 25 Laoi an Duinn.
- 26 Cumha Ois-in a n-diaidh na Feinne.
- 27 Laoi Ois-in ar Thír na n-Og.
- 28 Laoi Lann mhíe Lionaithe.
- 29 Laoi na Con Duilhe.
- 30 Laoi Aicéin mhíe-Chramchair na long.
- 31 Tuarra-ghnail Chathn Galbra.
- 32 Marbhadh Oisair mhíe Oisín.
- 33 Laoi Chab an Dossín.
- 34 Laoi Dhiarumda 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, 1872. It appears from this list that Heroic Ballads current in the South of Ireland in manuscript are very similar to those which are now current in the Scotch Islands orally preserved, which have been current there ever since Dean Mac Gregor wrote Text A.

Extra List.

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

62. Col. Fraser of Belladrum, 1778:—

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

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

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

This is noted 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, 1895:—

- 1 Duan na h-Inghinne, 86.
- 2 Laoith Fharach (missing).

This probably was the father of the late Sir Robert 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 Deing, 176.

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

- 1 Dún an Deing, 132.
  - 2 Tomnadh Ghnail, 112.
  - 3 Ionaid flath nam fiann, 122.
  - 4 Conn Mac an Deing, 114.
  - 5 Sealg Ghlinn Dhamhair, 41.
- All in one hand and orthography.

67. Sent by the Rev. Wm. Mac Kinnon:—

- 1 The Death of Oscar, 82.
- 'Communication,' says Mr. Mac Kinnon, 'by a recruit belonging to the 12th, 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.	200
2	7	A Phadraig a chana na saim.	123
3	13	Súilleachadh Cú Fhinn, 1 stanza of the Black Dog. D. M.	4
4	13	Dath Cú Fhinn . . . do. . . do. D. M.	4
5	14	Dán an amadain Mhoir, a fragment, 6 pages wanting . . . . .	112

69. [ANON.]

Half-sheet, fcp., no name nor date. The Smyth (about) 88. Lugadh Brugh Farbair, or the Burning of Faraks, 72.

70. [ANON.]

1	1	Tomna Ghnail . . . . .	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.

# GAE LIC TEXTS.

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

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

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

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

## *Manuscripts Earlier than 1512.*

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

## TEXT A.

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

About 1512 to 1524 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 vowels 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 Lauchlan 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 honoir Mhinire,' 'in honour of Mary' (p. 141 Mac Lauchlan'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 Mac Roire' (p. 24). This may possibly mean only that Allane Mac Roire 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 Boaiseno about hunting rights. One chief character flatters another, and offers terms, which he accepts, and a truce is made. 'Allan Mac Roire,' or some other 'Bard,' or 'Filli,' or 'Olamh,' composed this; but 'Feargulus 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 Roire' has the credit of that bit. 'A hoidir so' appears only to mean 'said this.'

No. 14 has the name of 'Gilecallum Mc Yun Ollaig'—Servant of Callum, Son of the Doctor, or Professor. The name is a Christian name, and the story is part of the Pagan romance of Cuchullin, who belongs to the first century. No single Fenian name appears in this old version of the slaying of Conloch by his father Cuchullin. 'Auctor hujus' and all the other headings seem to mean that the person named said or wrote as follows, either as scribe, author, actor, or reciter; 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 'Conuil Cearnach Mac Edrischol.' 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,' 'Cormak Mc 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 howdir so,' and he probably meant 'said this.' Like many others, he too may have believed that the warriors composed that which they are made to say in character. I believe that unknown Bards composed all these metrical conversations hundreds of years after the reign of Cormac.

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

No. 19 has no author's name, but it is a conversation between Conan and Garraidh, two of the tribe of Goll, about going to seek that Hero's head from the Clanna Boaisge, 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 Maclruim, 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 Gráidhne—a lamentation for his abandoned comrades by the repentant warrior, whom Gráidhne had tempted to run away with her.

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

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

No. 30 is a continuation of 7. Having permission to use the book, instead of the transcript and MS., I divided the 2,656 lines by ear and sense to suit their rhythm, and reprinted from Dr. Mac Lanchlan'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 1639 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 Eamhair. In the first Cuchullin is called the father of Conlaoch; in the second he slays his son Conlaoch and releases 'Conuil'; in the third his own death has been avenged by 'Conuil,' who brings heads to console 'Eivir,' Cuchullin's love. These are fragments of an Irish story, which was old in 1100. In 1630 Keating made it history, and dated it.

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

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

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

happened during the life of Oisain and his father, Fionn, who was General of the Feinne for Cormac Mac Art. Irish history dates the reign from 213 to 253 A.D. The last fragment is a description of the battle of Gabhra, which was fought in 281, according to Keating. The dates assigned to Patrick and to Cormac show that Oisain, 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. 49). The old blind warrior Bard says that he has seen the household of Fionn (p. 47). The clouds of his darkened sight are long (p. 47). He is weary dragging stones for priests to build churches (p. 47). Here, where he is a drudge, he has seen the Feinne in their glory (p. 47); he names the best of them. Here are their graves (p. 49). Were they alive, shavelings would not hold this mound. The sweetest sound to the Heathen's taste was the melody of his father's cry of hounds (p. 50). The sweetest music, according to the taste of his departed friends, he describes for the man of the discordant bells and psalms (p. 51). To him he tells their story. He remembers how nine set out seeking a whelp of Conn (p. 51); how eight went abroad and conquered (p. 104). He tells how a youth came to a feast at home, to tempt the band to embark, and how the children of Morna slew him (p. 83). He tells how a maiden was protected from a pursuer (p. 162); how the people of the world in arms invaded Ireland, and were repulsed by the Feinne (p. 137).

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

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

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

Then comes jealousy. The unfaithful wives appear (p. 138). Diarmaid laments to Gráinne, 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. Oisain 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 *Earl Erscyll*.

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

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

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

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

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 *oirce Gueithel*.

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  
Six sex et seni veniant ab equore remi  
Tunc ruet Anglorum mala gens stirpis avorum  
Primus Jacobus Jacobus Jacobus Jacobus quoque  
quartus  
Et filius Daciae regno regnavit utroque.

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

. . . . . Three perails dayis in Special and ge . . .  
for all thingis 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 any one of thre dayis for vintay he sal owthir  
be brint or drownit or de sum schameful deth or de  
suddanly. And it be a madin child she sal be a com  
on voman or ellis sum vyn 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 ij 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. Itum thar is tre  
dayis and Saut E . . . sayis yat quhat man or  
voman is born in ony of tham he sal nevir rot vz  
The xij day of Januar ye xiiii day of marche And ye  
xviii day of Februar.

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

RIcht as ye biche in jolying in hir raige,  
Sche cheisis not ye greu hand in y<sup>r</sup> hoar  
Sche folast tyg quhill y<sup>r</sup> her lwst be swagit  
Richt soo ye meir forsakis ye cwtswr  
And cheisis ane erwikit avir and ony dowr  
So wemen wairris y virginite  
On eatye creaturis moist onworthee,  
Suppoiss sche haive mouy fimby shintar  
The fairrest lady y<sup>r</sup> natur can devyne  
Richt suddanly 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 Kennair and Qwene Margaret com King  
Edgair y<sup>r</sup> biggit Coldinghame and, Kyng Alexander  
yat beggit Scoyne an Saut David yat biggit ye Hali-

rud house of Edinburgh off Sanct Dau com Henry of Huntenton and off Henry Huntenton coym Kyng Maleom 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 erlle Davi off erlle Davi coym margret and Essabel and Anna Ada eff margret veddit v<sup>t</sup> Alan off Galoway, derivargala beddit 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 veddit 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 veddit v<sup>t</sup> gwrt Sr Valter Stewart off ye said gwrd Sir and Margret com Kyng Robert ye qwhlk vas callit || or he vas Kyng ye Stewart of Scotland Off ye fair said Kyng Robert come Robert first John and Valter Stewart Robert Duk off Albany Alexander Erle of Buehqwam David Erle of Strathern and Valter Erl of Catnes of Kyng Rebrt fyrst soln cam David Duk of Rossay Robert Erl off Athel and James Kyng of Scottis ye qwhilk vas tane on ye se w<sup>t</sup> Inglis men wndir erreis passand to Franschewartis Yis alk King James vas taking at ye se ye XXX day of Marche ye Zehet off God M<sup>mo</sup> cccc<sup>mo</sup> and sax zeir.

Finis.

(5) LATIN. Page 151.

*Fili Fuge Ebrietatem et R. J.*

Ebrietas est tota inbecillit Primo abest memoria desipit Sensus negligit mentem confundit intellectum concitat libidinem Involvit linguam Implicat *sermonem* Corruptit Sanguinem obtundit visum Perturbat venas infirmat nervos Obturat aures turbat viscera Subvertit sensum humectat cerebrum debilitat membra frangit somnium Impedit ministeria obruit animam maculat cordus et omnem salutem exterminat R. J.

(6) LATIN. Page 149.

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

SCOTS.

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

SCOTCH ORTHOGRAPHY.

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

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

\* Campbellton the 20th of Desember 1695.

'Deir billie,—I thought before this tyme to had a lyne from you to argwant me if ye had frayhted that shipe for New my land. I have bay me fortie barrells of beif and the other sve barrell . . . I was baght from Alex<sup>r</sup> Mc Conachie and if the shipe be y<sup>r</sup> gowine ont picfullie tack Sanders Mc Conachie fortie barrells bif upon my a Compt and gie Mans . . . John Mc Kecherne and markgie for the bif with John Mc Kecherne 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 barrells, 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 soume 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 hott I gotten haussell. Resew 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 possit by James Cneson to writ: Smerbey and Cloch flau as alsoe the four mark land of Drummore possit by Capit Muir: who hess his lifetime of it and I would alsoe fien the two mark lands 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 posession of the other this 20 years,' &c. &c.

A manuscript written at Dumstaffnage in Argyll is dated 1693. It is in the Irish hand and orthography. A sample copied from a transcript is at page 86. From this it appears that instructed scribes wrote 'Irish' in Scotland, though Dean Mac Gregor wrote the vernacular according to a different system. It clearly appears that the language spoken in Argyllshire differed from the language written in Ireland and in Scotland, about as much as modern Scotch Gaelic and the Irish of the North now differ from the Kerry vernacular of 1872.

TEXT B.

At p. 206 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, mention is made of a manuscript written at Aird Chonail, upon Lochewe side, in 1630 and 1631. A note (p. 79) in Gaelic means 'Eoghlan 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. Caillan Campbell, to whom belongs this little book; i.e. Caillan, Mac Dhonchaì Mhìc Dhughail, Mhìc Chaillan 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 'Sliochd 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 Glenureich 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 'wearge of the Irish 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 both Inglis and Erise,' who was to be sought in Argyll.

In 1638 Lord Lorn succeeded his father, Grim Archibald; and in June, 1639, his wife, Margaret Douglas, sent for her son.<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 Cnechullin, which is known in Ireland as 'The Bloody Hunch of Connal Ceatharnach,' and is usually called 'The Heads.'

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 Eoghán 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-sheathain—Son of the Servant of St. John (S. Ioannes-Seathan-Iain-Eoin-John).

Whoever this Mac Lean was, it is manifest that Campbells who fought Mac Donalds and their Irish allies for two hundred years called their own Gaelic 'the Irish language,' and spoke it, read it, and wrote it, and studied metrical stories and prose tales about Fionn and his Feinne, without suspecting the existence of the neighbouring kingdom of Morven, and the Caledonian Fingalians whom Mac Plierson 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 Ren in Caithness, dated November 15, 1763, and addressed to the Minister of Thurso. He says that 'about 24 years ago'—that is, in 1739—he and another collected Gaelic poetry orally.

When Mac Plierson'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 Invernayle, 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 Scotice*, 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., 25th Nov., 1771, Lillias Campbell, who died 29th June, 1831, and had a son, Donald of Soekach, and dangh., Alice, who marr. Mr. Ludovick Cameron, writer, Inverness. Publications.—'Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides,' Lond. 1779, 8vo. (on the perusal of which the great moralist is said to have 'growled hideously').—*Fasti Ecclesie Scotice*, part v. p. 75; Edin. 1879.

In the autumn of 1879 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 Plierson's Ossian, published in 1769, &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 Plierson's poems, or some of them:

1. Cuellullin's Sword. A version in Gillies, M.
2. Gaal's Prosnachadh Catha.
3. Cuellullin'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 293 he

mentions two old manuscripts which then existed. One contained the adventures of 'Smerbie More, one of the predecessors of the family of Argyll,' who lived in the 5th century, according to the family genealogy. The other contains the history of Clann-uiseachain, 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 'Bellerophon as told by Homer' conform. After his death his collection was bought by Mr. Chalmers of London, and it was communicated to the Committee of the Highland Society. Amongst their papers I found a manuscript copy of the 'Death of 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 Scoon and Dunstaffnage, the chief seats of the Scots-Irish Kings; at Bunaw, in Glenorchy, and Glenfalloch; about Loch Tayside, in Breadalbane, in Glendochart, Perthshire; in and about Mac Pherson's country, before and after his publications appeared, before and during the controversy which they raised.

Fletcher identified 'Clann Uiseachain' 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 Uiseachain 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 Scoon 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 Muren*, who appeared while Fletcher was collecting, about 1762.

Fletcher's manuscript, ill written and ill spelt, 'corrupt,' imperfect, and despicable, 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. 'Bheircumsa' is an obsolete grammatical form; so is 'in an robh.' 'Machd' expresses the sound now given to 'mae,' a son, and so on. The Gaelic lists, as they stand in the manuscript, with alterations in different hands in italics, follow:—

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

1. Duan na Inghinn.
2. Urmuich Obairn.
3. Rìgh Lochlin.
4. Nòis agus Dèidre, or Clan Uisnechan.
5. Teint obd nòr na Foinne.
6. Leòlach Chaoitè Mhìc Roinn.
7. Mar chaidh Ròc a thigh Fhinn.
8. Amadan Mhòr.
9. Sgeula air Caillich. (Qy. *Muirvarach?*)
10. Losgadh Tìdh Fàraibne. (Qy. *Losga Tauradh?*)
11. Rann a choin duibh.
12. Cuthal.
13. Bran.
14. Eadhbhaidh mar chaidh Fion a mharbhadh.
15. Carabach Lùn.
16. Garbh Mac Stàirn, p. 183. (This poem seems better than the other.)

## AN CLAR-INNSEADH.

No.	MS. Page.
1. Rann na h-Inghinn . . . . .	1
2. Urmuich Obairn . . . . .	9
3. N Taobhach ughna na } . . . . .	18
Fall Rìgh Lochlan. } . . . . .	
4. Eadhbhaidh Chomhair Rìgh Eirim . . . . .	25
<i>Dèidre agus triur mae Rìgh Bhiarra-</i> <i>chaoil an da phairt.</i>	
5. An eadh is cruaidhe thug an fheinn <i>Teanntach nòr nam Fion</i> <i>agus dol an oeda am Bataichean . . . . .</i>	49
6. Leòlach Chaoitè . . . . .	64
7. Rann an fhir Shìobhr . . . . .	70
8. Caillich Thulaich Fhoirre . . . . .	75
9. Mar chaidh Ròc a thigh Fhinn . . . . .	80
10. Brìste Fhinn . . . . .	84
11. Rann an Amadaine mhòir . . . . .	89
12. Sgeula air Nìcolaste . . . . .	103
List copied from page 110.	
1. Losga Brath Fòirbairn . . . . .	110
2. Duan a Choin duibh . . . . .	117
3. Mar Chaoitè Cumhal a mharbha . . . . .	122
4. Mar Chaoitè Bran a mharbha . . . . .	127
5. Mar Chaoitè Foinn a mharbha . . . . .	132
6. Mar mharbha Chaoitè a mhac ghearr . . . . .	140
7. Carabach mhìc Lùn . . . . .	148
8. Comh Mac an Dìrig . . . . .	161
9. Garbh Mac Stàirn . . . . .	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 1769.

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 Rannoch, 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 Me Dhiarmaid, but the manuscript does not explain what Eobhan Me Diarmaid's profession was. The manuscript is of the size of large note paper, and is bound in pastboard in two volumes. John Shaw does at the present possess but the first vol., but thinks that some time in summer he may also get possession of the second vol. The first vol. contains an Orain on the Gaelic by Mr. Patriac 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 Fhàraich.
2. Cath Mhànuis, and
3. Bàs Osgair.

I also copied out of the said MS. a song composed to Mc Pharlain of Arrochar by a 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 Me Diarmaid in the year 1769, as he considered some of the words in it obsolete even at that time, and wrote an explanation of them at the foot of the page, which I copied, and sent with the song. I also kept a copy of the said song to myself. The words in the modern songs of Arrochar require no explanation.

I am your obedient Servant,

JOHN DEWAR.

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

Oran Foinn air Mac Pharlain an Arair, a channadh le Bard Loinnach.—

1

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

2

Mhic fhir-ghlic fhear anshail,<sup>2</sup>  
Leis an diakar Seolaidh,<sup>3</sup>  
Laoidh chròdh nach crion Aine,  
Na Nis buaine t-Oinor.

3

Theid t-Eincach<sup>4</sup> s do naire,<sup>4</sup>  
Thar Fincach a's uine,  
Gach Fìle 'g rach sud  
Gu sirthear 's noch diùltar.

<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,  
 Sìomad Chiar s' Incheid Ealaibh  
 Air Chiar-Dìste<sup>1</sup> s' Fo-rainn,<sup>2</sup>  
 T' air Mhìrann teachd a' d' Chòinne.

5  
 Laoich threim dheis Iath-mhor,  
 G' am fùigheadh<sup>3</sup> Beachd adh-mhor.  
 Is Shuagh teachd fa' d' Luchairt,  
 Le Buaidh chreicich o' d' Namhaid.

6  
 'N cur Rnaig dhuts gu dàna,  
 D' an Dualglas bhith chùitach  
 Snd gheibhteadh a' d' Chòirse,  
 Treun laochraidh bhorb lùth-mhor

7  
 S' iomad Gear kum thana,  
 Lamh a's laidir buille,  
 Cinn-bheirt chumhdaidh chorroich,  
 Dhòl an Tùs do Chòineisg.

8  
 'N am Troid b' e t-Aither,  
 Cuirp a bhith fa' Uthar,  
 T' iodhach bhith 'g a' cuitheadh,  
 'S Fir ag lùbadh Iubhair.

9  
 S' an Ghreis Ghabhaidh gheibhteadh  
 Do 'n Mheas chùruidh U'bhail.  
 Laoich chrotha sar-laimh dheas,  
 Ag iomart na 'n Luith-chleas,

10  
 Do d' Naimhbhìshe b' aithreach,  
 Dòl an dàil do Chòineisg,  
 'N cur a' Bbluir ann Taimhead  
 Dhòibh bu nàr an Turas.

11  
 T-òighre Deadh mhac Dhonnachaidh,  
 Lamh ghleusta air Fìothaidh,  
 Fear nach maidlin<sup>4</sup> o' n Ar-fhaich,  
 Shuagh nach d' fhuingh Iorapach.

12  
 Le 'm bui' near Buaidh Chosgair,  
 Re Guala Rìgh sheicisamh,  
 S' maith an gnòimh s' an Cosna,  
 Gun Eagal roimh Ghabhaidh

13  
 'N am Loidruidh na 'm Faobhar,  
 Na b-Araicidh dhàna,  
 Nach farr Barant Saoghail,  
 Lasair Cholg do b' a'it leo.

14  
 Dòl gu garbh an Toital,  
 Stann do Phìob air Faiche,  
 Fir le 'n dìolthar Crosan,  
 Or pealls e deang-lasta,  
 Am Barr Crainn Eang shioda,

15  
 Is G'arbh-laochraidh spàrta,  
 Ann Seabal teamn dìonach,  
 B' i Mhanna Mhìc adh-mhor,  
 Oìreachd a' bhì lion-mhor.

16  
 Ag iomart an Taitb-phleasg  
 Am Pròin-lios an Thìona,  
 Cho 'n innsear Beachd m' aine,  
 Air An-nuinn na Fìrinn,  
 Do Shìolach na 'm Flath e,  
 S' do Fìreann na 'n Rìghre

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

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

18  
 Cho Bhaoghal na Fìr  
 'S am Faoghar á Muigh  
 Ta 'n Tàrar air fement T-eann,  
 Chur Faobhar am Fuil,  
 Cho teotha Buill, ùird  
 Air Innin na 'm Bolg  
 Na iomairt an Ealig  
 Air Mìre le Feig.

*Macb ronn* do Andrea Mac Pharlain, Fear na Tal-  
 laich iar dh a' mhaoin a' stroigh le misg. A chàir-  
 dean fhaighinn ann ùras air, s' an bhrist e, ach  
 leann e iar bhì nu mhigear far a' chantainn le Atlasdair  
 Mac Pharlain Ministear an Arair.

FOURTH AN LEAC-LIGHIDH SO GUN SUIM  
 Tha Glutaiddh-pàiteach air a' dhruim,  
 B' fhearr gu 'n robh e an sin o' chian,  
 'S iomad fulachd chaidh na bhian.  
 Dh' òl e an Tullaich s' roin Mhèilean  
 An Tom-buidhe, Fionnairt s' an Ainibh,  
 Shluig e an Goirtean s' a' coill,  
 Chreach e na b' ionnragain le foill.  
 Dogan Gearrain, s' seisear mhairt,  
 Dh' òl e an Tairbeairt a' chasga a' thart,  
 Dh' òl e an Tigh-bheachd-dàdan na cruin  
 Bu tric sgeith air gu' dha shùil.  
 Chuir e a' Mhaoin an leann s' an dram,  
 Gas gu 'n deach an stùrd na cheann.

TEXTS H. I.

Kennedy's 1st, 1774 to 1780. II. 4,448 } 8,908 lines.  
 „ 2nd, 1774 to 1783. I. 4,469 }

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. 1769 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 Scots Bards. Gaelic.
8. 1805 Dr. John Smith's Letters and Kennedy's Collection as referred to in the Report on Ossian, together with Remarks by Dr. Donald Smith.
9. 1834 Kennedy's Second Edition of his Hymns.
10. 1852 Drummond's Irish Minstrelsy.

On the title-page of I. is written—

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Backgammon. <sup>2</sup> Chess. <sup>3</sup> Captive 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.

## 17-6. KENNEDY. P. 140.

## AN ADHAIDH DIOMHANAIS.

- 1 Cia glie ata am beachann meanth!  
Le geinneach is le stuaim,  
Ag trusadh meala fea' an la,  
As gach blàth 's aille snagha.
- 2 Cia h-eolach a thog as i stè  
Gu seolt le ceir a suas?  
Ag tionail ionmhuis measg an fheoir,  
Is loin air son an fluachaidh
- 3 Gu surdoil grundoil saothraicheams',  
Daonan mar i fein;  
Oir dhealbh an Diubhal ole o chian,  
Do 'n diomhanach gun fheum.
- 4 Ann leubhadh slainnted 's an dea' gnàs  
Do ghnàth biom seasnachach, buan;  
Chum is gu d' thugainn suas fàidheoidh,  
'S gach lo, dea' chuntas uam.

## AGAINST IDLENESS.

*Close translation.*

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

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

## VERSE III.

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

## IV.

Air zomach mar na tuilidh uisg,  
Gun triseadh dol na leum;  
No mar cheatbaich air barr bhleann,  
No cloch le glèann na rois.

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

The 27th is supposed to be old; the 29th is by 'Daibhidh Mac Ealair,' the 21th by Bishop Carswell of Gilt Martin. He published the first printed Celtic book in 1667, of which only one perfect copy exists. There is nothing in Hymn 24 to distinguish it from the rest. In eleven quatrains it describes for a blue-eyed boy the funeral which will be his, and bids him fear. One line in the sixth verse has been taken from a popular tale regarding Cuchullin, or both drew the idea from a common source.

'Drum do thighe ri einnein do shroime.'

'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 reported*. Each version has something which the other lacks, so that both fused would make a longer and a better version of 'Davy Mac Kellar's Hymn.' In 33 quatrains it gives an outline of the Old and New Testament story, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. The first nine, addressed to the Creator, describe creation; to 19 they tell the story; 29 is addressed to hearers, who are bid to believe; 33 is a prayer for grace. The whole is popular in that it tells this sacred story in dramatic form.

In March, 1834, Kennedy printed a second edition of these Hymns, with tracts on the Reformation and on the invasions of Argyllshire by Col. Mac Donnell and his son Alexander with the 'Atholonians.' The book was vouched by the signatures of Norman MacLeod, D.D., and John MacLaurin, at the request of Duncan Kennedy. He added short memoirs of the authors of the hymns, and at page 93 a memoir of Bishop Carswell. Alluding to the Bishop's notice of Heroic traditions current in 1667, at page 165, 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 *Fingol*), according to our traditional rhymes and tales, the best evidence we have to rely on runs poetically thus:—

“Fionn Mae Cuthaill, Mae Luthaich, Mae Treannor  
Is eian on thinnich a shinnesir an righchead na  
h-Eirvann.”

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

'Luthaich signifies a *Leinstrian* and *Mithaich* a *Manstrian*, 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 *Móirana*, second in command.

*Cuthall*, his son, succeeded, and on his demise *Fionn*, his son, commanded the seven 'Cathlana 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*, *Duntricity*, *Dunbarton*, and to the *Mull of Kintyre*, which they defeated 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 *Ossai's* corpse to *Tava* (properly *Teavaca*, which Mr. Mac Pherson calls *Temora*) to be buried.'

These extracts and Kennedy's own collection of poems (except as to the Romans) coincide with current oral traditions (p. 103). He sold his collection for £10, to the Highland Society. At p. 102 he gives a list of poems which Alexander Mac Larty, an aged man, who lived in Craignish about 1774, could then sing. He wrote them, but through various causes they were lost. There was no copy of this book in the British Museum in June, 1872. I had never seen a copy till Mr. Neil Campbell was good enough to send me one from Lurgan. A copy used to be in *Islay* with an inscription which tells a sad tale. It ran thus:— 'I bought this book for half a crown from the author in Glasgow, as an act of charity, being moved thereto by his shabby genteel appearance.' Shabby genteel charity was the national reward of good honest work. Mac Pherson also found that honesty was not a paying policy, and he lies in Westminster Abbey.

Kennedy, the author of these books, was for nine or ten years an industrious collector of Heroic Gaelic Ballads. His collections were bought by the Highland Society in 1806 for 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 Dhiammaid," and 31 of "Cruigh Oisein."'

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

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

This MS. contains 181 pages.

The following are lists of contents copied from page 14 of the 1st collection, pp. 98—100 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 CONTEXTS.

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 Maigairi Borb, the son of the King of Sorach, 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 Cunnh killt Sgiathan, the son of the King of Scairbh	15	33
7.	How Goll killt a hundred of the Clana Boasge in wrestling	17	36
8.	How Fingal and Goll cast out hunting the Leann	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 Roelud 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 Silhalan 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 Harb-Scul to sing a tumbled to them	15	
17.	The best day that the Heroes ever launed	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 killt a Fairy, who was in the shape of a wild Boar	26	73
20.	How Caoilte killt a Giant	32	78
21.	How Dearg was killt by Goll	64	83
22.	How Conn, the son of Dearg, came to revenge his father's death on the Heroes who was killt by Goll	45	92
23.	How Fingal got Grainne to wife, and the way she went away with Diarmaid (Press 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	163
30.	The Heroes' Lament	17	179

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

## THE CONTENTS.

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

	Gaelic.	English.	Page.
1.	Ferguin, Dan	Ferguin, a Poem	1
2.	Manus, Dan	The Invasion of Magnus	19
3.	Maire-borb, Dan	Maireborb, a Poem	21
4.	Certhonn, Dan	The Defeat of Carthonn	26
5.	Sliabh nam Beann Fionn	The Fair Hills	29
6.	Bas Bheing	The Death of Darg	31
7.	Bas Chinn	The Death of Conn	49
8.	Liur Dan	King Liur	46
9.	An Leann	Conflict of Lena	51
10.	Dan an Oir	The Golden Hill	56
11.	An Cu Buth	The Black Dog	60
12.	Gleann Dhiarda	The Solitary Vale	63
13.	Conall	Conall reviving the Death of Caehulin	66
14.	Bas Chiuinboich	The Death of Conlach	74

## THE CONTENTS.

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

	Gaelic.	English.	Page.
15.	Bas Dhiammaid	The Death of Diarmaid	91
16.	Bas Chuirill	The Death of Curil	117
17.	Bas Ghnill	The Death of Gair	121
18.	Bas Gharrbh	The Death of Garf	131
19.	Bas Oscar	The Death of Oscar	137
20.	Turadh nam Fionn	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 reported 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 Culgarth, near Tarhart, Kintyre.
2. John Morrison, Kibbusgan, near Lochgilphead, Glasie.
3. Alex. Ferguson, Auchmashieich, near Kilmalchud, commonly called Alister Gasta.
4. Alex. Mac Larty, Craignish Craignish, known by the name of Alister Mac Iain.
5. Niall Mac Intyre, Polmudiach, Leny, near Kilmiver.
6. John Mc Dougal, Duninain Lochiel, and his brother Allan, known by the name of Alin Ban nan Oan, Parish of Dalveich.
7. John Mac Phail, Bunglemore, Parish of Kilmivier.
8. Maledia Mac Phail, Parish of Kilmelford.
9. Mac Phoe, from Glenora in Mull, residing in the Island of Balmahay, near Easdale.
10. John Mac Lean, from the Island of Egar, a strolling beggar, nicknamed *Poosan na Lin*.
11. Donald Mac Phoe, in Glenora, in the Island of Mull.
12. Hugh Mac Callum, Smith, Island of Balmahay.
13. Niall (Ban) Mac Larty, a fiddler in Craignish, formerly from the Island of Luing.
14. Gilbert Mac Arthur, Kilmalchud, Glasie.
15. John Mac Lean, Durne Ardgour, near to Fort William.
16. John Cameron, commonly called Iain Mac Alain, near ditto ditto.
17. Mary Cameron, or Mari Nighean, Eghain, near High Bridge.

And many other persons that D. Kennedy met with in different journeys through Morven, Sumr, and Leishal, 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., dat'd 1st 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 99 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.

'Fiann,' who appears as an Irish hero, and commander of the Feinne throughout both collections, is once called '*Finnagall*' in Gaelic. He is translated '*Fingal*' throughout in English. In two verses are references to '*Macca*,' or '*Lochbann*,' or '*to Mhoraira*.' 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 1806, before they printed Mac Pherson's text. The following note is stuck in

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

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

*MacLaggan's Collection*.—Mr. MacLaggan's collection was made before 1760 (p. 153; 'Report on Ossian,' Appendix N.), and included ballads, of which Dr. Smith translated samples. (12th April, 1768 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 1784, 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 '*Chann Usadhna*' with Mac Pherson's English '*Barthola*,' '*Binn Oseair*' with part of '*Tamora*,' &c. &c. He thought that the liberties taken by Mac Pherson in translating were no more than Dr. Smith himself thought allowable (p. 79) on January 31, 1798. Kennedy's poems are in this volume and may be compared with Mac Pherson's and Smith's.

*Dr. Smith's Collection*.—A note quoted from Kennedy's 1st collection refers to an action for a share of profits which Kennedy the schoolmaster long threatened to bring against Dr. John Smith, the Minister of Kilbrandon, for publishing in 1780 what he called 'translations of his collection of poems.' The Doctor (writing to Mr. Mackenzie June 21, 1802, p. 81; '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 1789 is a manifest imitation of Mac Pherson's English of 1760.

The notes contain quotations from ballads, of which versions are in Kennedy's collection, pp. 159, 190, 193, 197, 247, 249, 261, 263, 265, 284, 294, 300, 307, 325.

*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, 1784, 4to, 636 i. Brit. Mus.), who had quoted Dr. Smith's previous work of 1870 at pp. 22 and 39. Of it—*not of the Gaelic book*—the Irish author said:—'I have taken 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 Diarmuid an Tore Nuibe.* P. 39.

On referring to Walker, the words are *Mar Mharbh Diarmuid an Tore 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 III are 200 lines of the Irish '*Laoi Na Scille*,' 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., 11,535, 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 Diarmuid, 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 Diarmuid, 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 Diarmuid 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 Diarmuid, it turns out that Dr. Smith printed four or five out of 644 lines which were orally collected by Kennedy, in his Diarmuid 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 Laelhan of old Aberdeen, who was a famous scholar, wrote:—'The Dargo and Conn of the late Dr. Smith appear to be compositions of his own, and have nothing common to the productions of genuine antiquity,' ('Manuscript Abstracts,' Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.)

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

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

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

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

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

besides 54,000 lines of Ballads.

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

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

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

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

#### LANGUAGE.

In 1779 an Irishman named John \* \* \* \* printed a description of the County of Clave in language translated from his own Irish thoughts. It is the only composition known to me which resembles Kennedy's English. He says (p. 14), '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 Invisibly 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 egregiously and wonderful Exhibitions, a Bridge or Arch over the same River, curiously composed of Solid Stone, appears to them as a lively Representation of an Artificial one, &c. &c.

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

## TEXT J.

*Hill's Poems, 1780.*

In Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica,' pp. 109 & 106, 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 Dalnally in Argyllshire.

The Report mentions:—

1. *Ossian egnas Clích, or the Battle of Magnus.*
2. *Mac Mharbhtha Diaconal an Tois.*
3. *Mac Mharbhtha Braan.*
4. *Uraigh Ossian.*

A gentleman in the neighbourhood translated these, and Mr. Hill published Gaelic and translation with his own remarks. There can be no question of tampering with the text in his case, for he did not understand Gaelic. The reporters condemn these versions as more corrupt than copies which they had themselves procured, and they point out errors in the translation, and mistakes made by the traveller. In the Appendix No. 8, p. 118, 'Ossian's Prayers,' 144 lines are quoted. In Text A. are 136 lines of a version of 1512—20. At page 139 are Dr. Donald Smith's observations, 23 pages of adverse criticism on Hill's book of 34 pages. In getting Dr. Smith's own authorities, natives of Dalnally 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 '*Uraigh*.' In 1871 the slaying of *Urbhal-donach-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 current: and that he did not

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

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

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

'Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis  
*Ossa* eget.'

Text J., its story, and commentary prove that two Poets were in the field—'Oisein,' 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 Dalnally. 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 Drumnann, in Morven. A daughter of Sir Alexander Mac Lean translated and Hill wrote. His object was to test Ossian. The ballad was identified with Temora. Two verses I do not know; the rest are fair translations of the current ballad. Mr. Hill finished his publication with a short dissertation, July 10, 1783, in which he comes to the same conclusion which I have reached in June, 1872. A list of the collection is with other lists.

## TEXT K.

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

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

## TEXT L.

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

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

This paper, read April 17, 1786, before the Royal Irish Academy, is printed in the first volume of their Transactions (British Museum, 7H. c. 14). The author afterwards became Bishop of Confort. He refers frequently to 'Gillies,' a book which was published, according to the publisher's letter, June 15, 1786.

These dates need explanation. In 1781, 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. 44).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## TEXT M.

Gillies, 1786.

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

This book is rare. In 1872 the writer knows of thirteen copies only. In May, 1861, there was no copy at the British Museum. The book is described at page 72, Reid's 'Bibliotheca 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. Osgur, his grandson . . . . .	13
4. Eadlan, his son . . . . .	6
5. Roithne, his son . . . . .	3
6. Carcoll, his son . . . . .	6
7. Feargus, his son . . . . .	4
8. Diermaid, his twin sister's son . . . . .	4
9. Daoghdalas, or Coillte, 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.

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

*Fronch* and the *Children of Usnech* 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 Malrina* belongs to a different period, and style, and story altogether. Fionn and Oscar are named in it, but that is all. (See p. 244.)

*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 his 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 'Senn 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 Conloch, p. 169 . . . . .	72	
2.	Magnus the Great, p. 271 . . . . .	196	D.9. 188
3.	The Chase, p. 278 . . . . .	334	A.5. 136
4.	Moira Berb, p. 288 . . . . .	160	A.18. 166
5.	War Ode of O-sgar, the Son of Oisín, in front of the Battle of Galbana, 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 Cnechullin 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 Scots-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 stored,  
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 Lauchlan 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 Rannoeh, Kintail, Loch Tayside,

Glenyon, 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, Ulin, and others equal in merit to those collected and translated by Mr. Mac Pherson and Dr. Smith, existed in the Highlands. These are written just as collected during a period of nearly forty years, and any competent judge may at once see how old and new poems were mixed together; that is, the attempt made by the successive Bards to supply what was lost, or to model the story so as to please the taste of their hearers. An account of this last collection would of itself furnish an irrefragable evidence that Mac Pherson never could have been the author of the poems which he ascribed to Ossian.—'Edinburgh Encyclopedia,' 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 236 lines had ever been found by anybody else anywhere, at any time, up to that date. A great deal of Mac Pherson's English has no Gaelic equivalent now. Thereupon all the old texts from A. to O., which 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 fair sample of broken tradition. By itself it is not good for much, but sorted with other fragments it can be used in mending other texts. The collection is headed by a preface of which the following is a translation:—

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

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

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

## Page 1. ROIME-BAITE.

An beagan so leanas do spruidhleach Eachdraidh na Feinne; Ata nois air a ghabhail ann a sgrìobhadh o bheuldas Dhomhuill Mhic an Leathain, a rudhadh Bhladhna cuig deug. Thuir air duinn chuid a's mo da t-sneachas o Chlalum Mac Phail a th' shean-athair sa rinn trì-fichid Nollaig mhòr sa dhà ann am Baile gan ainm Rothill ann a Sgiòthreachd Thoraray.

Le Iain Mhac Mhuirich Muilistir—sgoil san Eilein Mhuileach; aon do th' seirbhlisich na cuideachd Urramich 'ta chum eolas Chroisid a sgoilidh feadh Gadhealticheid agus Eileana na h'Albanu. 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 85, 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 *Argyhalidical* (Laud of the Gáid).

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

Deich bhliadhna loarn kùr bhladh a bhlaithas oirir Alban.

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

*Kuater* in Danish means coasts.

Some writers wish Argyll to be written *Oithir Gaidheal*, and explain the name to mean Coast of the Gael; others would spell and pronounce *iar Gàid*, and translate it Western Gàid. The Western Gàid pronounce '*Coantire*' as if it meant *head* land. In spite of all this, in 1872 a Highlander spelt *Eare-Gàid* out of his own head, and translated his own orthography *Tail* of the Highlands, because the *head* land, *Coantire*, and the coast '*Kuater*,' look like the *tail* of a fish on the map. It 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.' 8vo. 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. *Darbhula*, for which there is no text of Mac Pherson's;
2. *Conbach and Cathann*, &c., 184 lines.

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

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

The book contains:—

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

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

**TEXT R.**

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

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

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

In particular in 1829—30 William Hamilton Drummond, D.D., published a quarto essay of 164 pages on the authenticity of 'Ossian's Poems,' which was first read May 25, 1829, before the Royal Irish Academy (H.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 *Scot-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 goldhead. 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 'Manns.' The last two lines are commonly repeated still.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

14. *Duncan Kennedy's* collection is mentioned, p. 107 (Texts H. I.). A list of the contents is given, p. 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	"	26	
	126	"	8	
	130	"	2	
	131	"	2	
	132	"	5	
	133	"	4	
	134	"	6	
	135	"	2	
	136	"	2	
	140	"	29	
	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 " French 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 " Lenda Ghil from Mr. Mac Diarmid (Text G.).
	185.	38 " the Address to the Sun from ditto, and from Captain Morrison, Mac Pherson's friend.
	187.	11 " Address to the Sun from ditto.
	187.	26 " Extract from Smith's Sean Dana.

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

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

1. A manuscript attributed to the eighth century which contains an essay on 'The Tain,' a story of which Cuachallin 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 Cuachallin and Fionn belonged to different stories, and that these were Scots-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 Darthula, from which are quoted thirty-three lines. (See p. 29.)

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

5. If there were any question as to these being exclusively Irish, medieval 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 Conlaoch. (Texts H. I. and N. 58).

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

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

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

The Report and Appendix give samples of Gaelic from the 7th century down to 1895, 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 dilident at first, publishing Gaelic with modernisms in it; careless and presumptuous; commanding applause, producing another work; not careful about his original materials. They speak of him as if he were an original author. In short, the Committee acted 'with jealousy and circumspection which it conceived to be due to itself, to the Society, and to truth.'

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

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

Appendix 15, p. 189. The comparison of passages, 897 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 1789, and for James Mac Pherson in 1760, to work up genuine old Gaelic materials in constructing new poetry. Dr. Donald, in 1805, had about him the great mass of Gaelic poetry which the Committee had gathered as orally collected, and preserved in ancient manuscripts. He called the whole corrupt. Apparently he thought Mac Pherson's work authentic. He therefore reduced the entire Scotch collection to something like the condition which printers call 'pie.' Having reduced Mac Pherson's English Fingal to a similar condition, he selected from that 'pie' fragments most like the genuine but 'corrupt' Gaelic poems before he broke them up. He took 'Cuchullin's Car,' 'The Maid of Craea,' 'Fionn's Words to Oscar,' and other such plums out of the Fingalian pie as models. He did that which his brother says that he also did in constructing 'Gaelic Antiquities' and 'Sean Dana.' He took passages, quatrains, lines, half-lines, and words out of the 'pie,' which everybody acknowledged to be old, and he set up the broken bits in the shape of the other fragmentary 'pie,' whose entire authenticity nobody affirmed. He worked like a compositor who sets up a new page with old type and woodcuts. He utterly demolished the Scotch-Irish story told in the poems which he broke up.

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

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

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

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

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

## TEXT S.

'16.'

'Poems of Ossian. Collected by Jo. McDonald in the Western Parishes of Strathnaver, Loss, 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.  
Alexander Mc Rae, North Erradale, Parish of Gerloch, aged 80.
2. Dan na Nighean. 84 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.  
Alex. Mc Rae, Gerloch, as above.
3. The Fall of Roga, or King of Sora's Son. 104 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
4. Description of Cuchullin's Horses. 12 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
5. Dibir Dlighe, or the Battle of Lena. 84 lines.  
By Geo. Mac Kay in Dalvighouse, Parish of Farr, aged 55.  
John Mac Kay, Knockbreac, Parish of Durness, aged 58.  
Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Parish of Eddrachilles, aged 61.
6. Conn Mac 'n Deirg, al Leing. 116 lines.  
Geo. Mackay in Dalvighouse, Farr, aged 55.  
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.  
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.  
Alex. Mc Rae, Gerloch, as above.
7. 'N Tairgmaeh nòr, or Etridh Mianonais. 80 lines.  
Alex. Mackay, in Ribbigill, Parish of Tongue, aged 63.
8. Duun Dhiarsag. 60 lines.  
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.  
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.  
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.
9. Iomachd Naodlinar (The Exploit of 9). 48 lines.  
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.

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

'Gaelic Chapel of Ease, 1807.—John Macdonald, M.A., son of a small farmer at Reay, where he was born 12th November, 1779; studied at the Univ. and King's Coll. of Aberdeen, 30th March, 1804, where he attained his degree 30th March, 1801, and afterwards theology; licens. by the Pres. of Caithness 2nd July, 1805; became assistant to the Rev. John Anderson, min., 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., Acc. XV., Kay's Portraits.]—'Fasti Ecclesie Scotice,' part i. p. 78.

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

1842. On adhering to the Protest, joining in the Free Secession, and signing the Decd 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 Mac Kenzie, Esq., of Millbank; she died 22nd June, 1808, 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, 492 pages, bound in blue paper, and roughly printed. The following is a translation of his Gaelic title-page:—

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

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

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

The poem was separately printed in Glasgow, in 1800, by Thomas Duncan, 12mo., pp. 12, price 2d. With it are songs to gentlemen in the Isle of Skye, by Laehann Mac Iomhain, who had the name of Laehann Mac Tharalach oig; also Roghal agus Caristine. (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 (Gruagaicha).

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

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

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

A Phadruig Mhìc an Tuarnair  
Gur mòr a thug mi laoidh dhut  
Na 'n tachradh tu 'n Glennan Ràdh rium  
Gun costann nan san drama rait.

## TEXT U.

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

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

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

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

## TEXT V.

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

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

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

The book contains samples of Heroic verse:—

1. *Mordubh.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

At p. 46 Clark says, 'The King came forward with the strength of Albin, like the rock of Tommore.' A note explains 'Tommore, 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 Tommore,' and a note again explains 'Tommore, the Isle of great waves,' 'one of the Orades.' The story of 'Colnala and Orwi,' in which this chief appears, is like that of 'Fraoch,' which Stone told in English verse twenty-three years earlier. Clark's manner of telling it in English is like Mac Pherson's style, then only nineteen years old, and Clark's 'original' Gaelic, judged by names, was peculiar. His metrical English, 'Ancient Chief' is very like 'The fine old English Gentleman,' but he had the linguistic peculiarities of Mac Pherson's 'Highlander.'

Mr. Clark of Badenoch rhymes, 1878, 'Young and wrong; come, home; feast, guest; these, praise; noon, sun; dares, stars; return, mourn; glens, reins; home, tomb; breath, heath; 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, bar; stood, blood; took, smoke; repelled, field; oak, stock; day, sea.'

'Dark night approached; the flaming bow' 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 resene '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 'Donthal, Bard of Mordubh, King of the Caledonians,' whose compositions 'have been industriously hauled down.' But no authority of any kind is quoted. The Caledonians described by 'Donthal,' if he composed the 'Cave of Creyla,' were very unlike other Celts of any known period. A sentimental, snivelling, imane old person named 'Liaehan' (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. Liaehan was weeping tears, as usual. 'And let them come,' said Liaehan. 'The drop on one cheek battles 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), Beuveil, and Balden, and Dungeal, Sulgorma, Munaig, Luachas, Malalin, Ervin, Creyla, and Gilden, 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 'Donthal'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 name, vague, and sentimental as Grey Head and Black Tom and their progeny of sentimental, sententious, haunting 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.

Dheivich Albin air braidh-tonn, 'brai, signifying invariably *top*, and *ton* 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 blado (p. 110).

'Bachlach dublach 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 loeks, with guns,  
Popping, armed, bristling, finished,  
Brindled, slaying, effectual, gay.'

## I.

'Sa mhadinn aig eiridh k r mialchoin  
Gu mairneach, maisnach, gasda, gnionlach,  
Lubach, leacach, glaeach, sgiamlach,  
Carach, cabrach, enagach, fiambach.

## II.

'Nam da 'n ghrin dol air a buillin (feminine)  
Gu fuilteach, reubach; glensda, gumach,  
Snapach, armach, tarbach, ullamh,  
Riachach, marbhach, tarbach, giullach.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

It first appeared in Mac Donald's songs (p. 141, ed. 1778, Clark). Clark himself printed a translation which differed from Mac Donald's original, as he says. Mrs. Grant of Laggan next gave a metrical version in English, and, in 1841, Mackenzie printed a translation with 144 lines of smooth, good, *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 Oisic, 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, *ſc.* 1,167 *lincs.*

In 1872 the Rev. Dr. Thomas Mac Lanchlan, 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 Forsauid, parish of Rhen. 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 Bhàn*, 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 Oisic 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 Oisic 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 Tírce version of the 'Death of Conn,' the collector says—

'The above verses I penned from the mouth of a person in the Island of Tírce, locally known by the name of Alisteir Mòr, 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 Oisinn 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, Strathballadale, you will find that, so far as they go, they are almost word for word the one with the other. Two illiterate persons living in the opposite extremes of the Highlands singing the same song with little or no variation, proves that these poems were floating as traditions so far back as authenticated history of the Highlanders goes, for since that time there is no hint about the flourishing of any such persons as the 'Poems of Ossian,' make mention of. I may state that the words underlined are such as I did not well understand or had a doubt regarding their meaning. Their orthography must be bad, as I have no dictionary or authority to consult on such matters. It strikes me that even at this late hour several such pieces might be had from elderly persons in the Highlands if diligent search was made for them. There is a place in the rock of Ceann-mhor Tyree called 'Leabraidh Dhiarmaid' (Diarmaid's Bed). Little as my acquaintance with Gaelic is, I am persuaded that in the above poem there are some Irish forms of expressions or at least forms of syntax not met with now elsewhere in the Highlands of Scotland, as "Sin mar dh' inich" and "Sin mar labhair."

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

'Oct. 28th, 1857.

'JAMES CUMMING.

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

Reference was made to this Caithness collection of 1854 at page 129, '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 Oisinn 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 Tírce, that somebody there could repeat 'Conn Mac an Deirg.'

In 1871 the Policeman in Tírce, 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 Tírce, gave me a list of 8 Tírce 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 unfurled opinions of 1862 affected by old beliefs.

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

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

She was a picturesque old Scotch lady, who spoke Gaelic with a Gaelic tongue and a clear voice, and who spoke the truth. I think she was born in 1745, but I am not sure. Her son, who died at the age of 84, told me in 1859, and again in 1860, and again in 1868, that in about 1800, when he could speak little but Gaelic himself, few peasants in Islay could speak anything else. When at school in Bowmore he used to sit for hours listening to an old tailor, named Mac Niven, or Mac Echeran, 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 1850.

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 Lounnith, Lismore.
11. Padraig Buidhe, Fisher, &c., Islay.
12. Janet Currie, S. Uist.
13. Several people, Long Island.
14. Alexander Mac Donald, Barra.
15. Alan Mac Phie, S. Uist.
16. Angus Mac Donald, Barra.
17. Angus Mackinnon, Tailor, S. Uist.
18. Angus Mac Donald, Constable, S. Uist.
19. Catherine Mac Queen, N. Uist.
20. Coimmesch Carmichael, Skye.
21. Kenneth Morrison, Skye.
22. Donald Cameron, Skye.
23. John Campbell, Strath Gairloch.
24. Hector Mac Donald, Skye.
25. Catherine Matheson, Skye.
26. Malcolm Mac Phail, Labourer, Islay.

#### TEXT Z. &c.

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

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

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

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

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

As it is with modern English poetry and the memories of single men, so it has been with ancient Gaelic poetry and the memories of generations. At thirty years to a generation, twelve have passed away since Dean 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
F. . . . .	129		32
H. . . . .	124		52
I. . . . .	128		27
L. . . . .	109	Y. Z. . . . .	88
M. . . . .	136		58
M. . . . .	84		32
N. . . . .	160		27
U. . . . .	130	1871.&c. Many versions	
V. . . . .	130	heard, one written . . .	102

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

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

## COLLATING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It seemed interesting to note how this story about Cuachullin, 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 Cuachullin by Irish writers, and they have nothing to do with Fionn and his later series of Peinne, who are placed with them in Fingal by Mac Pherson.

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

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

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

By June 12, Ascot Cup day, we had got about half-way through the collection, reading, translating, and correcting for press. By July 23 the last scrap was sent to press, and the text was returned for press, August 3, from the Koumare 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 CUACHULLIN . . . . .	1	6 How he got his Sight . . . . .	39
1 and Eamhair, 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 CAOLITE . . . . .	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 Sgarirbh . . . . .	58
4 Ossen's Last Hunt . . . . .	38	19 The Adventure of the Hag . . . . .	59
5 Oisein Building for Padraig . . . . .	39		

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60	150	1	213
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		IX. POPE'S COLLECTION OF TEN BALLADS . . . . .	218
		Got in Caithness before Mac	
		Pherson's translations began. Like other	
		Heroic Ballads; unlike Mac Pherson'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, Nisley 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 'Cochullin' 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 eùthrair faillidh do mhùineil  
A chrios-chomhehaluinn na'n càrn !

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

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

This warrior appears in tradition as a horseman and chieftain. He is always associated with certain heroes, such as 'Conloch,' 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 Caesar's invasion of Britain, or thereabouts. In the Book of Leinster, A.D. 1130, is the story of the *Tain bo Cuailgne*, in which Cuchullin figures as chief character. Fragments of the story are known to old men in the Highlands, and they correspond to the oldest written version, so far as they go. Of this story, versions are in old MSS. in the Advocates' Library. The oldest manuscript versions of this story are about to be published by Mr. Standish H. O. Grady.

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

Of fragments of Gaelic composition I give the following :—

1. *Cuchullin and Eamhair his Wife*, page 1.
2. *Cuchullin's Sword*, p. 1.
3. *Cuchullin's Cur*, p. 2.
4. *Garabh mac Staura*, p. 3.
5. *Conloch*, p. 9.
6. *The Hounds*, p. 15.

### 1.—1512. CUCHULLIN AND EAMHAIR.

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

#### COWCHULLIN AGUS EIMHAR.

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

- 1 LAY a royth in dundalgin  
Cochullin ni grow neynti  
O taid ni gur er a gon  
Gin sloig wli na ochyr
- 2 Halli in noill erin nerre  
Math si waggidir in nane wlli  
Keltith fekkich fowich  
Feine eltych laye za letiwe
- 3 Gwr bdi in nansyeh wllith  
Mnan chogn clainni rowre  
In oor sen bi degkir reyve  
Cur ris in natin dawail

- 4 In dorchis lawee leich  
Atte dr nythr chionleich  
Ni hoyuni giderring dalwe  
Ser wimm choilla in gallew
- 5 Gawis in erann tawill  
Glan cochullin gi . . . .  
In lawe bi wath troir  
Er mor ni hoyneve gr . . .
- 6 Ryntyr in neltych wo  
Ner zarnit unpyth ach awyr,  
Gawis awyr raclt fane rynn  
Dayveine ner chart a cheive
- 7 Gelyr wee no errik sin  
Ni kead oyne eili zayvir  
Lar dorchrith er teive a chnok  
La creif ni norehr nerrik
- 8 In gon tryle hiegid gow caith  
Za anec gin neigiss noymach  
Ni roc fer gin oe orri  
Wei slawre or datrych
- 9 Hug bancheill chongullin  
Craw dinani di wllim  
Din charrait eintych aynee  
Hanik a ymill olanith
- 10 Agris ayvr in nolt trwme  
A cu rith er chongullin  
Ni hoyne mir gylle deith  
Gin skail na hyi unpyth
- 11 Da oyr no tre tilfer leis  
Ni hoyne aldyth snec ammis  
Gur leme couf mir a chur  
Iii wrehr hor ni hannich
- 12 In hurehir reyve royve  
Sen zol di zaltane gawflee  
Gin virn er wrane di wlyg  
Ryef ach keym sin allane
- 13 Re bleygin ni deach sea  
Ach twrss nin nane seach  
Ne bay ymichtych nin nane  
Is inleat ach in twrskail
- 14 Mass fer in dathris a woygr  
Nach darn in cow ou chref  
Slat war zall di zrawhe mnaa  
Laywith aig voye a

### 2.—1786. CUCHULLIN'S SWORD.

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

#### CLAIDHAMH GUTH-ULLIN.

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

CHUR e an claidheamh, fada, fionnruaidh,  
Fulanach, tean, taimie, gear,  
'S a cheum air a clur ann gu socair,  
Mar chais mholta gan dochair lein,  
'S e gu dirnach, diasadach, dubh-gorm,  
'S e cultuidh, cumtadh, conalach,  
Gu leathan, libhadh, hohharadh,  
Gu socair, sasadh, so-bhualte,  
Air laimh-chli a' ghaibgeich ;

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

## 3.—1816. C'UCHULLIN'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.

## C'UCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

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

- Cha fath do thuruis, no do sgeul?  
Fath mo thuruis, is mo sgeul,  
Feara Eirinn sud mar chimear  
4 Air teachd chugaibh as a' mhagh  
'N carbad air bheil an dual fighara fionduinn  
Air a dheanamh gu luthmhor, lamhach, tachdail  
Far am bu lughor 's far am bu laidir  
8 'S far am bu lan-ghlic an pobull ar  
'S a' chathair fhrasanta randuidh,  
Caol, cruaidh, clochara, colbhuidh;  
Ceithir cich chliabh-mhoir 's a' chaomh charbad sin.  
12 Cìod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin?  
Chimear 'sa' charbad sin,  
Na h-eich bhalg fhionn, chalg-fhionn, chluas-  
bheag,  
Slìos-tana, bas-tana, eachmhor, steudmhor  
16 Le sreunaibh chaol, laimire, lìmhor,  
Mar leug, no mar chaoir-theine dearg;  
Mar ghluasad laoidh creuchda maoinleach;  
Mar tharum ghaoidh chruaidh gheamhradh  
20 Teachd chugaibh anns a' charbad sin.  
Cìod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin?  
Chimear 'sa' charbad sin  
Na h-eich liath, lughor, stuadh-mhor, laidir,  
24 Threis-mhor, stuagh-mhor, luath-mhor, taghmhor  
A bheireadh sparradh air sgeiribh na fairge as  
an caraibh.  
Na h-eich mheargantach, tharagaideach, threisead-  
ach,  
Gu stagh-mhor, lugh-mhor, dearsa fhionn,  
28 Mar spur iollaire ri gnias ana-bheathaich,  
D'an goirear an liath-mhor mhaiseach  
Mheachtruidh, mhor, mhuirneach.  
Cìod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin?  
32 Chimear 'sa' charbad sin  
Na h-eich chin-fhionn, chrodh-fhionn, chaol-  
chasach,  
Ghrinn-ghruagach, stobhradach, cheannardach,  
Srol-bhreideach, chliabh-flarsuinn,  
36 Bheag-aosda, bheag-ghaoisneach, bheag-ebhuas-  
ach,  
Mhor-chrìlbeach, mhor-chruthach, mhor-chuin-  
neanach'  
Seanga, sendaidh, is iad searachail,  
Breaghla, beadara, boiseanta, baoth-leumnach  
40 D'an goireadh iad an Dubh-seimhlinn.  
Cìod a bhiodh na shuidhe sa' charbad sin?  
Bhiodh na shuidhe sa' charbad sin  
An laoch cumaisach, cumhachdach, deagh-  
fhoelach,  
44 Liobhara, loimnara, 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' ghuallainn.  
Tha seachd fuilteana fionn air a cheann;  
Folt donn ri toime a chinn  
'S folt sleamhuinn dearg air-nachlar,  
'S folt fionn-bhuidh air dhath an oir,  
'S na faireill air a bharr 'ga chumail  
D'an ainm Cuchullin mac Seimh-suaithi.  
Mhic Aoidh, mhic Aigh, mhic Aoidh eile,  
56 Tha 'emlan mar dhrithleana dearg,  
Lugh-mhor air leirg, mar luath-cheathach sleibhe.  
No mar luathas eilde fonaich,  
No mar mhaigheach air machair-mail.

- 60 Gu'm bu cheam tric, ceum luath, ceum muirneach  
Na h-eacha a' teachd eghrain,  
Mar sheuchid ri snoghead nan sliosaibh  
Ospartaich agus unaghartaich  
64 Nan eachaibh ga' t-ionnsuidh.

## GUCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

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

- Cea fath do thurais na do sgeul  
Fath mo thurais agus mo sgeul  
Feribh Erin seud mar chimur  
4 Tithinn thugbhis as a' mhagh.  
An carbad air am bel an dual fighara fionduinn  
Air a dhianabh gu luathmhor lamhach taemhal  
Far mo lutha agus far mo laidir  
8 Agus far mo langhlic am pobull ùr  
'S a' chathair fhrasanta raundai  
Caol cruai clochara colbhui  
Cether ifera chleamhor a' chaomh charbad sin.  
12 Cud a chimur 's a' charbad sin  
Chimur 's a' charbad sin.  
Na heich bhalgionn chalgionn chluasbheg  
Shliostana bhastana eachmhor steudmhor  
16 Le streinibh caol laimhir lumhar  
Mar leig na mar chaoir theine dheirg  
Mar ghluaisda chreachdai laoi alluinn  
Mar tharam gaoi chruai gearmhrai  
20 Teachd thugbhis 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 lumhor tadhmhor  
Bheiragh sparag fi fua na fairge asa caraicibh  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
Chimur 's a' charbad sin.  
28 Na h eich bhavceach tharceach thresadach  
Gu stumhor lumhor duarsinn  
Mar spair iolair ri gnias ainbheach  
Dha'n gioradh an bhamhor mhaiseach  
32 Mheachtroi mhor muirneach.  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
Chimur 's a' charbad sin.  
Na h eich chinuinn chroibhionn chaolchasach  
36 Ghrinu ghruagach stobhradach, cheannardach  
S'rol-bhreidich, chliabh-flarsinn  
Bheg aosda, bheg ghaosdnach, bheg chluasach  
Mhorchriach mhor chru'ach, mhor chuinmlean  
ach  
40 Seangh, seadi, isiad, searachail  
Briadhla, beadara, boiseanta baoleumnach  
Dhan gioradh iad an Duseimhlin.  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
44 Bhithigh na shuighe 's a' charbad sin.  
Laoch cuimeasach, cumhachach, degh-fhoelach  
Liabhara, loimnara demhaiseach  
Tha seac meirid air a ruinn  
48 S'ar liun gur math a' fradharc dha  
Bha sia meoir chnamhach reamhar  
Air gach lamh dhe ghuallin do  
Bha siac fhuilth fhiondai air a cheann  
52 Falt dona re tonnibh a chinn  
Falt sleamhuinn dearg air uachgar  
S'falt fionnabbai air dhath an oir  
Sna faireill air a bhar ga chunnabbail  
56 Dhan anaim Cuchullin mac Seuh Suslti  
Mhic Uì, mhic Ai, mhic Ai eile  
Tha aolann mar fritheine deirg  
Luthmhar air leirg mar lua' cheach sleibhe  
60 Na mar chruas creanla calta airghe  
Na mar nhalair air mhachair mhal  
Gum bu tro tric, tro luath, tro mhuirneach  
Na heachibh titian t'orrainn  
64 Mar sneachca ri suathigh na shosabh  
Ospartaich agus unaghartaich  
66 Na h eachibh 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. Sgeulaichte-Eachun Donullach an Talamh-sgeir 'S an Eilean.

This fragment was got for me, in 1862, by Mr. Carmichael, from a Skye man. A copy was afterwards sent to Dr. Mac 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, 51 lines. These three are versions of the Gaelic of 1807. It is worth remark that a blind fiddler, in Islay, used to recite passages from Dryden's Virgil, which he learnt from a student to whom he was teaching the fiddle. At page 84 Gaelic of the Book of the Dean of Lismore is a measured prose description of Mac Gregor's horse—28 lines. The last 4 speak of coming from Ireland to praise and to seek it in Alba, and this composition of 1512 is very like the oral descriptions of Cuchullin's Car. Similar passages abound in old Irish writings and in current prose tales. Mac Pherson's English was condemned by critics, but it was founded upon some old Gaelic original. There is nothing to show where the Gaelic of 1807 came from.

BHA MORAN aig m-athair (Iain mac Iain ic Eoghain, air Carbadan (Cuchullin) Carbad Comhraig agus Carbad Ahaire Chuchullin. Cha chuala sibh rianh na bhaaig do bhàrdachd Oisic. Is cuimhne leamsa nuair bhà mi og agus an t-àite so lan dhaoin, lan tuath, gum bitheadh an tigh againn cho lan a dh'òigire 's a sheanairi (agus do sheanairibh ?) fad na h-òiche gheamhradh agus a chumnaie sibh tigh bail reamh. Moire 's an sin a bhà an òigirì agus an àite so, agus am palteas aig duine agus beothach. Ach chuir na caoirich mhòr as do 'n àite 's cha 'n fhaighann an diugh ann ach iad fein' Seanachaidh.

- 1 Na h-eich fhobhach lairgearach lothar,  
'S na spair oir fotha (fopa ?),  
Sith-fhada shiths-heang,
- 4 Beag-chileach beag ghaoisneach, beag chluasain,  
Mor chluithach mor cheach, mor chualcannach  
Uinich 'us osunnaich nan each,
- 7 Bha tarruing Cuchullin air chhill.

## 4.—GARBH MAC STAIRN.

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

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

772 lines

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

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

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

D. I. DUAN A GHAIIRIBH. 157 lines. 1755.

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

- 1 ERBH 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 bu Dhoirsair gu Muadh,  
Bregich bu Diu 's gach ion uair;  
She han Longas mor na Maoith  
Se tease huginna gar coir.
- 3 Ha ion Laoich an Doris Teiridh  
An Port an Riodh gu ro mhennich;  
Gra gu gei 'ir leis gun cal,
- 4 'S gu ga geal air Feribh Erin.  
Hugidh mis arsa Cuth raoidh;  
Araoin agus O'Connachir;
- 5 Fear dian Taobh gheil,  
'S Fraoich fial Mac Fui
- 6 Aoig masc àrà a ghluin gheil,  
'S Caoilte ro-ghéal Mac Rouan.
- 7 Na tig air sin a Chu Riodh,  
Na cantir chomhradh gun chli;  
Cha chorrig ris gun Flaith,  
Air arl Rìoghlach na Herin.
- 8 Chonnaire mis coig Cala deng,  
Du Dhamharidh as n' m' Breug;  
Breth air a Gharibh a's Tir Hoir.  
An Maoith Gallan nan Corag;
- 9 Sin nar huirt Connal Ceardich,  
Sonn Chlatha na Clainn Tearach;  
Cha deid mi feù ris am ghluin,  
'S Cha bhù 's coluch 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 Connil gu coir  
Duo Mhac ain eidr sgeoil,  
Cha bhì ro ghraita Bhean,  
Gun dult sinnidh ri haoin Fhear.
- 12 Legidh a stidh an sin an fear mor,  
Na phrop an fianis an Tìoidh  
'S Ionaid tri chead a stidh,  
Chaidh retich a gho sau tre sin.
- 13 Hog Cuchulin '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 Dhibh gun arieh,  
Ga Chaigh gun an fhear mhòr,  
A hanig as an Esruidh.
- 15 Nuair bu haich an fear mor,  
Agus a hug e treis air ceoil;  
Huge sealtan air a nuil,  
Air Caogid Mac Rìodh mu himcheal.
- 16 Sin nar huirt Bricghain gu Muadh,  
Mac Mhic Caribridh fh Craoibh ruadh;  
Fear is Faolte dhuit gun cal ar  
A fianis faribh Erin.
- 17 Macaichid Erin uile dhuit san ams,  
A Bhrìochlan Bhrìochidh,  
Fad sa bhìs mis an Rìodh gu tean  
Ar arl riochac na Herin.
- 18 Bhrìahinsa dhuit na Braidin  
Ana fàidhe tu na Tantin  
Bu leat Lugha Mac Curidh,  
'S Tiabhidh mac Ghoridh,
- 19 Fear dian taobh gheil,  
'S Fraoch fial Mac Fui,  
Aaig Mac aradha Ghluin gheil,  
'S Caoilte ro gheal Mac Rouan.
- 20 Lu' im 's dearmid am Bìsoidh,  
Deo Mhac Rìgh-Lehin Lubidh;  
Cornag an Lugaig gu Muadh  
Mac Mhic Caribridh faoin Chraoibh ruaidh,
- 21 Buinnì Borruadh 's borb e stidh,  
'S buin leat gu luadh faoi Fhearas.
- 22 Ghaidh an sin na Mìe Rìodh,  
An ann Tìbh Teridh gu fìor;  
Agus seuiridh iad a Muidh,  
Don Treun-fear na fhianis.

- 23 Ga ba Laoich each Fear dhu sin,  
Na 'n Garibh Mac Stairn Star-iaclach;  
Cha le laoih fear soir na Siar,  
Air asridh ghrian Lomair.
- 24 Sin nar huirt Briegain gu Muadh,  
Mac Mhic Caribridh on Chraibh ruaidh:  
Cia horidhe dhuit dul ad Luing,  
'Shu gun gheil o Chuchulin.
- 25 Bheil aig Cuchulin Mac na Nighin  
A sgeile Glac innish gu fior a Bhriegain;
- 26 Cha neil aig Cuchulin Mac no Nighin,  
A sgeile Glac, na Daltar Bannu Brauidh;  
Na machd Dilis deo mbair,
- 27 Ach bansa leis Naoish an naidh,  
Bhrair Alidh as Arlain.
- 28 Frogair a Choin chulín chaoín  
Mheic Sedrigh so aithch  
'Le re bhairt Naois air a chean  
Air a chuid do d'heribh Erin,
- 29 Ni 'n feara misi na Snios  
Nan fear, Laoich a cho Ao's;  
Ach d'binga Snios Ri Hurr aigh  
Cead do gach curidh cola.
- 30 Bheirimsa Briar Riadh  
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 bhídhán udlídh  
'S hólé hu fein, 's hólé do Mhuintir  
'S ro olé Bean do Haidhe;  
'S cha 'n fear a Bean mhuintir
- 33 'S cha doir hu mo Gheils an sail  
'S cha neil innad fein ach Allabarich.
- 34 Sin nuair dherich 'n da Hriach,  
Le neart Chlaidh agus Sciadh  
Togadur an Talibh Tath  
Le 'n Triúhe ansa nuair sin.
- 35 Bimadich Buille o bheil Sciadh,  
'S fuaim Clisniche ri Chiar  
Fuaim Laoin aig Gaoidh nan Gleann,  
Fu Seleo nan Curidh co tean.
- 36 Seachd oiche agus seach Lo,  
Hug iad an sa'n imil Seleo,  
'N Cean an teachla Lo,  
Cha bairde 'n Garibh air a Mbaoidh
- 37 Na Cuchulin a Ghaigse.
- 38 'N Cean an teachla Lo  
Hug Cuchulin Beam dho,  
Scoid e o Bhruan ga Bran  
An Scia Euglich Orridh.
- 39 A Choin Chulin ainnich Triach,  
Agansa 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 niche oir as Jar,  
Gabhannich shud hólé an Fhaoil,  
Le Mhaibh náisle na Herin.
- 41 Ach hug Cuchulin Beum eile,  
Le moid a Mhemnidh sa' seennidh;  
Togadur an Lamb leis an lan,  
Searar Cean o 'n Cholcin.
- 42 Macanichd Erin uile  
Dhuitsa namsa, arsa Connil.  
Agus an ciad Choin gun Eall,  
Ann a fianis Feribh Erin.
- 43 Ni Gnuil ar Gili na'n Cuan,  
Credilbh an Ríogh maras dual  
Leba 'n ion Laoich mar a ta

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

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

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

Do Bhesidh fhir Mhoir a hanig as an Esra, na bitidh  
na bu Leidhe stigh, dheibhe tu fagh as faoilte hin Tai-  
rishe leum air faoilte, agus an gha mur Braide gas an curin  
an au Luing Raoinn Mhic Bha na herin.

'N sin thainig an Dorsair a steach do thuidh Teamhradh  
nam beumnan 's crath e 'n t slabhruidh gu tean Ri'n  
eisteadh na ceudin.

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

210 lines. 1750.

ATR dha teachd a thoir Góil air Righ, Eirinn, agus  
mur Gheil iad uild dha gas an do dhuit Cuchullin ris a  
Gheil, an t aon do na Fiannaibh a bha annsa chuir san  
an sin. (Da luchd ionidh an Righ.)

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

- 1 EIRICH a Righ na Teimhre,  
Chí mi luingeas mór 'se labhran;  
Lom lan nan cuan is e elannach,  
Do luingeas mor nan Allamuireach.
- 2 Is breugach thu dhorsair gu mnaidh,  
'S breugach thu 'n diu 's gach aon uair;  
'S th' ann luingeas nam maogh,  
'S an Fhiann a teachd d' ar cobhair.
- 3 Cho d' eisd e ri tuille sgeoil,  
Ach leum as láthair an Righ mhoir;  
'S e thiachair air laoch mór a teachd;  
A neoir gu dorus na Teimhre.
- 4 Do bheannaich an dorsair dha ghú mált,  
Is dh' fhiosraich e cò as do;  
'S dh' fhuirgair am fear mor gu nimhe,  
Thainig ma thoirt góil air Connul.
- 5 'S ni 'n gabbain eumla na ceart,  
Ach Eirinn nile teachd fu'n smachd;  
'S gach fath 's gach Righ dhuin thoirt umhluidh  
A dh' aindeoin Chonnul 's a luchd comhnuidh.
- 6 Crend d'am bheil agansa dheth,  
Ach dearnam do sgeula;  
Agus iansidh mi thu gun fheall,  
Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 7 Is dh' imich an dorsair a steach,  
Do dh' arl Theimhre nam Beumnanan;  
Is crath e an t slabhruidh gu teann,  
Ris an eisteadh na ceudan.
- 8 Sin 'nuaí' thuirr Connul gu cóir,  
Deadh mhac Righ an Eidir sgeoil;  
Am bheil allamhuireach a muigh.
- 9 Tha aon laoch an dorus na Teimhre,  
An an porsa an Righ ro mbeannach;  
Is e ag radh gun grabhair leis gun fheall,  
'S gun gabh góil air fearaibh Eirinn.
- 10 Do bha Corachar thall a stigh,  
Is arl Righ-laochar na Teimhre;  
Fionn mac Righ raigh  
An ceathramh cuiridh co muca.
- 11 Chuige mise 'n dubhirt Curioigh,  
Araon agus O Conachir;  
Aog mac Garaadh a Ghluin-ghil,  
Is Caoilte gleghéal Mac Ronain.
- 12 Na tig air sin a Churiogh,  
'S na canta comhra gun eilí;  
Cho torachar leis gru fhoill,  
Góil air rioghachd Eirinn.



- 13 Mur e 'n Garbh Mae Stairn a t' ann,  
On' Ghruig namharaidh ro ghairg;  
Bheir e leis ar góill air nuair,  
Dh' aindeoin fearaibh Fiannaibh.
- 14 Chunnáic mí cuig eitha deuga,  
Do chathan Flumulairean 's ní m breug;  
Aig breath san tír Shoir air a Garbh,  
A' maogh Gamaín nan goirean.
- 15 Bheirneis briathar Rígh arm,  
Fhearaibh Ailidh na h-Eirinn;  
Nach do leig an Garbh iad ó'n mhaogh,  
Gus 'n do ghláib é goil gach aon fíur.
- 16 Sin 'nuair dhubhrt Connall cearnach,  
Ursan eitha nan blagh teimbreach,  
Cho d' theid mí fein ris dam bliain,  
Cho mhó is eolach mí ma bheusan.
- 17 Sin 'nuair dhubhrt gead mac Machaith,  
'N laoch b' flurast aithsheinn;  
Chá deach mí riabh aon cheutu sor na siar,  
A dh' fholum gaisge a' luidhigheachd.
- 18 Tabhair mo ghil tháil' sí stigh,  
Inghin ó chli' Flath na feile;  
Na leigibh oglach nan Cath,  
Do thigh teimhre nan Rígh-fhlath.
- 19 Sin 'nuair dhubhrt Connall gu cóir,  
Deadh mhac aluin an eidirsgoil;  
Cho bhí é re aratin a blean  
Gun diult sinn uile re aon fhear.
- 20 Leigibh a steach am fear mór,  
Gu prap am lathair an t sloigh;  
Iomad cheud arvitheadh dho san t sreth;  
Muna chuireadh e na shuighe.
- 21 Feargus mac Rossain ic Rá,  
'N laoch a b' áirde dhe fhearaibh Fáil,  
Cho b' áirde Fearguth a stigh,  
No' a Garbh Mae Stairn 'na shuidhe.
- 22 Pronn cheud do bháidh 's do dhíbe,  
Chuaidh a dheannam dosan gun fhuireach;  
Sa thoir re na chaitheamh don fhear mhór,  
Thainig as an Eassa Roinh.
- 23 'Nuair bu shaitheach don fhear mhór,  
'S a thuigens greis air an ól;  
Thug se súil naite nua,  
Air chaogad mac Rígh na thimchioll.
- 24 Do bheathsa fíur mhór,  
Thainig as an Eass a roimh;  
'S na bitheadh ní bu leithe steach,  
Gheabha thusa fiáil is faoite.
- 25 Cho táirís leam air faoite,  
Gus an iadhna mur ar braide;  
Gus an cuir fam an nam luig a steach,  
Rígh na mhíe Rígh na h- Eirinn.
- 26 Sin 'nuair ghabha na mic Rígh,  
Ann an Tighe Teimhre gu fíur;  
'S a chuireadh iad a muigh,  
Don treun laoch na lathair.
- 27 Ge bu laothadh gach fear dhínbh sin,  
No an Garbh mac Stairn stanf hieclach;  
Cho tluigheadh fear siar no soir,  
Dhiubh an asinn a ghníomh lomadh.
- 28 Sin 'nuair thuir Briehni gu muait  
Mac mhíe Cairbre ó'n Chraoibh Ruaidh,  
Fear is faoite dhuit gun fheall,  
Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 29 'S mise Bhrathadh dhuit na Braidean,  
As an faighe tu na táinteán;  
Buin leat Lughá mac ó Rígh,  
Agus Fianbhí mac Gorigh.
- 30 Aogh mac Garadh a Ghlúin ghil,  
Is Caoite ro Ghead mac Roinn,  
Fear Dian taobh ghil,  
Agus Fraoch fiáil mac Fíuic.
- 31 Luaghá sgia argumeid am blagh,  
Deadh mhac Rí leathan Lhean,  
Cormaig an Luigens gu muait  
Mac mhíe Cairbre ó'n Chraoibh Ruaidh.
- 32 Buinne horbarra nach borb a steach,  
Buin leat gu luath ó Fhearghuth.
- 33 Maed aineachd air Eirinn míle,  
Dhuitsa umsa Briehni Bhrabhú,  
Ad sa Bhíes mise 'm Rígh gu teann,  
Air ard Ríoghachd na h-Eirinn.
- 34 'S an an sin' thog Cuchulín a sgia,  
Thair a mhaoin Bharraliath;  
Sheal Snaois air a dha shlagh,  
'S ghlac Connall a Chloilheachab.
- 35 Sin nuair thubhrt Briehni gu muait,  
Mac mhíe Cairbre ó'n Chraoibh Ruaidh;  
Cia thorehar leat dol' na d' luig,  
'S tu gun ghéil ó'n Choinehullin.
- 36 Am bheil aig Cuchullin mac,  
Inis gu fíur a Bhriehni  
Nim bheil aig Cuchullin Mac,  
Na nian is Gile glae.
- 37 Na Dallan munidh Brághad,  
Na mac dílis deagh mháthar,  
Ach b' annsa leis mois anaigh,  
A Bhrathair Ailbhín agus ardan.
- 38 Freagir a Choinehullain choin,  
A mhíe send rígh subhad;  
Teirbert snaoise an dò cheann,  
'S air do chuid do dh' fhearaibh Eirinn.
- 39 Nim fearr mír no Snaois,  
Nim fearr laoch a Chomh aois;  
Ach Diogaidh Snaois cóir nath,  
Ceud do gach cuiridh combla.
- 40 Bheirimsa Briathar Rígh ann,  
Fhearaibh Ailidh na h-Eirinn;  
Nach d'teid mí fein ann nam Luig,  
'S mí Gun Gheil on Choinehullin.
- 41 Bheirimsa Briathar Rígh eile,  
Se labhair e n t ard Chú armach;  
Nach d'teid mo Gheilsa air sáil,  
S mí fein an nam Bheatha.
- 42 'S Bodach ú bhíodh an Úlluighbenchd,  
'S ole u fein 's ole t' fhear muintir;  
'S ole Bean do thagh  
'S cho'n fhearr a luchd aon tigh,
- 43 'S cho d' tabhair u mo Ghéil air Sáil,  
'S gun annad fein ach allamarrach.
- 44 Sin nuair dh' eirich 'u da thriath,  
Le neart an clodhean is an sgia;  
Gun d' fhogruadh an tallamh team,  
Le traighean ann sa 'nuair sin.
- 45 'S ioma Buille fuidh bhíle sgia,  
'S ioma Clisnich re Chiar,  
Mar thuaim Coille le gaoidh nan Gleann,  
Bha Selco nan curidhnan co teann.
- 46 Seachd oidhechan agus seachd lá,  
Dhoibh aig Imarsceo sa aig Jomarb hai;  
Sa'n ceann an noidheamh trá  
Cho b' áird e n Garbh air amhoigh na C'uehullin-  
a Ghaisae.
- 47 Ach an ceann an t seachdamh ló,  
Thug C'uehullin beum dhó,  
Sgoilte leis ó Bhrann gu Bran,  
An sgiath eangach órbhuigh.
- 48 Noish on a thoirig mo sgia,  
A Choinehullin a dhairgneas triath;  
Aon cheim teichidh siar no soir,  
Cho dliubram is mí 'm bheatha.
- 49 Bheirimsa Briathar Rígh eile,  
Se labhair e n t ard Chú Joraghil;  
N t aona Chém Teich Siar na Sor,  
Cho n eil fuidh d' roghu a dheanadh.

- 50 Thig Cuchullin dheth a sgia,  
Thair a mhaoln Bharra-liath;  
Geb eimach gum b' ole an fheall,  
Ls maithreamh naiste na h-Eirinn.
- 51 Thig Cuchullin beum eilli  
Le moid a mheamhinn is asgeine,  
Thogadh leis a lamh sa lann,  
Is sgar e 'n cean ri cholluin.
- 52 Machd aineachd air Eirinn uilli,  
Dhuitse namsa choinneulin;  
Sa chead chorn gun fheall,  
Ann am lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 53 Rinn mise gnìomh air gilu nan euan,  
Creideadh an Rì mur is dual,  
Tha leaba aon laoiach 'n so a bha air Cuan,  
Tha nìudh gun aiasg aig Iomairt stuagh.
- 54 Thrial gu tigh teimhre nan Rìghfhath,  
Ghabhail gèid air fearaibh Eirinn.

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

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

- 1 SCUAB Garbh na sleibhteann,  
'S ghull na glinn fo chois;  
Lub na caoiltean an cinn ualach,  
'S thiorinnich suas na tuiltean nisg.
- 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 futhas baoth,  
Chual i ghaodh a rain' a sgairet;  
Sheall am fir eum gu nuathara claon,  
Co iad na daoine tha ruag mo theach?
- 4 Bha garbh treun mar shruth a ghlinne,  
'S am fireach a' cridheach fo ghluasaid;  
Uamhasach mar thorrnan a gheamhraidh,  
Ri oidheche annradh ann am fuathais.
- 5 Arda mar Ghinbhas na beinne,  
'San ceò a' tionadh ma'n cuairt d'i;  
Marbhtach mar cheud tamag,  
Aig earra daingean Loda bhuailtich.
- 6 B' fharsaing rioghachd Gharabh Mhoir,  
Bu lionmhor sloigh toirt dha cain;  
Bha chann mhaoth a' basteadh ainm,  
Is daoine a' crathadh an cinn gu cor.
- 7 Dh' fhag e a thalla stoirmeil,  
Dh' amhare Thuail an fhuilt dhuinn;  
Tual Mac rìgh Lochlain aigh,  
A choinnich ait an Albinn bbig.
- 8 Air sgiathaibh gaoithe sgoilt e'u euan,  
Gu Dun Mhic Tuail nan iona' creach;  
Theich na sloigh roimh a cheum,  
Bh' an rathad reidh gu Dun nanalach.
- 9 Co chogadh ri Garabh Mac Stairn?  
Co sheasadh blar na tìla?  
B' fharsaing eriochan Thuail,  
Thar garbh bheamtan ciar na Tuath.
- 10 A ghaigich mar aon bha dana,  
'S lionmhor blar a chuir iad thairis;  
Raining Garabh crom ghleann nan craobh,  
'Shloid e sia evoian Ghuibhais o thalamh.
- 11 Chuir *faileas* iar o theas na greine (*dubhar*),  
Fhreachair na creagan do ghlaoth;  
Gheill gach bealach do neart,  
Raining e ard thir Mhic Tuail.
- 12 'S flauair e gu faolaidh fosgailte.
- 13 Choinnich Mac Tuail e air an thraoch,  
Chuir failt gu caoin *iar* a charaid;  
Do bheatha a dh' Alluinn nam beann,  
A mhic Stairne o 'n duthaich tha 'n ear.'
- 14 'S lionar feachd gu cleachd s gu tiorachd,  
Thig a steach fo sgrath mo thighe;  
Biodh cuirm is aighir air bhordaibh,<sup>1</sup>  
Seinneadh mo bhaireid eiu nan trennfhear.
- 15 Tha na bliadhna a threig a piltinn,  
Latha Scalg nan gleann ciara;  
Thaig Fionn 'sa shloigh nan coir.
- 16 Co as tha na fir armach ghasda,  
'Se labhair rìgh Shehma chruinn;  
Bheil am fiadhach a' dol leibh,  
No 'n teid sibh leam gu Dun ban?
- 17 Bha eiu Ghairbh sna danaibh  
Bha eagal air Fionn roimh a theachd;  
Cha b' ail air leis a bhann 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 fhoilidh riamh is tarsaing,  
Dun am b' ait leam bhi le'm mheann  
Dun o'm faicte uile maise.  
'S tric an d' fhuair an t-aineol biadh.
- 19 Thaig Garabh le cheathairne chor,  
Ochd ficead fear fo'n earra shroil;  
Floigh Mac Tuail le chomhairlich fein,  
'S le choisridh dhonna dhana threun.
- 20 'S ann an sin bha chuirm gun aithris,  
Fion na Greige as Beoir na Macharach;  
Ceol nam fìlhdh fonn nan clar,  
Dan nam ban, is eachd nan Treun.
- 21 'S fad bha aoibhneas an Talla 'n Dun,  
'S cuimhne leam, a riuin an latha;  
Ach mo thruaighe dh' fhalbh am fìlhdh san dan,  
'S cha 'n eil a lathair ach smurach faiche.
- 22 Ann an sealla Dun Mhic Tuail,  
Bha Dun Fhinn gu narach ard;  
23 A ghnath a seida senech a bhalla,  
'Se gun chrith, chneth, gun spairn;  
A thuran, daingean da fhilt dealbhach,  
Mar chreig albhin lamh ri shaid.
- 24 Sheid an glagaire an corn buadhach,  
A dh' adhare buabbh grunn nan beann;  
A thionadh a steach na coisruidh,  
Do 'm bu choir bhi fiadhach mheall.
- 25 O chreag gu creag leum a ghaodh,  
Mar oiteag ghaioth am bar nan crann;  
Thaig fuidhì mhòr a ghlinne,  
Le 'n coin innealta gu sealg.
- 26 Thaig fir a bhraigh sgaireil,  
Le 'n eachaibh tartarach is 'n cuim;  
Thaig gaisgich Lecha fhuaimnich,  
Thaig Duthich, Buich 's Baimch.
- 27 Thaig Diarmad donn 's Cullin,  
Thaig Buidhne de gach fine;  
Rìgh b'e sin na daoine treubhach,  
Bha cruit, bha clar, bha feudan redha.
- 28 A' enr euslan fad air astar,  
Sheall Garabh gu dur nuathara;  
Air na fenechdaibh nuadh, calma;  
Fhinn Mhic Cuthail nan ceud eath,
- 29 Cha 'n iogha thu fein bhi dana,  
Agad tha na buidhne crodha,  
Dealbhach, tosaich, bonnach, craidhach,  
Tosach, cudthromach, beussach,
- 30 Gach fear mer reth bhainne traighe  
'S teare a chithear an leithid.  
O ob shruth gu ruth nan Gael,  
Ghluais na fir nan ard shunt;  
Gu siubhach thar gnus na faiche.
- 31 Mhic Stairne, thuir Fionn an cainnt reidh,  
'S mor do neart, tha t' ainm ga reir;  
Tilg a chloch 's thig deuch a dh' Allainn,
- 32 Thog Garabh a chreag ghailteach luchdmòr,  
'S thug urellar ri agbaidh 'n Duin;  
Clurth Selma le mor eagal,  
Sgoilt peircall an Dun ge b' ail.

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

- 33 Dh' fhag eachniman san fhaiche,  
Bheuchd na creagan le toirn;  
Theich Mac Talla le bruidhlean,  
'S dh' fhalbh snuadh na coille gu bas.
- 34 Deach a ghairbh nam beum,  
Do mhòr spionna fein 's do chliu.  
Thuir Fionn 's a smòin a crathadh,  
Mar cheo a sgaradh air carn.
- 35 Chrom Garbh a cheann gaisge,  
'S thog a chreag gu h-ìrsach ur;  
Dh' fhalbh i o laimh mar dhealan,  
'S rinn i sgar an ceann an Dùin.
- 36 A mhala mhine, tha lan de uisge,  
Leum an aillbinn air ais;  
Gu bras beumalach, buarasach, ard,  
Creigean 's oranach a' goilleadh  
Spreidh a' eritheadh gu bas,  
Stad i air Dail an fhraoich  
Ged is faon i 'n duigh bhaigh
- 37 Bha Mic Fhinn 'sau gnuis gu dearach,  
Thug Mac Stairne cibbin buaidh;  
Dh' eirich Goll Mor Mac Morna,  
Fear nach sora riabh an beum.
- 38 Thog e 'n Tulach a tallaibh,  
'S thug e urchoir laidir dhian;  
Theich siol Lochlainn le foghna,  
Thog a chlarsach caithream buaidh,  
Thog siol Alba laehan gaire,  
'S sheall Dùn ban air chaochla snuadh.
- 39 Chaidh iad sin a dh' fheadhach bheann,  
A ruaga 'n tuire le thuig oillt;  
Treis an toir air loin is eild,  
Is air damh alluidh nan ceum calma.
- 40 Phill Garabh gu Dùn Mhic Tuail,  
Thriall Fionn gu Buth nan struth;  
Thainig sgeul gha cruaidh ri eisd  
Dh' iarr Garabh cios o'n Fheinn le tair.  
No comhrag cuig ceud sar ghaigeach,  
Ceud loghainn chon ceud seobhag suaire  
Ceud each luath a bluinghadh geall,  
Ceud earra shroil leuiteag ur.
- 41 Bhuail Fionn an ard bheum sgeithe,  
Chruinnich a threun fhearann ri cheil;  
Bhruchd iad mar thuil nan gleanntan,  
Co sheasadh san am sin roimh an dluthas.
- 42 Rainig Garabh buth nan struth,  
Le buidhinn eholgara dhana;  
Bha Grainne san tall fo eagal,  
Fionn a fadhbach am feudanaibh duinte.
- 43 Dh' iarr Garabh aoidheachd 's muirn,  
Mar charaid a bhithedh dlu dhi fein;  
Aoidheachd cha do dhuilt mi riabh,  
Labbair 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 niann leibh fhaotainn  
Gheibh le thachd.
- 45 Thug i dhoibh sìthann bheann,  
As lionn nach do thoga o bhrach;  
Dh' eirich na h-altaraich gnotha,  
Gu chomhla a tharruing nach.
- 46 Ach thogar an glaodh Foinne,  
Is dhuig gach tom is glaic;  
Sheall Garabh thar a ghalainn,  
Chuunaic gu luath Fionn le fheadhd.
- 47 An e so diol na h-aoidheachd a Ghairbh,  
Mo theach 's mo bhean a thuir am;  
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 *toimhainn* (loghainn)  
De fheadhraibh an domhainn a thainig.
- 49 Bratach Fhinn sgaol sa' ghleann,  
An deo gbreine bu deirge cruth;  
Thog a chlarsach a fuaim catha,  
'Sthog Caorull gu h-ard a ghuth.
- 50 Bha Fionn mar ghrian fo ghrainn,  
'Nuair dhomhlaicheas uimpe ceo duachnì tigh:  
Air nairibh chitcur a gnuis aobhinn,  
Air nairibh i gailach duth,
- 51 Tharruing na sloigh o 'n t-sliabh,  
Gu toslach dian eham euchd;  
B' uamhasach sealladh gach nùl,  
Bu cinnteach buille an creuchd.
- 52 Ni 'n d' athairich Garabh Ceum,  
'Sa threun fhearann daingean ri chul;  
An sleaghan nan cuil nìmh ri 'u guailin,  
Am boghan cruaidh deas mar an ruin.
- 53 Clanna Baoisge thilg an sleaghan,  
'S tharruing an claidhean foimneanta gear;  
Sgath iad siol Lochlainn gu taluath  
Mar loisgeas falaig an tìr fheur.
- 54 A' m' laimhsa bha neart an la ad,  
A Mhalmhine cha b' eagal leam;  
Theich Garabh bras mar cholman,  
'San seobhag grad na dheigh,  
Ghleith sinn ar tighen 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 RAING Garabh Dùn nam buadh,  
Dun ri 'n Inaidhear Buelanti;  
Fharas Grainne fuinadh san talla,  
Bha Fionn na chodan an crethaist dhlù  
Le lùbaibh 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 Ghormla,  
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;  
Chail e a muir a thiola,  
Le faicail ghuineach a bhanbhi,  
Ciod as aois do d' leanabh a Ghrainne,  
'Se labhair gu h-arrach Garabh.
- 6 Mioschan beag a th' am,  
Ma dh' fhasas gach mìos mar so;  
'Se fircagair Garbh gu tigh dian,  
Bithidh airde mar airde nan beann,  
'Se neart mar neart na iomghaoith dhechorach
- 7 Dh' fhalbh Garbh a choimhead cumbachdan  
naraig  
Far an tric a gheill an Roimh,  
'S ann fhuair Sliochd nan Gael buaidh,  
Trusgan a bhuaibhail ghabh Fionn,  
'S' thachair air Garbh aig murlin nan alt.  
Rinn Faolan le mend a sgoil,

- Sheas an roth chloch mhúilín aig an dorus,  
Na pilleadh Fionn o' n t-seilg,  
'Se thuir an Garbh le mor fhámb,  
C' ait an bheic a spionna 'sa threis ?
- 8 Feumaidh e combrag a thoirt a Ghrabh,  
No tuiteam gu balbh fo mhéin;  
Cha 'n aon mise de na treun,  
Deir Luna la treun ghuth.
- 9 Chuunaic mi Fionn le beag spairn,  
Tilgeadh na Gra chloich sin thar an tigh;  
G'a comblachadh air an taobh eile,  
M'an ruigeadh i 'm blar g'a luathas.
- 10 Sheall Garbh le sneithe gaire,  
Air a chloich cruin mar an Ré;  
Ballach mar an spur ud shuas,  
Trom mar Dhungal le choille dheurach,  
Cha 'n eil e beo do 'n gellinn 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 kaimh,  
Gu luath thairis air gleam 's air beam.
- 12 Ghluais Luna ba haithe ceum,  
Thachair air Garbh an gleann caillich;  
An Uidham balaich 'se treun,  
Bha 'n fhendail ri taobh na aibhne seimh
- 13 Bheil Fionn sa' choire, no sa chathair?  
Cha 'n eil, thuir Luath bheul le cainnt ghradh,  
Tha Fionn an Imis fail nan tonn,  
Tha fhonn feadh fhiorech is gblaic,  
Tha Fionn an neart gun choimeas,  
Chuir Fionn righ an Dombain fu smachd.
- 14 Faic an tarbh beneach gruamach,  
An eum thu air chluais e air raon?  
Rug e air an tarbh ge b' alma  
Rug Luath bheul air a chluais eile.
- 15 Sgaoilteadh an t-annit cha b' fhaoin,  
A' Luath bheul! cha 'n eil thu clí;  
Ma tha Fionn an 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 coilleam om' fremhaibh,  
Thogadh e euníc o' n t-athaibh;
- 17 Thionndaidheadh e aimbhicean uisge,  
Thionndaidheadh Grian dreusg ghradhach;  
Dhutha e 'n Dombain le torunn,  
Co dh' fheucha' ri bothan a haradh?  
Fagam a rioghachd gu luath,  
'S trugh teachd fo fheirg sna blaraibh.

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

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

Stewart's Book. 1813.

- 1 Is tiabhaidh nochd Gleann combhann,  
Gun ghuth gaohair, a's gun cheol,  
Gun thuaim air Chláraidh nan tóid,  
Gun nirsgeal Threun, a's gun ól.
- 2 Fhoad guth nan Fídh na Mhúr,  
Tha muir a Bluidhne air sgar,  
Níor fhan ach mise na'n deigh,  
'S mo chomadh air treigsin tur.
- 3 Is mí an sean-fhear gun treoir,  
Mar aon Lon leant' anns a choill,  
Mar shóinn gun snodhach, gun fhás,  
Air chaileach 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'fháinn a dhorn air a beart.
- 5 Cha b'ambhaidh iar chath nan Sleagh  
Fhóinn 'sa mheanma ri fleagh Fhóinn,  
'Nuair thiomail mu'n Righ a Lioich,  
'S lasair chraobh ri solus grinn.
- 6 Chaidh sligean, a's cuirn mu'n cuairt,  
Cha'n fhaicteadh gruaim air gnais,  
Agus co-sheirn cheann, a's chlár,  
A' togail ábhachd, a's máirn.
- 7 Ri Ulann, a's Cairiol, a's Raoini,  
Labhair Fionn Ghael gu fóil,  
Togaibh Dáin luaidh ar Trein fhir,  
A choisín o chein clin, mar chóir.
- 8 'S ait le Righ Lochlain nam buadh  
Na Dáin a luaidheas deagh-ghníomh,  
'S is taitneach le Fionn an géus,  
Thug air beus Ghaisceach na strí.
- 9 Leig mo Righ maraon, a's Mac Stairn  
Ri b'éisteachd Chlársach nan tóin,  
Bha céud Cruit, 's dá chaogal Bárd,  
Mu'n dá Ard Righ air an Tóin.
- 10 Chaitheadh mar sin an oíche,  
Gu soilse maidne súr-ghil,  
'Nuair chluinnteadh caismeachd an stíe,  
A' gresadh Fhear Lochlain gu tráigh.
- 11 Níor hósda astar an long,  
Ag ascnadh thonn air an leirg,  
A's strann-ghaoth Eire fuasadh,  
An Sleisdean thar cuan-sbruth-mear.
- 12 A mhúathan na tìre a's soir,  
A's buidhe tolt, 's is geal braghad,  
A's tric air muir tabhairt sbúl,  
'S a tathaich brú na traigh.
- 13 Coisgear re seal ur 'n iomguin,  
'S an Cabhlach ag ionpaidh nur dáil,  
A's subhach leam sibh gu fhairgsin  
Air faireg mar eun fáine.
- 14 Ach 's trugh leam cuid agaibh caoidh,  
Nan Saol math, 's fearn na brathair,  
Na leannain caoin, gheal, ciuin,  
Nach stiuir an fead long thar bárlinn.
- 15 'S cruaidh leam ur'n aire nu dhéibhinn  
Na chaidh an Eirin fadh úir  
Is túrsach leam sgal an con  
Air fiadh, na lon nach tabhair sbuil.
- 16 Is goirt leam an donnal bróin,  
A' togail sgeoil d'an caomhainn  
Taibhse nan treun bhí 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<sup>e</sup> name of a place.

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

<sup>1</sup> *dh* sounds *g*.<sup>2</sup> Coilte, the son of Ronan, by tradition was one of the Fingaians, 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, Elbs), written in the early part of the 14th century, in England (Milun, vol. iii. 184, vol. iv. Popular Tales, p. 260.) As part of the Story of Cuchullin, the story was known in Scotland about 1512 (A. 2), and other versions of it are in texts L. 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 nair*, which name is compounded from two words which mean 'great feats.' The geography is about Clyde and Morven, instead of Skye and the coast of Ireland. The son who is slain is named 'Carthon,' instead of 'Conlaoch.' Fingal and other names, which are not in the old story, appear. As a composition, the whole seems to be original. The Gaelic of 1807 ends abruptly where the ballad story begins. I believe the Gaelic to be a modern translation from the English, so far as it goes, for I cannot identify one line with any of my Gaelic texts. Nevertheless, the story told of Cuchullin and Conlaoch in 1512 was in the English 'Carthon' of 1762. In 1787 Dr. Smith, who lived in the same district as Kennedy (I.), published another Gaelic poem on the same theme, which I believe to be his own composition. 548 lines, p. 158.

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

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

GILCALLUM M'YNNOLLAIG IN TURSKEAIL SO SEISS.

- 1 Dì choala ma fad o hèn  
Skail dì vonais re còwe  
Is traa za haythris gow trome  
Gata mir aneuss orrin

- 2 Clanni rowre ni braa mawle  
Fa chonchor is fa chonnill  
Dì bur low oyg err wyg  
Er hurlar chogew ullyth
- 3 Ga hygh ne hanik ma genn  
Fa ullyth leihre vanva  
Cath ag waall innoyr ellyth  
Dar zymone clannyth rowre
- 4 Hanik hukkith borbe a reith  
Ir gurro croith *conchibh*  
A zis ni mur glarrith grunn  
Oo zowu skayth gow errinn
- 5 Dì lawir conchowr re caach  
Ca zoveniyn ehon in naglath  
Dì wrea beacht nyn skailith zaa  
Gr teachta la harroith woa
- 6 Glossis counil nar lag lawe  
Dì wrea skailleith din vaekein  
Er darve torrin din leich  
Cayvelir counil laa conleich
- 7 Ner zoive in leich ra lawyth  
Connil freich forranych  
Cayd dar sloyg dì cawleith less  
Aygnyth is bone ri haythris
- 8 Carreith teachtir canni ni conni  
Woo hardre aygnueith ulleith  
Gow down dalgin zranyth zlyin  
Sen down gaylith ni geill
- 9 Woyn down sin di loyr linni  
Dì zaugnowne neyn orginn  
Teggows gneive nyn serrith sange  
Gow reith feilyth ny warrinn
- 10 Dissrych sloyg ullith oynnyth  
Teigowss kow ni creive roye  
Mak dettin o zoig mir howe  
Nar ettee teacht dor gowir
- 11 Faddeith or *chonchor* riss in gon  
Wayghiss gin teacht dar gowir  
Is counil surrych nyn stead marrayth  
In gwrych is keada dor sloygh
- 12 Deakir zoiss wee ym bred  
A ir churre er charrit  
Ne in raith dole in aygnnyth a lanni  
Si' taa lar chawleith connil
- 13 Na smein gin dole na zye  
A re ni gornalann granole  
A lawe croy gin lagga re nacht  
Smoyr er heddyth is a gwreith
- 14 Cowchullin nyn sann lanni sleim  
Near a choala turyth connil  
Dì zlossa la trane a lawe  
Dì wraa skaille dyn wackawe
- 15 Innis downi er tocht id zailli  
A raig in tow nar ob tegwaill  
A liss raa in nawryth zoe  
Fiss tarn ka di zowchiss
- 16 Dym zaissew er teacht wom hey  
Gin skaili a zimsi zoew  
Da ninsin di neach elli  
Id zraith zimsin dare
- 17 Corrik rymstith is egin dud  
Na skail ainsyth mir charrit  
Gawstith zi royg a keyv lag  
Ne gail tyigil vin chorrik
- 18 Ach na wea gne dighow nargenn  
A honchow aw ne herrin  
A lawe zasga in dowss trot  
Mo cloa wea in nasge aggit
- 19 Heymon and dlyr ehon a chaill  
Ni ta corrik a vanvaill  
Na makan di tor a zwn  
In daltan croye layreith

- 20 Cowchullin is corrik croye  
Di wee in lay sen fa zemye  
A invak di maarwe less  
In ter lat eahn coive zlass
- 21 Innis downni er cove ni glass  
O teith fest for naiddeis  
Taru is di lonni gi lom  
Na terg a zulchin orrin
- 22 Is me condeich m' nocon  
Ir zleith zown dalgin  
Is me rown dakzis ym bron  
Is tow ag skay di tollwun
- 23 Vii bleyu di waa ma horri  
Fylwun zasga wom war  
Ni classi ler horcher maa  
Waa zessew a vylwun urma
- 24 Smeis cowchullin vor maik  
A v' ne in draich za chow  
Gur smeine nar wraik feiltyth in ir  
A rey k a chwncith si chateive
- 25 A arwm re corp no con  
Di chow is beeg nor skarri  
Re fagsin a cowlwoe a zlyn  
Gasgeith zownyth dalgin
- 26 Mak sawalti mor a fyme  
Ne low ym broin it ta orrin.

Di.

## I. 2. BAS CHIUINLAOICH. 444 lines.

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

## THE DEATH OF CONLAOCH.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE following poem is a perfect Tragedy. Conlach, or rather Ciunlach (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 embasage and tell who he was, and what place or people he belonged to, which the brave stranger durst not make known until defeated. The invincible and intrepid Cuchulin unwillingly engaged his only son, who

tremulously studied only to defend himself and spare his father. Cuchullin finding himself incapable to overcome him by arms begun to throw the Gath-bolg or arrows, wherewith the valorous Conlach fell as being not accustomed to. This method of fighting is thought to have been executed by throwing their darts and lances at each other upon the 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 Combrag. '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 CHIUINLAOICH.

- 1 Gur e so an t-ursgeul fior,  
'S ann leamsa gu sior is eumhain;  
Ann latha bha sinn gu muirneach,  
A steach air urlar Cuig Ulann.
- 2 Maille ri Conal an t-sloigh,  
Bha 'n t Osgar 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 gaotach Mac Cunnail.
- 4 Dh' iucas iad oirn o gach taobh,  
Ar maitibh caoin-gheal gun tiorna;  
Gu teach lua'-ghairach an Rìogh,  
Gun casbuidh air ni ach stugle.
- 5 Labhair Conal Thonna-gorma,  
Biodh gairdeach an ghradh a fhlaithibh;  
Seinnibh eathrean buaidh gach fìdh,  
'S orain bhinne fea' mo Thalla.
- 6 An fhea' sa raibh flegch an aros,  
Deannach abhachd agus iomairt;  
Cuiribh an t slige mun enairt duinn,  
Biodh eibhneas air gruaidh gae mithi'.
- 7 O bhadaibh! seinnibh na duana',  
Cluinibh an slaugh ar lua'-ghaire;  
Coi'-fhreagradh creagan, is gheantaidh,  
Do choi'-sheimn cheanu is ehlaraibh.
- 8 Mar sin duinne subhach, solach,  
Ag eisteachd eol san teach eibhinn;  
Fea' an lo sin, is na h' eiche,  
Gus na shoillsich ma'nainn glùe-gheal.
- 9 Channaig sinn air bharrabh euvantaidh,  
Eibhies lath, mar ean air faire;  
Sgoltadh gach tonn uar a dh' eiridh,  
Toirt gu tìr nam feara dana.
- 10 Triuir laoch calma, talmhaidh, treorach,  
'S am folt oir mun gnaillean ards;  
Mac samhail cho' n fhaca 'n iogail,  
Bha coi'-chumit 'au neart' s an aille.
- 11 Bha diais diu 'n uigheam Oglaoch,  
'S am fear corr fu' chlogaidh stailin;  
Bha clòidheadh ra leis ro an-ohor  
Is sleagh nar chrann luing ra ghairdein.
- 12 Shuithich iad pabull do 'n toinnte,  
Air carrag huir fu' ar combuidh;  
An triuir sin an uigheam catha,  
Bu mhaith gabhail ri h-nehid combrag.
- 13 Dh' fhiosrach Conal do 'n ehle'-armach  
Bu dea-labhrach ann 'sgach co'ail;  
Co reachadh a ghabhail sgeula,  
Do 'n triuir cheantach thaing oirne.
- 14 Do fhearraig e laoch na Mithheadh,  
'S na Lutbaich bu bhinne comhradh;  
Theid sinne dh' fhaighail an sgenka,  
Chonail fheilidh, na sa deannach ?
- 15 'S deannach leamsa Chlanna eumhainn,  
A fhuair nram ann sna blarabh;  
Bha gu h' iochdar, feilidh, soghrach,  
Do gach onrachdan nuair b' àrrach.

- 16 Ghluais sea-deug dhù chum na tràdhadh,  
Gu nuirneach, badhach, fuill-labhair;  
'S bheannaich iad do 'n Mhacai' nasol,  
Bha ur-shnaidhar, mar an t-earach.
- 17 Labhair Beuldearg bu bhim chomhra',  
Chuir Conal cro' sinn gu d' fheuchainn;  
Fhìr is maille rosg, is aill thu,  
No mhadaim air carr an t-sleibhe.
- 18 Co thu fein, no cia do dhuthaich,  
No cia 'n Tur an d' fhuair thu t' arach;  
Cìod a ghluais thu gu rioghach Eireann,  
Thair na eunta', beucach, cair-gheal?
- 19 Shud dh' iarr Conal oirme fheoraich,  
'S tu dhòl combla rinn gu aros;  
A chaitheadh na fha' le naislean,  
Is a dh' eisdeachadh dhuanha bha' bhinn.
- 20 Cho 'n fheud mise idir innseadh,  
Co mi fein no cia mo mhuintir;  
Aih do laoch d' an iul an spair-meachd,  
Mo dhi-armach, is mo chiumbhrach.
- 21 Mar a fend tha ogaìn fhior-ghlòin,  
Dhuinne innseadh ach mar labhair  
Air tus chaich do bheiream d' fheuchainn,  
Air tu fein a chur fù' cheangal.
- 22 Dh' eirich an t-Ogen, is Beuldearg,  
Air a cheile 'n spoirneachd ghabhaidh;  
'S na cara cian taobh na tuinne,  
Leagadh Mac Luthaich fù' shailtean.
- 23 Chuir e a chaol fù' 'n aon rithe,  
An lathair na Mithich threuna;  
'S an eoidhe 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 fù' chuibhreach laidir  
Leis an Arman an t-sea deug ud.
- 25 Daol a bha faire na tuinne,  
Air an eirichd buinnean arla;  
Ghluais e gu lua' dh' ionnsuidh Chonail,  
'S dh' airis e mar so mar tharladh.
- 26 Tha Mithich nan studa, meara,  
'S na Luthaich is nimhe 'n combrag;  
Sea-deug dhui fù' chuibhreach gabhaidh,  
Aig a bhlan laoch ud na onrachd.
- 27 'S mor is measa no bhì mharbh dhoibh,  
Bhì dì' armaicht' aig aon duine;  
Eirich a Chonail chaomh, bhaghaich,  
'S fuasgail air do chairdean uile.
- 28 Do ghluais Conal, 's cha bu lag lamh,  
Dhòl a ghabhail sgeul do 'n Mhacai';  
A thoirt fuasglaidh do 'n bha' 'n bruid,  
Gun euraidh ro' thruid, 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 Mithich ceansaicht.
- 30 Fhìr mhoir thainig air lear oirnn,  
Las teas am chroidhe ge gradh dhuit;  
Tha t' fhòt mar or no gath greine,  
Loineadh air na sleibhte lamb-ruinn.
- 31 Tha do chreth mar ghagan ghlèantaibh,  
Ann teas sambrailh fù' bharr aille;  
'Scaol do mhala, 's cinn do rosgan,  
Mar fhann osrach ghaoith air faire.
- 32 Mar chran fù' bhath tha do ghruaidhean,  
'S fhada buan do shìos a Churaidh;  
Do shuil mar dhealt air nach sleibhe,  
'S deirge do bheil no na sughan.
- 33 Do dheud mar ur-shneachd air ghengan  
Mar aiteal do 'n gheirn air nach thu,  
Ogaìn chaoin-ghil nan dual ar-bhuidh,  
'S mor a dh' has re, 's math am baile.
- 34 So dhuit anois bri' mo sgeilse,  
'S maith do ghniomh a threim, 's do ghabhail;  
Cìod a ghluais u o d' fheach combhuidh,  
Mas ann do 'n chonach, 's mor m' aoidhear.
- 35 Do thainig mise 'n iochd teachdair,  
Dh' fhiosracha' dhìot co do dhaoine;  
Co u fein, no cia do chairdean,  
No cia 'n t-aite 'n d' fhuair u t' fhaol'm?
- 36 Sin a nì nach fheadam innseadh,  
Ach do neach bhèir dhom e reiginn;  
No 'n innsin e neach sa chala,  
Do dh' fhear a ghabhail, cho 'n curaimn.
- 37 So Rìogh Ulann, 's Thonna gorma,  
Is aon laoch borlaidh na h-Eìreann;  
No ceill do sgeul ormsa mhillidh,  
Ge mor do ghniomh ann a t-eug-bhail.
- 38 Mo sgeula cho 'n fhendair innseadh,  
A chonail na mìl' catha,  
Co mi fein o 'n tha fù' gheusan,  
Gus an toir treis dhìom e dh' aindeoin.
- 39 'S nìs is urrainn sin, is feucham,  
Do radh Conal treun, is ghlae e;  
'S mi treas laoch gaisgidh an domhain,  
'S cho d' fhuair coimheach riamh mì ghlaicte.
- 40 Thug iad na suinn ceud car calma,  
Taobh na fàirg air chadalach mair-géal;  
Chaint' an sraoinich thair na cnocan,  
Is fathrum an cos bu nìleant.
- 41 Leagadh Conal leis an treun laoch,  
Chuir gun chreuchd fù' chuibhreach chaich e;  
Rinneadh sud is cha bu chruaidh air,  
Air sgath a chuain ruaidh 's na tràdhadh.
- 42 Do ghluais teachdaire o Chuchulain,  
A dh' ionnsuidh Chonail ghil ghradhach;  
Rìogh Ulann, eomh usal, 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 nìmhneach, meannach san torr-ghaill.
- 44 Nuair chunnaig Conal an Luthar,  
Labhair e gu cinn mar b' abhaist;  
Tha mise fù' chuibhreach coimheich,  
Mar nach raibheas riamh ri'm laithe.
- 45 Toir fios gu Cuchulain namsa,  
Gus an Dun ud urad aluin;  
Gu Dundenlgain grianiach géal,  
'Se sean Dun ciatlach nan gaidheal.
- 46 Mo dhilsein coibhreach am eiginn,  
Mo Dhalta treun is trom armaibh;  
Inns dhò gu bheil gu' m leiridh,  
Fù' chuibhreach an trein laoch chalma.
- 47 Do ghluais Luthar nan ceum ca-trom,  
Gu Cuchulain treun na cìthe;  
'S dh' airis e mar sin le fuathas,  
Mar tharladh do 'n t' slaigh sa chithe.
- 48 Ta Conal suaice nan steud mear,  
Is sia fir dheug da shìlagh cuibhrich';  
A Chuchulain nan arm tromha,  
Eirich-cobhair air do mhuintir.
- 49 'S baoghalach dhann dol an dail,  
Na laimh leis na cheanglaidh Conal;  
Maille ra Mhithich, 's na Luthaich,  
'S an-fheilidh, cuthaich an coimheach.
- 50 No smaintich gun dol na dhail,  
A laoch nan gorm shìle suilbhir;  
A lamh threun gun cagal ro' meach,  
Cùmhlich t Aid, is e ann cuibhreach.
- 51 Nì 'n enis duinne bhì fù' mhein,  
Fo nach fuasgladh air ar caraid;  
Fhìr mhoir gun laige nach meat,  
Nach cuimnich ar t Aid 'n ann carraid.

- 52 An nair a chuala Cu nan cleas,  
An luadh sin air cuibhreach Chonail;  
Ghluais an laoch le ncert 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' anhaill fuaimneach, arm, 's a luirich,  
'S air a ghnais bhla dullachd catha.
- 55 Bha cloidheamb liobhaidh a dealradh,  
Toigt' an ard an laimh a churaidh;  
'S na gaoithibh srannar a ghnasad,  
A chiahb air snuadh sreothadh buinne.
- 56 No eucic 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 Faighte dhuitsa Chonail chentaich,  
'S iomad ceud a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;  
Ge do tha u' n dia' fua' cheangal,  
Aon laoch rathaid gun bhli leointe.
- 58 Sgaoilte do chliu ann 's gach am,  
Air ceithir rannaine an domhain;  
'S measa no bhli marbh a laoch,  
Thu bhli fua' chuibhreach faoin aig coimhreach.
- 59 Tha do ghruaidh mar aiteal sleibhe,  
Do dhreach gu keir mar an cothar;  
Aid nasuil an aigneachd fheilidh,  
'S mi nach euvadh tigh 'n do d' chabhair.
- 60 A dhaltain is buirb an comhrag,  
Decis is doghrinneach do natur;  
Duigs do ghaiseadh, faic an laoch so,  
Fiosraich dhe' cia 'n taobh a thainig.
- 61 Bheamaich Cuchulain do 'n Macaidh,  
Chliuthaich e ghaiseadhd, is aille;  
An gloir bhinn, mar chonhra' filidh,  
'S theasaich a chroidhe le gradh dha.
- 62 Oganaich a thainig an ceun,  
'S maith do ghniomh, a threun laoch chalma;  
'N tra' chuir u' na seachd fir dheuga,  
Fua' chuibhreach, gun chrenchd le arma.
- 63 Tha aon choi' aille na h-Eireann,  
Air do cheann mar shli-ibhte baraich;  
'S ciuin, feuta, fearail leam t uradh,  
Tha 'n cliu' san a nsgaidh agad.
- 64 Tha do chruth san traidh a soilleadh,  
Mar ghealach ri o'che shaitbe;  
A teachd roi' na neula baillbe,  
'S amhaid do shnuadh sa choill bhlathor.
- 65 'S e'm adhbharsa theachd an ceun,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh dhiot fein, do chomhnuilidh;  
Co thu fein, agus cia t Athair,  
No ceise ni 's faide cirune.
- 66 Geusan thainig leam o'm theach,  
Mo sgeula chumail, os iosud;  
Na 'n airisinn do neach eile,  
'Sann do d' ghnais arraid a dh' insinn.
- 67 Comhrag a bheireas tu uait,  
Neo do sgeul mar charaid dhambasa;  
Gu d' rodhain chizgle boga,  
Cho ni dhanit 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' ghnais arraid a luadhain.
- 69 Do sgeul na t arragail, O fluir!  
Do radh 'n treun, air chrith fua' luirich;  
Le d gheusan, is t aurra bhreugaich,  
No h eur innseadh, nuss 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 chomhradhd leam a b aithridh.
- 71 Comhrag 's fheudair dhuith thoirt uait,  
No gu luath do sgeul thoirt dhambasa;  
Gu d' rodhain a gheugabh bhog,  
Cho chiall duit taghadh gu'm choi' stri.
- 72 Sin a ni nach fend mis' ailis,  
An deidh gealladh thoirt do 'm Mhathair;  
Co mi fein, no cia mo dhubhaich,  
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 ficidh agus cuig ceud,  
Is mile treun, cho bhreug dhambasa;  
Nach deachaidh slan d' an teach,  
Da'n d' thug mi comhrag am onar.
- 75 Is thug mi deothaidh bu daileadh,  
Comhrag do 'n fhear lia' Mac Damhain;  
An deidh fir lea' nan arma deas,  
Inuis do sgeul agus ailis.
- 76 Mo sgeula cho 'n fheud mi innseadh,  
Ach go neach bheir dhom 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 innseadh,  
Co do thir, no cia do chomhnuidh;  
Tog bo ghat! Is nochd do ghniomha,  
Onach eil do d' dhi ach comhrag.
- 78 Chuaidh iad ann an dail a cheile,  
Na trein bu docair ann comhrag;  
Gach gaoth neartaich an saothreach,  
Ruillean baatha, beucach, dobhaidh.
- 79 Gu cuidreach, cudthromach, beimeach,  
Bha na trein mar thuin sa bhairich;  
Gan ruagadh le stoirn toirt nuallan,  
Air carraig chruaidh meaghan baire.
- 80 B'amhaill san ghleuchd na Suinn so,  
Chuint fuaim an loinn 's gach aite;  
Failleath feuchainn lu'cheas gaisgidh,  
Le minig na chasradh namhan.
- 81 Chuaidh an sgrithan breac a bhla' de,  
Chuaidh an cloidheamb gorm a bhearnadh;  
Chua' an sleaghan fada, bliobaidh,  
A chabhadh 'san stri bu ghabhaich.
- 82 Chua' a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,  
Gu neo' meinach, 's gu cruai' ghniomhach;  
'S fhuair a Macan grunn a lot,  
Le Daltan a chatha mhilidh.
- 83 Thuit e mar ghiasaich san fhasach,  
An t iuran aluinn le fathram;  
Gun fhios, thug a charrag fuaim uait,  
Chrithich, agus ghluais an talamh.
- 84 A mhacan a thainig a steach,  
'S ann leamsa rinnceadh do chreucadh;  
Is gearr gus an togar do leac,  
No ceil' am feast co u fein duinn.
- 85 Inuis dhambasa 'nois gulom,  
O na tharladh dhuith an araich;  
Co u fein, no cia t ainm,  
No cia an taobh as an d' thainig.
- 86 B' fhuarsda dhuith m' aithneacha fein,  
A Cuchulain an t slios aluinn;  
Nnair thilginn ort, gu fiar fann,  
A t sleagh an combair a h-cara.
- 87 Gur mi Connlaoch, Mac Cuchulain,  
Oighre dlighcheach Dan-Dealgaoin;  
'S mi 'n run a dh' fhug tu am bruid,  
Ann Damsaich g'am iomsach.
- 88 Fichewal bhialhna dhaimh, 's tir shoire,  
A foghlum gaisgidh agus comhrag;  
O! sann leatsa thuit do Mhac,  
Do 'n cheas a bla dh' easbhuidh fho' lum.

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



- 89 Mile mallachd aig do Mhathair,  
Gu Dunseach lann do chealg;  
'Se mhead 'sa bla lochda' inte,  
A dh' fhaig t fluil na liantidh dearg.
- 90 Rì' gur diombach mise 'm Mhathair,  
Oir sì chuir ormsa na geusan;  
'Sa ebuir mi a dh' fheuchainn m' fhullaing,  
Riutsa Chuchulain nan eclassan.
- 91 A Chuchulain chaoimh, elmeuss-ghil,  
Leis am breisear gear birin ghabhaidh;  
Nach feuch thus', is mi gun anam,  
Cia dhù lamh nam bheil am fainne.
- 92 Glac an t sleagh fhulangach laidir,  
As mo laimhe laoch gun tioma,  
Glac sin is mo ehlòidheamh eruadhach,  
Tana cruaidh is snaghar liobhaidh.
- 93 Glac thusa iad sin maraon,  
Le d' ehlòidheamh caol righinn, aghor;  
An sgiath eborcair th' air mo dhirin,  
Mo ehlòid cinn, 's mo ehrann-àra.
- 94 'S truaigh an aithne rinn u ormsa,  
Athair usaidh uathbriach ghradhach;  
Nuair thòlginn òrt gu fìr fian,  
An t sleagh an combair a li eara.
- 95 O na chreachdadh mi 's ann traidh,  
Athair ghradhach, tha bas am chineal;  
Ulmhaich dhamsa, leac is naig,  
Air an tulaich uaine fhuir-ghlain.
- 96 Thuit Cuchulain air a bilar,  
Gun luth 'n cois no 'n laimh gun eheurechdà;  
Do mbeathadh aigneadh le goith,  
Is chaill e chuimhne 'sa cheattuidh.
- 97 Bha Cuchulain, a ehlòidheamh ehuaidh  
'S ann la sin tiom, truaigh, an-eibhinn;  
'Sa Mhac fein air torchairet leis,  
An t shaor shlat chalma, chaomh, eheutach.
- 98 'S mise Cuchulain nan eclassan  
A ehuir na geusan mo laogh uamsa;  
No ceilidh air na fir fheachda,  
Gur h-ann dhamsa 's deacair truaighe.
- 99 Gur mi Cuchulain na ceardach,  
Dalta Chonail, àrd-Rìogh Ulann;  
No ceilidh air luchd an Tuire,  
Nach mise dh' uraich a mulad.
- 100 A mharbh mo Mhacan caomh aluin,  
B' fhearr ann ghabhadh du na chunnaig;  
Na' m bithidh mo mhac a lathair,  
Cha blàthinn mar tha co dubhach.
- 101 Do tha ehlòidh' nean is sgiath Chiuinlaoich,  
Thall air an rìgh, a sior dhealradh;  
Mi g' an caoidh mar seach mar sin,  
Bhì gun chaomh, gun Mhac gun bhrathair.
- 102 Gur maith do na Loithre buadhach,  
Gur fearr do dh' uaisle na h Alla;  
Gur maith do dh' 'aon neach air thalamb,  
Nach b iad bu bharant gud mharbhadh.
- 103 Gur maith do 'n fhear liath Mac Damhain,  
Nach e bu cheannas rì d' mharbhadh;  
Nach e flunair mar shéud ghointe,  
An sgiath choreair, is an lann so.
- 104 'S truaigh nach ann an crìochailb, Edailt  
Ann 's na Beuga' no san Isbein;  
No ann an rìoghachd na Soracha,  
Do thorachaireadh thus a dhilseinn.
- 105 'S truaigh nach ann a Muthann Laithre,  
Nan Laithre nan lanna caola;  
Na 's na Cruachanailh braga bladhar,  
A thuiteadh mo Chiuinlaoich caomhsa.
- 106 Nan tuiteadh tu ann an Laogam,  
Ann eathan ghaissgeach, is nhlidh;  
Cho ghabhain asad mar eirie,  
Cuig ceud do chlanna Mhìe Rìoghraidh.

- 107 Chnala mi, 's fada uaiti sin,  
Sgeula bu chosnuib ri cuubha;  
Bhì ga h airis leom gu trom,  
Gun chiall, gun chonn air an tulaich.
- 108 A Chonlaoich ud chaoimh mo charaid,  
Is maig ni ghearraich do shaughal;  
Na' m bitheadh tu Chiuinlaoich agam,  
Cho bhithinn a noe am aonar.
- 109 Na' m bithinn, s mo Chonlaoich caomh,  
Comhla' 'g iomairt ehlensa, calma;  
Bh' eircanuid geill o thuinu gu tuinn,  
Do dh' fhearadh Eireann is Alba.
- 110 Och is ochain! a Mhìe dhìleis,  
Mo thuras o Chrìoeha Ulann;  
Dholl a ehomhrag nan gath-guainne,  
Ochain! gur a eruaidh an falang.
- 111 Oeh agus oeh! nan oeh eithre,  
'S truaigh mo thuras chum na beinne;  
Faoighe mo Mhìe, san dara laimh,  
Agus airn ann 's an laimh eile.

Killbrandon, 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 certicates 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' fhaig e a bhean, d' an gair cuid Aoife, an Dun-scithaich san Eilein Seathanach, torrach air Conlaoich. Nuair thainig a mac gu foirfeachd, chuir i dhionnsaidh athar e: ach chuir i foi gheasadh e, nach innseadh e re bhia'na co e. Ann lorg so a dhiultadh, bhuaill athair e leis a *ghath-bhulga*, no *bhuilg*, a dh' ionnsuich Aoife dhia feis, ach a dhearmaid i ionnsachadh do Chonlaoich, agus leis amhu gha leo comhrag ann uisge. Deir gu 'n tilgeadh Conlaoich 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 CHUALAS air fada o shean,  
Soi-seul a bhluineadh re m' ehuimhne,  
La bhì mi gu tuisreach trom  
Air an taobhsa dh' Innse-roghuill.
- 2 Clanna Ruraibh na 'm breath mall,  
O thigh ' Chonchair 's o thigh Chonuill,  
Le 'n ur chlainn oig air na uaghaibh,  
'S iad air urlar Cluige Ulunn.
- 3 Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n d' thigeadh 'nar ceann  
Fìor loch Uli, s' m'ìor breadh thenn,  
Gar an' tigeadh oirn a chlan eile  
Thoirt diombaidh do Chlanna ruraibh.<sup>2</sup>
- 4 Tigidh eugainn am borb fhrach  
Aneuraidh eothanta Conlaoich,  
Do fhios na 'm fear gradhach grunn,  
O Dhun-seathach gu h Eirinn.
- 5 Labhair Conchair re caeh,  
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 egn,  
Mar dhearbhadh air toradh an laoich  
Cheangladh Conuill le Conlaoich.
- 7 Greasar chnguin ar fir loch'or  
Gu Conlaoich fhrach'or furrnach:  
Ceud d' ar slugh a cheangailh leis;  
'S ionna sin 's is bua' r'a innseadh.

<sup>1</sup> Thaobh.

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

- 8 Chuaidh teachdairceadh gu ceann na 'n conn  
O Ard Rìgh iongnaidh Uluinn,  
Gu Dan-dealgunn griannach glan,  
Seann Dan eiallach na 'n Gaidheal.
- 9 An Dun sin a leaghar libh,  
O Mhàir aon nighèan Nì Mhorguill,  
Gu 'n deach gnìomh saor na 'n steud mear  
Gu Rìgh failteach na 'n fear.
- 10 Do fhios na h Ula naine  
Tigidh Cuth na Craobh-ruidhe,  
Mac deud-ghèal is gruaidh mar shugh  
Nach d' eiteh teachd 'nar comhair.
- 11 Labhair Conchair ris a Choin,  
'S fhada bha thu gan teachd d' ar feachainn  
Is Conull saireach na 'n steud mear  
Ann eubhbreach uainn is ceud d'ar slughabhaibh.
- 12 'S oil leinn am bith naim am bruid,  
Na fir a chabhradh air an caoiribh;  
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 lègadh roimh neach  
Cuimhneich t Oide is e 'n cuibhbreach.
- 14 Cuth-Ullin an lamh nach sliom,<sup>3</sup>  
Re cuimhbheach air cuibhbreach Chonuill,  
Ghluais e le treine a lann,  
Ghabhail seula d' an ogan.
- 15 Innis duinne, re teachd a d' dbail,  
Labhair an Cuth 's nìor ghabh teagmhail,  
O shlios Rìgh an abhradh duinn,  
Fios do shlainne, 's cia do dhuthaich.
- 16 Geasan orn air teachd o 'm theach,  
Gu 'n seula thabhairt do dh' aoidhe,  
Na 'n tugadh do dh' aon neach eile,  
Do d' dhreachsa bheireadh ga h araidh.
- 17 Comhrag is eigin duit,  
No seula thabhairt mar charaid;  
Gabh do roghainn a chiabh bog,  
Cha chiall toghaidh dhuit ga m' eomhrag.
- 18 Chum a chomhrag mar bu freun  
Chaidh an Cuth 's a mhac fein:  
A mhac fein gu 'n d' fhuair a ghainn,  
Le daltanaibh cruaidhe eath-bheura.
- 19 Innis duinn, ars Cuth na 'n cleas,  
O tharladh tu chaoilb' fòr m' ailleas  
Fios t' ainm no do shlainne gu lom,  
'S na triall dol ga fholach uainn.
- 20 'S naca na sin mar thachair dhuit,  
Aon Choin nìr agh-mhoir,  
A ghaigheich air 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' fhaig thu 'n broim gu 'n fhios,  
Ann Dan-scàthach ga m' fhoglam.
- 22 Seachd bliana san tir sin  
Ag foghlam gaisge o m' mhathair,  
An cleas leis 'n do thorchradh mi  
Bu dheas damh fhoghlam uaidhe.
- 23 Thoir thusa leat mo shleagh  
Agus bunan an seachd so diom-sa,  
'S thoir leat mo chloidheamh cruadhach,  
Lann fhuair mi air a lionhadh.
- 24 Thoir mo mhallachd gu mo mhathair,  
O 's i chairich mi fòr gheasaibh,  
Is chair mi an lethair m' fhuiluing,  
Cuth-ullin, b' ann le do chleasaibh.
- 25 Cuth-ullin chaoimh chrios-ghil,  
Leis am brisear gach bearn ghaibh,<sup>4</sup>  
Nach amhaire thu is mi gu aithne,  
Cia meur mu 'na bhèil an faine.

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

- 26 'S ole a thuigeadh tusa namsa,  
Athair naise ain-meinich,<sup>5</sup>  
Gur mi thilgeadh gu fann fiar,  
An t sleagh coime a b earlain.
- 27 Nuair chunnaire an Cuth air dol eug  
A mhac air call a choi-beum,  
Air smainteach 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 mairthinnis' is Connaoch slan,  
Ag iomairt air cbleas an comblan,  
Chuireadhmaid eath formadach treun  
Air fearaibh Alba agus Eirinn.
- 30 Dh' iath umam ceud omha,  
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 thoirra.
- 2 Clanna Ruro nam breth mall, (cal cam),  
O thir Chonchair gu tir Chonuill;  
Le 'n ur clann aig Rìgh na Magh,  
Is iad air Urlar Chuigullin.
- 3 Nam b' e gu 'n tigeadh nìr dail,  
Fir Ullinn Laoich uarbhaidh ard, cal-merbhi,  
Teachd a dh' aindeoin air an taobh eile,  
Mar dhiom buaidh ri Clanna Ruro.
- 4 Nan tigeadh irinn am borb laoch,  
An curaidh calma Conlaoch;  
A dh' fhios gach modh a ghnaithuich leinn,  
O Dhun sgathaich gu Einn.
- 5 Gu 'n labhair Couchar ri cach,  
Co chuireadh sibh an dail an Ogan;  
A ghabhail beachd mo sgeul dheth,  
G'an tighin le cara uath.
- 6 Ghluais Cormull, cha lag lamh,  
A ghabhail sgeul dhe 'n mhacèan;  
Ge b' ann a thoirradh nan Laoch,  
Cheangla Connall le Conlaoch.
- 7 Beir fios gus gach Laoch mear lan,  
An coimneamh gach traoch fear furain;  
Ceud g'ar sloigh cheangladh leis,  
B' ioghnaidh sid, bu mhòr ri aithris.
- 8 Teachdairceadh air cheann nan con,  
Gu ard Rìgh Aonach Ullin;  
Gu Dan 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 fearran.

<sup>5</sup> Anmàinich.

- 10 Gu 'm b' aill leinn a bhí fo bhraiddibh,  
Fo 'n tí a dh' fhuasgladh air a charaid;  
Cha reith dol an tionsgladh linn,  
Leis an fhear a cheangladh Connill.
- 11 Na smaonaich gu 'n dol 'na dhail,  
A laoiach nan gorm shúilean thá;  
A lamh threun gun eagal ro neach.
- 12 Cuimhneach air h-oidé 'se cuilbhreach,  
Nis o 'n thainig mi 'nad Dhail;  
Mar bha laoch na h'í an teughbail,  
A shlios redh an earra bhain.
- 13 Co thu fein no eo do ríoghadh?  
Tha Geasan ornasa o m' theach,  
Gu 'n sgeul a thóirt g' dh' aon neach,  
Nan tugainn do neach fo 'n ghreinn,  
B' ann do d' dhreacsa araidh.
- 14 Comhrag 's eigin duit thóirt nath,  
No sgeula innseadh mar charaid;  
Gabh do roghainn a chialbh bhog,  
Cha chiall duit tagha gum' comhrag.
- 15 Ghluaas na laoiach an dail a cheile,  
Bu teare torra na lan meine;  
A mhac fein thórcha leis,  
An Ealtuinn chruaidh chathara.
- 16 A mhie gabh thairis do sgeul,  
O 'n tharladh ort fein no dhíoma;  
'S gearr gus an tógar a leachd,  
Na ceil a nis do thiomna.
- 17 Bain thusa leat mo sheagh,  
Is thoircear an sgeul sin uamsa;  
Tóg leat mo chláidheamh crotach,  
Lamh threun a shil air a íomha.
- 18 A Chuchullin, a chríosain chruinn ghil,  
Leis am bristeadh gabh beum gabhaidh;  
Nach amháire thu s mi g' an aithne,  
Co am meur ma'n bheil am faine?
- 19 'S óle thuigeadh tusa uamsa,  
Athair Uasail amaine;  
Mí thúigeadh gu far fann,  
An t-sleagh an comhar a h-earlúin.
- 20 'S mise Conlaoch Mac nan Con,  
Oighre dlígeach Dhundealgain;  
An ruin dh' í bhag thu na broinn,  
'S mí 'n Dun sgathach gam fhoghuim.
- 21 Seachd bliadhna dhomh an Dantúilm,  
Ag Foghlum gaisge o mhathair;  
An cleas leis na thórcha mí,  
'S mí fo gheasaíth a dh' fhoghuimín uaithe.
- 22 Beir mo mhálachd fein do m' mhathair,  
O 'n 'sí charaich mí fo gheasaibh;  
O 'n 'sí chuir mí 'n lathair m' fhuang,  
A Chuchullin, b' ann fo d' chleasaibh.
- 23 Anam 's eridha na Con  
G'a bhronn cha mhór nach do sgar;  
An t-oglach ciadlach glan,  
An gaisgeach ur a' Dundalgainn.
- 24 Conlaoch caomh mo charaíds,  
'S maírg mí a ghiorraich a shaoghla;  
Nann bitheadh Conlaoch agamsa,  
Cha bhithinn an nochd a' m' aonar.
- 25 Nam bithinnse is Conlaoch caomh,  
Ag iomaírt chleas air aon taobh;  
Chuirceamail gu tarabertach treun,  
Air fearaibh Alb is Eirín.
- 26 'S mise leannan na craobh ruaidhe,  
Leannan Ioghna 's Ullín;  
Innis a luchd mantra,  
Gur mise Cuchullin.
- 27 Chuchullin a chridhe chruaidh,  
Gu bheul an nochd fo dhíombuaidh;  
Bhí faicinn a Mhíe gu chleth cal gadhí,  
Gun chiall e eicuit 's chuimsa.

28 Togamaid leinn airm an flúir,  
Claidhí 's giath Chionlaioich ghil;  
Bheir sinn tréis ga chnoídh mar sin,  
Mar bhéan gun Mhac gun bhraithair.

\* Wrote this poem from the recitation of John Macdonald of Dalchosnie, Banranoch, who learned it sixty years ago and more from Donald Stuart, *alias* Donald ruadh, Mac Anais 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 a' chaidhridh Chuchullin no charaid a' toirt dearbhadh dhlúinn gu 'n robh e na fhear-cogaídh curanta, eoradh, calma, treun. Bha mac aige ri leannan a bh' aig am an Alba do 'm b' ainm Aoife. Thug a mhathair Conlaoch mar ainm air. Gheall Cuchullin do Aoife, air dia bhárla na Ardheanau-feadhna air armaid na h-Eirinn, gu 'n 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 fhoghlum dha ann an Dun-sgathaidh 'san Eilean-Seitheanach, an t-àit a b' ainmeil san am sin air son foghlum a thóirt seachd do threun-laioich anns gach cluich ríoghadh a d'heanadh femail iad ann an la' bhlaí. Fhuair Aoife air fhoghlam d' a mac gach lu-chleas a b' fhuasrach i a bha aig Cuchullin, Athair, ach aon chleas, d' am b' ainm an gath-bhog. Bu tric le gaisgich san am sin an gath bog a chleacdhadh 'nuair a bhíodh iad a gheallt le saighdibh ann an uisge. 'Nuair a bha Conlaoch air tighinn gu lan spiomadh, chuir a mhathair fo bhóidean e, gu 'n rachadh e do Eirinn, nach innseadh e eo e fein, agus gu 'n d'fhoghadh e athair ceangailte leis do Alba. Bha fios aig Aoife gu 'n marbhadh Cuchullin a mhac leis a' gath-bhog; agus rinn i so mar dhíoghlaitas—airson a mhealladh-dochnas a rinn e oirre. Dh' fhalbh Conlaoch do Eirinn; chaidh e 'n tóiseach far an robh Connill; cheangail e Connill, óide Chuchullin. Chuir Connill fios gu Cuchullin gu 'n robh e ceangailte. Thainig e san a sgoileadh chuibhríchean 'Óide; agus an uair a d'huilt Conlaoch innse eo e, ghlacadh athair ris, agus nharbh 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.)

1. 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 Eamhír, Cuchullin's love. She questions, and he answers.

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

## NO KINN.

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

- 1 *A chonnill* cha salve no kinn  
Devin lum gyr zergkis tierma  
No kinn di clw er a zad  
Slontir lat no fir foe fyve
- 2 *A neyn orgil* nyn nach  
A eric oik ne bree binn  
Sanna in nerik chon ni gless  
Hugis loym in ness no kinn

- 3 Ka in kenn mallych zow mor  
Dergyth nawn 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 eamm  
In nerik mo zaltan ten  
Hugis lwm in gayn a kenn
- 5 Kai in kenn oid er myc haale  
Go volt fand gi malle sleime  
Rosk mir erre dait mir v'lait  
Alda no each crwth a kinn
- 6 Manne boe fir nyn nach  
Makmeyf zi zrach gyth coyn  
Dagis a cholliu gyn kenna  
Is di hwt wille lum a loye
- 7 Ka in ken so zawis tow id laive  
A chonnil vor ne bae linn  
O nach marriu 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 chwrrp
- 9 Ka in kenn od hear in molt inn  
Da greddyth no kinn go laiv  
Harris amuth 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 viinn  
Er zraig teine na kel orn  
Anym no ver a zon ne herma
- 12 Kenn leyirre is clar cwilte  
In da kenn di hut lem zonna  
Di zon swt cowchullin charn  
Swu zergis nerna na wulle
- 13 Kai in da kenn so is fadde sorre  
A chonnil vor gi gal zuee  
Ennyn dae er volt ni verr  
Derk in groye na ful leych
- 14 Cwllin bray is ewnlit croye  
Deiss di verre boye lai feik  
A eyr seid sor a kiuna  
Dagis a gwrrp fa linna derk
- 15 Ka ne vi kinn so solk maine  
De chewe feyn er nye hoyth  
Gwrn in nye dwe a volt  
O hilla rosg connil croye
- 16 Sessir eascardin a chow  
Chlann challidtein a mwe znaie  
Is said sud in sessir leyve  
A hut lwm sin nerm no laive
- 17 A chonnil vor aithr ree  
Kayn in ken od da gallith cathd  
Gin or fai treise wa keyand  
Gyn codyth slem ghardyth vart
- 18 Kenna v'finn v'rosse roye  
V'neuce hor bas lam nert  
A eyr is se so a cheud  
Ardree layyn nyn land brak
- 19 A chonnil vor mugh a skail  
Creid a hut lad kive gin locht  
Din tloe eignytha veil sin  
A deiltiss kinn na con
- 20 Deachnor is seacht fychid kead  
Deryn peyn is awyr sloe  
Di hut lonsa drwne er zrum  
Di neve mo cwlk unlaa rug
- 21 A chonnil kynis taidda mnae  
Insefial desne ni con  
Cowf v'hawalt haye  
Na veil agga fein ar for

22 A eyr keid di zarna mai  
Gyn mo kowe ym rer san socht  
Gyn mo zaltan fa mlaa crow  
A dol voym a mugh so . . .

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

24 Is mai eyr 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 Cuchulain.

### 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 corranach dlu,  
'S saighead chuill a rinn a nimh.
- 3 Saighead almhuidh, eitidh, chraidh,  
Saighead a bhais a bha ann;  
A leag gu h-iosaal san uir,  
Mo Chuchulain, run nan lann.
- 4 Feinnidh fearr-bhuilleach nan ruag,  
Mar osag air cuan nan tonn;  
Bha do shiubhal, meannach mear,  
B' iomad lear na chlaoi' thu sonn.
- 5 Tha mo dheoir le dealt na h'oi'ch,  
Suidhe bhroin a' caoidh an laoch;  
'S mo thuireadh ri teachd an la,  
O mhic mo ghraidh! A mhic mo ghaoil
- 6 A ghaigich threim nan iomad buaidh,  
'S cian a ghluais do chliu' san stri;  
Dannsaich na cheathach broin,  
Blai gun chruit, gun cheol, gun Riogh.
- 7 'S trom m' aigneadh, 's is lag mo chail,  
'S trume maran no muir sgith;  
Cuin a Chonail thig an la,  
Thig chugam mo ghradh aris.
- 8 Ionmhainn abharach nan leug,  
Thuit an treun, ach thait gu mor;  
An comhrag nan cathan ceud,  
Lamh bu treine do gach sloigh.
- 9 O near mar ghrian bha do ghlaire,  
Ann am aros meag na mihidh;  
Do ghuth mar eighchead creag Ullann,  
'S gach cumasg gun coisgte stri leat.
- 10 A meag nan triath bha e cosgairt,  
An laoch ba docaire ri teirbirt;  
Builleann cudramach gam bearnadh,  
Mar fhrois o 'n abhar san leir e.
- 11 Chi mi t-arma troma liobhaidh,  
Tana direach, math san flulrag;  
Chi mi do sgiath bhreac mar chomhla,  
'S do luireach loireach nan ulag.

- 12 Chi im do chloigaid ernadhach,  
A laoiach uailhrich nan san ionairt ;  
Mar charrraig dh' fhas gun tionsa.  
Carrraig laith dh' fhas gun tionsa.
- 13 A bhean thursach, smitbheic, dheuraic,  
Eist do d' leire—chreac—'s do d' chumba ;  
Bas an armain tha ri dhio-ladh,  
'S tha na miltidh dh' 'a go fulang.
- II. EARRANN.
- 14 A Chonail seallbhac dhium na cinn,  
'S deimhin leam gun dhearg thu t-airm ;  
Na cinn a chi mi air a ghad,  
Slointear leat air fad am foigh.
- 15 Ionmbuinn shoirbheartach nan each,  
Ainnir og na breithe bin ;  
An eiric Cuchulain nan cleas,  
Thug mi leam o dheas na cinn.
- 16 Co e' n ceann shion, maileach donn mor,  
Is deirge no 'n ros a ghruidh ghlan ;  
Sin is fhaige do d' thaobh ch,.  
Ceann an Rìogh is or-bhuidh dath ?
- 17 Ainnir fhabharach nan cleare,  
Mac Maibhe le' n creachta gach euan ;  
Mo chomraic se sud a cheann,  
'S gur h ann leam a thuit a shluagh.
- 18 Co e' n ceann ud a chi' cam thall,  
'S fholt nach gann mar channach sliom ;  
A rosg mar fleur 's a dheud mar bhath,  
'S gile no each ero' a chin.
- 19 Leis a sud do thuit ar Rùn,  
Dh' fhuagas a chorp na chuidh thaís ;  
Luthach Mac Chium Rìogh nan lann  
Thugas leam a cheann air ais.
- 20 Co e' n ceann ud do chi' cam nam,  
Do bha ghruidh air dath an ros ;  
Gur guirne no 'n fear a rosg,  
'S buidh fholt air dhath an oir.
- 21 Ceann Mhic Luthaich a Rois-ruaidh,  
Mac na h-uaise thuit le 'm neart ;  
Mo chomraic 'se sud a cheann,  
Ard Rìogh Loitheann nan lann breac.
- 22 A Chonail mhoir le 'n aithear Rìogh,  
Co 'n ceann eil air dhìol ealach ;  
'S an t'òr air dhrisinnibh a chin,  
Gu fann-bhuidh sliom mar airgead ban.
- 23 Ceann Bìogh Maitheann nan each luath,  
Mac Fearra-bheum nan dual cam ;  
An eiric mo Dhaltain fein,  
Thugas leam an cein a cheann.
- 24 Co e' n ceann a thegadh tu d' dhonn  
A Chonail mhoir, 's ni 'n aithreach keinn ;  
O nach maitheann Cu nan cleas,  
Co bhiodh tu air leas a chin ?
- 25 Ceann Mhic Fheadhais nan each,  
Muirceadh dheanadh creach is lot ;  
Mac ro phleathar o' n Tur sheang,  
Gun do sgaras a chean o chorp.
- 26 Cha mhor an onoir mhic Rìogh,  
Imeachar gu min air fholt ;  
'S ni nach marbhadh e gu brath,  
Mar biodh e na bhas a Choin.
- 27 Co 'n da cheann sin air do laimh bheis,  
A Chonail mhoir nan cleasan aigh ;  
An t-son dath tha air fholt nan fear,  
O 's maing bean g' am bheil am laidh.
- 28 Ceann Mhanuis is Shuibhne mhoir,  
'S mo dhoidh gur iad a h-ann ;  
Aca fhuaras ceann a Choin,  
Air magh Teamhra nan sgor seimb.
- 29 Co 'n da cheann is faide nam,  
A Chonail nan crua' lann gear ;  
'S guirne 'n suil no 'n deare air magh,  
'S gile no blath fiodh am bein !
- 30 Carla agus Cathul ernaidh,  
Dias a bheireadh buaidh le feirg ;  
Thugas leam an cinn mar lùn,  
'S dh' fhuagas an enip fu' Gheann-deirg.
- 31 Co na sin cinn air dhroch gró,  
Chi mi dhìot an taobh ann thuit ;  
'S gorm an aghaidh, chlaon an roisg,  
'S dubh am fuil a Chonail chruaidh.
- 32 Seiscar bhraithrean do chi' cam ann,  
Tha iad marbh, 's an eab ri gaoth ;  
Clann Chuilgeadan luchd nan cleas,  
Dream nach raibh air leas mo ghaoil.
- 33 Co na cinn is eime dual ;  
Fainneach, cuachach, mar shnagh greinn ;  
A' dearladh ri macdaim chiuin,  
'S maing da 'n rùn na h-arnuain threun.
- 34 Triuir Mac Torlamh bu bhorb, baoh,  
'S iad na laoiach a chaoicil ganis ;  
Ba neo'-meineach iad sa chath,  
Do Dhaltan nan glac geal ur.
- 35 Co 'n da cheann is faid o' d' efil,  
A Chonail mhìn na meall shuillean ;  
'S faid an leas is deirg nan t-snth,  
'S dubh am fuil, mar shneachd an deud.
- 36 Da Mhac Rìogh Lochlan nan ruag,  
D' an ainm Manus is Lun'-lunh ;  
Tharladh doibh a bhí sa chath,  
An adhaidh mo Dhaltan graidh.
- 37 Co 'n ceann sin air dhath an Loin,  
'S geal a bhos, is dubh a shuif ;  
Tha chruth mar bhathau an fhròic,  
No 'n gagan air mhaolan ùr.
- 38 Rìogh Mthann nan ceud tuigh,  
B' ard a ghuth san iomar-bhàigh ;  
A comhrag dealain mo rùn,  
Dh' fhuagas a chorp na chloidh thlath.
- 39 A Chonail mhoir, 's maith do sgeul,  
Cia-mead a thuit le d' bheum sau trod ;  
Do chlan Maithibh is Rìogh,  
Anu 'san stri bu mhor a lot.
- 40 Ceann thair fichead agus ceud.  
Gur aireamh air creudh no air goidh ;  
Do cheanna Maithibh is Rìogh,  
Thuit sud leam an iochd a Choin.
- 41 Thuit an iomar-bhàigh nan laoch,  
Caogad agus fichead ceud ;  
Thuit do dh' fhiantidh Thomnagorm,  
Tri ceud bort, 's bu mhor am beud.
- 42 A Chonail chul-fhuinn nan Tur ard,  
'S mor an t' àr, 's is modha 'n gnìomh ;  
A laoiach Churanta nam buadh,  
'S mor an slugh a dh' fhag thu shios.
- 43 Mar lithe nam beann gu traidh,  
Dhoirt thu ann san araich fuil ;  
Mar iohair a meag nan ean,  
Dh' fhogair thu gach treimh a bun.
- 44 Ann eath ceatharnail a chraidh,  
Bha do lamh ag deamam fuchd ;  
Mar aiteal teinne nam beann,  
Bha do lann a cosgair threun.
- 45 A laoiach fhuileachdalach san toir,  
'S mor a leon thu do na Mic ;  
Ochoin ! mise teirbirt dheur,  
'S Cuchulain nan creuchd fu' lic.
- 46 Cha dean mi mire san Tur,  
Dh' fhoibh mo mhuirne, 's mo cheol-gair ;  
Mar ghrian an cogall nan neul,  
Dhubb mo ghné, mo chruth, 's mo chail.
- 47 A Chonail chaoimh tog mo leac,  
Mu 'n sgarar m' anam o 'm chorp ;  
Oir sgarra gns an racham eus,  
'S cuir mo bheul ri bheul 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 nu 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 Cuailgne.' Also 'the manifestation of the Tain,' and a list of prefatory stories. Hennessy's list, Dec. 9, 1871.) (Leabhar na h-uidhre, published, written about 1100.) (H. 1. 13. The bloody Havoc of Connall Kearnach.) (H. 2. 6. Historical tale, Aoidheach fir diaidh, written about 1716. Part of 'the Tain.') (H. 2. 17. Breisleach Mhór mhúighe 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 'Conloch,' 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 Lecan, col. 955, Aighéad é n' fir mic ? aifí. Conloch's story.) (H. 3. 17 col. 842, a short abstract of the historical tale of Cuchullin and his son Conloch.) The *Atlantis*, vol. i. 1858, contains a paper by O'Curry. CUCHULLAINN was a Prince of *Ulster*, inheritor of Cuailgne and Muirtheinne, between Drogheda and Dundalk, now Louth. He was a hero of the 'Royal Branch' (The Red Branch, or the russet tree). *Cuchulbair Mac Nessa*, king of *Macha*, was the most distinguished king of *Emania*, and cotemporary with our Saviour. His chief 'knights' were, *Fergus Mac Róigh*; *Conall Ceraunch*; *Fergus Mac Léite*; *Curroí Mac Dúire*; and *Cuchullainn mac Solté*, the youngest and the best. *Eimer* was daughter of *Forgall Monach*, who lived near *Dublin*, at *Lusk*. She was Cuchullin's wife.

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

In this story are *Leabhar Cum* and *Manannan Mac Lir*. (Pp. 6139. The *Atlantis*, 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 pheisthreachain. Bha iad aig an ionnnsnichadh 'san aon Oil-thigh. Nuair a bha iad a dealachadh ri cheile 's gach aon a dol gu obair fein, thug Connal nionnan a cheud dhine bheiradh naigheachd bh Cuchullain dha gu'n bitheadh e marbh 'sa mhionaid. La a thuit Cuchullain dhuibhairt e ri gille mor Laoghaire 'falbhaidh thu a nis agus imsidh thu do Chonnal sgeula mo bhais; feuchaidh thu innsedh dha ann an Dubh-thoic, neo bidhich thu fein ann an cuinnart.' Dh-fhalbh Laoghaire, raim e Connal, agus fhaitich e gu sùilbheir e. Thubhairt an Connal 'Cia mur a tha mo charaid Cuchullain.' 'Tha gu nait, ars an Laoghaire, tha e nis air thigh ur a dheanamh.' 'Gu de, arsa an Connal, an tair a bha aig air an aitríbh aonshor

ann s' con do thanh iomadach laoch cho mor rìsean, na deth am tigh ur a rinn e.' 'Cha do rinn, arsa an Laoghaire, ach tigh iosal Cumhang. Nuair a shionas e a chasan ruigidh a cheann uachdar, 'sa chasan iochdar, 'sa shronn nullach an tigh.' 'Ne sin ri radh arsa Connal gu bheil mo dheadh charaid marbh.' 'Fhianais sin ort fein, ars an Laoghaire, 'S tu fein a dh'ionnraidh ar bhas na nìsa.' 'O a Laoghaire bheoch, ars a Connal so leis bo chruaidhe a bhas, no leat fein; lean thusa mise agus a chuille Ceann bu nho na cheile a bha an aghaidh Cuchullain bheir mise a mach iad.' Ghabh e tromh an choille leis agus shnìoch e seacht gaid agus thug e do Laoghaire iad. Dh-fhalbh iad le cheile agus thoisich an Connal agus a chulla teaghlach a dhìnsidh Laoghaire bha na namhad do Chuchullain, thoisich ann sin an Connal air toirt a mach nan ceann agus Laoghaire cur air a dhach. 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 nar go sus an do liomadh na secht gaid le cinn. 'Laoghaire, arsa an Connal, tha mi air mo sharachudh agus tha mi oerach. Bheil na goid air thuair a bhith làn. Bha iad a nis a dol air aghart dhìonsuidh 'Ura-mhor.' Chaidh an dhine ann an sgoim agus na bha na na bhaile nuair a chnuicadh iad an Connal a tighéan. An sin labhair nìghéan usal og ri b-atuair, 'na bitlìbh fu eagal, cha nìl unamsa ach boitmeuch agus cuiridh mi Cuchullin gu sth.' Ghabh i mach na choinnich agus dh' fhaitich i e gu sùilbheir Thug an Connal Connal a breathran don nìghéan oig, Chuir i sìgh e roipe don talla gu dhinnir. Nuair a bha an dinnir seachad thannaig na bha 'san teaghlach a mach maille ris, 's thug iad dha nach do chuir e dragh orra. Nuair a raim e na Cinn thubhairt an Connal ri Laoghaire, 'tog leat do chuid cinn a nis 's ma tha tullidh a dhì ort gheabh thu iad.'

LABHAIR AN NIGHEAN RI CONNAL

'A Chonnal dhealbhach nan Ceann

'S cìmeachd mi gun dhearg thu tairm

4 Na cinn sin a thagad air glhad

Sloinnte leat air fad na suinn.'

Nìghéan thairbheartach nan n' each

Ainuir og na briathraibh binn

8 'N éric 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 Chonnal 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 slhugh.'

'Chonnal mhòr leat dheargadh rìgh

Co e an ceann allith air diol chaich

20 Fhalt òr-bhaidhe mar dhealradh grein

Gu mollach slim mar airgid ban ?'

'Mac an loigh an rois ruaidh

Mac a n'uaisè 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 dealbh

28 A chonnal mhòr leat dhaighach rìgh

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

'Ceann Mhathnais agus Mhaidh Mhòr

Se mo dhoigh gur iad a th'ainn,

32 Ach a fhuaradh ceann a choin

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 mìnne gu bheil an baigh ?

Calla agus Connal cruidh;'

Dithis a bheiridh buaidh 'sa 'Jeirg

40 Thugadh leamsa an Cinn fu dheas

'S gun do dh-flag mi an Cuirp

Fo 'n aon air.

Co an Ceann ad a chithim thall

44 Fhalt thall gu mollach slim

A rosg nar feuch, 's a dhend 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  
 Iomchhair ga mìn air fhuilt.  
 'Co na se cinn a chithir thall  
 52 Shìn thu iad nu toibh mo thùath  
 'S guirne agus Caoine an ros  
 'S daibhè folt a chinn chnaimh ?'  
 Seasur bhraithre a bhla an  
 56 Iadsan 's an clab ri gaoith  
 Bo chlan chalaidir nan cleas  
 Dream mach roibh air leas mo ghaoil.  
 Ceann air fhichead agus fichead ceud  
 60 Gun iomradh air fear croin nan lot  
 Do ehlann mhàithibh, 's Mhàicèibh rìgh  
 Thuit an eiric ceann a choin.'  
 'Nis a Laoghaire tha do cheannsa a dhìth air a ghad  
 agus se mo cheann fein, no do cheann fein a theid eir mar  
 toisech tuille.' 'Cha ruig sin leas, as a Laoghaire, bo  
 bhleg leasna mo thuit le do laimh ann an eiric Cho-  
 chullain, agus leagadh mi ruith le fear do no gold.'  
 Laoghaire bhòidh bu bhleg leasna na thuit le no lausna  
 ann an eiric do nàighstir nàihit. Thoisich e an 'n  
 uair sin agus bhla an eachdraibh a dhionnadh gun mo a  
 thuit leis, no an nuair a lionnadh na seachd gold.

## H. DEIRDRE.

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

The oldest copy of the Story of Deirdre known to me is in a vellum manuscript now at the Advocates' Library, described p. 296, Report on Ossian, 1805. The date 1238, the locality of Glenmason, and names of owners are sufficient to prove that the story, of which the scene is partly laid in Argyll, was known in Cowal a long time ago. This manuscript ought to be printed. I can neither read it nor afford time or money for its publication. The Story of Deirdre is related to Indian Epics, and is an Aryan romance which pervades the Old World. A beautiful girl, shut up to baulk a prophecy, is beloved by an old king. She runs away with a family of brothers, and after adventures of many kinds, the story ends in a tragedy. (See 'Mahābhārata' for the Story of Draupadi and the 5 Pandavas, &c., &c.) In Ireland the Story of Deirdre and the 3 sons of Uisnech has been associated with the Story of Cuichullin the King of Emania, and the warriors named above, ever since 1130, at all events. The *Atalanti*, vol. iii., 1860, p. 398, has a paper by O'Curry introducing a story about 'the Birth of Deirdriu' and her adventures, taken from (H. 2—16, Yellow Book of Lecain. Trin. Coll. Cs. 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. Gilles M. 3. printed part of the story in 1786. Irvine O. got part of the verse, about 1801, from a foxhunter on Loch Tay-side. Stewart Q. 1804, printed a version, p. 562. The Highland Society R. 1805, printed a quotation. Mac Callum, 1816, V. 4. got from Mac Lachlan of Old Aberdeen and reprinted the fragment which Mac Lachlan abstracted, and the Highland Society printed, from the MS. of 1238, X. 11. '*Duan na Cloinn*,' written in Caithness from the dictation of Betty Sutherland, I have been unable to get, but the name indicates this story. Z. In the autumn of 1870 men in the Isle of Mull could repeat Clann 'Uisneachain.' In the autumn of 1871 an old Mac Neill in Barra could tell the story, and Mr Carmichael had written it down. The story, as I had learned it in Scotland, was shortly this:—

King Connachar, of Ireland, had a sister, whose three sons, 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 forbode evil from dreams. They reached Ireland, and after a grand battle the uncle slew the nephews, who had run away with his sweetheart. She bewailed them, and died upon their bodies. Irish history adds—at Emania, the capital of Ulster, in the reign of Conaire, A.D. 145—152; from whom descend the Dalriads, or Scots-Irish Gaelic tribes of 'Oirair Alban,' as it called in Deirdre's Lament, version R. Fletcher tells a bit of the story about the beginning and end. Gilles tells the return from Scotland, and gives Deirdre's Lament for Scotland. Irvine's foxhunter tells the story told to Deirdre by her lovers on their return. The Highland Society quoted the Lament for Scotland in support of Mac Pherson's Darthula. Peasant reciters tell the story in accordance with Irish history. Mac Pherson's Darthula, edit. 1762, is vaguely related to the traditional tale, but the geography is entirely changed. Upon this geography learned men found theories as to 'Selma' and 'Beregonium' and Vitriified Forts of the Stone Period, which the ignorant who speak Gaelic ignore. There is no Gaelic for Mac Pherson's Darthula. As it is impossible to collate different bits of a story which is more than 800 years old, I print the text, and will endeavour to mend the story which it tells when I translate.

### F. 2. EACHDRAIDH AIR CONNACHAR, RÌGH EIRINN, agus air truir 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-ainn Connachar a dol a phosa Ban-rìgh d' an b' ainm Deirdri, agus air bhì dhoibh ag ullachadh fa chomhair na bainne mharbhlaid lagh òg. Air bhì do sheachda òg air a chuir san àm, dhoirt iad fuil an boigh a nuigh air an t-sneachda, agus do luith fiteach air an fluil. Air do Dheirdri bhì sealtuinn a mach air uinneig Chunnairc 'i m' fiteach òg ò na fola, agus a deir si ris an Rìgh, nach bu mhaiseach an Duine aig an bith-eadh a chneas co-gal ris an t-sneachda, a ghruaidh co-deary ris an fluil agus fholt co-lubh ris an fhiteach. Fhircuir an Rìgh ag radh gum robh clann peathar aigean, agus gum robh aon duibh air an robh gach bunaidh a dl' ainmich i. Thubhairt Deirdri ris an Rìgh a rist nach cuirheadh iseos na leabaidh gus am faicheadh i an duine sin. Air an aobhar sin cluir an Rìgh fios air. Thainig e fein agus a dha bhàthair. Agus do b' e an ainmeanan Snaois. Aille, agus Ardán.

Air do Dheirdri Snaois fhaiscinn bonadh i le gnòl dha ionnas gum d' fhanh i leis, agus dl' fhag i 'n Rìgh. Air do Snaois agus do dha bhàthair long a ghabhail sheoil iad gus an deachaidh iad air tir aig Peinn-àird. Agus bha giùllabag na 'n euidheachd d' an b' ainm an Gilledubh, bha na chomhalta dhoibh agus a' feitheamh orra.

## I. PHÀIRT.

- 1 Tug g'an deachaidh iad air tuinn,  
 Clann Uisneachan a Dù-lochluinn;  
 Dh' fhàg iad Deirdri agus an Gilledubh,  
 A'm Beinn-àird nan romaran.
- 2 C' àite an eualas dàn bu duileadh,  
 Na 'n Giulla dubh ri d' àir shuiridh;  
 Air Deirdri chruimeagach gheud,  
 Bu Chuibhte ort 'us ort bh' euidheachd.
- 3 Cha bu chuilhte mi is tu,  
 Ghiullan duibh nam na-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 lan dubh an aon leabaidh,  
Gus an d' theid air air do leachdain.
- 5 Gheibheadh thusa Dheiridri ghanach,  
Bh' namsa air mhaladain a màireach;  
Gheibheadh tu bainne chruidh chraobhaich,  
Agus maorach à Innis-nomaich.
- 6 Gheibhte tu muicladan mhac,  
Mar sin agus sruthaga shean-tuire;  
Gheibhte tu braoidheach 's bò,  
'S a laogh mhù na fuilg an so
- 7 Ge d' gheibhin nait caolach fhriadh,  
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 chaireadh m' adhart.
- 9 Ach suil g' an d' thug Deirdri ghanach,  
Mach air bàr bhaile bhraonach;  
'S àluin an truir bhraithre a chi mi,  
Snaimhaidh iad na euanntan tharais.
- 10 Tha Ard, 'us Aille air an stùr,  
'Seòladh gu h-àrd ramhach ciùin;  
Mo ghradh a Gheal-lamhach gheal,  
Tha m' fhear fèin ga stiuradh sid.
- 11 Ach smid na d' thigeadh air do bheil,  
Ghiullain duibh nam braon sgeul;  
Mu 'm marbhar thu gun 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 cmail.
- 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 diogmhail.
- 14 C' àite an robh 'ur n-airm ghuaisge,  
'S air lamhan tapaich fuilleach;  
N' ar a dh' fhuiling sibh, sibh-fèin slàn,  
Do mbac Rosnaich bhì gar dìong' ail.
- 15 Cadal g' an d' rinn sinn 'n ar luing,  
An truir bhraithre druim ri druim;  
M' an d' fhaireich sinn beug na feall,  
Dh' iadh na sea-longa-deug umainn.
- 16 Cha bu mbis' nach d' innsidh dhuibhse,  
A Chloinn Uisneachan bho b' ionmhuinn;  
Nach bu làmh air bhlonga ban,  
'S nach bu shùrl air cogadh cadal.
- 17 'S ge nach biodh cogaibh fù' n ghréin,  
Ach duine fadadh a thìr fèin;  
Cadal fadadh 's beag a tìlachd,  
Do dhuine is è air deòrachd.
- 18 Deòrachd 's maing g'am biodh an dàn,  
Gur gnàthach leutha cuid sheachrain;  
'S beag a h-urram 'us mòr a smachd,  
'S maing duine d' an dàn deòrachd.
- 19 Ach chuir iadsan ann sin sinn,  
An uamha sluaich fù' thalmhainn;  
F-ar an d' thigeadh fòdhan au 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 'èide is aithe.
- 21 Chuir i cadar sinn 's an fhar nìg,  
An rìbbinn ùr bho si b' fharr tuigse;  
Ach do bhiodh h-athair sa Chraoibh ruaidh,  
'S a chàirdean gu leir mu thimchioll.
- 22 Teachd mo chagair a Thiomhaid,  
Cha nìl rùine nam ban math;  
Innsidh iad sa chùil, na chluinn iad,
- 23 Ciod an rùine a bhiodh ann,  
Nach innsadh tu do t aon inghion;  
'S an rùine a gheibhinne bh' nait,  
Gu gleitheinn bliadhna gu dill.
- 24 Fù' bhìle mo chiche deise,  
'S an rùine gheibhinne bhò chach  
Athairghràdh gun innsadh deise Arsa n-inghean.  
An Rìgh ga freagairt.
- 25 'Chuir Rìgh Eirinn fios air sàil  
Dh' ionnsuidh naislean Bharr-Phàil;  
Gu 'm fuigheasas lán mo luinge,  
Do dh' òr do dh' innsridh 's do dh' ionnas,
- 26 Chionn na Ciomaich 'chuir gur fheall,  
Air chuan na h-Eirinn ann màireach.'
- 27 Ach leig an Inghinn osna throm,  
As a cridhe gu ro mhòr,  
Threagar airneichean an tighe  
Leis an osan 'leig an Inghinn.
- 28 'Cò so leig an osan throm,  
Gur duilch le na Ciomaich,  
'S mise leig an osan throm,  
Do Chìomaich gur comadh leam,
- 29 Tha carrun mhòr ann am thaobh clì,  
'S gu marbhadh i caogad Rìgh;  
'S tha luain mhòr air mo chridhe,  
San taobh eile mo choinneamh na h-earrainn '
- 30 Ach thainig i thgainn d' ar fios,  
An Thiomhaid bu ghile cneas  
An rabh thu ann san Dùn ud thall;  
No ciod an aithris a th' ann oirne,
- 31 'Bha mise ann san Dùn ud thall,  
'S is truagh an aithris a th' ann oirbse;  
Gu 'm fuigh m' athair làu 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 thugamas bliur easan,  
A 's gu 'n tomhais mi na glasan;  
Nach thug mi bonn duibh air dearmad  
Air fad air leud, na air doimhnead.'
- 34 'Thainig i 'n sin an Ceard chuaineach,  
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 fèin na bhithheadh ann,  
Aon inghean Rìgh, a shiuladh  
An oidheche gu fìor,
- 37 'S e bheireadh i dha thìg ga teach,  
Treas tuaresgeal na geambaiche;  
'S ann a shiukas duine an bò,  
Mar a bheireas còir air aoilleachd;
- 38 Mirre g' an d' rinn mi am luing,  
Air oulfa na mara thruim,  
Iuchraichean m' Athar gu léir,  
Bha iad agam fù' m' mbi-chèil,
- 39 Leam iad a mach thar a bòrd,  
'S truagh nach deachas nan druina-lòrg,
- 40 An cumhne leats' a Cheard chluainich,  
'N latla bha thu san Dùn ud thall,  
'Bualadh òir aig m' athair,  
'S a chluan oir a sgrìobh iad ort,
- 41 'N t-òir a ghaoid thu
- 42 'S i 'n fhail oir 'thug mise dhuit,  
A chum an ceann sia air do bhraidhe.'



- 43 Ach' dh' éirich é suas an Ceard ehuaineach,  
Mac-an-t-saoir as a chroibh ruaidh,  
Is rinu é na trí iudraiche buadhach,  
Ri aiteal na h-aon-leth-uaire,
- 44 Ach snuid na d' thigeadh air do bhéid,  
Nach gu 'n kballair 'n teintín dubh sin,  
Na an griméal an deach' an deannadh.
- 45 Ach thainig i 'ris d' ar fios,  
An Tiornhail nan ciabhaich cleach laich
- 46 'S nìbh thugamsa bhur casan;  
A's gu 'n fuasgail mi na ghasas,  
Mur dh' fhag mi bonn duibh air dearmad,  
Air fad, air leud, no air díubhléad,
- 47 Ach thog Snaois a chos ri callachain,  
Ard is Aille co-fhearr-luath,
- 48 Thug i thugainn ar trí chloidhinn,  
Agus lón an cuigibh oidheche,  
Seorsa céire leth mar leth;  
'S gu ba leir leinn adhaidh' chéile,
- 49 Tha long aig m' athairse air síl,  
Anu am barr a bhaide bhraonaich;  
Seisear ' feathadh kuth' 's do dh' oidheche,  
Agus aon fhear donn a toiseach,
- 50  
'S gu dìogadh é ceud an còmhrag.'
- 51 Ach ma theid sibhse na dhàil,  
Gùn eagal na gun fhealsga  
Buaibh gu cotbromach ceart,  
Bhur trì chloidhean na aon eilt.
- 52 Ge bu doirche an oidheche dhoilleir,  
Gu'n ba ghairge rinnens colas;  
Bhuail sinn gu cotbromach ceart,  
Bhur trì chloidhean na aon alt.
- 53 Thig thusa steach ad' luing,  
A Thiornhail a's ionnmhainne leinne,  
'S aon bhean cha d' theid os do cheann;  
Ach aon bhean sar tuir an d' theid thu.
- 54 Ciod an aon bhean a bhiodh ann,  
'S gur mi choisinn dhuibh na h-anamain,  
B' uaibhreach dhamsa sin a dheanamh;  
'S a liuthad mac Rìgh 'tha gam iarraidh,
- 55 Na 'n triallain air cheumnan cas,  
Air sgu baidhne coimhiche.
- 56 L' abhaidh iad ort. A Gheal shoilleir,  
Mn as fìor gu bheil thu torrach,  
Mas mac na inghean a bhios ann  
Ainnich air fear 'tha 'n Dù-lochlunn.
- 57 'S mise aon Inghean an Rìgh,  
'S lughaidhe dhe sin a phris;  
Ach 's cle an saothraiche re seall,  
Nach d' thugadh aon éan an cakadh.
- 58 Ach fannadh mi bliadhna air do ghaol,  
Agus bliadhna eile chion-tiomraidh.  
'N ceann na cuig na seatha bliadhna,  
Thug gam iarraidh 'n sin air m' athair,
- 59 'S gleithidh mise do shìth dhuit,  
Bho Rìgh an Dohain 's bho Chonna-chothair,
- 2 Ach long thusa t-aisling Dheirdri,  
Air aonach nan burtlachenn àrda;  
Air maraichean na fàirge muigh,  
'S air na chlochaibh garbha glasa.
- 3 'S gu'm faigh sinne sith 's gu'n tablaire,  
Bho' Rìgh an domhainn 's bho Chonnachobhair.
- 4 Ach co-moch 's a thain an ló,  
'S a sgoileadh bho'r eul an ceò;  
C' aite 'n do ghabh 'ar loingean tìr  
Ach fu' dhorus an ard Rìgh.
- 5 Thainig Connachar fein a mach,  
'S naoi ceud-deug sluaigh leis;  
Se dh' fheorach é gu brengaibh bras,  
Cò iad na fàigh 'so, th' air an loingean.  
'S iad clann do pheathar fèin a t' ann,  
Is iad nan suidhe 'n cathair sibh; (ill)  
Cha ehlann peathar dhamsa sibh,  
'S cha ne gluomh a rium sibh orm.
- 6 Abh mo nára-chadh le feall,  
Ann an fadhmais fir na h-Eirinn.
- 7 Ciod ged thug sinn uait do bhean,  
Deirdri chruinneagach chruin-lamb ghual;  
Rinn sinn ruit bàigh bheag eile,  
'S b'e 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha.
- 8 'N latha s gàm do long air saile,  
'S i lau do dh'òr is do dh' airgid,  
Thug sinne dhuits' air long thain,  
'S namh sinn fèin euan nu d' thiomchioll.
- 9 Ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh  
Air mo bhuidheachas gu fìor;  
Air sibh cha 'n fhaitheadh sibh 'n teann  
Ach gach aon dioth bu mhò 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,  
Òrt air faiche Dhun-dealgain nois
- 11 Thug sinne dhuit an t-each glas,  
'Bheireadh gu bras th '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 thiomnadh thu rui do chùl,  
Chuir iad thu 'n innis an-ìuil.
- 13 Chuir sinne cath muirneach mòr,  
Air do ehùl'aobh an ló sin,  
Agus Bha sinn ga' d' dheidh reir,  
'S thug sinn thugadsa fu' d' oighd,  
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 bhràithrean, bu bhoidheche ceann-adhaidh
- 16 Cha bhàs leam a nis bhur bàs,  
A Chlann Uisneachan gun aois;  
Bho 'n a thorachair e leibh gun fheadh,  
'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 eùil no 'n coill,  
Facal iad 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 cha treoghadh.
- 19 Cha 'n eich gheala 's mhìol-choin;  
Ach conas tìotan beng do 'n tràich,  
Thoirt auogain ann deagh gruidh,  
Do na corpaibh geala cneas-bhàn.

## PART II.

Agus air innseadh na niteadh sin dhoibh bha Deirdri ro-dhìomach dhuibh, chionn gun d' fhàg iad Tiornhail nan deigh, agus air sin a feothas dhoibhsan nach iarraidh ise os a cionn gu bràth. An sin ghabh Deirdri agus iatsan an turas a ris ga iarraidh agus chunnaire ise aising.

- 1 AISLING A chunnaic mi 'n raoir,  
Air truir mhae Rìgh Bharachaol;  
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 ríoghain coi-reidh,  
A h-eadach gu barrailh a cos,  
Ma' n d' thugadh i leatha an braid.
- 21 Cothrom ero na snathaide;
- 22 Ach aon fhail óir 'bha mu' m' m'eur,  
'S ann a chuir i sud na beul,  
A's dh' imich i leis do 'n traigh,  
Fur an robh Clann Uisneachan.
- 23 Cò choimnich i anns' an traigh,  
Ach an saor a snaithe ràmh;
- 24 'A shaoir a shnaithes an ràmh,  
Ga 'm bhuil an sgian fhaobhair gheur,  
'S è bheireamsa dhuit ga cionn,  
'N aon fhail óir is fearr tha 'n Eirinn.'
- 25 'Tur g'an rabh Snaois a cur cloiche,  
Air feasgar anmoch oidliche shathairne;  
Bhris e 'n fhail óir bha mu m'heur,  
Le tiormu na h-aon urachaire.
- 26 Thug è dhombs' an fhail' bhriste,  
'S thug i scallan 's bu lan ghlúit 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 dá 'n seanchd pòirtaibh deng-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 náraich,  
A mhic nam flatha d'fhear ábhaist;  
Na 'n crithiche marbh roimh bheo eile,  
Chrithiche tusa (nis) rothamsa.
- 30 Shín i an sin a taobh r'a thaoibh,  
Agus chuir i' beul r'a' bheul;  
As ghabh i 'n sgian gheur roimhe cridhe,  
Is dh'fhuair i 'm bás gun aithreachas.
- 31 Ach thóg i an sgian dubh 'sa chuan,  
Mu 'm fuighe an saor achubhasan,
- 32 Co moch 's a thainig an ló,  
Thainig Conchar féin 's a lod;  
Mile márpaisg do 'n mhi-cheíl,  
Thug ormsa Clann mo pheath' r féin a mbarbha,
- 33 Tha mi 'n diu gan Deirdri dheth,  
Na gun aon duine tairrisde.  
Ach tiolaicidh mi 'n aon uaigh  
Snaois 'us Deirdri 'n aon leabaidh.  
'S an lus beag' thig roimh an uaigh,  
Ge b'e chuireas snaim air a bhàr,  
Gu 'm bu leis aon ragha leannain.
- 34 N'am bithinnsa 'n Iuthar nam buadh  
A 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 uath Chonchair rígh Ulanah le Naís Mac Uisnich agus a dhúthas bhraithairibh, (íodhain, Ailbhe agus Ardán) gu h'Albain, ionad ann rabhadra gu sona snaibhneach re uin' fhacla, gus na chuir Conchair teachdaireachd shithaimh chaireidil nan de' gus na phrill iad gu Rígh-Eirinn, ach d'iuir an rígh feall orra, agus mharbh, an trínir chùraibh 'n ann dheidh teachd air tír, an sin dhruid, Deirdri nis na cuirp agus chaoine gu cumhach iad agus chuir, lamh an ach annam féin.

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

- 2 Ta g'ar cumail fada uaine,  
Creid is fa nach cumhain a ruag  
Lamban<sup>1</sup> air bhog atuibh bán  
Nir cheol eadail dhinnn an cogadh.
- 3 Còdal uile 's beag a lochd,  
Do dhaóine bhíodh ri deoireachd;  
Ge d' nach bíodh coga fo na ghreín  
Ach daóine bhí as an tír féin.
- 4 Chuirmeas ar lungeas amach,  
A chaith' n a chuain gu h'eolach,  
Bha sinn sblach ri seoladh  
Is bha Deirdri dubhach do-bhrónach.
- 5 Creud e fa do thuirse bhean  
Agus sinne beo 'n ar beatha  
Ní h aithne dhúinn neach d' ar bualadh  
Ní h eagal luinn fuath no síchlainn
- 6 Aislín do chunnacas an raoir;  
Óirbhse thriuir bráithre barra chaoín<sup>2</sup>  
Ar cùibhreach is ar cuir san uaigh,  
Leis a Chónchair chlaoin rugh.
- 7 Air chlochaibh síu is air chrannáibh,  
Agus air lachaibh na linne  
Is ar chuileimibh na 'm fiadh chor  
Is air earlas fiar an t Seannaich.
- 8 Creud bheir sinne 'n daill an laoch  
Is farsaing na fuirge amach  
'S a liughad cala caol is cuan  
A b' fíeudar tarraing<sup>3</sup> gu uabhas.
- 9 An am luidhe do na ghreín  
Nir b' aobhar suain dhúain e  
Cait ionnar ar ghabh long tír  
Ach fo Bhaile mor Rígh Conchair.
- 10 Thainig Conchair amach le  
Sheachd íchid loch cheann-uallach  
Is dh' fhiosraich le briara brais  
Cia na sloi 'ta air an lungeas.
- 11 Clann do pheathar áta ann;  
Sin triar a thainig air tuinn  
Air ioncach 's air chomaire an Rí'  
Aig tagradh dílseachd ar cairdeas
- 12 Cha chlann peathar dhamsa sibh  
Nir bheairt saoi<sup>4</sup> do rinn sibh orm  
Thug sibh mo bhean nam a b' fhoill<sup>5</sup>  
Si Deirdri dhonn shuileach ghleic' gheal.
- 13 An nair a sgaóil do long mu lán  
Is tu a mullach na mara dillin  
Thug sinn dhuit ar long féin  
Do bhí' mar ann nair sin a' do reir<sup>6</sup>
- 14 De d' mhárba sibh caogad rígh  
Air mo bhui'eachas gu fíor  
Ní am faigheadh sibh an din do m' shíth  
Ach gach uil' éasaí 'm faodain<sup>7</sup>
- 15 Do rinne mar dhuit bá' bhac eile  
O 's e nis an tam do chumilnicheadh  
Chair sinn' tha 'n comanibh líonar.  
'S dílleas ar cóir air do chonraich.
- 16 Au tann do chuir Murcha Mac Brián  
Na seachd cáithibh am binn Eadair<sup>8</sup>  
Thug sinn' thugan gu easbhui'  
Cinn Mhíche rígh na h Eardheise.
- 17 Ge d' mharbha sibh caogad Rí'  
Air mo bhui'eachas gur fíor  
Ní am bheic sibh an diu do m' shíth  
Ach gach uil' eas-shíth do 'm feadain.
- 18 Eirich a Naóis is glae do chlaí'  
A dhéang mhíe an Rí is glan cointhead  
Creud fa 'm faigheadh a cholaín shuairc  
Ach a mháin aon chuairt do 'n anaú.
- 19 Chuir Naóis a shalta<sup>9</sup> ri clár  
Is ghlac a chloí 'n a dhorn  
'S bu gíarg deamál nan laoch  
Tuítin air gach taobh do bhord.

<sup>1</sup> (Soft brooks) threatening white hand.<sup>2</sup> More than uild.<sup>3</sup> Without fear.<sup>4</sup> Soná.<sup>5</sup> Le foill.<sup>6</sup> Friends.<sup>7</sup> (Ea síth) 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 ghlóin  
Fuath no 'eud no acmhásan.<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 breithre fa ghlán snua' th  
Cha 'n or, cha 'n airgid 's cha 'n eich  
Ní mo is beaú uaireach mise.
- 23 Ach mo chead a dhól 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 fáit dnalach tlá  
Aig<sup>12</sup> a mínaoi bu chuana caif'  
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 thuaigh iona<sup>16</sup> na lamh eile
- 26 A shaoir is aile am facas riamh  
Creud air an tíubhra tu an sgian  
Gur e bheirinn duit g'a ceann,  
Aon fhaine buaghach na h-Eirinn
- 27 C'ait an robh am fáine geasach<sup>17</sup>  
An la do bhaoghluisheadhí clann uisnich  
'L iongan le buaighthib an fhaine,  
Mar fhuarah an crádh no 'n guinsin<sup>18</sup>
- 28 La gu 'n robh Naoine cur cloiche  
Ann 'n nrsainn cath fiann na faiche ;  
Do sgnóil an fháil<sup>19</sup> oir fa mheur  
'S thug dhamba i mo ghragh da ta sgai,
- 29 Och do chuimhnich mo ghradh gealsá  
An fáine feartach a bhí na fhochair  
N baoghal do o ghoil nan slughabh  
A ghúin le thúath no le sochái'
- 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 Caoí', no Triabhunn Deirdir  
Cha ghairdeachas gun chlann uisnich  
O' s tairseach gun bhí' nar cuallach  
Trí mic rígh le 'n díofai deoraibh.
- 32 Trí leoghain a chnuic na h-namba  
Trí manuinn a bh' Ti Bratain<sup>20</sup>  
Trí seolhaig o shliabh a chuillinn,  
An triar d'an geile na gaisric  
'S do n tíubhra na h amh thúis nram.
- 33 Thri Steallain do 'n ubhal oir  
Nach fuilingeadh deannal nan tír,  
Trí mic uisnich o Dhun mona',  
O trí coin a chochail chaonh.
- 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 snauh.
- 35 Soiri'<sup>22</sup> soir gu h-Albain nam  
Farma mhath fraoraic cuain is gleann  
Ann am biodh clann uisnich ri scalg  
Bu aobhain súidhe air leirg a beann.
- 36 Níor<sup>23</sup> b' iongan mí thabhairt grai  
Do dh' Albain ur fa re roid  
Bu ghlán mo choilí na measg  
Bu leam a h-eich is a h-or.<sup>24</sup>
- 37 Bail' agus leath Albain fein  
Do bhíodh agam ard an ceum,  
Is le Fergus nan colg láidir  
Gur maig a thainig gu h-Eirinn.
- 38 O ghlinn Maisinn sin gleann Maisin,  
Gor a chreumh is geal a dhosan  
Minic do romneas codal iorrach  
Air do mhulachsa ghlinn Maisinn.
- 39 Gleann Daruail sin, Gleann Daruail  
An gleann is binne guth cuait  
Is binne guth gaodh-air fo 'n choille chruim,  
Os ar ceann ann Gleann Daruail.
- 40 Aoibhinn Dón Meagr is Dan Fhionn  
Aoibhinn an dím 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,  
Naóis Aillbhe agus Ardán.
- 42 Bhíodh Aillbhe againn ri toirbheirt  
Is Ardán ri seilg seanta  
Is Naóis fein ceann ar muintir  
Is mise ri fuaim nan tenda
- 43 La gu 'n robh fir Alba 'g ol  
Is clann uisnich bu mor cean<sup>25</sup>  
Do inghean Draosach Dhun Ireoir  
Thug Naóis dhí pog gun fhios
- 44 Gu na gheall e dhí alldaímh aon  
Agh alláigh is lao' na cois.  
Is thaghaill se aic air chuairt  
Air pilleadh o shluagh Innarnis
- 45 Thug a bhean sin o Dhun Ireoin  
Briaran is a boid mhear  
Gur an racha Naóis 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 tainn  
Coimheas leam bhí beo no eug
- 47 Do thug naóis a bhriara síor  
Is a lughá more am fanúis arm  
Nach cuireadh ormsa feirg no graim  
Gus an rachamad air slugh nam marbh
- 48 Do leanadar mise amach  
Aillbhe is Ardán a bha treun  
Is philleadar mí ris a steach  
An diais a chuireadh cath air cheadan.
- 49 O da ehlhíne sibhs anochd  
Naóis dhól fo bhrot an cre  
Throm ghúile sibh gu bras  
Is ghúilínse a sheachd leath.
- 50 'S iad clann uisnich sud tha thall  
Is iad nan luidhe bonn ri bonn  
Is da 'n suimligheadhí marbh roimh mhairbh eile  
Gu 'n suimlighe sibhsí romhansa.
- 51 Trí Dreagno dhunmonaí  
Triar curraí na craobh ruaighe  
Tarcis nan Triath níor bheo mise  
Triar a bhrieadh gach aon ruaigh.
- 52 Do threigeas aoibhneas ulamh  
Fa 'r triar curraibh do b'annsa  
Mo shaoghal am feasd mor fhade  
Na 'n laighear aon fheas leamsa.
- 53 Lair fosgladh a phartaínn  
Na deantarán naibh le gu docair  
Biaidh mí 'm fochair na huaighe  
Far a deantar truaí' agus chochaim,
- 54 'S mor a gheibhinn do shochar  
Ann am fochair nan curraibh  
Le 'm<sup>26</sup> fuinn iad gun teach gun teine  
Och mise am feasd nach biodh dubhach.

<sup>10</sup> Brown complexion. <sup>11</sup> Reproach.  
<sup>12</sup> Strong constitution. <sup>13</sup> Unintelligible. <sup>14</sup> Shaving  
oars. <sup>15</sup> Aon. <sup>16</sup> Ann.

<sup>17</sup> King of Charms. <sup>18</sup> Guin, stitch. <sup>19</sup> Fallbhéag.

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

<sup>23</sup> Rion bliú agam bu b'leaghadh oidin. <sup>24</sup> Seirc.

<sup>25</sup> Gheall e nar philleadh e chuairt.  
<sup>26</sup> Na 'm faighinn.

- 55 An trì sgiatha is an trì sleagha  
Ann san leabai dhùinn gu mìnic  
Cuirì' an trì cloi' crudaibh  
Sint' osecann uaigh nan gillaibh
- 56 An trì conaibh is an trì seallbaic  
Biatar am feasd' gun luchd seilge  
Tri triari' choimhead catha  
Triar dhalaibh chonnail chearnach.
- 57 Tri ialkùna nan trì Ian sin  
Do bhùin osna o mo chriolhe  
'S ann agamsa do bhliodh an tasgair'  
Ga 'm faicsin is aolbar 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 uisnich,
- 59 O 's traugh ar tuirse le Fergus  
Gur cealgach chum na craobh ruaidhe  
Le na briara blasa binne  
Fadh ma n' mhillleadh sibh aon uair
- 60 Och 's mise Deirdle gun aoidhneas  
Anis aig cricchuacha mo bheatha  
Bronnfam do 'n triar mo thri pogaibh  
Is duinnas 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 FAOIN do shuan oigh na maisie,  
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 dhainm 's do chairdean.
- 3 Taras gu 'n deuchadh iad air luing,  
Uainn clann Usnachan ionmhain;  
Dh' fhag iad Deirdre san Duth,  
Am beinn Ardre' nan aonar.
- 4 La is bliadhna dhùinu mar sin,  
Am beinn Ardre nar n-onar:  
'Se thuirnt an Duth dis ruim,  
Ar bainis is mithich a dheanamh.
- 5 Ar bainis cha' n' cil am fath,  
Ni mo nitear i gu brath;  
Aig gun tig iad dhathaidh slan,  
Cloinn Usnachan an ceann bliadhna.
- 6 Cinn-teach bìthidh tu gu dìth,  
Geòl fhaighleadh tu 'n bas g'an cumbadh;  
Bìthidh tusa 'san Dubh san aon leab,  
Aig an teid an ur thar a leachd. (leac)
- 7 Sealladh gu 'n tugas a mach,  
Air bordaibh a Bliarra bhraoin;  
'S ionmhain an triar chuantaidh chas, (chuantair)  
A shmanhas an euan dhathigh.
- 8 Ardan is Ailda air an Stair,  
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 m' 'n creuda iad mise.
- 10 A chloinn Usnachan nan each,  
A thainig a tir nam fear fhealach;  
Ad' fhuir sibh tair o neach,  
No ciod a ghraidh a bha g'ar cumail?
- 11 'Se bha g'ar cumail bhì dol nat  
'S ann duinne gu 'm b' fhuileach an ruaig;  
Niall Mac Fragan ceann fhear fail  
Bhì g'ar fastail 's g'ar cumail,
- 12 Cait an robh iad blur n-airm ghaisce,  
An uair a dh' otha sibh bhur glaca?  
Do Niall Mac Fragan ceann fhear fail,  
Gu bhithheadh g'ar fastail mo g'ar cumail.
- 13 Codal gu 'n d' rinneas 'nar luing  
Air onfha na Mara thruim;  
M'an d' fbaraich sinn bh' na ce (no dhur)  
Dh' iadh na sè longa deug uamain.
- 14 Cha mhise nach d' innis sin duibh,  
Chloinn Usnachan ionmhain;  
Cadal fada 's beag a thlachd,  
Do dhuine 'se air Dheorachd. (Thorachd)
- 15 'S ann a chair e sinn an uamhain,  
Fada, fada fo thalmhain;  
Far an tigeadh Tharrainn an saile,  
Tri nao uaircan san aon la.
- 16 'San sin nuair thainig e g'ar fios  
An tìr-fail bu ghile cneas;  
Ghabh i gne mhòr 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 fìor uigse.
- 18 Dh' imich i do Dhun a h-athar,  
Tìr-fail an fhuil mhaòth seathaich;  
Fhuaradh a h-athair san Dun,  
'Sa chairdean uile m'a thiomchuil.
- 19 Thigsa a'm' chogair a Thìrfail (Thìrbhail),  
Rìbbinn fhuarada dhonn tbla;  
An sgeul a cheileas mi air chach,  
A ghraidh g'un innis duitsa,
- 20 Mari gur ole run nam ban,  
Innsidh iad sa' chuil na chluinneas,  
'S dona 'n run a bhithheadh ann,  
Nuair cheicadh tu i air h-aon nighean.
- 21 Ghleithinn seachd bliadhna i gun fhios,  
Fom' chich thosgail an tasgaidh:
- 22 Chair rìgh Eirin fiosan traigh,  
Gur math Uaisle Innsfàil;  
Gu faighinnse luchd mo luinge,  
Dh' or dh' airgid, a dh' aon druinne,
- 23 Na cìnich a chur, gun fheall,  
Dha amarach air chuain na h-Eirin.
- 24 Leag a nighean osmadh throm,  
As a cridhe fein gun charg la;  
Chlìsg ainnechan an tighe,  
Le aon osna na h-Inghin.
- 25 G'e b'e leag an osmadh throm,  
Rì gur ionmhain leis na cìnich;  
'S mise leag an osmadh throm,  
Na cìnich gur coma leam.
- 26 Tha carraim ann am thaobh eli  
Gu marbhadh i caogaidh rìgh;  
Tha carraim eile a' m' thaobh dheas,  
Is i air luain tharis agam.
- 27 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fios  
An Tìrfail bu ghile cneas;  
An robh thu ann an Dun ad thall,  
No 'n cual thu aithris oirn an?
- 28 Bha mi anns an Dun ud thall,  
'S bochel an aithris bh' oirbh ann;  
Chuir rìgh Eirin fios an traigh,  
Gu math naisle Innsfàil.
- 29 Gu 'm faighleadh 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 easan,  
'S gu' n tomhais mi na glasan;  
Ni' m fag mi bonn air dhi cuimhne,  
Air tad mi leud, no air doimhne.
- 31 Rainig ise an coir echnach,  
Fhuaras ord Gobha na laudh;  
Is e ga shior bhualadh air iman.
- 32 'S neona leam thu a nighean righ,  
A bhí falbh oidhe am an ehadal.  
'Se bheireadh dhomhsa bhí falbh oidhe,  
Cor m' thaoineachd a bhí agad. (coir)
- 33 'S marachd mise a bhí beo,  
'S coir a thaoineachd a bhí agam;  
'S an eann Dubhsa thair mo bhraigid,  
Gur tu rinn dhomhsa a gheithheadh.
- 34 Bha mi la prona oir,  
An ceardach t-athar an Chruaidh;  
Choinnichadh orm an t-ora a ghaideadh,  
'S gu' m bu sgeul sid air nuaidhad.
- 35 Mire gu 'n rinneas a' m' luing,  
Air ontha no mara thrain;  
Thuit nichrichean m' athar thar bord,  
'S truaigh gum mise nan struth lorg.
- 36 Rinn an Gobha na h-nichrichean buadh,  
Dhí ri fatal na h-aon uaire,
- 37 Na tigeadh smid as do bheil,  
Moeh no amoch, no ma theasgur.  
Aig an imcas an Grinnel e!  
No 'u t-innean air an deach an bh deamach,
- 38 Sin gur thainig i gur fios,  
An Tírfaíl bu ghile enas!
- 39 Sinibh thugamsa bhur easan  
'S gum fosgail mi na glasan,  
Mar dh' thug mi bonn air dhi cuimhne.  
Air fad' air laid no air domhne,
- 40 Thug Naos an leum gu h-calachain,  
Arda a b' ailde co allsa,  
Ailde an deaghái nín.
- 41 An triur bhrathran bu mhath diongail:  
Bheil sibh mise air 'ur cois?  
No bheil a bhos na mí 'ur diongail.
- 42 No' m bitheadh againn ar tri claidhean.  
Agus len chuig oidhechean,  
Solus ceire leth n ar leth.  
'S gu' m bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 43 Chaidh i dh' iarraidh nan tri claidhean,  
Cha b' e faoidh a b' fhusa dheamach;  
Rainig i Gille an t-seomair,  
An ribhinn ur m' an iadh an t-Omar.
- 44 'S neona leam a nighean righ,  
Bhí falbh oidhe am an ehadal;  
'S e bheireadh dhomh bhí falbh oidhe,  
Coir m' thaoineachd a bhí agad.
- 45 Na deanamsa ceartas dionnaí,  
Nighean an righ o Dhun Meara;  
Tha mí 'g iarraidh nan tri claidhean,  
Agus len chuig oidhechean.
- 46 Solus ceire leth mar leth,  
'S gum bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 47 Cíod a dheanadh tu 'de bhoithe,  
A nighean righ ard fhlaithail,  
'S nach b' urrainn thu chuir leis catha,  
No thoir leis latha seirbhís.
- 48 Bheirinn cloidhe dhin' mar ghlí,  
Do nbae a thuar righ ri Ribhinn;  
Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhuibh,  
Do cheud marcach nan each cuim
- 49 Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhuibh,  
Do ard mharsaíl mo lunge;  
Leug i na naoi *ghosa* oir,  
Air a bhord air son nam tri chlaidhean.
- 50 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fios,  
An Tírfaíl bu ghile enas;  
Tha long aig m' athaire air sud,  
Roimhe thail air ehlann Ciaran.
- 51 Cuigar agletha na huinge,  
Aon fhear moor ann os gach duine;  
Ach buailibh cothromach ceart,  
Bhur tri buillean san aon alt.
- 52 Ge bu dorch dubh an oidheche,  
Bu neo-bhorb a rinn sinn iomra;  
Bhuail sinn gu cothromach ceart  
Na tri buillean san aon alt.
- 53 Thigsa nad luing Thírfaíl,  
A ribhinn tharasa dhonn thla;  
Cha bhí ach aon bhean os do cheann,  
Ams na críochaibh Gaileach agáine.
- 54 Cum an raclainn ann ad luing  
'S luithend Mae righ tha m' iarraidh;  
No gu' m fallhain fein am braid,  
Air sgath buidhne coimheach eile.
- 55 Tílgidh iad ortsa gheal ghlonnach.
- 56 M'as fíor gu bheil thu tormach;  
Luaidhear air fearaibh na h-Eiriu e,  
'S aon nighean mí do 'n righ,  
'S mothaid dhe sud mo phris.
- 57 'S dona an t-aran re seal,  
Nach tabhair aon ían an cala;  
Ach bheirinn bliadhna air a ghaol,  
Agus bliadhna air a ghradh.
- 58 Bliadhna eile cheann bhí bhos,  
An eann chuig *míle* bliadhna; (*bile*)  
Thig se an sin am iarraidh.
- 59 A gbraidh fein mar dean thu sin,  
Taghsa bean san tír an tachiur.
- 60 (Thug Naos a mhionan gu sior,  
As luth e gu dian eantrom oirnn;  
Nach cuiradh e ormsa gruaim,  
Aig an tigeadh suain na marbh (racla e 'n)
- 61 Thug a bhean sin o Dhuntreoir.  
A mhionan moir 'sa boid mhearr,  
Aig an tachiur Naos an cug,  
Nach racla i fein à d' fhear.)

## EIREANN AIR CHALL.

- 62 Ach na cluinnendh ise nochd,  
Naos a bhí fo bhrod nan creuchd;  
Gu guiladh i fein gu goirt,  
Is ghuibhamsa man seach da réir.
- This from Capt. Morrison. 2nd Dec.  
1802.

- 63 Thug iad a mach as mo dheigh,  
Aillí is Arda air an t-snaamh;  
Is thug iad leo mí gu tír,  
An d'bhís a chuir cath air cheud.
- 64 Nuair a shoillsich dhuinne an lo,  
Dhúin umain an dall eche;  
Samh ghabh ar currach tír,  
Fó mhór bhaile an ard righ.
- 65 Thainig Conchar a nach,  
'Sa chairdean míle na thiomchíol;  
Labhair e gu broddan bras,  
Cò na kaich tha air an loingcas?
- 66 Clann do pheathar fein th' ann.  
Nan suidh an Eathar ur rauld; (fhríanch)
- 67 Cha ehlann peathar dhomhsa sibh,  
Cha 'n e an gníomh a rinn sibh orra.  
Ach mo mhiaslacha' gun fheall,  
Thar fearaibh Uaisle na h-Eirin.

- 65 Ma thug sinne nat do bhean,  
Deardre fhuichar lamh gheal;  
Rinn sinn baigh bheag eile ruit,  
Be so àm a cuimhneachadh.
- 66 Ann la chair Murcha Mac Lir,  
Na seachd Cathan beinn Eaduin;  
Chuir sinn thu an Innis an Iul,  
Bha sinn an là sin a dh' aon run.
- 70 Ged dheanadh ruim mìle baigh,  
Air mo bhuidheachas, gu fìor;  
Blur 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 bhìris do long air sàl,  
Lan do airgid, lan do or,
- 72 Thug sinn dhuit ar long fein,  
Is shnamlh sinn an cuain na d' thiomchill;  
Ged dheanadh sibh ruim mìle baigh,  
Bhur sìth cha 'n fhaigh sibh gn brath.  
'Ach gach dìth is motha dh' fheaduin.
- 73 Eirich a Naòis, glac do chloidhe,  
Dheagh Mhìc rìgh ard fhathair,  
Chuir Naòis 'n sin a clòs thar bord,  
Ardan is Aille na sthruth lorg.
- 74 Cha bhas leam anis 'ur bus,  
Chloinn Usnachan gun naòis;  
O na thuit e leibh gun theall,  
Treas Marcaich Uasail na h-Eirìn.
- 75 Dheardhre thigsa as do luing.  
Cum an rachainn as mo luing,  
Gun mo cheud ragha 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 ceus gheal;
- 78 Sgaoil iad a folt baigh bán,  
Air an rìbhinn fharasda dhuin thla,  
Clum nach tugadh i an braid,  
Letha imrach cro na snaide.
- 79 Ach aon fhaill oir bha na meur,  
Gun a thiot e sìd na bheil;  
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 Eirìn;  
Ghabh an saor mcanna 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 sìunte sìos co fada.
- 83 Chuir i sìos a beul ri beul,  
A taobh ri taobh, su ghluin ti ghluin;  
Ghabh i 'n sgian gheur na cridhe,  
Is fhuair i bas gun aithreachas.
- 84 (Druid a null a craòis eòlach,  
Mhath is mìle 's tu fein a dh' arach;  
Nan sailecha marbh roimh bheo,  
Gun sailecha tusa r'o anse.)

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Added.

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

Neolan.

From Donald McIver, alias Robert  
son, foxhunter, as before men-  
tioned, Loch Tayside.

Q. 6. AOIDHEADH CHLAINN UISNICH. 364 lines.

Stewart's Collection, p. 562.

Part wanting.

- 1 A CHLANN Uisnich nan each geala,  
A's sibh an tìr nam fear fuileach,  
Cìod e do bhì air ur n-eachaibh,  
Na 'n ceann fath ata 'g ur cumail?
- 2 Ata 'g ur cumail fada uaim?  
A's gur leibh chuireadh an ruag,  
D' a n laudhadh bagad ur nàmh  
Ur 'n amladh anns a chumaisg.
- 3 Ach chuireadh leibh ur mach,  
A chaitheadh a chuain gu h-eòlach,  
Bha Naos subhach ga seoladh,  
A's Aille, maise nan ògan.
- 4 Bha Ardan bu deise ga stiùireadh  
Air freasdal a dhìthis bhrathar iulhuor,  
Codal shùil is beag a thlachd  
Do'n mhnaoi tha ac air deoraidheachd.
- 5 Tha an ghaoth gun eisiomail ri'n seemh.  
A' cleuchd f'an trilsibh grinne, reidhe,  
A's mar an oiche tha folach a boichead,  
Tha Dearduil dubhach, dubhrònach.
- 6 Dearduil ting barrachd an ailleachd,  
Air mnaibh eile na h-Eirìn.  
Nì choimeasar rithise càch,  
Ach mar bhaideal air sgà na reultaig.
- 7 ' Cìod e fath do thùrsa a bhean?  
A's sinne beo re do bheatha,  
A's nach aithne dhuinn neach d'ar buadhach,  
An ceithir bruaicheibh an domhain.'
- 8 ' Aisling chumacas an raoir  
Oirbise a thruir brathar barra-chaoin;  
Ur cuibhreach, a's ur cnr san uigh,  
Leis a Chonachar chlaon, ruadh.'
- 9 ' Air chlaicheibh sin, a's air chranailh,  
A's air laicheibh nan linnean,  
A's air eulceamibh nan fàilch-ionn,  
A's air iorball fiar an t-sionnach.
- 10 Cìod e bheir sinn an dàil an laoih?  
A's fairsinneachd na fàirge a mach,  
A's a liuthad eala, caol, a's cuain,  
'S an fèndamaid tarruing gun namhas.'
- 11 Ceadal na h-òig mhna nì'm b'fhaoin,  
A's diomhaoin spairneadh ri gaoith,  
Leach Èite bu chian o'n iul,  
A's Connail 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 fheigh.

- 13 Ris tha Cniguladh a dlúthadh,  
A's Conachar an gar na mhír nd,  
A's an tír sin uile fadh smachd,  
Anns na ghalh Dearduil dhe' thachd.
- 14 Bu shoincambail le Dearduil an t óg,  
Agus aghaidh mar shoilse an ló ;  
Air lí an fliúich bhla ghrang,  
Bu deirge na an súlha ghrauidh.
- 15 Bh' echeas mar chobhar nan seuth,  
A's mar nise bailbh a ghuth ;  
Bha chridhe fearail, fíal,  
A's aobhach cium mar a ghrian.
- 16 'Nuair a dh'éirigh eadh a fhríoch, a's fhearg,  
Bí choimeas an thairge gharz,  
B'íomann agus heart a toim,  
Fuaim na laim aig an t-sonn.
- 17 Mar reothar a binne borh,  
Bha e san arach fíe streapa cholz,  
Anns an facas le Dearduil' e'n tíe,  
A's í coimhead o mbuallach an Dúin.
- 18 'Iomhuim,' ars an oigh thláth,  
'An t-ainneal bíllar nam béud,  
Is goirt le críde a mháthar,  
A dháinead ri uel na streapa.
- 19 Is neamhch níghen do ghráidh  
An Albain ágluathor nan gúng,  
'Nuair chí sí e bhord na mara  
A's e greasadh gu cala an treon.'
- 20 Ach a Dhearduil bu ghríne nós,  
Tha do chóradh air fás fáim,  
Tha toim nan stuath, a's na gaoithe,  
Tabhairt caochlaidh air t'uirgiol ain.
- 21 'Iomhuim tír, an tír ud shoir,  
Albain cona lingantaibh  
Gur truagh nach mise tha r'a h-oir,  
Gur truagh nach mise, a's Naos.
- 22 Soraidh soir gu h-Albain nam,  
Far a' maith fradharc enain, a's gbleann,  
Anns am biodh mic Uisnich re sealg,  
B'éibhinn súidhe air léig am beann.
- 23 Cha b'íongna mise thabhairt graidh  
Do Albain air bu reidhe róid,  
Bu ghlan mo cheile na measg,  
Bhíodh leam a h-éich, a's a h-oir.
- 24 O ghlinn Mas-ain! sin gleann m'annsaichd,  
Ge gorm a chreamb 's geal a ghasan ;  
B'ait a dheanain cadal corrach  
Air do mbuallach-sa ghlinn Masain.
- 25 Gleann Darnadhail, gleann gach buadhla,  
An gleann 's am binne guth enaiche,  
Is binne guth eadhair fa'n choille chruim  
Air a' bheinn os gleann Darnadhail.
- 26 Eibhinn Dún-meatha, a's Dún-fionn,  
Eibhinn an Dún bhíodh os an cionn,  
Eibhinn Innis-droighin leathann  
A's lea sin Dún-súilhe.
- 27 Ceathrar sinn an Innis-droighin,  
Far nach feudadh slóigh ar uoigheadh,  
Mise fein, a's bu mhóid m'ágh  
Naos, Aille, agus Ardan.
- 28 Bhíodh Ardan agam rí teirbheirt,  
A's Aille re sealg shleibhteau,  
Naos na cheann air nuimtir,  
A's mise re tuirmeadh theud ann.'
- 29 'A níghen Cholla nan sgiath,'  
Do radh Naos, bu tiambaidh fonn,  
'Ge fada nainn Albain nam fiagh,  
A's Eite na ciar aighean donn.
- 30 'Nuair shíobhailheas an fhatrige bhras,  
A's a thoid stad air a ghaoith tuath,  
Cothaichidh sinn cala taimh,  
No samhchair air aghaidh chumain.
- 31 Raebans' a cheimhead an Duin nd,  
Bíodh Aille re h-íul fa thuascairt,  
Agus Ardan a fúicadh na traigha,  
Mu'n tig ar namhaid mu'r tuiream.
- 32 Fausa ghéug na naise  
San luing chais, agus an t-ill sin,  
Ní h-eagal go tig béud na d' dlúth,  
A's claidhean nach earr ga d' dhúidean.
- 33 Bu doighneasach cór na h-Aille,  
A's í g'eistechd re gáirich thonn,  
B'íon thraigha a síthubul chium,  
A's a dinir mu Naos nam buadh.
- 34 Tha críde luamain re h-osnaich,  
A's nach cium í foran a gaoil ;  
Is beag a h-amban roimh an domhion,  
A's a smuin air conum a graidh.
- 35 A Thriath Eite nam uorffheart,  
A's a bhrathaireau nan deare comh,  
Fóiribh air Dearduil a bhroin,  
A's na keigibh an tóir na gár.
- 36 Chí sí ag íompeidh mu coimeamh  
Naos fúdh dhoiglein achd gnais,  
Taircis da agasg Chnebullin,  
A mbotlachadh ag uilleam an Dúin.
- 37 Fadhbhail an Taibhse fúdh sprochen  
Bu lionmhór osnaich a eblúidhe  
Bha rosg fann mar hasair mhúchta,  
A shleagh na eeo re eíd a sgióthe.
- 38 Mar ghaoidh flúis an uaimh nan cóis,  
Bha tuireadh, a's brón na ghuth,  
Bu chianoil aigse Naois a' clainn  
Sgeada a dbais o an chruth.
- 39 'Cia fáth mu bheil t'aigne trom,  
A Naois a's lionmhór nos' ?  
Do radh Inghen Cholla gu fíom,  
'A's gun agams' ach brigh do ghloir.
- 40 Cha mháirthean ach Naos, a's Dearduil,  
Tha buadh a daimh air dol fúdh líe.  
Tha mí gun athair, gun bhrathair,  
A's fear mo sháirich gun íochd.
- 41 Tha reuln Sheallmáith air dubhadh,  
A's a thulach air fás donn,  
Cha leim na bric re a slruthaibh,  
Cha tog eadh na niseag ann fonn.
- 42 Cha'n íongna a's gur bás do Thruthal,  
Mo bhrathair thug urram cha shóigh,  
A's gur chaireadh Colla comach,  
(B'e m'athair gaoilach), fúdh an fliodh.
- 43 Bha Thruthal le h-olluadh eogaidh  
Chosnadh cothrom, agus cóir ;  
Tra bhios na sgaradh nan tráth,  
Na m' súidhe ag úird chraoibh an lóin.
- 44 Thainig am íonnsuidh m'athair  
Fearsaid chatha bu lorg dha,  
Air aghaidh flathail cha robh suní,  
A's osnadh air grunt a chleibhe.'
- 45 'A Dhearduil ghradhach,' ars an rígh,  
'Ní mairthean do m' shíol-sa ach thu,  
Thoraichair Thruthal 's a chath,  
A's tha Conachar nan gath dhomh dlíth,
- 46 Aitl-dhíoladh mo mhic, neo tuiteam,  
Is e bheir furtach do m' aois sa,  
Da faighteadh tearmann do Dhearduil,  
B' éibhinn an árach dhomb-sa.'
- 47 'Ma thuit crann iul a chatha,  
Og rathail na morechis,  
Glacams' athair mo bhogha,  
A's tollam Conachar na adhbhar.'
- 48 'Glacsa Dhearduil am bogha,  
Is sodhail leam brigh do cheille.  
Ach feuch gu fáirich tha m'fhochair,  
A's do shosta air ehlí mo sgióthe.'
- 49 'Faire na h-oidheche gu tiamhaidh,  
Ní bu chian gu macáin shárgbhl,  
Claidh mis an uilheam catha,  
A's leam mí m'athair gu deonach.

- 50 Rí beum scéithe an aosla,  
Chruinnich a hoiich air an fhaiche,  
Chá bu sochlaídh iad air áireamh,  
A's an ciabhan os barr air giasadh.'
- 51 'Mo cho-noisean bhá tric sa bháir,'  
Dubháirt Colla gu blath re dhaoine.  
'Is cuimhne leibh cur a chatha  
Ann do thuit Conntáda m' b' thaoine e.
- 52 An sinn anois air liatha,  
A's ar n-áirídh chiatach san áir,  
Thair Truthal ar ceann treun,  
A's thá éigin an fogan ar mír.
- 53 Ge do lag mata air na'r treoir,  
Rachamaid le deoin sun iomaírt,  
Díolamaid éag ar Maeraídh,  
A's thugamaid cath gu nimhail.'
- 54 'Tharraing e a lann a truaill,  
A's tharraing a shluagh gach lann leis,  
Ghlúaisamar a thlabhairt éoldhail  
Do Chonachar san lón na dheas.
- 55 Bombanach an iorghuill gharg,  
Mar dhealanach dearg a teine,  
Thainig an t-shaighid na srann,  
Thuit Colla nan lann air a scéith.
- 56 B' ioma-ghonta mo chroí na m'athair  
Chrom mí gu talamb a g' thiaraidh,  
Ach chaochail ruidle a g' harráidh,  
Threig a slúmagh, a's a cháil.
- 57 Thainig C' machar 's a shleagh na g' hlaic,  
Ach air m' fhúicim ri deoir,  
Dh' iompaídh se uam a h-earrugas,  
Agus bhá a labhairt le doígh.
- 58 Ach cá nime an tugaín grádh,  
Do fhear ceadh mo bhrathair, a's m'athair,  
Agus sgiath, a's claidheamh mo dhílsean,  
Air chíosnadh le neart a chatha.'
- 59 'Agams' ambáin biodh do ghrádh,  
A Dhearduil a's fear a meag bhan,  
Ionann as reann air aghaidh neoil,  
Do bhriathra corr, a's do ghean.
- 60 Ge fada uain Eite nam fiagh,  
A's cobhair nam Fíanna tein,  
Feadh a's beo do Naos, 's do bhrathairean,  
Chá tig air mo Dhearduil bend.
- 61 Ní rachamaid ionróil air chuan,  
Mur bhíodh ghaoth thuathl le fogha dhein,  
'G ar iomaín an luib ar namhaid,  
Gun asras, gun fhath air treine.'
- 62 Ach ge h-ard' a ghéarás tonna,  
Rí traigh Chaiughadh nan stóid,  
Ge doineanta, hainneach neoil,  
A toirneadh gu h-aigeal do spéir.
- 63 Ní bheil mic Úisnich ag iaraidh  
N h-iorguill bhairb a sheachnadh,  
Chá b' eagal leo dúine, na daoine,  
Mar bhíodh Dearduil chaoín air seachran.
- 64 Úisnich nan earladh innealt,  
Mo thuiteas do míle sun áraich,  
Chá'n inmsear gum d' ob sínd an iomaírt,  
Chá tig air do chíneadh-sa táir.
- 65 Airm ghaíse an trein slúisir,  
Chá díobair iad ach le'n anam,  
Agus geol iadh nua miltcan,  
Chá toillear leo díumadh an athar.
- 66 B' ám éirigh an sin do'n ghreín,  
Ní'n nobhar suaine dhúinn e,  
A's long Chlainn Úisnich air tír,  
Fadh bháile mor Rígh Conachair.
- 67 Thainig Conachair a mach le fheachd,  
Fichead laoch, ceann uallach,  
A's d'fhúisnich le bríathraídh brus,  
'Cá na slóigh thá air a h-ingse.'
- 68 Clann air seachran ata ann,  
Tríuir sinn a thainig air tuinn,  
Air éineach, as air cuimrie an rígh,  
Thá grádh dílseachd ar cardeis.
- 69 'Chá chlann seachrain leam-sa sibh,  
Ní'n b' fheart sioídh a rian sibh orra,  
Thug sibh a bhean uam am braid,  
Dearduil dhonn shuiteach, ghle gheal.'
- 70 'Eiríbh, ol Naos, glaciubh claidheamh,  
A dheagh mhac rígh a's glain coimhead,  
Cuim' am fúigheadh a chloin shuairc,  
Ach ambáin non chuirte de'n anam.'
- 71 'Chuir Naos a shailtean re bord,  
A's g' hlaic claidheamh na dhonn,  
Bu gharg deannal nan deagh laoch,  
Taitream air gach taobh de'n bhord.
- 72 Thorachair mic nísíbh 's a g' hreís,  
Mar thri ghallain ag fás co dheis,  
Air an scrios le doinean éitídh,  
Ní'n d'fhag meangán, mear, na géng dhíubh.'
- 73 'Gluais a Dhearduil as do hing,  
A g'heng ur an abhraidh dhúinn,  
A's chá'n eagal do d' g' hnuisí g' hlaín,  
Fuath, no éad, na achasan.'
- 74 'Chá teid mí amach as mo hing,  
Gus am faigh mí mo raogha ath chuinge,  
Chá tír, chá talamb, a's chá tuar,  
Chá tríuir bhrathuire b'n g' hlaín' snuadh,
- 75 Chá'n ór, 's chá'n airgíod, a's chá'n eich,  
Ní mo a's bean uabhrach mise.
- 76 Ach mo chead a dhól do'n traigh,  
Far am bheil Clann Úisnich an n' tann,  
A's gu'n tugaín na trí píga meala,  
Do'n trí chorpaibh caomha, geala.
- 77 Ghlúais Dearduil an sin do'n traigh,  
A's fhuair saor ag snoigheadh ramh,  
A s'gian aige na leath laimh,  
'S a thundh aige na laimh eile.
- 78 A shnoir as fear da'm facas riannh,  
Creud air an tuibhradh tu an s'gian?  
Is e a bhicreud dhuit d'a ceann,  
Aon fhaine buadhach na h-Éirín.
- 79 Shantaich an saor am fáine,  
Air dheisead, a's air aillead,  
Thuibhradh do Dhearduil an s'gian,  
Agus raing i ionad a miann.
- 80 Chá ghairdeachas gun Chlann Úisnich,  
O ! is túrsach gun bhí nur cuallach :  
Trí mic Rígh le'n díoltadh deoraidh,  
Thá gun chóradh re h-uchd uaigne.
- 81 Trí magh-ghabhna Inse Breatáin,  
Tríuir sheabhae o shlábh a chuillín,  
An tríuir dha'n geilleadh na gaisgíh,  
A's dha'n tiubhradh na h-amháis urann.
- 82 Na trí coin a b'áillidh snuadh,  
A thainig thar chuan nam báre,  
Tríuir mhac Úisnich an luim ghrinn,  
Mar thriuir Eala air tuinn a snuadh.
- 83 Threigean gu h-cibhneach Uladh,  
Fa'n tríuir churaidh a b'annuadh,  
Mo sbaoghal nan deigh chá'n fhada,  
Na h-eagar fear ath bhuaílt dhomb-sa.
- 84 Trí ialla nan trí chon sin  
Do bhúin osnadh o m' chridhe,  
'S ann agam-sa bhíodh an tasegaidh,  
An fatesin is nobhar cumhaidh.
- 85 A chlann Úisnich thá an sud thall,  
'Nar luidhe bonn re bonn,  
Da'n sunbháicheadh marbh roimh bheo eile,  
Sunbháicheadh sibh-se romham-sa.
- 86 A thriuir threun o Dhún-noimídh,  
A thriuir ghíollan nam feart buadhá,  
Tairis an tríuir ní marthan mise,  
Tríuir le'm briseadh mo luehd fuatha.
- 87 Air fosgladh am feartan,  
Na denaíbh an uaign gun doear,  
Bítheam am fochair na h-uaigne,  
Far nach deantar truaigh, na ochtáin.



- 88 An trí sciathan, a's an trí sleaghan,  
Anus an leabaidh chumhain cuiribh,  
Cáiribh an trí chlaibhean cruidhaibh,  
Sinte os cionn naigh nana min-fhear.
- 89 An trí choin as an trí seabhaic leadhr,  
Am feasl gun lochl seidge,  
Cuiribh an gar man triath chathla,  
Triar dlatha Chomail enghaidh.
- 90 Och ! is truaigh mo shealladh orra,  
Fath mo dlucair, a's mo shealladh,  
Nach do chuireadh mi san talamh,  
Sul mharbhadh greada mhac Uisúich.
- 91 Is mise Dearduil gun eibhneas,  
Nis ag críochnaigh mi mo líbra tha,  
Bronnam le'm chridhe mo thri púga,  
As duineam an brón mo kithéan.

Mr. Mac Lean has divided this according to the metre and printed. 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 críchlúibh Alban . . . agus ro chan an Laoidh.

- 1 Inmain tír in tír uí theoir,  
Alba cona língantaibh ;  
Nocha tiefium eisli ille,  
Mama tísain le Naise.
- 2 Inmain Dun Fídhgha is Dun Fínn,  
Inmain in Dun os a cinn :  
Inmain Inis Draignde,  
Is inmain Dun Suib neí.
- 3 Caill, euan gar tigeadh  
Aimle mo nuar ;  
Fagair linn ab bitan,  
Is Naise an oirear Alban.
- 4 Glend Laidh do chellain,  
Fan mbóimain caoinh  
Isag, is sieng, is saill brúich,  
Fa lí mo chuid an Glend laigh.
- 5 Glend masain ! ard a crimh !  
Geal a gasain !  
Do nínais colladh corrach  
Os Inbhar mungach Masain.
- 6 Glend Eitche ann  
Do togphas mo ched tigh ;  
Ahaid a fídh iar eirghe,  
Buaile grene Ghínd eitche.
- 7 Mo chen Glend Urechaidh,  
Ba hedh in Glend díreach dromchain ;  
Falleha feara aoisi  
Ma Naise an Glend Urechaidh.
- 8 Glend da ruadh Mo chen,  
Gach fear da na duál ;  
Is binn guth enach ar craicibelruim,  
Ar in mbinn os Glendaruadh.
- 9 Inmain Draighen is treu traigh,  
Inmain Auiehd in ghaimmh glain ;  
Nocha tiefain cisde anoir,  
Mana tísuinn lein Inmain.

III. FRAOCH.

THE STORY OF FRAOCH. A. D. M. Z.

This story is part of the Dragon Myth, which is the widest spread of all myths known to me. Elsewhere I have written all that I know about it. The fight between a man, a dog, and a water dragon is in the Rig Veda ; and I got it in Barra and Cist in 1871, associated with the names of Fionn and Bran.

Part of 'the Tambo 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 Cuichullin 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 Lisnore, wrote the Gaelic ballad. About 1750 Mac Nicol, Minister of Lisnore, wrote it in different orthography, not materially altered as to wording. Stone got it about the same time. In 1786 Gillies printed from some unknown copy. In 1860 Mr. Carmichael, Excise officer, a native of Lisnore, 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 HUCUS IN KEICH O CLOAN.

- 1 Hossna charrít a cloan freich  
Hossne leich a gassil chroa  
Hossna zaneni tursyth far  
Agus da gwllin ban ege
- 2 Ag so bar in carn fane wí  
Freich m'feich in ult woye  
Fer a ryn bwyelhis byef  
Is voe lontir carn freich
- 3 Gwl ein wya in crochin sor  
Troe in skail fa wil a wan  
Is say ver a hossna gyth trome  
Freich m'Feich nyn golk sen
- 4 Is see in nyn wan di neig in gwle  
Ag dwle da eiss gow clean freich  
Fynowr in olt class ail  
Inne voyve ga bead leicht
- 5 Innen orle is our folt  
Is freich in nocht toive er heive  
Ga mor far za derge ee  
Neir zrawig se far ach freich
- 6 Foyis mewe rawe foye  
Caráiss freich fa far a gleye  
Inchuss fa fraichtyth a corp  
Trai gin locht a zanew zee
- 7 Do churra ai gussyth vass  
Teif re nrawe ne tuk o nolk  
Mor a foor a hoyt la meyf  
Innosit gyn khelk in noss.

Hosshi.

- 8 Kerin di weith er loch maie  
De chemist in trath za lass  
Gith rae gach mee  
Torri abbe de we er
- 9 Sasse lee in kero sin  
Fa mullsyth na millí a ulae  
De chonka a kerin derk  
Far gin wey gi kend ix traa
- 10 Bloye er heil gi ir di  
Chnri sin fa skail garve  
Gi borin di lucht kneis  
Froth a wess is e derk
- 11 Di wí ainsyth no zoi  
Ga bea ley clawyr in thoye  
Pest neif zo we no vonni  
Vakki zi cath zol da woye

- 12 Bein aslaynti throm throm  
Ynain ayith ni gorn seyr  
Di curri lai fiss er freich  
Feisryeh kid hane ree
- 13 A durde meyre nach be slan  
Mir woe laue i boss meith  
Di cheyrew in loch oyr  
Gin dwenei za woyna ach freich
- 14 Knossyeh reyve ne zarni mee  
Er v'feich gi knai zerg  
Ge ger darnis ai er freich  
Rachsit di vonni ker a veyf
- 15 Glossis freich fa fer a naye  
Voyne zi nave er in locht  
For a fest is ce na soynna  
Is a kenna soss ris in noss.  
Hossni.
- 16 Freich mac feich an erma zeiar  
Hanik one fest gin is dee  
Hug a houlti ker nark  
Ferrin roif meyf zaa tee
- 17 Ach gai math in duggis latti  
I durt meyf is gal crow  
Ne oyr mis a leith loayn  
Ach slat a woynan as a bonni
- 18 Togris freich is ner zilli teymmi  
Naf a riss er in ling vak  
Is ner ead ach gu mor ayze  
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 chrisssyth  
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 phiest a kness bayn  
Is teskith a lawe er looe
- 22 Di hudditeyr bone re bone  
Er trae ni glach eor fo lass  
Freich m'feich is in fest  
Troy a zai mir hug in dross
- 23 Ga coyrik ne coyrik car  
Di rak lass a kanna na lave  
Mar chonik in neyn ee  
Di choy na mul 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 four 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 Berrir in sen gu cloan freich  
Corp in leich gow kassil chroyg  
Er in glan tuggi a sum  
Is mark varris da loo
- 27 Carn lawe in carn so raym heive  
A lave reyth di beast sonni  
Fer ner yupoo in dress fer  
Bo zawsi nert in drot
- 28 Invin in bail ner ob zawe  
Ym beddeis mnan i torvirt fook  
Invin tearn nyn sloye  
Invin groye ner zerk in ross
- 29 Doigh no feach har 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  
Gul 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 skaitb  
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 but freich a fromni oyr  
Dursst sin a huttim 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 fon do turisich fear  
'S fo Guile i Cress bhien oig.
- 2 Chi mi banl 'n Cairn fo bheil  
Fraoch mac Fiech 'n Uilt bhaoe  
Guile rine buichis Meaibh  
San air Laoinir Carn Raioich
- 3 Gaoil nom Ban fo Crauchon 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 Stuirin i  
Air mo Crie Gheir ach fraoich
- 6 Ghluais Maeo macheheinn  
Cardis Crist 's fear fon Ghrain  
Cheut Creichdin 's Corp  
'S mor 'm beud harle leit
- 7 Ha Caorin fois air Loch Maidh  
Air 'n Traidh ha siar mn Gheis  
Muse Rauidh na mas Mis  
Bhis Mis 'r abich fias
- 8 Ha Bhuaidh air Chaorin sin  
Gur misle e na bhil bhla  
Gum eume 'n Carin Dearig  
Duine gun Ospic gu cean naoi tra
- 9 Bliane haoil gach fhir  
Gheine e sin na sgent deribh
- 10 Laidh Eslaine hrom hrom  
Air Niin maoich na Corne faul  
Choire lee fis air fraoich  
Ghisrich 'n Laoich go de mian
- 11 Huirt i nach bio i Stann  
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 dhainn Caore fibh
- 14 Ghlais fraoich ane erig 'n aith  
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  
Udhlich aige 'n Caorin dearig  
Far 'n ro masibh an sin ti

<sup>1</sup> Or bhaoe.

- 16 San nuair thuir Màoibh 's aail eru  
Go mo fost no lug u leit  
Cha stinne e mi Laoich luain  
Gan That bhuaín fo buin
- 17 Fraoich 'n Gile nach ro Tim  
Chaidh e 'naibh air 'n Linn Vug  
Cha naoid Duine air Veidaibh  
Tin as bhais 'm bí Chuid
- 18 Rug 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 Asre 'Nuill Casbhni ghaid  
Chaidh na cu si le Scian òr  
Casgur 'm beist Corp ban  
Huge Cean nach na ghorn
- 21 Nuair Chunig 'Nin e  
Huit na neul air an Traidh  
Nuair gharich i ase suain  
Gun daair i 'Laibh fo Lai bhug
- 22 Gad na thu du id Cotain Eim  
'S mor Teichd rin thu bhos  
Air Cuan gur marin Tanim  
Gur marig gharich ra Lò
- 23 'S inebhin lume<sup>1</sup> no shuo  
'S inebhin Gruoidh 's derige na ròs  
'S inebhin beul nach Diult ri dà  
Ga bi no Mraidh terist phòg
- 24 Maise 's Caise bhí na anilt  
'S Gurume rosg na ere Loichd  
'S derige na partan Bheil  
Gur gile gheid na Bla fibhe
- 25 'S duidh na Fìch bar Uilt  
'S derig Leeld na fuil Laoe  
'S min na gach Coir sruc  
'S gile na snechde Corp Raoich
- 26 Coade 'Laibh 's Lann  
'S Leith a *Chlogkeach* 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 ghae  
Snáiche bear na Fraoich  
Chaidh Choir haoibh ri sruc
- 28 'S truo nach hain Corig Laoich  
Huit fraoich le provid 'n tor  
Ochan do hatim le Beist  
'S truo Dhe nach Mairre fost Crioich.

<sup>1</sup> Or hiurne.

M. 4. DUAN FRAOICH. 136 lines.

THE scene of the following poem is said to have been on the south shore, and on the Island near the south side of Loch Cuaich, or Loch Fraoich, about two miles to the westward of Anairie, 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 Traibh tha siar fàl 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 *Cuan-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 Ardfeanig, 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 chainn Fraoich.  
Mar osna Laoich an cuistean Chro;  
An osna sin o 'n tuisreach fear;  
'S o 'n trom ghulanach; bean og.
- 2 Sud e siar an carn an bheil;  
Fraoch Mac Feadhach, an fhuilt-mhaoith.  
'M fear a rinn buidheachas do Mhai  
'S an air a shlointeadh Carn-Fraoch.
- 3 Gul nam ban o 'n chruachan tuir;  
'S cruaidh am fath nu 'n guil a bhean  
'S e dilag m'osna gu trom trom  
Fraoch Mac Feadhach nan colg sean.
- 4 Gur i 'n ainm a ni 'n gul  
Tein ga fhios do chluain Flraoich  
Donn or-bhuaidh an fhuilt (chais) aill;  
Aon ningham Mai nu 'm biodh na laoch.
- 5 Aon ningham Chòruil 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 nuigh e  
Cairdeas an Laoich bu ghloinne gne  
'S e abhar nu 'n do reub i chorp,  
Chionn guu ole a dhcanamh lei;
- 7 Chuir e i gu càth a bhais;  
(Taobh re mhai 's na dean a loehd)  
'S tuisreach; do thuitim le Beist.  
Dh imsin duibh gun cheilg a nos.
- 8 Càoran do bhí air Lecha Mai;  
Ann san traidh tha siar fa dheas  
Gach a Raithe 's gach a mios  
Bhí toradh abuidh ann sa mbeas.
- 9 Bha buaidh air a mbeasa dhearg  
Bu mhilse e na nùil bhla  
Gu 'n cumadh an caoran is e dearg  
Neach beo gun bhidh car naoi Trath.
- 10 Bliadhna do shaoighal gach fir;  
Dh'insin duibh anois a dhearbh  
Gu cabhradh e air luchd cneadh,  
Brigh a mbeasa is e dearg.
- 11 'N aincheist mhòr a bha na dhiaidh,  
Ge b'e leigh a chabhradh na sloigh.  
A bheist nimh a bhí na bhru;  
Gràbadh do dhaine dol d'a bhuaín.
- 12 Do bhuail en-slainge throm throm,  
Air ningham Othruich na 'n corn fial.  
Chuireadh le fios air Fraoch  
'S dh'fhiosruich an laoch cìod e a mian:
- 13 Labhair i nach biodh i shan  
Mar fagha i lu a bos maoh  
Do chàorann an lochain fhuair,  
'S gun aon neach ga bhuaín ach Fraoch.
- 14 Cnuasachd riamh ni 'n drinneam fein  
Thuir Mac Feadhach nan gnaidh tha;  
Gar an drinneam arsa Fraoch  
Theid mi bhuaín a chaor 'n do Mhai
- 15 Ghluais Fraoch air cheimibh aidh,  
'S chnaidh e shamair air an Loch;  
Fhuair e bheist na suram suain;  
'S craos suas ris an dós.
- 16 Fraoch nac Feadhach nan arm gear.  
Thaig e o 'n bheist gun fhios.  
'S ultach leis d'an chasran dhearg  
D'an bhall an raibh Mai na tigh.
- 17 Ge maith nìle na rinnadh leat;  
Labhair Mai bu choinne cruth  
Nì 'm fòdhan leamsa laoch bim  
Gun an t slat bhuaín a bun.
- 18 Ghluais Fraoch, s nior Laoch tiom  
A shuamair air an linne bhoig.  
Bu deucair, ge bu mhor a radh,  
Teachd o 'n bhias an raibh a chuid;

- 19 Ghlae e an caoran air a bhar,  
'S thuinge e 'n crann as a fhreamh,  
Toirt a chosan do air tìr;  
Rug i air, a ris a bheist.
- 20 Rug a bheist air, air an traigh,  
Ghlae i a lamh ann a craos,  
Ghlae eisin i air dha ghial,  
Ochoin? gun a scian aig Fraoch?
- 21 Lìodair a bheist a cheus bàin,  
Lìodair i a lamh gu leon,  
Thainig nìnghin ùr nan gear-ghlae  
'S ghradh thug i dha seian d' an or.
- 22 Cha comhrag sud ach comhrag gearr,  
Bhuain e an ceann na laimh leis,  
Fraoch Mac Feallaich is a bheist,  
Mo chreach leir mar thug iad greis!
- 23 Gu do thuit iad bonn re bonn,  
Air traigh nan clocha donn sa 'n iar,  
Nuair chnnaire an t saor nìnghin aith,  
Thuit i air an traigh na-nial,
- 24 Nuair a mhosgail i as a pramh,  
Ghlae i a lamh na laimh-bhoig,  
Ge d' tha thu nochd na d' chòdaibh eun,  
'S mor an t euchd a rinn thu bhos.
- 25 Truadh nach an còmhrag laoch,  
A thuit Fraoch le 'm pronnadh òr,  
'S tursach do thuitim le beist,  
Aon mhic de! nach mairtheann thu beo.
- 26 Ionmhunn Tighearn ionmhunn Tuath,  
Ionmhunn gruaidh a 's deirge ros,  
Ionmhunn beul leis an dioltadh dan,  
Air am biodh na nuaig ag toirbheart phog.
- 27 Bu duibhe na 'm fìach a ghuarg,  
Bu deirge a ghruaidh na fuil-laogh;  
Bu mhine na còbhair 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 chaille.
- 29 Bu treise na Còmhla a sciath  
B'ionad Triath a bhìodh r'a chul,  
Bu chomh-fhad a lamh 's a laun,  
Bu leine a chalb na clar laing;
- 30 B' àirde shleag na crann seòil  
Bu bhinne na teud cleol a ghuth  
Suamhuiche a b'hear na Fraoch,  
Cha do leig riamh a thaobh re sruth.
- 31 Bu mhaith spionadh a dha laimh,  
'S bu mhaith eail a dha chois;  
Chuaidh d' aigne thair gach Rìgh  
Ròimh churaidh riamh cha diar fois!
- 32 Gu b'e sud an t nabhar nua  
A 's mo chumcas air m' dha rosg,  
Fraoch a chuir a bhuaín a chraoinn  
Ann deis a 'n Caoran a bhì bhos.
- 33 Togamid anois an Chlain-Fhraoich.  
Carn an Laoich an Caisteal-Chro;  
O 'n blas nd a fhuair an fear  
'S maig as mairtheann na dhiaidh beo?
- 34 Air a chluain thugadh 'n t ainm?  
Loch Mai a rateadh ris an Loch;  
Am biodh a bheist anns gach uair;  
'S a craos suas ris an dos.

*Osna caraid an Chlain 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 ghaoil air Fraoch—  
'Fraoch Mac Maoidhaich nam arm gear'—an duine gu leir, a bu mhaise 's an Fheinn. 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 siorruidh g'a dith, agus gu 'm bitheadh e aig bean eile fo 'n ghréin ach aice féin; agus mar so ann an spòla-leachd a h-anama dhulanaich i eur as da. Dh' fhàs Maoidh gu tinn, agus thubhairt i nach robh ach aon ni air thalainh a leighisadh i. Arts' ise:—

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

B'E 'n t-Eilean fuar eilean bòidheach anns an lechan fhuar; agus anns an eilean so a meag, chraobhan bòidheach eile bha craobh chaoirinn; ach cha robh aon 's am bith a b' urrainn dol a chòir an eilean, na idir a chòir na craoibhe, le beist mhòr a bha' chomhnuidh ann, agus d' am b' àite tàmh bun na craoibhe caoirinne. Maiseach, sgiamhach agus mar a bha Fraoch, bha e mar aon lùgh-mhor, misneachail, gaisgeant. Shìonh e do 'n Eilean fhuar, agus aig bun na craoibhe caoirinne fhuair a' bhéist 'n a cadal. 'Sa sioram suain,' 'Sa beul a suas ris an dos.'

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

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

Dh' fhadh Fraoch a rithidh do 'n Eilean fhuar agus fhuair e 'bheist, mar a dh' fhag e i, 'na cadal aig bun na craoibhe caoirinne. 'Na sioram suain' tuamhse mu bhun na craoibhe caoirinne. Roge 'n sin air a' ehrann agus ghradh-spion e a a bhun e, a' toirt tìr air leis le cruaidh spàirn. Dh'uisg a' bhéist. A' cruaidh shìonh a' rìgh i air deigh Fhraoich. Rug i air an uair a bha e dlùth air tìr; agus ghlèachd iad an sin le gleachd spàirn bàis, gus an do 'thuit iad le chèile, bonn ri bonn,' 'air duibh-chladach nan clach lom,' 'a bhos.' 'S ann an sin a rinneadh na rannan a leanas:—

- 1 ' Fraoch Mac Maoidhaich nan arm gear,  
Thainig o 'n bhéist gun fhios dith;  
'S ultach aige de 'n caoirinn dheirg  
Far an robh Maoidh na gith.
- 2 'S ged 'thug thu leat an caorunn dearg  
'S e 'labhair Maoidh 'lu gach cruth;  
Ni fhoghnaidh leansa e 'laoch luinn  
Gun an dos a nuas a bhun.
- 3 Ghlae Fraoch air cheum mi-àidh  
A 'bhuaín a' snámh air an loch;  
A 's fhuair e 'bhéist 'u 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 kann an loich  
Ach mharbhadh am fùran 's an chomh-stri  
O-chain, a righ! 's gun sgian aig Fraoch.
- 6 Ghlèachd iad an sin gu sunam trom,  
Gun aon thonn fo bhòun an eos;  
Gus an do thuit iad bonn ri bonn,  
Air cladaich nan clach lom a bhos.'

Chualaidh Aoirinn. Thainig i, agus an uair a thainig thuit i ann an neul air an fleur. Air dhith dusgadh e a peamh ghlae i lamh 'Fhraoch a gaoil' 'na laughan gearb-bhoga, agus le deur-dhealt air a gruaidh, agus a cialhan air a' snámh 's a' ghaioith, sheuin i mar a leanas:—

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

- 8 'S ionnluinn tighearna, 's ionnluinn tuath,  
'S ionnluinn gach grauidh air an deirge rós;  
Ach 's ionnluinne na sin beul air an diulte air  
daimh,  
'S air am biodh na mnai a' tagairt phòg.
- 9 Gu 'm bu treis, 'thu na comhlaidh do sgiath  
'S iomad triath a bha fo thruaim  
'S iomad màighdean 's bean a bha 'n deigh,  
Air an laoch a dh' eug air thuin.
- 10 Bu mhaisich 'thu na sneachd nan an;  
Bu ghile do chraiceann na bliar froich;  
Sna mhadair a b' thearr na Fraoch,  
Cha do shìn a thaobh ri sruth.
- 11 'S duilhe na 'm fiteach bàr t' fhiult,  
'S gile na 'n gruadh caoin do chneus;  
'S deirge na 'n caorunn do dhà ghruaidh.  
'S truagh nach robh sgian aig Fraoch.
- 12 Togamaid a nis an cuan Fraoch  
Corp an hoiich an easil-clìrì;  
O 's truagh nach ann an combrag laoch,  
A thuit Fraoch ma 'n do phronn mi deoir.

Thug bàs Fhraoich ùrachadh do chridhe Mhaoisidh, agus air ball dh'fhag a doemain i. Cha b' ann mar a bha 'n Fheinne. Bha nàr chaoith 'nam meas arson Fhraoich. Mar so lean Loch Fraoich air an lochan fhuar gus an latha

diugh, chionn gaz h-ann a chaidh Fraoch a nharbhadh leis a' bheist.

Sgeolachd innside le Cete Laornidh Port na h-Ayunn.	{	Sgrìobhta le Alasdair A Mac Illelchieil Liosnòr
		Do sheùbhis Shìobhalta na Ban-righ.

Fath-sgrìobhadh. Faomaidh sinn umseadh do 'n leughalair gu 'n bleic an toch so Loch Fraoich ann Gleann cuach an Raineach ann an siormannach Phcairt Tha e nu 'n cuairt do dha mhìle gu leth air fad agus nu keith mhìle air leud. Ann an ceann na h-àrde n-iar dheas de 'n bech bhòidheach so tha 'n t-oilean bòidheach, coilteach 's an do spion Fraoch a' chraobh agus anns an robh a' bheithir a' fàmh.

Air bruch dheas an bech tha bothan seilge bòidheach aig iarla Bhraid-Alban.

In 1870, a man in Mull recited the Poem of Fraoch to me on a heather knoll, near Ardlennag, almost within sight of Iona, Islay and Jura, and pointed to an island close to the village of Bunnassan, 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 Boaisgne and Morma, and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Eireann;—their wars at home and abroad, their lives and their adventures. Told chiefly in the form of metrical Dialogues between Oisein, the last of the Pagan Heroes, and Padruig, the first of the Western Saints. From manuscripts and books which purport to contain matters orally collected in Scotland, or there written; and from the recitations of men now living, in the Highlands and Isles. Chronologically arranged under numbers and letters.

##### I. CUMHAL.

THE Story of Cumhal, the father of Fionn, comes next in chronological order. I have made it up in English, from a great number of versions of the story told to me in the Highlands. A version is published in text Y. This is not recited as a composition, but told as history. The skeleton of the Story is shortly this—Cumhal and his warriors, 'the Feinne,' went from Ireland to Scotland to drive out the Norsemen. They drove them out, and set up for themselves. The Irish king and the Norse king conspired against the formidable rebel, enticed him to Ireland, married him to a princess, and slew him in the arms of his wife. In the ballad of 1512, which I have placed A. 21., Fionn, and Garadh, one of the tribe of Morma, sit on a hill at a deer-pass, and Garadh tells them Fionn how and why the tribe of Morma slew his father. This slaying by the Clanna Morma 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.—FIRST TAO BOAISGNE.

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 Boim 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 FHIINN. 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, Scotch-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 Morma slew Cumhal, the chief of the tribe of Boaisgne (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 Morma. Cormac appeared, fought the usurpers, recovered Conn's seat as High King at Teanhrha. Fionn commanded the Feinne at Alaluin, which now is the Hill of Allen, near Tara. The

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, Sardinia, Italy, Greece, Britain, and elsewhere attacked the Fenian, 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 Fenian. 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 triad of Baoisne slew him. Then jealousy broke out. Diarmaid, Fionn's twin sister's son, ran away with his uncle's bride, Graidhne, Cormac's daughter. The tribe pursued, and quarrelled and fought, to the joy of Conan. Diarmaid was slain at last by the wiles of Fionn. Next, Oscar, the son of Oisain, the son of Fionn, the son of Cumhal, quarrelled with Cairbre, the son of Cormac, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Fights. They fell out at a feast at Teamhra, now Tara, and fought the battle of Gabhra, not far from Dublin. There Oscar and Cairbre slew each other, and

Fionn arrived from the sea in time to see his grandson die, and carry him to Alnuin, the Hill of Allen. Long afterwards, Oisain, who had been enchanted by his mother, who lived in the shape of a deer, came back from the Isle of Youth at an impossible age, and told the story to St. Patrick. The old Pagan is made to complain of jangling bells and howling clerics, to sit upon the Fenians' Mound—that is, upon the Hill of Allen—and point to the graves of his comrades, and tell their story to the priest, who wrote it down. In this form of dialogue between Reciter and Scribe, Pagan and Christian, blind old ballad-singing warrior and audience, this story is told over winter fires, in fragments which are now crumbling fast. In this very form the story was told in fragments to Dean MacGregor, in 1812-6. 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. 'Iodhann' was 'Cumhal's' brother. Goll, Conan, and Garaidh were chiefs of the Clanna Morua. Fionn, Oisain his son, Oscar his grandson, Diarmaid his nephew, Faolan, Feargus, Roidhne, and Cairreall, his younger sons, Caoilte, his relative, make eleven chief characters who, figure in the Ballads which follow. The Pedigrees speak for themselves.

### FIONN'S PEDIGREE, COMPILED BY THE VICAR OF BIENN EADAIR.

1 NUADHA NECT, slain at Cliaich in Hy Drone, Co. Carlow, A.M. 5000, by Coaire Mor, son of Eidersel. A. 4. M. O'gria, Part III. Cap. 54.

2 FERGHUS FAILORE.

- 3 Rossaruaith.
- 4 Finn Fíleth (the Poet).
- 5 Conchobar Abraidhreach.
- 6 Mugh-Corb.
- 7 Nia-Corb.
- 8 Cormac Gealtha-geath.
- 9 Fídhímhíth-Fíorghlas.
- 10 Cathair-Mor, Rex. Hib.
- 11 Fiacha Bicheda, so called from a wound received in his leg at the battle of Magh Azha, from Oíllill, of Gabhra (Moylena, p. 57, note).

TRENMOR married the widow of FELIMIDH-RETMAR, BAINI, dan. of BALB-SCAL, of Finland. Their dan. was LODMAL, the Druidess wife of FÍACHAL of Tenmar-Mairgle, where FÍB was born. L. na-Uidre, fol. 41, b.

Irish Genealogium Fínní Caballí Fínní ex variis documentis authenticis haustam contextu et exaravit Johannes Franciscus Shearman, Vicarius de Howth, juxta Dublinium.

- 3 So-Ait.
  - 4 Ait.
  - 5 Cairbre Gabhlíon.
  - 6 Baisene, a quo Clanna (Baisene).
  - 7 Moah.
  - 8 Buan.
  - 9 Fergíus.
  - 10 Trenchorn.
  - 11 Trenmor, General of [the Fianna].
  - 12 CUMHALL = TORRA, = MUIRENN-MONO-CHAEIN, she was daughter of Eochuamán of the Ernaans of Duncerna (Kinsale). She married Gíeoir, King of the Lannraighie, in Kerry. (Ossianic Trans., vol. iv, p. 288.)
- Fiontann do Tuath Daite in [Moy-Breagh].  
Brocin.  
Daite, a quo Tuath Daite.  
Aicc.  
\*  
Nuadhat = ALMC.  
Tadg of Alhmain = FAIB, dr. of Doon Duma-áiban. (Hill of Allen, Co. Kildare).

SIBU.      SEOGHAN.      TUCCHA.      FINN McCUMHALL      =      AILBHE.      DEATH.

she was mother of Caoilte Mac Rouan.      the wife of Crunnechu, the father by her of Cubthach.      General of the Fianna-Erin, his army was defeated at Gabhra, near Screen, Co. Meath, in a valley between it and Garristown, but she eloped from the wedding feast with Dearmid Ua Duibne.      dr. of Derg Diann-chothach of Sith-Derg, Clctlag, on the Boyne. (Moylena, p. 90.)

Co. Dublin (A.D. circa 284). Finn escaped from this battle, but was attacked at Athbrea on the Boyne, by Aerleach, son of Dabhdreann, and the sons of Uirgreen of the Luigne of Tara. He was pierced in the neck with a salmon gaff, and buried on Sleibh Guillon (Co. Armagh, A.D. 284); his foster son and nephew, Cuilte Mac Rouan, afterwards slew his uncle's murderers.

OISSIN = SAMHAI = CORMAC-CAS, REX MUMONLE.  
son by Ailbhe, dan. of Cormac Mac Art. R.H.  
TINNÍ CONNLA. FEAR COGN slain at Spalltraich, in Muskerrey by Aed-c. K. of Connaught.

OSGAR = ARDFAN, dan. of AFD, of slain in the battle of Gabhra, Aicthill, A.D. 284.  
Ben Eldair, of the Tuath de Benagan. She died of grief for the death of Osgar, and is buried under the Cromlech on Howth.  
S. P.

\* NUADHAT was Chief Druid to Cathair-Mor, he married ALMC, dan. of BENCAN, and got as a dowry Almhia (the Hill of Allen, Co. Kildare), he named it after his wife Almhia, it is in the plain called Mích Leathar, which was called Mích Nuadhat, from that Druid (now Moy-naoch). Almhia was destroyed by Garal Mac Morna; and Finn McCumhal got as compensation from Cormac Mac Art the territory called Formail-in-bí-Fiann, near Lannraighie (now Linnraik, Co. Wexford). This territory was afterwards given to Indleah Mac Ua Lennar, local Druid to Lochlann Mí-Níol, Rex Hib., by Crunthann, King of Hy-Kim-elach. Vide O'Curry's Lectures, p. 489; O'Mahoney's History, p. 346.

O. 40. SLOJNNE FHINN LE MHATHAIR.

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

FHINN Mhìc Cuthail, Mhìc Treithair, Mhìc Treunhoir, Mhìc Chaoll dìreach, Mhìc Cam na creiche, aon Mhìc rìgh an Dòmhain mhoir—Dean dlùit fein, thoir as do chasan.

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

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

'N t-air a chaidh Cuthail a mharbhadh bha lèan do 'n b'ainna Mòr n' n' Taic mo lea-tromach air Fionn, agus bha Channa Mòrce an t'air cur as do 'n leanabh 'n uair a bheirte e mar a chuir aib as da athair. Ach rinn a shean-mhathair inneal teannaidh dhà. 'N uair a-rìghadh an leanaibh ghaoid i leatha e do choille fhàisich, agus rimeadh aite dhà ann a'm broim craobh mhor-thearna, agus bha e air a bhicheadhaidh le saill reamhar airson bainne chioch. Deirear gun rabh sreang air a ceangall mun t-saill agus lùb air a cheam eill mu orlag a chioce, chum is 'n uair a bhithidh an t-saill a' dol fada na h-aunach gun sìneadh e a chas chum nach taichte e. Mar so ghleithidh e gus an dh' fhàs e comasach air a shean-mhathair a leantuin a maigh feadh na coille. Thug i dhà cloidhe agus bha i 'g iarraidh cum a burra e ga bualadh gus fa dheireadh gum d' ghearr e pluchd don mhias dhà leis a chlaidhe. An sin thug i gum lu mhithe seòl a chuir air a bhaiste.

San aig Eas-ruadh bha 'n t-àite cumanta aig an Fheinn an clau a bhaiste. Thug i leatha e air là àraid, agus bha ann moran cile an là sin a thuilleadh a'rsin. Do raing i leis an taobh do 'n nigse air nach rabh caoh, agus thig i san linn e, agus chaidh e foillha. Ach an ead leum a thug e 'n uachdar ghrad mhule e foillha an fèar do 'n fhaigse dhà do 'n chloim cile agus bhathadh e. Agus mar sin air na h-uile air an fuidheadh e greim, bha e gan grad bhathadh air an t-seòl chendha. Ach gus an do ghlaodh fear bh' air an taobh cile do 'n Eas.

Cò e am fear maol feann-bhan nd a tha sior bhathadh na cloimne oirn gun tàmh. San an sin a ghlaodh a shean-mhathair ris.

Gu meal thu t-ainm Fhionna Mhìc Cuthail, mhìc Luthair, mhìc Trennhoir, mhìc Chalapsdìreach, mhìc Channa-Creiche, mhìc-a Bhrìngail-Bhriannaich, mhìc-a-Chaitre-Chalbannanach, mhìc-aon-Bhriann an Dòmhain mhoir. A mhearbach thoir as do chasan tha do nainnbean mu d' thimchioll.'

Thug Fionn a mach air an tnoth d' on Eas air a rabh a shean-mhathair, agus rug e air chois orre clum a toirt leis, ga tilgeadh thair a ghulain air cagal gu maridhe i. Ach leis a chabhag feadh na coille bha is ga sgalta is i glaidhich, a chroim ruadh choille mheirlich 'Cha d' thug Fionn fainear ciod a bha i radh a teicheadh troidh choille.

Cha rabh aige do 'n Chaidh ach a chas a bhana lannh thair a ghulain 'n uair a stad air gu fois.

H. THE INTRODUCTION TO KENNEDY'S FIRST COLLECTION. 174.

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 occur in Kennedy's Gaelic.

J. F. C.

this son of Comhal was afraid that his own wife would do some mischief to this son, and for that reason he ordered the midwife to take him away. She went with him unto the wood and she got a wright and made a hole in the Trunk of a large oak tree, in the same manner as a canoe would be made, and door to it, so that nobody would find her, and she nourished him their by fat and marrow, when he was coming to age, she was learning him how to fight and wrestle, when she would get the better of him, she would heartily beat him, when he came to the age of eighteen years or there about, he was going out of the woods and one day boys met him Shinningy, the play pleased him, he went and got a rung and began with them, he was seeing that the boys was afraid of him, he would take the lall from them all; since he gained on

them he began to beat them with the Shianey, 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— 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 Lechluingin, 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-ruadh 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 Earl, then Comhal sends his son Fingal to his mother and her friends named Channa morma, 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 thee;  
With thick iron backs edg'd thim 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 order'd them, at the hindmost end of the feast, when he would give them notice to make with their new made arms venison for the Gr . . . . . Denmark's valiant men. Then the King of Denmark came with his men to Fingal's house with gr . . . . . who was saluted very generously by them.

Then when dinner was prepared for them, and when it was ready, both were called. Fingal placed the King's men and his own, man by man according to his rank, and the music of harps was heard in their presence, when dinner was ended, Fingal stabbed his own duk 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, Chlauna Morna (the Heroes of Scotland) and to hunting, then Goll their King and Fingal joined together and made one company, and their chief command was given to Fingal, then he had the chief command of all the wester coast of Scotland and Ireland. Then he fortified places fit for building, and settled the people which he had under his command, nor was he less assisted in that matter by good conduct than by good fortune, for he was invested among them with regal authority with kingdoms. [Fingal's wisdom and bravery triumphed over brutal force; or another nobler still, that the most compleat victory over an enemy is obtained by that moderation and generosity which convert him to a friend. Here, indeed, in the character and description of Fingal, Ossian triumphs almost unrivalled: for we may boldly defy all antiquity to show us any Hero equal to Fingal. Throughout the whole of Ossian's works, he is presented to us in all the variety of lights which give the full display of a character. In him occur almost all the qualities that can ennoble human nature, that can either make us admire the hero or love the man. He was not only unconquerable in war, but he made his people happy by his wisdom in the days of peace. He was truly the father of his people, and distinguished on every occasion by humanity and generosity. He was merciful to his foes, full of affection to his children, full of concern about his friends; he was surrounded with his 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 Kinivian'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 rare 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 southsaying who was the destroyer), and found him in a cave, they conjured him to come out, and examined him about the matter, he told them the truth how all things happened. Then Fingal condemned him to be put to death. Garbh asked a petition of Fingal before he would be banished, that was granted him (for Fingal never refused a petition to any person, and particularly the distressed). Garbh's petition was that he would be beleagued 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 Cathabara was fought between Oscar and Cairnlaith, 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 Aljan, 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 sing for to please readers and critics, for to gain food or raiment, but for to spread their fame, reputation, and generosity thro' the world, and to reveal his love to them. I do not pre-



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

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

P. I. THAOBH BREITH FHINN-IC CUBHAILL, &c.

378 lines prose.

Staffa's Collection, page I. Advocates' Library, Feb. 15, 1872. Copied by Malahou Macquill.

This fragment, written about 1800, in Mull, contains bits of 'The Battle of Magh Mochrum' of 'Fionn's Youth' of the 'Birth of Coruac Mac Art' and the 'Battle of Galbra', all mixed in a strange fashion. It shows the tangle into which tradition gets when it has nearly forgotten an old story.

SAN amna bha rioghaich Eirinn roinnté na cuig earra-nabla agus Rìogh air gach carrinn dlùibh. B'e athair Fhinn a b' urrainneach do 'n Iomlan. Bha buan-chogadh eadar athair Fhinn agus aon do na rìghribh sin.

Air chor 'us nan ma do sguir a Rìgh amunnach sin, gun do agas e an t-Iomlan do h-èidheal-leumhainn athair Fhinn. Ach bha senn fhath—dariehd na meacag, ag innsa gun tachradh na nitheamha, ach gu fagadh e na dheidh do 'n fhial Rìoghail, na bhuidhneid a chòir air a h-ais. An bhla blair nu dheidh a thug iad, chuaidh athair Fhinn a stigh do thigh Gobhinn. Cha rath neach a stigh ach ninghin a ghobha. Luith e leatha, 'us ghabh e thurus gu dol a chumail a bhlaire. Tamull, beg na dheidh sin thainig an gobha steach, agus air gur-bheachdaidh air gnus a ninghin, a deir se rithe, 's 'slogna' leam a ninghin, an eolastas-ortan-drast, seach 'nuair dh' fhag misn. C'iod e so deir ise? Tha deir eisan gu rabh rosg Brisg maighdinn agal 'nuair a chuaidh mi nach: Agus tha rosg null ama agad a nois. Cha neil frinn ann sma brathribh sin deirs. Tha ars eisan de feirg, agus bheir mi 'n ceun dhìot mar dean u aidhail shàor agus fhirinneach dhamhs' air a mhaid-nid. Le h-eagal dh' innis I ga h-athair gun rabh an Rìgh a dh' fhear aice. Se mo ghluidheas ri Dia arsa 'n gobhinn gun eisan a philleadh air ais mi 's mo. Agus 's amhuidh thachair. Dh' ordhach an Rìgh agus a chomairle gun b'iodh ninghin a ghobhinn air a cur ann am prìosan, agus air a coinneadh ann gu am a h-said. Agus air ball chuaidh orda an Rìgh a chuir an gnìomh an grabhadh.

Chaidh faire agus còmhend churamaeh a chur orra. Aig ceun m'ois na seann iomlan dh' fhas Cumhall tinn re s'athair chloinne, agus rug I ninghin. Air faich-dinn so do h-èid a gheard agus na fure dh' fhag iad i agus muth iad leis an aig-seuladh' iomsuidh an rìgh, agus cha do phill iad ni bu mo. Ach mo dheidh na h-aochasa fhaid rug a mac. Cha rath neach sma bith a dheamach f'itheabdh dh' rih sin ann' ach Luas Lurgann, Ninghin nam 'us Aoida 'n Rìgh dheamach. Cho-lath sa rugadh an leamna mie, thog Luas Lurgann an earball a c'è' agus theich 'us cha rath f'ios caite. Raining i cu'pan Saor a brathair, an fear ceurl a b' fhearr a bhia 'n Eirinn an mar sin. Leig a na rùn ris ag innshe dha gach ni mar a thachair. Buichas do Dhia ars eisa nar ata chuis. C'iod e f'ios nach digeadh an Targ-sannachd fathast air a ch'ois. Ach caite nois an deid sin an falach leis. Theid ars ise do Ch'oll-Ullich. Dh' fhalbh i fein agus a brathair fuich dhaidh na h-oidhech gun stad gun thois, gun an do raining iad meadh na coillich. Nois deir ise cho-ùilich leaba-dhunn ann an coillich mhòir dhùibh sin, far an be nise agus an leamna ann an teannteachd. Rin a brathair mar a dh' iarr i, agus chuir e dorus ris an aite dheidh chraoibh le chairt air chor 'us nach bh clom-asaidh do neach sam bith athnachadh na fhaoinn a m'ach.

Thug Luas Lurgann suil nu 'n curat agus thubhairt i ri brathair, fias arsa ise an fhadlith na gu h-ìosal an so. Air sealltinn dhasan gu meann. Ghlae a phiarach an tuadh agus chuir a dheth an cionn. Nois ars ise cha 'n cil fear ruin ach mi fein. Bha i na dheidh so a s'ubhal sear agus far a' eimneachadh gach ni dh' fhaodadh i dh' fein agus do 'n leamna. Rachadh i seir-b' feadh nua baidin nora bh d'athaidh dhi, agus air uairidh do thigh a ghobhainn. Ach cha d' f'iosruich e rianbh dh' f'ios cut an rabh oilla, na c'iod e bu chor dha, ged bha f'ios ag' gur i thug leath e oir dh' eug Cubhall a nahathair an uine ghearr an deidh an leamna a bhreith.

Bha 'n C'oganach a fas ann an nois agus ann an tur. Ars e cho luath sa thainig eadit dha thoisich air f'haoin, agus air Seoil a thoirt dha agus air uairidh a cluch a leis air clar—Tathise, &c. Agus air fas ni bu neart-rioh-ire dha rachadh e fein agus ise chomairth gu null: B'inn-Eadain. Ach man toisichidh iad e-adhrit bhannaidh iad le h-erdanse da gheig dhreachann, agus chuireadh i casan

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

Ged bu chruaidh so b' fheudar fhollann car seal. Ach gach aon la mar a bhla teachd, bha eisan a fas ni bu chruaidhe, 'us ni bu luathie, 'us ni bu neart-rioh-ire. Air chor 'us nach robh an comas da mhime, urid 'us aon bhùile thabhairt dha. Bha e nois na clom-as agus bha e ga dheamach, se sin re rìdh, gun rabh e nois ga p'aidhe-cadh le rìadh. Na dheid sin thoisich i air fhaoin re fearasbhodha agus ri chlich—Iomain, &c. Air dhu fhaoghlun air gach calain a b' eol di. Dh' innis i dha co e, ceunns a thainig e; agus ciod e bha aige re dheamach, 'us re thabhairt gu c'ioch, agus aige ro mhath-thoirt dha fein air eagal gun digidh an eam dheth.

Nois Eadain a fear ars ise theid' thusa 'n d'ingh leamna dh' iomsuidh na chlich-Iomain ta gu bh' air a chumail sa bhàile-mhor-rioghail. Dh' aomntich e leatha sa chuis ged nach b' ann le dheoin. Dh' fhalbh iad le cheile, 'us ghabh iad an turus, agus air d'hoibh teachd d'ath do 'n bhàile chuaidh ise do aite naigich, ach ghabh ean gun athaidh gun adenas, roimh aon netch usall na an-uasal. Ach gau bruidhadh 'us gau promidh thall sa bhos. Air chor 'us gun bu leis buadh gach buille agus B'air an a sin. Bha iad mar so car dha na t'io do kaitidh 'us casaid ur agus thridh a ruidheachd chassan an Rìgh air a ghille luideagach bhàn nach rabh fhios eo, cia as da. B'ann mo am Nollug a thachair na nithebha, 'us b'e Diluain-an t-sainneail, an latha mo' agus deirinnach don f'heisid, agus don Iomain. Thuir an Rìgh theid nise am phearsunn fein a chomhaidh air, agus ch' mi c'iod 'us coltas da. 'Us amhuidh bha thainig an Rìgh agus an gille-ban, agus Luas-Lurgann a mhume a geur choimhead air a garridh naigich fein. Oir chabheo dhealchidh i ris. Thoisich an gille ban an lathasa mar b' abhaidh.

C'iod e 'n gille fionn ban nu' ars an Rìgh tha mort sa marbhaidh nan daoine. Na fanidh e agus fe chuirinn eudach, us carradh air, oir tha coltas foghlumtich air. Thuir a mhume 'us i tabhairt an deaschidh sin orra fein, le basidh gan buaidh air e cheila, ag ris. O! eudail do na fearibh, b' fhad' thusa gun bhaistidh. Ach tha 'n d'ingh air do bhaistidh da rìeadh, agus 'us tusa sin Fionn Mae Cubhail, mhie Luadh, mhie Treun-nhoir, mhie Chlana Baogsa h-Eirinn a Rìghd' leasan nich agus ard rìgh Eirinn fein ge do thugadh do choir uait le ainneart agus le h-eneoir, aich seirbhidh leat agus gheibh i lath an nachdar air do namhinn, &c. Dh' eirich i agus ri s'ubhal a ghabh i fein agus Fionn. Agus ri s'ubhal nan deidh a ghabh nuimtir an Rìgh a ch'ois 'us do dh' eoch, 'us chuir iad an fuasag agus an toir orra gu tenn. Bha Luas-Lurgann a ras g'ith agus fann 'us cha b' urrain i eumail ri Fionn ann an ruith. Air faic-sinn so do dh' Fhionn thog e chaillich air a ghuaidin. Agus suil cha d' thug e na dheidh, gun e d' raimig e aite comhuidh fein. Air leagail an Eallich dha air far cha rabh aige da mhume lathair ach an da burginn. Thug e urchair dhuibh air bh agus ghul e gu goirt. Dh' f'ian e 'n odheche sin mar bha e air a ch'ois' gun bhaidh gun chadul. Air an ath-la thug e greis air sma-ointichidh ciod e dheamach e oir bha e ann an iomach-mhairle.

Cha rath a chridh aig aghidh a thoirt air aon aite leis an bu ghath le mhume bh' tathich. Dh' fhalbh e air fainneachd. Agus gun fhios gu muth aige caite. Agus ean gach rathid dha ach galhail seachad air Eas gan b' ainm Eas-ruaidh, agus chumais e fear agasgachair an Eas, agus thubhairt. Fionn ris tha mi deir eisan ann a fallinn mhòir, tha mi gnidh' ort thoir dh'eamh beathach beag do 'n h-iasgich sin a dh' ichis mi. Cha tabhair, deir an t-iasgar. Nam biodh iad to cho m'ath arsa Fionn agus gun euirradh to mach an t-slat air mo t-shealbhuidh. Rian an t-iasgar sin agus air ball dh' iasgach e lath-b'ardan: Cha toir mi 'n beathachsa dhuith tha e ro mhòr, agus ro mhath. Sam a than so iseg Rìgh. Nam b'iodh to cho m'ath 'us t-iasgar. Air do dh' Fhionn an t-slat iasgach fhaoinn, thig e mach an d'ubhan agus tharinn e gu toir bradain a bhia na bu n'io, na bradain an t-iasgar. Cha 'n f'haol mi 'n beathachsa thoir dhuir deiran t-iasgar, ach bheir mi beathach beag a' luidha na so dhuir. Ach feuma to r'ostadh air toibh eile an Eas, agus n' comadh air an toibh so, agus na bhios ball amh na lath' air eadidh to do cheann ris, agus ars an t-iasgar theid nise chadul, agus bh' eol e rosta man dh'ig mi. Ga d' bu chruaidh so b' fheudar a-ontachadh leis. Thoisich Fionn air teimnidh fhadadh 'us air an iasg a rostadh 'us chuaidh an t-iasgar a chadul. Bha Fionn ga th' shar-nachadh a brusnachadh an teine sa rostadh an eise, ach mar do na h-uairidh, dh' eirich baig' loist' air a bhraidan, agus cho luath sa b' urrain da leig e mhèur air 'us hois-

Wisdom tooth.

gidh gu crainn e chuir e mheur na bheul le graddadh agus dh' fhuair e fios an da shaoghail, mar a their iad. Thair e fios sa mhionaid sin gum b'e 'n t-iasgair a mharbh athair Fhinn 'us gum b'e Forca-Dubha-ainm an iasgair 'us gum rabh cloidheanach athair lauh ris ann am falach. Dh' eirich e le cabhlag agus thair e cloidheanach athair us thuge 'n ceann do dh' Forca-Dubha 'us ri suibhal na dheidh sin ghabh Fiom sin uaidhe so a tharadh, sreunbhadh a bhradain ri Easrauidh, cha b' fhuair e 's cha bu teth.

The king's law.

Air ball an deidh an ceann a thoirt dhe 'n iasgair, ghabh Fiom a thuras agus stad na fois cha d' rinn e agus an d' ruing Tigh a ghabhinn a sheannair. Bha e greis ga dhionuachrachadh fein an tigh a sheannair. Ach la do na laithibh chaidh caorich a ghabhinn do gharadh an Righ. Dh' ordugh an Righ a cheathranh cus a ghear-radh dheth gach aon dhuibh. Mas for gu rabh mi arid aig an Righ gam b' ainm. Teamhair-nan-riogh, agus bha do Bhuaidhbh orra ge b'e uair a bheirta breith chlaon na eucorach gun tuitidh i sios chum an lair, gus an dugadh aon do 'n fhuil Rìoghail dheth cheart. Chruinich iad gach sean-fhear agus gach duine ghloch san tior, ach cha d' fhuaradh nam meag nearch a thug breith cheart na fhuil. Ach chuidh Fiom a mach gu aite folluiseach. Agus thubhairt e ' Barr na caorach, barr na Chaineach, da bharr abhich, thum na buana: Tha 'n da bharr sin coslach re cheila, 'us breith na aghich sin cha tabhar 'n.'

The verdict.

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

Dhathnich an seann duine mar a bha. 'Se ni a smaointich e gun curidh e moran guail san teallach, agus piosan do sheam iarunn. Sin thoisich e air seididh nam balg, 'us air obrichadh na sean iarunn, air choir 'us gun rabh do theas anabharrich 'us do shradhagabhi anna a chearduich na chum an toir gun a chroidh aca urid 'us seasamh mionaid 'n taobh stigh da dorsaibh. Bha Fiom car nìne ga fhloch fein air chul nam balg agus aig an aon cheudna, tollidh a bhalla gus an d' fhuair e as orra. Agus stad na fois cha do rinn e gus an do ruing e pathlis Rìogh chuig-bh-Colla.'

Bha Eirinn na Cuigibh san uair sin. Bha Fiom car nìne ann am pathlis an Rìoghs' gun aon nearch a dh' fhuairachadh dheth co e, na cia as da. Bha e ga ghuibhdh fein gu ro fhaididhich agus neo lochdach, mo dheiridh chuidh a dheang chlu, sa dheudna ma, gu chuasibh an Righ, agus se thachair na lorg sin gun d' rinnidh e na ard steuart, agus na fhear ioncharr d'ibh 'n Rìogh. 'Se ni arid air 'n do shlochdrich an Righ a mharbh athir Fhinn, agus a chonubhaidh dhionnair, gum rachadh an Righ na phearsum, agus aircaim dhaoine leis, air feadh na h-Eirinn uile chum ainmeanan gach duine ghabail sios ann an sgrìobhadh le mionnaibh, dh' fhench a fuigheadh e Fiom a mharbhadh, o mach rabh a nois a lathir don fhuil Rìoghail ach e. An ceann da bhliadh ionnan thainig Cairbre-Ruadh be sin a Righ a chasgair agus a dh' tharich cairdin athir Fhinn. Am fogus do phathlis Rìogh chuigeamh Colladh, far an rabh Fiom an uair sin na stubhart. Cha do dh' fhuair Rìogh chuigeamh-Colla' fhathast cia as do dh' Fhionn, na cia b' ainm tha. Rium Fiom e fein aithneidh dha agus leig e ruina ris agus a dubhairt e. O' Rìgh 'us feudar dhanuisa teicidh as an aite so agus mo dhrenchd a luh-airt, oir ata 'n bis am fogas. 'S nise Fiom Mac Cubhail, agus tha Cairbre-Ruadh agus a slhagh leis air mo thoir, oir cha d' flag e ach mis 'n aonar don fhuil Rìoghail, gum a dh'ib-lathrichadh agus a sgrìos. Tha e gu bli 'n so a nochd, agus cha 'n urrainn thus, O' Rìgh mo thearnadh. 'Us duilich leam ar an Rìgh, gum rabh e na fhasan agus rianh, nach fiosrichinn do choigrich cia as da, na co e, gus an la 'n biodh e gam fhagail. Ach fan thusa agamsa, oir tha mi 'g iarraidh mìle matheanuis ort. An aite thus a bli d' sberbhisich agamsa sann bu cheart dhlighach dhanuisa bli am iocheran unhal dhuitse. Agus bheir mi 'n uile odhearp air a chais a leasachadh, agus air seasamh do chòrach. Agus thubhair a cheart aire nach h-innis u t ainm a dhaindeoin nas urra nise 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 fhuatinn dhuit. Mo dheiridh thainig an Rìgh 'us thoisich e air ainmin nan daoine ghabhail a sios. Bha Fiom air ais agus air agbich, 'us mo dheir-dh' fhuairich Cairbre ciod e ainm. Dh' fhuirg air Fiom agus a dubhairt e. Tha mi nois da bhliadh 'n sberbhis mo ubhaighistir, agus cha do dh' fhuairich e co

Cairbre.

mi na ciod e mainn fathast. Agus bha sin na mhuladh, agus na oguidheachd leam, agus an a bha mi che' fiad na sberbhis, cha 'n innis mi 'n ainm a nochd gum duais, agus cha choltach do 'n leithidsa do dhune gum iarr mi ach ni nach ionndrinn thus. O' Rìgh gad dhith. An tabhair mi an tollidh u dhà, arsa Rìgh chug Colla, re Cairbre. Dh' aonnich Cairbre leis. 'Us feudar dhanm sin fhuatinn fad lunnh scriobhte. Thair e sin. Innis dhune t-ainn a nois deir na Rìghribh ris. Tha ni beag eile dhith orra chum gach ni choimobadh, agus se bu gun cuir an Rìgh a thainig a lauh ris mar fhuatinn gach ni dh' iars mi gu fuigh mi. Chuir Cairbre mar an ceudna a lauh ris. Thog Fiom an papeir na lauh agus thubhairt e.

Eisidh agus tuigeamh 's mise Fiom Mac Cubhail-ic-Lubhich-ic-Tremmhoh-ic-Chlanna-boisic a h-Eirinn. Agus arl rìgh Eirinn fein agus a fìor dhleasnach ge do thug thusa mo choir nam le h-encoir agus le h-ainneart. Eirich as t-aite oir 'us leamsa e le coir cheart. Dh' fhan Cairbre na thois! Eirich arsa Rìgh-Chuga-Colla mar a eirich thusa, eiridh mise. Cha 'n eirich arsa Fiom 's math an aithidh u fein air do chathir agus air do choir.

Chuiridh Fiom na shuidhe air cathir Chairbre, agus mar sin sios. Chuir Rìgh-Chuga-Colla slugh moir le Rìgh agus e fein air an ceann, gus an d' fhuig e ge sochdrach salbhalte Fiom air Rìgh chathir athir fein gum bhias foir na gille.

Pedigree.

Story of Cormac.

Rann lullach-ic eon athir Fhinn.

Seachd bliadhna fìchid gu fìor,  
Bha Ludhadh mach con na Rìgh;  
Gun bhàs gun ghabhadh gun ghluin,  
Fìor, mna na gille bla 'n Eirinn.

Crioch.

OISEIN AND PADRUG.

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, orer and over again, in Scotland.

According to another story, 'Dublach' 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 —  
'Urchar an Doil mu 'n Dambaich.' '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 Irish snuggler who told this to Hector Mac Lean converted 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 OISIN A FAINNE. 12 lines. Staffa's Collection, page 35. Advocates' Library, February 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Bha Oisìn na bhuncheall re culach na meann aig Padrug 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 chadil e. Thainig am Biatach air Itraig a nuas as na Speuribh, us e air Faeisín Taip mhòr dheang shail leis gum b' feul a bha ann agus sgoib e leis e dh' ionnsuidh aned far an rabh na h-coin aig an uair sin. Agus thair e rithist e nuair a chuir an Gille Blar odhar leis a chruig e.

P. 2. MU SHEALG DHEIRINNICH OISIN.

Same Scribe, &c.

Bha Oisian na shean nois ann an Tigh a nuig' na aonar ann am Baile gan ainm Gleann-coim-theoir an Sgithrechd-Thorasa. Chuir Padrug agus nighean Oisian, cuil ris, le ro mhead sa dhìchid e. Chur Padrug cuireadh air Oisìn athir-cella air lathra arid chum feud a dh' uulhiche do dheam arid dheth na caraidh. Chum aon do na daoibh oga, reasgach a bha nan suidh aig an fhuicid, aig an rabh Calpa Feidh ga chreim, a cheist air

Oisín a faga e rianh calpa feidh bu mhó nan calp ud, Rug Oisín air a chalpa agus mhéirich se e oir bha e na dhall an nair sin. Agus fhreagair e 'n t-ogannach, agus thubhairt e ris go fae e calpa Luin moran ni bu mhó, agus gun b' aithne dha 'n aite 'n rabh e. Mar a bhí dith na Leirsin. O' se 'n t' anaola truaich ar e nighin a fear ata tabhairt creidise dhuit led Bhoas agus led Blaria-gabh. Thug 'n an togail ghrad sin air Eachtraidh na Feimídh bhá sgríobh' aig a companach Padruig, agus thig 'n t-íomlan ann am meadhoin 'n temidh, agus chuaidh iad re theinidh, man do rug iad ach air ro bhac a shabhadh dhuibh. Bha Padruig ro dhúich air an son. Mata ars Oisín dearbhídh mise dhuibh, gur 'n 'n fhirim ata agamsa. Agus a Phádrug mo cheudichis tu dol mhac fálh leamsa lorga mi mach fathast 'Calpan Luin. Dh' aonnúidh Padruig a leigidh leis. Dhábh Oisín agus mac Phádrug, ga 'n b' ainni an Gille-blair-odhar. Choisich iad gu íochdar Beinn an t-sealbhí, agus thog iad a mach ri achadh gun ainm Rug farinn. Thubhairt Oisín re odha cid e laochain a thug mis a faichíom, oir tha mi chumtinn monmhor bruidhne. Tha ars odha daoine tha air Seirich lauh rinn. Thoir mise laochain an rathóid a tha iad; rian odha mar a dh' iarr e air. 'S math a ghleibhribh sibh fearanah ars Oisín. Tha sin a deannadh mar dhaoas sin ars a na fóir. Thoir dh' uah do lauh ars Oisín ris a chram-aoean cha tabhair ars odha, ach tabhair an colhair' as a chram, agus tabhar dha e. Rinn an duine mar sin, agus ghlac Oisín 'n colhair agus lúb e air a cheil' e.

Na dhéidh sin thog iad a mach re na ambradhúid, agus theirim iad air Leitir Luin, air a bhéid an t-ainm sin gus an la 'n diu'. Deir Oisín re odha bi furachair a faic u seana chraobh mhór dharaich agus os na taobh. Thuair an Gille-blair-odhar i gun ro mhoran saothrich, le scoladh a Shean-athair. Chuir Oisín a lauh a stigh sa chos 'us thug e mach as calpa 'n Luin. Dh' iuaich iad rompa mach as a choillich. Seall a laochain ars Oisín a faic u cuoc mor ans a bhlar an íochdar na coille. Chí ars odha. Treorúich mis 'n sin ars Oisín. Se ainm a chnoic sa Ceann-a chnoc ain. Cuoc-fraoc bu ghnath leis an Fheinn a bhí a tathig gun tríc ann na fuidhíh rónúsh sin. Ceart lauh ris a pholl na thiodhlúidh Fionn athair Oisín an coire ris an canar gun an la 'n diu' poll choir Fhinn. Thuigh iad air a chnoc agus ghladh iad mo thanh an sin re na h-óich'.

Ghuidh Oisín gu duthrachlach gum biodh Biorach-Mac-Buidheag an t-aon chu bu dona bha rannh san Fheinn air a dheomachadh dha. Miosgúid e na dhéirídh na h-óich' agus e mothachadh trom air mín, a chos, agus dh' aithnich e gun d' fhuair e athchumhúich. Dh' fhan e mar a bha aige gu briseadh na faire. Dhúisg Oisín an Gille-blair-odhar, agus thug Oisín eibh na íoch mhór as chuir goilt-chrith air gach crentair ghasadach a bha ans na coillichin man cuairt dha. Cíod e chí u ars Oisín ris a Gille-blair-odhar! Tha mi faicsinn aireannh Bionn-dhó do chreutairíbh beaga seanga ruaitha. Leigidh sinn seachad iad sin deir Oisín. Cha 'n eil a sin a Laochain ach stíoch na Luaithe-Luimídh. Thug Oisín an air-éidh as. Cíod e nois a cha thu laochain. Chí mi ars odha na h-urid do bheathichíbh seanga donna. Tha sin síoch na Deirge-Dasnuiche. Leig sin seachad fathast. Thug e an treas eidl as Dh' fheorúich e da odha cíod e bha e faicsinn. Tha mi faicsinn ars odha moran de fheidhídh trom-a-donna. Bis thug Biorachmádh buidhaig. Re síubhal a ghabh an cu agus nharbh e seachd lan dainh. Bi furachail a laochain a faic u 'n cu a tighlin. O' chí mis e ars an Gille-blair-odhar agus a chraos fosgailt. Cha neil mo chuíkens buidhich seige fathast agus nharbh e sinne. Ach feuch a stuir thusa mo lamh a stigh na bheud nuair a thig e 'n fogas. Rinn e mar a dh' iarr Oisín air, agus chuir e lamh na chraos 'us nharbh se e.

Tha' air a nois mi far a fae u na feidh a tuitim. Chruínich e leis iad air mullach a ghuaim 'us air nallach a dhroma, gus an ruiga e 'n cuoc air an do chaidh iad an óiche rómh sin. Chuir iad suas an turbach. Chruínich iad connadh. Chuir iad na feidh as beoin. Thog Oisín Coir Fhinn athair as a phéid 'us bhruich iad na feidh. Nois a laochain ars Oisín ri odha far thusa fad na lambe namsa man ich mi thu 'n ríoch toitein. Mo gheibh mise mo leoir an dugh cha bhí dith na failinn ortsa rid bheo. Ma b' fhior na fuidhídh e leoir an la sin gun fúsadh e ogail, laidir, neartmhor treubhach. Bha 'n fhaingis aige an leannan Shíth. Bha erios ma mbeadhoin air s-a a bhá theannachadh air a cheila. Bha moí' timachadh dhéith chrios sa air a chuir seach a cheila, man do thóisich e air ítha nam fadh. Dh' fheumadh e fhaotinn do shúthinn na íomadh a bhí 'n sin bheo an críos ann an ruidhídh gus an tinn b' fhaide mach. Ach nair chnuic

an Gille-blair-odhar nach rabh coltas air Oisín gum fagadh e fuighlich, sgríobh e leis píos mor do na bha air beul-taobh a Shean-athair, agus chuir e sud air a taobh feim. Dhúth Oisín na bha aig an nair sin ach cha rabh e air a shasuchadh. Dh' ionndrain e na thug odha leis, agus thubhairt e. O! laochain us ro ole thmaras du na faga du an t-íomlan agam bliúthinn cho mhach sa bha mi rianh.

Thiodhlúidh Oisín an coir ann poll choir-Fhinn. Ghlacais e fein agus odha chum páillidh do Gileann-caoim-fheoir, ach se chonhah' eibh an ceann odha Oisín gu feuchadh e fuidhídh e Oisín a shean-athair chuir le craig. Chonhahídh a mhathir dha ro lámh sin a dheannadh. Theorúich se e gu bruaich Uirídh-Bhíathich ris an gaorir gu cummanna nois Uirídh 'n-fhíthlich, agus dh' fhadh e sud e. Thuit e leis a chraig agus stad e meadhoin na h-urídhí. Bha e car uine man buirim dha ghasad, ach cho luath sa chuir e 'n preathal sin seachad thóisich e air menrachadh man cuairt da gus an d' fhuair e faime dheallúich ris uine rónúsh se. Nois sann o Leama síth a thuir e 'n toisich e. Bha do bhuaidh air nach cáidh e rólharc agus nach fuidhídh e bus. Thanic e 'n sí dhathic, le fhaime agus le calpa 'n Luin, agus mar a thubhairt e rin man d' fhadh e, us amhlúidh 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 Padruig nair a togail tighé, agus aireannh do dhaoimíh aige, sea na seachd deng do dhaoine foghainídh, bha cleich mhór an sin nach rabh an t-íomlan do na bha laithir nan-urinn a chuir ceart san Tigh. Nan daga' sibh dhanas ars Oisín ri Padruig, biadh na sea-fear-deug chuirinn a chlach ceart an aonar. Mata gheibh thusa sin ars Padruig agus 'us math an airídh air thu. Thuair Oisín biadh chug-fear-deug, chum a nighin biadh fíor as. Dh'ich Oisín na thuair e, us dh' aithnich e gun do chunnadh part dheth.

Dh' erich e us chairíeh e chlach, ach dh' fflag e aomadh orra mach as a bhiallath. Thuir iad ris nach rabh a chlach ceart fathast. Tha fios agan, ach mar tha baidhíh i nansa no fuidhims a biadh na sea-fear-deug, chuir mi chlach ceart, ach a nois tha 'n sin agabha, agus deamíbh féin a carann mar as aill leibh. Bha chlachsa ri faichsinn ann an Gleann canoir, gus o chionn da bhíadhá, bha clach-fhearin a togail parce agus bhí iad a chlach sa síos na beidhíbh 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 RACHMAD-deire to Ghille,  
Gu mulach an fhírich thud thall;  
'S aithne dh' an fhígh an t-shíge,  
Comharachd danih allúidh nan crann.
- 2 Seol mo shíghaed 'na charaibh,  
'S 'gu faigheam mo fharadhair air ball;  
Thamig na Feidh gu h-malach,  
Bhuail Oisean danih allúidh nan stang.
- 3 Cro 'n teine le leacáibh,  
Faigh an coire 's dreachaire colg;  
Gearan Fiadh na mhíríbh beirge,  
Bruich e gu deimhín na bhlog.
- 4 Na blais a shuth, na blais a shúthinn;  
'S thig mo neart 's mo shealla gun chealg;  
Uirídhíh m' aois mar fheur na macharach,  
Bídhna luath mar fhíadh cheannach ard.
- 5 'S íoma beum a fhuair Oisean,  
Agus gath a dh' fhan na fheoil;  
O Linn doghráinn airle tuath,  
Tha mo shuil ar leonta crenchda.
- 6 Dh' fhalbh mo léircean le sean nois,  
Eolas no leighleas bh' aig mo shúisair;  
Bíodh san tinn so dhonah gu caoin,  
Súdh na h-cíid seoladh 'n rathad,  
'S gheibh mo radiarc mar mo dhaoine.

<sup>1</sup> Tuill

- 7 An leighis ullnehta gu grad,  
Fluair Oisean a fhradharc, a'ill;  
Bha na beanntan ciar dlubh lachdann,  
'S na coilltean gun ehlachd gun tur.
- 8 Dh' fheuch e taille dhe 'n leigheas,  
'S dh' fhalbh gach brethal bha du;  
Ach fhathasd bha chreuchdan silcach,  
Leis gach gath mille na thaobh.
- 9 Bhlaire e 'n Conraich shudhar shladghach,  
Thuit gath 's gath caol ri caol;  
Ach dh' fhuirich aon gu daingean tearuinte,  
Dh' aindeoin fiachann sudhan fheidh.
- 10 A Ruadh 's ole a rinn thu oirn,  
Bhlais thu sudh an fheidh romhan;  
Cha do bhlais mi sudh an fheidh,  
Thuir an Ruadh gu ladarna dana.
- 11 Bhlais thu sudh an fheidh,  
Thuir Oisean an cainnt ghrada;  
Cha leigheas mo chreuchdan 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 boech 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' ghlocais gun truaigh, gun tur.  
Bheir Beal dhonhsa slainnte luath,  
'S fhathasd ruaigidh fiadh san Dun.

I do not think that Ossian ever composed this, though I received it under his name. I would not, however, speak with certainty. (Dr. IRVINE'S note, about 1800.)

O. 32. MAR CHAILLEADH EACHDRUIDH NAM FIANN, NO ANACREIDEAMH PHADRIC, ON DOM CREUDNA.  
Dr. IRVINE'S MS., page 142. 63 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

- 1 LA gu 'n robh Selma air sant,  
Is Oisean na mbur a steach;  
Thainig 'na choir Mac Alpin liadh,  
'S dh' fhiairaich eiod bu mhiann na theach?
- 2 Is dh' fhalbh an Fheinn gantuar gun ehlin,  
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 iona latha thug sibh sealg,  
Oisein, air blarraibh 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*!  
'S moth a chos na damh alluidh,  
C'ait an d' fhas a leithid riamb?
- 5 Leig dhìot do bhaghal Phadric mhaoil,  
Channeas lon nach b' 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 fhoim,<sup>2</sup>  
'S bregnach do nbaoin Oisein dhoill;  
Na loisg gach sgeul, 's filidh dhan,  
Mo thruaighe, cha lathair do Ullin gaoil.
- 7 Cha lathair do Charull binn guth beoil,  
Cha lathair do Oran, brigh gach fon;
- 8 Cha lathair do Fheargus cliu gach ceoil,  
Cha lathair do Ainm, mar, no Sonn;  
O Chuthail, faic mo bheud,  
Tormach Mo dheur gun iochd.

<sup>1</sup> Bhan. <sup>2</sup> Lamh.

- 9 A Threunmhor tog mo lure broin,  
A Luthainn, thig a'm' choir a nochd;  
O nach robh mi 'n Iainis chuinn,  
Mar ri Elhir run mo chridhe.
- 10 Mar ri Oscar ceann gach eliar,  
Mar ri Fionn briathar gach ni;  
Dh' fhalbh mo spionna 's mo threoir,  
'S tha mi nochd, mar cheò 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 fhoim ghloir mo sgeul a nochd;  
Rainig iad a choill an truir,  
Oisean an cu, 's for,
- 13 Padric thainig nan deigh,  
Mar fhear gun eric, gun choir,  
Fluaras an lon dubh ciar dhubh,  
Le sùighead dian o hainne eille.
- 14 Shoillsich leus air anam Oisein,  
Thainig osna grad O Chliadh;  
An erid thu Mhic Alpin gun ehonn,  
An d' iainis Oisean bonn gun ehlich.
- 15 An ionann do sgeulsa ri so,  
Faiccam do sgeul san flurth;  
'S ole a rinn mi Oisein fheil,  
Dean rium baigh do sgeul cha 'm dhith,
- 16 Mo sgeulsa cha 'n fhaigh thu gu brath,  
A bha fhir gun tur, gun chlo;  
Gabh do leabhar leatham lan  
Sid am fath a mhill mo cheol.

O 'n aon cheulna.

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 Cunnhal, the birth of Fionn, and other current prose-stories about Art and Cormac, and the battles of Magh Muckdram, and Crinna, when studied by the light of Keating's History, drop into their places. They are told in the reciters' Gaelic words. I will tell them in my English words, in their order. The Story about Oisein and Padraig is at least as old as 1512. The ballads were strung on this string before 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 Danbhach,' 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 BOUDIR SO OSSIN M'FINN. 139 lines.  
I INNIS downe a phadrik  
Nonor a leyvin  
A wil neewa gi hayre  
Ag mathew fanc eyrrin

- 2 Veyriss zwt a zayvin  
A ossinn ni glooyñ  
Nac wil neewa ag aythyr  
Ag oskyr na ag goolle
- 3 Ach is troyg ni skayl  
Chammis tuss cleyrri  
Mis danew chrawe  
Is gin neewa ag fane cyrrin
- 4 Nac math lat a teneir  
Vee tow si caythre  
Gin keilt gin noskyr  
Weith far zutt is taythyr
- 5 Beg a wath lwasi  
Wee ym hew si caythre  
Gin keilt gin noskyr  
Weith far rwn is maythir
- 6 Is farr gnuss vee neyve  
Re agsin rua am lay  
Na wil doyr si grwnith  
Vea aggit gi hynlane
- 7 Innis dwne a halgin  
Skayli ni caythryth noya  
Verinsi zwt gi hayre  
Seaylli eath gawrraa
- 8 Ma sea skayll ni cathrych  
Zeawris tuss a hannor  
Gin netow gin nagris  
Gin nenkis gin manehoyve
- 9 Ka id muntir neyve  
Is oyssil fayne cyrrin  
Vil kroyss na gree  
Na deilli sead cleyrri
- 10 Ni heynin is ni fane  
Ni cosswil cayd ree cheyll  
Neir zlass glayrre  
Wea goyrre sprej
- 11 Er zraw tenni phadrik  
Na fausi ni demyh  
Gin nis di ree noya  
Ber a steach ni fayni.
- 12 Ga heg a chwle chronanych  
Ni in dad one zwt zryme  
Gin nis din re woralych  
Ne rey fa wil a skaye
- 13 Ne hay sin di vycowle  
Re math we sin ne faynow.  
Raclteis fir in doythin  
'N a thigh wle gin nearri
- 14 Is troyg hwm a henor  
Is how in derri teissi  
Cha chorynich a wra sin  
Ver how er ni reissi
- 15 Barr in chath layddir  
Verri fenni ny fayni  
Na di hearnyth 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 ni layis  
Is me derri meissi  
Phadrik na toythr ayhis  
Er mathew elynni beiskui
- 18 Ne hurrinn zwt aythris  
Ossin v<sup>e</sup> in reayne  
Ach nath inyn fa mathis  
Agis thabis ni heyarni
- 19 Di marra aggwim conane  
Far mewlass ni fayni  
Ne legfie layd wmill di  
Chomis a cleyrri
- 20 Na habbir sen a ossin  
Is annien di wrayri  
Be fest gi fostynieh  
Is gawe hugit me ryilt

- 21 Da wacea ni catha  
Is ni braddiche grast  
Ne wee anc reid id ter  
Ter aeh moyir ni fayni
- 22 Ossin v<sup>e</sup> ni flaa  
Mest tanuyn a beithyll  
Na ewne ni eath  
Cha nil ag asting 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  
Faychm gi honnor  
Za wil si chaythir noya
- 25 Na habbir sin a phadrik  
Is fallow di wrayri  
In deggow sin daynyth  
Barr tun is no fayni
- 26 Er a hawe v<sup>e</sup> cweissni  
Xe fallow ni wrarri  
Is farr angil din di hanglew  
Na linn is ni faynyth
- 27 Da beanyth nair a weissith  
A gath zawryth ni beymin  
Di zelin in demis  
Ver tow er ayne errin
- 28 Dimmyth di wor zail  
Er eath di heill  
Ni warrin did choythir lawyth  
Aeh how neiss a tenour
- 29 Da marri ni zenissi  
Ne estin di choyllane  
Is zoyno di hemoo  
In marrik di choyrara
- 30 Da mardeis sin ulli  
Si goynith ra cheilli  
Ne wea mi hollu lwe  
Re vii caithe ni fayni
- 31 Vii feghit urrit  
Urrit vil tuss zi cleyrrew  
Di luttideis sin ulli  
Lay oskir na henyr
- 32 Ta ton in der di heill  
A henor gin cheyll  
Seur a neiss id wryesrow  
Is be fest zim rayr
- 33 Da wacea in lweht cogthoill  
A v<sup>e</sup> fin in alvin  
Ne raacia za gomor  
Re muntir ni caythre noya
- 34 Aggis ner low ir dynoyll  
Nor heg most grow tawri  
Sanossil ni braythryth  
Fane woory zi rymis  
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 AILLES Sgeil, a Phadric,  
An Onnair do Lebbhidh,  
A bheil neibh gu harrid,  
Aig Fianibh na Herin.
- 2 Bheirnsa Briar dhutsa  
Ossain nan Glonn,  
Nach heil Neibh aig Tuthir,  
Aig Oscar na aig Goll.
- 3 'S ole an Sgeil a Phadric,  
A haggad 'dhos', a chlerich,  
Com am Bithinse ri Craibhidh  
Mar heil Neibh aig Fianibh Erin.

- 4 Nach Doimnigh shin, Ossain,  
Fhìr nan Brèiaribh Baoille,  
'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  
Gan Fhios don Rìogh Mhoralich  
Cha deid fo Bhillig a Sheigh.
- 7 N' saoil u 'm biunnin E 's Mae Cubhail  
An Rìogh 'bhaggain 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 Sàim  
Fon chaill u nish do Lu 's do Rath  
'S nach cuir Cath ri La garbh.
- 9 Ma chaill mi mo Lu 's mo Rath,  
'S nach mairin Cath a bhaig Fion,  
Do 'd Chleirsneidh, 's beg mo Speis,  
'S do Cheoil eisidich nin fiach lom.
- 10 Cha ehnal u co-math mo Cheoil,  
Fo bùs an Duibhin bhoir gus a nochd,  
'S ha u noiste ann-'ghlioc Lia,  
Fhìr a dhligh Chiar air Chroc.
- 11 'S trìce a dhlid mi Clìar air Chroc,  
Hlìgh-phadric as ole Ruin.  
'Se gar dhuitsa 'chain mo Chruit  
Fon nach duair U Guth air hns.
- 12 Chualas Ceol os cion do Cheoil,  
Ga mor a Bholis du do Chliar;  
Ceoil air nach luigh Letran Laoich,  
Faohìr buik ai gan Ord Fian.
- 13 Mara tshuigh Fion air Cnoc,  
Heinne mid port do 'n Ord Fian,  
Chuirridh nan Caddil na Slògh,  
'S ochain bu bhinn' e na Chliar.<sup>1</sup>
- 14 Smeorich bhegg dluth fo Ghleann Smàil,  
Faohìr nan Bàse rish an Tuinn,  
Heinnigh mìdde lethidh puirt,  
'S bha shin fein 's air Crnit ro bhinn.
- 15 Bha 13 Gaohir dheig Fionn  
Leigidh mìdde ri Gleann Smàil,  
'S ha bhinnigh Glasgheim air Conn  
Na do Chlaig' a Chlerich chaibh.
- 16 Cuide ruinne Fion air Dia  
A riar Chliar agus scòil,  
Hug e La air pronnigh Oir  
'S an ath Lo air Meothir Chonn.
- 17 Aig mèid Fhìnthir ri Meothir Chon,  
'S e dioligh Seoil gach aoin La,  
'S aig luthad Eisamail ri Dia,  
Nois ha Fion nan Fian an Laibh.
- 18 'S gann a chreidas mido Seoil,  
A Chlerich, le'd Leobbar bàn,  
Gan bìthidh Fion na cho 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 bhig Clanne Morni 'Steach,  
'S clainni Baoisge na Fir Thrain,  
Bheirre midd Fion a mach  
Na bhìgh an Teach aguin fein.
- 21 Coige Choiginibh na Herin na sheach,  
'S huir Leatsa gur mor an Fein,  
Cha dnga sin Fion a mach,  
Gad bhìgh au Teich agibh pein.
- 22 Nach math an Tait Iurne fein,  
A Chlerich gan leir an Seoil,  
Nach co math i 's flaitheas De  
Ma dheohar int' Feigh as Coin.
- 23 Bha mise La air Sliagh Boid,  
Agus Caoilte bu ehnaidh Laun,  
Bha Oscar ann 's Goll nan Sleigh,  
Domil nan Fleigh raoin fo 'n Ghleus,  
Fion Mac Cubhail Corbta Bhrìgh,  
Bha e na Rìogh os air Cion.
- 24 Tri Micibh ard Rìogh nan Seia,  
Bu bhor am Fian air dol Tsheag,  
A Phadric nan Bachil fial,  
Cha leigge mid Dia os air cion.
- 25 Bu bheic lom Diarmad o Duine  
Agus Fearreas bu bhinn Gloir,  
Na 'm bo ehad leat mi gan laidh  
Chlerich nuaidh a heid do 'n Roi.
- 26 Com nach cead Com u gan laidh,  
Ach hoir tairigh gu Iua air Dia;  
Fon ha nois Deirigh air Taois,  
'S cuir dod Mhaoigh t-sheanfhir Le.
- 27 A Phadric, ma hug u cead  
Air beggan a labhairt Duin  
Nach aidich u (mas cead le Dia)  
Flath nan a ghra air Hus.
- 28 Cha dug misse Comas duit,  
Tshean Fhìr chuir agas u lia,  
Bear Mac Muire re aoin Lu,  
Na Duinne gan dang riabh.
- 29 Nar ro math aig neich fon' Ghreinn  
Gu 'm bear e fein na mo Tshriach  
Mae muirnich nach deitich Clìar  
Cha leiggidh e Dia os a chionn.
- 30 Na coabhid ussa Duinne ri De,  
Tshein-fhìr Le, na brennich e,  
'S fadde fo 'n hanig a Neirt  
As marrigh e ceart gu braeh.
- 31 Choadinse Fion nan Fleigh,  
Ri aoin neich t-sheoil san Ghreinn  
Cha 'dliar riabh ni air neich  
'S cha bho dheir e neich ma<sup>1</sup> Ni
- 32 Bheiramid sheic Cathin Fiehid an Fhian  
Air Shean Drain Clìar a Muigh  
Cha duga mid Urram do Dhia  
Na dhaoin<sup>2</sup> Triach<sup>3</sup> a bha air bith.
- 33 Sheic Caithibh fiochid dhnibhse nar Fein.  
Cha do ehreid shìbh 'n De nan dul  
Cha bharrin Duinne gar Shìoc  
'S cha bleo ach Rìchd Ossain Uir.
- 34 Cha ne shin bu eahorich ruin  
Ach Turis Fhìn a dhol don Roi  
Cunmail Cath-ghoure leoin fein  
Bha e cluidh air Fein gu mor.
- 35 Cha ne shin ehnidh shìbh mìlle ann  
A Mhìc Fionn fo 'n gear gu 'd Re,  
Eist ri Raigh Rìogh nan Boehd,  
'S iar uss' a nochd Neibh dhuit fein.
- 36 Comrich an da Ailsdail deig  
Gabhìgh 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 Eichdrìgh Mhaistir Donil  
Ha Choinigh an Cois na Tuinne—(viz. Lismore),  
An Urnigh bha aig Ossain Liaghlas  
Nach ro riabh ach na' dhroich dhuinne.'

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

Laa shiùthil sletigh 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 Gàidheal' (No. 4, p. 84, Glasgow, 1872) thus<sup>1</sup> Or Chliar.<sup>2</sup> Bhròn.

*version is printed in different orthography, from Mac Nícol's manuscripts, which I sorted in 1871. Hill's 'version J., mentioned in a note as inaccurate, was printed from the manuscript of the Dublinly Blacksmith of 1784. I print from a copy of Mac Nícol's MS. D., and from Dr. Mac Leachlan'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 various 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 TAGRABH RA CHELLE.

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

2 Dh' innise sin dhuitsa,  
Oisain nan glond;  
Cha' neil neamh aig t-thair,  
Aig Osgar no aig Gonn.

OISAIN.

3 'S ole an sgeula àraidh,  
Tha agad dhunna' a Chleirich;  
Com an bithinne ri crabhadh,  
Mur 'eil neamh aig Maithibh Fionn 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 Ma 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 eisdachd m' m' fhaic leom.

PATRIC.

6 Nior chual tu co-maith mo cheoil,  
Bho thús an domhann mhoir gas a' nochd;  
'S tha thu aosda ana-ghlic liath,  
Thira dh' ioladh char air enoc.

OISAIN.

7 'S tric a dhiol mi cìlar air enoc,  
'Ialla Phàdraic is ole ran;  
'S encor dhuit a chain mo chruth,  
Bho nach d' thair mi guth an tús.

PATRIC.

8 Chualas ceol bu bhinne na d' cheol,  
Ge mor a nholas tu do chliar;  
Cool air nach luigh leatrom kioich  
Faobhar cuilg ris an ord Fiann.

OISAIN.

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

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

11 Bha da ghaodhar-dheug aig Fionn,  
'S leigeamaid iad re Glann-smail;  
'S bu bhinne leam pròsnich air con,  
Na da chluighe Chleirich àigh.

12 Ach eiod a rinn Fionn air Dia,  
Rinn è rian chliar agus sgolp;  
Thug è latha ri pròmiadh oir,  
'S an ath-la ri meathair chon.

PATRIC.

13 Se miad 'n ruitige ri meathair chon.  
'S bli diola' sgolp gach aon la,  
'S gun urran a thoir do Dhia,  
Auis tha Fionn nam Fiann an laith.

OISAIN.

14 'S ole a chroideas mi do sgeul,  
A Chleirich le d' leabhar làn;  
Gu bhiodh Fionn Mac Cuthail no cho fial,  
Aaig duine na aig Dia ann laimh.

PATRIC.

15 Tha è 'n ifrinn ann mi laimh,  
'M fear le ghna bli pròmiadh 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;  
Bheireamaidhe Fionn a mach,  
Neo bhiodh an teach again fein.

PATRIC.

17 Maithean na Feinne na seach,  
Leasta ge bu mhor an t-euchd;  
Cha tugadh sud Fionn a mach,  
Nì mo bhiodh an teach again fein.

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

19 Ge beag a chu' ìll chronnamach,  
Is mòran an grèine;  
Cha theid gun fluos don Rìgh mhòrtalach,  
Fu' bhar bhlibh a sgeidhsan.

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

22 Choi-measainse Fionna mac Cuthail,  
Ri aon neach a sheull su ghrèin;  
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 Còilte am 's bu chruaidh a lamh;  
Osgar agus Góill nan sleagh,  
Diarnaad an Mhaoth 's Fraoch an Ghleann.  
24 Fionn mac-Cuthail bu mhòr pris,  
Bha è na Rìgh oirn san àm;  
'S a Chleirich nam bachelh fial,  
Cha leigeamaid Dia bhos air cionn.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

27 'S ole leam sin 'aite 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 chribhaidh sin,  
Is thusa a Chleirich

## PATRICK.

- 29 Eisd ri radhadh Rìgh 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 bhì tighinn air Diarmad.  
'S air Fearghus bu bhinne glóir;  
Na bu chead leat mi gun luaidh,  
Chleireich nuadh 'theil don Roinn.

## PATRICK.

- 31 Com nach cead leam thu gan luaidh,  
Ach thoir aire gu luath air Dia;  
'S bho tha crìoch a teachd air t-aois,  
Tog do d' bhaosig a shean fhir leith.
- 32 ' Cha tugaime atha do neach,  
Leis bu dochladh mi fein na me ehlair,  
Mhac muirnich a chualas riamh;  
Ach Flath nam Fianm a raite air thu.
- 33 Comraich an da-abstail-deng.  
' Gabhlamsa dhomh fein a nochd;  
'S ma rinn mise peacadh trom,  
Biodh è an slochd nan tam nan cloich.

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

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

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

## DAN 29.

- 1 INNIS dhamsa Phádraig,  
O' onoir a dheadh leibh;   
Am bheil neo' gu h'áraid  
Ag nàise fearadh Eirann?
- 2 ' Bheircamsa dearbha dhuitsa,  
Oisain nan gloun;  
Nach 'eil neo' aig d' Athair,  
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.'
- 3 'S ole an sgóil a Phádraig,  
A th' agad dhamsa Chleireich;  
C' ar son a bhíteamsa re crabhadh,  
Mar bheil neo' aig Fiantídh Eirann.
- 4 'S górach leam sin Oisain,  
Fhir nam briathraibh bailaisg;  
'S gu b' fhearr Dia re aon nair,  
No Fiantídh Eirann uile.'
- 5 B' fhearr leamsa son eadh láideir,  
A chuireadh Fiantídh Eirann;  
No Tighearna chrabhaidh sin,  
Agus tusa Chleireich.
- 6 'No coi-meas thusa duine re Dia,  
No breathnich fhir liath re d' lá;  
'S fhad o na thainig a rath,  
Is naitírdh e miá' gu bráth.'

- 7 Choi-measámsa Fionn nam feadh,  
Re aon neach a'ta fuídh 'n ghréin;  
Cho d' iarr e riamh ní air neach,  
'S aon ní do neach cho mhó dh' éar.
- 8 'No coi-meas thusa chaoith Fionn,  
Re neach a bha ann o thús;  
Sa bhíteas 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 talubinn fhuair a bhá.'
- 11 Cíod e a ghné Spiorad e,  
Nach d' thainig o neach a bha;  
Air an talamh no air chuan,  
Mor Spiorad fhuar bheantídh árd.
- 12 'Cho ne Spiorad bheantídh fhuar,  
Th' ann ach bith tha shuas do ghuá;  
Ann 's na flaitheasaibh is mó,  
Far an lionmhor glóir is grás.'
- 13 Cíod idir an Spiorad e,  
A th' ann 's na neamhídh is áird;  
Far an saibhir grás is glóir,  
Feadh gach lo gun sgar gu bráth.
- 14 'Spiorad a chruthaich an euan,  
Is an talamh fuairídh bráit;  
Gach ní agus neach a th' ann,  
Gun chonamh ann an sea láith.'
- 15 'S ionngeantach an spiorad leom,  
A chruthaich am fóin san cuan;  
Gun chonamh no iarrtas neach,  
An sea láith le neart a suas.'
- 16 'Creidam gar h' ionngeantach leat,  
O! meadh d' fhuair thu beachd no úil;  
Air an tí tha 'm flaitheas shuas,  
Far nach críochnaich luadh ní cliú.'
- 17 Cíod e 'n t áite flaitheas fein,  
A Chleireich d' an léir gach ole;  
Nach coi-maith an talamh fein, (or rē)  
Na 'm fin' t' ann éibhneas is loin.
- 18 'Oisain 's amaideach do ghloir,  
Gun dadam eólas no sgóil;  
'N uair a choi-measa tu fein,  
Aros De re fiathach lon.'
- 19 Cía ris deir thu áros De,  
'N ann ris na spéura' ud shiár;  
O 'n d' thig sneachd, is uisg, is gaoth,  
Teine bhaoghlaich is mór fiath.
- 20 'Oisain struagh dhuit a bhí beó,  
Gun ghriasaibh, gun freóir no ciall;  
Ach mar Eilid an dala cheó,  
Nach d' fhuair braon do dh' eólas Dia.'
- 21 Do fhuair mi eólas is úil,  
Cho maith sa bha Mar na Feinn;  
Gu seim Clarseich agus cíuil,  
D' anaibh úr, is sealg an fhéidh.
- 22 'No coi-meas thusa gu bráth,  
Sealg is Clarsaichibh is dhan;  
Re eólas bhí air lígh Dhe,  
An tí leisinnach tha buan.'
- 23 'Am bheil leisinn is fios aig,  
Air gach ní a'ta fuídh 'n ghréin;  
Gach creatair tha ann sa chuan,  
'S air an talubinn suas le chéil.'
- 24 'S deimhin gu bheil fios sin aig,  
Air gach creatair tha air lár;  
Mar an ceudna ann sa chuan,  
'S e féin dheabhú iad suas le limh.'
- 25 'Am bheil fios aige gach nair,  
Air ar cóimradhne 's air rádh;  
'N uair a bhios sinn ann ar suain,  
Is tra bhios sinn timn is slán.'

1. ' This verse ought to be placed opposite and sooner.  
i.e. after the 25th verse.

2. Iarrausa.



- 26 'Tha fios aige air gach nì,  
A labhair gach siol is àll;  
Is gach sklùite agus leòn,  
A thig feadh gach ló o làimh.'
- 27 'S ro' ole leom a nì e sin,  
A chuiras nìmh agus cràth;  
Air na daoine a rinn e,  
C' om an deamh sin gu bràth.'
- 28 'Nì e e gan toirt fuil' chàis,  
Chumas 's gu strìocha gach neach dh'a;  
Gun deamh a' toirt fuil' fàidheòidh,  
Gu dol còmhla ris gu bràth.'
- 29 'Am fuil' 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 'U'ldhir na cuilag a nì srann,  
No mumarann fann na gréin;  
Cha d' theid gun fhios do 'n Rìgh mhór,  
D'a aros glòimhor r'a re.'
- 31 'S mìodhbrach leam fein a sheol,  
Nach d' theid mumarann na gréine;  
Gun fhios d' a do fhàitheas suas,  
Masa farsaing buan a reicadh.'
- 32 'Nì 'n fuigh gu sìorruidh aon neach,  
Dol a steach gu 'n chuid on lì so;  
'S gun bhì saor o chron 's ghó,  
Cho 'n fuigh còmhaidh ann na Rìoghachd.'
- 33 Cho' b' ionann is Fionn Mac Chuthail,  
An Rìgh bh' again air na Fiantidh;  
Dh' fhéudadh gach neach bheir an talann,  
Teachd na thallas gun iarraidh.'
- 34 'No coi-meas a choillich a thalla,  
Re teach fhàitheas is na Triomaid;  
Cha raibh eòlas aig air matheas,  
Ach air cathaibh agus piantidh.'
- 35 'Bha sin eòlas ais is aithne,  
Cho mhaith sa tha fòs re thaotainn;  
Cha deach' e riann a chur catha,  
Ach da aind-cò, 'n uair bu bhàghlach.'
- 36 'Cha d' fhuair e eòlas air Dia,  
Cha b' e nìmhinn o thús a là;  
Uime sin cho 'n eil e shuas,  
Ann ionad na luth-ghair.'
- 37 Cìod e 'n d' ionad an lheil Fionn,  
An tì b' ainmeala a bhì;  
An tigh Teamhradh bhinn nan t'rud,  
Far ann b' eibhinn béul gach Bard.'
- 38 'Tha Fionn ann an ifrionn shìos,  
'S cho d' thig e' nìos gu la bhàith;  
Le hughad sa rinn e bhuan a Dia,  
Bìdh e 'n tigh nam pian fu' chradh.'
- 39 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeùl,  
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bán;  
Gu bheil Fionn mo choi' fhiad,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an làimh.'
- 40 'Tha e an Ithuirne 'n làimh,  
Ge d' b' e gima' bhì pronnadh òir;  
'S aig mead aim-beartan air Dia,  
Tha e 'n tigh nam pian fu' bhron.'
- 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 Baioisge steach,  
'S Clanna Mormna nam fear tréan;  
Bheir' maide Fionn amach,  
Neo bhìodh an teach againn fein.'
- 44 'Cuige eutha na h-Eirann air fud,  
Air leatsa gu 'm bu mhòr am féum;  
Cha d' thugadh iad Fionn amach,  
Ge d' bhìodh an teach aca fein.'
- 45 Cìod e 'n d' àit Ithuirne fein,  
A Chleirich gan leir an sgeùl;  
Nach coi-mhaith e 's làitheas De,  
Na 'm fuighinn aon feidh is còin.'
- 46 'Oisain leam 's fhuada do shuan,  
Eirich suas is eist na suilna;  
O 'n chaill thu do rath 's do rath;  
'S nach cuir' thu cath re latha gearbh.'
- 47 Ma chaill mi mo rath 's mo rath,  
'S nach cuir' mi cath re latha gearbh;  
Do d' Chleirsinnachd 's feug mo spéis,  
'S do cheòl eideachd cho 'n fhuach leam.'
- 48 'Cho chuala tu cho màth mo cheòl,  
O thús an domhain mhòr gus a noc;  
'S thu gu h-aosmhor, an-ghlic, biadh,  
Fhìr is tric a dhìol eilar air cuoc.'
- 49 'N aile 's tric a dhìol mi eilar air eroc,  
Ile Phàdraig is ole rùn;  
O nach d' fhuair mi guth o thús,  
'S ca-coir dhuita eilinn mo chruth.'
- 50 'Cha do chlainn mise do chruth,  
Ge d' thubhairt mi riut gu eiuin;  
Gu raibh thu gu h-an-ghlic biadh,  
'S nach d' chual thu riann cho mha' mo chiuil.'
- 51 Chualas na b' fhearr na do cheòl,  
Ge nòr a nholas tu do chleir;  
Ceòl air nach d' fuigh leith-trom hoich,  
An fiol euilg bh' aig eoinn na Féinn.'
- 52 'No coi-meas gu bràth faol gearbh,  
Re saim Dhàibhidh chalm glòridh;  
'S nì me-choi' measas re d' rì,  
Re Clag Teambal Dhe nan gràs.'
- 53 'Bha sea Lothainn deng aig Fionn,  
'S leigeadh iad re gheann smail;  
'S bu bhinne leam frosmaich ar con,  
Na do chlog a Chleirich chàich.'
- 54 'S anaidheach leam fein do ghleòr,  
Feadh an ló gun sear no tàmh;  
'N uair a choi-measa tu fein,  
Còin na Féinn re 'm Chlag gu h' àrd.'
- 55 Cha bu coi-meas Còin na Féinn,  
Re d' chlog tiamhidh féin air màil;  
'S ann a bhios brnach gach neach,  
Re h' àm tionail ma d' theach cràidh.'
- 56 'Oisain 's gorrach leam do luadh,  
A toirt fuath gach uair do ghràs;  
B' fhearr leat frosmaich Chon na Féinn,  
No bhì g' eisteachd mo hua' ghair.'
- 57 'B' ionnhdhinne leamsa gach rì,  
Frosmaich chon na Féinn sa ghleann;  
A lathach nam Dàimh 's nan Aogh,  
No na bheil a bhlagh a' d' cheann.'
- 58 'S baohail thu Oisain mhie Fhinn,  
Gur neo' Chinn do chòmhradh cearr;  
Dhoth thu do Chona' na Féinn,  
Na 's mo no mhac De 's da ràidh.'
- 59 Bha seachd Chathanaibh san Féinn,  
An mhaith am feum 's gach àm air bhì;  
'S cha d' thug iad urram do Dhia,  
No Cheann eilar a b' fhàta cùid.'
- 60 'Se sin a chnòidh sibhla riann,  
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dùl;  
Cha mhaithrean an duine d' ar sliochd,  
'S cha bheò ach riochd Oisain ùr.'
- 61 Cha b' e sin a rinn ar clòidh,  
Ach truas Fhinn a dhòl do 'n Roimh;  
Sinne eumail Cath-cablaera leinn fein  
Sa clòidh ar Féinne gu ro-mhòr.'
- 62 'Bu chabhaidh sin eiridh dhubh,  
Tuiteam is bhur clòidh le càch;  
Oir b' e bhur rùn is bhur niann,  
Bhì cosgairt nan eilar gach là.'
- 63 'Cha b' e sin a bu bhéas duinn,  
An dream chòidh a b' ùire bha;  
Cha d' rinn riann mairbh' no leòin,  
Ach 'n trù' slòigh òirnn' ceurr.'

- 64 'Ma 's fhearr leatsa gu la bhráth,  
A bli gáirleach no fúí' bhron;  
Thoir urram is cliú do Dhia,  
Is dean a riar gach trá-nóin.'
- 65 'An toir mise cliú le gean,  
Do neach nach fhuca mi riamh;  
B' anusa leam a bli tra-nóin,  
A min eisteachd glóir nam Fiann.'
- 66 'Oisain 's ceanngailte re' d' bheacht,  
A Chléir-fheacht sin nach ráibh tíá;  
Leis nach b' ionmhúin cliú an Triath,  
A sheinn riamh ach iarguin bhliú.'
- 67 Gur beachd leam Diarmaid, is Coireall,  
'S Fearadh na bhaghara glóir;  
Na' m bu chead leat mi da' n luadh,  
Chléirich thruaigh a theich o'n Róimh.
- 68 'C'om nach ceud leam thn d'an luadh,  
Ach thoir aithr' gu luath air Dia,  
Le d' nile dhúracad 's do ghradh,  
Ma 'n glac an bas thn gun fhiath.'
- 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'thng mise comas dhuit,  
A shean-fhir charta gun chiall,  
'S ann a thairt rint gun bhéirg,  
Iarruidh neamh is lagh' o' Dhia.'
- 71 Comraic an dá Ostaíl déng,  
Gabhamsa dhamb fein a noc;  
'S na rinn mise feacadh tróm,  
Biodh e 'n luidh, sin tóim san enoc.

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

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

- 1 INNS dhuinn a Phádrúic, (aithris)  
Air onar do leughadh;  
Bheil neamh gu h-araid,  
Aig maithibh fir na Feinne.
- 2 Bheirinnse briathar dhuita,  
Oisean nan glonn;  
Nach eil neamh aig t-athair,  
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.
- 3 'S ole an sgeul araid,  
Th' agadsa dhomh a Chléirich;  
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;  
Chaill thn nis do lugh 's do ragh,  
Cha chuir thu cath ri la garbh.
- 5 Ma chaill mise mo lugh 's mo ragh, (rath)  
Mar cuir mi cath ri la garbh;  
Do d' ghlaggar gur beag mo speis, (al. chleirsneacht)  
Do cheol eisdeachd cha 'n fhúin leam.
- 6 Cha chual thn riamh cho maith ri m' cheol,  
O thus an domhain mhór gu nochd;  
Tha thn aosda anaglic huth, (al. agluadh)  
Fhir a dhioladh chiar air chnoc.
- 7 Ghille Phádrúic 's ole run, (ole leam)  
'S enoicé dhuit a chain mo chruth, (deacair)  
'S nach d' fhuair mi guth o thus. (an tns)
- 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 chiar.
- 9 Bha da ghndhar dheug aig Fionn,  
Nnair rachadh iad nan deann ri gleann;  
Bu bhinne leamsa fros nan gadhar,  
Na do ghlagsa chléirich chaisg.
- 10 Is leigeanmaid iad ri gleann smail,  
Bu bhinne leam prosnach ar con;  
Na do thuigse Chléirich aigh.
- 11 Smeorach bheag ghlinn smail,  
'S faighinn na bar ris an tom;  
Shimneamaid na leth phlúirt,  
Bha sinn fein 's an cruir, ro bhinn.
- 12 Latha dhuinne air shliabh Boid,  
Mac Conuil nan fleagh 's Ronull o 'n ghleann;  
Bha Caoilte bu chruaidh 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,  
Chuirvadh Fionn san Fheinne;  
Na Tighearna a chrabha' 's thusa chléirich,  
Cha tugainnse fainas do neach.
- 15 Fionn Mac Cuthail oirn mar bhreithe,  
'Se na righ os ar ceann;  
'Sa Phádrúic nam bacuil fial,  
Cha leigeanmaid Dia os ar ceann.
- 16 Na coimeas duine ri Dia,  
Shean fhearr fiath 's na bretch e;  
'S fada o 'n thainig a neart,  
'S mairidh e ceart gu brath.
- 17 Choimeansainse Fionn nam fleagh,  
Ri aon neach a sheall sa ghrein;  
Cha do iarr e riamh ni air neach,  
'S ni mo dh' enr e neach ma ni.
- 18 Ge beag a chuibhil chruanach, (chulag)  
Is monaran na greine;  
Cha teid gun fhios do 'n righ mhórlach,  
Fo bhlar bhilan na sgeithe.
- 19 Cho b' ionann Dia is Fionn Mac Cuthail,  
An righ bh' againn air na fiannaibh;  
Dh' fheadhadh fir an domhain,  
Dol na thalsa gun iarraidh.
- 20 'S ole leam sin uatsa Oisein,  
Fhir nam briathra b' fhoile; (b' aile)  
Gu 'm b' fhearr Dia ri aon uair,  
Na Fionn 's an Fheinne uile.
- 21 'S e sin a chuir as duibh riamh,  
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dnl;  
Ni mairrean duine do 'r shiochd,  
Cha bheo ach riochd Oisein uir.
- 22 Cha b' e sin chuir as dninn,  
Ach turus Fhinn dol do 'n Roimh;  
A bli enr cath araid leinn feid,  
Sid chuir as do'r Feinn gn mor.
- 23 Ach eiod 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' ingh)  
'S bli d'ibhail sgolb gach aon la (dissal sgal)  
Gun urram a thalhart do Dhia,  
Chuir Fionn na Fiann an sas.
- 25 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeul,  
A chléirich led' leabhar bán;  
Gu 'm biththeadh Fionn no co fial,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an lamh.
- 26 Tha e 'n Ifrinn an lamh,  
Am fear le 'n gnath bli pronna' oir;  
Thaobh meud a dhimeas air Dia,  
Chuir' e 'n tigh nam pian fo bhron.
- 27 Nam biththeadh clann O' baoisge a steach,  
Is Clanna Morna nam feacht treun;  
Bheireamaid Fionn a mach,  
No bhittheadh an teach againn fein.
- 28 Cuignear a chuguibh na h-Eirin, (chuigibh)  
Leatsa ge bu mhór an t-uchd,  
Cha tugadh sibh Fionn a mach,  
Ni mo bhittheadh an teach againn fein.

- 29 Ach ciod an t-aithe Ibrinn fein,  
A chleirich a lenghas an sgoil?  
Nach bu cho maith ri flaitheas De,  
Nam fùigheamaid ann feidh is coin.
- 30 Eisd ri rath rìgh nam bochd,  
As iur a nochd neamh dhuit fein;  
Ona tha dama' tighinn air t-aois,  
Tog a Mhaoisg a shean f'hir fiath.
- 31 Comrich an da Abstail dheng  
Gabhamsa dhomb fein a nochd;  
'S na rinn mise peacadh trom,  
Biodh e 'n sloe na 'n tom, no 'n cloich.

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

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

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

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

## A HOUDIR OSSAN M'FINN.

- 1 Di chonna mee tylych finn,  
Is ner vai tylych teme trea,  
Aggam di chonna mee schieve,  
Di vontir in ir in nea
- 2 Di chonna mee tylych art,  
Far har vac donna biini  
Far is farre ne agga ni.  
Di chonna mee tylych finn
- 3 Dane vaga mir a chonna mee,  
Chonna, m'nylain fa yuna  
Oweht is mark na vagga ea.  
Di chonnek mai tylych finn
- 4 Goym ree ni iyg noch gi olk,  
Za vil er mo chinni,  
Sin serra narraine o fayna,  
Dyth chonna ma tylych finn.  
Di chonna mee tylych.

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

## A HOUDIR SO OSSAN.

- 1 Is fadda noch ni nelli fiym,  
Is fadda liym in nyeheith ryr  
In lay dew gay fadda zoynth,  
Di bi lor fadda in lay de
- 2 Fadda lwmmi gyech lay za dik,  
Ne mir sen di cleachta dom  
Gin deowe gin danyth eath,  
Gin wea feylim class dlweth
- 3 Gin nenith gin choill gin ehrut,  
Gin fronuth erowi gin zneuwe gray  
Gin deillych ollom zor,  
Wea gin neilli, gin oill fley
- 4 Gin chin er swrri na er selgi,  
In da cherd rey in royth me  
Gin dwll in glaow no in gath,  
Oiclane ach is derrieh dow
- 5 Gin wrath er ellit no er feyg,  
Ne hawle sin bi wane lom  
Gin loeg er chovunt no er ehon,  
Is fadda noch na nelli fiym
- 6 Gin errih 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 Derri ni feyni far noiss,  
Is mee Ossin mor m'finni,  
Gestiech re gowow elokki,  
Is fadda, etc.

- 9 Faye a phatrik zoein 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 HUGUS OSSEANE M'FINN.

- 1 ANVISE in nochd nart mo huve  
Ne ell mi coozein er liar  
Is mee enyth zof' waa bronych  
Ym zebil trog semorych
- 2 Troyg gi neith cheddeyth doif  
Seach gi dwn er twne talwon  
Re tarring clach a hallin  
Gow reling halehin talzing
- 3 It ta wrskal aggwme zut  
Er ir zi wuntir phatrik  
Estith re astenyth inn  
Schal beg er tocht zin talgin
- 4 Brwin di rinnith in swuu  
Er sleywe quodalgein moelyth lwmm  
Di churri er feanow phail  
Ywir in ta hunwail
- 5 Da drane din wrwin wroyth  
Chur finn er elan morn  
Agus in trane elli zeit  
Orms is er clannow kiskne'ith
- 6 Hugas fregrhyth nar choyr  
Er m'cowle v'tranewoyr  
Hard nach bein fada fa smacht  
Is nach danyth doo geilleicht
- 7 Di weit Finn fada na host  
In leich nae burras a cosga  
Fer gin noyin gin eggill  
Nor a quayl in doo regryth
- 8 Is sea coyrra di ma rwm  
Flath eanyth ny vane finn  
Bea tou sehell a tarring clooch  
Ma in deyt how in weit wroyth
- 9 Di zeyriss is sin ra erg soss  
O vak cowle a rinzerga  
Sea lenn me din name awnyth  
Cathrow chath croychalm
- 10 Fastir miss ag in nane  
Verrir royssa mi wraa feyn  
In lwcht a wa gim heit ann  
Is da in deit id tame gi anvin
- 11 Faa moith in coythryth erow din name  
In gath crwnvonyth Auvin  
Ynyth nae gin anyth ann  
Da in tallyth tame gyth anvin anvin
- 12 Anvin in nochd cley mo curp  
Credldwn di wraer padrik  
Eldir hawe is class is chenn,  
It tame ullith gi anvin anvin  
Auvin.

## A. 10. IN SOO CHOONNICH 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. We see 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 maia in nayne,  
Di chonnich ma caynan is goole  
Finni is oskir ni vacki  
Rynith is art is demit doone
- 2 Mflowith kyakeith ni gage  
Garrith derk is cy b-g  
Is cy 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'fynni is bran
- 4 Keilt m'ronane ni gath  
Doywn coylin is leyw er gleinni  
Is caedith a fronith or  
Is fer one wayne var by vinni
- 5 Baynith m'Brassil ni kumi  
M'chromelin tenni m'yn smail  
Agus oskir m'carrith zerve  
Ni tre balwa is ni tre skail
- 6 Tre boyane zlinni schroill  
Tre rwel o voynith reith  
Vii mic cheilt ni glass  
Tre zlassni zlessra nyn ser
- 7 Tre beath chnokit durt  
Be veddeis fa warni znath  
Deach m'eithit vornv or  
Oissi teacht er boie id tad
- 8 In soo a chonich ma in maie  
Boyine ead di chenchyth koyll  
In dimchill ossin is inn  
Swle zlinni di fronith or
- 9 Fer loo is kerrill croye  
Di verdeis boye er gyth catht  
Fay caym is telane feall  
Di chonik 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 20.

- 1 So far am fca mi 'n Fhiann,  
Chonnamar ann Cian agus Conn;  
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,  
Raonith, Art is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mac-luthaich is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,  
Daire dearg agus Aogh beag;  
Aogh mac Gharaidh nach tim,  
Na tri Finn agus Fead.
- 3 Ghais, agus Geamhail, is Geir,  
Re cuimhneach nan ceud shonn bras;  
Goll mac Rìoghannaich dhunn,  
Eoghan mac Fhìum agus Bran.
- 4 Seachd mic Chaolte nan lha' chas,  
Na tri Ghlais o s'hruidh nan saor;  
Na tri Fiaighan lu' ghrinn doibh.  
'S na tri Criegheala ba mhor aoidh.
- 5 Na tri Oseair Gharaidh ghairbh,  
Na tri Baibh, is na tri sgarir;  
Beinnidh mac Freasdal nan lann,  
Troidh chruinn teann, is Mac-o-smail.
- 6 Caoilte mac Roman nan cuch,  
An Goll gnath, is Leum air linn;  
Ceud laoch le 'm pròite or,  
'S fear o 'n Bho' ain le bheurla bhinn.
- 7 Moran is Fhìdh nan duan,  
Conal smairce na cuint thlà;  
Cuth-thraech a b' fhearr re tim crua'i,  
No caogad do shluagh Rì Phàil.

- 8 Muirne Torman agus Seamh,  
Ardan Treun fhear 's Coirreal àigh;  
Cleasa mòr an gaisgeach calm,  
Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann bân.
- 9 Craai' fhear lha' bhenmach gun mhéin,  
Colla féat agus Cúin thlá;  
Muireach Meannach agus Brian,  
Fir gun fhia' ro' iarguin bhlar.
- 10 Faoghlan mo dhea' bhrathair fein,  
'S Faradhas béul dearg bu bhinn glóir;  
Treun-fhear Treabhal agus Art,  
Na lín ghaigisich a b' fhearr doidh.
- 11 Fad-éighe nan ioleach cruaid,  
'S Raonac ruadh an leadain óir;  
Luimneach 's Leadan nan rosg máll,  
Breacan ármach, is gráis og.
- 12 Maoh chruth, Torman is Caomh, bhéal,  
'S Ceolmhor bu bhinn béus tra' nóin;  
Is Faoghlan mo bhrathair fein  
Oclain nach roibh 'n d' éng do 'm chóir.
- 13 Cruth-geal lóinreach is Deó-gréin,  
A shoilse' meag chéud air magh;  
'S a Mídhí álmá nach d' ehlann,  
Rianh na laoch re lim an guil.
- 14 Faoghlan, Suine, is Comlaoch,  
Na treun laoch bu mha' sa chath;  
Muireach, 's Brastalan mac Fhraoich,  
So an t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Dubh chuimair, s Aille mo ghráidh,  
Is mic Smáile nan cleas lúdh;  
Garbh is Conan mac Moran,  
'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 dhú feín,  
'S nach 'eil mi do reir na sgoil;  
'Nois o chuidhe air mo ghleas  
'S truagh mo thuras fein an so.

## I. 3. TUIRDH 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 Mhae,  
Raim', Art, is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mic Luthaich, is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,  
Daire dearg, agus Aogh beag;  
Aogh Mac Gharai' nach tim,  
\*Na tri Finn agus Fead.
- 3 Ghais agus Geamhail, is Geir,  
Ri cuimhneachailh nan ceud shonn bras;  
Goll mac Rìoghannaich dhunn,  
\*Eodhan mac Mhùin nan In-chas.
- 4 Seachd mic Chaillte nan lha-chas,  
\*Na tri Ghais o Aird an t-saor;  
\*Iodhan is Luthar is Leng  
\*Is tri cheud do shìobhich inghean Taoibh.
- 5 \*Na tri Toscair Gharai' ghairbh,  
Na tri Baibh is na tri Seuir;  
Beinnidh mac Freasdal nan lann,  
\*Tro' chruinn, Cam is Mac O Smail.
- 6 Cuilte Mac Roman nan cuch,  
An Goll gnath is Leum air linn;  
'S an ceud laoch le 'm pròite or,  
\*S fear o 'n Bho' ain bu cheolmhor binn.

- 7 Moran is Fídh nan duan,  
 \*Conall suaire agus Caint-thla;  
 Cuth-fhraoch bu treun ann san rnaig  
 Bu mhór buai' air Chúana Phail.
- 8 Muirne, Toimán agus Seimh,  
 Ardan, Treun-fhear, 's Cairil aigh;  
 \*Cleasamor an curaidh calma,  
 \*Agus Fear-ghuth nan lann ard.
- 9 \*Crui' fhear lua' bheumach, gun uheín  
 \*Colla feut, is Deunghéal graidh;  
 \*Muirnach, Meumnach agus Cian,  
 \*Laoich gun fhuí' ann iargain bhlar.
- 10 Faodhlan mo dhea' bhrothair fein,  
 Fearadhas beul dearg bu bhinn gloir;  
 \*Treun-lamh, Treatlach, is Triall-mall,  
 Laoich nach b' fhuinn 's ann iomairt selco.
- 11 Fad eithe nan íolach cruidh,  
 \*Raonai ruadh an leadain óir;  
 \*Luimnich, s Leadan nan rosg mall,  
 \*Brician armach, is Gnuis óg.
- 12 \*Maotchruth, Mungan is Caomhbhenl,  
 Ceolur bu bhinn beus tra-non;  
 \*Is Míodhlan ó Mhutan gheug  
 \*Ochoin! na fir threun san toir.
- 13 \*Cruth-geal orbhuidh is Deo-gein,  
 A shoileadh meag ceud air maigh;  
 \*S a Mídh aluin nri chlaon,  
 \*Riamh na hoich ri tina an bail.
- 14 Sorglan, Suimbne, is Conloch,  
 Na treun laoi bu mbaith sa chath;  
 \*Muirnach, Bastalan is Fraoch,  
 Oeh 's e 'n t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Duchuimr, is Aille mo ghraidh,  
 Is mie Smaile nan cleas-luidh;  
 \*Garabh a sgríos an teach aigh,  
 \*Dunscach nam baideal ur.
- 16 B' ambail ar n' iníoch san lo,  
 Is ion-ghaoth, no ceò nam beann;  
 Fionn is a dha choim air cill,  
 Bha iad fein air thus sa ghleann.
- 17 \*Onach maithrean ach mis do 'n Fheuin  
 \*S nach eil mo do reir mo thoil;  
 \*O na chuidh 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.

THEIRG faraon mo sholuis fein,  
 Tha mo chridhe nan deigh mar carr-dhubh;  
 Mí falach mo ghnúise le m' eide'  
 'S m' tuire' gu geur na dh' fhalbh nam.  
 Tairidh; a reultan an aigh,  
 Is bliath leam ur bròn-chuimhne.<sup>1</sup>

OISEAN.

Is amhuil, is caomh leam fein  
 Ursanna treun a chatha.  
 Ge trem an suain 's gun lua' ri 'm faoinn,  
 Tha 'n dreach gun stad ann am smuainte.  
 —So far am faca' m' 'n Fhian,  
 Chunnacas ann Cian agus Conn;  
 Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,  
 Raoini' Art, is Diarmad donn;  
 Seimh-mhae Luthaich, 's Caoin-cheann gun chealg,  
 Mac Ghara garg, tri Fionain 's Fead.  
 Bu loinreach an so ceann-bheairt Aoigh,  
 'S bhíodh fead sa ghaoith ag leadan Daoire,  
 Gruaig Dheirg mac-sambuil bratach,  
 'S Treunur gasda mar gheig san doire.  
 Bha Torman mar shruth ó 'n aonach,  
 Ardan mar chraoibh ro cheo,  
 Muirne ri thaobh is Sith-bheulain,  
 Ag amharc seimh thar sgiatha gorma.  
 Cleasamor maron, an gaisreach calma,  
 'S Fearra-ghuth nan lann bán,

<sup>1</sup> A while, O lend us from the tomb  
 These long-lost friends for whom we smart,  
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

THOMSON.

Caoireal binn, faraon is Ullann,  
 'S na sloigh air uilinn ri 'n dán.  
 —Chunnas ann Moran is Fídh nan duan,  
 Conal suaire na caint thla.  
 Lamb-dhearga le fuinn deirg,  
 Is Curach bu mhór feirgan blár.  
 —'S e' àit a bheil Lughlar na feile,  
 'S Fad-éighe nan íolach cruidh;  
 Raon-úr-rua' nan leadain óir,  
 Luimne mor-chatlach 's Caoille luath.  
 —C'ait 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'ait a bheil Faolan mo bhrothair fein,  
 'S Fear'as beul-dearg bu bhinn gloir,  
 Crú geal bu loinreach eide'  
 'S Deo-geine b'ait le laocha mòr;  
 —C'ait a bheil Ma'-ronnan nan cnach  
 'S a mhaise bhá 'n graidh Aillidh?  
 Fench dhomh cenma Dhu-hoimr,  
 Is Crigeal na haghaidh ghraadhach.  
 —Bha Sorglan, Suine 's Conn-loch  
 Mar steud aonach ann sa chath,  
 Goll mar shranan-ghaoth na fásaich,  
 Is Conal a' cur báis ó gharth.  
 —Theigh sibh m'í, fhéara mo ghraidh,  
 Cha 'n 'eil caomh a cháraes n'uaigh;  
 Tha mise ri bròn n'ur deigh,  
 Is m'í fein an t aonaran truaigh!  
 'S tiamha idh m'í 'n feusd n'ur deigh,  
 Air sleibhte fásal an aonar.  
 Theigh oighean mo ghraidh mar reulta,  
 'S tha mise nan deigh brómach,  
 Mar gheulach tra dh' eircas a ghrian,  
 'S na reultan a' dian-dhol ó 'n áite.

FRAGMENTS OF LAMENT.

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

O. is a mere fragment of a Lament, got near Dunkeld, about 1800. A. 11, points to the very graves of the warriors named. A. 12, is addressed to 'Padrik,' and regrets that the clergy have got the mounds of the Fainith. A. 13, tells what music the Fainith loved, in contrast to the bells. A. 14, treats of sweet voices. These carry on the same idea. The Pagan and the Priest are characters acting a metrical play for the audience, and the scene is the House of Padruig, 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'oghe;  
 Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n laithibh lionmhor,  
 'S Dh' fhag iad mise 'm chrionnich bhroite,  
 Mar chraoibh sa choill gun gheug m'an cuart di  
 Gu dìonadh ó thuarh reata.  
 A' seasamh air firach nah-aonar,  
 'S gaoth a bagradh h-aois a leonadh.

A. 11. NA TULLYCH. 21 lines.

GUN AINM UGHAIR.

- 1 Id ta fane tullych so 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'vee goyne kness mir wlay  
 Cha dor sai nach fa neith  
 In gress noch char veine yth law
- 3 Id ta fa tullych borryth  
 Ossgyr hi vath goll is gnee  
 Clan morn gai math ni fir  
 Noeh char char sai sen im brece

- 4 Id ta fa tulleych so har  
Gillyth bi van less nyth mnawe  
Mronane dor weyth clar  
Fane tulleych soo har id ta
- 5 Id ta fane tulleych so foyne  
Innor vyth von groik is grane  
Connan dyth zaf gyth murn  
Fa tulleych fume id ta.

Id ta.

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

- 1 Troeg lwm twlleych ni faynith  
Ag ni clerchew fa zeirse  
Is danyth lucht ni billak  
In nymit clauyith beis-knyth
- 2 Dayr missi raa croyechin  
Schell fada wroychew gi swgyech  
Beg a bellis gi tarfin  
In talgin er di wulleych
- 3 Dayr meith skay is sley  
Conn is gyir fad walle  
Ga ta nocht knok ni fayni  
Fa ehleyrchew is fa wachlew
- 4 Da merra clanni morn  
Ni wee fer nordsi seastrach  
Di zoyve schew fer grabbil  
A lweith ni baychall breik
- 5 Da merra m'lowyith  
Si vi curri chalna  
Swl fowkweis in twlleych  
Di wee fer cowlyth garryth
- 6 Da merra clanni carda  
Fir nachir chelggi baysew  
Ne weith fer giwkgi 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 croyech  
Ne weith gayr chloogi is ehleyrri  
Ga nestich in raa croyechin
- 9 Da merra ryanne roydda  
Is keileroy m'creyvin  
Ne weith di loywr la cheyll  
Ir a laywis a bebill
- 10 Is ni lwrge erwnni  
Di ryn in swll doyne  
Di weith di lorga na brossna  
Da bea osgir er layr
- 11 Ir in trostane woye  
Di ryn in swe swnda  
Math dat nach marrin connan  
Fa manach doru data
- 12 Du marrein swlzorm seir  
Connan meil makave ni wane  
A ehleyrre ga mor di zorda  
Di woinn zut doru gi dane
- 13 Da marra m' o zoyni  
Er ni lwrge crossoi  
Di weith di lorga sne mest  
A bresta fa chaythra clooch
- 14 Ir chwga 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 zeith m'royuan  
Na be di chlog gi bannis  
Ir a wanis a koyllan
- 16 Ni eddwm bi gi sowthych  
Ne agkwm m'kowl si woe  
Ne ekkyrn dearmit o doynw  
Ne ekkyrn keilt m'eronan

- 17 Ne hynyth mi way gi dowyth  
Er in tulleych so phatrik  
Ne ekkyrn m'lowth  
Ne ekim in chwlyth zrawech
- 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 gollu mar ni gneyf  
Ne ekkim feillane fayill  
Ne ekkim na zey in nayn
- 20 Ne ekkim ferris mi wrayir  
Layr meth layr woalta  
Ne ekkim dyrri doynicht  
O woymist koyl gi noyrra
- 21 Ne ekkim fa kanyrn  
Nach beehow agrin er ayrrre  
Ne ekkim aue gar worrin  
Di bi wor torrin a glar
- 22 Ne ekkim ewinis na hoyl  
Ne elwnim in koyl di wee  
Soll di curri mi mi hoo  
Di fronfwyn feyn or gi loyit
- 23 Inssim zyt a phadrik  
Da bi zayllwm hecht harsta  
Nach fayddwm a heilow  
A racca may zeivinis agga
- 24 Missi is ehleyrre ni bortwys  
Nocha droynium ra chaal  
Ga ta mee nocht gi dowyeh  
Is troygh lwm tulleych ni fayne.  
Troeg lwm.

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

- 1 SKAILE oiknith er choyle cassil,  
Gow caru wallir berrith mee,  
Na elwnnith dwini za glwnnith  
Gi glwnnith m'gweill ee
- 2 Makowle di choill cossir  
Er sliss ulwin in nor weine  
Essin oss in gend ne choll  
Finni in cewsew doyr reiwe
- 3 Ossin dein nichticht is dermit  
Dey v'lowith leich nar zann  
Deiss nar leyr cooa coskir  
Conan feyn is oskir ann
- 4 Sloyne a zey leych zawsich  
Di raye fin fer gyth eyth  
Faikgen mir sin er oill iun  
Ca coyll lewe is binni er beith?
- 5 Di raye connan yr we in nymirt  
Eine choyll is binni hor feyn  
Math lawe in ir re heygh  
Erwnith fer son gr chwynth er cheyll
- 6 Foskgi zi chwlg in gaith nawit  
Nach in gath ni choklit sa  
A loywe in genu 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 ni choils a v'worn  
Er m'lowith ni nam glan  
Leym in ehleyw mi chon gow ere  
Fey ga churri in derri zawe
- 9 Sowd in koill is koyle dowfayth  
Di rae fin fla in tloe  
In neym zeith bayne ley braddeiche  
Raym finleich fa atteive oyr
- 10 In tra weime gin eggil nin neksith  
Ossin a durt fa zoe  
Mi zane is a zowsith in daskgi  
Saif rame cloiss clastin a chole.

## A. 14. BINN GOW. 16 lines.

- 1 BINN gow duni in teyr in oyr  
Binu a ghloyr chanyd nyth heoyh  
Bynn noaillane a nee a qulior  
Bin in tonn a bwn da treoyr
- 2 Bynn in fygzir a ne zeye bin gow  
Coyth oass cassyth coun  
Alyun in dehyth a ne greoane  
Byn in near fôdôyl nyth lon
- 3 Bynn gow illyr esse roye  
Vass kynn coayne v'moynrye mor  
Bynn gow coythua oass barye doss  
Alyun in tost a nee in coir
- 4 Fynn mac cowil mayr  
Fani saclt caa na caynn gyth grynn  
In oayr a lykeyst con ra feayn  
A garrye no zeye bye wyun.

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 'madúith za dannist cholin.' The words seemed to the first translator, and they seem to me, to mean, 'a sound 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 Cist, 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 cheenni cholin  
Woyn avr chinni cholin chon  
Ca mo doru sin doyn
- 2 Zearemir my lenyth lerga  
Is glen frethnich ni glawe nerg  
Is fer nach forrimir ann  
Maddyth za damis cholin
- 3 Dearemir glen dorch dow  
Glen zarve zorrith is gl clache  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 4 Dearmir scheane zrwinni clywe  
Is finni wg leive na ze . . .  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 5 Dearmir durlis war wail  
Tawyr wry is down zawrane  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 6 Dearmir glen okothyth  
Fa forrais awr ossill  
Is fer nach f rimir 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 chennith is donni  
Is fer nach dorrimir ann  
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 9 Gerrid downith mir sen  
Sin feyn pupbill muntyr  
Gin wakeamir tre cath nach  
Di clauu reith ni roylayth

- 10 Cath catchennith de we ann  
Is cath chonchennith na genn  
Cath dramauich in dey in uey  
Doun er chwyr in drom b . . .
- 11 In they a soiltich gri hard  
Er inni feyn in eíngnyth zark  
In nochtyr ske cheythyth chay  
Er we in they . . . gert
- 12 In theyz soyltich gri chert  
Er inni feyn fa gall a zlak  
Er layr skaye cheilt gyn wroyu  
Weith in thy z in g
- 13 In they a soyltich gri heissil  
Er inni feyn in nagnith cywre  
In nochtyr skae chrwin charre  
We thy ac mak chrunchan
- 14 Leygis cheilthyth gallan gleith  
Choylis e nalwin da roraive  
Iss mygh lenyth nyn lann  
In dawr is in down reillin
- 15 Reggír e goole m'morn  
Favnith keard con woyn  
A zleyis flane m'fynni  
Agis ni balwe a borinn
- 16 Reggír a ze mhak mawoe breik  
Is m'elle o noye bræk  
Scay bregh m'daythein dayn  
Is keill croith in nern ra zeyr
- 17 Reggír e keinkeith nith golg  
Agis illin feywr zerg  
Is keill croith a croyth zrinni  
Nach estith goyth iywrin
- 18 Bi winni schenwrannyth sley  
Agis moer ni meillith  
Agis rann wrattich schroell  
Ag erri a maddin zeith roeith
- 19 Di hoykimir dalwe zreynith  
Brattich inni vor ni faynith  
Oyr chor seche temal  
Fa wor chanan cheintle rwe
- 20 Di hoykimir falling doyrith  
Brattich zwlle wor v'morn  
Menkith we gach troyle chroissich  
Derryth agis tossyth foylith
- 21 Di hoykimir in menchenith oyrri  
Brattich rynth gin nyamg sloeyg  
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 trouley
- 23 Di hoykimir down neive  
Brattich ossin na grrí  
Laywe zarg brattich v'ronane  
Is oarnay in deive elle
- 24 Di hoykimir skoyb zawe  
Brattich oskyr in wardlee  
Re doll in gath na glace  
Menkith zarre skopbe zawe
- 25 Di hoykimir loith lynith  
Brattich zarmit e zoenith awyissyth  
Near heyth in neanith wa seche  
Awzissyth oeyrith a nach
- 26 Di hoykimir barne a reylgin  
Brattich oskyr nar schanith  
Danyth covharne m'gar zlynni  
La garwe kinu is kenwr
- 27 Di hoykimir creiwe fowlith  
Brattich clonni var v'lowich  
Near a heych in nane a nach  
Is seche wa er in dossyeh
- 28 Di rimimir croith chath  
In dymchill inni oyrclach  
Ma dnythych finni harri  
Eddi ni wane worchalmith

- 29 Marwes ni catkenich linn  
 Agis di goyve ni chonclinnich  
 Hutti ni drumachinn wile  
 In dymchall inn alwin
- 30 Munnich beg fa dassi zownith  
 In nywyr wrow za zownith  
 Is math forinnir am  
 Maddith za damnist cholin
- 31 Zearimir ere wle  
 Eddir chonni agis donni  
 Is noech cha dorremir er a feyg  
 Cheadli ferr o zarve na nenor.

Nenor a qubhyme.

### CAOILTE.

CAOILTE was the Swift Man in the Story of the Féinne. He was of the tribe of Boiogeine. In the following ballads he appears with mythical characters. He is of Fionn's generation, and calls him Oide. In Irish legends he and Oisein converse with St. Patrick, and he is made to sing while Oisein tells stories. 'Caoilte and the Bear' has not been found current by any of my collectors, and has not been printed. I give three versions, D. F. H. They are not copied from any written original, and all are much broken. 'The Lay of 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 BHAIRIEH CAOILT A MHUC THEISG. 64 lines. 1755.

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

- 1 A a bha shin air Gleann cruaidh,  
 Coir air Fhaoithidim fa' uair;  
 Gherich robhin air an Leirg,  
 Aoin Mhuc Gheisginnich Bhoim dearg.
- 2 Leig shin air shia Loinn 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 Tarichl Caoibh;  
 Chagnadh I a T-shleighin ruaigh,  
 Mar Bhun shibhaige shean Luachrich.
- 4 Thug a Mhuc orra Bein cistil,  
 '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 gur O thigh Beitbir I Chomachair.
- 6 'S mianich leatsa Chaoilte chaoin,  
 Bhi 'g imra ormsa 's du 'd begin;  
 Ach cha bitianich le 'd clorp sheang geal,  
 'Tin gu 'm Fhios she ga shith Bhruth.
- 7 Nan dige da tri oiche Luain,  
 Am Fhios gu shith Bhruthidh bhuan;  
 Cha Bhig air Mae Riogh san Dobhin,  
 Crossa na Gessa nach fuaisglin.
- 8 Coir an Fainigh sheo nu d' Bheir,  
 Coir an Seian sheo air Bhar Tingin;  
 Beir air Chluais air a Mhuc Tsheisg,  
 Na gailh roippe Fua ne Eggil.
- 9 Bual I sa Bhall Dorain duth,  
 Na beinnigh do Laibh ga Fuil;  
 Bu Blas do Mhac Riodh fo 'n Dobhin,  
 Fuil shean' Mhuicee 'si air Aoghil.
- 10 Am Marach nitar do Bhannish,  
 Caoilte Mhic Romain ruinn Tshollist;  
 Mas beo mi fo Ra a Cheartaiss,  
 Gun dig mi t-iunnsuidh le Hairichidh.

- 11 Croithidh mi eoid maolsh mbaoil,  
 An Gleann Sheirce Taoibh ri Taibh;  
 Croithidh mishe shin a marach,  
 Air ghilichis mhic Romain.
- 12 Croithidh mi eoid Earbe Luain,  
 Nach deig Cuibhuc aig Craoigh ruaigh;  
 Croithidh mishe shin a mairach,  
 Air Dhilichis Mhic Romain.
- 13 Croithidh mi eoid Daibh alligh,  
 Nach dag Cuibhuc an arl bheannibh;  
 Croithidh mishe shin mairach,  
 Air Dhilichis mhic Romain.
- 14 Le cuir do Gheichidh don-deargidh,  
 Fo Fheirribh oige Fion-arle;  
 Le Gillibh gaiste Coirhidhich  
 Nach Cuirste Dhi-armiche.
- 15 A Chead bhann a big a mach,  
 Air Dorrist Tathidh T-oirigh;  
 Glac us' I air mhic Rathidh,  
 'S or Erin fo Chean gu cean
- 16 Gheobhe du chion gun a gabhail,  
 Ha ghloccas an Dobhain uiligh;  
 A Chaoit air dol an t-aoim' Bhrunnain,  
 Air gheigh sheola mnaiigh slithigh,  
 Nach beil an aoin Rioghichidh ruiae.

Croich.

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

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

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

- 1 LATHA dhine sealg nan Chuanan,  
 Do d' Fhionn is da mor shluagh,  
 'Se chunnachdar mar a tighin o 'n leirg
- 4 A mhuc ghiosganda dhonna dhucarg.  
 Chuir i sean dearg air air conabh,  
 Chuir i sinn fhein air leath mhiredh;  
 Is dh' fhad sin air seilgne gun deannabh.
- 8 An sin thuir Bricidh nam beadh,  
 Is tric ole ga luaidh a steach,  
 Mo Ghualbh air Ban,  
 Cha bu shuairce nne gur marbhadh
- 12 Thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór,  
 Thairg e ceud tunnadh do 'n dr;  
 Agus carradh fhein do 'n t-sroil,  
 Agus toiseach suilhe na seilge,
- 16 Air na h hard bhraon Bheannaibh,  
 'S a raotha mnatha foithe toirreacrastron  
 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,  
 Deangan a mhuc Ghearr as air ceann  
 Fhearaibh naise na Feinne.
- 24 Ach dh' eirich i ri Beinn taoich,  
 Is bha Caoilte na heartuine,  
 Is chagnadh i na slaghan cruaidhe,  
 Mar bhun siobhaganu sennu luachrach.
- 28 Is gun casadh i Garmin ris,  
 Mo na Clachabh Garbha sleubha,  
 Ach dhireach a mhuc ri Beinn asdaill,  
 Is bha Caoilte ga thoirt an usgaidh
- 32 Ochain! gun mo bhas an dee,  
 Mu 'n d' rinn mi d' Fhionn breng am fhacat.  
 Ach e'aite am bheil mo leannan sith,  
 Na' inghin na maladh mineadh,
- 36 Nach iochdadh an so gun Chobhair,  
 Is gur ogha peathar i Choma-Chobhair.



Ach thainig an úr inghin a mach o dhúnaist sa  
deise shíoda uaine nímpe.

Thuirt ise.

- 40 Bu mhian leatsa Chaoilte chaoín,  
Bhí gam iarraidh is thu' a d' eiginn,  
Ach bhuaidh sin a mach  
Gan ghuth tuille bli' mo 'm dhuibhlin,  
44 Ach cha bu mhian le d' chorp seánhí gléach,  
Tíedh d' gram ionusúidh gu sith-bhrathain,  
Aeh na d' thigeadh tu tric oidheach luain,  
Gam fhiosracha gu sith bhratha bhain,  
48 Cha neil ceart tuille Rígh bhó 'n domhain,  
A Chaoilte nach fuaigiláidh ortsa,  
Aeh deansa suidh an so air lár,  
Is gu 'n d' thoir m' dluit achmhásan ;  
52 Cuir an fáine so ma d' mbeur,  
Is gléach an sgian bheag air bartiongain  
Na math do mhac m'naí na fir,  
Beir air chhuais air a mhúich sheisg,  
56 Na gabh róimpe fuath na cagad,  
Is cha dual do mhac Rígh nach torchair  
Buail i sa bhual dorán dubh,  
Is na beannadh dluit bráon gu fuil ;  
60 Bu cheart mhíe Rígh fo 'n domhain,  
Fuil seanna mhúie is i air aoidhail.  
A cheud bhean a thig a mach a maireach  
Glac i air miad a rathe  
64 E laimh an Rígh an árd fhlatha,  
Air na bheic a dh' or sa teimharie  
Cha b' aill le Fíonn thu ga gabhail  
A maireach a níhear do bhainneis,  
68 A dheadh mhíe Román nan lanu solluis,  
Ma 's beo mise gu tim teachd,  
Thig m' thugaisle le barraichdeadh  
Crogbaidh m' cial maisteach mhaol,  
72 Air Gleann-sagadail ri d' thaobh ;  
Cíad dorán is cial damh alluadh,  
Nach d' thóg an cuimhe an árd bheannaibh.  
Cíad comhadh do 'n chreann Ghlas,  
76 Air a bhain 'san fhaoilteach gheamhráidh  
Chuirean sud a steach a maireach,  
Air bhaitheachas mo leannain.  
Air Graidh do dh' fheacbhí donna dhearg,  
80 Fodh eicmháin do dh' fhearraibh feannaird ;  
Le 'n díol do dh' fhearraibh coth-sheig,  
Is iad uile do dhiar mhaca.  
Crogbaidh iad mise an sith-bhrathíou,  
84 Is cha d' thig m' tuille ga d' amharc  
Thuirt Fíonn.  
Tha glíocas na Féinne uile,  
A Chaoilte air dol a d' t-aonbhrúinncean,  
Na seoltaehd na mna sith  
88 Nach robh ann an aon ríochd 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 lured 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 dhóinne sealg na C'annach,  
Le Fíonn Mac Chundail gu h-uallach ;  
'S cho d' fhuair sinn an síu do shealg,  
Ach aon mhac d'hisgearmach dhearg.  
2 Dh' fhuasgail sinn sea lóthain deag,  
Ris an Tore, 's cho 'n aona bhéic ;  
Chuir e carr dhearg air ar Conaith,  
'S bhia ar seilg anne gu 'n ghnadh.  
3 Thairg Fíonn an síu cumha, 's leig,  
Nach do thairg e rianh na dlíeith ;  
Fios a chogair a s'g'ulaibh,  
'S a roldain do mhaitheibh na Féinne.  
4 Maraon is deich unc do 'n ór,  
Agus carraibh féin do shroil ;  
Dh' aon Thear a mhárbradh an tore,  
A chloídh ar conaibh calu san troil.  
5 'S e fhreagair e Chaoilte caol,  
Mac Román, bu luath 's an fhraoch ;  
'Gabhann a eúltha uail gu deonach,  
Dhea' Míe 'Cumbhail is cruai' cómhrag.  
6 An síu shín Chaoilte air a Mhíe,  
O Bhéinn, aua, gu Beinn luire,  
O Bhéinn luiree gu Beinn eadainn,  
'S o thráí, Lia-draim gu shlagh gílte.  
7 A togail re bráí' Dlaruim suaidh,  
'S ann a rag Chaoilte air an Fhuath ;  
'S ghabh e d' a shleagan g'cur, le chindrom,  
Thaíl sa bhos ma shíos a mainail,  
8 Cho sgríosadh e síos a mainail,  
Ach mar dhuor, chruai' no Creug-ullán ;  
Bu luathie iad fea' gach aonaich,  
Na gaoth earraich fea' ghléann caole.  
9 A togail re gléann an Asdair,  
Bhí 'n tore a toirt Chaoilte nasgaidh ;  
. . . . . casadh e ris a gharman,  
. . . . . r na clocha glosa garbha.  
10 A fearadh a síos air Gleann léchrídh,  
Chuir e Chaoilte gu h ann doebas ;  
. . . . . dh e shleagann ramhra, ruadhe,  
. . . . . l sheanrag, cuile, no huachair.  
11 . . . . . agh mo thuras, 's mo chrioch,  
. . . . . rimeas breng do 'm Rígh ;  
. . . . . mnaithaibh feidhí Fíonn,  
. . . . . heach ann an Croma ghlinn.  
12 'O b' áit am bheil mo leannan sith,  
A Dhiorbhail na malla míne ;  
Nach d' iga' tu 'nois do 'm chomhair,  
'S ga r ogha peallhar m' Chonchair.'  
13 Cho ehian do Chaoilte bhí na aonar,  
'N nair chunnacas air bharradh an aonaich :  
Bean luath, catrom, léimneach mbeur,  
'S i teachd chuíge le deadh gheun.  
14 Bha criosan na laimh ro shéimh,  
'S fáil óir nu bharradh a néar ;  
Sgian bheag a suaidh a h íongann,  
'S i gu smaadh ghlan d'úd gheat'io' laeh.  
15 'S miannach leatsa Chaoilte chéimnich,  
Bhí d' an ionarallsa 's tu d' eiginn ;  
Ge d' nach miannach le d' chorp seánhí gléach,  
Bhí sínte re 'm thaobhsa 'n séimh-ghleann.'  
16 'Nan d' iga tu shéimhí ghléann doilleir,  
Dhea' Míe Román nan rós g' soluis ;  
Cho bhíodh air do eulh a bhos,  
Aaon m' nach d' uagáin dluit fois.  
17 'So an sgian bheag so tha 'm laimh,  
Is glac a mhac sheisge gu 'n s'gá ;  
No fiteair air airm mhíe Rígh,  
Fuil sean tore eutbaich 'se sith.'

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

- 18 Bhuil an d' oghlaoch bu tréun lamh,  
An tóir nimhe le mór ágh;  
Gus an do thuit e air an loann  
'S b' ait an sgeúl le Caoilte Mac Ronan.
- 19 'Dean suidh' 'nois an fogus dhamb,  
'S gu d' ugain dhuit acmhlasan;  
C'om an d' ug thu air mo cheaunsa,  
Aon bhean tha san Fhóinn aig Fionn-gheal
- 20 'Cho d' ug mise air do cheaunsa,  
Aon bhean tha 'san Fhóinn aig Fionn-gheal;  
Cho d' ug 's cho tabhair re 'm re,  
O 'n thainig thu 'n diu re 'm fhéim.'
- 21 'C'om an inis thu sin dhambsa,  
'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 iughean Aille 's fhearr béuse.'
- 23 'A chéud té thig a' mach an ath la,  
Glac thasa Chaoilt i gu h ealamh;  
'S air na bheil do dh' ór na thalla,  
Cho b' áill le Fionn thu da fhabgail.
- 24 'Ach na 's beó mise gu trá' teachd,  
Rigidh mi thusa le gean;  
'S bheir mi dhuit ceud naoislach mháol,  
An Gleann seirce taobh air thaobh.'
- 25 Crodheam dhuit céud alluidh,  
Nach fhaic riamh teach no talla;  
Cuiream sin gu teach a máirach,  
Air seallbaclaus mo ghradaich.
- 26 'Bheir mi dhuit an croisan 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 glíocas an domhain nile,  
Chaoilte 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 thing any more. Caoilte went next day to meet his first love, who gave him all things she promised him and said:—

- 28 'Bíodh déarach agad na lorg,  
Gu 'r déarach 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. xiv.  
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,  
Bhí shior chuir ri sheilg air sheichran.
- 2 Aig meid na Doirin a dherich ruinn,  
She thachair gar Fein challama choir;  
Nach raibh ra fhetin dhú ma dherigh,  
Commin aon Deisse ra cheligh.

- 3 Chuir shin Caoill air Lnas a Chas,  
Gheichin am faicee e dhain Rathid;  
Cha duairach Rathid garibh sallich,  
'S oiche dhorche dhoruainich.
- 4 Chunnair e Toigh mor air Lar,  
Air urlar Glinn nan Ceid Oigh;  
Bha Teinne sollist air air a lar,  
Bha dha Dhorist foscaite.
- 5 Bha Nithin ur ann an Taibh,  
A bailigh gam faiceis do Mhuai;  
Bha Lail 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 bhí dol a steach am ainir.
- 7 Na bigh ortsa Crith na Grain,  
Mas du Oigear tuse-fail;  
Nam bigh me Ghra Gealsa a stigh,  
Riogh gum fhaodhúro ro aothuidh.
- 8 Hug I gho Thrithir ga Biagh,  
Hug as da Thrithir ga Heidich;  
Gu de dhuisg mi crith as phraibh,  
Air un Meangean beg don La.
- 9 Ach an Nighin ailligh aig rait ruim,  
Eirich a suas Mhíe Righ Phail,  
Bhuinne gle gheal Dorain.
- 10 A Mhíe na Muai e Dan dil,  
Hanig iad ort 's du air Himmairt  
Gu de an Imairt hanig orm,  
A Gheig ur fos faime Gorm.
- 11 Am Fabhair Mor an tin fon Traigh,  
Bear dhuit Eig na dol na Dhail;  
Hug mi Eirigh orm a Suas,  
San leom fein bu leoir a chruas.
- 12 'S gun chuir mi orm muin air bhuin;  
Mo sheidh Luirichin Treoirigh;  
'S chuir mi orm air a bhoin shin,  
Mearrigh uaine air aoin Dath.
- 13 Bha mo Chlaibh ri 'm T-shlios sheibh,  
'S mo Scia Bhreic a suas ri 'm Ghualin;  
Hug mi Ruathir lun an Dorrist,  
Gu ro lua 's gu hiumscarieb.
- 14 Co dhoreich orm an Ro Sollist,  
Ach an Fabhair mor mun dhó 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 aggam san Duin,  
Nighin na Malich maul<sup>1</sup> 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 un chuidh an Coleppich.
- 17 Cha nuinigh leom na ba u labhairt,  
Mas tu Mac shin an Leth-luachraich;  
'S gar mishe a bhairibh Tathair,  
La Catha Beinnigh Cruaghaich.
- 18 'Sa bharras haist a Mhae,  
Mar Scair e dhim ga cho-ehleichd;  
Hug mi lshé Buillin deig,  
An corp an Fhabhair as cha Bhreig.
- 19 Fon gherich e Ghrian san Mhaddin  
Sheal man deich' I shear san annamich;  
Hug e sheolligh sheich a Scia,  
Dheicim faicee a Ghrian.
- 20 Hug mi Buille beo am Broid,  
Sea ní na Coig Cinn ga Bhraigid;  
Leig mi Mullin rish an Tom,  
'Shile mo chreiclin gu trom trom.

<sup>1</sup> Meal.

- 21 Co nì an Guth euraínte him,  
Air an Tullich os mo Chion ;  
She bainm dhosa a tin fon Heich  
Aile Nin Rìogh Connich.
- 22 Aile dian ussa rium Baigh,  
'S na hinneish e uille do Mhrai ;  
Tog leat mo Seia gu dùn Dil,  
Cha do hog Bean riadh I rothidh.
- 23 Hog Aile an stia a Seia,  
Dhùimich I lethigh gu dian ;  
Cha fhroisigh I 'n Druichd den Fheir,  
'S gho bho dhuisighe I min-eun.
- 24 Be shìn darra Cath a bu Chrauidh,  
Thug Caoilte nan Benninn Buaghlìch ;  
'S nar a bhairibh e a Mhuc Ghearr,  
Ann an Fiamais Rìogh na Herin.

Crìoch.

## F. 14. LAOIDH CHAOILTE MHIC RONAIN.

AN LATHA BHA É SA BREINN BRAIN. 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,  
Bhàio sìor chuir seilg air seacharan.
- 2 Chuir sinn Caoilte air luathas a chas,  
Dh' fheuchain an gleiththead e rathad ;  
Cha d' fhuair e ach rathad garbh salach,  
Is oidheche dhòrcha dhoirinntheadh.
- 3 Chunnac e tigh mor air làr,  
Air làr gliunc-nan ceud oigh ;  
Chunnac e solns air a làr,  
'S a dhorus fosgailte.
- 4 Chunnac i inghean air a làr,  
Ailidh ga 'm facas do nluaoi ;  
Bha inneal laogh air a tigh,  
Bha cuig clodhean na cheann adhart.
- 5 Bha cuig miol-choin aic air slabhraidh,  
Bha cuig sleghe iarainn suas ra fraoigh ;  
Is ghabh mi moran crith is grain,  
Ma dhòl a seach a maonaran.
- 6 Na biodh ortsa crith na grain,  
M' as tu oig-fhear Inne-Phàil ;  
N' am biodh mo ghrahlh gealsu stigh,  
Naille b' fhaoidh è roimh noighe.
- 7 Thug i dhomsa trian ga bighe,  
Agus da trian ga b-aodach ;  
Gur e dhuisg mi as mo phramh,  
Air teachd meangn beag do 'n la.
- 8 Inghean ùr a rath rium,  
Eibhich suas a mhic Rìgh Phail ;  
'Mhic nam nana a Dun-dill,  
Thainig iad ort s tu air t-iomairt.
- 9 Ciod an iomairt thainig oirn.  
Inghean ùr nam maogh rosg gorma ;  
Fann-fhear mor a teachd bhon traidh,  
B' fhearr dhuist eug na dol na dhail.
- 10 Ach thug mi eirigh orm a suas,  
Samu lean fheinn bu leoir a chruas ;  
Chur mi orm sìd muin air mhain,  
Mo sheachd luireachin teoiridh.
- 11 Is chuir mi orm air nheuin sin,  
M' earraill uaine is i air aos dath ;  
Mo chlaidhe fad air mo shlios seuth,  
Mo sgia bhreac nìhor suas ri ghualain.
- 12 Thug mi ruathar chum an doruis,  
Gu ra lath 's gu b-ioma-sgarra ;  
Gur è dhòrchinich orm an ro soluisht,  
Am fann-fhear mòr m' an iona-dhorus.
- 13 Cum nam do ghath dìreach deas,  
Cha 'n ann air do thì a tha mi ;  
Co air eile tha do shìl,  
Fannh-fhear mhoir 's tu mi rùn.

- 14 Tha leannan agam sun Dùn,  
54 Inghean na nalla ndealadh shull,  
'Nì mo leannansi tha thu rath 'n,  
Fannh-fhear mhoir is air do hainn ;  
Tha folt buighe 's a cul cleachdach.
- 58 Samu orm bu claidhe 'n coi-leasaich.  
Cha 'n iogla leam na bhèit thu radhain,  
Mas tu mac an leigh luireach ;  
'S gur ann leamsa thuit t athair,
- 62 Latha eatha Beinne-craiche.  
Is ann leam a thuites an Mac,  
64 Mur sguir e dhìom da cho-ghleachd.
- Ach thug mi mo sheachd-buille-deug,  
Ann corp an fannh' air is cha bhreug ;  
Bho dh' eirich a ghrian gu moch,
- 68 Gus an deach i sìar sun amoch,  
Thug e suil seach a sgia,  
Shealtain caite an robh a ghrian ;  
Thug mi buille beo an bruidh,
- 72 'S gath mi na cuig cinn ga bhraidhe.  
Leig mi m' ulinn ris an tom,  
Shìl mo chreuchdan ga trom trom  
Co nì 'n guth farrain ud thall,
- 76 Air an tnlach bhos 'mo chionn ?  
Gur h-e b' ainm dhonh teachd bho 'm theachn.
- 78 Ailligh Inghean Rìgh Chòrainn.  
Ailli deansa ormsa bàidh,  
'S na innis mo sgeul uil do mhnaì,  
Tog leat mo sgia gu Dandill,
- 82 'S cha do ghlae bean riadh i romhad.  
Thog Ailligh leatha an sgia,  
'S dh' imich i leatha gu dian, dian ;  
Cha chuireadh i an druid e 'n fhear,
- 86 'S cha mo a dhuise i min-eun.  
Gu b' e sid treas turn bu chruaighe,  
Rinn Caoilte nam beumnan buagha ;  
'N la bha e n Dun an oir  
'S an la mharbh e a mhuc ghearr.
- 91 Ann am fiadhuais Rìgh na-b-Eirinn.

## H. 4. HOW CAOILTE KILLED A GIANT. 128 lines.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 79. Advocates' Library. December 12, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. Not known to Hennessy, but very like the style of current popular tales in Ireland.

THE Heroes were hunting on a mountain called White Mountain; the day being fair and the air favourable; but before the night came great mist overshadowed all the Hills and valleys below, so that the darkness separated the one from the other. They use to bind Caoilte's knees, because he was so swift in running, that none of them could not be up with him, so that he would walk slowly, but they forgot to bind him that day, and when he went astray once, he made a great way through hills, rocks, mountains, and unknown valleys, and about the Twilight he saw a Hermitage far off in a Glen; he ran towards it, went in, and there was none in it, but a young dame, he was trembling with fear, for it was glittering with arms, but she invited and comforted him, and made him sit down, and was very kindly entertained and lay with her during the night, and told him that she was a King's Daughter, and that a Giant stold her away, and that she incanted him not to touch her as a wife for a year and a day, the said time was expired when Caoilte came; she awakened him very early, and said that the Gentle 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 bli 'n Gleann cruadhach,  
A cuir ar sa'glodan 's ar sleghe nainne ;  
'Se tharladh dhuinn an 'san leirg,  
Gu deachaidh air seachran seilg.

- 2 Aig mead a cheò sa Bheinn bláin,  
Ann bli mhaith ar 'n t-íl a ghná;  
Gie do dh' iúrta sinn cho 'n fluaghte,  
Comann dlais an aon áite.
- 3 Ach dl' eirmais Caoilte le luas a chos,  
Air doireachan ain-eolach 's chnoc;  
Is flúair e rathad flúich soláih,  
'S oidehe dhórcha dhóireannach.
- 4 'Chunnaig e uaithe thig mór,  
An lar glúin' air a cheud óir;  
Bha inghean úr air a lár,  
Is a dhoras fosgailt lán.'
- 5 'Bha inneal boath air a teach,  
Bha seachd cloidheamhan aica steach;  
Bha d' a shleugh a suas re fraith,  
'S da míol clú mhór aica stigh.'
- 6 'Bha carradh re crann an áird,  
Cho mhór cho 'n fhacas re' m lá,  
Ghabh mí roimpe crith is gráin,  
A dhól a steach 's mí 'm aonarain.'
- 7 'No gabh thusa crith no gráin,  
Ma 's tu óg-fhear luas pháil;  
'N nair thug mo ghradh gealsá da thigh,  
Re oighe 's ro-fháitreach aigneadh.
- 8 'Thug i orm fein suidhe suas,  
A dl' cisteadh a sgeúl 's a duan;  
Is thug i dhamb drian d' a beathaidh,  
Agus da drian d' a leabaidh.'
- 9 'Ach se mhosgáil mí as mo phná;  
Air theachd beagan beag do 'n lá;  
Iughean ur ag rath rium fáil,  
Eirich suas a mhic Rígh Pháil.'
- 10 'O! ogaín chaoimh ghil álain,  
Mhic Ronan nan rosg málla;  
'S na dea' mhna' a Dun ghil,  
Thainig nair d' iomairt anois.'
- 11 'Cíod e 'n iomairt thainig orm,  
Ainnir ur na 'm faarra gorm;  
Tha 'n Foghlmhair mór a teachd o thráilidh,  
'S b' fhearr dhuit éug na dol na dháil.'
- 12 'N sin thug mi eiridh orm a suas,  
'S an leam féin bu leóir a chruas;  
'S chuir mi orm muin air mhúin,  
Mo sheachd láireich teanne truide.'
- 13 'Chuir mí orm air a muin dhu,  
M earradh naine fein gu luth'r;  
Cloidheamh sínte re 'm shlios síos,  
Is sgia' air mo ghlauhin chlá.'
- 14 'Thug mí ruathar thán an dorais,  
A shealtáin am faicinn am Foghlmhair;  
Co dhórchaich orm an ro-sholus,  
Ach am Foghlmhair mór 'm iom-dhoras.'
- 15 'C' um uam do ghadh díreach nimh,  
Cho 'n ann air do shith 'ta mis,  
Cia air tha do shith 's do shúil,  
Fhoghlmhair mhóir is measa run.'
- 16 'Tha leannan agam 'san Túr,  
Gar h ann orra tha mo shúil;  
Dáil bliadhna thugsa dh' i dhúine,  
'S anois do thaingas da h-ionnsuidh.'
- 17 'A ní mo leannas' tha tu 'g rath,  
Fhoghlmhair mhóir san air a láimh;  
A folt buidh 'sa cúl cleareach,  
'S ann dhambsa bu chubhaidh 'n coi-leabach.'
- 18 'S maith a labhair nu d' naisle,  
Mas tu mac an Leigh luachrach;  
Mharbh mí gu 'n abhadh no fuaradh,  
E la eatha Beinna cruachan.'
- 19 'O na tharladh dh' a bhí 'm mhéin,  
'S bhí cho duilbhar rium na ghné;  
'S ann leann a thuiteas a mhac,  
Mar sguir e dhím d' a choi'-ghleac.'
- 20 'S maith gu d' inis thu sin dhambsa,  
Fhoghlmhair mhóir nan arma' gráineil;  
Na cuig cinn 'ta air do bhárdhaidh,  
Bíodh aon dhúin agam na phárdhaidh.'
- 21 Bhuail sinn an sin air a chéile,  
Mar mhúinne shruth bhristeadh léimnach;  
'S ba chruaidh no fuaim mhíe talla,  
Gaoir ar faobhar caoine gealla.'
- 22 'Bha eisan mar neart na gaoithe,  
A keagadh coiltach Mhórathairn aobhach.  
'S bha mise mar luas nan sruthan,  
Bhíodh re adann gaoithe sruthadh.'
- 23 'Air bhí dhúin mar sin re cómhrag,  
Omhoeh maílin gu trá neóine;  
O 'n dl' eirich a ghrian gu moch,  
Gus an deach i siar a chlos.'
- 24 'Thug mise seachd builleán déug,  
An corp an Fhoghlmhair mhóir 's cho bhrúg;  
Thug e 'n sin amhare seach a sgia',  
A dl' fhaicinn cíod a dhur a ghrian.'
- 25 'N nair a fhuair mí fein am fáth,  
'S mhothaich mí e fuidh chrá';  
Thug mí béum beó dl' a gu gabhaidh,  
Is sgath na cuig cinn d' a bhárdhaidh.'
- 26 'N sin leig mí 'm nilean air an tom,  
'S shíl mo chreucaibh gu trom, trom;  
'N deidh builean an Fhoghlmhair mhóir,  
Nach deachaidh neach rianh o león.'
- 27 'O ogaín chaoimh ghil álain,  
Is fhearr luas do shleugh Rígh Pháile;  
Rís an goirear giorag comhtaig,  
Mo cheud beannach fein gu d' chombdach.'
- 28 'Co ní 'n guth curant úd tháil,  
Air an talaich os mo cheann;  
Gu 'r e 'n t ainm a ghoirear dhambsa,  
Aine inghean Rígh Connachd ór-bhuidh.'
- 29 'Aine deau thus crusa báidh,  
Is na h innis e do mhuidh;  
Tog leat mo sgia' ga Dun-gead,  
'S níin do thog beau rianh i 'n glaic.'
- 30 Thainig Aine 'n sin gu dian,  
'S thog i mo chloideamh 's mo sgia';  
Cho roisainh i 'n dréidh do 'n fhéar,  
'S cho mhó dhuisgadh i mean éan.'
- 31 'Sin an treas turas a b' fhearr,  
A rinn Caoilt' nam béumaibh lén;  
'S 'n nair a chuaidh e Dhún an óir,  
Agas a mbarbh e 'n torc mor.'
- 32 'S muladach mise re 'm ré,  
A sior thuircamb síos am béns;  
Mar chrann críon am fasach fuar,  
'N deidh céch 's mo dhúilach thoirt uam.

O. 5. CAOILTE 'S AM FOMHFHEAR. 84 lines.

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

- 1 La dhúinn sealg beinn Anais,  
Ler h-oigrídh ghlasa, fir chulma;  
La eile sa' Bheinn Bhain,  
Sir chuir seilg air seacharan.
- 5 Sùil gan tugas a bhán,  
Chunneus gleannan nan ceud oigh, (al. aigh)  
Ainnir sholuis air a lar,  
'S a seachd dorsan fosgailte.
- 9 Bha seachd claidhean air a h-aghairt,  
Bha seachd sleaghan suas air albhag;  
Inneal boath air a heart deas, (al. as)  
Bha seachd míol-choin aig air slabhruidh.  
Ghabh mí crídh, ghabh mí grain,  
14 O na tharladh dhomh bhí m' aonar ann.  
Na biodh ortsa crídh no grain,  
Oighfhear ur à Inuis fáil,  
Bu mhíann leam guth a' Ghael ghlain,  
18 An nair am nímie chlutunnin e.  
Eirich thusa Mhic rígh Fail,  
'S ann an diugh thann t-iomairt;  
Cíod am fath iomairt thainig orm,  
22 Igbinn ur is gloine rugh.

Fomhfhear mor bhi teacht nad' dhail,  
24 B' annsa 'n teug na dol na choir,  
Rinn e dhomb mo leaba díon.  
Gu beachdaíl air bathais an Urlair.  
Gur e dh' alleit kein m' an seach;  
28 Fion wisge beatha 's curmailt,  
(*Ap. Fion wisge, is lion is 'Curmailt.*)

Chuir i ormsa an leagag shlithe,  
Leth ri 'm shlios, bu leor a mneid;  
Chuir i ormsa air mun sin  
32 Na seachd huirichean Freamhri.  
Chuir i sgiath air mo laimh chlí,  
'S mo chlaidheamh gear a' m' himh dhens,  
Cholúich mise ma 'n rull sholuis  
36 An Fomhfhear mor ma 'n iona dhorus,  
Team as mo rathad a Chaoilte,  
Cha 'n ann air a thi a tha mi,  
Cíod an tí am bheilt thusa,  
40 Fhomb'ear mor na mí rúan.

Tha leannan agam anns an Dun,  
Leannan ur na malla seang;  
An leannan sin a tha thín 'g radhite,  
44 B'ait leam agam air mun mnaoi.  
'S mise 'n duine mharbh t-athair  
La catha Beinn A Chruacháin;  
Cíod e ged mharbh tha m' athair  
48 La catha beinn a Chruacháin.  
'Se bhithes agamsa air son paighe,  
Na cuig cinn th' air a bhraigaid;  
Ghabh iad an sin do cheile  
52 O n'hoch madainn gu luithie greine,

Thug am Fomh' ear sealladh fear (al. siar)  
Cíod e 'm ball an robh a' ghrian;  
Thug mí sealladh beag na d'heigh,  
56 Sealladh boecl do 'm chreuchdaibh fein.  
Thug mí sgiobag dh'a m' braid,  
58 Sgath mí na cuig cinn de bhraigaid.  
Leag mí n' ullín ris an tom,  
As shíl mo chreuchdan gu trom trom;  
Co i a bhean tha os mo cheann,  
62 Dheanaibh a' chaint chaoimhneil ruim?  
Theirvadh ruim ma 'n tra so 'n de.

64 Aikle nighean Rígh Conair.  
To mo chlaidheamh tog mo sgiath,  
66 Nach do thog bean ronadh riamh.  
Thog i mo chlaidheamh 's mo sgiath,  
'S thog mí fein fo dhíon, (al. o ghuinamh)  
Chaoilte Mhíe Rígh soluis.

72 An ann mairreach a bhithes do bhannais?  
Ma 's mairrean mise an Dun tíl,  
Gun tigrín t-ionnsuidh le b-airce;  
Achanach dh' iarrainn air mo leannan.  
76 An ní sin nach 'eíl an laimh,  
Ceud Donnan nach do chláthaich brnach,  
Ceud eala nach do shnámh air euan,  
Ceud searach nach do chraimn air ion,  
80 Ceud damh allúidh nach do thilg croc.  
Gheibhite sud ceud maosach mbaol,  
An gléann seirce faobh ri taobh,  
Ceud sobhrach 's creumh glas,  
84 Air a bhainn san fhaoilteach gheamhbraidh.

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 'Lochlanach,' Northen, 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, Tabac, Drum, Cymbal, according to O'Reilly. The place

of the Norsemen, generally, is about Beinn Eochainn, 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 Oisén 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 SEUL, TO SING A TIMBREL TO THEM. 60 lines.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 66. Advocates' Library. December 9, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. Not known to Hennessy in Irish manuscripts; not known to me orally preserved.—J. F. C.

A MUSICIAN came to the Heroes, whom they called Claiagan Mac Choin a chin chruaidh, (that is, Hard Head or Hard Seul,) to sing a timbrel to them; and he would play so hard and loud that none of them could stay to hear it. 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 Eitidain, 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, inchanters, and brutal force.

### DAN 16.

- 1 'AILIS d'amb a Chaoilte chruadhach,  
Mhíe Ronan cia mor d'eilbheas;  
Cia lion tha Mhaitheadh 'n ar Féinnsa,  
Le 'n coiu is le 'n coi'-éiridh.'
- 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 fú 'n dealbhach iad.'
- 3 'Tha tiombain nan iarrann fuar,  
Re combla chruaidh fú 'm sge bhírb;  
'S fear no bean d'am bheil san Fhéinn,  
Eisteachd ris a ghleus ní 'm fuila.'
- 4 Dh' ímech e gu elios d'ar Túr,  
For 'm bu lionmhor ciuil is báird;  
Is shéinn air a tiombain phreair,  
Ceól hu chruaidh' no íolach báis.'
- 5 Cho 'n eisteachd ris neach san Fhéinn,  
D' bhri géir a fuaimnach árd;  
Ge'd bhíod euan is mac talla bheann  
Aig eibhich b' fháinn seach a gáir,
- 6 Labhair mac Chuthaill an gloir ghlic,  
Mar bu nós dh' a ann 's gach drip;  
'Tha bantrach' ar Féinne fú' bháin,  
Eist dhinn a'd cheól fhir.'
- 7 'Cho 'n eisteam gu 'n do chú glann grinn,  
Mar atcheuinge uait Fhinn fhéil;  
Do dh' a shleagh a dhoirteas fail,  
'S Mac-an-ion is goirte béum;
- 8 'Ne 'm fuigh tu mo shean chu scímh,  
No mo dha shleagh gu 'n chion fáth;  
No Mac-an-ion nan huath beuinn,  
A thú ní m fuigh tu gu bráth.'

- 9 'Mar sin 's brúg a bhí gu d' mholadh,  
Fhinn gu 'n thóileachd no urram;  
O 'n thug thu náit san aon la,  
Éir is aithis do dh' aon duine.'
- 10 'Ní 'n duine thusa gu fíor,  
Ach tuá nathara, nár, mhílteach  
Gu 'n iúl no oileanach riamb,  
'N tra' dh' iarradh tu daais díoleadh.'
- 11 'N sin líon an t arrachd a' mach,  
Bhuair e nile ar comhuidh;  
Rinn e trí sgreacad gáibhidh,  
'S neach na dheidh cho b' fbiach am f . .
- 12 . camar ris coin na Féinne,  
Thair gach maóile cnuie is sléibbe,  
'S cho raibh teambair air Inas an fhir;  
Gu h uamh mhór an B'ínn 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 tolema garg.
- 14 Thug e an sin deann cruaidh,  
'S Claisean mac Choin a chinm chruaidh,  
Is thorchair le Bran gu 'n fheall,  
Ceann Chlaigain air an nair,
- 15 Thainig e air ball do 'n Fhéinn,  
Is ceann Chlaigain ann na bhéul,  
B'ait an scalla leis an t-sluagh,  
Ceann an fuath a bhí fuí' dhéud.

## H. 6. HOW SILHALAN CAME TO KILL FINGAL.

36 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 62. Advocates' Library,  
December 8, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Not known to  
Hennessy, in Irish MSS. Not known to me as orally  
preserved.—J. F. C.

A FAIRY or Ghost came into the Heroes, about sun  
setting, where they use to be walking, and resting them-  
selves on a smooth yellow plain or field, named Silhalan,  
means little person, who was seen by all men, like a bird's  
shadow, on the mountains, in a calm fair evening (all  
names were poetical in that age) to kill Fingal, but 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 ogleach neo-ionnalt,  
Tidhain air magh glinne niar.
- 2 Gomhal firsuidh, 's broidhe fear,  
'S amluidh 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 t árd Rígh,  
'Cia 'n t iúl a thainig am fuath?'  
Cia b' ainm dh' a fein is d' a athair,  
Is oghidhaich air gu luath.
- 5 'S mise Silbailan mac Sithaill,  
Dhoirtainn fuil is réubhainn féul;  
Bn mhianach leam ruidh gu reachdunhor,  
Agus cuir as do Rígh Phóil.'
- 6 An sin do dheargaich an t árd Rígh,  
Ris a ghlór do chan am fuath;  
'S tharraig e lann fhada biomhídh,  
Gu fada, deas, díreach uith.
- 7 Gach buille da 'n Iubhradh an t árd Rígh,  
Le chloidheamh cuilgearra, cnuaidh;  
Bheireadh am fuath 's moran tuillidh,  
Da bhuille nu n' bhuille uath.

- 8 An sin do chaimbhuic Mac Chutbail,  
Air a threune chleasabh luith;  
Tharraig e Mac-an-loin gu talubhidh,  
'S le ágh mhárbh e 'm fuath nach b' fhuí.
- 9 Ba mháith leim gu d' imich an fuath,  
'S gu deandhí na sluaigh a eis;  
Oir b' dara fuath bu mhiasa,  
Thainig riamh air Fianntidh 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 watch-  
man 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 pro-  
per, they were vexed that such an Owl was coming no  
them, and that all their attempts was in vain. There  
was a young fellow in their kitchen who was called by  
name (at that time) Crom nan cnámh or Crom an carraig  
afterwards Óscar, 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 'THEAS lorgan laoiach sa bháir,  
Maolainn dliamhair fuí' dhea' thrachd;  
'S thugas briathar air mo shleagh,  
Nach bí sin lorg Fhinn no Óisáin.'
- 2 'No Caoilte beag nan eos lumbor,  
No neach a bhia air Loch Iurgann;  
No aon fhear do mhuintir Fhinn,  
A tharladh orm ann an Croma ghlinn.'
- 3 'Thogas 'm éudach 's leigeas ris,  
Air fea' móintich is garbh dhris,  
Bha mí fein am ruidh 's leun,  
'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 inais 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 Fhianm uile,  
Dh' fhaigháil sgéul o 'n aon duine.'
- 6 'Cho 'n iarrainnsa do 'n Fhianm uile,  
Ach Fionn is Goll nan treun bhullean;  
A chuid nach sneamaid le 'r lamhan,  
Dhíot loigeanmaid e le 'r 'n auail,
- 7 'Thugas dhámh sin 's thugas dhámh,  
An t sleagh mhór a dh' air a shon;  
'S chosgair e i thair mo chlaigean,  
Da throidh dhéug an aodann dalláig
- 8 'Thugas dh' a sin 's thugas dh' a,  
An t sleagh beag a bh' air mo sgá;  
Chosgair mí sud roimh a chroidhe,  
'S chosg mí moran d' a luath mhíre.
- 9 'Ogleaich mhóir nan ionaidh créac,  
Sgearr gus an togar do leac;  
Innis an deireadh do lathla,  
Cia thu feineach no cia t athair?'
- 10 'S mise Sgiathan Mac Rígh Scairbh,  
M'e an fhir na 'bhasaich ghairbh;  
'S gu b' e mo nós ann 's gach teach,  
Bhí sior chosgáirt cuid gach neach.'

- 11 'Gar mi allail dhuit mar tharladh  
A Sgiathain mhóir nan sgá' tréineil ;  
Rinn do Chosgairt an Croma ghlinn,  
An Gille con ata aig Finn.'
- 12 'Cho bu Ghille eon thu riamh,  
'S cho b' e sin thu near no niar  
Ach ogleáich finealta do 'n Fhionn,  
Is lumb cho tréun 's tha 'n Eirinn shiar,
- 13 'S maing neach a ghoilid ort do lón,  
A madainn dhiamhair re dala dhéa ;  
Thu fein 's do shleugh air a tóir,  
'S maing air 'n do thuit an trom lórg.'
- 14 Air ball dh' éug an tréun laoch gruamach,  
Bu cheatharnach searbh 's gach cruaidail ;  
Ann an eothas monidh shamhaich,  
Le huill Oseair tréun gach gabháidh.
- 15 Creid thusa lle Phádrúig,  
Gu raibheams nar bh mhór abhachd ;  
Ge do tha mi' nois gu dúbhach,  
Gun charaid gun chath uco' shuthach.

THE MYTHICAL NORSE CARLIN.

Amongst the people sent by the Norsemen to attack and worry the Fionne are one-eyed Hags, who are associated with one-eyed Smiths. They seem to have something to do with the people who appear in the Story of Beowulf. Historically women commanded piratical fleets. The following ballads relate to these Northern Hags.—D. 5. F. 6. H. 8. X. 2.

D. 5. CAILLICH GHRAUND. 47 lines.

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

This version contains fragments of separate ballads, joined at \*

- 1 LA gan ro Fionn air Tullieh For,  
Gaibhric air Erin ma Thimehil ;  
Hunig e air Bharrribh nan Toun,  
A Chaillich eidiúil leobhor Chrom.
- 2 Bu bhor a Honnaigh 'sa Hais,  
Bu luath a shiubhal ra Haois ;  
Bha Cnabhran aibhlean mu da Bhas,  
Bha Fiachan shiar sheich a Cruas.
- 3 Bha Haodin dughlas air Dhreic Guail,  
Bha Deud Cairbadich crann rnaigh ;  
Bha carr ga Hinibh na chailibh a Dorn,  
Bha car ga Caoit ma Choil-druim.
- 4 Bha Bar mar choil Chrimich air Chrith,  
Bha aoin suil ghloigigich na cean ;  
'S bu luagh I na Ruinich Meoirigh,  
Bha Cailibh Meirgich air a Crios.
- 5 Ri am Feirge bu ghairbh Greis,  
Bha da T-shleigh air an T aibh eille ;  
Don Fhna Chuil-lia Caillich,  
Ri faicin na Fian ma Dheas.
- 6 Huchda ghaibh a Bhiast nan Innish,  
Hanig a Chaillich ornle na Hair ;  
'S reinne lethe cion gun Chommain ;  
Bheirete lethe Caogid Laoich.
- 7 'S bha Gaicigh sheiribh na garradh Craos,  
\*Spin I lethe a Chuach fo Fhinn ;  
'S Ghlimnich I Erin fo Thuinn gu Tainn,  
Gun do mheith I uill an Fhian.
- 8 'S cha do lean I ach aoin Trithair,  
Fion Mac Cubhuil fear shraona nan raibh ;  
'S coille ro-ghed Mac Romain,  
Leim a Chaillich har Fass Ruaidh.
- 9 'S bu bhor a sath do 'n Uisg nar,  
Leim I Fass Rnaigh nan Raibh ;  
'S bha Cuach Fhinn na Leub Láibh,  
Dirigh a mac rish an Taibh eille.

- 10 Hug Fionn orra ureair T-shleigh,  
Chroisg e shud ro a criogh,  
'S chaig e Pairt ga luath Bhirigh,  
Rug Fion fein air a Chuach,  
ba leish o Buaigh 'sa Bhaigh.
- 11 'S rug Caoilte nan Laibh lua,  
Air a Cailibh Cmaidh 'seir da T shleigh ;  
'S ghlac Fearr srannigh nan Raibh,  
Caitbhibh Chaoilte Mhic Romain,
- 12 Sin mar ceinn shin sheoid na Caillich,  
An La bha shin ga ruigh an Bein-edin.  
Criche.

F. 6. SGEULA AIR CAILLICH ARADH A THAINIC DH' IARRADH FATH AIR CUACH NAM BUAGH BHA AIG FIONN.

Fletcher's Collection, page 103. About 72 lines Advocates' Library, January 19, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This version is so broken, that it cannot all be divided into quatrains. Lines, which were poetry at some time, can be recognised in prose; some are printed separately, as verse 14, and elsewhere.—J. F. C.

BHA chuach so ghua air a gleidhe an tigh tearmann agus le fairre Mic Righ agus cuideachd do mhór ghaicigh churannach maille ris.

Thainig a chailleach ann riochd mna bochd, ag iarraidh aodheachd.

- 1 BHUAIL a Chailleach aig an dorus gu teann, teann,  
Is thainig Mac an Righ an dorus cò san am 'n t-ann ?
- 2 Is mise Chailleach through, through,  
'S truaighe dh' inich am bi-buan ;  
Is mise chailleach bhoichd Nie-aoste,  
Leig a stigh mi gan gharadh.
- 3 Freagra.
- Ma dh' inich thu Eirinn go ceann,  
Aun riochd muatha no droch dhaine ;  
Gu leanadh do bhunn ris an lùr.  
Mu 'n d' thigeadh tu stigh a Chailleach.
- 4 Nach mòr am maslach do mhac Righ,  
Le mhòr-ghaicgach 's le mòr ghnionah ;  
E fein bhi ga sàbhailta steach,  
'S gu diultadh uile iad ri aon Chaillich.
- 5 Gheibhe tu biadh naonan a mach,  
Is fuirich a' d' thos a Chailleach.
- 6 Cha 'n iarr mise do bhiaidh peacach,  
Nì mo dh' iarram t-fhiarr fhacail ;  
B' fhearr leams' ceann do theine teith,  
Is co beatbadh ri d' ghaodhuabh.
- 7 Cuiridh mise Gialla leat do 'n Fheinn,  
Nì teine dhuit a dh' aon bheam a Chailleach.

Rachadh an teine sin as,  
Mu 'n ruiginnse leachda Chonnail ;  
Arsa Chailleach.

- 8 Cuir thusa do theine beag air làr,  
Is seid ris gu geur, geur,  
Agus cuir do spair fothad,  
'S dean do ghara ris a Chailleach.

Agus dhuin è n dorus orr'  
Ach chuir a chailleach 'guala ris, a chleith.

- 9 Gu 'm bi sid a chailleach ghle-gharbh,  
Bhris i na naoi comhla iarruinn ;  
Mar nach bitheadh ann' ach aon sgiolan.  
(Aguha bha i steach orra)  
'S griob i leatha cnach Fhinn,  
'S dh' thalbh i leatha sios an rothad.
- 10 Thachair Oganach urra agus dh' fheoraich e dh.  
Co as a dh' inich thu Chailleach ?

Is freagra fiar a thug i seachad,  
Ghabhaidh mise srath na h-anhunn.

- 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 lán armachd  
'S da choinn air laimh gach fir,  
A feitheomb ort a Chailleach.
- 13 Ma ghabhas tu air Bheanna dubha,  
Gur lionmhor ann Clanna-rutha ;  
Tha cuig-ceud-deug, &c.
- 14 Fheugair a Chailleach.  
'Cìod e sin theirre tusa Iulla  
Nam fàgainne na bheil ann sin uile  
Eadar chu luath is aon duine ?  
Theire gu bu tapaidh thu Chailleach.
- 15 Ach ghabh a Chailleach rathad Ach-nabainse,  
Agus thilg i gath neimhe air Fionn Mac Cuthail,  
Agus chuir i sud siar as talamh  
Seachd troidhean do 's' fhiar thalamh.  
Thilg Fionn a gath cuig 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 bnaigh 's blagh ;  
Ghlac Caoilte 'o se b' fhearr luathas,
- 18 A chlaidhe cruaidh 's a da shleagh.  
Is rug Connan bho sè bha gu deireadh  
Air top 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 Blagh Lena, published, ten years ago, from a MS. of 1720. Poem not known to Hennessy. Some verses are the same as the Mulla-teach 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 Síl-hla were the worse that ever came to the heroes.

DAN 15.

- 1 OIDHCE bha sinn a mùr Bhéara,  
'S moran do Mhaitheadh ar Feinne ;  
Chunnaig sinn a teachd gu lùthmar.  
Fuaith a b' áirde na 'n fhliúidh.
- 2 Bu mhór ciannas air fàir,  
'S bu mhó a siubhal na h' áird ;  
Bha cochall dubh sìos na bian,  
Is ñacail seach a craos siar.
- 3 Bha clòidheamh meirgeach dubb air a leis,  
Re h'ám fèrge bu mhór a ghréis ;  
'S bha sleagh nimbe na deas laimh,  
Gheibha' bunaidh air slugh gu 'n theall.
- 4 'Fosglaibh dhamb fheara' Fionn ;  
'S mì gu fìnech luidagach fìnn ;  
Shiubhail mi Eirinn fa thri,  
'S cho d' ag duine th' ann dhamb dìon.'
- 5 'Se fheugair i Fearnadas béul dearg,  
Ba bhùine glóir a bha 'n Eirinn ;  
'Ma rinn thusa sinn a chailleach,  
'S ann do chomharaibh droch malmatha.'
- 6 'Ma 'n d' ig thu a steach d' ar muthainn,  
Innsidh tu dhàim bri do thurais ;  
'Sa ghealltain nachd-an thu do bhairt,  
Air Fìann Innsè-Pháil no Fìoine.'

- 7 'Innseamsa sin Fheadharais fhliidh,  
An t'áidbhar mun 'n d' ainig misè ;  
A dh' iarruidh còimrag air Goll,  
Air Caoilte 's air Oscar cron.'
- 8 'Air Mac Chuthaill nan lamh luath,  
Is air Aogh Mac Gharabh chruaidh ;  
Air (neo) gheadh duais thoiridh gu 'n éura,  
Cho mhaith sa tha mùr na Fèinne.'
- 9 'Cho d' theid sinn chaoidh a chomrag,  
Re fuaith oidheche raibh na énrachd ;  
Gu 's an d' theid Aula air béun Torc  
D' an deòin cho d' theid iad gu 'n lo.'
- 10 'X tra' chuala chailleach gloir Fheadharais,  
Lìon i suas le cutbach feargach ;  
Chuir i roimpe combla' Bheura,  
'Sa steach chuai' i measg ar Fèinne.
- 11 Thog i lé cuig Fhinn fhliaidh,  
Gu grad lamach s'e cho d' fhaibhraich ;  
Chnartaich i Eirinn le colg,  
'S' ann Fhianng gu léir air a lorg.
- 12 Faidheoidh chuir i sinn san fhreac,  
Cha raibh 'n fogus dh' i ach triar ;  
Fionn is fear sraoinidh nam ràmh,  
'S Caoilte beag Mac Ronan áidh.
- 13 Do leam i gu cas Eas-rauidh,  
Ge do bha e cuir na bhruacha ;  
Leun Fionn air a cas léum,  
'S chuir e ghéur shleagh roi' a cachull.
- 14 Rug Fionn an sin air a chuachull,  
O 'n bu leis a blagh sa bhadh ;  
'S rug Caoilte nan lamh tréun,  
Air a chloidheamh sa sleagh génr.
- 15 Rug fear srainidh nan ramh,  
Air a h'usgar lóimhreach bìn ;  
Sin mar tharladh d' ar fir théune,  
'N oidheche 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, Liverpool, 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 LETHÈ LE FOIL CUACH NA GEASACHD. Fhuair i Oisen maille re cuid de dhàona 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 bhoe a thig a Caoilte,  
5 'S mise sin a chailleach thruagh ;  
'S fhada a dh' imich mi 's mi buan,  
Cha n-eil au cuigibh na h-Alba,  
No 'n cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn,  
Aon duine 'dhiultadh dhomh fosgladh,  
19 Nuair 'chrouninn mo chean fo 'dhorus.'

OISEIN.

- 'Ma dh' imich thusa n' uigh sin uile,  
'S biadhtaichean iad ri droch urra ;  
Fuarichidh do smior a chailleach,  
Mu 'm fosglear dhuit mo dhorus.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 15 'S dona 'n aithne sin, a mhic rìgh,  
( 'US mac rìgh 'ga ràdh riit )  
Nuair dhiultadh tu fosgladh do dhorais.'

OISEIN.

- 'C'm dhiultinn dhuit a monadh fiadh,  
G a' bhiodh agad triath dy reir,  
20 Chuirinn biadh naoidhnear gu d' theach,  
'S biadh feachd leat o 'n Fheinn.'



## A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha bhí agam do d' bhíadh feadh,  
Ní mo 's áill leam do tháir (shar) fhacal;  
B' amhsa leam teas do d' aimslibh,  
25 Agus leabaidh mair ri d' ghaghradh.'

## OISEIN.

- 'Gu dearbh cha 'n fhadh thu teas do m' aimslibh,  
Ní mó dheibh thu leabaidh mair ri m' ghaghradh,  
Chuirinn gille leat o 'n Fheinn,  
Dh' fhadadh teine dh' aon bhéim,  
30 'S gille eile ' dh' ulluicheadh deagh inneal.'

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Cha 'neil mo choisceachda ach mall.  
'S theid an teine siu a crann.'

## OISEIN.

- 'Bannig thusa leathaobh Chuilinn,  
Cuir geigibh caol fo d' spuiribh,  
35 Seid gu caol gear le d' anail,  
'S dena do ghrádh ris a Chailleach.'

- A Chailleach siu bu gharbh cráimh,  
Chuir i guallúinn ris a chleidh,  
'S bhris i na seachd geomhábh fáinnn,  
40 Mur nach bídh anut' ach seann iailan.

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Tha mí nise stigh 'n ur teach,  
'S liubha nar marbh na nar beo,  
'S lionmhoir scóib bhíos '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 hadh a magh.

Chunnachdas a Chailleach le Fionn air dha  
bhí tighinn dlachaidh o 'n t-sealg.

## FIONN.

- 'A Chailleach ud a th' air an t-shiabh,  
50 Dia bheil an ceim casrúit gharbh dhian,  
Na 'n tarladh tu air srath na h-airde,  
Bu blaodhail duit clann na ceairde;  
Tri cheud deng le 'n dian armachd,  
'S lothain choin air gach fear;  
55 Fir thugad a tha Chailleach?'

## A CHAILLEACH.

'Cíod a theireadh tús a dhíulan,  
Na 'n faguinnsa iad sin uile,  
Eadar chu luadh agus dheag dhúine?'

- Leam a Chailleach an t-eas,  
60 Leam gu garbh brais,  
Thilg i gath nimhe air Fionn  
A chaidh seachd troidhean 'san fheur naine  
Thairis air bar a dha ghuatlíbh,  
Thilg Fionn a shleag taobh

- 65 'S bhris e ' cridhe na caol drúim,  
'S rug Geolach o 'n is i bu luaithe,  
Air shlasaid 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 oidhebe.  
A roinn faobha na Cailleach;  
'S cha d' rug Oisein a bha air dheireadh,  
Ach air seann chiahbag liadh na Cailleach.

## OISEIN (?).

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

## A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha neil m' aois feiu 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 naisail Mhic Fhionn,  
'S tu do shuighe air Tulluich cibhinn,  
Laích mhór mhíleanta nach eabht,  
Tha mí faicinn sproichd n ad euduinn.

## OISEIN.

Dh' innsinn fatha bhron 't' orm fein,  
Phadrug Mhic Alpinn o 'n Fheinn,  
La dha 'n robh an Fheinn a muigh,  
'Nan súidh air torran coire (or Torra) Siar,  
Chunnachdas a tighinn o 'n mhagh,  
A bhean sin a b' aite feamh  
A ngehan a b' aite snuadh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruigh,  
Bu ghile no gath na greine,  
A h carradh gheal fa gaodh a leine,  
Labhair an oighe fo gheala bleat'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.

Mae 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 Craigh an Tullich,  
'S mí fo Mhullch Sleidh Fainis;  
Nochd a tharla mí fo d Tegil,  
Gur trom a leagta do Laibh orm.

- 2 La shidh Dhuinne ri faghih,  
Bha shin fo d' Dhiabhair a Thullich;  
She chunnaire shin Marcich cetich,  
As e teachd le sceilidh huggin.

- 3 Sana dhisrich Fion do 'n Mharcich,  
Gu de fa Taistair fo 'd Chricleibh;  
Thang mí fo Thaibh na Shianidh,  
She labhair an Gíulidh ceudna.

- 4 San a ghluas e 'n Cean air Corich,  
Mar gu nigh Folum aig Fíllidh;  
Labhair e am briaribh isligh,  
Mar gach Marcich shíbhait shíunnidh.

- 5 Bithlibhse a nochd nar fairrich,  
A Tsbeich Cathain na Feine;  
Gu de e aobhair air Fairrich,  
She ní labhair Fear gar Feine?

- 6 Gu de a aobhair air Fairrich  
She ní labhair Fear gar Feine?  
Agus nach heil Linn air bualidh,  
Nochd air oechd nachoribh na Herin.

- 7 Naile hig i oiribh a Chaillich,  
As a Harrachd othar edigh;  
'S gun cumidh ruibhse Coibhrig,  
Gad bhígh air Coimigh le chele.

- 8 San an shin a labhair Connan,  
Cha 'b onnarich dhúinne Ghrugach;  
Mar a fona mid do Chaillich,  
Dhith feiu sga Harrachd ga chruathidh.

- 9 Shin nar huirt Gruzgich an abhail,  
Air mo chuibhse a Chonnain;  
Dhaindeoin Sheac Cathan na Feine,  
Gu dearibh rebidh I do chollair.

- 10 Thug Connan shioeíd hnn an abhail,  
Gad nach bo chuibhídh dha bhmalidh;  
San chuir e le ardan spreiggidh,  
A chluas fo 'n Lecean do 'n Ghrugach.

- 11 Shin nar gháilbh e nain an Gruzgich,  
She gu faghih fuathich feargugich;  
Mar steid shreimhgh dol air aistir,  
Chluant a Hartir aas gach Bearuigh.

- 12 An Teich shin a bha fon Ghrugach,  
Gur he bualiche ra thaccin;  
San na Chuan a bha 'n Trian orridh,  
M ro Innis na Heoirp do Chlachibh.

- 13 Har leinne bu bhor a Ghilid,  
Do T shide do T shrol 's do Ghiunnis ;  
Fo steid chois chom a churridh ;  
Le n faighe gach Duinne Duimpeich
- 14 'S an a ghaibh e nain an Gruaigh,  
Gu fathach faathach, le ardan shiubhail ;  
Agus hanig na tri Fuathin,  
Mar a chualigh Fion Mac Cubhail.
- 15 Shin nar a hanig a Chiallich,  
As a Harrachd air a Culbith ;  
Mar ri Ceidh Leth a Leppich,  
'S riogh cha b' aobhir aithis duin e.
- 16 Cethir ficidh Lan-iaoch mor,  
Do chlainnibh Morni huit nan Tus ;  
Uirid eille Chlainnibh Baoisg,  
Agus Caogid a chuir leis.
- 17 Bha 'n oiche shin dhuinne bronich,  
An deis air Choibhrig na dherich ;  
A Tarruing air maribh gu Huaighin,  
'S geil bu chruaithidh leon 's nin ceillim.
- 18 Bu truir-migh le Fion na Fuathin,  
A ghol naidh gun am marraigh ;  
I ad gun bheim sceinimh nan Cnaithibh,  
'S nach ro Feinn nar sleighibh garridh  
Na gad reebidh naidh eille shochraire  
Do na Fianibh gorama Gaithil.
- 19 Hanig iad oirne triuir Chlerich,  
Air Erigh Greine n Larna-bharich ;  
Agus Ballan shithidh sheirce,  
Eunrig ga hoirt a Lathair,
- 20 Dharridh Mac a Chleirich oig,  
Air cheid chlainn an Tos tus do Dfhionn,  
Ca leas a reunigh an Teuchd,  
Na co leis an deint' am marraigh.
- 21 Bu duillich leomsa shud inse,  
Nam bu ni e ghabhidh cealtin ;  
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 bherigh an da Trian beo.
- 23 Ba bhat 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 Droagbichd Bhallain nam Buaigh  
Gheirich a Tshluagh suas le Fionn
- 25 Mar a thoirchir 's mar a thuit,  
Shin iad dhuit do Bhuintir Fhinn ;  
Fon shin fein a reinn an Teuchd,  
Cha ghabhamid Feich ga cionn.
- 26 'Mhanarain ga math do Laibh,  
Thug thu do m Fhein masla mor ;  
Fhinn na gaibhse dheth Tair,  
Fhir nach tium ri dol san seleo.
- 27 Fhinn na gaibhse dheth Tair,  
Fhir nach tium dol san seleo ;  
Sgar Droagbichd a churridh oirribh,  
Leis 'n do Chailigh a Chlann choir.
- 28 Triur air nach deargidh arm,  
'S nach loisg an Teinmigh ga Bhoid ;  
'S nach mo Bhaite leis an Tuinn,  
Ciod an Tium a bha nan Teichd ?

Crìoch.

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 fadhach,  
Gu' m anu mu dhiamhair na tulach ;  
Do chnnaig sinn Gruageach ea-trom,  
Le lidhachd le sgéine chugainn.
- 2 Do bha stéud ag a Gruaighach,  
'S ann leinne a b' uallach faicsinn ;  
Na cheann do bha an srian ór-bhuidh,  
Le ionmearachá dh' ór 's do chlaichibh,
- 3 'S ann leinne bu bhrea a dhiollaid,  
Do shíod, do shról, dh' fhiontran ;  
Air an stéud chois ea-trom churant,  
Dh' fbagte leis gach duine diombach.
- 4 Ghluais e ann na uile chomhdhach,  
Gu Fiantidh phoil nar fhoir Fhílidh ;  
Agus bheannaich e gu siobhath  
Marcaibh seimh nan siog- shuil sionnach.
- 5 Thrus sinn uile 'n sin gu déonach,  
Gu's an ogan a b' fhearr earradh ;  
A dh' fhaghadh sgéul gu 'n éradh,  
Uaith gu h éibhneach uallach callamh.
- 6 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Chnthaill d'on Ghrugaigh,  
Ann am briathraibh nasal éibhainn ;  
'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 Ciod e noe adhbhar ar caithris,  
Do labhair Fionn flath na Féinne ;  
'S nach aithne dh'amh neach d' a bualadh,  
Eidair ceath' r bhruacha' na h Eirann.'
- 9 'Do thig chugaibhsa noe cailleach,  
Is a h arrachd fein le céile ;  
Is cumidh iad ruibhsa cómhrag,  
A dh' aingain conamh ar Féinne.'
- 10 'S an dhuinne bu nár r'a aithris,  
'Nuir a theanamaid r' a chéile ;  
Gu céalbhadh sin oirna cailleach,  
Is a h arrachd fein le céile.
- 11 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,  
Cho 'n eil onoir dhuinn a Ghrugaigh ;  
Cia beag a chéalbhadh oirnn cailleach,  
A céile sa h arrachd d' an cruaidhead.
- 12 'Do threagair '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 Ghrugaigh,  
Is thilgaibh e uaith air astar ;  
Cheapadh e e san laimh cheudna,  
'S ann leinne bu treabha gaisgaich.
- 14 Do rug Conan air an ubhall,  
Cho bu chubhaidh dh' a r'a bhua'adh ;  
'S chluas a bha léith r' a leith-cheann,  
Chuir e le spreagadh do 'n Ghrugaigh.
- 15 Do chailh a Ghrugaigh an t ubhall,  
Ona bu chubhaidh dh' a bhualadh ;  
'S do sgar e 'n da chluais o 'n chlaigean,<sup>1</sup>  
Gu lom sgaphara do 'n Ghrugaigh.
- 16 An sin dh' inich uainn a Ghrugaigh,  
Se gu fathach, faathach, feargach ;  
Air a stéud chois, ea-trom, ghaista  
Dheanann astar thair gach garbhach.

<sup>1</sup> Bha Conan uail o 'n la so suas.

- 17 Is gearr air imeachd do 'n Ghruagaich,  
Se sin a chula Mac Chuthaill;  
Mar thuaim tuinne na trì Garin,  
Sann dhuinne gu' m b' àdhbar cunha.
- 18 An sin thainig oirne chailleach,  
Is a h anachd air a culabh;  
Is a cèile leith a leaba,  
'S cho b' àdhbar aitas iad dhuinne.
- 19 Tri fichead déng 's cnogad curridh,  
A bhuaileadh buillean le chéile;  
Se sin a thuit leis na fuathan,  
Do Mhaithaibh 's do dh' naislaibh ar Fhínne.
- 20 Seachd fichead do Chlanna Moruna,  
Bha lán do chrúcaibh 's do chneidhaibh;  
Cho chulas riann sgéul bu chruaillhe,  
No na trì fuathan d' an ceagal.
- 21 An oídhche sin dhuinn gu bronach,  
An deidh ar cómbraig fái dheireadh;  
A sládaibh ar maibh gu h maidhneibh,  
Sgéula ro through is ní 'n ceileam.
- 22 Bu mhéasa le Fiom na fuathan,  
Dhol slán uaithe as an airmach;  
Na mbéad is a thuit sa thorchair,  
Leó d' ar Fianntidh gorma gaidh' lach.
- 23 Cha loisgadh teine da nbeud iad,  
Is cho bháite iad le h uisce;  
Cho dearganaid orra le 'r n armaibh,  
Cáit anois am biodh an guinsan.
- 24 B' eiscan Gruageach cheang na tulaich,  
Is sinn air uileam slabh Mhanuis;  
Do tharladh dhuinne na fhreasdál,  
'S bu truaigh a leag e a lámh oirinn.
- 25 Thainig chugain na trí Chleirich,  
Gu ro eibhainn 'n dara mháirach;  
'S am ballan síbhidh seuchlidh  
Eatarra teachd anu san láthair.
- 26 Dh' fhiosraich iad do Mhac Chuthaill,  
Mar a bu chubhaidh san uair sin;  
' Cia leis 'n do bhearna' na gaisgáich,  
No créud mu 'n d' rinneadh am bualadh.'
- 27 ' Gur decair dhuinne sin inmseadh,  
No tionsgalaibh air a ráidh,  
An triúr le 'n d' rinneadh air buadadh,  
Ghabh iad mu dhiamhair na dákach.'
- 28 ' Ma sa sinne tha 'nois uait,  
Thainig sinn gu 'n buach da cheuin;  
Comann gu 'n fholaich gu 'n thannachd,  
'S togaidh sinn do shluabh dhuit Fhinn,
- 29 Dh' eirich macaídh do 'n ebleir óg,  
'S an speirmaise mhór na laimh;  
Le feartan ballan na' m buadh,  
Dh' eirich a shluabh suas gu Fhinn.
- 30 ' Na gabhas masladh a Rígh,  
Fhír leis 'm bu mhianm dol 's gach fóir;  
Cha raibh ach draoidheachd ní' ann,  
Leis 'n do chlaoidheadh do chlann chóir.'

#### D. 8. MAR CHAIDH ROCHD DO THIGH FHINN. 48 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 2, 1872.

This ballad, of 1750, relates to a well-known and widely spread legend. Roc belongs to the monstrous Smiths. He is here servant to Cormac. That King sends Roc from Tara, to the Hill of Allen; from the Palace to the Barracks, to run a race with the army. The General wins the race and slays the monster. The King will have the General's head. By 1800, this had become very Mac Phersonic.

- 1 TEICHDRE BHA aig mo Ríogh,  
Ri Tim dol an nbeiridh dho;  
Giulle a bha aig ra ghairn,  
Rochd Mac Fhíachair she b' ainm dho.
- 2 Sabhail slínn mar mhíthigh she,  
Bha aoin Chas Chl' as a t-shoiv;  
Bha aoin Laibh as uelhd nach Tim,  
Bha aoin suil an Lar a Chinn mhoir.

- 3 Bha do ghraoighiehd aig an Fhuia,  
Gum bu luaidh naoin chas ghearr;  
Gum fagáigh e gach neich air bith  
San as a Ríth a choir e Geale.
- 4 Sin nar huirt Cormaig ri Rochd,  
Mas aill leat bhí nochd gum veir;  
Ghuais gu Hallbáin a suas,  
Cuir geall air Luas rish an Fhein,
- 5 Ghuais Rochd an Guilligh nach Tim,  
Air Choilshra 'n Fhír bu bhinn Guth;  
Ráinig e Allabhi nan Lann,  
Bheannaich e do D'fhionn san Bhruth.
- 6 San nar huirt Diarmaid Donn,  
Mac o Dubhne nach trom Triogh;  
Fhír ad a thainig an Chuir,  
Gu de choir usn fo 'n Taigh?
- 7 'S missigh Gille Choirmaig Dhúin,  
'S air gach Drúim bu bhath mo Ríth;  
Háinig mí char Geall air Luas,  
Rish na bhéil slíbh T-sluaigh astigh
- 8 Gheirich Gille nan Cass caoil,  
Ga ruadh air feo Fraoich as Bheann;  
Ga ghlaicde 's bu bhór a Fhian,  
Dherich an Fhian nille as Fionn.
- 9 'S iad a tearnigh gu a Luas,  
Shin nar chaidh an sluaigh nan trott;  
Chuir iad Béin Edin air Chrith,  
Aig meid an Ríth a rein Rochd.
- 10 Leim e Ess Ruaigh gu bu bhór,  
'S cha do bhean a Bhrog ga Bhor;  
Leim Mac Cúbhail e gu grad,  
'S bha stad air gach Fearr do chach.
- 11 An uair a chunig mo Ríogh,  
Bhí briste Gessin an T-sluaigh  
Ghia e 'Laibh mu aoin Chois Ruic,  
Air Aodin a Chruic thalhbhí nair.
- 12 Gach Fearr a thige gar Fein,  
A Dhruim gearr gu harruig as;  
Sin nar chaidh Rochd do thigh Finn;  
An connibh a Chinn sa Clas.

#### 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 Giulla so aig an Rígh, agus chaidh e chuir geall air luathas ris an Fhein uile, is cha rabh aig ach aoin chos, is aon lámh, agus aon suil, mar a deir an Rann.

BHA aon chos fodha nach robh mall,  
BHA aon lámh as uelhd 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 beirvadh air neach air bith.

#### H. 10. HOW ROCHD WAS KILLED BY THE HEROES. 44 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 55. Advocates' Library. December 6, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy, but a man of this kind is somewhere described. Before the Celts came Ireland was infested by people of this kind called Na Fomharain, as I learn from the Wars of the Gael, &c., printed.—J.F.C.

COEMAC the King of Ireland had an Inchanter, named Rochd; this was his slupe, 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 ainmha' dhò;  
Gille do bh' aige r' a ghairm,  
Rochd Mac Fhàithechair 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 Fhèinn.'
- 3 Dh' imich Rochd an gille nach tím,  
Le chómbradh nach bu bhinn léinn;  
Rainig e Teamhradh nan lann,  
'S bheannaich e le greann do 'n Fhèinn.
- 4 'S ann mar so do bha a shnúadh,  
Bha aon chos chli as a thóin;  
Aon lamh air uchd 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 Féinn,  
Cia do thuras fein o 'd thigh.'
- 6 'S mise gille Chormaic chruinn,  
'S air gach dream bu nhaith mo ruith:  
Thainig nì chuir geall mo luas,  
Ris na bheil sibh sbluadh a stigh.'
- 7 Dh'eirich gille nan eos caol,  
Da ruith air fea' fraoich is bheann;  
Dh' eirich ge d' bu mhór a phian,  
Dh' eirich an Fhianm uil' is Fionn.
- 8 Bha sinn mar sin o luan gu luan,  
A suibhal bhruach, bheann is chnoc:  
'S chuir sinn Beinn eudain air chrith,  
Le mead na ruith a rinn rochd.
- 9 Léum e Eas-ruaidh ge mór,  
'S nì 'n do lean e bhòd a léum;  
'S leum Fionn e gu grad,  
'N uair a stad gach fear do 'n Fhèinn,
- 10 'N nair a chunnaig Fionn nam fleadh,  
Gu d' bhreis e geas an sbluaidh;  
Dh' iadh e dha lùmh mu chois Ruichd,  
Air eudann a chnuc aillbhìdh fhuair.
- 11 Mar sin a euaidh Rochd do thigh Fhinn,  
An combhair a chinn no chas;  
'S gach fear mar thigeadh do 'n Fhèinn,  
Bho dhrim géur d' a tharrugas.
- 5 Latha bha sinn an crom ghleann nan cloch,  
Thainig oirne an t-athach ioghna;  
Dh' fhalaicheadh cuig meoire a thraidh,  
Trian do urlar an rìgh thighe.
- 6 Bha mar dbruchd 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 mhoir.
- 7 Oglaioich thainig an Cuin,  
Ciod a thug thu fein do'r tigh;  
Is mise gille Chormaic chruinn,  
Air gach lann bu math mo ruith.
- 8 Thaineam a chur geall Inathas,  
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 ruith na fri;  
Gluaiseadh gille nan cosan caol,  
Ga ruith feadh fraoich 's bheann,
- 10 Glacadh bu mhòr a shian,  
Dh' eirich an Fhianm uile 's Fionn;  
Leum e cas Ruadh, ge bu mhòr,  
'S cha do bhean a bhòrd ga throidh.
- 11 Leum Mac Cuthail e gu grad,  
'Nuair stad gach fear san Fhèinn;  
Dh' iadh e lamh ma aon chos Ruic,  
Air eudainn enic talmhain fhuair.
- 12 Gach fear mar thigeadh do 'n Fhèinn,  
Bha lann ga tarruing as;  
Sìd mar chaidh Roc gu tigh Fhinn,  
An coinneamh a chiun 'sa chas.
- 13 Teachdaireachd fhuair Cormac mor, ? New.  
Gu na leona' Roc sa ghreis;  
Mhionnaich e bu diobhail duinn,  
Nach bitheadh Fiann gu an cheann thoirt leis.
- 14 Ghluais e Chosnidh o thulach ard,  
Gu Seallama a chuir fo thuinn;  
Bhuail e steach gu comhrag dian,  
Cu cian a charras ud duinn.
- 15 Sheall Fionn o chaislìdh nam buadh,  
Suas gu mullach mhìl deirg;  
Co iad na h-athaich a ghluais,  
Fhearras co 'n sluaigh air an leirg.
- 16 Ghluais Feargus arnach og,  
An rod a thainig am feachd;  
Co iad na fir chalma dian,  
A thriall do chrom ghleann an t-sneachd?
- 17 So Cormac rìgh 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 lear;  
Cuimhnic 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 nanh gu cuan,  
Tha Roc na siuain gu faoin.
- 20 Mar beo do Roc nan cleas luath,  
Gille bu chruaidhe an each threun;  
Diolaidh mi a leon gu cas'  
Ma bhithas an fluaich am reir (do'm).
- 21 Phìll Feargus bu mhòr blagh  
'Sa magh a criththeadh fo cheumaibh;  
Sìd e Cormac rìgh na Moile,  
Ag iarraidh fuil Ruic is beuman.
- 22 Crom ghleann 's flada bha slan,  
Is tamh aig eilid nan raon;  
Gun ghuth cogaidh gun luaidh air,  
Gun fhuaim baid a stuth o Mhaoid.

## 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 *Ulster* (Ulster), is changed into *Mhullin* (of the Mill) and later into *Mhull* (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 roimhad a dh' Albhuin suas,  
'S cuir geall luathas ris an Fhèinn.
- 2 Nì mise sin air a riar,  
Chormaic nan clar 's nan long;  
Ach 's eagal nach tig air m' ais,  
O laoch bhlas na mior glouun.
- 3 Roc bha eagal riamh nad' chail,  
On tharladh tu nam luin;  
Co chuma ruit an luathas,  
Dol suas ri eudainn tuim,
- 4 Luath mar cheathach na beinne,  
'S a ghaoth g' a ghruasadh le toirm;  
Leum Roc na lung leatbain,  
A reuba cuan atlach gur traigh.

- 23 Fhearna na geillibh do 'n athach,  
'Se labhair Fionn 's cath na gluraidh;  
Pillibh an rnaig snas Druimailh,  
Faiceadh Cormac call a bhuidh.
- 24 Chaidh na fir an dàil a cheile,  
Goll a' caithe na faiche;  
Oscar mo shar Mhac dealanach,  
Caolte eridhe na gaise.
- 25 Cathullin an aighe mhòir,  
Faolan og, agus Diarmaid maiseach;  
Toscar nan arm gaura  
Bha mì fein a' measg nan toiseach.
- 26 Co sheinneadh cath nan laoch,  
Co dh' fheuda' a luaidh an t-iar;  
Thuit le laimh Ghùil Iolun armach,  
Mac rìgh Chormac sìos air lar.
- 27 Thuit le Oscar Conchar nan lan,  
'S gann dh' fheudta fhearg a chasga;  
Dh' eirich Cormac dhìona a' sblòigh,  
Dh' eirich Fionn snas mar fhrasclarn.
- 28 Thachair na fir laimh air laimh,  
Chaidh 'n gathan nam bloighdibh a' s t-athar  
Tharraig iad an lannan crodha,  
Chluinnte fèad an armaid dhathe.
- 29 Dh' fhalbh clogaide Chormac chruinn,  
Lann bu duilich a chasgadh;  
Chromaic tha do bhias a' m' laimh,  
Ach 's aithne do Fhionn Mac na maise.
- 30 Chormac eirich 's leat t-armachd,  
Pill gu talla garbh na macharach;  
'S dochdair Alba ri chloaidh,  
'S lionar suidh tha dhi teachrach.
- 31 Roe thuit le lùbailh fein,  
An struth Dhuithe threun nan glas charn;  
Siol gun bhaigh eathar an naclair,  
Buaidh gu brath cha tig le taise (gaise).
- 32 Tha Fionn, deir Cormac nan ceud,  
Mar shruth do 'n fheur anam na tior;  
Mar reul san oidheche da na neoil,  
'San ceo a' camadh ma cheann gun chli.
- 33 Biodh ruim reidh, a fhlath nan ard bhacann,  
Tha nam h ag iarraidh mo bhagrudh;  
Eirin uile ged bu laimh,  
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: 'Roe' 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, 57 lines, written in Islay, see Vol. III. 'Popular Tales.' In June, the collector of these and other versions read aloud all other versions which we had got, in their order of date, while I noted each verse of Y. with corresponding letters and numbers. We read D. F. H. M. O. V. Y. Z. From these eight versions, written between 1750 and 1872, by as many collectors, in as many different parts of Scotland, Mr. Hector Mac Lean selected various lines and readings; and, having with great trouble collated the whole, he wrote the words in his modern Gaelic orthography. The result is, that 104 lines taken down from the repetition of one man in Barra, in 1860, have grown to 175 lines, chiefly by the addition of the verses marked F. from Fletcher's version. The story told in these verses is commonly told with many more incidents, but the verse is forgotten. We next read the whole over again for various readings, and added all that concerned

the story in foot-notes. By this process all dialects are lost, and the language is brought down to modern orthography. Nothing else is changed. The men named have swords assigned to them, but the same men and weapons do not always go together. They get eight swords and eight spears. Kennedy sings, H. 20.—

'B'aidhearach sinn an dara mhàireach  
Ann an Ceardach Lon Mac Liombean  
Gu bu Mhaith ar 'n oichd eiloidheamhan  
'S ar 'n o-ehid Slegchain rìghne fìor ghlaan.'

Four Heroes were first engaged in the adventure; a second band of four are mentioned, but seven other men are named in different versions. Eleven men and as many weapons are named. Three men and two swords are named, but not together.—

- |              |  |
|--------------|--|
| 1. Fionn had | 1. Mac an Liun.  |
| 2. Osein     | 2. Gearr nan Callan; or Gear nan Calg.   |
| 3. Osgar     | 3. A Chruaidh-Chosgarrach; an Eueh-driugh; an Drioghannach; an Druidhlannach;                              |
| 4. Daorghlas | 4. An Leandarnach Mhòr; a Chreidh'ich; a Chruaidh-Chosgarrach;   |
| 5. Diarmaid  | 5. An Lionharrach; an Loinheannach; 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 fèun ri gaisgeadh  
'S b'ainm do chloidheamhan nan, Saoithean  
Feadag is Faechadh, is Fosgadh.

Otherwise, 6. Fead; 7. Faoith; 8. Fasdul.—6. Whistler; 7. Sleep, or Rest from pain; 8. Shelter. 9. Goll; and 10. Faolan, one of Fionn's sons, have no swords. 9. A Bagaarach, and 10. Mac-na-Ceardich, or A Chomlan-Nich-na-Ceardach, have no masters. Sword is masculine, Blade is feminine, so the names vary in different versions. H. Dearg Mac Driughan 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. Cairéal, 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 chrùdha dh' aon blaidhinn;  
Mì fhèin a' s Osgar a' s Daorghlas  
A' s Fionn fèin, gam b' e Mac Cumhail.

D. 2.

- 2 Da cheathrar fhlaidh 's iad beul-dhearg,  
Da cheathrar bhial-dhearg 's iad altach;  
'Nam suidhe dhùinn air an tulach,  
'S ann lein 'bu clumha ar cuimhne.

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

- 3 Chunnac sinn a' teachd 'nar comhdhail,  
Olach mòr a' s e air an chois;  
An eulaidh dhuibh ghris-fhinn chraicinn,  
Le còtan laethunn 's le ruadh bhàr.

Y. *Le chochhal (mhachdal) dubh ciar-dhubh craicidh*  
Y. *Le cheannas-beuirt lachdunn 's i ruadh-nheirg.*  
Y. *Le i 'onnur lachdunn 's le ruadh bhèirt*  
(bheir) D.

D. 4, H.

- 4 Bha currachd nu cheann mail cùitidh, (chlogad)  
B' i' m'naid ghearr a bha ro-ghruamach;  
Aon sìor mholach an clàr aoidain,  
'S e 'sior dheamadh air Mac Cumhail.

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

- 5 'S ann an sin a thubhairt Mac Cumhail,  
'N am duinne 'bhith 'dol seachad;  
Co 'n ball an bhèid do thuinneadh,  
'Tille le 'd eulaidh chraicinn?

H. 4.

- 6 Nìor dheannaich an trùd do sheachdnar  
Fhinn Mhac Cumhail O Almhain;  
Dhuithe 's na comainean ceudna  
Fhuath ro-dhèisnich, cùitidh, chealgach.

K

O. 4.  
7 Lonn Mac Liomhuin gu b' e m' ainm,  
Ann tìr Lochlainn fhuair mi m' arach;  
Ba nearachd m', athair do 'n rugadh mise  
I 's mo dhithis bràit brean.

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

7A Lonn Mac Liomhuin, b' e m' ainm ceart e,  
Na 'm biodh agaibhs' orm beacadh sgeula;  
Bha mi treis ri uallach gobhann  
Aig rìgh Lochlainn anns an Spaoil.

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

8 Thàinig mi g' ur cur fo gheasaibh,  
O 's luchd sibh 'tha 'm freasdal armaibh;  
Sibh a bhith 'gam' ruith 'nurn ochdnar  
Siar gu dorus mo cheardaich.

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

9 Cia 'm ball am bheil do cheardaich,  
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 sìubhal  
Air Chòige Mhumba 'nan luath dhearg;  
'S air Ghleann an Buidhe mu bheithe  
Gun deach iad 'nan ceithir buidhuibh.

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

11 Bu bhuidheann dìubh sin an gobha,  
Bu bhuidheann eile dliubh Daorghlas;  
Bha Fionn 'nan deagbainn 'san uair sin  
A 's beagan de dh' uaislean na Fèinne.

D. M. O. Y. Z.

12 Thug e as mar ghaioth an earraich  
'Mach ri' beannaibh dubha 'n t-sòibhe;  
'S cha-n fhaicadh thu ach air éigin  
Cearb d' a éideadh thar a mhàsan.

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

13 Cha ghearradh an gobha ach aon leum  
Air gach gleannan faoin rion fhàsach;  
Air shlabh Buidhe mar bheithir,

D. F. M. Y. Z.

14 A' tearnadh air altan a' chumir,  
A' direadh ri bealach nam faobhar;  
Chunnaic iad uatha fòir fàire  
Ionad tàimh a ghoibhann éitidh.

D. M. Y. Z.

15 Fosgladh beag gun d' thug an gobhainn;  
Na druid romhain arsa Daorghlas;  
Na fàg mi 'n dorus do cheardaich  
An àite teann as mi 'm aonar.

H.

15A Chuir iad an lorg siar fàr 'n teallach,  
Is teannachair do chorrann corrainn;  
No ceathair uird a bha re freasdal,  
B' fharr no sud a threagrah Dorghlas.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

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

D. F. M. Y. Z.

17 Bha seachd lamhan air gach gobha;  
Seachd teannachairan leothair aotrom;  
'S na seachd uird a bha 'gan spreigeadh;  
'S cha bu mhacas 'threagadh Daorghlas.

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

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

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

19 Labhair fear de na goibhneibh  
Gu grìomach agus gu grumach;  
Co e 'm fear caol gun tioma  
'Shluacas an teinne crudhach?

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

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

D. F. M.

21 Fhuaras an sin airm 'n an sinedh,  
Na chaidhmean bòmhara daite;  
'S iad coimhionta air an deanadh,  
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, gasda.

22 Fhuair sinn an sin ari oehd chaidhmean  
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, daite;  
Tri chaidhmean eile 'nam fochair,  
Fead agus Faoilth agus Fasdal.

H.

23 Tri chaidhmean chluann na ceardaich  
Bu ro mhaith am feum ri gaisge;  
'S gum bì 'n bòmharrach lann Dhiarmaid,  
'S iomadh latha rianh 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 fuigheal de dh' fhoil dhaoine.

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

25 Agam fhéin bha gearr nan collann  
Bu mhòr fàrum an am traide

F. 22.

26 'N sin 'nuair 'labhair an gobhainn  
'N dèis an faghairt mar a dh' fhaod e;  
'Cha bhì iad uile gu m' réir-sa,  
Gun an faghairt an feoil dhaoine

F. 23.

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

F. 24.

28 Dh' imich Fionn dh' ionnsuidh an dorus,  
A 's e làn carrnich 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 foileachd;  
Fhreagair seana-bhean e 'bha caslaich;  
Gu glic, foisteach rian i fhoighneachd.

F. 26.

30 Cìod na nithean 'tha thu siredh;  
Na co as do theachd an taobh so?

F. 27.

31 Fhreagair Fionn an sin gu falaidh,  
Fios t' ainne b' àill leam fhaostaim?  
Cìod e do riaghailt air fuireach?  
Na do thuineachas an taobh so.

F. 28.

32 'Gur mise màthair a' ghobhann  
'Bu mhaith a thobhairt nam faobhar;  
'S bha mi ri còmhuidh 'san asdail  
Anns an bheil thu 'faicinn m' aodainn.

F. 29.

33 Tha do mhac ag iarraidh t' fhaicinn '  
Siar gu dorsaibh a' cheardaich

F. 30.

34 'Tha seachd bliadhna o nach fhaca  
Mì mo mhac na duine de m' chaircean;  
Ach ma tha e 'gam' shreadh an ceart uair  
Thòid mi g' a faicinn '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 foiseach,  
O 'n a bha dosgaidh an dàn dìth.

F. 32.  
36 Sparr an gobha na h-airm dhaite  
Mach ceart tromh choep a mláthar;  
'S sin thuir e ri Fionn—'A dhroch dhúine  
Thug orm dol am fúl 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 thaircinn  
Cíod an car a bh' ann nach b' áill leis ;  
I' n-athreach le Fionn a thoirte seuchad,  
'S dh' iarr e 'n lann air ais gun dáil air.

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

F. 36, H. Y. Z.  
40 Gun do ghlabh sinn an sin mu shúbhail  
'Ghabhail sgeula de righ Lochlainn ;  
Gun do labhair an righ uasal  
Le neart suarraitheas mar bu chubhaidh.

F. M. Y. Z.  
41 'Cha d' thugamaid air blunn cagal  
Sgeula do sheiscar dh' ur buidhinn ;  
Gun do thog sinn na skeghan ;  
'S gum b' ann ri aghaidh nam bratach.

F. M. Y. Z.  
42 Bha iadsan ann 'nan sacadh 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 diubh sin m'is agus Caoilte,  
Bu triúr diubh sin Faolán fial ;  
Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoiseach ;  
'S bu chaigearn dhiubh 'n t-Oscar caha.

F. H. M. Y. Z.  
44 Bu sheiscar dhiubh Goll Mac Morna,  
Nach d' fhulaing tair ri m' eumhne ;  
Ach sguiridh mí nis d' an áireamh,  
O-n chaidh an Fhéinn gu sod oirnn.

D. 22.  
45 Ó nach mairrion d'each Mhac Cúmhail,  
Cas shiubhail nam nór-cheum doireach ;  
'Bhith air lán an duirn de 'n aran  
A' tarruing nan gallanan uisge.

D. F. M. Y. Z.  
46 Bu mhaith mí latha na teann-ruith  
Ann an ceardach Loín Mhic Liomhann ;  
A nochd ged as annham mo threoir  
Déis an sgeoil so 'bhith ga innseadh.

Various Readings.

D. 3. Lines 2, 3.  
2 Le Mhantal duibh ciar dhath Craicinn  
3 Le Ionnar Lachdín 's le ruadh-bheirc

D. 4.  
1 Le Chlogaid mu Chean maol Eitidh.  
4 Togadar air Nairn ri fhaiscinn  
o. 1. Lines 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Chunneas tighinn o 'n Mhuna  
Fear fada dubh 's e air aon chois  
Le mhantal ciar dubh ericinn  
'S apran de 'n eudach chianta.

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

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

D. 5. Lines 3, 4.  
Co 'n Tir ann aon bi do Bhannadh,  
Na Fhír ud a Chuthail Chraicinn ?  
H. 5. Lines 3, 4.  
Co an tir ann bheil do mhuthinn,  
Fhír ud tha fuí 'n chuthail gruamach ?

D. 6. Lines 3, 4.  
Gur mishe an Tolla Gotha  
A bhaig Rígh Lochlan San Bheirbhe  
H. 6. Lines 3, 4.  
Gu bheil am umhail Gomha  
Aig Rígh Lochlan anns a' Mheirathair.

D. 18.  
4 Fead a 's Faodh agus Fagadh

D. 19.  
1 A bhgarach 's Mae Ceardich  
2 Bha Chosgarach mhór aig Diarmaid.

D. 20.  
1 Mac an Loín b'i Lann Mhic Cuthail  
3 Aig Oscar bhithidh an Euechrigh  
4 'S gum bi Chreidich lann chruaidh Chaoilte

D. 21.  
1 Agam fein bha Gearr nan Calluín.  
H. 20.  
1 Be Mae an Loín lann Mhic Cuthail  
3 Gu b' e 'n Drioghleamach lann Oscar  
'S bi Chruaidh chosgarrach lann Chaoilte

H. 21.  
1 Gu b' i 'n Laineamach lann Dhiarmaid  
3 A-gam fein bha gearr nan calluín.  
H. 22.  
1 Bha trí chloidheandhan chlann na ceardach  
4 Feadag is Faochadh, is Fagadh.

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

F. 21.  
1 A-gam san bha gearr nan calg  
3 Machd an Lain a bhaig nach Cuthail.

H. HOW THEY GOT VICTORIOUS ARMS

FROM A SMITH WHO WAS INCANTED BY THE KING OF DENMARK.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 27. 92 lines. *Advocates' Library*, Nov. 30, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. NOTE.—Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy as preserved in old Irish writings.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day walking on the face of a hill, named Luachair-leodhaid (that is, on the side of a mountain all covered with rushes; all things was named poetically by them) and seven persons along with him, viz.: Ossian, Oscar, Diarmaid, Dorghlas, &c. They saw one person coming to them on ne leg and curiously clothed. They knew that it was for some mischief he was coming to them, for kings at that time had incanted persons for their diversion and use, he incanted them to follow him to the door of his snidy in hopes that he would overwhelm them to death; they followed him with all haste thro' mountains, vallies, and all rough and desert places, there was none of them near him, but Dorghlas who was called Caoilte since that day; he keeps him always in sight, and overtook him at his snidy; the rest came then one by one, they would not return home without reward for their trouble, they got their eight swords and eight spears that would get victory over any bratal force.

M. 5. CEARDACH MHIU' 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 Leolhar  
Do chearrar chlogha do 'n bhughinn  
Mí fein, 's Oscar 's Dorghlas  
Bha Fionn fein ann, is b'e Mac-Cumhail.

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

- 2 Chunneas tighinn o' n mhagh  
An toglach mor is e air aon chois  
Le chochal dubh, ciar-dubh craicion,  
Le cheann-bheirt luchdainn is i ruadh-mbeirg.
- 3 Bu ghranda coslas an òglaich,  
Bu ghranda sin agus bu bratainidh,  
Le chlogaid ceann-mhor cèutach,  
Mar mhaol eidi' dh'fhàs duaicail.
- 4 Labhair ris Fionn Mac-Cumhail,  
Mar dhuine bhiodh dol seachad;  
'Cia i an tir am bheil do thuinì'  
Ghluilla le do chulai' chraicion.
- 5 Lam Mac-Liobhain, 's e m' ainm ceart,  
Na 'm biodh agabhshe beachd sgeul orm,  
'S gu 'm bitinn re obair Gobhainn  
Aig Rì Lochlainnann an Spaoil'.
- 6 Thainig mi gur cuir so gheasaidh  
O 's luchd sibh tha freasdal armaibh,  
Sibh gu mo leantainn 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 na dh' fhaodas mise, cha 'n fhaicsibh.
- 8 Sin n'ar chtaidh iad nan sibhail,  
Mar chluige nughla na luimedheirg  
Air shiabh buidhe mar bheithir  
Gu 'n robh sinn' nar ceathrar buighnibh.
- 9 Bu bhuighinn dhiubh sin an Gobhainn  
'S bu bhuighinn eile dhiubh Daorghlas,  
Bha Fionn 'nar deidh sin uair sin  
Is beagan do dh'uaishibh na Fèine.
- 10 Cha deannadh an Gobhainn ach aon-cheum,  
Thair gach gleannan faoin 'n robh fàsach  
Cha ruicadh oirne ach air eigin,  
Cearb d'ar n' aodach shuas ar masaidh.
- 11 Tearna gu urkar a chuire  
Dire re bealach na saothair;  
Fosa beag ort, ars' an Gobhainn,  
Druidse romham arsa Daorghlas.
- 12 'S na fàg mi 'n dorsaibh do Cheardaich  
Ann aite tean is mi 'm anar.
- 13 Fhuaras ann sin builg g'an seide  
Fhuaras air eigin ceardach  
Fhuaras ceathrar Goibhinn re meirbhidh  
Do dhaoine daibhe mi dhealbhadh.
- 14 Gu 'n do labhair fear do na Goibhinnibh  
Gu grimeach agus ga gruamach  
Co e am fear caol gun timeadh,  
A shineadh mach tinne Cruadhadh.
- 15 Dubhairt Fionn fear fuasgla' na ceiste,  
(An lamh nach tagannh 'san fhiadhach)  
Cha bhi 'n t ainm sin sgoilte,  
Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so.
- 16 Bha seachd lamhan air a Ghoibhin  
Agus seachd teachair leobhar aotrom,  
Na seachd ùird a bha ga spreige,  
'S cha bu meas a fhreagra Caoilte.
- 17 Caoilte fear fhaire na Ceardaich,  
Sgeul deirbhte gu 'n troid e  
Gu 'n bu deirge na 'n gual daraich  
A sùnnadh, a toradh na h-òibre.
- 18 Fhuaras ann sin na 'n sùne,  
Do arnaibh dìreach daite  
'S an colliana air an deamaibh  
Do dh'arnaibh sùnte na fàiche.
- 19 Fead, agus Faoi' agus Fasdal,  
Is a Chonnallan nic na Ceardaich,  
'S an lann fhad' a bh' aig Diarmad  
'S ioma' la riamh a dhearbh i.
- 20 Agum fein a bha Deire na 'n colag,  
Bu iohor farum a truide  
'S Mac-an-Liim a bh' aig Mac-Cumhail,  
Nach d' thag fuigheal do fheoil dhaoine.

- 21 Gu 'n do ghabh sinne ma shiubhal,  
Ghabhail sgeula do Rì Lochlan;  
Sin n'ar labhair an Rì uasal,  
Le neart saire nar bu chuma.
- 22 Cha tugamaid air blur eagal  
Sgeul do sheisir do'r buighinn  
Gu na thog sinn na sleaghan  
'S gu 'm b'ann re agbaidh na 'm brataich.
- 23 Bha iadsan ann na 'n seachd cathan,  
Cha do smuinidh fath re teiche  
Ach air lar na foide fineadh,  
Cha robh sinne ann ach seisir.
- 24 Bu dithis dinnh sin mis; agus Caoilte  
'S bu tréuir dhiubh Faolan feall,  
Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoisach,  
'S bu cheuigear dhiubh an t-Oscar calma.
- 25 B' e sheisir Goll Mac-Mórna,  
Nach d' fluingh tair re m' àchùine  
Togaibh mi toile dheth 'n dhèine,  
O chuidh 'n Fheinn gu sodra'.
- 26 Bu mbath mi la na teann-ruidh  
Ann am Ceardaich Lonaich Liubhain.  
An nochd 's anmham mo chail  
An dèis a bhi 'g riveamh 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 orse 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 Dunceld 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.

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

- 1 La do 'n Fhein air Tullich toir,  
Re abhrac Erin uan Tionelil;  
Chunnaic iad air Bharribh Thonn,  
An Tarrachd eitidh aotail crou,
- 2 She b' ainm do 'n D'fhual nach ro fann,  
Am Muilleartich maol rnaigh mathionn  
muntich  
Bha Haodin du-ghlas air Dhreich guail,  
Bha Deud carbadich clainn-ruaigh.
- 3 Bha aoin shuil gholegich na ceann,  
'S bu luagh i na rinnich Maoirinn;  
Bha greann ghlas duth air a ceann,  
Mar dhroch Coill chruicich fo air Chritheann.
- 4 Rì abharc nan Fian bu bhor Goll,  
T shauntich a bhàst teachd bhi nan Innis;  
Mhairbh i le Habhichd Cìad Laoich,  
Sa Gaira mor na garibh Chraoich.
- 5 Cait a bheil Fir as fear na shud,  
An Dingh ad Fhein a Mhich Cubhail;  
Chuirinne shud air do Laibh,  
A Mhuileartich Mhathion mhaoil chanmapach.
- 6 Air sea Luchd chumail nan Conn,  
Na bi oirne gad mhaoidhich;  
Gheibh u Cubhail as garibh shith,  
Huirt Mac Cubhail an tard Rìogh.
- 7 Gad' gheibhine Brìgh Erin mille,  
A Uor 'sa Huirgich sa Huanbhid;  
Beurr leom u Chosgairt mo T-shleigh,  
Oscar a Raoine, sa Chaurrail.



- 8 An T-shleigh shin ris a bheil n fas,  
San aice ha do dhian-bhas ;  
Cailhild tu Dos a Chinn chrain,  
Re deo Mhae Ossain a dhearraigh.
- 9 Busa dhuit ord cnothaid nan clach,  
A chaigna fod 't Fhianach  
Na cobhrig nan Fian faillich.
- 10 'N shin nar dherich Fraoch na Beist,  
Dherich Fionn Flath na Feinigh ;  
Dherich Oscar Flath nan Fearr,  
Dherich Oscar agus Iallin.
- 11 Dherich Ciar-dhuth Mae bramh,  
Dherich Goll moor agus Connan ;  
Dherich na Laoich nach ba tiom,  
Laoich Mhic Cubhail nan arm grinn.
- 12 Agus rein iad Cro-coig-eath,  
Mun Arrichd eitidh san Ghleann ;  
A chearthir Laoich a b' Thearr san Fhein,  
Chobhrigidh i iad gu leir,  
Agus flurthilidh I iad na sheach,  
Mar Ghabh Rinne na Lasrieh.
- 13 Hachir Mae Cubhail an aigh,  
Agus a Bhiast Laibh air Laibh ;  
Bha Druchd air Barribh a Latime,  
Bha hahb a Cholla ri Gain buaidh.
- 14 Bha Braoin ga Fhuil air na Fraochilbh,  
Thuit am Muileartich leis an Righ ;  
Ach ma thuit cha b' ann gun strith,  
Deichin cha duair e mar shin.
- 15 O La Ceardich Loin Mhic Liobhain,  
Ghluais an Gothidh leis a Bhrigh ;  
Gu Teich Othar an ard Riogh,  
'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,  
Fou T sluaigh aluin Fhalt-bhuai-iompaidh.
- 18 Bheir mise Briathar a rist,  
Ma bharbhigh am Muileartich miu ;  
Nach fhag mise aoin na Ghleann,  
Tom, Iunis na Eillain.
- 19 Bheir mi breapadih air mair,  
Agus cnagadich air Tir ;  
Agus ni mi croran Coill (crocoian)  
Ga tarraing hugamasa Taithichean (Treibh-  
ichean).
- 20 S mor an Luchd do Loingean ban,  
Erin uille do Thog bhail  
'S nach dechidh do Loingean riabh air sail,  
Na thoga Coigibh do dh' Erin.
- 21 Mile agus Caogid Long,  
Sin Cailhlich an Righ gu trom  
A dol gu Crichibh Erin  
Air hi na Feinigh nan taragh (fanagh).

## F. 9. CHAILLEACH 'THAINIG GU TULAICH FHOIRR.

Fletcher's Collection, page 75. 36 lines. Advocates' Library. January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE. March 21, 1872. Wars of the Gael with the Gaill. Todd, 1867. xcv Introduction; page 41. Text. Examples of female adventurers taking command of a fleet are not uncommon in Scandinavian history. The ships of the russet damsel, 'Inglon Ruaidh,' and the ships of 'Odsiml' 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 thiomchìoll, chunnaicadar a' teuchd ar barr nan tonn, Cailleach eidigh, leothar, chrom, aig teuchd a dhubhairt comhraig orra.

- 1 AIR bhith do Fhionn air tulaich Fhoirr,  
'G amharc Eirinn nu' t tiomchìoll,  
Air faicinn dha teuchd air bharr na thonn,  
Earrachd eidigh, theall, chrom.
- 2 Bu mhòr a h-ionnnd 's a fàs,  
Bu luath eud siubhal ri h-aois.  
Bha cuarsin iarruinn nu' d' mhàs,  
Bha fianch siar seach a craos ;
- 3 Bha chaidhe meirgeach air a erios,  
Ri am feirge bu gharbh greis,  
Bha da shleagh iarruinn air an taobh eile  
Do 'n flua' chul-liath Chailliche.
- 4 Bha car ga ionain nu' choal a duirn,  
Bha car ga caothair nu' choal-druim ;  
Bha h-aodan du-ghlas air dlreach gual,  
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 chrionach air crith,
- 6 Air faicinn dhi an Fhian nu' dheas,  
Chuca ghlabh a bhiast nan innis.  
'N sin thubhairt a Chailleach raitha,
- 7 Thainig mis' dhuabairt còmhraig ;  
Air Fionn mac Cuthail 's air Goull, mac-Moim,  
Is air mac Luthaich bu gharg gair  
Air Caoirreal agus air Baoisge.
- 8 Thainig a Chailleach oirnn n' ar n' àireamh,  
Is rinn i oirnn cion gun chomain,  
Mharbha leatha ceud loch,  
'S bha gaire na garbh chraos.

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

- 1 LATHA d' an Fheinn air tulaich shoir  
Ag amharc Eirinn nu' t tiomchìoll  
Chunnaic iad ag teuchd air fonn  
An t-arracht citidh creathoil crom.
- 2 'S e b' ainm d' an fhuath nach robh tiom  
Am Muireartach maol ruadh Muingeann  
Bha eadon du-ghlas air dlreach gual  
Bha deud a charbuid claon ruadh.
- 3 Bha aon suil ghlogach na cheann  
'S bu luath e na rionnach maodhair  
Bha greann ghlas-dubh air a cheann  
Mar choille chrionnich fo chrith-reo.
- 4 Re faic'inn na Feinne bu mhòr goil  
Shantuich a bheist a bhith nan innis
- 5 An tosaich m'icradh agus àir  
Rinneadh leis gean gun chomain,  
Mharbh e le abhachd ceud loch  
'S a ghaire na gharbh chraos.
- 6 O loch nan Cnach thainig mi  
Gu teith diomasach deadh dhian,  
Geill as gach aon fhear sa chath  
Gur e dh' iar am fuath gu couchrag.
- 7 Fear is fear na chomhrag cheud  
Chuireadh an righ dh' fhios na beist,  
'S mar ruitheadh a mhuir-chlach nuigh  
Mharbhadh am Muireartach Muingeann.
- 8 C'ait am bheil fir a 's fear na suil ;  
'S e labhair am Muireartach Muingeann,  
San tir san taing mi chugaibh,  
Mhic Cnuaidh, gu grain nan oilein.
- 9 Chuirinn-se sud air do laimh  
A Mhuileartich Mhuingeann chlaoin chaim,  
Air seath luehd chumail nan còin  
Na bith oirne gu d' mhaoidheadh.

- 10 Gheibh thu cumhadh 's gabh sith,  
Thuir Mac Cumhaill an t-ard righ,  
Deich ceud ubhall d' an or gblan  
'S tog dh'inn a chulannichan coin.
- 11 Ge d' gheabhinn-se brigh Eirinn uile  
A h or a h airgid 's ab iomhas  
B' fhearr leam fo chosgairt mò shleagh  
Oscar, is Raoinn, is Cairioll.
- 12 Labhair laoch nach d' fhuiligh tair  
Mac Morna d'am b' ainm Conan,  
Caillidh tu dos a chinn chrin  
Re deaghl Mhac Oissain d' fhoir righ.
- 13 B' asadh dhuit ord crothadh nan cloch  
A chagnadh fo d' d'heudalach  
Na comhrag nam Fiann fuileach  
Air nach do bhualadh naon duine.
- 14 Dh'eir'ich Fionn flath na Feinne,  
Nnair 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 Brabb  
Dh'eir'ich Art Mac Morna nam Mionn.  
Dh'eir'ich diais a b' aluin dreach  
Cuchulainn is Faolan neo mbeas.
- 17 Dh'eir'ich na laoiach nach bu tiom  
Laoich Mhic Cumhaill nan arm grunn  
Rinn iad ero chum a chatha mhoir  
Mu 'n arracht air faiche nan seleo.
- 18 A cheathrar laoch a b' fhearr san fheinn  
Chombrugeadhi e iad gu leir  
Is fhrithéaladh o iad mu'd seach  
Mar ghlath raimne 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 gan stri  
Deuchainn cha d' fhuair e mar sin  
O la ceartaich Lóin Mhic Libhainn.
- 21 Dh'fhalbh an Gobhain leis a bhrigh  
Gu teach athar an aird righ;  
Rinneadh beud, deir Gobhain nan cuan,  
Mharbhadh am Muireartach ruadh.
- 22 A righ Beatha dhuit is nair  
Ar saruchadh le luchd naon oiléin.
- 23 Mur do loisg teine, mur do bhath tomn,  
Mur do shluig muir leathann lom,  
Cha robh do dhainibh air domhain  
Na Mharbhadh am Muileartach Muingean.
- 24 Cha b'e mharbh e ach an Fhian  
Buidheann leis nach gabhtadh 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  
Tomn, innis, no oiléin;
- 26 Nach tog mi an corraibh mo long  
Eirinn choranta cho-throm
- 27 Cairnam breabannuich air nuir  
Ga toghbail as a tonn-bhalla,  
Crocaín chroma re tír  
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 fathuibh Fail  
Am Muireartach fhaotain da slán  
No tarra brigh Eirinn uile  
Eadar nluac righ is aon duine.

- 30 Gabh mo chomhairle, 's in choir  
Labhair Mac Cumhaill mbic Treim-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 dhúinn air tulaich *Soire* (Soiruidh),  
Ag amháire Eirín uile mar tionsachóil;  
Chunneas tighinn air bharráibh thonn,  
Are aild agus lall chrom.
- 2 Is e b' ainm do 'n namhanach ghlán,  
Am Muireartach Maol ruagh Mhaighe (mhara)  
Bha a heulainn du' ghlas air dreach guail,  
'S a deud charlad garbh ruagh.
- 3 Aon slúil ghlogach na ceann,  
Na bu luaidhe na sionnachá maighe (rannach)  
(mara)  
Agus greann liath-glas troimh a ceann;  
Mar choille chrionaich fo chrith-reoth (do chrithiom).
- 4 Air faeisinn nam Fiann fo geasamh (ma coinneamh),  
Tigeadh a bheisd do 'n Innis;  
'Se steud míle gan tionndadh,
- 5 Mharbh i le gan gun choman,  
Deich ceud laoch,  
Agus a gaire na garbh chraos,
- 6 Co iad na laoiach a b' fhearr na sud,  
O 'n tí o 'n d' thainig mí;  
A thug sibhe air saile,  
Air sgath Chonallaich nan con (Chonallaich),
- 7 Oirne na bitheadb gach maoithe (Mhaoidhe),
- 8 Banna air barráibh mo shleagh,  
Oscar is Raoinn is Caoirall.
- 9 Deir an laoch nach d' fhuilang tair,  
Mac Morna do 'm b' ainm Conan.  
Fagaídh tu dos a chinn chruine,  
Re Mac Oisein iarraidh;
- 10 Triath as gach naonar 'sa' mbagh,  
Gur e dh' iarr a bheisd gu comhrag;  
Comhrag de luehd comhrag ceud,  
Chuir sinue a dh' ionsuidh na beisd.
- 11 Bha bheisd gam frith lannadh seachd,  
Mar *fhíodh chomua* air lassadh (*Iolum*).
- 12 Gan tharla Mac Cuthail an aigh,  
Agus a' bheisd laimh air laimh;  
Eairham cha 'n thacas air sír,  
O Cheardach Lóin Mhic Liomhuin.
- 13 Cha ba dona loghuir an aigh,  
Rinn cobhair air an laoch ann ruadh;  
Oisean le 'n deargar na gíl,  
Oscar arna ruadh agus Iolum.
- 14 Ach thuit a bheisd leis an righ,  
Ma thuit cha b' ann gan chis (stri);  
Gan deach an Gabhainn leis a bhrigh,  
Gu teach Gobha an ard righ
- 15 A dh' innseadh gu 'n do mharbhadh a Mhuireartach (mhán).
- 16 Mar do shluig talamh toll,  
No Muir leathau lom;  
Cha robh air an talamh sa a shluagh,  
Na mharbha a' Mhuireartach ruadh.
- 17 Cha ní rinn e ach am Fiann (an Fheinn),  
An dream leis an cuirte gach geill;  
'S ann duitse ta a nairc a righ,  
Do chis chatha bhí aig luchd *oiléan* (*elan*).

- 18 Ma mharbhadh a Mhuireartach mhain,  
Bheir mise briathar dhi;  
Nach fag mi ann an Eirinn clach,  
Aid, no amhainn no fireach,
- 19 Gun an toghail air bharrabh mo long,  
An corpa cothromach co trom,
- 20 Gun tugaim breacamaich air Muir,  
Gun togail as an tighibh;
- 21 Corr is nao mile long,  
Thug rìgh Lochlain leis;  
Chum fòid na h-Eirinn a ghabhail,
- 22 Dh' ionnsuidh bas na h-Eirinn uile  
Eadar rìgh agus ro dhaine.
- 23 Teachdaireachd gu Flath Fàil,  
Chuir Fionn flath an t-sluaigh;  
Gabh cumha is dean coir,
- 24 Is gheibh thu deich ceud bratach chaol datha,  
Deich ceud caitainn chaol claththa,  
Deich ceud lan cha thar clomhaibh.  
Deich ceud con fall lan trom,
- 25 Deich ceud cu coilair *(vile)*.  
Bheireadh Fionn flath na Feinne,  
Gabh cumha is dean coir;  
Agus gheibh thu deich unga de 'n òr dhearg.
- 26 Ged fhaighheadh e gach seud bhuaigha,  
A bh' ann Eirinn uile;  
Cha phill se a long,  
Gus am bi Eirinn aig air aon *ruigha* (*rottha*).
- 27 Fearas fìidh tìoscar rìgh,  
Fear a labhraidh gu iular mìn,  
Labhair e gu òr ghlic, sar ghlic,  
Ris an rìgh bu òr-dhrathail;
- 28 Ge b' e beag leat tha 'n Fhèinn ann,  
Bheir thu do theann leum air ais,  
Do d' luìng ghlaist,  
Air no fuilgeadh tu a-tainhleas,  
An laimh do fhrasach is d' fheirge.
- 29 Ille 's brengach do bheul,  
Trian na bheil an so do shluaigh,  
Cha robh aghaidhe riann an Eirinn;  
Dhainne bu mhaing dol nan dail,  
Agus dhoibhse bu mhaing teicid thugaimn.
- 30 Ba iomadh muinnig gu maoladh,  
Agus corp g' an trom aomadh;  
O thus greim gu comh fhasgar,  
O laimh treuna an Oseair (*lauba*).
- 31 Bha laimh an Oseair an tìugh an t-sluaigh,  
Agus leigeadh leis cuig ceud fear sleugh gach uair.  
Ach gu 'n thuit air dhith 'n t-sluaigh,  
Aon rìgh air meud ionnhas.
- 32 An sin do chuir sinn an ruaig  
Mar eilbhidh chatha ri 'n suiltibh bhla sinn;  
Nar cleath chatha g' an ioman,  
Air pilltinn duinn air ais,  
Air leinn gu 'm bu cruaidh an coltas;  
Rinn corran nan sragh,  
Na tolta troi chom an Oseair.  
Neo-ionlan.

From John Stewart, tenant, Bohaly, aged 86. November 1, 1808.

& MUILEARTACH. 30 lines.

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

- 1 La do 'n Fhìann air tullach Oirm,  
G' amhàire Eirinn ma 'n timbheoil;  
Chuala iad gaoraich air mhuir lom,  
Chummacas mar mhac air bharr thonn.
- 2 'S b' àimh dha an Fhathach nach gann,  
Am Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;  
Bha h-sodan air dhreach a ghnaidh,  
Dend Charbad cho ruadh.

- 3 An aon suil gbollach bhla na ceann,  
Bu luathie i na rìomach moime;  
'S an fàit biadh bh' air a ceann,  
Mar choille-chrìon-chrìbhean.
- 4 Ach mar do shluig talamh toll i,  
No mar do bhàth muir sleabhain lom i;  
Cha d' thainig chum an t-soghaid a rianh,  
Lìon a mharbhadh a Muileartach.
- 5 Thuit arsa Gobha nan cuan,  
Mur cil ann Muileartach maol ruadh moireann  
Clach cha 'n fhaig mi dh' Eirinn nd thall,  
Ann alt no 'm fireach no 'n amhain.
- 6 Togaidh mi an coire mo luinge Eirinn,  
Chomhanta-cho-throm;  
'S chluimtear bragadaidh muir,  
Ga tarraing as a tathàn.
- 7 'S mor an cualach de luingeas bàin,  
A thogadh an cuigeadh de dh' Eirinn;  
Cuig fichead 'us mìle long
- 8 A thog an rìgh 's gur achedh-throm,  
Gu cis Eirinn a chur fo smal,  
'S rìgh na Feinne na *fenadh*.

MANUS, &c. D. G. H. I. M. O. &

THE demand for Fionn's Wife, and for his magic cups, and for his arms, and mythical homms, led to the slaying of the mythical people above-mentioned:—The Musician, and the Witch, and Roe, and the seven-armed Smith his brother, and the Smith's mother; and the King's foster-mother, the 'Muirartach.' The Smith of Ocean, whoever he may have been, tells 'Manus,' and the King himself in person leads a great fleet to avenge his 'Muine' and conquer Ireland, and the Celtic Heroes. Ballads about 'Manus' were universally quoted as 'the originals' of 'Fingal' from 1762 till Mac Pherson's 'originals' appeared in 1807. Collectors in all parts of Scotland wrote versions of the Lay of Manus; and many of these still exist, as they were gathered by the Highland Society, about 1800. All versions known tell the same story, which is not Mac Pherson's.

'The Battle of Ventry,' A. 19, proves that ballads about battles fought on the coast of Ireland, between foreign invaders and Celtic Heroes, were current in Lismore in 1512. In 1739, Pope got C. 4. 'The Battle of Gabhra,' in Sutherland, which belongs to the series. About 1755, Mac Nicol, minister of Lismore, got D. 11, 12, 13, 14. About the same time, Fletcher, in Achalladar, got F. 12, and other bits of the story in Argyll. About 1762, Mac Diarmuid wrote G. 2, in the Central Highlands. About 1774, Kennedy got H. 12, 15, and I. 4, 6, &c., about the coasts of Argyllshire. In 1780, Hill got J. 3, at Dalnally, from a blacksmith, and printed what he got. Before 1784, Mac Arthur got K. 1, 2, 3, in Mull; and Dr. Young, an Irishman, got in Scotland, L. 5, &c., which he printed. In 1786, Gillies, of Perth, printed M. 7, 8. In 1789, Miss Brooke printed N. 3, which is an Irish version of the ballad of 'Manus.' About 1801, Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, wrote O. 9, 14. In 1805, the Highland Society quoted the ballad in their report, R. About the same time they got a transcript which is marked '16, Poems of Ossian, collected by Jo 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, Mac Callum printed V. 8, 9. In 1862, I printed part of the story. Y. 2., orally collected in Uist, and Y. 11, part of the sequel. I then had in MS. Z. 18, 22, 23, 26, 40, 63, 71. Seven fragments of the poetry. I have lots of scraps besides.

In 1871, the Policeman at Tiree sang me the Lay of 'Manus.' John Cameron, at Castleby, 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  
Omair agus luaidh  
Bheir mi a' r fear theis sios  
Le sgeul a mmas o 'n t-sluaigh.'

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 Muirvartach. 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 Advocate's 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. 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  
FLEANS 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 Kemochrainneach. 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 chlanas na Sa'hm,  
Air lom féin gur borb do Chial,  
Nach cist hu Tamuil re sgeoil  
Air an Fhein nach fhachd hu riamh.

### G. 2.—CLEIRICH.

- 2 Air mo Chruhdasa Mhic Fhoín  
Ga bean leat bhí teachd air Theín,  
Fuaim na 'n Sailm ar fadh mo Bheoil  
Gur he siud bu cheoil damb Fein.

### G. 3.—OSSHAIN.

- 3 Na bi tu Coimheadadh do Shalm  
Re Fianachd Erin nan Arm nochd,  
A Chlerich, gur lán cleo lium  
Nach sgaraid tu Chean re Chorp.

### G. 4.—CLEIRICH.

- 4 Sin fíod Chonricidh, a Fhir mhóir  
Laoidh do bheoil gur linn lenn feín,  
(G.) *Toghbar leat* Fágmaid suas Altair Theín.  
*Sullán ann.* Bu bhinn liom bhí teachd air Theín.

### G. 5.—OSSHAIN.

- 5 Na mbidhin thu, Chlerich chaoimh,  
Air an tráidh ha siar fa dheas,  
Aig Eass libhrídh nan' Shruith sheamh  
Air an Fhein bu mbór do Mheas.

### G. 6.

- 6 Beannchlaí air Anam an Laoich  
Bu ghairbhre Fraoch ans gach Greish,  
(G.) *Ard rígh* Fean mac Cúmhaíl, Cean nan Sloigh  
*Lughán* O san air a lóimte 'n Teass

### G. 7.

- 7 La dhuinne fáglaich na 'n Dearg,  
'S nach derich an Tealg nar Car,  
(G.) *Tionairt 'nan* Gu facas deich Míle Báre  
*raibh an o'ir.* Air an Tráidh a teachd air Lear.

### 8.

- 8 Sheasabh sinn uil air an Leoir,  
Thionnail an Fhein as gach Taoibh;  
Seachd catha-urcharie gu prop.  
Gur e dhiaidh mu mbachd Nin Taoig.

### 9.

- 9 Thanic an Cabhlach gu Tir  
Greadhin nach bu bhlin hair leinn  
Bu lomhor ann Pabul Sroil  
Ga thoighbhal leos an Cean.

### 10.

- 10 Hogiád an Coishri on Choill  
'S chuir iad orra an Airm ghaoidh  
'S an air Gualin gach Fhir mhóir  
Is thog iad orra on Traibh.

### G. 8.

- 11 Labhair Mac Cúmhaíl ri Fhein;  
An fíidir shíbh fein co na sloigh,  
Nan nd físrúigh sibh e gun clebth,  
Bheir an Deannal cruaidh san Straclh.

### G. 9.

- 12 Sin nuair thuir Connán a ris;  
Co bail leat, a Rígh, bhí ann?  
Co shaoladh tu Fhinn nan Cath  
Bhíodh ann ach fíath na rígh?

### G. 10.

- 13 Co gheomaid an air Fhéin,  
Rechidh a ghabhail sgeol don sluadh,  
'S a bheiridh hughain e gun clebth,  
'S gu beireadh e breith is buaidh?

### G. 11.

- 14 Sin nuair huir Consu a ris:  
Co bail leat, a rígh, dhul ann;  
Ach Fearghus fíor ghlic do Mhachd,  
O she chleachd bhí dul nan Ceann?

### G. 12.

- 15 Beir a Mhallacláid, a Chonain mhóil,  
Huirt an Fearghus bu chaoin Cruth,  
Racharsa ghabhail an Sgeil  
Don Fhein 's cho hann air do Ghuth.

### G. 13.

- 16 Gluais an Fearghus armail og  
Air an rod an Coimneadh nan 'm fhear  
'S dh físrúigh e le Comhradh foil;  
Co na Sloigh so hig air Lear?

- c. 14.
- 17 Manus fuileach, feasiach, fial,  
*(G.) A Mhean*  
*Crach.* Mac Rìogh Beatha nan Sgìr dearg,  
 Ard Rìogh Lochlan, Ceann nan Clìar,  
 Giolla bu mhòr Fìalbh na Fearg.
- 18 Cìod a ghluas a Bhuin bhorb,  
 O Rìoghaich Lochlan nan Colg seann  
 Mar ban a mbeulaich air Thìan  
 A bang air Triath thair Lear ?
- c. 15.—*Various.*  
*Cir ass a ghabhadar a bhuilhis bhoob.*  
*Gas rìch Rìgh Lochlan na 'n Colg-seann.*  
*A dhèiridh coannan na 'n Fìan*  
*Ma chian ris an Triath fa nòr ?*
- c. 16.
- 19 Air do lùmhse, Fheargheas fhoile,  
 As an Fhèin ga mòr do Shuim :  
 Cha ghabh sinn Cumla gun Bhran  
 Agus a bhean a boirt o Fhean
- c. 17
- 20 Bheiridh an Fhèin Comhrag cruaidh  
 Do d' shlaoidh ma 'm fuighe tu Bran  
 Is bheiridh Fean Comhrag tréim  
 Dhuit fein, na 'm fuighe thu Bhean.
- c. 18.
- 21 Hanig Fearghus mo Bhràir fein  
 'S bu chosluil ri Grein a Clurth  
 'S bhisidh e Sgeile go fòil  
 Ga b' osgaradh mor a Ghuth.
- c. 19.
- 22 Mac Rìogh Lochlan sud faoi 'n Triath,  
 Go de 'n fa dhonn bhì ga chleth ?  
 Cha ghabh e gun Chonlarc dlu  
 Na do Bhean 's do Chu faoi bhreth.
- c. 20.
- 23 Choidhe cha tugamse mo Bhean  
 Do dh' aon neach a ta fuidh 'n Ghréin  
 'S cha rabo mheir mi Bran gu brath  
 Gus an teid am Bas 'n a Bheil.
- c. 21.
- 24 Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Goll  
 'S mor an Glenn dùm bi nar tosd  
 Nach tugamid Cenlrae beob  
 Do Rìogh Lochlan nan Seiadh breachd
- 25 Seachd Altramain Lochain lùn,<sup>1</sup>  
 'S e labhair Goll gun thas Cheilg  
 'S air libhse gur moran Shuaidh  
 Bheir mi 'm Brìgh 's am buaidh gu léir.
- 26 'S e huirt an Tòsgar bu mhòr Pries.  
 Diogansa Rìogh Inse Tòr  
 'S Cinn a dha Clombhìrch dheng  
 Leig faoi m' choimhir fein an coisg.
- c. 22.
- 27 Iarla Muthuin (Munster) 's mor a  
 ghlonn  
 'S e, huirt Dianamaid donn gun Ghuin,  
 Coisge mise sud dar Fèin  
 No Tuitim fein air a shon.
- c. 23.
- 28 Gur e ghabh Mi fein fos Lainh  
 Gad tha mi gun chail a nochl  
 Rìogh Terain na 'n Comhrag teann  
 'S go sgarain a Cheann re Chorp.
- c. 24.
- 29 Beribh Earnaichd 's Fumilh Buaidh  
 Thuit Mac Cumhail na 'n Cruaidh  
 dearg,  
 Manus nae Gharra na 'n Sloich  
 Diognaidh mise ge mor Fìearg.
- c. 25.
- 30 Noiche sin dinnre gu Lo  
 Bannig lein a Hò gun Cheoil  
 Fìearg gu fairsing, fìn is Gèir  
 So bheidh aig an Fhèin ga òl.

- c. 26.
- 31 Chuneas nu 'n do 's car an Lo  
 A gabhadh Doighlansa Ghuirt  
 Meirg Rìogh Lochlan an Aigh  
 Ga hogail on Traidh nan meud.
- c. 27.
- 32 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine ri Cran  
 Brattach Fhèin bu gharg a Treish  
 Lomlan do Chlocaibh Oir  
 A gunne bu mhòr a Meas.
- c. 28.
- 33 Iommad Cloimh Dorn chroin oir  
 Iommad srlò ga chur ri cran  
 An cath mhic Cumhail Fean na 'n fheadh  
 Bu lionfar Sleadh o soir Ceann.
- c. 29.
- 34 Iommad Celan iomad Triach,  
 Iommad Skia as Larich dharamh  
 Iomad Droiseach as Mac Rìogh  
 'S cha rabh fear rianh dhia gun Arm.
- c. 30.
- 35 Iommad Cloigid maiseach Cruaidh  
 Iommad Tuadh is iommad Gath  
 'N iath Rìogh Lochlan na 'm pios  
 Bu lionfar mac Rìogh is Flath.
- c. 31.
- Rinneadar an ùr-rìgh theann*  
*Bu cosuladhach re grùn na 'n còd*  
*Cath fuileach an da Rìogh*  
*Gu mo ghluimach brìgh an Colg.*
- c. 32.
- 36 Rinneadar an 'Nuirmidh chruaidh  
 'S bhrisdeadar air Buaidh na 'n Gall,  
 Chrom sinn ar Ceann an sa Chath :  
 Is rein gach Flath mar a gheall.
- c. 33.
- 37 Thachair mac Cumhail na 'n Cuach  
 Agus Màns na 'n Ruag aìdh,  
 Re Cheil' ann an Tiugh (*Taiton*) an  
 Sthnagh  
 Chìerich nach bu chruaidh an càs.
- 38 Go 'm fe sud an Turleim tean,  
 Mar Dheann a bheiridh da Ord,  
 Cath fuileachdach an da Rìogh  
 Go 'm bu ghluimeach brìgh an colg.
- c. 34.
- 39 Air Bris-eudh do sge an Dearg  
 Air cridh dhoibh Fearg as Frìech  
 Theilg iad am Buid air an Lar  
 'S hug iad Spairn an da Laoich.
- c. 35.
- 40 Cath fuileach an da Rìogh  
 'S an leinne bu chian an Closs  
 Bha Clachan agus Tulamh trom  
 A mosgladh faoi Bhoim an Cross.
- c. 36.
- 41 Leagar Rìogh Lochlan gan (an) adh  
 Am fannish Chaitè air an Raoh  
 'S airsan god nach bhonair Rìogh  
 Chuireadh Ceangal nan trì Chaoil.
- c. 37.
- 42 Sin nuair huirt Connan maoil,  
 Mac Mornadh bha riabh ri Fole,  
 Cumar riom Màns nan Lan  
 'S go scairrin an Ceann re Chorp.
- c. 38.
- 43 Bha reil agon Chirdas (*na caomh*) o,  
 Rìutsa Chonraim mhaoil gun Fhaalt  
 O 'n Iarla mi 'n Crasan Fhèin  
 'S an-a kean na là fu 'd smachd.
- c. 39.
- 44 O Iarla tha 'm Ghrasabh fein  
 Cha 'n ionnair mi Beud air Flath  
 Fuasgath mi busa o 'n Fhèin  
 A Lann Fìearc gu cur mor Chath.

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

- a. 40.  
45 'S gheibh thu do Raoghain a ris  
Nuair a treid thu do 'd Thir fein  
Cairdeas is Comunn do ghna  
No do Lamb a chuir fìoi 'm Fhein.
- a. 41.  
46 Cha chuir mi mo Lamb faoi 'd Fhein  
'N eian a mhairtheas Cail am Chorp  
Aon Bhuille Taoghte Fhein  
'S aithreach Leinn no reinneas ort.
- a. 42.  
47 Mi fein agus Mathair is Goll  
Triuir bo mho glonn san Fhein  
Ged tha sinn gun Draoisich 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 eiad eulain deich eiad Cu,  
Deich eiad shuibhrìdh air Milchu;  
Deich eiad sealtunn chaoil chatha (*sleight*)  
Deich eiad Beat min Datha.
- 2 Deich eiad Gearaltich cruaidh dearg, (*Each*)  
Deich eiad nobal don or Dhearg,  
Deich eiad maighdin le da Ghnua,  
Deich eiad mantal don shid ur,
- 3 Deich eiad sonn a dheirigh leat  
Deich eiad shrian or agus aigid.

## RIGH LOCHLIN.

- 4 Gad a gheibhidh Rìgh Lochlin shud,  
'S na bhà Mhaoin 's do T sheidin air Eirin;  
Cha fhàidh e T-shluagh air ais,  
Gus 'n bhig Erin uille air Earras.
- 5 Suil gun dug Rìgh Lochlin uaidh.

## THE FLAGS.

- 1 Chunnair e Brattich a fu a mach agus Gille  
Gaiste air a Ceann air a lasa do Dh'or Eirinnich
- 2 Dibhuille Daibhne duaidh,  
'Ni sud Brattich Mhìc Trein-bhuaghlich;

## DIBHULLE.

- 3 Cha ni sud ach an Liath-luid-neach,  
Brattach Dhiarmaid O Duilbhe,  
'S nar bhìgh an Fhian uil' a mach,  
'Shi an Liath-luid-nich bu toisich.
- 4 Suil gan dug Rìgh Loch, &c.

## DIBHULLE.

- 5 Cha ni sud ach an aoinchasach ruaidh  
Brattach Chaoilte nan mor T-shluaidh  
Brattach leis an sgoiltgear Cinn  
'S le an doirtir Fuil gu aoilnamibh.
- 6 Suil, &c.

## DIBHULLE.

- 7 Cha ni sud ach an Scuab ghabhidh  
Bratach Oseair Chro-laidir,  
'S nar a ruigte Cath nan clar,  
Cha biach fhàirich ach Scuab-ghabhidh.
- 8 Suil, &c.

## DIBHULLE.

- 9 Cha ni sud ach a Bìrriachil Bhreochil  
Brattach a Ghulid mhòir mhìc Morni,  
Nach dug Troigh riabh air a bais,  
Gus an do chrithan an Tailibh trom ghllass.
- 10 Suil, &c.

## DIBHULLE.

- 11 'S misa dhuita na bheil ann,  
Ha Ghile ghreine an sud a tighin  
As naigh shìbhrìnn aist' a shìos,  
Don or Bhuaidh gun Dul sgiabh. (*Dail*)
- 12 Agus nao nao lan-ghaisgeach  
Fo chean a huille shuibhrìgh  
A togairt air feo do T-shluagh thilbh

- 13 Mar Chliabh-tragha gu Traigh  
Bhig gair chatha gad innumain.

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.

OSIAN 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  
Osian that he had not much regard for his Heroes and  
Poems (at present), besides the Psalms of David. When  
Osian 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.

## DAX 2.

- 1 A Chleirich a chòis na sailm,  
Air leam fein gu' b'aoth do chiall;  
Nach eiste tu tamull sgeul,  
Air an Fhèinn nach cuad tha riabh.
- 2 'Air do chubhi 'sa Mhìc Fhinn,  
Ge binn leat teachd air an Fhèinn;  
Fuaime nan sailm air feadh mo bhèoil,  
Gu 'e sin is ceòl leam fein.'
- 3 'C' onn bi tu coi-meas do shalmuibh,  
Re Fionn gaidheal nan arma noicht;  
A Chleirich ge lìn oil leam,  
Gun sgaram do cheann o' d' chorp.
- 4 Fuaid d' chomrie tha' enas fhir mhòir.  
Laoidh do bhèoil is binn leam feiu;  
'S na 'n alla chualas air Fionn,  
Gur binn bhì teachd air an Fhèinn.
- 5 Na 'm biodh tusa Chleirich chàich,  
Againn air an traidh mu dheas;  
Aig Eas loitheann nan sruth sèmh,  
Air ann Fhèinn bu mhòr do mheas.

M. 2.

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

- 7 'Se sin fein an t-Eas so shiar,  
Eas na 'n deamain an Fhiam Scilg ;  
Eas eibhain a b' aille srath,  
Bu lionmhor ann lù is deirg.
- M. 3.
- 8 Latha dhuinne fiadhaich san leirg,  
Cha d' thainig an t-seilg u ar car ;  
Chunnaicamar na h-ionaidibh lóng,  
Seoladh gús an traidh o near.
- M. 5.
- 9 Thainig an cablach gu tìr,  
Buidheann nach bu mhídhur fein ;  
'S bu lionmhor sar phubal shróil,  
Ga thogail dhoibh os an ceann.
- 10 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Cuthail d' a Fhinn,  
'An d' fhadir sibh an cablaich aird ;  
No cia 's Ceannard air no sloigh,  
Do ní 'n total mor is traidh.'
- 11 'Se fhreagair e Conan maol,  
Mac Morma bu chaoil gnomh ;  
Co shaoles tu Fhinn nan cath,  
Do bhí sud ach Flath no Rìgh.
- 12 'Dh' fhiosraich a ris Flath nan enach,  
Do mhaithidh sluagh Inmse-fáil ;  
Co rachadh a ghabhail diu sgéul,  
O 'n Fhinn bu mhaith buaidh is ágh.'
- 13 'Se fhreagar e Conan maol,  
A Rìgh co shaoles tu dhòl an ;  
Ach Fearadhas fir ghlic do mhae,  
Oir 's e chleachd bhí dol nan ceann.'
- 14 'Mallaich dhuitsa Choinain mhaol,  
Do ra Fearadhas bu chaoil cruth ;  
Reacheamsa dh' fhagbail dhú sgéul,  
O 'n Fhinn 's cho nan air do gluth.'
- 15 'Dean thusa sin Fhearadhais fhéil,  
Reach a dh' fhagbail sgéul o 'n t' sluaigh ;  
'S cho fhad is bhithias tu beó,  
Gu fuigheadh tu moran duais.'
- 16 'Dh' iunich Fearadhais armach óg,  
'S an rod an có-dhal na 'm fear ;  
'S dh' fhiosraich e na combra' fóill,  
Co na sloigh thainig air fear ?'
- 17 'Tha Manus orra na Thriath,  
Mac Rìgh Meaghlìch nan sgia' dearg ;  
Ard Rìgh Lochlan ceann nan chlar,  
Gille is ro' mbor fa is fearg.
- 18 'Cìod e ghluais a bhuidheann bhorb,  
O ard rioghachd 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 rioghachd Lochlan nan arm bras ;  
Gu d' ngamail a bhean o Fhionn,  
Da ain-deoin leinn agus Bran.'
- 20 'Air a laimhsa Mhannis mhóir,  
As do shloigh cia mor do mhuirn ;  
Cia mhcad sa thainig leat thair tuinn (*leor*),  
Cho tabhair sibh Bran thair tuinn.'
- 21 'Do bheir an Fhiam còmhrag cruaidh,  
Do 'd shluagh nam fuigheadh tu Bran ;  
'S bheir Fionn cath talchaiseach dlú,  
Dluit fein ma 'm fuigh thu a bhean.'
- 22 'Air a laimhsa Fhearadhais fhéil,  
As an Fhèinn cia mor do ghreann ;  
Cho ghabh mi cumba gu 'n Bhran,  
Gan a bhean no còmhrag teann.'
- 23 'N sin phill Fearadhas mo bhrathair fein,  
'S bu chosmhúil re grein a cruth ;  
B' fhoisneach a dh' innseadh é 'n sgéul,  
Ge b' osgarra tréun a ghuth.'
- 24 'Se ard Rìgh Lochlan a tha 's tráidh,  
Cìod é 'm fáth dhainn bhí d' a chleith ;  
Gan còmhrag dibhragach dlú,  
Air ghea' do bhean 's do chú faí bhreith.
- 25 Do dh' fhan Fionn fuila na thosd,  
'S bha moran sbroich air an Fhèinn ;  
Oir bu phéin ro' dhoilich leò,  
Am brosnadh mor a riun an tréun.
- 26 Cha tabhair mise mo bhean,  
Do dh' aon fhear a tha fú 'n ghréin,  
'S cho mhó liubhrann Bran le' m dhéoin,  
'N fhea' sa bhios an deò am chré.
- 27 'Is labhair e ris ro Goll,  
'S mor an trom dhainn bhí nar tosd ;  
Gu 'n còmhrag dibhragach tréun,  
A thabhairt dhoibh sud fein a noc.'
- 28 Bha freagradh aig Oscar dh' a,  
'S cho bu nár dh' a teachd gu prop ;  
Leigeadh dhoibh codal gu lá,  
Is bio' sa máireach air an corp.
- 29 'S do labhair Oscar a ris,  
Dionamsa Rìgh innse torc ;  
'S ceann an da chomhairlich dhéug,  
Cuirream iad gu léir o 'n corp.
- 30 'Seachd Iarlacha Lochlan, (*t. Maighreachan*)  
'S e 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 chumtán*)  
Do rá Diarmaid eonn gu 'n oth 'u ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mór an t-cachd,  
No tuiteam fein air a shon.'
- 32 'Truir mas Inmse torc 's mor cith,  
Do rá Caoilte nimb nan leirg ;  
Iadsan cia mor feum is treoir,  
Ní ní 'n lot 'san léon le feirg.'
- 33 'Seachd oighreacha' ghleann nam fuath,  
Do rá Fearaghuin luath gu leon ;  
Cnassaichidh mí 'n corp le 'n airm,  
Gus an traigh an gaing 's an treoir.'
- 34 'Seachd Mic Maitheannis borb feirg, (*t. 33. Na-  
thais uan cogh boel*)  
Do rá Garabh bu tréun lamh ;  
Cuirreamsa gu bas iad fein,  
No tuiteam fein air a bháir.'
- 35 'Seachd oighribh na Beirathair bhán, (*t. 34. Mai-  
ghre*)  
Do rá Faoghlan báin gun gho ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mór 's cia tréun,  
No tuiteam fein air an lon.'
- 36 'Seachd Mic Luthaich O Rois ruaidh, (*t. 35. O-  
lir uaine*)  
Do rá Caoireall bu cruaidh gharb ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mor an teachd,  
No tuiteam fein leó air ball.'
- 37 Da Mhae Mhannis ceann an t-shuaigh, (*t. 36.   
Eraithrean*)  
Do rá Fearadhas buadhach gráidh ;  
'S coisgeamsa cia mór an grainn,  
'S dhieanadh gnómh cruaidh sa bháir.'
- 38 'S ann an sin a dabhras fein,  
Ge ta mí nar tha mí noc ;  
Rìgh Garabh nan còmhrag teann, (*t. 37. Seairbh*)  
Gu sgareamsa cheann a chorp.'
- 39 'Mìle beannachd dhuibh is buaidh,  
Do rá Mac Cuthaill nan rang áigh,  
Manns na 'n tional na shuaigh,  
Coisgidh mise bhuaidh sa bháir.'
- 40 Air bhí dhinnn mar sin gu lá,  
Cho bu ghná' leinn bhí gu 'n cheol,  
Fion is foelhas, féil is céir,  
A bhíodh aig an Fhèinn mar nóis.
- 41 Air madain an dara mbáireach ;  
Ghluais iad a dh' fhagail ar puirt ;  
'S meirgeach Rìgh Lochlan an áigh,  
Da thog' aíl o thráidh 'n ar uchd.

- 42 Leig iad an gadhair fú 'n choill,  
'S cheangail iad orra 'n airm áigh;  
Eallach guaille gach fir mhóir,  
Thogadar leó fein o'n traidh.
- 43 B' iomעדach ann eogaidh cruaidh,  
B' iomעדach ann tuá' chnu sgath;  
'N cuideadh Rígh Lochlan gu fíor,  
'S cho raibh aon neach ann gu ghadh.
- 44 B' iomעד cloidheamh 's b' iomעד scia',  
B' iomעד Triath le luircadh gharg;  
B' iomעד craosach air Mic Rígh,  
'S cha raibh aon neach dhú gu 'n arm.
- 45 Thionail iad an ear san iar,  
An sin an Fhiam as gach taobh;  
Seachd Cathain na h-íorgail gu prop. (1. 44. *var.*)  
Thionail sin mu mhac inghean aoigh. (*Toig*)
- 46 B' iomעד cloidheamh an ceann bheairt óir,  
B' iomעד sról da chuir re creann;  
Aig fuileachdaich Fhinn nam fleagh,  
'S iomעד sleagh bla os ar ceann.
- 47 Thog sinn Gill ghreine re creann,  
Bratach, Fhinn, bu gharg 's gach greis;  
'S í lán do chlochaibh do 'n ór,  
A Phódraig nach bu mhór a meas.
- 48 Chuir sinn a mach dh' thulang d' oghrainn. (1. 47. *doctina*)  
Bratach Fheudhais óigh mo bhrathair  
'S thog sinn a mach bratach Chaoilte,  
'N Lia' luidagach b' aoibhneach dealradh.
- 49 Thogadh suas mo bhratach fein,  
A shoillese mar a ghreine an dúibhre;  
'S thog sinn a mach an Lia luidagach, (1. 48. *tuimneach*)  
Bratach Dhíarmaid óig o duimhne.
- 50 Thog sin a' mach bratach Fhaoighlain,  
Ghuill is Oseair aobhach amblaich;  
Agus bratach gach arl cheannard  
Bá' ann 's na Cathannaibh san nair sin.
- 51 'N sin thional Fíonn Éirann gu tráidh, (1. 51. *Fíonn*)  
Thoirte coinneamh do chlanna gall,  
Air toirt dhuinn ar einn gu cath,  
Deanamh gach flath mar a gheall.
- 52 Do thachair Manus nam buadh,  
'S dea' Mhac Cuthaill nan ruag áig:  
Ra chéile 'n toiseach an t-sluaigh,  
A Phódraig nach bu cruaidh an eas.
- 53 Thilgeadar nathe 'n airm áidh,  
Chuaidh iad gu spárneachd laoich;  
Gu cómhrag dibhragach teann,  
'S fathram an lann air an raon.  
1. 53. (*various*)  
*Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluaigh,  
Air ar 'n nílán shuas sa ghleann;  
'Sona féine bu mhór an gíonh,  
Na 'm fuigheadh Manus d' air Fíonn.*
- 54 Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluaigh,  
Air uileann nu thuatá a chéine:  
'S air leam fein gu bu mhór ar modh,  
Cho deach aon loch dhinn dá 'n cluich.
- 55 Thug iad an sin deannal cruaidh,  
Mar nach d' ngas riamh re 'm éinn;  
Cof meas dhoibh a near no níar,  
Cho 'n fhacas riamh ag fántaidh Fhinn. (1. 54. *Eitremachd*)
- 56 Clochan agus talamh trom,  
Charaicheadh iad le spóirneach chos:  
A charachd siar is a níar,  
O! Phódraig 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' onór Rígh,  
Chuir Fíonn ceangal nan trí chaoil.
- 58 ' Labhair an sin Conan maol,  
Mac Morana bha riamh re h-ole;  
Ghuais siar O Mhannas nan lann,  
'S gu sgream a cheann o chorp.
- 59 ' Cho 'n eil cáirdeas dhann no gaol,  
Riutsa Choináin mhaol gu 'n chéil;  
Tharladh mí fú' ghraisaibh Fhinn,  
'S céud fearr leam no bhí fú' d' mhéin.'
- 60 'S nan tharladh tu fú' m ghraisaibh féin,  
Cho d' rinn mí riamh bénd air flath;  
Gheibh thu do chomas dhuit féin,  
A lann thréin a chuir móir chath.'
- 61 'S do dha roghain dhuit a ris,  
No dal da thig do d' thír féin;  
Combanas, comann is grádh,  
No do lann a thoirte do 'n Fheintun.'
- 62 ' An fheadh sa bhios mise beo,  
No bhios an deó ann am chorp;  
Cho toir mí buille t' allaidh Fhinn,  
'S aithbreach leam na rinneas ort.'
- 63 Dh' imich iad an sin a dhoibh,  
Do rioglaich Lochlan nan colbh sean, (1. 62. O *riogh'-chd Eireann*)  
Gu 'n bhuihl' thoirte le 'n loinn do neach.  
A cagnhuis bean 's a choin, (*Fhinn*)  
Gu 'n bhuihl' thoirte le 'n loinn do neach.
- 64 Bha iad fú' aimheal ro mhór,  
Air an t-sligh dol d' an teach;  
Nach do' fhéach iad a chuis air chóir,  
'S gu biod fios ac co bu treis.
- 65 Se sin a dubhairt na sloigh,  
A bhris le móir ghó an reachd;  
Ge do bhuidhadh ortsa Fíonn,  
Gheibh sinne buaf' air arm gu beachd.
- 66 Chuir iad ionpaid air an Rígh,  
Gu pilleadh 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 ghrumaich;  
'C' áit am bheil do mbionnán móir,  
'Fagas le gó fa' r an d' fhuaras.'
- 68 'N sin fhuagair e an loch borb,  
Air an bitheadh colg 's gach ghreis;  
Dh' fhagas e air dhruac an theóir,  
Air an raon mhór ud mu dheas.
- 69 Thug sin an sin deannal cruaidh,  
Da chéile gu buailteach cas;  
Gus 'n do bhuaileach sin gu cuanna,  
Air sluaigh Mhannas uaibhreach bhraas.
- 70 Mach o fhear a ghabh a shíth,  
No rinn a dhéidín ga góir;  
Da chuideadh Rígh Lochlan gu fíor,  
Cho deachaidh duine dá t'air fein.
- 71 Bheircansa bráthair gu fíor,  
Do 'n thíor Chríostdúidh fhair a chéusa  
Gu bu mhaith a chuir sa fhuaradh,  
An lathra sin 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 foot 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'aít am bheil miomán mora Mhanuis?  
Fagus far an d' fhuarras.

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.

Thúo na tréin an sníl gu h'ard,  
Air gach báre thainig air lear;  
Mar chuire loch Leuga bla 'n airveadh,  
Triall o 'n triall san airde near.

I. 64.

Bha na sluaigh fuí' aínheal buan,  
Air euan stuathach nan tomn sgeith;  
Nach do chomhrag Cathain nam Fiann,  
Bu mhór fríoth, is fiach san strí.

I. 65.

'S e combairle thug na sloigh,  
Air Manus mor nan long aigh;  
Tigh 'n thuige air an ais o 'n ehan,  
Gu Maithibh sluaigh Inse-plaí.

I. 66.

A dubhradar ris an Ríogh,  
'S mor an di dhúinn triall an diu;  
Gun chomhrag catharra cruaidh,  
A thoirt do 'n Fhianu mu 'n ghuais thair muir.

I. 67.

Fhill na laoih nan caogad borb,  
'S bu mhór an toirm air an triú;  
Mar fhuain tuime bla gach treud;  
Is fáthram nan céud nar daí.

H. 67. I. 68.

Chuir Fiann teachdúe gu leath,  
Gu Manus nan ruag 's nan gníomh;  
C'aít am bheil do mhíomán mor,  
Fbhr nach cum a choir ach cù.

H. 68. I. 69.

Fhreachair an Triath, gu fiata borb,  
Air an bithidh, colg 's gach greis;  
Th' fhuasaid ann deant an fheoir,  
Air an lon ad siar nu dheus.

H. 69. I. 70.

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

I. 71.

Mar choill chroinaich air an t sliabh,  
'S an osag dhiann ann nan ear,  
B' amháil is slachdraich nan sonn,  
Bha tuiteam fuí' r bonn sa chath.

I. 72.

Thuit Manus armann an t sluaigh,  
Mar leng teine 'n euan nan sruth;  
B' an-cibhinn íolach nan laoch,  
'Nuair chualas gach taobh an guth.

H. 70. I. 73.

Mach o fhearr a' ol' iarr a shídh,  
'S ghabh a' chéideim far sgeith;  
Do chuideadh Ríogh Lochlan, gu fíor,  
Cho deachaidh daime d' a thír feon.

H. 71. I. 74.

Bheircamsa briathar d' om Ríogh,  
Riamh ann strí nach d' fhuilgíth tair;  
Gun do thuit do na seachí Cathain,  
Drian do mhaithibh Inse-plaí.

I. VERSE 74, OTHERWISE.

Bheircamsa briathar do' m Rí,  
Mu 'n deachai' críoch air a ghreis;  
Ceathrar is ceart leth an 'n Fiann,  
Th' fhuag sinn air an t-sliabh nu dheas.

M. 7. COMHRAG FHEINN AGUS MHANUIS<sup>1</sup>  
172 lines.

- 1 Ge b' e bhíodh léine an laoi,  
Air an traidh the siar foi dheas,  
Aig uisge Laoi're na 'n sruth seabh,  
Air an Fheinn bu mhór a mhéas.
- 2 Beannachd air anam an Laoich,  
Bu gharbh fíoch anns gach treis,  
Ard Rígh Lochlainn ceann na 'n treun,  
'S ann air a shloinnteach an t-éas.
- 3 La dhúinn ag fiaghaich na 'n dearg  
'S nach d' críoch an t-sealg 'nar ear,  
Gu fáca sinn míle báre  
Air an traidh ag teachd air lear.
- 4 Sheasamh sinn uil' air an leirg,  
'S thionaid an Fheinn as gach aird,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh co iad na sloigh,  
Rinn cruineacachadh mor air traidh.
- 5 Thainig an cabhlach gu tír,  
Greadhainn<sup>2</sup> nach bu mhín 'ar leinn,  
Bu líon mhór ann púibíl sróil,  
Ga thoghbhail leo os an ceinn.
- 6 Thog iad an gasradh o 'n choill;  
Ghlacadh lein' ar 'n airm gaidh,<sup>3</sup>  
Da shleagh air gualainn gach fir mhóir  
Agus thog sin oirn gu traidh.
- 7 Cea a gheabhamaid na'r Feinn  
A rachadh ghabhail seil d' an t-sluagh,  
'S e raibh Fionn flath gan chléit,  
Ga 'm beireadh e breath is buaidh.
- 8 Sin nuair labhair Conan a ris  
Co a Rígh, b' ail leat a dhól ann,  
Ach Feargus fíor ghlic do mhac,  
O 's e chleacht a dhól na 'n ceann?
- 9 Mallachd ort a Chonain mhaol,  
Labhair Feargus bu caoite cruth,  
Rachain-se ghabhail seil  
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' an air do ghuth.
- 10 Ghluais Feargus armoil óg,  
Air an rod an coime na 'n fear,  
'S dh' ítharíoch e le comhradh foil,  
Co iad na sloigh a thig air lear.
- 11 Manus fuileach fear' a nial,  
Mac Rígh Beatha na 'n sciath dearg,  
Ard Rígh Lochlainn ceann na chlar,  
Giolla bu mhór fiamh<sup>4</sup> is fearg.
- 12 Cíod a ghluais a bhuidhean bhorb,  
O chriochaibh Lochlainn na 'n colg sean,  
An ann a chuideacha na 'm Fiann  
A thainig an triath thair lear?
- 13 Air do lathse Fhearghus fíoch,  
As an Fheinn ge mor do mhúirn,  
Cha ghabh sinn eumha gun Bhrán,  
No a bhean a thoirt o Fhionn.
- 14 As do lath se ge mor do dhoigh,  
'S as do shloigh ge mor do mhúirn,  
Mhead agaibh 's thain' thair lear,  
Cha tugadh sibh Bran air tuinn.
- 15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comrag cruaidh,  
Do d' shluagh mu 'm faigheadh in Brín  
'S bheireadh Fionn comrag treun  
Duit fein na 'm faigheadh tu bhean.
- 16 Thainig Feargus mo bhriathair fein,  
'S bu chosuidéit re grein a chruith,  
'S dh' ímne e sceula d' an Fhionn,  
'S gu 'm b' oscaradh treun a ghuth.

<sup>1</sup> Magnus.

<sup>2</sup> Greadham.

<sup>3</sup> Chait' /

<sup>4</sup> Fíoch /

- 17 Mac Rìgh Lochlainn sud o 'n traidh,  
Cìod e 'm fàth dhamb bhì ga chleath ?  
Cha ghabh e gun chomhrag dluth,  
No do bhean 's do chuth a bhì foì bhreath.
- 18 De cha d' thugaim-se mo bhean  
Do dh' aon fhear ata foì '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 bhì 'nar tosd,  
Nach tugadhaidh 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 lionnhor acasan an sluagh,  
Deangaidh mis' am buaidh 'san leirg.
- 21 Thuir an t-Oscar bu mhòr brìgh,  
Leig mise gu Rìgh Innse-torc,  
Clann a dha chomhairlich dheng  
Leig fa m' chomhair fein an cosg.
- 22 Labhair e Conull a ris,  
Deangam-sa Rìgh Innse-con,  
Is ceinn a shea-comhalta deug,  
No biadh mi fein ar an son.
- 23 Iarla Mumban<sup>2</sup> ge mor a glonn,  
Labhair Diarmad donn na 'n cou,<sup>6</sup>  
Caisgidh mi sud d' ar Feinn,  
No taitidh mi fein ar a shon.
- 25 'S e feimeas a ghabh mi fein,  
Ge ta mi gu 'n treine an nocht,  
Rìgh Tenmann na 'n comhrag teann  
Gu 'n scaruinn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 25 Beiribh beannachd' beiribh buaidh,  
Arsa Mac Cuthail, na 'n grnaidh dearg,  
Manus Mac Garadh na 'n sluagh,  
Coisgear leam ge mor fhearg.
- 26 An oiche sinn dhuinne gu lo,  
B' ainmic leinn a bhì' gu cheol,  
Fleadh gu fursuing, fion is ceir  
Gheibhte aig an Fheinn nias leor.
- 27 Chuncas mu 'n do scar an lo  
Gabhaid doigh ann sa ghuir,  
Meirgh' Rìgh Lochlainn an aigh  
'Ga togbhadh o' n traigh 'nar uehd.
- 28 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine re crann,  
Bratach Fheinn bu ghaerge treis  
Lomlan do chlochaibh 'n or,  
'S ann leinne<sup>7</sup> gu 'm bu mhòr a meas.
- 29 'S iomad cloidheamh dorn-chraun oir,  
'S iomad srol ga chuir re crann,  
Ann Cath Mhic Cuthail na 'm fleadh,  
'S bu lionnhor sleagh os ar ceann.
- 30 Iomad coitein iomad triath,  
Iomad sciath is luireach gharbh,  
Iomad tóisech is Mac Rìgh,  
Is mi 'n raibh fear dhuibh gu 'n airn.
- 31 Iomad clogaid maiseach cruaidh,  
Iomad tnaoh is iomaid gath  
Ann cath Rìgh Lochlainn na 'm buadh,  
Ba lionnhor ann Mac Rìgh is flath.
- 32 Rinneadar an urnaidh chruaidh,  
Bhriseadar air sluagh na 'n Gall,  
Chrom gach fear a cheann sa chath,  
Is rinneadh leis gach flath mar gheall.
- 33 Thachair Mac Cuthail na 'n caoch  
Is Manus na 'n ruag aigh,  
R'a cheic ann tuiteam an t-sluagh,  
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chruaidh an dail !
- 34 Gu 'm b' e sud an tuirlin teann,  
Mar ghreann a bheireadh da órd,  
Cath fùlceach an da Rìgh,  
Gu 'm bu ghnuineach brìgh an eolg !

Mudhan.

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

- 35 Air briseadh do sciath an Deirg,  
Air eirigh dhoibh fèarg is fraoch,  
Thìlg iad am bnill 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 foì spoinn an eos.
- 37 Leagadh Rìgh Lochlainn air an traidh,  
Am fuaais chlach air an fhuarach,  
Air-sin, ge d' nach b' onoir Rìgh,  
Chuireadh ceangal na 'n tri chaoil.
- 38 Sin nuair thuir Conan a ris,  
Mac Morna bha riamh re b-ole,  
Leigir mi gu Manus na 'n lann,  
'S gu 'n scaruinn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 39 Cha 'n 'eil agam cairdeas no caoin,  
Riut's a Chonain mhaoil gu 'n iochd.  
O tharladh mi 'n lannhaibh Fheinn  
'S ionas leam na bhì foì d' smachd.
- 40 O tharladh tu m' lamhaibh fein,  
Cha 'n inuir mi beud air flath,  
Fuasgladh mi thusa o m' fheinn  
A Lamh thereun a chuir mar-ehath.
- 41 'S ghabh thu do roghaim a ris,  
Do chuir dhatbigh 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 ormsa rinn thu e,  
'S ann duit fein a rinn thu 'n cron ;  
Do na thug thu sbluagh o d' thir  
'S beng a phùllas 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, &amp;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 PHADRIC a chandha na saim,  
Air leam fein gur baòth do chiall ;  
Nach eisd thu tamall ri m' sgent,  
Air an Fheinn nach fhac thu riamh.

2 Air do chumhsa Mhic Fhinn,  
G'e binn leat teachd air an Fhinn,  
Guth nan saim air feadh mo bheoil,  
Gur e sid bu cheol leam fein.

3 Nam bitheadh tu comhda do shalm,  
Ri rìgh teamuin nan arm nochd ;  
A chleirich gur lan ole leam,  
Nach sgarainn do cheann o d' chorp.

M. 1.

4 Nam bitheadh tusa a chleirich aigh,  
Air an traigh ud siar fo 'n ear ;  
Aig Eas Laoire nan sruth seamh,  
Air an Fheinn bu mhòr do mbeas.

M. 3.

5 Latha dhuinne sibhal bheann,  
Cha do thachair an t-sealg nar car ;  
Chunnic sinn a teachd gu traigh,  
Iomadh bare bu *lannair* fear (uall thar lear.)

M. 6.

6 Thog sinn ar gas ruidh o 'n choill,  
Bratach Fhinn bu gharb a greis ;  
Air a *duna* an clochaibh oir (duna)  
Air leinne gu 'm bu mhòr a treis.

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

- M. 7.
- 7 Dh' fharaid Mac Cuthail ga shluagh,  
San nair ba mhóir 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 dhóil ann ?  
Ach Fearghus fíor ghíle do Mhac,  
On 'se chleachd bhí dol nan ceann.
- M. 9.
- 9 Mallaehd dhuitse Chonain mhaoil,  
Thuirt amf Fearghus bu ceoin etuigh ;  
Rachainse a ghabhail sgeul,  
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air a ghuth.
- M. 10.
- 10 Ghluaisidh Fearghus armach og,  
San rod an comhdháil nam fear ;  
'S dh' fhiosraich na choradh foil,  
Co iad na seoid a thain' thar lear ?
- M. 11.
- 11 Manns fuileach corrach fiad  
Mac righ Betha nan sgiath dearg ;  
Ard righ Lochlain ceann nan char,  
Gille bu mhór feach a 's fearg.
- M. 12.
- 12 Cíod a ghluais a bhuidinn bhorb,  
O ríoghaehd Lochlain na colg sean ?  
An am r' chuideachadh nam Fíann,  
A thainig bhur triall thar nuir.
- M. 13.
- 13 Air a laimbsa Fhearghuis threín,  
As an Fheinn ga mor a mhúir ;  
Cha ghabh sinn gu chomhrag fhear,  
No bhean is bran a thoirt o Fhíonn.
- M. 14.
- 14 Air a laimbsa Mhanuis threín,  
Asad féin g'a mor do spíon ;  
Air mhéad sa thug thu leat thar lear,  
Cha tugadh sibh Bran thar tuim.
- M. 15.
- 15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comhrag cruaidh,  
Do d' shluagh nan biodhra iad Bran ;  
'S bheireadh Fíonn comhrag treun,  
Dhuit féin nu 'n faigheadh tu bhean.
- M. 16.
- 16 Ghuasadh Fearghuis thugaimn féin,  
'S bu cosmáil ri deo greine a chruth ;  
Dh' innsadh e an sgeul go foil,  
'S gu 'n b' osgara mor a ghuth.
- M. 17.
- 17 Síde Manus air an traigh,  
Cíod e' m fath dhuinn bhí ga chleth,  
Cha ghabh e gan chomhrag dhu,  
No do bhean 's do chlo do bhréth.
- M. 18.
- 18 C'moídh cha tugaímsa mo bhean,  
Da dh' aon fhear a sheall sa ghréin ;  
'S cha deabáil 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 glóin dhuinn bhí nar tosd ;  
Chann a she-combalta deug,  
Leig mar coimeadh fheín an casg.
- 20 Deangamsa Cíthach nam buadh,  
Thuirt Caoiréal bu chruaidh colg ;  
G' an lethrom a chuir air each,  
G' e b' e laoch g' an tig am cho-dháil.
- M. 23.
- 21 Iarla Mutha 's mor an sonn,  
Thuirt an Dearmad donn g'an chealg,  
Dheangáine e 'n lathair chaibh,  
No bíthadh mo blas air an leirg.
- M. 32.
- 22 Chrom sinn ar ceann sa' thath,  
Agus ríon gach flath nar gheall ;  
Bha airm righ Lochlain an aigh,  
G'an togáil air an traigh nar sgairt.
- M. 33.
- 23 Chonnuich Manus agus Fíonn,  
Mar dheann a thigeadh o dhóil ord ;  
Cath fuilleachdach an dá rígh,  
Gan bu guineach brigh an colg.
- M. 35.
- 24 Air an sgitheach air an leirg,  
'S air sgoilteadh an sgiath 's an lann ;  
Thulg iad natha an airm ghabhí,  
'S chaidh iad gu spairn an da laoch.
- M. 36.
- 25 Clachan agus talamh trom,  
Mhosgladh sud fo bhonn an cos ;  
A sraoiteachd an car san iar,  
B' fhada 's cian a chluinntean clos.
- M. 37.
- 26 Leagadh Manus air an traigh,  
An fíannúis chaibh air an raon ;  
Airsan cha b' onóir rígh,  
Chuirteadh ceangal nan trí chaol.
- M. 38.
- 27 Thuirt Conan mearachdach maol mac Morma  
Am fear bha rianh ri h-ole ;  
Cumar duinn Manus nam lann,  
'S gu 'n sgarraim a cheann o a chorp.
- M. 39.
- 28 Cha robh comhdhálas no ceomh,  
Eadar mise 's tu Chonain mhaoil gun flath ;  
O 'n tharla mi to ghrasáilh Fhínn,  
B' annsa leam no bhí fo d' smaehd.
- M. 40.
- 29 O 'n tharla tu fom' ghrasa' feín,  
A lámh threun a chuir mer chath ;  
Ní mi do dhionsadh om' Fhínn,  
'S cha 'n íomar mí beud air flath.
- M. 41.
- 30 Gheibh thu da roghain a ris,  
Cead dol dathigh do d' thír féin ;  
No gaol, is comann, is páirt,  
Ach do lámh a thoirt do 'n Fhínn.
- A NEW VERSE.
- 31 Rach dathigh do d' thír féin,  
'S na tig air h-ais a dh' eighach eron ;  
Lean fiadh do bheannán ard,  
'S na taghail gu brath a' m' chor.
- A NEW VERSE.
- 32 Tha mo bhaighse ri neach gun treoir,  
'S cuimhne leam an la a chaidh ;  
Foghlam ceart a' d' aros mor,  
Síde a righ an ceo nach luídh.
- M. 42.
- 33 Bheirimsa mo bhréathar a rígh,  
Am fiad sa mhíreas cail nam chorp ;  
Nach toir mí buille t-aghaidh Fhínn,  
'S aithreach leam na rinn sinn ort.
- M. 39.
- 34 Cha b' ann ormasa rinn thu e.  
'S an ort féin a reinn thu 'n call ;  
A mhéad sa thaineadh leat thar lear  
Cha teid iad air ais ach mall.

← 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 Talach soir  
'G amharc Erin mu ar tionnach  
Clumnaic sinn air bharr thonn  
Aoghalt, athrachd, chuthal, chrom
- 2 Bha l' aogais air dreach a ghuail  
'Sa deud cairbartaich enamh-ruadh  
Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann  
Mar choille chriona, chrith-thean
- 3 Bha aon snùl ronnach na ceann  
'S bu luath i no romach nuigh'r  
Bha clòidheamh meirgeach fo crios  
Air gach taobh don chrithal chois
- 4 'S gur b' ainm don Fhugh nach tiom  
A Bhuirbhurtach, mhaol ruagh mhòrdhlin  
Re amharc nam Fiamh fo dheas  
Gun ruith a bheisd na h' inis
- 5 Rinn i geau gun chomann duinn  
Mharb i le h' abhaich eud laoch  
'S a gaire na garbh chraos
- 6 Cait on robh slugh bu chiallich  
'S bu narich na sud agibhis'  
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 cullanich<sup>1</sup> nan con  
Oirne na bithid ga' fhigheadh  
Cha n da-fhear dheng a b' fhearr san Fheinn  
Thabhart Comhrag do 'n Bheisd
- 9 'S urrad eile ged bhithidh iad ann  
Bhiodh marbh san aona bhall
- 10 Ach gheibh thu cumha 's gabh còir  
Caogad luma dhe 'n dearg or  
Agus ga' m b' fhearr or enodidh nan cloch  
No cogadh nam Fiamh fhaobharach
- 11 Ged fhoilidhin buaidh<sup>2</sup> Erin nìle  
'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 clumha comhrag  
'S caillidh tu dos do chimne-chrion'  
Re deagh mhac Ossian iarraidh
- 13 Dar dherich colg na Beisd'  
Gan derich Fionn Flath na Feinne  
Dherich Oiscean Flath nam fear  
Dherich Oscar 's dherich Iolin
- 14 Gan derich Diarmad donn  
Dherich leis an lion-bhuidhean  
Dherich kòich nach tim 's aach tais  
Dherich an Glas le mhòr neart
- 15 Sin dar dherich iad nìle  
Eadar mhac Rì 's gach aon dain'  
'S mar Bheisd' dhòglair 's a gilean
- 16 Rinn iad Cro chrotha cutlanhor  
Mar Mhuir ri clochan a mhòl  
Bha dol aig a Bhuirbhurtach orr'
- 17 Ach fhrithéal i iad mu seach  
Mar ruith sradagan lasarach  
Ach an tas iorghal an aigh  
Thuit cabhair air na Laoich lann
- 18 Thuit a Bhuirbhurtach leis an Rì  
Is na thuit cha b' ann gun gan strì  
Deachan cha d' thair e mach sud  
O la Cearloch Lon Mhìc Liobhìn

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

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

- 19 Ghluais an Gobh' leis a bhrìgh  
Ga teach do thair an arl Rì  
Rinneadh beud ars' Gobhan nan euan  
Mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach ruagh  
Rì.
- 20 Mar do slughadh i 'n talamh toll  
No mar do thair a mhuir leathan lom  
Cha rath do dhòin air an domhain  
Na mbarbhadh a Bhairbhurtach mhoidhean  
GOBH.
- 21 Cha ne mharbh i ach an Fhiann  
Buidhean nach gabh roimh dhùine fiamh  
Cha d' theid Fath no arnachd as  
On t' shlnagh aluin fholt-bhagh  
Rì.
- 22 Bheir mise mo mhionnan Rì  
Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhìn  
Nach fag mì do dh' Erin an aigh  
Innis no Ealan no Tom
- 23 Nach tog mì 'n coir-thaobh mo laong  
Dh' Erin churanda ao-throm
- 24 'S chuirin breabanich air mhair  
Ga togal as a tonna bhalladh  
Le Crocan cromra ri tìr  
Ga tarring as a tamb-thonnadh  
GOBH.
- 25 'S mor an luchd do luingean ban  
Erin nìle dh' aon laimh  
'S cha deach do luingean air sùl  
Na thogadh Cuigeadh do dh' Erin
- 26 Deich fìchid agus mìle Laong  
Thog an Rì sud 's gunn b' fheachd throm  
Gu geill Erin thabhart amach  
Agus air shith na Feinne nam faradh.

MANUS.

S. 1.

- 27 Bha ceathrar air farthar a chuin  
Do ghlan daoìn' naise Inne-Fail  
Oscar agus Reine Ruagh  
Ossian nam buadh agus Cairil ard  
FING.
- 28 'N d' fhiosraich sibh an deas no 'n tuagh  
Co nì n' teannal chruaidh san traigh ?  
Chan eil an ach Flath no Rì  
Thuir Coinean maol gun fholt
- 29 Och nam foilbhis' am Fheinn  
Fear a ghabbadh sgeul an t' sluaigh  
'S e labhair Fionn flath nam fear  
Gum forlheadh e breith agus buaidh  
COXAN.
- 30 Sin thabhart 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  
Reachine a ghhabh sgeul  
Dha 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air do ghuth
- 32 Ghluais Feargus armal og  
Air a roil an coimheadh nam fear  
Dhoineich e le comhra fòill  
Cia na sloigis' tha air lear  
LOCH.
- 33 Ma Manns oirne mar Thriath  
Ard Rì Lochlin nan sgia airm  
Se Rì Lochlin ceann na Triath  
Gille bu mhòr fiach us fearg.
- FERG.
- 34 Thubhart Feargus rubh ga min  
'N ann do chuideacha' nam Fianm  
Thaig an Triath tha so air lear  
'S Rì Lochlin orr mar cheann

## LOCH.

- 35 Air do lamhsa Fhearguis fheile  
'S as an Fheinn cia mor do mhúirn  
Cha ghabh sinn cumbha gun Bhran  
'S a bhean thabhart o' Fhionn
- FEARG.
- 36 Tha Rì Lochlìn air an traigh  
Cìod e 'n sta a bhì ga chloth  
Cha ghabh e cumb' o' Fhionn  
Gun a bhean sa chu fo bheirith
- FINGAL.
- 37 Cha d' thugams' sin bhean  
Do dh' aon fhear tha fo 'n ghreìn  
'S cha mho dhealaichinn ri Bhran  
'M feadhail s' a bhiodh an deo 'mo chre
- 38 Ach air bhì fada dhùinn mar tosd  
Gun smuinnich Osear an aigh  
Dhol a labhairt re a sheannair  
'S a Chleirich bu mhòr an cas
- 39 Bheir mise mo bhriathar doigh  
Thubhairt Osear 's cha be 'n sgleo  
Cia be laong as fhaide seòl  
Mug iad air an turas seo
- 40 Gan seòl i le'mful do drain  
Air neadh nach eil ni can coluin
- 41 S' b' fhearr na bhì gan iarnadh thuinn o' thuinn  
'M foidhean cruinn air aona bhall
- 42 Sìnd dar thubhart mi fein  
Ged eil mi mar tha mi an ochd  
Rì Lochlìn nan Comhrag theann  
Gu sgarrain a cheann o' chorp
- 43 Sìnd dar thubhart Rìne Raadh  
Cia mor a thae' a shluagh baoh  
Naodh fìchid do Gheard an Rì  
Dhaimeoin an strì, bheir mi an sar
- 44 Gan dubhart Coalto nam Fionn  
'S eur a sgin air a lamh  
Naodh fìchid Curaidh gun diomb  
Dioldh mis iad air an traigh
- 45 Ghac an Duth mac Rivin colg  
Le guth barb 's e labhart aird  
Naonar a luchd comhrag chéud  
Nam chomhair Fein air an traigh
- 46 Sìnd dar thubhart Coinean re Goll  
'S mor an glonn dut bhì nad thosd  
Nach d' thugamid cath laidir teann  
Do Mhac Mheathan nam airm noichid'
- 47 Labhair Cuairt gill Fhinn  
Tog dhìot do sheinn is bhì slàn  
'S ged thanig iad uil' air thuinn  
Cha mhòr dhuibh theid air sal
- 48 Beirinn beannachd 's beirinn bnaich  
Thubhart Mac Cumbhìl nam gruidh dearg  
Maonas Mac Garrie nam sloigh  
Leagdh mis ean mor fhearg
- 49 Air mhoch erigh 'n la air 'n mharach  
Ghluais Fergus Fìle gu gle dhan  
Air chombail mar ba chòir  
A dhiondsaidh Mathbhì Rì Lochlìn
- 50 Chuir e air a Lairach mhòr  
'S a Chlogaid de 'n or na cheann  
Gun chuir e a chloidheudh ri chrìos  
'S a dha shleagh re fios 's a chrann
- 51 Bheannich e dar cha e mhan  
Dh' fhear a sheasomb aite Rì  
'S dhoinnich e le comhradh foill  
Cìod e a mor shluaghs' a tha air tìr
- 52 'Saimideach thu reir mo bheachd  
Co b' urra sa chleas dhluth?  
Ach Maonas Rì Lochlìn nan Laong  
Le fheachd trom gu cosnadh cliu

## FEARG.

- 53 'S aimideach a bhaig thu 'n speach  
'S nach d' ionradh mi creach no toir  
'S ge mor a thug sibh luibh an all  
Gum feudadh sibh bhì gan ann a falbh

## LOCH.

- 54 Co b' urra sa chleas dhluth?  
FEARG.
- 55 Ch b' urra sa chleas dhluth  
Ach Fionn ur a b' fhearr buaidh  
Nach do theich roimh dhùine riabh  
Ach gan teicheadh na cenda naith
- LOCH.
- 56 Nì mise cogadh oirbh le 'm fheachd  
'S bheir mi creach o' Fhianna Fìil  
Bithbhidh Sgeòlach<sup>1</sup> agam 's Bran  
'S bithbhidh Fionn sa bhean nam lamh
- FEARG.
- 57 Fendidh tu a chantan ga beachd  
Gur creach neart sin oirn gu brath  
Ach cait am biodh Osear og  
Agus Rì nam Fear mhòir ann 'n lamh
- LOCH.
- 58 Dhechinn fein Osear og  
Ossian mor is Goll nan enamh  
Dechinn shlochd Rì nam Fionn  
Is Fionna fial cia mor a lamh
- FEARG.
- 59 Feadidh ta bhì triall an tìr  
Thubhart Fergus as caoin cruth  
'S tu boch as mo fo 'n ghreìn  
Ma dhearbhas tu fein do ghuth
- 60 Cìod e a choire' 's mo rinn Fionn  
Man d' thanig sibhs a thogail gheall?
- LOCH.
- 61 Se choire 's mo rinn Fionn  
Muisne Rì Lochlìn nan gleann  
Gun mharbhadh i 'n Erin shuas  
Seal mas d' flauais re Clann—
- FEARG.
- 62 Cha b' fhiach a chleas a bh' ann  
Bha h' agas air dreach a ghuail  
Bha crìon-fhòth glas air a ceann  
'S co dheanadh clann ri Faath?
- LOCH.
- 63 Cha b' Fluath bhann ach Bean  
Cha robh i fann na tìr fein  
'S nam foidhìdh i comhrag naodhuar  
Chuireadh i di air an Fheinn.
- FEARG.
- 64 Chan fhaea sinne bean ann  
Ach Cailleach clann 's i gann do cheill  
Bha non suil ghloinnach na ceann  
'S chuir i aurtlach air an Fheinn
- FIONN'S TRIBUTE.
- 65 Dheibhidh sibh Cumbh' s gabhbh coir  
Caogaid Tunna do dhearg or  
'S gum b' fhearr 'or enodidh nan cloch  
No na bheir na Feachd da chuinn
- 66 Dheibh thu seachd ceud niginn bhais-ghèal-bhan  
Is seachd ceud Curadh theidha nan dail  
Seachd ceud bó gun bhìodhan riabh  
Seachd ceud Eadh le 'n deagh thriall
- 67 Seachd ceud Duimh chabair nam beann  
Ghluadh gun ghuth cinn no coin  
Seachd ceud aogh le 'n seachd ceud Maogh  
Chuiradh an lamh an' Leitir Shoir
- 68 Seachd ceud seabhaga rinn sealg  
Seachd ceud Gadhar garg am beinn  
Seachd ceud Ealla dho 'n t' smagh  
Seachd ceud Laeh le Ràe air Leinn
- 69 Seachd ceud Ruagh-Cheare dhic 'n fhrach  
Seachd ceud Coillach-dheubh air chrann  
Seachd ceud Lokair o' Thuath  
Seachd ceud Earb' a luth ran gleann
- 70 Seachd ceud Cullag seachd ceud mach  
Seachd ceud smeorach ' ghluais o 'n bheinn  
Seachd ceud Lou duth am beinn aird  
Is seachd ceud nì nam b' aill' luibh

<sup>1</sup> Fingal's two dogs.

LOCH.  
71 Ged fhojdlin bnaidh Erin uile  
'H or sa d' airgid 's a crionnachd  
Cha phillinn mo lùd air Sal  
Ach am biodh Erin uile air carras

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

LOCH.  
72 Co i a Bhrachs' Fhili Dhuanaich  
Ne sud Brach Mhic-treun Bhuadhich  
Chi mi Gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr eblin ?

FEARG.  
73 Cha re sud ach an Lia Luathnach  
Bratach Dhiaruid og o' duinne  
'S dar thigeadh an Fheinn a mach  
Gheòbhidh an Lia-Luathnach toiseach.

LOCH.  
74 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainnich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich  
Chi mi Gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr eblin.

FEARG.  
75 Cha ne sud ach an Duth-Nea' (or Nimh)  
Bratach Fhoilte Mhic Rea  
Dar chruinniceadh Cath na Cliar  
Cha bliodh iomradh ach air on Duth-Nea'

LOCH.  
76 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainnich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich  
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr eblin

FEARG.  
77 Cha ne sud ach an aona-Chasach ruagh  
Bratach Reine na mor shluagh  
Bratach leis an briseadh eirm  
'S leis an dorteadh Fuil gu faobartan.

LOCH.  
78 Co i a Bhratach ud, Fhili Dhuainnich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich  
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr eblin

FEARG.  
79 Cha ne sud ach a Sguab-ghabhi  
Bratach Oscar chro-laidir  
Leis an leigta cinn gun amhichin  
'S nach tugadh troidh air a 'h ais  
Ach an crithidh an talamh trom-ghlas

80 Sgaol siun an Deo-ghreine re crann  
Bratach Fhinn bu theann sa chath  
Loma-lan do chlochan dhe 'n or  
'S ann luinn gu 'm bu mhor a meas—rath

LOCH.  
81 Saolamid gun thuit a Bheinn——

#### FIONN'S BANNER.

FEARG.  
'S durra dhait na bheil ann  
Geal-gheugach Mhic Cumhil re crann  
Is naodh slabhrin aise d' sios

82 Dh 'n or bhuidhe gun dall-sgrìmh  
Is naodh naodhmar a lann ghaigich  
Fo cheann na b' uile slabhridh  
Mar Chleath treabhaidh gu traigh  
Bithidh a gair-chath ga d' ionan.

LOCH.  
83 'S breugach do bheul Fhili bhinn  
Cia mor agads' sluagh na Fenne  
Trian na h' agams do shluagh  
Cha robh aguith riabh an Erin.

FEARG.  
84 Ge beag leatsa an Fhiamn theires  
A Ri Lochlin na mor clamaidh  
Bheir thu do theann leam fo 'n fheasgar  
Roimh lauca glasa ni t-amhlacas.

85 'Arsin an toisich a chombrag chruaidh  
Se lathair Mac Cumhil nam bnaidh  
Cromadh gach fear a cheann sa chath  
Is deantar leis gach Flath mar gheall.

86 Bu lionmhor gnaillin ga maoladh  
Agus coluin a smaghadh  
Bu lionmhor ann tuitim feasgich  
O eirigh Greine gu feasgar.

87 'S cha deach faobhar airn gu muir  
Ach aona mhile do shluagh bàrr  
Theich iad mar slruth air bhara-bheann  
Is sinne sa chath gan ionan.

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

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 garg  
Mar chaoir-theina na mor thearg  
Mar shardagan diana cas  
'M feadh's a mhair Lochlinach ris.

91 Thachoir Mac Cumhil nam buaidh  
Is Maonas nan ruag aigh  
Ri cheil an tuiteam an t' sluagh  
'S ann luinn gun chruaidh an cas

92 Dar thoisich strì nan loach  
'S ann luinn gum chian an clos  
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 buill' air an lar  
'S thug iad sparn an do loach.

94 Thuit Ri Lochlin an aigh  
M' fanuis chai air an Fhraoch  
'S airse ged nach b' onair Ri  
Chuireadh ceangal nan trì-chaol.

95 Sin dar labhair Coinean maol  
Mac Moirne bha riabh bha riabh ri h'olc  
Leigibh mise gu Maonas nan lènn  
'S gu sgarraim a cheann o' chorp.

96 Cairdeas cha neil agam no gaol  
Dhuita Chioinean mhaol gun fhoil  
'S o 'n thurladh mi 'n lumban Fhinn  
'S anna 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 roghau a risd'  
Dhol as gud thur tein  
Cairdeas is comunn is gaol  
No thiginn led lann gu m' Fheinn.

99 'M fadsa blithis ceill an chorp  
Cha bhual mi buille t' aghaidh Fhinn  
'S aithreach 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 diubh sin.

101 Ach cia be thigeadh anns an uair  
Gu mullach Bhein-Eidin fhuar  
Chan' flac 's cha n' flaic 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 MACPHEAL.

J. F. Campbell, Esq.

- 1 Lã dhuinn a' fiadhach air leirg,  
Cha do thachair an t-sealg n'ar còir:  
Gu faea sinn mile bùra, e,  
Air sàl a' tighinn o near.
- 2 Thachair Mac Cumhail nan euaeh,  
'S Manus nan gruaidlicu àigh:  
Air leth air ionall an t-sluaigh,  
'S a Chléirich nach bu chruaidh an eàs.
- 3 Stad sinne faobh air fhaobh,  
'S leinne bu chian an clos:  
'S nac faodah duine dhof non dàil,  
Gus an faicadh each an lachd.
- 4 Gidheadh ged nach b' onair rìgh,  
Chaidh ceangal nan trì eoil air.
- 5 Oin thuirte Conan 's e thall,  
'Ged fha mi mar tha mi nocht:  
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 mhaol gun fhalt:  
'S an fha mi fo ghràsan Fhinn,  
'S e 's àill leam na bli fo d' iochd.
- 7 O' na thachair thu fo m' ghràsan féin,  
Cha 'n ionnair mi trèun air fath,  
Leigidh mi thu dhachaidh a lùm threun,  
'S ionaidh a chur treun an cath.
- 8 'Gheibh thu do dha roghainn a ris,  
'N uair a ruigeas tu do th' féin,  
Càirdeas is carantas is gaol,  
Ach do lùmh a bli saor o 'n Fheinn.

A. 17. FLEYGH. 84 lines.

In this a messenger comes over sea to ask Fionn and his warriors to embark, with their two famous hounds. They fall out with the Herald, and do not go. The last two verses are part of Oisic's Lament to Padraig.

- 1 FLEYGH wor rinnì lay finni  
Innoiss dowt a halgin  
Fa hymmì dwn we ann  
Deanow albin is errin
- 2 Fearis m'morn mor  
Din reane fa gall glor  
A waktow fleywi zar  
O hanyth tow weanow errin
- 3 Di reggir sen finni wane  
Fa math wle tor is tear  
Dowrt gi wak fleywi zar  
Na gi fley ane reywe in nerrin
- 4 Chonginuir 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 lomsih noss inni  
Is ber cayd leich id di hynchill
- 6 Deyeh mek eichit moren mor  
Ber let in dowss di benoyll  
Fer is ocht zet chlonn feyne  
Ber is oskir di zane wane
- 7 Ber deachnor di clannith smoil  
Is feichit di clanni roane  
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 fea a inni  
A v'awasse erin zrinni

- 10 Ber C leich let er twmni  
Di zna wantir inn v'kowlé  
C'skay gin m wi nor  
Dinni m'kowlé v'tranewor
- 11 Bersi let in nossa inni  
In da chouni is ferri in nerrin  
Ber bran is skoillin let  
Lowt di zorrin i ginicht
- 12 Na beith fadcheis ort a inni  
Di ray in toglach arl evin  
Tuggir fa woye id heith  
Di we er ar sloye is soiche
- 13 Glor anwit hare id chenn  
Ogle out hanik chwggin  
Min fayin tow in weanoss inn  
Di wea di chen gin chollin
- 14 Di choraa ni churffe in swm  
A chonane meill ni beymin  
Is mest in sloye di wee ann  
Id ta tow agrow anwin
- 15 Errissyth channi biskni ann  
Ersr conane in nani  
Gowis gi neach zewe erm leich  
Tig ni feamth 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 chrunwoynyth
- 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' eichil in glen  
Er nach keyr rawe cheith in ferrin  
Ay gin fiss nyth feanith ag finn  
Trogy in skaili so hulgin
- 20 Faddi kommi a halgin trane  
Nach waggra ma dumì zi nane  
Ead a shelgi o zlenni gow glenn  
Is nith aewlt no dymchol
- 21 Binvin lom ossin m'finni  
Na hanich kenn nach deach zee  
Ter gi dwni gar royve ann  
Di binvin leoma 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 Feinne 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 'Feirbh' 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 Cumhail goes to Loughlin,' which is the same story.

D. II. 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 Chronghin nan Cloch,  
Hanig gar 'niussadh an Tathich:  
'S dhollliche coig Meoir a Thraig,  
Trian do Dhurlar an Rìogh Thaugh.

- 2 Bha aoin Sùil an Lar a Chinn,  
Bha aoin Chas eblis a a thoin ;  
Bha aoin Chroig nasich as uehd,  
'S bu dùthidh I na Gualach Gotbin.
- 3 Hog Connan an Dorn le Durichd,  
Gu Hatlich mor na bain suiligh ;  
Stad a Chonnain fann' d' cheil,  
She a labhair Fion fath na Fein.
- 4 Bu bhor an Taobhir Reachd leom,  
Gum buailte Teichdire Rìogh Lochlin ;  
Sheo a chaid La a bain u' gu 'm Theich,  
A nois Athaich Aonigh.
- 5 Fhìr as gorm aoin suil gun Tlachd,  
Innish duinne Toir' as limm mìchd ;  
Hanig me fon Lochlin lethlich,  
Agus fon Chadiehl ghorm Tsleighich.
- 6 Hoig mì shìnigh nach ro male,  
Hanig mì fo chrìchibh Lochlin ;  
Ighin Rìogh Lochlin bha bhug,  
Chuir i Fios air Fion gun tairbeart.
- 7 Missigh labhairt ri Rìogh Flath nan Fian,  
E dhòl gu sìrigh gu L-chrudum-cliar ;  
Bha sheich ciad Fichidh 'Ota shroil,  
An Tigh Bhic Cùbhaill Mhic Treimhboir.
- 8 Bha Clogid as Scia as Larich,  
Air gach Laoich iorsich Ard-ghlunich ;  
Bha Innil gasta air gach Fear,  
Fraoch teth air gach Laoich lannhear.
- 9 Bha Ullich air gach Fearr don Droing,  
Do Lachd nan Urchair innilte ;
- 10 An dug shìbh am iunsuidh Cithich  
Oran Buaigh ? Ars Manus
- 11 'S mis 'a bharibh Cithich nam Buaigh,  
Huirt Mac Cùbhaill nan Arna ruaigh ;  
Air an Traigh ha shiar nan 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 arramaich :  
Gabbhig mì fostaibh Marraigh an Fhìr.  
Fon a thuit e leom an Iuril.
- MANUS.
- 14 An dug shìbh gam iunsuidh Laibh nam Beud mo  
mbac fein ?
- 15 'S miss 'a bhairibh Laibh nam Beid  
She labhair Diarmaid O Duibhne,  
'S nar ro Math agnibh ga chion,  
Gad ha mì am Buisgair Fheribh Lochlin.
- MANUS.
- 16 Ceanglìbh an Fearbogg ud.
- 17 Cait a bheil na Miunnin mor a Bhanis ?
- MANUS.
- 18 Ghagas far an duaras iad.
- 19 Harruing shin an shin air slèic Fichid Scian,  
'S gu la Bhrach gum' bard air Mìagh ;  
She bharaibh shin trithir oim Fhìr,  
Shail nan druing shin an Dorrust.
- 20 Bhrish shin Buaghainn an Toir,  
'S barbh shin an Dorsair,
- 21 Chaigh shin gu durragha stench,  
Shog shin abhlidh na Cairich ;  
Hainig shin air an Fhaichigh amach.  
Nar Droing aigntich arramaich.
- 22 Ghlaic shin Rìogh L'chlin nan Buaigh,  
Hug shin leim e nìar gu Herin ;  
Sriabh uaigh shin amach  
Bha Cìosh agguin air Feiribh Lochlin.

Crìoch.

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' fhòluich cuig meor a throighe,  
Trian do dh' ùrlar ar Rìgh-thighe.
- 2 Bha aon chos fodha nach eil,  
Aon suil air clar a chinn mhòir ;  
Bha aon lamb iarnuigh as uehd,  
'S bu duighe i na gualach gothain.
- 3 Thog Conan an dorn gun duire  
Gu A' atach mòr na h-aon sula bhualadh.
- 4 Stad a Chonnain 's fan a' d' chèil,  
Se labhair e Fionn fein,  
Ba mhòr an t-aobhar reachd leam,  
Thu bhualadh teachdair Rìgh Lochlunn am the-  
acusa.

## CEIST.

- 5 Nach è 'n diu an ceud latha,  
Thaing thu gu m' theach Athaich ioghnaidh ;  
Fhìr is gurim' aon suil gun tlachd,  
Innis dhonausa t-airre is t-iompaidh ?

## FREAGRADH.

- 6 Thanaig mis' o 'n Lochlunn leathaich,  
Is o 'n Chuideachd ghorm sheaghaich ;  
Thug mì sìntearg nach robh naill,  
Thainig mì blo chrìocheibh Lochlunn.
- 7 'Chuir Inghenan Rìgh Lochlùn Bhà-bhuig,  
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart ;  
Leamsa fios a dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,  
Dol na h-iarraidh thair Loch-druim-cliar.'
- 8 Is è bli seachdain bho màireach,  
Aig cathair na Bèirbe ann Lochlunn.
- 9 Bha sid againn seachd ceud fheadh còta sròil,  
Ann tigh Mhic Cuthail, mhic Treimhboir ;  
Bha da shleagh is laan 'us luireach,  
Air gach loach iorsuch àrd ghlunmhor.
- 10 Bha inneal gasda air gach fear,  
Agus fraoch teith air gach loach lannhear ;  
Bha ùlach air gach fear do 'n droing,  
Do luchd na 'n urchair innealta is dh' fhalbh sinn.
- 11 Rainig sinne Cathair na Bèirbe ann Lochlunn.  
Thachair Rìgh Lochlunn oirn a muigh 'us  
chuir è fàilte chridheil oirn, agus thug e  
cuireadh dhùinn a steach. Ghhabhadh bhuaime  
an sin ar cuid àrn, 'us chuir iad an tigh taisge  
a muigh iad, ach thugadh dhùinn fein an ur-  
chair ga gleitheadh. Thug iad a steach sinn an  
sinn do Rìghthigh mòr bha aca 'us dhùinte  
dorsan an tuir sin do oirn. Do shuidh fear a  
dhaoinè Rìgh Lochlunn air gach gualkin do na li-  
nile againne, agus bha fear eile a' frithealadh  
do na li-nile truar a shuidh fu' 'n làn armaibh,  
agus gun againn ach a mhaìn sgianan fòlneich  
oirn (mar bu ghàid leim ann an àm cumairt).  
Bha 'n Rìgh na shuidhe air Cathair os-ur-cionn,  
d' ar nair 'us d' ar nairail. Ach 'nair bha  
gach cuirn an deidh an cuir thairis 'S e dh' iarr  
an Rìgh fios Ceist.
- 12 Cò mharbh' mo mbacsa Cìothach nam buadh ?
- 13 Am Freagradh.  
Is mise mharbh do mbac Cìothach nam buadh,  
'S e labhair e Goull arn ruadh,  
Air an trà' ud siar mu thuath,  
Am fèinne man do thuit mòr sùlghagh.
- 14 Deir an Rìgh a rist.
- 15 Cò mharbh mo mbac Gorm-shuil nan cath ;  
'S is mise mharbh do mbacsa Gorm-shuil nan cath,  
'S e labhair e an t-Oscar armach,  
'S cha 'n-àirheadh mì bàs an fhir,  
Blo 'n a thait e leam sau iorghaill.'
- CEIST.
- 16 C' àite an dh' fflag sibh mo mbac fein,  
Lamb nam bèud am Bìngal-bìagha ?

1 History.



## PREFACE.

- 17 'S mise mharbh lamh nam bèud,  
Do mhac fein am Bìngal-briagh;  
Se labhair e Diarmaid-o-duime,  
'S nìor robh math agaidh da chiunn,  
Ge d' tha mi 'm builsgen fir Lochlain.
- 18 Beirbh air an fhear bheag ud 's ceanglaibh e,  
Arsa Rìgh Lochlain
- 19 C' àite bheil na briathra mòra a Mhànns? Arsa  
Fionn.
- 20 Tharruing sinn an sin ar seachd ceud fichead  
sgian,  
Agus aig mend ar gaisge bhù mhòid ar gnìomh;  
Mharbhte leinn truir mu 'n d' ràinig sinn an  
dorus,
- 21 Bhrìste leinn dorsan an tuir,  
Agus mharbhte leinn an dorsair,  
Ach phill sin gu dùr a steach  
Is thog sinn ulaidh na Cathrach.
- 22 'S bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,  
Mar droing aigeach nallaich;  
Agus riamh bho sin a mach,  
Tha cis againn a fearaibh Lochlain.

O. 38. CARRACHD RÌGH LOCHLAIN AIR FIONN.  
92 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 158. Copied by Malcolm Mac-  
phail. Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

THE poem which follows, in the beginning, resembles  
the beginning of 'Roc,' see page 103, but the rest is dif-  
ferent. It is called 'Carrach Rìgh Lochlain air Fionn.'  
(Collector's note.)

- 1 TUR a chuir rìgh Lochlain fios gu Fionn,  
Sun aig tigh chrom gleann nan clach;  
Thainig oirne an tathach ioghna,  
Dh' fhlòidh cuig meoir a throidhe  
Trian do urlar ar rìgh thig.
- 2 Bha aon chos fo 'n nach robh cli,  
Aon suil air char a chinn mhòir;  
Bha aon lamh iarnaidh as uelch,  
Ba daibhe i na gnalach Gotlainn.
- 3 Thog Coman an dorn g' an tiorca,  
Gu athach mor na h-aon suil a bhualach;  
Stad a Chonain 's fan a' d' cheill,  
'Se labhair e Fionn fein.
- 4 Ba mhòr an taobhar reachd leam,  
Thu bhualach teachdìre rìgh a' m' theachsa;  
5 Nach e 'n duigh an ceud latha,  
Thain' thu gun theach athach ioghna;  
Fhìr is guirne suil gun thlachd,  
Innis dhonhsa taire 's t-iongaidh.
- 6 Thainig mise o Lochlan laghach (al. learach)  
'Son chuideachd ghorra shlaghach;  
Thug mi sinteag nach robh mall,  
Thainig mi o chrìocheibh Lochlain.
- 7 Chuir nighean rìgh Lochlain bhla bhuig,  
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart;  
Chuir i fios dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,  
Dol gu h-iarraidh thar Loch drumm ehar.
- 8 'Se bhì seachdan o maireach,  
Aig Cathair na Beirbh an Lochlain;  
Bha sid againn seachd ceud fichead earra shroil  
An tigh Mhìc Cathail, Mhìc Treunmhòir.
- 9 Bha da shleagh, is làn is laireach,  
Air gach laoch iorsach ard ghluimhor;  
Bha innel 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 sgrìathailh goithe a' sibhal euan,  
Dh' fhalbh sinn gu h-ualach ard;  
Mar coimcamb chumnaic sinn nar stuagh  
Cathair na Beirbh an cois na tragh.

- 12 Thachair rìgh Lochlain oirn a muigh,  
'S chuir e faite chrìdheal oirn;  
Thug e cuire dhuinn a steach,  
'S ged a thug eha 'n ann eum aigh.
- 13 Ghabhadd nainn ar cuid arm,  
'S thaisgeadh iad an carn a muigh;  
Thuga dhuinn fhein an fheach ghabha,  
Cha sùnain gleithe bh' air ar n-uigh.
- 14 Claidh shù steach do thigh 'n rìgh mhòir,  
Dhuine oirn dorsan an tuir;  
Shuidh fear a dhaoine rìgh Lochlain air gnallan  
a h-uile fear againn; fear a frithchaidh do na  
h-uile truir. Iadsan fon lan armaibh, gun  
againn ach ar sgean foiluch.
- An rìgh na shuidhe os ar ceann gar n-carail;  
nuair bha gach cuirn an deigh dol thairis.  
Se dh' iarr an rìgh fios co mharbh mo mhaest,  
Ceothach nam buadh.
- 15 'S mise mharbh do mhac Ceothach nam buadh,  
'Se labhair Goll nam arm Ruagh Cha 'n aicheadh.  
Air an traigh ud sar 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 thuit e leam san Tiorghail.
- 18 C'ait an d' fhuag sibh mo mhac fein,  
Lamh nam beul am beag a bhriathra<sup>1</sup>
- 19 'S mise mharbh lamh nam beud,  
Do mhac fein am Beuga Briaghla.  
'Se labhair Diarmad o Duighle,  
'S nìor robh math agaidh ga cheann, (chiunn)
- 20 Ged thu mi builsgau fir Lochlain,  
21 Beirbh air an fhear bhragaid,  
22 Ceanglaibh e ars rìgh Lochlain,  
23 C'ait a bheil na briathra mòra Mhànns?  
24 Dh' fhuagas far an d' fhuaras.
- 25 Tharruing sinn seachd ceud fichead sgian,  
Aig mend ar gaisge bu mhòr gnìomh,  
Mharbhte leinn truir nu' an fhear.  
Seall tu 'n d' ràinig sinn an dorus.
- 26 Bhrìser leinn dorsan an tuir;  
Mharbhte leinn an dorsair dur,  
Ach phill sinn lann gu dur a steach,  
'S thog sinn ulach na Carrachd.
- 27 Bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,  
Eutrom aigeanaich nallaich,  
Agus riamh o sin a mach,  
Bha cìos againn air fearaibh Lochlain.

This evidently differs from the other, though the char-  
acter 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 IXIS thus dhuinn a Phadruig,  
O 'n a 's tu 'n 's fearr meadhair,  
Greis air Sealachd Fiannbhì Fhinn,  
La àird a bha sinn an Cromagheann.
- 2 La dhuinn an Cromagheann nan clach,  
Thainig oirn an t-athach angabai;  
Thuir e le glòir bhig nach tionn,  
Nach caithe leinn euid an Cromagheann.
- 3 'N sin labhair Fionn le guth mor,  
Uist a Chonain 's cois do dhorn,  
'S mor an t-abhar reachda leinn  
U bhualidh Teachdìre Rìgh Lochlunn

<sup>1</sup> Breuga Briaghla.

- 4 Ach fhíoir as buirbe suil gun tlachd,  
Sloinnsa dhuinn t-ar agus t-íomachd.
- 5 Thanig mis o Lochlunn Leathunn  
O'n chaidenach chuirim fíleaghigh,  
Thug mi treun cheim gun bhí mall  
Ann an cein o chríochbhlí Lochlunn,
- 6 Thug nighín Ríogh Lochlunn nam bla buig,  
Dhuit fein Fhinn a gaol gun dearmad  
'Us dl' iarr i ortsa Mhíe Cúbhail,  
A tabhairt o luchd a tromha chleirgh.
- 7 Cairibh air cotana sroil,  
Air ar corpibh seanga sithar  
Air Luirichín 'us math maise,  
Seabbaill óir fai fhíllidh gasta.
- 8 Sciath bhreac nan eangach dar díon  
Trogamid a ghaol gun íomaghúin,  
Sciath bhil óir 'us Lann 'us Luireach  
Air gach Gill-Oglaoch Arl ghluinich,
- 9 Inneal combhann air gach fear,  
Fraoch Sibhail air gach Gille,  
Ullá' ach air gach aon do 'n dream,  
Do luchd nan uaracháin Innealt,
- 10 Thog sinn ri drummachull a chuain,  
A Bhuidhinn 's cha b' fhuirst air díongabhall  
Cath-eagar do dl' Fhianribh Fhinn,  
Gun smaointin eagal na íonaghúin.
- 11 Latha dhuinn sa mhéirbh ag ól,  
Pobull Fhinn 'us Ríogh air tonail  
Ag ól sa 'g íomairt air leinn,  
Sinn fein 'us sluaighan Ríogh Lochlunn.
- 12 Sin labhair Ríogh Lochlunn fein,  
An dug sibh leibh Lamh nam beud,  
Na C'ithích mo mhachd eila,  
Na Gomunn na Míoghsuít bríathra.
- 13 'Us mise mharbh lamh nam beud,  
Ars Osgar 's ní b' íomadh breng  
Gun taic do dhúine ga chíon,  
Na na bhleid do fhíne 'n Lochlunn,
- 14 'S mis a mharbh Gomunn do mhac,  
Arsa Raoini but gheal glachd,  
Air Traigh a chlabhain fu' thuath  
Siar o rudha na morehann,
- 15 'S mis a mharbh Cúth' íeh do mhac eila  
Arsa Diarmuid Donn o Duibhne;  
'Us gabham re nar bladh an fhíoir,  
O'n sann leam a thuit 'n íorghuill,
- 16 Ghabh sinn air an fhaic' a mach,  
Nar dream aigimich ualach,  
Scolt sinn roimh Dhorsíbh an Túir;  
Agus thuair sinn bunaidh 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 Fíonn 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 Fíonn according to the tale. This arithmetical legend seems to fit where cunning was pitted against cunning.

## GOID FHINN AGUS DHUBHAIN.

- 4 Ceathrar fíonn fadhra ar thís  
Fa mberbar liom aníomthús
- 5 Cuigear dubha na n daíl  
de lucht derbh choghar dhubhain
- 2 días o Fhinn borb g' bheath
- 1 Fear o dhubhain teibhartach eath
- 3 Tríur o mhac eabhúill fheill
- 1 As fear o dhubhain dhreic reidh
- 1 Suighios Fíonn san mbroggh bhan
- 2 Gba dhias dhubhe ar a lamh deis
- 2 Is días eile do mhantar Fhinn allmhúine
- 3 Tríur o dhubhan mo chíon
- 1 Fer fíadhaigh na n agbaidh sinn
- 2 dha fhear on loch nar lag lamh
- 2 días 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, Advocate's Library, from a transcript made into current hand by the Rev. Donald Mac Intosh, 1804, from the Dunstaffnage MS., written by Ewen Mac Phail, dated, October 22, 1603.

Among the Gaelic MSS. in the Library there is also a transcript of 'Bruighean Caorthuin' made into current hand in 1812 by Ewen MacIachlan, Ox. App 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 Clanramald'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 'Fíonn le Feachd na Féinne air cúl Bheinn Eidin a' sealg,' orally collected, 1871, by Donald Mac Pherson.—June 20, 1872.

## THE STORY OF THE ROWAN TREE DWELLING.

A FRAGMENT.

RÍ UASAL óireadh ro gabhnsa fíathas & saor lamhas ar na cithre treabhaidh Lochlóinnach ar feachd naill í colgan cruaidh amach mac Do ais & do co onn (caon & arl óreachtúis laisn rígh aios ar saith na beirbh loch luin bannaigh & rangair ar ceithre treabha Lochlanach na chomhdháil la air IS ann sin do labhair rígh Lochlain do ghuth ard mor foills ghlin innsin noomach & a feadh adubhuirt Lochluin ar se atuidhíh dísh lechd no ainimh nar rigare nar tighearna-orunsa a dubhuirt each uile dáitheas aon fhear nar bareuidh a dubhuirt an ríghí mar sin dáisa fein ar se aith níl darrh locht ro mhór oruní o sheain (shean) creud-he an locht sin

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

Top of page 2.]

agus forghn na Lochannach is do chaidhe d. d. ar mugh duirealnb fomharach & is an do thuirtabhain ce iodhón. Ceathlann chaladh cras fínelach & is ann ata a feart an dun Ceathlann don taoph at naith do mhagh Duir. Is ann sin do dhurt Nianhadh cruth tsolais inghean Neidh g'obair slaghúibh & geona cloinn & is ann ata dfeart don taobh tsihar do sin & do tuit ann sin clanna Uaicid & is ann ata abfeart ag clár Laughe & ageann Uaicid anar' Earcann do cheannadh baf Lough uídh Lamh fluda IS ann sin a dubhuirt ri L. L. isead is allionsa ar se dul an Eairinn d'fhaighuil eiosa no sinnsr o

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

Eaireann & d'fhaighibh braghaidh gill re conhall dandh a feibhadur maithé Lochlann gar maith leo had an t-urais sin re denamh & gar miste leo a fad condearn e & a dubhairt ri Lochlann gaisin<sup>1</sup> slaight do chuir ar an L. I. uile & do chruinnidh chruige V. riagh clathra ro mhór ar fathre na Beirbe Lochlann ad & do damhghnadar a longa & alnath bharae & do chuididh ionnta go hid mhacch l'ghaireach & thugadar lemh sunntach isin a bfaige go hór neartmar & ní bfeadhachad tise no dan f<sup>o</sup> hann da fuaireann no gar gabhadur chuan ad daise cart Ulladh & taugadar athair co tinnuans nach & do gabhad arguin na erchie go cóim dhochra & is e pa ri air Eirinn an t-ain sin iolion Corbunae mac Art mhic Cúim ceoil chathach & raicne fios na tron dandhe sin go Teamhrimh nurr roibhe Conn ceoil chathach & do chuir Corbunae deachda go Dhealunim Leighean mar roibhe Fionn mac Cúdhuidh da radha ris an tron dandhe doibh ionghabhail sin dhochra deareneachaibh iartha chuin strin sin d'Fionn do chuir trionair & cathup na Fionne tangadar go hobann athlann da ionnsuige isin mhicé & tigid ag coime na nathuarech ina dhongadh disire dasachtach & mor seagradar don rualadh no go rangadar ag condladhna Lochlan : & ar riasin a ceile doibh tugar ionnsuige nochdeis<sup>2</sup> naidh deamhail fair a cheile & do tuatar socheidh iondeat ara airg héití don tuream tréon neartmair sin. IS ann sin do fhearaguidheadar an Fian do an dathu go Poit & Il ferlan laidir dala Ghnill Morna ar bhicinn na Fionne ambaghadh ag na Halharachaibh do ionnsuige mar bhicinn Meagieigh righ Lochlann & do nochd a hain bhicinná keathan leardach & ro gabhadar urbhighe adh gartha amarratae di ar na Lochlannachuibh & d'iaigh sin tarla he fea & ri Lochlann da cheile Eac do fondaider conntae disir dhachda do uabrain re cheile & do tuid ri Lochlann aifoir ceann an eunruic sin do beanmairbh ghaic laidir Ghnill mhic Morna & do bhreacadh air na Lochlannach & do tuid atriath & a tighearna & do chuaidh ar tri mhic ri Lochan do chathadh ag an catha do d'ailuit anatar & do mhargh síoch dhóibh & ainic Fionn an tréa mac dhóibh, iolhón, Níoch mac colgan & do churadh ar na Lochlannach ar d'uidin an triar tréon fhear sin na dha & ní dencha cal' chach beatha as doibh gun marbhadh & do ghabh Fionn Mích & do bean alan fuainghadhas & do goireadh ri Lochlan do mhídhach ar sin a dubhairt Mích re Fionn o do tugais manam dandh a laithair cath & gar tuilleas bas d'fhaigh ní bfeicfean thu gu brath & do bheara eios na Lochlannach chugam an Eirinn & caidfeadh maile friotsa he & anfad agad go brath inthusa mhídhach do an se a bhocheir Finn & drong mor da mhúinirt maile-adh fris seaf fad do mbodach aegoinnibh & a dubhairt Conan mac Morna re Fionn is mor an gnasach duit a find ri Lochlan do beachd ad goimhídhach do gnath ar marbhadh a athar acath d'huít do rath Osín mac Fhinn is fior do Chonan sid ar se & o mach aill he ri Lochlann searadh friotsa tabhair fearan do denann tigidh & na biodh s'e ad goimhídhach ní siad no do bise. In ann sin do goir Mio mac Colgan euga & dubhairt Fionn fris toigis do denamh & do dtídhiladh se fein a rogha do da trucha cheandh d' fhearain an Eirinn do & rugh Mhóid do roghainn & triuch .c. ann tuath taobh tuath dhí & aseadar far gabh se an fearain sin, iolhón, Fairsinge an chuain do bhí eolair an da tir sin & nach biodh coimheud do gna fair adhbair eile far gabh se an fearain sin anochus go bfeidfan se Lochlannach & Grengaidh do tabhairt lais ar an chuain sin an trath do geubha se baoghal faille re denamh air na Fianach & do haindead<sup>3</sup> an fonn sin he Mídhach mac Colgan & do hiondoice tréon conach aige ceithre bliana do ar anordandadh<sup>4</sup> sin aon do lo da dtáing Fionn & Fian Eirín do tseig & dtídhach fa trucha cheandh ri fa chrochaibh bfear more ris a raitar Hi Connal Gabhra a Mugh & do suigh Fionn na dunnha tseuga ar tulach n faig siana fris aratar fearoin na ag Connal annid & drong dhianaibh Eaeppinn na raon fris an<sup>5</sup>

Níor cian doibh annsin go bhfeodar aon go laoch da mionsuighe & he mor mileanta ag teachd do laithair chuga & trealamh conah daingean catha umae, iolhón, cotun smaitnídh spóil & ceannbheart corr chíochimh buadhach uima cheann & sgiath dond dath aluim re na ghluadain chli & da shleagh tsáthí floda na hainm dhéas & tainic do laithair & do bheannuidh d' Fhionn & d' Fhianuibh Eairinn & do farrúidh Fionn seagda dhó do radhseann fear dana me ar se tainic re dhan eughsa IS iongnadh an cúl<sup>6</sup> fir chatha & fir chomhrúicidh at sin mar sin.

IS fear dana nise ar se tamag re dhan chugadsa tri hion<sup>7</sup> d'ana do diol so ar Fionn & tansa hionasa go bhrughnith

eigin do bhrughnith Eairinn & do gabhad do diol ann umise a dubhairt an toghach gabhadur mar diol maith ar son no dhana a ciall do thuccan dandh & cuirim do geasuibh tu fionn annsin dandh gabh dan ar Fionn in loisge teine nair ge craech.

Ad comaire teach sin tir, as nach tabhairt ceill do ri maith seom lear gabhadh con righ teach tuigan sin ar Fionn is e sin brugh na boume iolhón, teach Aonghus oig mhic an Daghá or ní fendar a losgadh na creacha is e sin tuigan an roinn sin ar an fear dandh. Ad comaire fear sha leth tuait nach beiras a lan do bunaidh ní fear leis aml na bruth. No conlain searbh chuth, Tuicín sin ar Fionn is e sin chloidhach Aonghusa oig ad comarac & ní fear leis aml na bruthic ag ceatadach canach & corp do hainm ceadaidh Aonghusa croll mall a ceantair gar tuait is huarhe.

Ad comaire beannsa leith theas agas clann tré na ceuas, iolhón. Noach huath & asiad adhlann do comarac, Treana-Tuigan an bean sin, ad comarac, iolhón, an boinn do leath teas ceuas, iolhón, Eric mall chiorra & a bhraolain caochair bregairig croll mall nua sruth sin is huarhe he Eoach huath oir sibhuidh na gar an d'huath re bliadhain & no dhiongan each do luas an d'huath re ist sin tuigan an raim sin air an fear dandh abhair tuilleadh don dhan dandh air Fionn deomure ceatharmhad go mbuaidh fair neaguis ionad slaitigh Eaochair og is Eaochair tsat eod he frith ad comuire Tuil d' cattle tuigan sin ar Fionn is eura daonguis og tusa & ní cara dandha & is i slioghe do gabh se leathreana huthgort fein & ad comaracis beith beaga os bar dos & ad comaracis is fior sin ar an fear dandh isin tuig sin an dana ud do rime asduise eia thusa fein a dubhairt Conan mac Morna aine nach aitheochur<sup>8</sup> tusa he ní aithinn ar Fionn do aitheanta nise & Osgr & Osín creud noch aithin nim sin no mhúinirt fein & ní aithinn an fear ud ar Fionn is eod mhúinirt fein sud ar Conan & ní caruid dhuít e & do bhdh cona de noch a nambuid d'athine no charuid oir isse do dhéanad ole dho & is e sud Mídhach Mac Colgan & is leasta do chuid athur & a dís dearbhl brathair ag cath buidhe Beirbe & do beannas alan fuainghadh as feim & ata se ricedar mhídhachuibh deng ag oigheachas agad & ní tuge baidh no deocha duit fris an re sin. A dubhairt Mích Mac Colgan ní mise as eiontach fris sin a Conain ar se nair us roibhe me aon ní rsin nach beith feath agam far chomhair, & us thainic se da cathuach & us no tuga ceitradh do & atan feath agam dhó anoch tigeadhse da chaitheann & ata bhruidh air tuim ata an feath & ansa mbroughnith ata air tir do bheirhar da cathuach iolhón curimise Fionn go geasaidh uatha as leith he Conan & a dubhairt Fionn re h-Osín ann ann so & drong d'Fionn Eireann maile friot & na leig dhionsuighe bhrughne anoidh iad & cuirfead hús agula euga siana cionas a bhias an druidhean :

IS iad so an eugar do a far abfochtair Osín isin duha tsealg, iolhón. Diarmuid O'Duibhe & Caltí mac Ronain & Fiacha Mac Finn & Fath Cananar mac mhic Con & Ain'si mac Saithe tsealga & siad so do chuaidh he Fionn gus an mbroughnith iolhón. Goll mac Morna & Conan Mac Morna & Mac Lughaic Júnneach laiceachdach & 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 Chomnach iolhón. Coir cosuath ceud guinac & ceid chumidh mac Connal Criacha & da ri Fhianuidh Fhian Leighean, iolhón. Flaithes bfear Leith broighe & Doncha mac Breasnail & do chuaidh dhianuim he Fionn & do chuaidh Conan rompa stench ansin mbroughnith & ní flair aon nduine innte & fuair se ag conh maith do Broughnith riamh & eubhighe síoda so masacha & bruit aile ioldathach or snaitheacha ar leath ugradh<sup>9</sup> ar urlar na bhrughne & gach re clarimite, iolhón. clar gheal & clar dubh & clar gorm & clar uaine & clar dearg & gach ar doman ar cheann do mol Conan go mor suighgha na Bhrughne & do chuaidh asteach innte an tan sin & do shuidhadar ar na brathuibh síoda fuaradar argoinn insin mbroughnith & níor buill leo aneudighe fein beith cateara & euidhnaíha Bhrughne & do bhí baladh sar mhaiseach ag teachd don tinnadh ionnus gur fasadh & gar meubhghadh neannam aigonta an baladh sin Dubhairt Fionn ann sin IS iongna hion ar se fad go faghtar ní eigin do baidhdh na Bhrughne si chugain dubhairt Goll mac Morna ata ní is iongtuigh leam fein ina sin, iolhón. an tine roibhe boladh stuaghuidh so maiseach ag teachd ann so duinn gar breine hi anois na ceura an donuach & is si is no deathach do deintibh an d'olmhuine uia a dubhairt Glas mac Aoin Chearta beurrta ata ní is iongtuigh leam fein ina sin, iolhón. an Brough-

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

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

<sup>3</sup> Ainmíchead, gloss.

<sup>4</sup> an-chloidh, gloss.

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

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

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

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

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

can a roibhe gach re ndatha deurasamh-lachd gach uile datha gan non clar anois innte ach iarna dluth daingniughadh ar e cheille re slataibh cruidille coorthuin & re cula tuath & farcladh da mbualadh eire cheile a Dubhuirt Faolan mac Aodh bhig Fionn ata ni is ionganthadhe leam spein ina sin. iodhon, an Bruighean ar a raihbadar saeachd n' doirsi ag teachd anu so dhuinn nach bfuil anois orrtha ach en doras & a dubhuirt Conan mac Morna ata ni is iongantuidhe leam spein inasin. iodhon, enduighe sioda & a bruil aille en sauhla do bhi fuinn<sup>10</sup> ag suighe an so duinn nach bfuil en snaiti fuinn anois diobh & dair leam gar bi hi cre na talaun rougreathadh anois & gar fuaire i no sueachadh fhuar en oidhche IS ann sin a dubhuirt Fionn is geis danlusa abeadh an bruighin anu an doruis ar se & is eaguil leam garab bruighen a Fhuail a bhruighen sa a bfuil nuidh & gearradh druin ar taobh i di deanadh nar sin air Conan & tug lamh laochadh tapadh ar armuich & mor feud en cor do chor de IS ann sin a dubhuirt Goll mac morna a Fhuinn cuir hortog fad geud fise & foilladh si dnuinn cre an cors oruinn is deacuir leamsa sin ar Fionn cioldi deacur is eigin dnuh a deanamh.

Cuiris Fionn ordog fan geud & do foillseadh. iodhon, fios & fior colus do IS annsin a do leig Fionn osna mhór as & a gabhain ar son mor saoghuil a bfuaras go nuigid so nair ata ri Lochlann re ceitire bhaidhni deug ag dealbh na faille chugain & a nois do fuaire se arach ar deanaumh agus tug se tre<sup>11</sup> fhear do Ghrengachuibh lais dangoirtar an d'omhuin mhóir & ata se righe deug na fairaith & saeachd catha tionad gach righ diobh & ata tri righe Inse-Tile orrtha sin. iodhon, tri draoidhe dnuabhseacha diabhlaibhe & tren fhear talcra dnuin chadua iad sin. iodhon, Neuh & Agha & acuis anuana & is iad do chuir an uirse fuinn da bfuilnuid ceanguilte & ataid an bruighin anoidin & is gearr gottigid geitire cumhais & ni feudnuid ne an bruighiansa d'faghail no go geomultar fuil na tri righes do cuir anuirs fuinn duinn & ba trough laisan bein an sgeul sin & do ronmfad caoineadh-adhlal mhór ag cluinsin.

A dubhuirt Fionn na deanaidi sin ach gabha mend meamuin chugaidh re luchd euga oir ni roibhe do saoghal aguin ach abfuaran & sinuadh an dord fiansa dhuinn nar oirfialadh duinn rea mbas & do rinnadar anula sin. IS ann sin a dubhuirt Osin mac Fhinn do gheal Fionn fios do chuir chugain da ttatnadh an teannadh andeachuidh fris & agus cia do rachadh d'fhios sgeul eugamsa achladsa ar Fiacha mac Fhinn nair is ni duine oige anuso rachadsa leat ar Insi mac Suibhne tealge agus do ghuaisular rompa chum na bruighne & do chualadar an Dord Fian ag seinuadh go ceohuar & a dubhuirt Insi mac Seaga Suibhne Is ole ata ar ac an droing do ni an ceol sa ar se nair is re linn do broin is gnath re Fian. uibh eirion an ceolsa do dheanaumh do chuala Fionn comhradh na deise deaghi laoch sin & a dubhuirt Fionn ane guth Fiacha mhie Fhinn so ar se-is en go dearbh ar Fiachadh na se leig ni is neasa na sin duine e nair atamuid ceangult don talan & dui Inse Tile & do fariuidh Fionn deasaich ua do bhi ina foireadh ata da dalta. iodhon. Aimsi mac S. S. teaidhleas & na leig an gar cath rachna nallbharach e a dubhuirt aimsi mac S. S. a Fhinn ar se do bole an luach oileanua danlusa teideadh rouhdasa an tan is cruidh duit & tu an gnasachd bais a dubhuirt Fionn o nach ail leatsa deitheadh ar se cuiridh fen & Fiacha ar an athsa ar sgath na bruighne & cosnuidh he no go beura droing eigin d'Fhianuidh Eairion oruibh do rinneadh ar anluadh sin IS annsin a dubhuirt Fiacha a mhie S. ar se comeads an talasa, &c.

<sup>10</sup> Foghain, gloss.<sup>11</sup> Treun, gloss.B. 4. BRUGHIN 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 BUAHDACH SIN A GHUILL GO NBUAIDH

Is pray ro fhoros na sluaigh  
Do bheithmis uile gun chiun  
Muna thiofas chugain

## 2 Giodh mor anuar ro fhoirus riamh

Oruine a Ghull na nardghliadh  
Do bu mo in cas oirn an nar  
Ar nleith ceanguilte ancuaimh

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

## 3 Camog agus Cuillin chiar

Is leo do cheangladh an Fhian  
Ocus Iarnach fa garbh gleic  
Do cheangal sin tre croibhneart

## 4 Nuar do bhail leo ar ceinn

Dio burn dinn gun eislin  
Do chuaidh na triar amach  
Is d'fag siad amhsion go bronach

## 5 Nior eian doibh sin ar an leird

Na tri deamhadh fa clao cerd  
Go fcaedar ag teachd na gar  
Goll mor is e na aonar

## 6 Tiagaid na tri mnaí mora

Accomhdhail an churaidh chrodha  
Ocus comhraeus rin tre rath  
An doras beoil na luamhadh

## 7 Nior ghnath leis cothrom a diarraidh

Goll mor anaighadh fhialaidh  
Comhrucceus ri go teann  
Dar mharbh Camog is Cuillin

## 8 Daon bhuidle don loin him

Aghearas iad araon fa ntruim  
Gur thoreuir Camog an bas  
Is Cuillin gar curaidh an cas

## 9 Inllas Iarnach leadh da druin

Gion calma an curaidh comhan  
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  
Aisle o og go seann duine

## 11 Sgaobus Iollain di iar sin

Tigid araon don bhruighin  
Agus sgaoleas dinn uile  
Edar ri agus ro dhuine

## 12 Aon gair bheannochd uaine uile

O oglech go sean duine  
Do Gholl ar nbeith amach  
Don bhuine bhrioghmar bhuahdach.

Buahdach.

## C. BRUIDHEAN CHEISE COREUNN.

I copy the following from fragments tied with 'Pope's' papers, but not in his hand. July 3, 1872.—D. M.

Ar bhí don fhein ceangait ambruidhean Cheise Coreunn tríd draoidheacht le inghin Chonrain mhic ainmleid agus air feachán do Fheargus air Goll a teachd lam fuasgladh a dubhairt e an Leoidh.

## 1 BUAHDACH SINNE GUS AN DINH

Is bras ro eudhas an sluaidh  
Bha sinn uile gun chiun  
Mun an tigeadh tusa thugaim

## 2 Ga mor gach nair dh' fhoir thu riamh

Oirín a Ghull nan ard ghliadh  
Bu mho an cas oirn an uair  
Bha sinn ceangult an aon uaimh

## 3 Caomag agus Cuillion chiar

'S ann leo do cheangladh an Fhian  
Agus Iornach le garbh gheas  
Do chuibhrich sinne tre chroicart

## 4 An nair do bail leo air cinn

Do bhuin dinn gun eislan  
Do chuaidh an triar amach  
Is dh' f'haig iad an fhuinn gu bronach, &c.

## S. 9. IOMACHD NAODHAR

(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.

## AIGHTHENT.

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 Ocu a slùithean sin 's a thulaich  
Air an bhèil mi 'n diugh lan boichdeas  
Bha mi nair 's a b' fionga leam  
Bhì nam aonar ort'a
- 2 Mìs is m' aithair is mac Iuthach  
'N trùir sin dom chluibh 'n t' scalg  
Nuair a nochda sinn nar a' arna  
Gur e thuiteadh linn Fiaidha dearg
- 3 Osear is Goll is Caoilte  
Faughlan is Carril is Diarmad  
'S air m' ullain fein a Phadric  
Gan cuirceadh sinn far air fiadhach
- 4 Le air naodh coin 's le air naodh goodhair  
'S le ar naodh sleaghana mo'a  
Is le ar naodh chuidheamhna glas  
Bu ghathas an toisich comhrag
- 5 Leig sinn anna sin ar naodh gadhair  
Thug sinn faoch ar feadh nam beannta  
'S gan mbarbhadh leinn achana donna  
Agus Doimh throma nam gleanta
- 6 Air bhì dhuinn bhì sgi airan tulach  
Thaing thugain olach gabhaidh  
Dhòmhich ri Fionn ga b' mhadhail  
'N tus' Mae Cumhail aghnabh
- 7 'S e sin mise Fionn nam buadhan  
Cia be thusa do shluagh an domhain  
'S mas ann thugain tha ar 'n iorghail  
Tha sinn naodhar ma ar comhair
- 8 'S tana leam sin re 'n ar n' aodan  
'S a luthad laoch treuna sleagh  
Thaing a mach o' Ri Lochlin  
Thogail creachan is eis dhìbh
- 9 Air laimh t' athar 's do dha sheanair  
'S air laimh do leaman shuarich  
Da mhead 's tha sibh dhaoine ann  
Rheir a naodhar 's dhuibh buadh
- 10 Dhòmich an teachdair ga siubhlach  
'S shuidhich iad iul nu ar comhair  
Mharbh each fear againn diubh deichear  
Sud nar reicadh sinn nar gnothach
- 11 Ach thug sinn sin an ruathar dän  
Bu lionmhor ann far a shuagh  
Bu lionmhor ann gaineadh slagh'  
Bu lionmhor ann fleasgach a sruaghadh
- 12 Bu lionmhor ann cloigin gan sgoltadh  
Bu lionmhor ann coluin ga maoladh  
Bu lionmhor ann fear criosa geal  
A freasadh fol air na fraochadh
- 13 Ach 'n tim dhuinn sgar do chur a chath  
'S na mathibh nìle dhiochairt  
Shuidh sinn sin 's cha bu dochrìdh  
Fear is oclhar air an t-slùithean.

X. 2. DUAN NAN NAONAR.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail (56 lines), from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lanchlan, Edinburgh, orally collected in Caitness. Edinburgh, February 8, 1872.

This fragment belongs to the Norse Wars, and seems to fit in here.

- 1 SHITHFAN sin is thulach ard,  
Air a bhèil mi 'n dia lán goirteas,  
Bha mi nair is b' ioghnadh leam,  
Gu 'm bhithinn m' aonar ortsa,
- 2 Mì-fhèin is m' ath 'r 's mac an Lohbar,  
An trùir do 'm b' chluibhaidh an t-scalg;  
'S nuair a rachadh sinn air ghleus,  
Se dh' eirceadh dhuinn feidhean dhearg.
- 3 Osear is Goll agus Caoilte,  
Faolan is Coiread is Diarmad;  
Och air m' olluinn fhein Phadruig,  
Dheanamh sinn fàth air faidhach.
- 4 Le naoi coin 'a le naoi goodhair,  
'S le naoi sleaghan geur gabhaidh;  
'S le naoi chuidheamhan geur glas  
Bu ghasd iad an t-comhrag.

- 5 Leag sin na coin is na goodhair,  
Bha faughaid feadh nam beanntibh;  
Se mharbhte leo aghan donn,  
Is daimh thronn nan gleantibh.
- 6 Air bhith dhuinn bhì sgi do 'n t-shocair  
Chunnaic sinn tighinn eolach gabhaidh;  
Dh' fheoraich e dhuinn ga b' mhadhail,  
An tusa mac Chumhail aghmhor.
- 7 'Se sin mise Fionn nam buadh,  
Cia b' e thusa do shluagh an domhain;  
'S ma 'sann ruinn tha ar 'n iorghail,  
Tha sinn naonar ma ur comhair.
- 8 Is tana leam sin ri ur 'n eudan,  
Is luthad treun eud laoch gabhaidh;  
Thaing o rìgh Lochlinn do chosnadh na h-  
Eirinn.
- 9 Air laimh t-athair is do sheanair,  
Is air dh' laimh do leann shuarich;  
'N audeoin na chuireas sibh ri ur comhair  
Bheir sinn dhuibh buadh.
- 10 Dhallh an teachdair ga siubhlach,  
'S shuidhich e iul nu ar coinneamh  
Mharbh each fear againn diubh seichear,  
Sud nar reicadh leinn ur gnothach.
- 11 Thug sinn nis ruair dana,  
'S bu lionmhoir gearradh sleagh;  
'S bu lionmhoir sleagh air slios greis-laech,  
'S iomadh greis-laech bha na luidhe.
- 12 Bu lionmhoir ann clagain ga spealtdh  
Is fleasgach bha ri ioghnadh  
Is fear shlios goal bha traoghadh,  
Thala air na fraocha.
- 13 Bu mhath Gall an tìs a chath ud,  
Bu mhath m' athair fein is Caoilte ann;  
Cha b' aithne dhonn oc aca nach molainn,  
'S! bu ionmhòla an naonar.
- 14 Air bhith dhuinn bhì sgi do 'n fhuilleach,  
Is na mathibh chuir a dhìth orra;  
Shuidh sinn 's cha bu doachail,<sup>1</sup>  
Fear is oclhar air an t-shlùiche.

Crioch.

<sup>1</sup> *Donnal*, afflicted, from *di* privative and *foel* a word; hence *donal* etymologically means mute, silent, which is invariably the accompaniment of grief and sorrow.

P. 5. TURUS FHINN DO THIGH ODHACHA BEAGANICH. 1802.

Staffa's Collection, page 38. 177 lines. Advocates' Library, February 20, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS is a sample of the kind of repetition which is called 'Ursgeul,'—a noble or Heroic tale. It is not a fair sample of oral recitations; but as it was written in Mullabout 1800, and was still remembered there in 1871, I print this curious story just as it is in the Advocates' Library. 'O Finmla' is now called 'Rìgh Fionnaghadh,' 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 aircamh uhor do dh' nashib na Feinne naille ris aig seig, agus seachran seig orra sun uair sin chunnic iad fear mor an ard, agus e tighin nam coahdhal, agus fior dhroch colldas air. Bha dorn Gullunn do dara suil a muigh agus dorn Gullunn do 'n t-suil eila stigh. An deidh faithe chuir air Fionn us air an Fheinn, thubhairt e cha chreid mi fein nach bhèid seachran seig orrh. Dh' flegagair an Fheinn e, agus thuir iad ris nach rabh, gun rabh an suil ria geò nach dh' fhuair iad fathist i.

This is told of Cu-chullin and others.

Ga as dhuit fein arsa Fionn, agus cìed e brìgh do thuris san aitea.

Thaing mis aris eisan air theachdaireachd a dh' iarruidh Fhinn agus a mhòr uaislin, chum cuir as cuid oich gha-

bhail ann an tigh Odhacha-beaganich a nochd. Cha 'n fhaod nìs arsa a Fionn a fheagar, oir tha mi fuidh ghealladh gu bhì ag Ban-riogh Eas-ruaidh air an oícha nochd fein.

Cha sin us coir dhuibh a dheanadh arsa Conan, ach da carrum a dheanadh air na daoimh a tha maille ri agus Goll a chuir air ceann an dara buidhich gu Ban-riogh Eas-ruaidh, agus u fein air ceann na buidhich eila gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich Smath a labhair u 'Choman arsa Fionn mi mis a mar a dh' iarr thu ach fema tu fein a bhì lean.

Roinn iad a chuideachd, agus chuidich Fionn air ceann an dar buidhne, gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich da 'n bu chomhaimm Riogh-Finna. Agus air ruideachd dhoibh chuiridh Fionn sa chuid doime ann an tìogh nor fada farsinn gun aon noch a chumail cuideachd na caitheanail aimsiribh leo. Thugh gach aon do chuideachd Fhinn air aon taobh don Tigh, he Conan fear coinhead chon Fhinn an aon Sin. Thairt e ri Fionn an deigh greis don oíche dol thairt orra gun dèid, gun òl, gun aithir, cha nìe dol chloas orra arsa Conan gu fuigh sin a bheag do thoilmitin an aon nochd. Tha mi toleach eiridh agus crann a chuir air an doras, 'us gum duine leigibh a stigh tuilich a nochd. Dean a Laochain arsa Fionn ma thoilichis tu fein. Dh' eirich Conan agus chuir e 'n crann air an doras, agus sheas e fein an tate ris.

Cha b' fhada na dheidh so nair a chualas fosgladh san doras.

Co sud arsa Conan? Tha 'n so mise machd mor O Finna, agus sea garbh ghaisgich dheug leis, a tìogn a chumail cuideachd us caitheanail aimsiridh le Fionn machd Culbhaill a nochd. An leig mi stigh iad Fhinn arsa Conan. Dean a Laochain ma thoilichis tu fein arsa Fionn. Thainig iad a stigh, agus sheidh iad air taobh eila do 'n tìogh, mo choimhich Fhinn sa chuid doime, us cha dubhairt son nach ri nach eila failte dhuit na cia do sgeula Thainig fosgladh ann san doras. Co sud arsa Conan. Tha 'n so mise Ninghin mhòr O Finna, agus sia masaidhna-diag leam a tìgn a chumail crachdaireachd us caitheanail aimsiridh, re Fionn mac Culbhaill a nochd. An leig mi stigh iad Fhinn arsa Conan. Dean a Laochain ma thoilichis tu fein, arsa Fionn. Leigh Conan a stigh iad sud Thubhairt Nighin mhòr O Finna, us i togail a guth air aird, cuiridh mi mo cheann rid cheann Fhinn le Culbhaill nach bheil fear dheidh do chuideachd nach leag nìs ann an cothrom Gleachd. A Bhith arsa Conan cìod e nam biodh a chroìdh na dh' anam agad do cheann a chuir rim mhaighistista. Theid mise Ghleachd rit. An carann a cheila ghabh iad. Air an dara car chuir i Conan air a dhrum air an urlar, agus cheangail i cheithir chaòl gu daor agus gu daingim le cord agus le sea sna-mo-annaidh fhagail air. Bha Conan greis fuidh chuibhrich sin oir bha nair air Gaisgich Fhinn eiridh gu fhuasgladh, chionn gur a bean a cheangail e. Rachadh fear an dras sa rìchist a mach a choimhead na h-oícha, agus dh' fhuasgladh e snaoin san dol seachad.

Agus mar so lean iad agus an d' fhuasgladh an t-iondan. Cho luath sa ghabh Conan a chasan an carann na h-Inghin a bha e an dara h-uair Leag e i air a cheud char, oir bha e air fheargachadh gu h-anabhairach. Nach bheil fios agaibhs Fhinn le Culbhaill nach do leag mise bean na nighin rianh a rachadh gam 'euchinn ann an gleachd: nach rabh mi dh' fhear aice nan leagim i. Man leigim air a cois i. Tha 'n fios sin agam arsa Fionn. Bha Conan a dh' thear aice 'n lathir na bha stigh. Nach bheil fios agad Fhinn nach bheil le bha mi rianh a dh' fhear aice nach dug mi 'n ceann dhith. Tha fios sin agam arsa Fionn agus bu leoir a dhonadas.

Thug Conan an cean dhi, agus thog e leis i eidar cheann 'us chasan, agus thig e nach i air taobh muigh an Tighe, agus cha dubhairt aon nach ri gabh b' òle. Chrann e 'n doras agus sheas e aige: cha b' fhada na dheidh sin nair a chualas fosgladh san doras. Co sid arsa Conan? Tha 'n so arsa fear a bha muigh mise tìgn le Tore gu Fionn mac Culbhaill agus gu aas-lin cuiridh e mach da-me bheir a stigh e, sann air son suspeir Fhinn a tha e. Bha fear an deigh fura a dol a mach ach cha rabh a h-aon idir a pillidh. Sheall Conan a mach agus faicair airannh do chuididh Fhinn marb air an Dùn. Chaidh Conan a mach agus thairt thiontaich e 'n taobh air an rabh ca'g-neumh an Tuire ris an fhear a thug tonns 'n tigh e, agus bha e marb air ball.

Thug Conan a stigh an Tore agus Bhruch 'us dha' se e, agus roinn se na trì carannibh e. Thug e da carinn don Fhinn, 'us gheidh e carinn eadar e fein agus na coin Labhair aon do chuideachd O Finna agus thubhairt e chuala mi rianh Ionradh math air an Fhinn, mar dheagh bhiaistich agus chreid mi e agus a noch, ach tha mi faicinn a nois nach fìor e. 'Ne sin a tha u'g radh arsa Conan 'us e toirt an urchar sin do ghuala mhòr an Tuire a bha e creim, agus chuinnich e fearsa labhair man cheann, agus

sprìod e 'n Teannachain as ris a bhalla: ag radh se mo bharid gu bheil do boir agasda dheth. Cha do labhair nach gum b' òle do chuideachd Fhinn no O Finna.

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 comhrug chon air an Fhinn. An leig mi stigh e Fhinn le Culbhaill. Dean a Laochain ma thoilichis tu fein arsa Fionn. Cho luath sa thanig an cu dubh a stigh, an bad chon na Feinne ghabh e, us mharb e trì chaogid cu air an Fhinn nan d' fhuasgladh Bran. Ach cha do chumhlich Conan a. Cha rabh nìmh sa bhroigs ge do theirta Brog nìmh ria, ach na b' fhuir gun rabh spùir nìmh air Bran agus gu biodh e femmail air nairibh a bhrogsa bhì mo chois gan geard.

Bhrog nìmh a thoirt dheth chois Bhraim us bha 'n cu dubh a factuin a chuid a b' fhearr do bhran.

Labhair Fionn agus a dubhairt e shaòil mi rianh gum bu ghille math chon u gas a nochd a Choman. Sann as o a chumhach Conan nach dug e bhrog nìmh deth chois Bhraim. Dh' eirich Conan ann an gradhail, a thoirt na Broige do Bhran, ach man d' fhuair e sin a dheanadh thug na coin sea falannan ding air Conan. Cho bath sa thuair Bran a bhrog ri lar dh' fhuair e chuid a b' fhearr an chu dubh, agus mharb e thiodh e. Be so 'n riasan man do chanaidh Laoith 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 Grián air fonn;  
Chuana sinn a tìogn on Traigh,  
Fear carraidh dheirg sa choin duidh.
- 2 'S gile na gath greine ghnuis,  
Sa dha ghruaidh air dhreach na suth,  
'S gile na gath blath a chorp,  
Ged thachar fholt a bhì dubh.
- 3 Cha do ghabh e eagal ro bhair,  
Sann a dh' iarr e comhrug chon,  
Leig sinn na coin chathla cheann-dubh,  
Leis nach bu mhiannin dol air chuil.
- 4 An cu dubh bu gharbh a threis,  
Bhuidhaidh leis trì chaogad cu,  
Dh' eirich Fionn a meas an t-sluaigh,  
'S dh' amhairc e gu truaigh air bran,
- 5 Nair dheargich e 'n tor na cheann,  
Dh' eirich gart us greann air Bran,  
Nair chrath Bran an t-slabhrich oir  
Meas an t-sloigh man doirt an fhuil.
- 6 'Sann a sin bha Scann-fhoinn ghlan,  
Eidar Bran 'us 'n cu dubh,  
Thug iad cuir eideachdach garbh,  
'Us dhagadar marb 'n cu dubh.
- 7 Oganich us àille delbh  
On thorchainidh leinn do chu,  
Fios do shloinnich b' àill leinn uait  
Na co 'n tìor as na ghluais u.
- 8 Ti-mhì-fhortain se 'n diugh m' ainm,  
Thani mi fuidh stòrm air con,  
Shaòil mi nach rabh aon san Fhinn  
Aona chu bhuidhaidh creachad air Fìr.<sup>1</sup>
- 9 Mar a bhì Geola nan car,  
(? *Syrolta*)  
Agus Bran le miad a luis,  
An cùitean man duinte 'n Iall,  
Cha 'n fhagadh e siar nar Dùn.

<sup>1</sup> Ainm a choin duibh.

- 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 aghidh Grua
- 11 'S iomad grnagach dheid gheal og,  
'Us binn Gloir 's 'us Guirme suil  
Thiodhlaichd an Dun nan Torc,  
Bheiridh biadh a noch dom ehu.  
Crioich.

Na dheidh so chaidh Conan a mach agus rug e air a chu dhadh air earball air dha bhi air fheargachadh airson na mharbhadh do choin Fhinn, agus air son a mhi glmhatich agus an droch adhrachadh a thuar Fionn a nhaigistich, agus chuid daoine, phron, 'us bhru, 'us mharbh e na dhainis air ga mairidh air Taobh muigh an tìghe. Ghlaodh aon do mhuintir O Finna. 'O! us eisan nach dig sibh a mach agus gun eaisgidh sibh a fear naol malluicht aig a bheil 'n cu dubh ria Earball.' 'Cha 'n fhag e duine beo man stad e.'

Lemh gach aon do chuidich Fhinn a mach as an tìghe, a dh'fhacis co bha ann, agus dh'fhagadh Fionn na nonar. Dh' eirch na bha stigh do mhuintir O Finna, chum Fionn a mharbhadh agus chuir iad air luain e gu Oisín an tìghe. Chrom gach aon a chaidh a mach an ceann sa cath maile re Conan. A Bha Fionn san anns' an eigin mhòir. Thug e eadh air an sgath shuithaich. Chluinnit e ann an cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn. Cha tighla nair san bith eadh ort' ach nair a bhidh Fionn na Eigin, agus mar a digidh comhaidh ga bonaidh, man d'gadh 'n treas eadh, bhiodh e eulte, chuala odh Fhinn gan b' ainm Osear an eadh, agus a dubhairt, tha mo shean-athair ann an eigin mhòir. Lemh gach aon ann ann Beart-thuinnich, agus cho luath sa rang Osear, chaidh e stigh air druim an tìghe. Cha rath e ceann-dha dol a stigh air an doras, a chionn gun rabh Gearad laidh air. Chaidh e eadar a th' sean athair agus muintir O Finna, agus shao e sheanathair as an lamhaidh. Agus cha d' fhag iad fear Inne sgeid, na chumadh Tuare asg-ail, ach machd mor O Finna, chaidh eisan a mach air mullach an tìghe, agus thair e as orra.

Air madinn an la b' fhoisge ghabh na bha laithir dhù 'n turas gu pillidh ions' an aite fein. Agus thaschir machd O Finna rin ann an coitas eila, air bha draoidh-eachd aige. Thubhairt e ri Fionn, a bheil an eu sin math, tha arsa Fionn? A marbh e feidh 'n marbhich arsa Fionn. Cuiridh mise geall ars eisan nach marbh. Tha e ruit arsa Fionn. Mo thaschir na feidh oim. Cha b' fhadh dhoibh mar sin, nair a chumadh iad aiceadh lion-mhor dhaibh Stug Fionn Bran, ach cha ghabhadh Bran stuigidh naidhe. Cha deanadh eadh a chluasan a mhaoladh agus fheannan a chrathadh. Nach dubhairt mise ruit arsa fear a thaschir orra.

Faic a nois gu bheil do gheall ort. Stug Fionn an dara h-nair e. Ach cha deanadh Bran ach a chumadh a mhaoladh, 'us earball a chrathadh. An treas nair 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 Iulan duibh. Nair a chaidh an Fheinn gan aite fein, cha d' fhuair iad nuathan na clann rompa. Bha iad air a marbhadh le Bran ga aindeoin, air chuir machd Rìgh Finna fu gheasabh iad.

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

Mae Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 4, 1872.

- 1 SUE chunnig slùn tin fo 'n Traigh,  
Fearr Earra gheing as Coin duigh;  
'S gille nan Gegan a T-shnaigh,  
Bha dha ghruaigh air Dhath nan suth.
- 2 'S gille na gach Bha a Chorp,  
Gael barla ga Fhalt bhì duth;  
Egìl cha do dhaibh e robhin,  
She dhair e oirn Coibhrig Chonn.
- 3 Leigadar rissin Coinn Chaich,  
Leis nach bu glua dol air Cul;  
She 'n Cu duth bu ghaibhe Greis,  
Thorchrì leis trì chaogid Cu.
- 4 Dherich Fionn ann meang an T-shnaigh  
'S ghaibhrie e gu cruaidh air Brann;  
Dhearragich a dha T-shuil na chean,  
Dherich gairt as Grean air Bran.

5 Nar chrath Bran an T-shlabhrigh oir,  
Meang an T-sloigh le 'n doirte Fuil;  
San an shìn bla Seannir Ghlan,  
Eidir Bran as an Cu duth.

6 Thug iad Cuir eibhidh gharag,  
Fagadar Mairibh an Cu duth:

7 Oganich as ail'gh dealbh,  
Neis fon borechir lein do chu:  
Fios do Loinnigh' bail lein nait,  
Na co 'n Tir as 'ndo Ghlais u.

8 Ebbin Ossain be sud manin,  
Thug mo stòrm air Conn;  
Ilaoid mi nach ro sud nar Fein,  
Na bhuingh creichid air For.

9 'S na bhuaithur Geola nan ear,  
Agus Bran aig meid a Luigh;  
Cha ro Cullain mun druìd' lal,  
A ghlaghig For shiar mun Dun.

10 Suimid maodin deud-ghéal og,  
'S binne Gloir sas bui cul;  
Ha na suibhidh 'n Dun nan Torc,  
Eberigh Biagh a nochd do 'm Chruith.  
Crioich.

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

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

Eaclaoidh air fear a thainig a thagairt comhrug chon air Fionn agus air an Fheinn uile.

- 1 Moch eiridh rinn flath nam Fiann,  
Seal man d' eirich grìan air magh;  
Chumachdar a tighinn u' n leirg,  
Fear chochlud deirg 'sa choin duibh.
- 2 B eibhin è ri amhrace suas,  
Bha dha ghruaigh air dheachl nan suth;  
Bu ghile na chaile a dheid.  
Fhalt o tharladh dha bhì dubb.
- 3 Thainig thugin gu mur Fhinn,  
Ficusgach grua 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 eu dubb bu gharbh a ghréis,  
Mharbha leis naoi caogad eu.
- 5 'Sann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
Si shoh an Iorhuil is cha bhag:  
A' tionndadh bho charruibh an t-sloigh,  
Is dh' amhrice e gruanach air Bran.
- 6 Nair chrath Bran an t-slabhruidh oir,  
A meang an t-sloigh bu gharbh a gaoil:  
Dh' eirich gart is greann air Bran,  
Gu bhì an scabhan a choin duibh.
- 7 Buimibh an iall do 'n chuillean gu fior,  
Bu mhairh a ghuimh gu an duigh:  
Is gu faichdeadh sibh sgaineart ghlan.  
Eidir Bran is an eu dubb.
- 8 Leig iad na coin sroin ri sroin,  
Meang an t-sloigh gun do dhoirt iad fuil:  
Le Comhrug diambar gu dlu,  
Gus 'n do mharbha an eu dubb.
- 9 Ach flùr 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 Eibhin Ossian b'e sud m' ainm,  
Thainig mi fodh stòrm air cobh:  
Shaoileam nach robh sud nar Feinn.  
Aon chu chuireadh creuchd air For.
- 11 Mur bhì Geola nan ear,  
Agus Bran le m'iad a luis;  
An cuilean mu 'n d'ineadh 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 nan fear,  
Gu 'm faichrad a leachd san dun.
- 13 'S ioma moidéan deud gheall og,  
Ba bhuidhe cul is bu ghairme suil;  
Tha na 'n suidh an dun nan tore,  
A bheireadh a nochd biadh do 'n chm.
- 14 Thiolaidh sinne am forlach fial,  
An leabaidh chruaidh chon an cu;  
Gur e thiolaidh sinn nar Feinn,  
Aon fhuicid deuge 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 dhún.

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 gairraich ian,  
Re buirich fhialh agus lon.
- 2 Do rinn sinn ár ann gu 'n chealg,  
Le 'r conaibh 's le 'r 'n armaibh neimh;  
'S thainig sinn d' ar teach tra' neóin,  
Gu subhach ceolmhor le gean.
- 3 'N óidheche sin dhuinn an teach Flinn,  
Ochóin bu bhinn ann air cor;  
Re dhuinne bhí sgathadh thúd,  
Re caitheamh ean, fhíadh is lon.
- 4 Moch eirídh rinn Fionn 'n ath lí,  
Mu 'n d' ainig grian ar a bhruth;  
Is chunnaig e teachd o 'n leirg,  
Fear chochaill deirg is choin duibh.
- 5 'S ann mar so do bhla a shuaidh,  
Bha dha ghrainidh air dhreach nan sugh;  
'S bu ghle na canach a cneas,  
Gé d' tharladh d' a thóit bhí dubh.
- 6 Thainig thugainn gu mór chrá,  
'N Gille grunn 's a bhár mar lon;  
Air urrlam cho luideamh sgá,  
'G iarrúidh air each comhrag chon.
- 7 Leig sinn thuige 'n tus a bháir,  
Gach greadhain a b' fhearr bha 'n ar múr;  
An cú dubh bu gharg a ghreis,  
Mharbhadh leis tri chaogad cú.
- 8 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
'S e so an iorraig nach lag; ' (i. s' *mor shot*)  
Thiondaidh e chul ris an t-shaibh,  
'S dh' amhairc e le gruain air Bran.
- 9 'N sin chrath Bran an t-slabhruaidh óir,  
A measg an t-sloigh bu mhor a ghal;  
Do las a dha shúil na cheann,  
Is dh' eirich grunn air gu cath.
- 10 'B uineadh an iall do 'm chú gu fior,  
Bu mhaith a ghniotul gús an diú;  
'S gu faicmaidh sgannúidh ghlán,  
Eilear Bran is an cú dubh.
- 11 Leig iad na coin sróin re sróin,  
Measg an t-sloigh do dhoirt iad fail;  
B' e sin an deobhídh labair gharg,  
Mu 'n d' flogadh leis marbh an cú dubh.

- 12 'Flir ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,  
O 'n mharbhadh leinn fein do chú;  
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh aís dhuinn,  
Is an tir as na ghluais thú.
- 13 'Eibhainn Oisain gur e 'm ainmsa,  
O riogh'eid tore ma stóibh ar cor;  
Shaoil mí naech raibh ann 's an Fhóinn,  
Aon chu dheanamh créuc air For.
- 14 'Mar bhítheadh' Geola nan ear,  
Agus Bran le mead a léidh;  
Cha raibh eí nan 'n duinte 'n iall,  
Dh' flogadh mo thriath beó 'n ar Túr.'
- 15 'S maith a ehuma bh' air mo chusa,  
Bha alt lúidh iad o cheann;  
Meadhan leathann, leoilhar-chliabh,  
Uileann fhiar agus speir chlam.'
- 16 'Sboga buidh 'ta air Bran,  
Da thaoibh dhubh, agus tárr geal;  
Drim maine re suinn san t-seilg,  
'S da chluais bhiorach, chorrach dhcarg.'
- 17 'S iomad gruagrach fhionn gheal domn,  
Is garne súl 's is ór bhuidh folt;  
Tha an dutaich mhic Rígh Torc,  
Bheireadh biadh do 'm chusa noe.'
- 18 'N sin thiothlaic am fior laoch fial,  
An leabaidh chaol chria' a chú;  
'S do thiothlaicuibh leis an Fhianm,  
'S an Dún shiar tri chaogad cú.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhainn Oisain uaim,  
'S cho bu bhuidhach leis a theachd;  
O na chaill é a dheá' chú,  
Bu mhor eolas lúidh is neart.
- 20 'S deich céud fichead do 'n arm glan,  
'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 Créid thusa Phódraig gur fior,  
Gu raibh sinn uair bu mbaith chuí;  
A chleirich ge d' tha mise noe,  
Ann am aon chéilainn bhoichd a d' mhár.

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 Finis-torc (supposed  
to be the Orkneys) with a large and monstrous Black Dog,  
not doubting but he could kill all the dogs that pertained  
to Fingal. At his arrival, For, being the name of the Black  
Dog answered to, engaged and kilt three fifties of Fingal's  
hounds. Fingal liberated Bran, which soon dispatched  
For. Fingal seemed to have had an extraordinary notion  
of chasing and training these animals being found  
very useful upon several occasions, especially for the  
game, and chasing and banishing wild beasts.

AN CU DUBH.

- 2 Do rinn sinn ár air an leirg,  
Bu mhór ar seilg is ar coín;  
B' armach, eibhinn sinn tra' noim,  
'N teach Rígh Pháille Triath gu ón.
- 3 Triath na feile b' eibhinn tim,  
Ag caitheamh ean agus lon
- 9 Bu bhórb a gheann, 's ba bhuirbe sgál.
- 12 Flir ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,  
On' thorehair leinn fein do chú;  
Do dh' fheardh an domlainn gu leir,  
Cho 'n cil fiosam fein do chú.

<sup>1</sup> Mathair Bran, agus bha a colg na a fonnadh man.



- 13 Eibhinn-cosgar gur e m' ainm,  
O Inuse-torc na 'stoilbh ar con ;
- 14 Mar bhithheadh Geola nan gath, (? *Spydca*)  
Agus Bran le mead luigh ;
- 16 Spogan buidh' ta air Bran,  
Tarr-geal naine dhath san leig ;  
Suil nar airneig spairnean comhlach,  
'Sda eilhuais bhiorach, eirrodha dhearg.
- 17 'S iomad gruagach rím-gheid, árbhuidh,  
'S guirne suil, 's is aille fólt ;  
Th' ann an Inuse-torc nan armann,  
Dheanadh bhaidh rí 'n Chusa noc.
- 19 Dh' iníth Eibhinn-cosgar ainm,  
Cha bu bhmadhar leis a theachd ;  
O na thorchair leinn a Clm,  
Bu mhór alla ladh is heart.

## 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 Argylshire, 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 Fionnig, 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 Caoille. 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 biodhmad na 'n Rìogh,  
Cho bì 'n T-seishear bu bheig Briogh,  
Sgar Ban dh' Fèarragan Fial.  
Coilt is Caoireal nan gorm Shìrian.
- 2 Leig sinn air Cuachan re Sruth,  
Is reinn sinn an Tòl gun Ghuth,  
Cuach Fhèin a bhuidhín an Geall,  
Shiabhladh i na baoinaran.
- 3 Thainic seachd Sheashear nar Ceann,  
D'n T-slagh fhuilteach fhaoidhar fhionn,  
'S a 'm Fear bu taribh dhùil sin,  
Go 'n 'diongadh e Ceud an Ceud an Comhrac.
- 4 Bhiodh na Bhragad gach Fir mhòir,  
Seabull daingean do 'n dearg shrol,  
Oscan na Craoisiche nimhè,  
Lanna saobhair 's iad doth-chaithe.
- 5 Da Luireach an Eòibh Theann  
Ma Chuir sheanga na 'n snor-chlann  
Bhiodh air macdhar sin orr' nìle,  
Earrachd Caine air aon Dath.
- 6 Thair Fean doibh Cumha mhòr  
An Earrachd foin de 'n dearg shrol,  
Ceud Bean na Baintreach sa bhron  
'S fear os a Chean sa Chomh-ol.
- 7  
Se huir Clann a Chuilg na 'n Cleas  
Cho bhì sinne reidh go Hoiche.

- 8 Sin nuair dhiosnigh Fean a Gloir,  
'S e 'g amhrac ar Shuadh a Chomh-oll,  
Bheil sibh gabhail Teabhaecl dheth,  
Dul a bhualadh na 'n seuchd Sheisear?
- 9 Bha mì Latha 'n Ruair na 'n Gleann,  
Huir an Togha bu mhòr Greann,  
'S reinn mì Guibh bh dorra leann,  
Na 'n Ceinn a bhuidin do Sheishear.
- 10 'S huir Fèarragan mac an Rìogh,  
Marbhaidh mì mo Sheashear dhìobh,  
'S cho chuir e Truin' air Neach eille,  
Na thig slan o 'n fòruilhaise.
- 11 Dìongadh mìsidh Sheisair eille  
She huir Cnorril nan arm gaiste  
Is cha chuir e trom air Chuch  
Aoin Laoch a hìg am Chobhail.
- 12 Labhair caoilte nan Arm nìbh'  
Marbhaidh mì mo Sheashear dhìbh,  
Go ma dearg o bhun go barr,  
'M Ball an tairgin mo Gheur-lann.
- 13 Gar maig a dhagadh air Dail  
Diath leis an eramte Craimh ;  
Marbhaidh mise 's Goll a Ghaisge,  
Air da Sheishear 's an aoin Aitdeal.
- 14 Chrom sinn ar Cinn anns a Chath,  
Is reinn gach Flath nar a gicall ;  
Mharbh mì fein mo Sheishear ar tus ;  
Sud a Phudric mo eudh Chuis.  
Mharabh Osgar Sheishear is Fear (? Fean)  
Se mo dhochan bhì ga iomradh.
- 15 An Fear nan dheire bha aig Fean  
Mar bhinnie edar alla leann,  
Ghabh e, is bu mhòr an Teachd,  
Ar seachd Bailliu na aoin Sgeilh,  
'S mar bhiodh Osgar nan ceud Rabb  
Cheanglach e sinne nar Sheisear.

F. 10. RANN AN FHIR SHICHD' IR.  
DUN AN OIR. 35 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 10. Advocates' Library,  
January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this version the poetry is broken. The same lines  
can be recognised in other versions, which follow.

- LATHA araid' bha Fionn sa bheinn sheilg,  
agus seisear do 'n Fhèinn comhla ris ;  
chunnacas Laoch a teuchl na 'n comhail ris  
an do chan Fionn am fear Sichel'ir,  
ag rath
- 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 fhuar ;  
An Dùn nach d' thugadh a gheil riamh,  
Nach d' thugadh a bhuighdean a nairh,  
'S d' am biodh a mairidhean diomach
- 3 Rainig Sinne Dùn-an-òir,  
'S chroim sinn ar einn nùn 'n cho-bì ;  
'S thainig seuchd seisear d' fhearabh mór  
na ar ceann.
- 4 Do shlagh fuilteach Eobhar arm,  
'S am fear bu tàire dhùid sud  
Gu 'n dìongadh è ceud an comhrag.
- 5 Bha mu bhraidhe gach fir mhòir,  
Sgabull daite do 'n dearg òr ;  
Craosach mhaille na 'n lùmh neimhe,  
'S lannan leobhra' bha do-chaithe.
- 6 Tùs slògh 'n àm dol san teagmhail,  
Agus deire tighinn a mach ;  
Bhì se' thog buaigh na buidhne,  
Dh'èir Fionn.
- 7 Ma dh' fhàg sibh air deireadh eliar,  
Dithist leis an eòimear emi  
Dìongadh mis' n'ns Goll a ghaisge,  
Air da sheisear a dh' aon aithim.

8 Ach bhà 'n fear nu dhèire bh' aig Fionn,  
Mar Sheobhag eadar dhà lion ;  
Fhrithéal è 's bu mhòr am feum,  
Air seachd buillean na aon sgeith  
'S mur 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 daylight: 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 bhà Fionn is seisear ag ól,  
'S iad nan suidh mu 'n aon bhóir ;  
Thainig seachd seisear 'n ar ceann,  
Do shluagh fuileachdach faodhbhar arm.
- 2 B' iad sin na gaisgiel ro mhór,  
A b' uallmharra cruithchead croic ;  
'S am fear a bu táine dhui,  
Gu 'n dìongadh e céud gu 'n diú.
- 3 Bhà clog nu cheann gach fir mhóir,  
An comhdach clochara córr ;  
Is cotaibh ionnealta grinn,  
Ma chuirp thórua 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 neach riamh o'n comhrag.

5 Do thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór,  
Curr agus céud une do dh' ór ;  
Céud sath ris nach deachidh srian,  
Is céud bean bhannrach choi' fhial.

6 Céud cloidheamh 's céud earradh óir,  
Is suidh os a cheann ann 's gach ól ;  
Comhdachd Rìgh 'm baile mòr,  
'S dol a dh' fhulang lús a leòin.

7 Se thuir na curina tréune,  
O na 's comasach dhuinne 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 lí chuireadh ruag nan gleann ;  
Rinn mi túrn bu chruaidh leam,  
No ge d' bheiream an ceann do sheisear.'

10 ' Dìongaidh mise seisear dhíú,  
Do rá Fearraghuin bu mhór lúth ;  
Cho chuir e lé-trom air éich,  
Aon laoch a theid o 'm lámh.'

11 ' Dìongaidh mise seisear éile,  
Do rá' Caireall nan arm teime ;  
'S dearg mo fhraoch re sgalladh cheann,  
'N uair a nochdam' mo chruai' lann.'

12 ' Dìongams' Caoilte nan lámh luath,  
Fear is seisear do 'n mhór sluaigh ;  
Gu 'r guineach iomairt mo lámh,  
'N uair a nochdam lann gu h-ár.'

13 Dìongams Oisain is grad lámh,  
Mo sheisear féin air aon bhliár ;  
Cho chuir e dragh air aon aitim,  
Aon fhear theid o Ghearr-nam-callunn.

14 ' Mu dh' fhagadh gu deireadh cláir,  
Dìas leis an creumar enáimh ;  
Dìongaidh mis' is Goll a ghaissgidh,  
Ar da sheisear a dh' aon aitail.'

15 Lean sinn an sin air a chéile,  
Seisear do Mhathluidh na Féinne ;  
Is Clann Chuilagadan nan cleas,  
Gu 'm bu choibhliant ar coí' ghleac.

16 Do 'n shiubhail mi 'n bhuidh bhraonach,  
Cho 'n fhacis riamh an coí' baodhlach ;  
'G eisteachd re slacraich ar 'n arm,  
Mar bhualt innain le trom fhaitrich.

17 Dhiongs mo sheisear air thús,  
A Phádraig 's bu mhór a chlé ;  
Dhiong Osear a sheisear le aon bhéum,  
Mo sgéul goirt a bhí d' a ionradh.

18 Rinn na curina mar gheall,  
Mar rinn mise 's mo ghraich calma ;  
Ach am fear nu dhceiradh a bh' aig Fionn,  
Bha mar bhuinn' eilear dha lionn.

19 Ghlac e 's bu mhór an téuchd,  
Ar seachd buillean na aon sgeí ;  
'S mar bhítheadh masg Oseair le rath,  
Mharbhadh e sinne le gath.

20 Dh' imich sinn o Dhún an óir,  
Gu sabbhach le gearn gu 'n león ;  
'N deidh cosgaidh na tréun aitim,  
Gheibha' buaidh 's gach bláir is batait.

21 Thug sinn leiz an airm 's an eideach,  
'S gach gné sheúdaibh bu mhó' féume ;  
Le moran do dh' ór an Tearmain,  
Gu sólasach gu Tigh-teumba.

22 Creid thusa ehléirich na b-Eirann,  
Gu raibh sinn uair bu mhór eibhneas ;  
Ge d' nach maithrean aon anois dhui,  
Ach mis' an aonar gu snitheach.

## I. 5. DUN AN OIR. 92 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 56. Advocates' Library, April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

As this is a second version written by the same man I give variations only.

## THE GOLDEN HILL.

FINGAL and six of his nobles and brave Heroes were taking their walk of an evening and saw a Fairy like person making towards them, who Fingal knew to be with Intelligence from far and address'd him as follows:—

FHIR shicir toir fios dhuin,  
Cia 'n t-uil as an d' thigeadh tu ?  
Thainig mis O Dhun an oir,  
An dun ud siar nan Triath liontruim ;  
An dun as nach d' thuigte bhraidean a mach,  
'S da' am bithidh a naimhde diomach,  
C'iod e ghluais o Dhun nan eilar,  
An t-oglaoch fiato, gearr ;  
A dh' ionnsuidh Cathnaibh na Feim,  
Nach d' fhuilng bend am blar ?  
Thainig mis' am theachdair cuilg ;  
O Chlann Chuilgeadan nan cleas ;  
A tha ri feist a thoirt do 'n Fheim,  
Do mhead sa dh' eile leis.

Fingal instantaneously followed this scout to the Golden Hill, where they arrived much fatigued and found none of Clan-chuilgeadan at home. The Women treated them very hospitably and were eating and drinking by the time Clan-chuilgeadan came upon them (being 42 in number) who attempted immediately to make Fingal prisoner and kill his attendants. Fingal offers them great many rewards, to no purpose, and be friends. The brave Fingalians seeing they had either to do or die encountered and kill Clan-chuilgeadan and came home victorious to Tura, loaded with arms and valuable accoutrements from the Golden Hill.

- 1 LATHA chuaidh Fionn do Dhun an Oir,  
E fein sa sheisear mun aon bhord ;  
Thainig seachd seisir nar ceann,  
Do shluagh fuilceadhach, fiao bhlar arm.
- 3 Is cota creithilte grunn,  
Mu chuirp nan treun nach bu tim.
- 4 Mar fhuaim tuinne ehlunt an comhradh,  
'S cha deachaidh neach rianh o 'n combrag.
- 6 Ceud clodbeamb, ceud errad buaidh,  
Ceud ceann-beairt is sliogean chruaidh ;  
Comhdeachd Rìogh anns gach toir,  
'S dol a d' fhuilng tus an leoin.
- 8 Dhol a bheuma nan seachd seisear.
- 16 'G eisteachd ri slachdraich nan dornn,  
Gach beum mar innein nan ord.
- 19 Mar bithidh Masg Oseair nan geusan,  
Mharbhadh e sinne 'nar seisear.
- 20 Dh' inich sinn o Dhun an Oir,  
Gu subhach eibhinn gun leon ;  
An deidh Clann-chuilgeadan nam bèum  
A chosgairt 's bu mhòr an sgeul.
- 21 Bu deurch bantrachd nan sonn,  
A caoilh na dh' eug air an tom ;  
Mar ghàrraich can air an tràidh,  
Chluite iolach bhàin gach maith.
- 22 Thug sinn leinn an arna geura,  
Liobhaidh, leudara, san t-eug-bhail ;  
Gu mairneach, miolante, meannach,  
Triall thair gach magh gu Tigh-teanmhra.
- 23 Creid thusa Phadraig nan eilar,  
Gu raibh sinn ha bu mhòr miadh ;  
Ged nach maithrean ach mise noe,  
Am aonaran snithich fuaidh 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 CHENNACAS tighin o 'n lear,  
An t-aineil mor athach ioghna ;  
Fhir Shicair nan ceuma borb,  
Ciod an t-ait as an tigeadh tu ?

- 2 Thainig mise á Dun an oir,  
An Dun ata an aird an lár ;  
An Dun uach tag a gheill rianh,  
'S gu 'n bithendh a naimhdean diomach.
- 3 Rainig sinne Dun an oir,  
'S chroma ar cinn nan cho-ol ;  
Thainig seachd seisir 'nar ceann,  
Do shluagh fuilceach fìor arm.
- 4 An fear bu taire dhui, sud,  
Gu 'n deanga e ceud an combrag ;  
Bha na bhraigh gach fìr mhòir,  
Sgapul daite dhie 'n oir dhearg  
Craosach mhaille nan kimb nimbe  
'S lannan liobhra bha do-chaithe.
- 5 Thairg Fionn doibh cumha mor,  
Thairgeadh leis ceud unga òir.  
Ceud saot ris nach deacha srian.  
Ceud bean bhàtrach co-fial,  
Tus sloigh 'n 'am dol san tengmhail,  
Agus deire tighinn a mach,  
O 'se thogadh buaidh na buaighne.
- 6 Ach fhrègair na cuiridhean calma.  
O 's comasach dhuinn a dheanamh,  
Cha ghabhar leim cumha no geall,  
Ach 'ur cinn uile air aon bhall.
- 7 An sin dh' is-lich Fionn a ghloir,  
Sheall e air luchd a cho-ol ;  
Dhaoina an gubh sibh luathas deth,  
Dol a bhualadh nan seachd seisir ?
- 8 Deir an t-Osear bu mhòr greann,  
An ha thugadh ruag nan gleann ;  
Rinneadh gluimh bu chruaidh leam,  
No na cinn a bhain do sheisir.
- 9 Deangar leamsa seisir eile,  
'Se thoir Coorral 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' cheuil. (cho-dhuil)  
Deangaidh Caoite nan cas luath,  
Fear is seisir do 'n mhòr shluagh.
- 11 Deangaidh fear saothrach nan ramh,  
A sheisr fein air aon bhall ;  
Deir Fionn Mac Cathail  
Ma dh' fhaig sibh air deire chair,  
Dithis leis an còircean canabh,  
Diongaidh mise 's Goll na gausge,  
An dà sheisir a dh' aon aitim.
- 12 Bha 'm fear na dheirebh aig Fionn,  
Mar sheodhag cadar dha lion ;  
Fhrighail e 's bu mhòr an feum,  
Air seachd builean na h-aon sgeith ;  
'S mar bhì Oseair nan nadh.  
Cheangail e sinne 'nar seisir.

The following fourteen lines do not seem to belong to the rest in any way, but they are written here, so I leave them.

- 13 Crollidh mi ceud maolach mhaol,  
Air gleann Easgaidh na haigh ;  
Ceud Douran 's ceud damh alluidh,  
Nach d' fhaig an cuibhne an ard bheann.
- 14 Ceud comhaidh do 'n chreamh ghlas,  
Air a bhuan san fhaioleach gheamhraidh.  
Chuirinn sid a steach am maireach,  
Air bhuidheachas mo leannan.  
Air greigh do eachaidh donn dearg,  
Fo eholam do fheara feannaid ;  
'Se 'n diol do eachaidh co-sheilg,  
'S iad uile do dh' armaicha,  
Caoitidh iad mise an sìth bhruigh,  
Ach cha tig mi tuille a' d' amharachd.

## TEANNADACHD MOR NA FEINNE.

I AM puzzled where to place this ballad. According to peasant reciters, people from many foreign realms joined the Feinne when their fame had spread. They had

besten Manus, the Northern invader, and the Southern tribes at Dan-an-Oir. According to this ballad, two recruits, of whom one was a son of 'Leir,' or Luir, who seems to have reigned in the Isle of Man, took unbrage, 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 Ferragrin 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 *Dìard ìil*. Apparently it was the same which begins *Dìar Dìghe* in Mac Donald's collection. 2. Mac Nicol of Lisnure, had two fragments, about 1750, 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 Dalrymple House, parish of Farr, aged 55; John Mackay, Knockbreac, parish of Durness, aged 50; and Donald Mackenzie, Dunterleg, 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, I.; extracts from O., and from S. The books quoted can be read. All that is in them, and all that I have collected is represented in the following samples of this curious old historical ballad. It belongs to the Norse Wars. The language is not like the old written language. I believe this to be a popular traditional ballad that was first written early in last century. When it was composed I am unable to guess, but part of it was old in 1512.

#### D. 14. CATH BEIN EDIN. 112 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by D. Mac Pherson, May 3, 1872.—J.F.C.

##### TEANN-DACHD MOR NA FEINNE.

- 1 LA ga 'n raibh Padric na Mhùr  
Gun Sailm bli air Uigh ach òl  
Chumaidhe Thigh Ossaim mhic Fhionn  
O na leis bu bhin a Ghloir.
- 2 Faighte dhuit a shean Fhìr shuaire  
'T ionsaidh air ehuairt thanig sinte,  
A Laoch mhìli huile Dreach,  
'S dearbha nach deir thu neach snad ni.
- 3 Sgeul a bail linn fhaoin uait,  
Ogha Chumhail, bu chrùigh Colg,  
'N teantach 's mo an raibh an Fhionn,  
O na ghin thu riamh nan Lorg.

- 4 Dhainsine sin dhuit gun Tamh,  
Ghiolla Phadric na 'n Salm grunn,  
Teantach 's mo an raibh na Fir,  
On a gineadh Fiamach Fheinn.
- 5 Dearmad Flegtha ga 'n drin Feann  
'S an Albhidh ri Linn nan Laoch,  
Air Chuid don Fhèin shuas Druim dearg,  
Gu 'n derich a 'n Fearg san Fraoch.
- 6 Ma dhìbh s'ibh sinne ma 'n Ol,  
Huir Mac Romain le Ghoir bhinn,  
Bheirne is Ailte ur  
Freiteach Bliana ri Mur Fheinn.
- 7 Thog iad gu sgiobhalt an Triath  
An Cloimh sa 'n Sgiadh nan Luing  
An Deish Fhenidh, Armach, Fhial  
Go Rìgh'chd Lochlan na 'n Sgia slinn.
- 8 Muintèris Bliana do 'n Rìgh  
Se thug an Deish a bh'hear Dreach  
Mac Rìgh Carchair' nan Sleigh Geur,  
Agus Ailte nach 'd eur neach.
- 9 Thug Bean Rìgh' Lochlan nan Sgiadh donn  
Gaoil gu trom 'scha bann go deas  
Do dh' Ailte greadhnach an Fhuiltè deirg  
Dh folbh' I leish an Ceig sàim Braid.
- 10 Dh folbh' I leish a Leabaidh 'n Rìgh,  
Sud an Gnoimh ma 'n doirte Fail,  
Sa nionsaidh Flaithes na 'n Fhian,  
Ghabhadar an Triath thar muir.
- 11 Fhionnail Rìgh Lochlan a Sluadh  
Cabhlaich cruaidh san bhì go deas,<sup>3</sup>  
Se dheireadh leis re aon Uair,  
Na naodh Rìghre sa 'n Sluadh leis.
- 12 Lochlanich a Bhuin bhorb,  
'S ro nahaith 'n Colg re dul an Ccin,  
Thug iad an Freitiche Triath,  
Nach pillendh iad Srian na 'n deigh.
- 13 Thogadar an Abhaist<sup>4</sup> ard,  
Re Crìch Eire garbh an Greish  
'S chuirhear a 'n Puible a muigh<sup>5</sup>  
Gaoird on Bhruth an raibh Feann.
- 14 Teachdaireachd thanig nar Ceann,<sup>6</sup>  
Teachdeareachd<sup>7</sup> chuir rìngto Truadh,  
Conhrae cruaidh o Fhiana Fail,  
{ Fhèin air an Traigh mu thua } *Interliod.*  
{ Gur e bail leo fhaoin uain. }

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

- 15 Fhregair Ailte 'n Conhrae treun,  
Fear thabhairt Lan-ghèil sgrach Cath  
{ Ceann ali mhic Leig na fir, } *Inter-*  
{ Ceann Mhìc Neanhi, 's Ceann Mhìc Lir } *lined.*  
Maoithear leis an dara Beum.
- 16 Seachd fìchid Ceannairt dar Foin,  
Agus Ailte lein air Tùs  
Thuit sud le Laimh Fhearagain mhòr,  
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 leigmaid Leis air tair?
- 18 Se ni ghabhadh sud le Goll,  
An Sonn nach burraiste chluidh,  
Diongansa Fearagain san Ghreish,  
Leigir eoir air Cleis Laidh.
- 19 Cuchulan is Diarmuid Donn,  
Fearra-cha crom is mac an Deirg, (Leidh)  
Dhuid o Bhuillibh an Laoch  
Cuir dish air gaeil Taobh d' Sgeith.

<sup>1</sup> Rìnnachain.

<sup>2</sup> Bann rìgh.

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

<sup>4</sup> Colvurs.

<sup>5</sup> gu tigh.

<sup>6</sup> gu Fionn.

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

- 20 Bain leat an seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Nach nras a chloidh ar Chul,  
Cuir air Laimh Shoisgeal mo Rìogh  
Chlannuibh mòra na 'n Gniobh borb.
- 21 Bain leat Cath feugra na Fein  
Nach d'fhuidir Ceun thoir ar Cùl,  
Cuir sud air do Ghualin deish,  
De Shìol Cumhail na 'n Cles Iuth.
- 22 Ochl Oìohin duim is ochl Lo  
A sìor chuir ar air as Thìogh;  
Ceann Rìogh Lochlan na 'n Sgia donna  
'S e mahaidhe 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 Anmoch.
- 24 Seachd fichid do Chlanaib Rìogh,  
Bu mhòr Gaisge agus Gniomh,  
Thuit sud le Osgar an aith,  
Is le Caoreal Cnes-bhànn.
- 25 Air a Bhaiste thug thu orm,  
Chlerich a chanfas na Saim  
Thuit leumsa 's le Fvann nam Fleagh  
Coimhlean Ceann ris a Chearhair.
- 26 Ach nan fuighe E Cothron nan Airm,  
Deadh mhae 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 fa dheas,  
Ach na 'n Inghamid a Ghrian,  
Cha mho na Trian thanig as.
- 28 Ach nan Inghamid 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 uap,  
Gun faithidh e sa bhean fein.
- 2 Hug shinne gha nighin Rìogh,  
Bu ghuirne suil 's bu ghuirne meir;  
Chuir shin ga coibhèidh ceud Eich,  
A' bear rish an dechidh strìan.
- 3 Chuir shin ga coibhèidh ceud Each,  
A bear rish an dechigh strìan;  
As ceud marich air am muin,  
Le Cullidh T-shriol (oir) '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 Chailin<sup>1</sup> air Gualu a Guin,  
Dealbh a Chruim 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 ceud Leir,  
As ciad shend don Tairbhí T-shaoir;  
Dheothidh du ceud shoelbac suaire,  
Air am bitidh Buaidh nan Ian.

<sup>1</sup> Chaimil.

- 9 Dheothidh du shud as ceud Corn,  
Dhianigh do 'n Uisg ghorm an Fion;  
'S ga be dhòigh aiste Deoich,  
Cha reichidh a Hart an meud.
- 10 Gheobhidh du shud as ceud Mios,  
Cuir sa Rìogh a Bheothidh 'naigh;  
'S ga be ghlethidh iad rim beo,  
Chumigh iad Duin og do Ghna.
- 11 Dheobhidh du shud as ceud Graoidh,  
As lan Glinne do Chroigh ban;  
Mar gaibh u slin beannich leat,  
Hoir leat do Bhean 's dian ruin shi.
- 12 Co duginse Shith do Dhail,  
Na Mhaithibh Erin gu leir;  
Ach Fionn fein a dhòil fo 'm Bhreth,  
Agus Creich a hoirt gu Traidh.
- 13 Ach cha dug n leat do neirt,  
Na bherigh a Chreigh gu Traigh;  
Fallaigh mishe 's beannich leat,  
Fon chaigh Teinnich bun do riunn.
- 14 Cha nailbh thuss' a chiahn nan cleidh,  
Rìobhìn fhaitrise Bheoil bhinn;  
Gheobhidh du no sheide saoir,  
'S guilain u fein ri 'm Haibh deis.
- 15 Cha 'n fhan mish' a Chean nan Cliar,  
Fonach traigh mi Tiabh na Fhearg;  
Fonach faithin saoir fòm Bhreth,  
Cean na Deishe bu ghann cial.
- 16 Cha 'n flagin aguibh do Dhearras,  
Do Dhon na Dfherin na Hulleh;  
Ach Erin na croichdan Glass,  
A hoghbail leom ann am Loingis.
- 17 Gun thiantaich I riuthidh a Cuil,  
'S nharich I Cuirsu gu dian;  
'B iummid Sroil ga hoiggeal suas,  
'Nordibh gu lua chaidh an Fhian.
- 18 Doilfin nic Ghailein fon Ghreig,  
Muinne Fhearragin as mi 'n breig;  
Ri faicinn a Chinn ga Daulte,  
Rìgh bu neo aithidh a hùnnichd.
- 19 Goul & Osgar an aigh,  
Connil as Caoril Cnes-bhan;  
Mo bhuiher mi 's Fionn nan Fleigh;  
Gam bunigh I 'n ceann don Cheir.
- 20 Mar Fearr chaidh as o Beul airm,  
Na chaigh le Maim don Ghreig;  
Do Rìogh Lochlin na ga ni,  
Cha draig riabh an Tir fein.

F. 12. TEANNDACHD MOR NA FEINNE. AGUS  
MALLE RIS, OIRDAMH, AGUS TEACHA A MACH NAM BEA-  
TAICHEAN. 224 lines. Extracts.

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

I. PAIRT.

- 13 'M FOGUSO do 'n rugha 'n raibh Fionn.
- 23 Gheibhe tu sud is ceud erios,  
'S cha d' theid slios m' an d' theid iad eug;  
Chaisge iad leum-droma 's sgios;  
Leug rionnach nam bucal bàn.
- 24 Gheibhe tu sud is ciad long,  
Sgoilte tonn air bhunne borb;  
Air an luchdacha gu teann,  
Deis gach aon-ni a b' thearr doigh
- 25 Gheibhe agus ciad mac Rìgh.  
Bhainendh eis air ehlùiche bhuirb;  
Gheibhe is ciad scobhag slunire,  
Air am bitheadh buaigh nan cun,

This also occurs in Manus.

II. PAIRT.

Sgaoil Fearrghus a Bhratach re crann,  
Mar chomhar gun do diùlt Rìgh  
Lochlunn cumhadh.

- 1 Air faicsinn 'sin ghluais an Fheinn ghaolach gu foil,  
M' am biodh Eirinn uil' air earras.  
2 Thainig slugh thair ionch' rum thonn,  
Thainig sud 's bu trom am feachd ;  
Suil gon 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 dhunaich,  
An i sud Bratach Mhìc 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-luidhmeach,  
Bratach Dhiarmad-odh-duimhne ;  
'N tra thigeadh an Fheinn uile 'mach,  
Ghabhadh an Liath-lui' neach toiseach,  
'S gur h è bu shuainneas don t-srol-bhluighe  
Toiseach teachd is deire falbh.  
5 ' Cia i 'Bhratach so Iulla dhunaich,  
An i sud Bratach Mhìc Trein-bhuaghaich  
Chi mi Giulla,' &c.  
6 Cha ni sud ach an aon chosach (ruadh)  
Bratach Rhaoina na mor shluagh ;  
Bratach leis an sgoiltear cinn  
'S le doirtear fuil gu h-abrainnibh  
7 ' Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghunaich,  
An i sud Bratach,' &c.  
8 Cha ni sud ach a Bhrìachail-bhròchuil,  
Bratach Ghuill mhòir mhic Morne ;  
Nach d' thug troigh riabh air a h-ais,  
Gu 's 'n do chrìth an talamh trom-ghlas.  
9 ' Co i Bhratach so Iulla,' &c.

- 10 Cha ni sud ach an Dubh-nimhe,  
Bratach Chaoilte Mhìc Reathe ;  
Air a bhìad 's gu 'n bi sa chath,  
Cha bhìodh iomra ach air an Du'-nimhe.  
11 Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghunaich,  
An i sud Bratach Mhìc Trein-bhuaghaich.  
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,  
'S i lasadh le h-òr aobhinn.  
12 Cha ni sud ach an sgnab-ghabbaidh,  
Bratach Oseair chroilha lidir ;  
Nuair a ruigte cath na chliar,  
Cha b' fhu' 'fiarnich ach an Sgnab-ghabbaidh.  
13 Ach thog sinn' Deò-ghreine ra crann,  
Bratach Fhinn bu teann 'sa chath ;  
Lom' lan do chlochlamh 'n òr,  
'S cosmhail bu mhòr meas is rath  
14 'S air faicsinn dha bratach Fhinn,  
'Shaoileadh e gu 'n thuit a bheinn.'

## FEARRGHUS.

- 15 'S duilich dhuita na bheil ann.  
Gath-greine Mhìc Cuthail ra crann ;  
Is naoi slabhruidhean aiste sios,  
Do 'n òr bluiغه, gun dall sgiamh,  
Agus naoi naoi lùn-ghaisgeach.  
Fu' cheann na h-uile slabhraidh  
Aig togarnt air feadh do shluagh.  
Mar chliath treoglaidh gu traigh  
Thoir an aire dhuit fein,  
Biodh gair chatha gu d' iomann.

## RÌGH LOCHLUNN.

- 16 'S brengach do bheil fhilì bhinn,  
'Trian na ta agamsa do shluagh ;  
Cha rabh agaibhse sann Eirinn.'  
DEIR FEARRGHUS.  
17 Ga beag leatsa an Fhèin thearc so,  
Bheir thu d' gheann mu 'n d' tbig am feasgar,  
Roimhe 'n lana glasa no ni thu d' th aimbleas.  
BROSNUCHA FHINN.  
18 'Cromaibh bhur cinn sa chath,  
'S deanadh gath Flath mar a gheall.'

- 19 Seachd fichead d' mhaithibh air Feinne,  
'S Ailte fein air an t-àr,  
Thuit sud le laimh Earragain mhòr,  
M' an deachnaidh na sloigh an t-lùs,  
20 D' fhuirich Fionn fala na thosd,  
Luigh spoor air 'n Fhèin gu leir ;  
' Co dhionghlas dhomh Earragain so ghreis.  
No 'n leigeamaid leis air tair ?  
21 Sin nuair a labhair Gonn,  
An sonn bhu docair a chloaidh,  
Leigear mi 's Earragain sa ghreis,  
'S gu 'n feachnuidh air cleas leigh,  
22 Mac-lathinn agus Cìaran crom,  
Diarmad donn is Mac-an-leigh,  
Ga d' dhiona bho bhuillinn an laoih,  
Tog dithis air gach taobh mar sge,  
23 Seachd fichead agus mìle sonn,  
Thuit sud le Garra' is le Gonn ;  
Dha urrad le Oscar an aoidh,  
'S le Caoirreal còra enaidh.  
24 'S air an ainm a thug tha orna,  
Iulla Phadrìc nan saim binn ;  
Gun do thuit leom fein 's le Fionn,  
Choi-lion cean ris a chearthar,  
25 Mur rabh duine ann,  
Chuaidh 'mach o bheil airm ;  
Na theich le maoin do 'n Gheirg,  
Do Rìgh Lochlunn no da shluagh,  
Cha deachnaidh duine d' a thair feiz.  
26 Thuit sinne cor is leth air Fhinn,  
Air an traigh tha siar fo dheas ;  
Ach n' an lughaine a ghrian  
Cha mho na air trian a thair as.

H. 15. THE BEST BATTLE THAT THE HEROES  
EVER FUGHT. 248 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library,  
November 27, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Two Kings came to Fingal, named Aile and Caoilte, to learn his art of war, hunting, &c. The custom of the Heroes was, that they would make a Feast every Thursday in the year. But the first Thursday after they came the Heroes forgot to hold the feast; Aile and Caoilte thought it was for them they delay'd to hold it. In a short time afterwards the Heroes went all to the mountains to hunt, they left Aile and Caoilte at home to take care of their Habitation (since they were strangers, to rest themselves), there came a heavy shower of hail stones, and the Heroes asked of Fingal what he would give to each of them if the shower was gold (to entice him). Fingal said that he would give a great sum to every one of them, because they would love him; but he did not mind to mention Aile and Caoilte. Fingal would place every man of honour at the foremost end of the table, and every man according to his rank would sit there till they would come to the least. They were one day in haste in going away on some Journey, and they did not mind to call them in time, and they sat that day on the Hindmost end of the Table. They thought then that the Heroes had not much regard for them at all. Immediately they swore that they would stay no longer with the Heroes, and that they would not dine with them for a year and a day. They went away then to Denmark, and bound themselves to serve the King for a year and a day, that they would learn his Art of War, Eloquence, &c. When the said time was expired, the Queen fell in love with Aile, they ran away and Caoilte along with them to the Heroes for refuge. The King of Denmark gathered nine Kings with their host along with his own, to revenge himself on Aile and the Heroes, for to gave him refuge. Then the Heroes fought the sorest battle that ever they fought in their life, as you may observe by the following Poem:—

## DAN I.

- 1 LATHA bha Pìdraig na mhùir,  
Cha robh Sailm air iugh ach sgeùl ; (ng ol)  
'Cmuidh 'e thigh Oisain Mac Fhinn, (Mhìc)  
Oir Sann leis bu bhinn a bheil. (giùir)

\* Labhair Oisain an so mar gu bu neach eile labhradh.  
1 Ghais.

- 2 'Fáille<sup>2</sup> dhuita! shean Fhír shuairce,  
T' ionnsuidh air chnairt thainig nu;<sup>3</sup>  
Laoch nábú<sup>4</sup> is eoin dearg dreach,  
Cha d' cur thu rianh neach na ní.
- 3 'Sgéul<sup>4</sup> a b' áill leam fhaighil<sup>5</sup> nuít,  
Ogha Chuthaill bu chruaidh colg;  
An teanntacht 's Mognadh 'n raibh.  
'N Cath is teinne chuir an Fhianm  
O na ghen thu rianh nan forg.<sup>6</sup>
- 4 Bheireamsa lín dearbh dhuit,  
Ille Phádraig nan salmá binn,  
Ma 'n chath 's teinne chuir na fir,  
A na gheinmh fáantúdh Fhionm.
- 5 Dearmad fleagha do rinn Fhionn  
An Albheinn ri linn nan laoch,  
Bha euid do 'n Fhionm fúí dhruim dearg.  
'S dhí<sup>7</sup> eirich orra fearg is fraoch.
- 6 Dhióir iad sinne san ór, (of)  
Mac Roinn nan gloir ceúin binn  
Dubhairt Caoilte is doild leinn,  
'S ní mo fhuair sinm mar bu choir  
Ionad suidhe mor mhur Fhinn.
- 7 'An éiric a mí-nheas dhuiun,  
'S o neach do chum fleagh na Féist,  
Bheir mis is tus Aillí<sup>7</sup> úr,  
Freiteach bliadhna re mur na Feinn.<sup>8</sup>
- 8 'N sin thogadar orra gu triall,  
An cloidicamh san scia<sup>9</sup> nan luing;  
'N diás laoch bu chaoim dearg dreach,  
Gu Rígh Lochlan nan srian slíom,
- 9 'S bu Rígh air Lochlan san uair,  
Fear a gheibhadh buaidh<sup>9</sup> 's gcach 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 diás bu chaoim dearg dreach,  
Caoilte Mac Ramaghuin<sup>7</sup> nan skeagú geúid  
Agus Aillidh nach d' eur neach.
- 11 Ach Ban Rígh Lochlan nan scia donn,  
Ghabh í gaol trom nach roibh deas,  
Air Aillidh greadhmach nan arm dearg,  
Gus an d' rinn í chealg ud leis.
- 12 Ghlhais í a leabaidh an Rígh,  
B' e sin an gntíomh mun dhoirtéadh fail;  
'S gu Albheinn aobnueach na 'm fiann,  
Thogadar an triall thair muir.
- 13 'Mo chomrie ort Fhinn nan coín,  
Labhair e ghu cró-dearg aill;  
Nuair tharlas mí 'n eís na tonaichd  
Tensaigúibh mí slóigh Rígh Pháil.
- 14 'Gabhann do chomrie thair muir,  
Roimh aon neach a sheall sa ghréin;  
Tra tharlas tu an eís san toir  
Gabbhídh 'n slógh do dhíon fúí 'n sgreith.<sup>8</sup>
- 15 Thionáil Rígh Lochlan a shluagh,  
'N cabhlach a bha gu cruaidh deas;  
'S e na thionál e mu thuat  
Naóí Ríghridh san shluagh leis,
- 16 Sheól iad an cabhlach gu b'árd,  
Gu ríghlachd Eirann bu gheurg ágb;  
'S gu h-Albheinn oigheach na 'm fiann,  
Thogadar an triall o thráidh.
- 17 Shiuthich iad am Priphean gu luath,  
Rígh Lochlan sa shluagh nach raibh tíom,  
Air na tillichean a muigh,  
Gairid o' n bhruth an raibh Fhionn.
- 18 Teachdairéachd thainig o' n Rígh;  
An scéul tim chnair ruinn gu truaigh;  
No 'n hoodhadh Inmsecabh pháil  
Cómhraz fear do mhuintir Fhionm,  
Fhaghail air a glúinn mu thuat.
- 19 Fhlegair Aillidh o 'n cómhraz cruaidh,  
'N scéul truaigh sin thainig an céill;  
Ceann aillidh dea' mlaic Rígh Láir,  
Thuit leis air an dara bein.
- 20 Deich Ceannaird fliúthead d' ar Féinn,  
Is Aillidh féin air an tús;  
Thuit sud le luadh Fhearaghuin mhóir  
Ma 'n deachaidh na slóigh an dlús.
- 21 Thuit nach fhadgadh againn teach,  
No amhúinn no léim no tubach,  
Ach Eirinn na cragan glas,  
Nach d' nigte steach ann na loingas.
- 22 Do thairg Fhionn dhoibh cumha mhór  
Do na slóigh thainig an céill, (ceim.)  
'S do Rígh Lochlan nan colbh sean,  
Farron agus a bhean féin.
- 22 Thug sinne dhoibh ingin ríogh  
E. 89. 'S guirme súil sa 's gille deud  
Chuir sinn gu coimideachd ceud each  
As fearr ris n' deachaidh srian.
- 23 Ach Lochlanaich a bhuidheann dhorb,  
Aig mead an colg is an aigh  
Cha ghabha iad canda fúí 'n ghrian,  
Gun an Fhianm a chuir nan dáil.
- 23 'S ceud marcach air a muin  
E. 89. Le 'n carradh sroil on laiste grian  
Nuair theirrin 'n sin air 'n t-sraid  
Sa a' fhaig í no deigh na heich.
- 24\* Cha mbo ghabhadh Fearraghuin mor,  
Aig mead a dhóchas as féin  
Duais no bhean air tir no tuinn,  
Ach saimn Eirinn bhí fúí mhéin.
- 25 Ach comhairl eile chluin aig Fhionn,  
'S aig maithaibh Eirinn gu léir,  
Ingheann Rígh nan<sup>9</sup> gaibhte uath,  
A thabhairt dhosan na géill.
- 26 Fhuaradh an sin ingheann Rígh, (ur)  
Bu ghuirne súil 's bu ghriam méar,  
Bha sunagh a glumais mar a ghrian  
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 's a gné.
- 27 Chuir sinn d' a coimideachd céud each,  
Bho mhaith ris an deachaidh sriann;  
Is ceud marcach air a muin,  
An eulaidh shróil bu la-rach fia.
- 28 'N uair a thurbig iad air an raon,  
'S a fhaig iad nau deidh na h-eich;  
Thug i céim an sin d' a coir  
'S d'a ubhal óir na láimh beil.
- 29 'Coid do nuaghadhs o' phobul Fhinn,  
Ainuir ghriam sa chnab nan cleare,  
'S an t' adhbhar mu 'n d' ainig thu féin,  
Aithris gu 'n chnaird e le gean.
- 30 'Se mo nuaghadhs o' phobul Fhionn  
Gu 'n insecam dhuit e gu 'n chnaird;  
O 'n rinn do bhean ort beairt chlí  
'S a dh' inair í e gu cearr.
- 31 Cairdeas is comau re Fhionn,  
'S gu fúigheadh tu mí na geall;  
Anois 's a ris feadh mo láith  
'S gach aon scéud is ághoir thall.
- 32 Gheibhadh tu sin is céud léug,  
Is céud scéud an talla saor;  
Gheibhadh tu sin is céud scobhag,  
Air am bitheadh buaidh gach aon.
- 33 Gheibhadh tu sin is céud erios  
'N slíom mu 'm bí cha tuit am bléir,  
Coisgidh iad leam drom is sgios,  
Scéud riomlach na 'm bucal léan. (amhag)
- 34 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud cornn,  
A ní do 'n bhurnn ghorm an fíon,  
'S ge b' e dh' olas asta deéidh,  
Cho bhí dhochartas gu 'n díon.

<sup>2</sup> Uimplachd.<sup>3</sup> Suinn.<sup>4</sup> Fios.<sup>5</sup> fhaotann.<sup>6</sup> Bè athair a bu mbo loingas a bha r'a fhaighil san aimsir sin.<sup>7</sup> Mac Rígh Comachain.<sup>8</sup> This 24th Stanza claims as his own composition.<sup>9</sup> Nan dual arbhui óir.

- 35 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud mias,  
An luchairt Rìgh an leatha 'n àigh ;  
'S a b'è ghlèadhas iad re bheò,  
Cumidh iad òg an duine ghàna,
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud lórg,  
A sgoilteas tóin air mhúine borb ;  
Air an luchdeachadh ga trom,  
Leis gach aon nì 's buadhach colg,  
*From 37 to 53 are not in I.*
- 37 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud each,  
Cho mhaith ris an deachdih srian,  
Is ceud marcaich air a muin,  
An eulaidh shròil is la-rach fìa <sup>10</sup>
- 38 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud Ghreadh ;  
Is lán glinne do chroibh bain  
Is mar a gabh thus iad sin,  
Thoir leat do bhean 's dean ruinn saimh.
- 39 Cha tobhair mi sibh gu brath,  
Do mbaitheadh Eirinn gu léir ;  
Gus an fuigheam Fionn fua 'm bhreith,  
Is a chreach a thoir leam féin.
- 40 Cha d' ug thu féin leat do neart,  
Chòidh na chuirceas Fionn fua 'd bhreith,  
'No bhuidheas a chreach dhuit féin,  
Ach fólbhuidh mis' is beannaich leat.'
- 41 'Cho 'n fhollb thusa chiabh nan cleare,  
A rìgh bhinn fharast a bhéid bhinn,  
Gheibheadh tu gach seud gu saor,  
'S ceannghlam thu re 'n thaoibh geal slim.'
- 42 'Cho 'n fhan mise Cheann nan clair,  
O nach traoidh mi d' fhia no d' fhear,  
'S o nach fhuighean féin o d' bhéid,  
Sìth dh' fhiann Eirann gu 'n chath searbh.'
- 43 Cha tabhair mi sìth do dh' Fhionn,  
Air son aon nì tha fua 'n ghreinn,  
O 'n thug e tearann do 'n fhear,  
A mheall nam mo dhean bhean féin.
- 44 'N sin charich i riu a cùl  
'S mharcach i d' ar eùirt gu dian,  
B' ionad sròl gu chur a suas,  
An ordamh luath chuaidh an Fhian.
- 45 Dh' imich Fionn an sin air thús  
Dea mhae Cuthail a ghuais ghil,  
A Chumail Comhrag ris an Rìgh,  
'N guiomh sin mun do thuit na fir.
- 46 'S deich fichead air a laimh dheis,  
Do shliochd Cuthail nan cleas lú :  
Agus naoi fichead fear mòr,  
Bu docair a chuir air ceùl,
- 47 Dh' fhiosraich an sin flath nan emach,  
Do Mbaitheadh sluaigh Innsa fàil :  
Co dhiogadh Fearraguin sa ghreis,  
Mu 'n deannadh ar mi leas le tair.'
- 48 Do bhla fhreagradh sin aig Goll  
Are sonn bu docair a chlaoidh  
Leigear nì 's Fearraguin sa ghreis,  
'S gu feuchainn a chleasaibh lú,
- 49 Caimnich eadh feargarra na Fèinn  
'S Chlanna mornna nan cleas lú,  
Is mac Cuthail nan arm noicht,  
Air a threune chleasaibh lúdh.
- 50 Thor lent seachd fichead fear mòr  
Do Chlanna mornna nan cleas lú,  
A dh' fheitheamh air cacoir an flior,  
Cuir Sin air thaoibh eùil.
- 51 Mac Lubhth is Diarmaid dom,  
Oscar eom, is mac an léig,  
A' d' dhion o bhùilean an Laoich,  
Biodh diais air gach taobh do' d' sgè.
- 52 'N sin chuaidh sinn an dàil a chèile,  
Slógh nan deich Rìgh is Suinn Eirann,  
'S bu luaithe na greann ghabh carrich,  
Sinn a dol an tús na t-éig' bhail.

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

- 53 Bu luaithe no millidh sruthan,  
A ruigh an aon sliagan o áirdaibh ;  
Bhiodh a béucaich gu tréan meannacl  
Le toirm Geamhraidh o gach fásach.
- 54 Cho bheacadh tréun thonn na tuinne,  
'N uair bhuailt iad re créugaibh ard ;  
Le neart na gaoith tuath san fhaoilach  
Cho stuaghda re gaor an ard chath.

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

p. 93. DR. YOUNG.

- 55 Oehd laithean duine gun tumb  
Sior dheanabh ar air no sloigh  
Ceann in rìogh Lochlunn no 'n sgiath donn  
Se buidhin Goll air a naotlaobh lath
- 56 Ceart choimeas cómhrag nam fear,  
Cho 'n fhac mi riamh re 'n la ;  
Ceann Rìgh Lochlan nan sgrá donn,  
Bhuidhin Goll air an naoi' amh trá'.
- 57 Tréunlamh ingheann Bhalain o 'n Ghréig,  
Muine Fhearraghain gun aon bhéirg  
'N uair thugadh an Ceann da Dalta  
Ri bu' neo' ambluidh a céill,
- 58 Bha Goll ann, 's Oscar an àigh,  
Conall 's Coireall a chneas bháin :  
Mar bithidh mi 's Fionn nam fleg,  
Gu 'n d' agadh 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 ;  
Uiglar le Oscar an àigh :  
A dha urradh le O-scar an àigh (10160)  
'S uighir le Coireall is Soun,
- 60 Air a bheastadh thugas orm,  
Phádraig a chnasa na suim ;  
Gu 'n do thuit leam féin 's le Fionn,  
Ceann is uighir ris a cheathrar.
- 61 O 'n dh' éirich a Ghrián moch thrá,  
Gus an deachidh i siar an moch ;  
Cómhrag aon fhear air an t-sliabh  
'S beag nach do thuit iad gu h-ionlan.
- 62 Mach o mhead sa chnuidh keinn féin,  
No theich air a bhéigh mu dheas ;  
Do Rìgh Lochlan is da Shluath,  
Cho deachadh duine dhu uaim as.
- 63 Ach luthemas' air anam mo Rìgh,  
Mu' deachidh éirich air a ghreis ;  
Ceathrar is ceart leith nam fiann,  
Thuit sin air an t-sliabh mu dheas.

## I. 6. FEARGIN.—A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 1. 204, 64 torn out, = 268 lines. Advocates' Library, April 3, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this manuscript about 64 lines are torn out. Marginal notes in various hands bear upon each writer's own share in the Ossianic Controversy. Extracts.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ALLY the son of Lear, and Cailte the son of Rangin, (two petty Kings in the South of Scotland) were sent by their Fathers, Lear and Rangin, to Fingal to be disciplined in the arts of War, Hunting, and Poetry, during their minority. Fingal at their arrival happened to be engaged by Clan-Chuigaidan, a rebellious Clan who took up arms against the Lawful King of Ireland, in which he became victorious, and came home loaded with plunder, which was distributed among the Fingalians according to their rank. Ally and Cailte expected a share of the Prize, as well as those who fought for it; they likewise expected that Fingal ought to hold a feast on account of his victory and their arrival, and that they should occupy the foremost seats in the King's Hall. Fingal being not in his own Hall could not observe these rules to which he was accustomed. Ally and Cailte protested against staying any longer under the tuition of Fingal, and set sail for

<sup>1</sup> See the *Dallad 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 Gailte 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 Ally the delinquent. The outrageous Dames landed, and Fingal sent Ally accompanied with thirty of his bravest men to Feargín to ask his pardon, and offer him his wife back. Feargín killt the thirty men and Ally leading the van. Fingal equipt his grand-daughter Scimhrosóg 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 proclama peace with her father, which he obstinately refused. At the return of Scimhrosóg Fingal marched against the Dames, 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 Mhae Ranghuin óg,  
'S do Ailidh an t-ogán treon;  
Teachd, gu mae Cumhail nan sluaigh,  
Gu Anna nan daan 's nan teud.
- 6 Bha Fionn an cath Dhuin-an-óir,  
'S Ríogh nan sloigh bu mhor ann gníomh.  
Measg clann-chuileagan nan cleas.
- 7 Philleadar mo Thriath a b' fhearr élin,  
Chum an tuir 's nach dulta daimh;  
B' eibhinn aídhearach an Fhianu,  
Mar thoirn celtain ian gu traidh.
- 8 Ann Auana do chlan nan laoch:
- 10 An comain an teirbirt dhúinne,  
'S nach do chum iad fhearg ann ceud,  
Bheir mis' is tus' Ailidh ur,  
Freiteach bliadin' ri mur na Feinn.
- 12 Fearghúm mac aon fhear nan long;
- 15 'S gu h-Anna aobhach nam Fiann.
- 16 O 'n Mhercír-bháan sheol na laoih,  
Leis a ghaioth air chumtaidh meur;  
Clos clo d' rinn i 'm port air scimh-shruth,  
Ach mar can gu mein nam fear
- 18 Gabham do ehomraic thair muir,  
Dhea Mhic Liuir nan armau treun;
- 20 Gu ríogh' ead Eirinn bu gharz ár;  
Gu h-Anna aigheach nam Fiann,
- 22 Teachdairreachd thainig gu Fionn,
- 25 Ach Eirinn na erogan creacht',  
Nach d' thuigte steach ann na loingeas.
- 27 Cho ghabhadh iad cumba fúí' n ghreín,  
Ach an Fheinn a chur nan dail.
- 28 Chá ghabhadh Feargín nan ruag,  
Cis o 'n t-sluaigh air son a nábá;  
Ach Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn,  
'Sa sunn a chosgáirt fúí' phna.

Here the Princess gets a name.

- 29 'S aig Maitibh Eirinn nam peall;  
Scimhrosóg nan dual arbhuidh óir,  
A tháibhairt dhasan na geall.
- 30 Fluaraadh a mach Scimhrosóg ur,  
Bu ghluime súil 's bu ghriome mear;  
Bha sluaigh a gnóis 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 meareach air pheall óir,  
'N eukáidh loinreach bu mor fadh (níadh)
- 33 Cíod do sgeul o phobull Fhinn,  
Annir bhinn an-reinn-fluith tildá;  
'S an t-a' bharr mun d' thainig gu tuinn,  
Airis dhúinn, ma 's leinn do ghradh.

- 34 'Se mo sgeuls' o phobull Fhinn,  
A laoih nach fionn ann tus a bhlaír;  
O 'n rinn do bleam ort beairt ehlí;  
'Sa dh' imir i 'n gníomh gu cearr.
- 35 Cairdeas is comann ri Fionn,  
'S gu fuigheadh tu mí na geall;  
Le run díleas feara-pháile,  
'S gach aon seud is aghóir thall.
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud leag,  
Is ceud seud ann tuaid nílí suor;  
Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud seothag  
Air an bithidh bunaidh gach taobh.
- 40 Le ionnas na tonn a folbh.
- 37 'Ghluais sinn aile le Ríogh-pháile,  
Triath nan armaim, b' fhearr ann stri;  
Bu ehosmhúil ri toirm an-fhaslaich,  
Sinn a' doll an dail a ghlíomh.
- 38 Mar ghaioth caraich, no lon sleibhe,  
Bha gach treud a' triall nar ceann;  
Mar shruth uisce ehlínite 'n beumna,  
A' tuitéam far sge nam beann.
- 39 Mar leaclda' tuime san fhaollich,  
Synth dian a' maoma nan dáil;  
B' amháil is slachdraich nan laoch so,  
A' cosgáirt na dh' aon o 'n traidh.
- 61 Treunkam Mae Bhaleain o' n Ghreic (maoine)  
Aile Fheargínn 's cho 'n aona bhreng;  
Nuair channaig e 'n ceann d' a dhála,  
62 Thug e' n ceann le sileag do' n cheathrar.
- 63 Is le Cairill, an t-armann donn.
- 64 Air an iargain thrúim so dh' orm,  
A Phadraic nach dean stoilbh a h-eineach;
- 65 Ona dh' circadh a ghrian moch,  
Dhúinne gun chlos fad tri la;  
Comhrag Ríogh Lochlan nan sluaigh,  
'Sa chath chrauidh 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 Albhainn' re linn nan laoch,  
Air cuid d'an Fheinn shnas Drúim-dearg,  
Gun d' eirich am fearg 's am traoch.
- 2 Ma dhibir síbh sinn ma 'n ol,  
Thuir Mao Román le glóir bhinn,  
Bheirnis agus Aile úr  
Breiteach bla'na re mur Fheinn.
- 3 Thog iad gu sciobalt an triall,  
An cloidheamh 's an sciath d'an luing,  
An diais fheinnidh, armaidh, fhial,  
Gu Rígh Lochlainn na 'n srian slíom.
- 4 Bu Rígh air Lochlainn san uair,  
Fear a bhuidneadh baidh gach blar,  
Earragan Mac Aininn nan long,  
Gu 'm bu nabaith a lann 's a lumb.
- 5 Muintearas bliana d' an Rígh,  
Tug an diais a b' fhearr dreach,  
Moc Rígh Conchair na 'n sleghe gear,  
Agus Ailde nach d' ear neach.
- 6 Thug Bann-rí'nn Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn.  
Trom ghaol trom 's cla b' ann gu deas,  
Ba idle greadhnach an fhuit dearg,  
Is dh' thallt i an ceilg bóis.<sup>2</sup>
- 7 Ghluais i leis a leabá 'n Rígh,  
Sud an gníomh ma 'n doirtéar fúil,  
'S a dh' ionnsaibh Flaithias na 'm Fionn,  
Thogadar an triall thair muir.
- 8 Chruinnich Rígh Lochlainn a shluaigh,  
Cubhlach cruaidh a dh' thas gu deas,  
'S e dh' eirich re aon uair  
Na naoi Ríghrin 's an sluaigh leis.

<sup>1</sup> Albhain.

<sup>2</sup> Leis.

- 9 Lochlainn a bhuidheann bhorb,  
Is ro mhaith colg re dol am fein,  
Thug iad am mionna ag triall  
Nach pilleadh iad is Fiann nan diaidh.
- 10 Thogadar an Albaist ard,  
Seach críocha Éirinn nan colg teann,  
'S an Albain leathann na 'm Fiann,  
Thugadar an Triath air traidh.
- 11 Shuidhich iad am puible gu tugh,  
Rígh Lochlainn 's a shluagh nach tim,  
Air an tulaich a bha muigh,  
Guairid o 'n bhruaghann raibh Fionn.
- 12 Teachdairechd thainig gu Fionn,  
Teachdairechd chuir rinn gu truidh,  
Combrag dlath d' Fhiannaibh Fheinn,  
Fhaotain air na gleinn mu thuath.
- 13 Thairg Fionn doibh cumda mor,  
Do na sloigh a thain' ann cein,  
Do Rígh Lochlainn nam arm sean,  
Far aon is a bheau fein.
- 14 Comhairle chinu aig Fionn  
'S aig maithbh 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' ail leo cumda chuanae grian.  
'S an Fhianm flagail na 'n diaidh.
- 16 Ach Mun foghain leasta sin,  
Thoir leat do bhean is dean rinn síth.
- EARRAGAN.
- 17 Cha d' thugainn-se síth d' Ailde fein,  
Mo mbathadh na Feinne gu brath,  
Ach Fionn fein a chuir fo 'm bhreth  
Is a chreach a thoirt 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 Fhlegair Ailde na 'n combrag cruaidh,  
Secl a thainig truidh dha fein,  
Ceann mhic Nímhie 's mhic Lír  
Madhar leis an dara beann.
- 20 Seachd fichead do mhaithbh ar Feinne.  
Agnus Ailde fein air thus,  
Thuit sud le laimh Earragán mhoir,  
Mu 'n deachaidh na sloigh ann dlus.
- 21 'S e labhair Fionn flath na 'm buadh,  
'S e 'g aubare air slugh Inne-fail,  
Co dheangas Earragan sa ghreis  
Mu 'n leigeamaid leis ar tair?
- 22 Do bhí freagradh sud aig Goll,  
An sonn bu deacair a chloaidh,  
Deanamsa Earragan sa ghreis,  
Leagar cadrim le 'r cleas-luidh.
- 23 Coimhneibh cath feagarr Feinne,  
A Chlanna Morna 's mor cli  
A Chlanna Baoige na 'n arm deas,  
Leigibh ris bhur dea-ghluimh.
- 24 Beir leat Ois-sin is Diarmad donn,  
Fearr-chuth crom is Mac an Leigh,  
Ga d' dhionadh o bhuidhbh an laoch,  
Cuir diais air gach taobh mar sceith.
- 25 Bain leat cath feagarr na Feinne  
Nach d' thidir eonn a thoirt air eul,  
Cuir sud air do ghualain deas,  
Do shíol Chumhaíl nan cleas-luidh.
- 26 Oedh latha dhuinne gun tamh  
Sior chuir air ais an t-slogh,  
Ceann Rígh Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn  
Bhuighinn Goll an moolhamh lo.
- 27 Naof fichead is míle sonn  
Thuit sud le Garaidh 's le Goll,  
O na dh' círch a Ghrian moch  
Gus an deachaidh i siar annoch.

- 28 Seachd fichead do chlánaibh Rígh,  
Ga 'm bu dual gaisg' is mor ghluimh,  
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh  
Is le Cairioll Corra-chuanh.
- 29 Mun' fear a chuaidh as o fhaobhar arm,  
No 'n comrag le maon do threig,  
Do rígh Lochlainn mo do shluigh,  
Cha deachaidh duine do thír fein.
- 30 Na 'm faigheadh e co'throm na 'n arm,  
Earragan Mac Ainir na 'n arm glas,  
'S an Albhuidh na 'n abairt, *air Triath*,  
Cha ghlaetadh ach an Fhianm as.
- 31 Corr agus leath ar Fiann,  
Thuit sud air an t-sliabh mu dheas,  
Ach na 'n tuadhimid a Ghrian,  
Cha mho na ar trian thainig as,
- 32 Ach na 'n luadhimid ar Rígh,  
Cha mhaoi is Triath fo bhron,  
'S ge d' thainig d' ar maithbh as,  
Cha d' rinn sinn ar leas san lo.

## NA BRATICHEAN.

## MANUS, RÍGH LOCHLAINN.

- 33 Ge d' ghabhadh Rígh Lochlainn sud,  
Na bha mhaoin 's do sheuda 'n Éirinn,  
Cha philleadh e shluagh air ais,  
Gus am biodh Éirinn, uil' air earras.

## OISSAIN.

- 34 Seoil Fearghus a Bhatach o chrann,  
Mar chombar gu 'n dhíult Rígh Lochlainn cumha,  
Ghluais an Fhianm ghaolach gu foill  
Gus am biodh Éirinn uil' air earras.

- 35 Thainig slugh fúirim chairim nan tonn,  
Thainig sud 's bu throm an fheachd;

- 36 Suil d' an tng Rígh Lochlainn uaidh,  
Chuanaic e Bratach ag tídh' n amach,  
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,  
Air a lasadh do dh' or Éireannach.

## MANUS.

- 37 Cia i a Bhatachsa Fhili dhuanaic;  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaic?  
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,  
Is i fein ag togradh thair<sup>3</sup> slughadh.

## FEARGHUS.

- 38 Cha 'n i sud ach an Liath himeach,<sup>4</sup>  
Bratach Dhiarmuid o Duibhne,  
'N tra thigeadh an Fhianm uil' amach,  
Ghabhadh an Liath-limeach toiscach.

## MANUS.

- 39 Cia i a Bhatach-sa Fhili dhuanaic,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaic?  
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,  
Is i fein ag togradh thair slughadh.

## FEARGHUS.

- 40 Cha 'n i sud ach an Aon-chosach<sup>5</sup> ruadh,  
Bratach Raine na 'm mor shluagh,  
Bratach leis an scoiltear ceinn  
'S le 'n doirtear fuil gu aolraibh.

## MANUS.

- 41 Cia i Bhatach-sa Fhili dhuanaic,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaic?  
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann.  
Is i fein ag togradh thair slugh.

## FEARGHUS.

- 42 Cha 'n i sud ach a Bhriachail Bhrochail,  
Bratach Ghuill mhoir mhic Morna,  
Nach d' thug traigh riamb air a b-ais;  
Gus 'n do chrith an talamh trom glas,
- 43 Gur h e bu shuaimhneas d' an t-srol bhuidhe,  
Toiscach teuchd is deireadh falbh.

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

MANUS.

- 44 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhuanaich,  
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 Dubh-nimhe,  
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reatha;  
Air mhéud d' am léitheadh sa eath,  
Cha bhíodh iomradh ach air an Duibh-nimhe.

MANUS.

- 46 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhuanaich?  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich!  
Agus gille garta air a ceann,  
's i lasaradh le f-ór aóibhin.

FEARGHUS.

- 47 Cha 'n i sud ach an sgnab-ghabhaidh,  
Bratach Oseair chrodlu laidir,  
Nuair a rigteadh eath na 'n eilar  
Cha b' fhuá a fíaraich ach an sgnab-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 cosmhúil gu 'm bu mhór a (meas) rath.

MANUS.

- 49 Saoilidh mi gu 'n thuit a bheinn.

FEARGHUS.

- 50 Is doilich dhúise na bhéil ain,  
Gath-greine Mhic Cumhail re crann,  
Is maoi slabhraidh aiste síos  
Do 'n or bhúighe gun dall-sgiomh;

- 51 Agus naoi naoi lan ghaisreagh,  
Fo cheann na h-uile slabhraidh,  
Ag togart air feadh do shluaigh,  
Mar eilíath<sup>7</sup> traobhadh gu traidh

- 52 Biaidh gair chatha ga d' iomain.

MANUS.

- 53 Brengach do bheid Fhili bheinn,  
Trian na ta ngam an so do shluagh  
Cha robh rianh aguibh-s' ann Eirinn.  
Ge beag leats' a Fhianm theare-sa,<sup>8</sup>
- 54 Bheir thu do theann leim nu 'n tig am feascar  
Roimh lúna glas, no ní thu d' ainmleas.

FIONN.

- 55 Cromaidh bhur ceinn sa chath,  
'S deanadh gach flath mar gheall.

OISSAIN.

- 56 Bu líona ceann ga mhaoladh,  
Ag us gualain ga shuaigheadh,  
Ó eirigh Greine gu feascar.

- 57 Cha deach<sup>9</sup> ó fhaobhar lann gu loingis,  
Ach aon mhíle do shluagh barr;  
Theich iad mar shrath ó bharráibh bheann,  
Is sinne san chath ga 'n iomain.

- 58 Bu líonmhor Fianmaidh agus sonn,  
Agus cruaidh bh throm trost;  
Ach samhúil d' Osear no mhac-sa  
Cha robh acu bhos no thall.

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

- 60 Scaidh fíthead agus míle sonn  
Thuit sud eadar Conan is Goll;  
Ach Mac Cumhail 's a shluagh garg,  
Mar chaor theine na 'm mor fhearg;

- 61 Le shreabgaibh díana cas,  
Bha buille gach laoch ann sa ghreis  
Fhad 's a nhair Lochlannaich ris.

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

<sup>7</sup> Chliabh. <sup>8</sup> Earrasúith-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 Níof's 'Albhidh,' Kennedy's 'Alheim,' Fletcher's 'Alabann,' Kennedy's 'Auna,' Gillic's 'Albainn.' The place meant clearly is 'Albain,' 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,' 'Albainn,' 'Alba.'

TEANNDACHD MHOR NA FEINNE. Extracts.

- 12 Gu Albain bhéag laithaich nam Fiann;

- 43 De rígh Lochlain, no de shluagh,  
Cha deach dúine do 'n tír féin;  
Dh' fhuag sinn coir as leth air Fínn,  
Air an traigh bha siar fo dheas.

- 44 Ach nan tughaimna a' Glírian,  
Cha mhótha na ar trian thainig as;

- 45 Ach nan lughamaid ar Rígh,  
Chaidh mmaí is Triath fo bhron;  
Ged thainig de' r maithibh as,  
Cha d' rinn siut ar leas san la.

- 46 Tog arsa Fíonn, gu grad,  
Teg gu b-arda chlu an Laoich;  
Bu neartmhór nu Triath na bhad,  
Ged tha e 'n diugh fo bhac an fhaioich.

- 47 'S iomadh suil an Lochlainn fhuair,  
Sileadh nuas gu frasaich gear;  
Cha 'n fhaic sibh a chaoidh na thuar,  
An curridh nis a leag air fear.

- 48 Tha thalla gun chlu gun chlar,  
'S damhaich lan broin m' an fhear;  
Ard rígh Lochlainn down an sar,  
Se mí agh thug o thu thar lear.

- 49 Chumidh fuaim a Chaoilte ciara,  
Dh' fhalbh aighir nan eilar 's nan con;  
Am bheil a thannasg a' shluabh gu fialadh,  
Na thuit an Triath ann 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 Tair  
Gun churam air ach 'g of  
An tigh Ossian mhóir mhíc Fhinn  
Gur ann luim bu bhinn.

- 2 Fios bu mbath lium fhuilhean nat  
Ogh' Chumhail 's cruaidh colg  
'N eath 's cruaidh chluir an Fheinn  
Se bha nu féin air a lorg.

- 3 Agams' tha dheagh bhrath dhuit  
Phadric sheinnis na sailm bhinu  
'N cath is cruaidh chair na fir  
O'n la Ghinneadh Feinn o' bhinn
- 4 'N Dibir-Dligh do rinn Fionn  
San Albh<sup>1</sup> ri linn nan looch  
Air cuid don Fheinn air Drim-dearg<sup>2</sup>  
Dherich orr am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 5 Dhibir iad sinne san ol  
Mac Ri Rona bu do-luinn  
Agas Elbh<sup>3</sup> Mac Iavir Ruaigh<sup>4</sup>  
Buidhean a dheargadh gu cruaidh rinn.
- 6 Dhimich an dithis ud don' Far  
'S thog iad an triall naim air muir  
Do thir Ri Lochlu na laong  
Gur ann luinn bu trom an cean
- 7 Thug bean Ri Lochlin nan laong  
'N troma-ghradh nach robh ro-dheas  
Do dh' Elblin grea-cheach nan airn  
Rinnis les a cheig gun fhios.
- 8 Ghluais i e leabidh an Ri  
(Sud an gnaiomb nan 'n dhortar fuil)  
Gu b' Albh fhlathach nam Fiann  
Thog iad leo an triall gu muir.
- 9 Gan thog Ri Lochlin nan laong  
Fheachd gu trom re char 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 mbath grunn  
Taghadh gach fear a rug bean  
San teagheach ghlán an robh Fionn
- 11 Par dh' fhas an Ri lom-lan rachd  
Thog e a Bhrathac re crann  
'Shuidhich e a luingses gu tingh  
Muigh o'n bhruth 'u robh Fionn.
- 12 Gach treas claidheamh 's gach treas chú  
'S gach treas Luireach ur n' n' Fheinn  
Gach treas maighidin o'grem fhear  
Thabhart do Ri Lochlu sa bhean fein
- 13 Bhagair Elblin combrag cruaidh<sup>1</sup>  
Sgeul thrugh re char an leud  
Bhùineas le Iorghil nan laun  
A cheann air 'n dara beam
- 14 Deich Ceannaidan fichid do n' ar Feinn  
Is ceann Elblin fein air thus  
Gan thuit le lamh Iorghil n'hoir  
Mun deach na fir anns an luths<sup>2</sup>
- 15 Dhoinnich Mac Cumbail nan Cuach  
Re mathibh sluaigh lùnse Fail  
Co choinnichas Iorghil re dreis  
Mun leigadh sibh leis ar sar
- 16 Gar e fhreagair esan Goll  
Sonn bha deacair ri chloaidh  
Mis agus Iorghil re dreis  
Leigar eadain an cleas dluth.
- 17 Beannachd bhí ais do bheul  
'S minic a labhair tha sgeul mbath  
Chuir leat eath a chlaidheamh chruaidh  
'S ioma neach a eluaidh led chath.
- 18 Gabh Óscar is Diarmid donn  
Caruil crom is Mac an Leith  
Dod dhedan o' bheuma 'n Laoich  
Dithis air gach taobh dhed sge
- 19 Tri la is tri oidheh gan bhiaidh  
Bha na firs' an sgráinnir dhearg  
Ach na bhùineas le Mac Moirni nan laun  
A cheann air an t' seachda tra.

- 20 Moch neach a dhalbh le moim  
No neach a chaidh as don Ghreig  
Aon do chuideachd Ri Lochlin  
Cha deach dh' atchidh gu thir fein.
- 21 Fear agus ceart leth nam Fiann  
Thuit air an t-slabh fo dheas  
Ach na dhinnis mi mo sgeul gu fior  
Cha dench 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 Luaith, Fionn, Diarmaid, Oisein, Raolhne, 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 Lachlan, 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 venymyn  
Cut da nyuich cha chellwam  
Gin gur wellwu gi calmi
- 2 Oskir is keilt erowith  
Is m'lowith fa noltyr  
Finn agis Dermit deadzale  
Quogr leytych zar nochtyr
- 3 Misse agis rymith is Kerrill  
Keyve in norrin gin lochti  
Chinuimyr er chreith banwo  
Gir wea anmyu nochtyr
- 4 Ymich orrin skail darve  
Inni gi caln faue sotill,  
Daggimir dowue vec cowle  
Cwin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 5 Zawrmir downe re albin  
Bi chalmc dwne a rochtin  
Hut reith lay m'kowlle,  
Cwin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 6 Er zortymyr zwle tagain  
Ymich class inta is corkir  
Finni a wade gi brow  
Cwin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 7 Haggymir eath sin neiddal  
Di fre togwalle na portev  
Ruzimir hoye is cowe  
Cwin lwm ymich ochtyr

<sup>1</sup> Fingal's Hall.<sup>2</sup> Red or bloody hill.—Mac Donald.<sup>3</sup> Alvin, the same with Aldo, in the Battle of Lora.<sup>4</sup> This is similar in Mac Pherson's Battle of Lora.—J. Mac Donald.

- 8 Hugimír caith ní frankzi  
O sann di fre gi dogzúr  
Zowimír geylle is cowe  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 9 Hugimír cath ne spáne  
A tantyn is a toclityryn  
Quoye r my ray tane doyne  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 10 Hugimír caith brettin  
Bí zoglich ay is be doggír  
Hoggyimír gayle doyne  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 11 Warrimír Crom ní carne  
Er fuzgi is ay er ottill  
Foyrymír gi ter owille  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 12 Na rey harnik ní clossich  
A phatrik ossil hochmoya  
Finni wayde er cowe  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr
- 13 Noewe a manmsyth phadrik  
Is hard crawe is sochyr  
O phakgyth missi il coithr  
Cowan lwm ymich ochtyr.  
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 chroíthe sa Phábrnig,  
'S ní tigh 'n air na bha sinn dearamh;  
'Nois ge d' nach maitheann Mac Chuthaill.  
Lean is cumhain cuid d' a bheasailh.
- 2 Gu 'n innseam dhuilhsa Mhic Alpaín,  
Aig bheil beannaehadh nile Eirinn;  
An treabhantas do rinn seisear,  
Nach gabhadh egal no euraith.
- 3 Ailis sin dhamb Oisín náráireb,  
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leórí abhachd;  
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,  
D' ar laoih cíbheanch, threísail álúin.
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n Chathair anlaich,  
Seisear fear armach do bhuidheann;  
A dh' iarrnuidh freagradh gach tíre,  
'S a thogail cis do Mac Chuthaill.
- 5 Do ghluaís sinn an tús ar teachd' reachd,  
Dhionsuidh Rígh Sasgan nan géur lann;  
Ochón! bu mheamnach ar 'n aigneadh, theanchd  
ro deisainn.
- 6 Teachdaireachd chuir gu Rígh Sasgan,  
Do bhri nearta bu chubhaidd;  
Géill a thoir dhinnin air ar 'n eagal,  
Air ghea' freagradh do Mhac Chuthaill.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhuinne 'n Rígh buadhach,  
Do bhri uabhair agns treise;  
Nach d' ugdh e géill no freagradh,  
Is gu b' ion egal do 'n t-sheis.
- 8 Do thogamar ris air sleghean,  
'S gu b' ann r' a ádhaidh ar bratach;  
Re nithris air ar nan gaisceach,  
Bla mnáí o 'n fluaisceach gu galach.

- 9 Thogamar leinne d' an naisele,  
Cuig eund gu 'n Fluasgladh do dh' Eirinn;  
Sín dhuitsa sgéul a mhic Alpaín,  
Aig bheil laideann agus Beurla.
- 10 Sín na rinn sin suas do bhraídhleann,  
Le tígail ar saighde calma;  
Is na thog sinn d' an naisele,  
Mu 'n d' fluasgail sinn bann do dh' Albinn.
- 11 Bu diais dhin mise 's Caoite.  
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 álúin,  
Nach do chlaón rianh lair re' m chuibhne;  
'S a noe gu' r muladach a' ta mí,  
Re tim bhí 'g áircmh na búidhe.
- 13 Phill sinn air ar 'n ais do dh' Eirinn,  
Sinn nar cheathairín fóibhach shutha;  
Agheilleachdair air a bhagar,  
Do bhri feartean Fhinn mhic Chuthaill.
- 14 Rainig sinne na seachd Cathain,  
Dream nach deachidh rianh air theicheadh.  
'S air clor róidh na fola Feinne,  
Cho raibh dhinne 'n sin ach seisear.
- 15 B' iad sin fein a chuigeach chruathach,  
A dh' thag gu trom dubhach mise;  
Dh' thag iad urseann mo cheibh snitheach,  
Agus crín mo chroíthe 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 arrive 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 chroítheads Phadraic,  
'S ní tigh 'n air na bha sinn dearamh;  
Noe ge d' nach maitheann Mac Canhail;  
Lean is cumhain cuid da bheasailh.
- 2 \*Gu'n inninn duitse Mhic Alpaín,  
\*Bheireadh clásteachd do dhca' sgeula;  
\*Ann treabhantas do rinn seisear,  
Nach gabhadh egal no euraith.
- 3 Ailis sin damh Oisín náráireb  
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leorí abhachd;  
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,  
\*Le 'n laoih bu treise sa gabhadh.
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n Chathair anlaich,  
Seisear fear armach le 'r buidheann;  
\*A dh' iarrnuidh freagradh ar Ríghbradh,  
'S a thogail cis do Mhac Canhail.
- 5 Ghluaiseamar an tús ar teachd' reachd,  
Dh' innisidh Rí' Sasgan nan géur lann;  
\*Ochón! bu mheamnach san astar,  
\*Na laoih a chaisgeadh an t-eug-bhail.

- 6 \*Teaclaireachd chair gu Rìogh Carthonn,  
 \*Do bhri' calmachd, mar bu ehabhaidh;  
 Geill a thoirt duinn air ar 'n eagal,  
 Air neo-freagradh do Mhac Cumhail.
- 7 Do fhreagar dhùinne Rìogh baaghar,  
 Do bhri' uabhair agus treise;  
 Nach d' thugadh e geill no freagradh.  
 Is gu b' ion eagail do 'n t-seisear.
- 8 \*Dhoirt iad chugainne na sluaigh,  
 \*Mar theachd a chlainn air rua' rugha,  
 \*Gu beucach, buidheach 'n ar co' ail,  
 \*S' nach tuigt' an comhara 'sun nighe.
- 9 \*Mar èitil nan ean ann soinnin,  
 \*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 ar nan gaisgeach,  
 Bha mnàt' o 'n fharsnach gu galach.
- 11 \*Mar shileadh nam beann air aonach,  
 \*Bha 'n creuchdan nan loch a' doirtadh;  
 \*Mar ghaloch charannach Beinn-anna,  
 \*Bha gair nam fam ann sa chòmhrag.
- 12 Thugamar leinne da 'n Uaislibh,  
 Cuig ceud gun fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;  
 Sin duitse sgeul a Mhìc Alpainn,  
 \*Ga 'n biodh Laidlinn 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 dìn mis' is Caoilte;  
 \*B' e 'n treasamh dhù Faoan fearr-bhuidh;  
 \*B' e 'n ceathramh dhù 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,  
 'S b' e 'n cuigeamh dhù 'n t-Oscar calma.
- 15 \*B' e 'n seathamh dhù Aogh Mac Dàire,  
 Nach do chloin riamh bair ri 'n chlainne;  
 A noe gur maladach ata mi,  
 Ri tim bhì 'g aireamh na buidhne.
- 16 \*Philleadar air ar 'n ais do dh' Albinn,  
 Sinn mar cheathramh armaich, sluthaich;  
 A gheilleachdain air a bhagradh,  
 Do bhri' feartan Fhinn Mhìc Cumhail.
- 17 Do rainig sinn na seachd Cathain,  
 Dream nach do chaidh riamh air theicreamh;  
 'S air clor rè na folbha Fimidh,  
 \*Rainig sinn iad sin nar seisear.
- 18 Gu b' iad sin a chruiger chruthach,  
 A dh' fhag gu trom dublach mise;  
 Dh' fhag iad urram mo eileibh smithich,  
 Agus crun mo chroidhe bristeach.

Z. 9. TUIRBHS RE LEIN TARLACH DARA.

Sent by Ion Mac Fergus, Port Weymss, Islay. Cend Mios Feadhraih 10 Indh. 1859.

SEISEAR bhraithrean sin air sliochd  
 Seisear sinn nach d' fhidir leòch;  
 Is-cha mhair ean t' de 'n seisear gu beachd  
 Air an Lìchd ach taise nochd.

This verse is printed in Kennedy's Hymns, page 102, as 'Cundia nau braithrean,' which Kennedy got from a Crainish 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 sinn saor o sliochd,  
 Seisear nach do smonnach leòch;  
 Chaidh fear dhoth 'n t-seisear fu lic,  
 'S mor fath mo ehlisgidh nochd.

- 2 Cuigear sinne 'dol air ghleus,  
 Sid e thugal rìgh na Gréig;  
 On 's dearmad dhùinn a d'iol air chnairt,  
 Bhùineadh uainne fear an treud.
- 3 Ceathrar sinn a' sealg ré seal,  
 De bhuidhin armaibh nach gabh g'  
 Air cho cruaidh 's gan cuirte leinn cath,  
 Bhùineadh uainne fear na fir.
- 4 Triùir sinn 'an gnìomhan còr,  
 'G aithris thairis air chleas arm;  
 Shuibhail a' Ghrian o ear gu iar,  
 'S bhùineadh naimn an Triath gun chealg.
- 5 Suidhidh sinn 'nar dithis a raigh,  
 Sgaidhidh sinn fo nar gan;  
 Thainig an t-Aog mar bu dhlìge,  
 'S bluin e uamsa 'n dara fear.
- 6 Mise 'n am àonar 'n an dèigh,  
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs;  
 Cha d' thainig air thalamh 'nuas,  
 An nach leis nach cruaidh an càs.
- 7 'S mi 'n aon chnò 'dh' fhàs 's a mhogan,  
 Gun chnò eile 'n am thasgaidh;  
 'S gearr mo bhogadh gu tuiteam,  
 'S a ghaoth' dol fòtham gu farsuing.
- 8 'S mi 'n aon chraobh a dh' fhàs 's a chnoc,  
 Mar stoc a bhuaileas an toin;  
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,  
 'S maing do 'n fàgair a kinn lom.
- 9 Caoilte, Goll, agus Gorri,  
 Agus Oscar, uallach shìos-gheal;  
 Mise 'us Rìadhue o 'n a mheubh bheinn,  
 Ga-na b'e sid ann an t-seisear.

'The above verses have been taken down, by Farquhar Mac Donnell Plockton, from the recitation of an old man, Farquhar Mac Rae, Kintail, who on his deathbed repeated them a day or two before his death.'  
 'Plockton, Lochalsh, February 1, 1866.'

M. 14. LAOIDH LAOMUINN MHIC AN UAIMH.

FHR. 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 Oisèin and Pàdrìg, 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 bhùighenn nach d'ultadh roimh neach,  
 Ge d' tha thu 'n diu gun teach gun tuar.
- 2 'S ann ortsa bhiodh Laomann mor  
 Mac Nuagh-fhir 'a chluai gach treis,  
 Fear a chair Alb fo non chainn,  
 Le spionna dha laimh 's a chleis.
- 3 Acruineachd, a h-airgid 's a h-or,  
 A h-asga geal, a feoil 's a fion,  
 A lenga logmhor is a maoin  
 Ghabhaidh leis an laoch gun fhiach.
- 4 A ris thainig cairioll 's an Fhùinn  
 Mac Rìgh Alba na 'n sciath 'n oir;  
 Cha bu ladhaid thu sud ma d' rath  
 A thulach dhuite d'iea' ghlan suagh.
- 5 Bha sinn ann cath nìar 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 bhataich euchdlich arm-raidh,  
 Le 'n cuthaibh millteach gun dail  
 Bu dearg sochair an iomairaidh.

<sup>1</sup> Cha bhì mi 's an laoch a iar.

- 7 Thainig an ceathramh Cath d' ar Feinn,  
Curaidh bu mhaith fein air tos,  
An laoch nach tugadh briathair tais,  
Iolunn bras Mac Mornai moir.
- 8 Naoi mic-fhichead Mornai moir  
Thainig chugainn le 'n sloigh mhic,  
Naoi ficead sciath gharg ann goil,  
A dheangadh ceud gach ann fheur.
- 9 Thainig chugainn Faolan fiad,  
Deich ceud sciath is cloidheamh glas,  
Goisricid do mhaithibh na 'm Fiaun,  
Gu Dun-laomunn nan ciabh cas.
- 10 Ghaisein connachlaeh na 'n tom  
Choncas an cath trom ag teachd,  
Fa chioime Feinn fathail Fiaun  
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh cas.
- 11 Thainig chugainn Galdui mor  
Agus Fiannachd Albarneachluinn,  
Fa chioime Feinn fathail Fiaun,  
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh cas.
- 12 Thainig chugainn an deis noin  
Cath Fheinn Mhic Cumbail Mhic Treunmhoir ;  
Gu 'm b' i sud an Toire ghraadhach  
Fionn fein 's a lan teaghlach.
- 13 Thainig an Fhiamn ghsolach gu mor,  
Leis na glas laoiich bu cruaidh neart ;  
Slaugh, fothrom is caithreim na 'm Fiaun,  
Thainig sin, 's bu trom am feachd.
- 14 Bha fear rompa bu caoine ghair,  
Gun casbhuidh sioda na saor-sloroil,  
Bhiodh air taobh deas an fhir mhoir  
An cuisicir gasta an-mor.
- 15 Or gu pailt air na h-earluinn  
Air slios an laoiich mhoir mleanmich
- 16 Chuige thionaidh an Fhiamn  
As gach sliabh an ear 's an iar.  
Bu lionar sin a bha sinn ann  
Lireach agus lann is fear.
- 17 Corr agus naoi mile Bure  
Dh' iath sinn iad nu Dhun na 'n dos ;  
Raineadh sinn Tulach na 'n blath  
Ghabh sinn tur is tamh is fois.
- 18 Chuaidh sinn fo 'n Ghil-ghreine  
Seachd catha na gna Fheinne,  
Fo 'n chann chiuil bu mhart bhaidh,  
Foi 'n Reilin daite arm-rauidh.
- 19 Chunnaic sinn nu 'n cuairt d' an Dun  
Comhlaoich re daoradh dluth shlagh,  
'S an laoch fuilteach air an ceann,  
'S einnteach gu 'm bu sean a bhias.<sup>2</sup>
- 20 Dh' eirich Laomunn gu deas,  
Air teachd oirne greis d' an lo,  
'S ionadh lamh agus cos  
A theasgadh leis agus ceann.
- 21 'S ionad sleagh a chorceradh leis,  
'S lionar cneas sa 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 'u ear dho ;  
Dhosan comhrag chaogad laoch  
Niar dh'eirich an saoi sa chlo.
- 23 An t-Oscar mor bras-bhuilleach  
Fear a reubadh gach cath,  
An tuil mhior ghabh ghaista,  
Ur mliacan an ard-flath.
- 24 Mo mhac-sa bhuidhach an cneic,  
Le h-Oscurr a thuit an t-aoidh,  
'S iona' reuba bha na chorp,  
'S iona' leit na dheas-thaobh.

<sup>2</sup> Sean, no teama a mheas.

- 25 Seachd rathain do 'n Aluhain air  
Ga leighcas ann cuirt na 'n Gall,  
'S cha dhubhairt Oscar aich no iod,  
Gu h-iona cnead a bha ann.
- 26 Is mise Oisain dea' mhae Fheinn,  
Is ann rinn gu leigeadh e rinn ;  
An la sin bu mhór mo rath,  
Bu tuil an dara cath air thus.
- 27 Beir mo bheannachd nam an nochd,  
Beir m' anam bocht gu Dia ;  
Soraidh nam ad' chuideachd Fheinn ;  
Leim a Thuiteh ard is eim.

## 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 'tighest battle' the Heroes ever fought. This seems to be another story of a blood feud. We are told that Cumbhall, 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 Ardechoil, 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 Deighrin, 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: Cumbhall, 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 Laomain, the son of Roc. In M. 14. Laomain, the Giant's son, is invaded and overcome. But Roc (p. 63) was the name of the one-eyed, one-legged runner slain by Fionn;—brother of the Smiths, who were allies of 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 Allhinn, 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 (35 to 37. D. Conn Mac an Deirg) indicate another blood feud between the Clanna Baoisige and Clanna Morna, which began in the days of Cumbhall and ended in the overthrow of the Feinne.

Parts of this series of ballads have been identified with passages in Mac Pherson's 'Calthun and Colmal,' p. 219, edit. 1762. I cannot see the resemblance. Dr Smith seems to have composed a poem upon this theme, p. 277, edit. 1780, 'Dargo the Son of Druivel.' The Argument contains part of the Story of Dearg, but the poem itself and the Gaelic equivalent differ entirely from the Gaelic ballads which Dr. Smith's neighbours, Mac Nicol and Kennedy, gathered orally in the same parish and district. Of Conn Mac an Deirg, I have D., 188 lines: F., 210; H., 130; L., 176; L., 170; M., 144. O., 159; S., 116; Z., orally collected by myself, 16, 158; 17, 66; 19, 139; 27, 191; 32, 60. In 1871 I heard the ballad sung by peasants in the Highlands. Of this story in verse I have of Dearg's Story, 1513: of his son's story,

2,047 ; in all, 3,560 lines, which I have collated. I print a selection below. Were they fused these would make about 600 lines, but to fuse them would be to lose the variations which seem to bear upon subjects of general interest, namely, Philology and Tradition.

D. 16. DUAN AN DEIRG. 290 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballads. Copied by Malcolin 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 Fhìr mhoir,  
Thainig thugain an cend nair ;  
An treun Laoch bha lan do dh' oil,  
B' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreithin. (Treithin)
- 2 Thug e a Mhuinuin do,  
An cend La aig dol air sail ;  
Nach faighadh e geil air bith ;  
Aigh aon Fhianagh air Fheobhas.
- 3 Go Thasg nan Fiann as mor Goil,  
Gluasaidh an Dearg Mac Dreithin,  
An oir fo Thir nam Fear fionn,  
Gu crìchibh Iaradh Fear Eirin.
- 4 An Dithist Laoch nach d fhullin Tair,  
Aig aibhric a Chuain chobhair bhain ;  
Bha Raoidhne Rod-gheal Mac Finn,  
San Caoil Crogha Mac Cribhinm Righin.
- 5 Tra-shoir an 'Ti thin thair chuan,  
Thuitidir nan Guibh Snaime,  
Gus an do ghlaibh Bacc an Fhìr Bhoir,  
Car air an Traigh dan gear Choibhidh.
- 6 Thug an Laoch fa theintidh Dreich,  
Leim thair a crannibh craosach ;  
'S tharruing e a Bhare air snagheadh,  
Air an Traigh dhil ghaineich.
- 7 Bha Fault Fion-bhui mar or cheard,  
Oscion a mhaileathain nach Duigh ;  
'Sa dha Gheare chorma ghlainnidh,  
'S bu dhiealbh-ghnuis do 'n mhilidh.
- 8 Bha dha shleigh chraun-reibhir chath,  
An Laibh Mhic an ard Fhlath ;  
'Sgiath oir air a ghaluin chlithe,  
Aig Mac nasal an ard Rìogh.
- 9 Lann nibhe ri hiodairt choerp,  
Aig an Laoch gun eagal coibhrag ;  
Neul centnidh clocharra corb,  
O 'n mhilidh shocharra shuil-ghorm.
- 10 Geil gaisgidh an Doibhin Toir,  
A choissin an Dearg Mac Dreithin ;  
Air mheid a Thappa air Dheilbh,  
Air choibhrag ceart air cheudibh.
- 11 Dhuisgidh Raoidhne Rod nior Thiom,  
'San Caoil Ceatannach crogha calma ;  
Glaccadar an airm Laoch nan Laibh,  
Agus Ruidheadar na choibhdhail.
- 12 Habhair sgein dhinnm Fhìr mhoir,  
Oirn' a ta gabhrac a Chuain ;  
Da Mhac Rìogh le sar phailt shinn,  
Dion lan uaislin na h-Eirin,
- 13 An Toisg fo 'n taine mi nois,  
Cho 'n ium aon neach da aim-fhios ;  
'S mi 'n Dearg Mac Rìogh nam Fear fionn,  
'G iarraidh ard Rìoghachd Eirin.
- 14 Labhair Raoidhne 'n aigne mhir,  
Cìod e an Rìoghan Dearg Mac Dreithin ;  
Freigair na geil air Tir Fail,  
Com am faigheadh tus e Laoich Iumlan.
- 15 Ge maith shìbbs a Dheishe Laoich,  
Do bhrìgh Farnaid & Fraoich ;  
Co bhacca dhim a gabhail,  
A glaccadh na hiom gabhail.

- 16 Nan sloinise dhuita sa cathan,  
A Dheirg Mhic an arl-Fhlath ;  
Shìobhar an Teibhra Laoch Laimn,  
A dh' euidh rìutsa da'd choibhrag.
- 17 'S mo Bhriathar ge borb do Raithin,  
Deir an Caoil Ceatannach crogha calma ;  
Gun rachains do'd dheichnùin anois,  
A Laoich ud a thainig thairris.
- 18 Air a chaoil crogha bu mhath Dreich,  
Leimidh an Dearg gu dasanach ;  
Le Fraoch mor & le feirg,  
'S maing air an do bhual an treun Laoch.
- 19 Dhianaigh an Dearg coibhrag cruaidh,  
'S an Caol crogha le mor naill ;  
Agus thug iad Torrinn deas teann,  
Re sgotla sgiath & chath-bharra.
- 20 Gum iomrpa na Deishe,  
An san Iurrughail nior thairris ;  
Gu do cheangladh leis an dearg,  
An Caol crogha san Chroddh-inn.
- 21 Dh' eirich Raoidhne Rod-nior thiom,  
An deis an Caol crogha do chripidh ;  
Mac Rìogh na Fein gu sar,  
Choibhid an Treun-fhear 'sga chonbhail.
- 22 B' iongantach an cheasidh 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 gnìobh san Cala dhuit,  
Shinne mar Dithis do cheangal.  
Fuasgail an Crìopaidh Laoch Lain,  
'S bigh sinne nar dithist ma 'd thiomchil.
- 24 Fuasglaidh an Dearg 's nior threisih Fiach  
Cuibbreach na Dushe deo Laoch ;  
'S ghaibhe an Briathar leth far leth,  
Nach toga shiadh arm na Aogaidh.
- 25 Gluasadar an shìn gu Teibhra,  
Gu Cormaig a bhoir Theoghlach ;  
Mac Dreithin nan gear Lann buaghach,  
Gu Triath Teabhra nan deagh Luaidhrean.
- 26 Dh' eirigh na Fir shin a Thobhra,  
Fir mhora dhùreacha dheallbhadh ;  
'S gu 'n b' iumna Fear dhoun-bhroit-shroil,  
An tionchìoll Chormaig an ceud nair.
- 27 Labhair Triath Teabhra gun oir,  
Suighibhse Chliar chalma churanta ;  
'S cha 'n nlabhar dhùibh Fear an Fhìr,  
'S na Togaidh airm na aogaidh.
- 28 Air Eachdaridh na Faiche dho,  
Dho Mhac Dreithin nam mor seico ;  
Leigas na Ruidin Riaghailteach,
- 29 Bheannaich an Dearg le gloir bhinn,  
Do Thriath Teabhra gu aobhinn ;  
Agus fheagair am Flath agus Doruinn,  
De Chath mhilidh na treun oige.
- 30 Suighidh an Dearg is nnon thiom,  
Agus fiarruiche ' ard Rìogh Eirin ;  
Do bhriogh do Thuruish gu Teabhra,  
Innise e Laoich mhoir mheannaich.
- 31 She beachd mo Thuruishe dhuit,  
Mhic Airt Churanta Chormaig ;  
Treis do dh' Eirin bu mhath leom,  
Na Fiass bheumanan nan d' Thiomchìoll.
- 32 Geil Eirin do tabhairt air nair,  
'S maing a dhìaraigh i a threun Fhìr ;  
A Prish cha choissin i gu brach,  
A deis a tabhan le aon oglach.
- 33 Ma 'n faighinse nalsa Chormaig,  
Flathus nille gun Doruinn ;  
Coibhrag chuig ceud do chlanbhidh curaidh,  
Uaisle Mhic Airt ghriun churant.

<sup>1</sup> Fiosruiche.



- 34 Chuir Cormaig a cheud calma,  
A chluidheadh an Dearg ga Bhuintir;  
Da cheud eille bu ghluibh dho,  
Chluoidh an Dearg san aon lo.
- 35 Chuir e Teuchdarich ga luath, luath,  
Gu Mac Cubhail a mhór shluaidh;  
Thainic air an Lamabhairceach,  
Mac Cubhail gu moor-dhailich.
- 36 Le nao míle gaisgeach glan,  
Nach pillidh aseail na scainnir;  
Aillibh oir mu cheann gach Fir,  
Do shluaidh Fheine a li-Albhuinn.
- 37 Sgiatha Fithidh le 'n Indibh oir,  
Le 'n Earraidh sheibhídh saobl-shroil;  
'S gheubh slugh Mhic Morna nan creach,  
Cuirm is poit an Taigh Teabhradh.
- 38 B' e Iomrpa Mhic Ríogh na Miunn,  
Air Tiglín a steach ga'r Póbbal;  
Thug na nao míle class Luth,  
'S ann ab' aobhar Iomruinn.
- 39 Gun bhannuic Fionn gun Daíl,  
'S fireagair 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 thugamsa thrialfas shíth,  
A Laochidh le 'r elaghin solluist;  
Uaisle ceud ulabh Fhinn,  
A Mhic Cubhail airm glunna.
- 42 Chuir Fionn a cheud calma,  
A chluoidh an Deirg da mhuintir  
Air Chonn 's air Dhorn Mac Smail,  
'S air Lann Mae Lonain.
- 43 Thuit Connan Mac an Lein,  
Agus an Dorn da reir;  
Thuit le Laibh gun Leuchd,  
Ceud Fear Fuilleach faobhar-nochd.
- 44 Dh' cirigh Faolan le Feirg mhóir,  
'S togair a Mheirg shaoirídh shroil;  
Agus phrosduichir a Chip Chatha,  
Dol a chosnadh mhic an ard Fhlath.
- 45 Gith Feine gith Calce cruaidh,  
Do bhí dheth 'n Lannibh san uair;  
Agus Gith eille do nimhe,  
Do bhí do Lannibh na Mhílidh.
- 46 Gun do thaisgeadar an Lannaibh,  
Air an Corpach caobla en-as-ghealla;  
'S gun do ghlac iad eim a cheile,  
An deis an urnaidh do aibhail.
- 47 Gun do cheanlath leis an Dearg,  
Faolan Crogha nan Cuoibhrúin,
- 48 A Ghúil Mhic Morna nach míolta,  
Gníobh do mhír Crogha na Calmhuinn;  
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 oir fa thri  
Gheibha tu nams' ars an Ard Ríogh.
- 50 Gad a Dhraotar le Feine,  
Clanna Morna Mhuga bhúighe;  
Bheirín fein na Cheobne dhuit,  
A Ríogh na Heirín da d' Fhurtachd.
- 51 Shín mar a ghlusadh Mae Morna,  
Na chullaidh Chatha, chruaidh choibhraig;  
A chasg Uabhar an Laoch Láin,  
'S maing a phrosniche na choibh-dhail.
- 52 Shinn mar thogadar an Fhola,  
Au Dithist mhílidh ro ghlanma,  
Le snáilheadh chlograd is sgiath,  
Eadar Mae Dreithín is Ialluim.

<sup>2</sup> Hostages.

- 53 Shín mar thogadar an cleass,  
Aig an Dreimadar an mor cleass;  
'S aig 'n do Thost Fir Eirín uille  
Rí Fiass-bheumanan na h-Irraghaille.
- 54 Sheichd oichín & sheichd Lo,  
Far na bu tuirsic Mic is muai;  
Gus an fue iad Goll Mor,  
An naehdar air an Dearg aibhídh.
- 55 Fuatr Goll mar a ghealladh leis,  
Fo Mhac Cubhail gun aineas;  
'S bu bhúigheach an Flath gun duair,  
Do choibhrag Iallain arm-ruaidh.
- 56 La is Bliaghan an Dulbar Ghúile,  
An deigh bhí coibhrag an Laoch Láin;  
Bha Mae Morna le Fios,  
An Taigh Teabhra ga leigheas.
- 57 Míshé Fear is Fíli Fhionn,  
Air sgeath Feine Mhic Cuibhail;  
Teachd an Trein Fhír air Tuinn,  
Trian a ghaistgidh níor dh' Iunish.

## VARIOUS.

- 58 \*Ca bhéil h-nílle neach dhín shín,  
She labhair an Dearg Mae Dreithín  
'S gun fíacha nídde ra cheila,  
Mar Fheichín is mar an-fheichín.

## H. 17. HOW DEARG WAS KILLED BY GOLL.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 83. 256 lines. Advocates' Library, December 14, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Not known to Hennessy.—J.F.C.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THERE was a king on a part of Scotland called Drea-bhall, or rather Drao-bhod, who was an Inchanter in Battle, who would get victory over any set of people by his evil wisdom, and he had a son named Dearg; for his cheeks was very red and most beautiful to behold. When he came to manhood, and had learnt how to make use of arms, he thought proper to go to Ireland, in expectation that he would gain all that Island to himself, against all the force of the Cormac. But if they would give him a reward for his fear, he would not want no more, but if not, he wants 100 of their best Champions at once to keep com-fight with him. He killed 1,200 of Cormac's best Champions in one day; then he sent for Fingal, who lives at Alirin (at that time) in the said Kingdom, for to get his aid. Fingal came, and Dearg killed 200 of his best Heroes in one day; then he send Goll to him, and the Duel last six days and a half before he could kill him; and he was a day and a year lying with his wounds before he was cured.

## DAN 21.

- GREIS air cathream an fhir mhóir  
A thainig oirne cheud oir;  
An trenn laoch s' e lan do mhéar ghoil,  
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Drea-bhail.
- Thug e freiteach an laoch lán.  
Seal nu 'n d' ainig e thair sáil;  
Nach pilleadh gu 'n ghéil gu mór-thair,  
Do bhri' na Feinn' s' Chormaic cóinbhair.
- Gu nós na Feinn 's bu gharg a lon,  
Dh' imich an Dearg Mac Drea-bhail o noir;  
O thír na 'm níor fíora tréuna,  
Gu críochaibh fíorann Fíann Eirann.
- Air dol do 'n laoch lon a sheoldh,  
Seal nu 'n d' ubhair e gun coibhrag;  
Do chomharaich an Dearg deud gheal,  
Air Beinn éndain nan slugh aobhain.
- Díais do bha aig an tráidh,  
Coimhead a chusín choibhair bháin;  
B' iad sin Rígh nan ról mac Fhionn,  
'S an Caol-ero mac Ríbhinn bhinn.
- Cho do dh' fhair iadsan an cuan,  
Ach thuit iad nan síoram suan;  
Gus an d' ainig Bít an fhir mhóir,  
Air an tráidh mhíu da 'n ceart chóir.

- 7 Chuaidh an tréun laoch bu mhór neart,  
An gathaibh a chaoi chranan neo-meat;  
Leag e beairteachadh gu téama,  
'S tharraing i gu cithé caolais.
- 8 Dh' imích an Dearg bu mbaith dreach,  
Cluicéas 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 mhíleibh bhail;  
'S bha dha ghruaidh cho dearg re corcair,  
'S cho chaoín re iughar nan enocailh.
- 10 Bha da shleagh reamhar gu sghatbhadh,  
An laimh mbic Rígh nan ann lathia;  
'S cloidheamh sínte r'a shlios garbh-gheal,  
Gheibhna buaidh air sluaigh d' an calma.
- 11 Bha clogaid do 'n teannda mu 'n cheann,  
Bu tréun aobhneach, neartnuíor calm;  
Is sgia' nain air gualáin eblí,  
Deadh mhac usal an dhí Rígh.
- 12 Barr áill is gaiscídih an t-shaoghail,  
Do choisain an Dearg mac Draobhoil;  
A mead an gilead, an aóibhneas,  
An cómhrag deise 's an ceatfaidh.
- 13 Bha a míleibh clocharra córr,  
Fuídh chochalah úr-ar ghorm;  
'S bha lann nimhe gu claóíll 's gu léonadh,  
Air leisín gun eagal cómhraig.
- 14 Ghluais an diais bu mhór ágh,  
Na choineadh nach d' fhuiláing túir,  
Dhó a dh' fhaigíll sgcúla dhe',  
Cia e, no cia as a theachd.
- 15 'Ailís sgcúla dhuinn fliar mhóir,  
Oirne tha coimhead n-tlóigh;  
'S diais laoch sar nubaith sinn,  
Do dh' naisle maitheibh faun Fhinn.'
- 16 'Ma san chugams' thainig bhur treis,  
Cho deachaidh aon laoch rianh o 'n gheis,  
'S mi an Dearg mac Rígh nam Fionn,  
Thoir Eirinn gu leir o Fhionn.'
- 17 'A Dheirg nan iomadidh sgleó,  
'S faoin do bharail, cia ro mhóir;  
Treise do lámh is do chuim,  
Gu dean thu re 'r la an túrinn.'
- 18 'Mar a fuigheam fein gu deómach,  
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 mhie Rígh nan ann lathaibh;  
'S iomad laoch a gheibh' d' ar seorla,  
Nach stuatha' tu choidh r'a chómhrag.'
- 20 'C' áit an bheil aon laoch dhú sin,  
Se labhair an Dearg le cith;  
'S gu feachamaid r' a chéile,  
Le fathach mór 's le h-aon réite.'
- 21 'Air a ghlórsa ge binn aobhneach,  
'S e labhair an Caol-cro céatfach,  
Gu reaclamsa fein gu d' chlaoidh,  
O na thainig tha thair tuimn.'
- 22 Chuaidh iad an sin chuig a chéile,  
Na fir mhóra bu léoir géire;  
Choi-sgreandadh gach beann d' an lannaibh,  
'S chrithaichadh am blár fú 'n casaibh.
- 23 B' e sin an cómhrag teth teann,  
A sgoiltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann;  
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,  
An Caol-cro, is a thréun fhearg.
- 24 Chuir e a chaoil gu teann daingann,  
Na cuigear fuídh 'n aona cheangal;  
'S cho raibh famaadh air gu cómhrag,  
Na 's mo na tréun tuim re mór ghaoith.
- 25 Dh' éirich Rígh nan Ród gu sgiobalt,  
'N déidh an Caol-cro a chríophadh;  
Mac Rígh na Féinne gu 'n táir,  
'N coinneadh an tréun fir 's na dháil.
- 26 Bhuail iad an sin air a chéile,  
Mar bhriúeadh tréun tuim ag eibhaich;  
Agus chluinte toim is gairíach,  
Ac mar shranm ghaoith teach thair aonach.
- 27 B' e sin an cómhrag ro gharg,  
A sgoiltadh 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 gabhailh,  
'S cho raibh sin na throm d' a lumban;  
Oir cheangladh e céud lán armaicht,  
Do thréun laoih fhuileachdach chaluas.
- 29 'S maith do ghniomh agus do ghábailh,  
Sin farao a bli fuídh d' cheangal;  
Fuasgal air cuibhreach a laoih lán,  
Is tog sinne faraoan mu d' láimh.
- 30 'O' na tharladh dhuinn fú' d' mheín,  
Deansa iochd oirn le deadh ghné;  
'S bheir sinn brathar dhuit gu deómach,  
Nach tog airn a' d' áidhaidh '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 ma sgoil iad as.
- 32 Ghluais iadsan an dara mháireach,  
Gu teach Chormaic na mór abhachd;  
'S mac Drebhail nan gear laon buadhach,  
Gu teach Anna na mor shluagabhaibh.
- 33 Rainig iad pobull Rígh Anna,  
Na fir bha mór díreach calma;  
'S b' iomaid neach le dhonn bhrat soíll,  
Mu theach Chormaic teachd d' ar coir.
- 34 'N sin labhair Chormaic gu 'n oth 'n,  
'Suidheadh a chliar chalm san tród;  
Na stuathadh re feirg an fliar,  
'S na togadh bhur 'n airn dh' a gin.'
- 35 Air suidh do 'n Dearg, 'S níor thím,  
Sin a dh' fhiosraich ar rígh Eirann;  
'Bri' do thurais-sa thair mór,  
Innís dhuinne laoih mhóir thruid.'
- 36 'Se bri' mo thurais o Albain,  
Arl-rígh Churanta Chormaic;  
Géill Eirinn do bhuntain leom,  
No fras bléumanna' gu 'n chom.'
- 37 'Geill Eirinn thabhairt thair mair,  
Gí de ge d' iannadh tréun truid;  
'S eis nach togar i gu brath,  
Air tathach le aon lámh.'
- 38 'Mar a fuigheams' naisla Chormaic,  
Maitheas agus dnais gu deomach;  
Cómhrag céud do chlanna curidh,  
'S áill leam fhaigbail 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 bhorsan,  
Is céud eile mhuintir Chormaic.
- 40 'N uair chunnaig an Rígh an Dearg,  
'Dol air a luthcheas le fearg;  
Chuir e teuchdaire gu luath,  
Gu mac Chuthaill na mor shluagh.
- 41 Thainig orra 'n dara mháireach,  
Fionn Mac Chuthaill na mór dhálach,  
Le seachd míle gaisgeach allail,  
Nach sgiuthadh air ais le sganail.
- 42 Bha sgia' uain' an iomaig úir,  
Air earradh síde scéid úir;  
'S bha saim mhóir mu cheann gach feinnidh,  
Air fir Fhionn a b-Albheinn eibhainn.

- 43 Air teachd gn sa mhagh dhúinne,  
'N ar baidheann churanta sluthaich ;  
Thog an Dearg mac Rígh nam Fionn,  
Púball mór gu fúlag teann,
- 44 An sin 'n tra thainig Fionn féin,  
Is a phoball d' a dheadh réir ;  
Bheannaich e gu bhinn do 'n Dearg,  
Do 'n óg innealta dhon dhearg.
- 45 Do bheannaichas Dheirg áitinn,  
'S deirge gnaidh na sublan fásaich ;  
'S gile bian no cnaacht sleibhe,  
No úr shuachd air bharra ghéige.'
- 46 'Flúir is ághoir neart is uaisle,  
Raibh mar charraig re h-uchd buadte ;  
Innis dhamsa brí do thuais,  
O Albainn nan armaicht curidh.'
- 47 'Inseams' sin dhuit Flúinn gu 'n táir,  
Is do d' shluagh o Altheim árd ;  
A dh' iarruidh cumha neo cómhrag,  
Orta mhic Chuthaill 'a 'n órachd.'
- 48 'Air a lámbsa ge maith 'n gabhadh,  
Se labhair Fionn nam béinn gúidheal ;  
Cha toir mise géill dhuit deonach,  
A Dheirg air eagal do chómhraig.'
- 49 'Mar a fuigheams' naitis' Flúinn shuthaich,  
Duaís mhór air eagal mo luinne ;  
Cómhrag eoid do dh' fhearra calma,  
'S áill team fhaghaíl air a bhall so.'
- 50 'An sin do chuir Fionn céud calma,  
A chlaoidh an Deirg a dh' an arna ;  
Thuit an ceud sin le roid ghúidhídh,  
Is céud eile shluagh Rígh Phaíle.'
- 51 'N sin 'n nair chumnaig Fionn an Dearg  
A dol a' ris air a luthcheas ;  
Bhrosmaich e a chip chatha,  
Is uaislean 'sa mhór mhaithaibh.
- 52 Dh' eirich Faoghlan an fearg mhór,  
Le chraosaich rinn ionad león ;  
A dhól a dhiongal an laoch lán,  
'S bu mhaíng a bhrosnaich e na dháil.
- 53 B' e sin an cómhrag nach b' fhánn,  
A scoitadh sgá' is chraoidh lann ;  
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,  
Faoghlan fuileach le thréun fhearg.
- 54 'A Ghnuil mhic Mormna na mor ghníomh,  
A chraoidh chruada, 's tréun air díon ;  
Nach coisg thu cómhrag an Flúir mhóir,  
A lamh a ghaísgeádh sa lamh mhór.'
- 55 'Gheibh tu suidh' air thús 's gach áit,  
Da drian bu is caeh, is áil ;  
Deich céud unca do 'n ór fhíor,  
Is nas modha o 'n ard Rígh.
- 56 'Ge do thuit le d' chinnnach fuileach,  
Clanna Mornn' Mungarídh uile ;  
Cho dhuil mí mo chonadh dhuit,  
A Rígh Phaíl re d' fheum an diu.'
- 57 Dh' eirich Goll 's nin d' fhuiláing táir,  
Na chlaoidh céidhíh ionlan ;  
'S na h-airm sheanta do bha 'm bruid,  
Thog mac Mormna mílidh 'n truid.
- 58 Bhuail iad an sin áit a chéile,  
Gu cruaidh cuidreach, is cho bhrengach ;  
Chuaidh 'n léirg air chrioh fú' an casuibh,  
'S chuaidh teine d' an arma glasa.
- 59 Bhuailleadh iad gu neartmhór doibhídh,  
Mar dha mhúinne bhíodh re cómhrag ;  
Choi'-éighlath creangaibh is beanntídh,  
Re áirm nau curíue calma.
- 60 Se la agus aon tra' déng,  
A thug na curíue sa bheum,  
Mu 'n do chlaoidh Goll nam béumaibh,  
'N Dearg mór a cheart reiginn.

- 61 'S ole a chuir a ruinn an Dearg,  
Dhiol e oirna throm thearg ;  
Thuit leis da cheud do dh' fflúir Fhian,  
'S uighir do fflúir Chormaic ghriun.
- 62 Thuit sin leis an da ha,  
D' ar fir bu mhó neart is ágh ;  
Gu 's an do t-larbh Goll nam beannaibh  
E 'n seuchdandh la cheart reiginn.
- 63 La is bliadhun 'n leabaidh Goll,  
An deidh leadairt an laoch luim ;  
An tigh teabhra' gu 'n fhios,  
Bha mac Mormna dá léighas.
- 64 'S mise Oisain, filidh dubhach,  
Bha do ghna' an Fiann Mhic Chuthaill ;  
'S ma dh' éug am fear ud air thoisach,  
Gu 'r cian re ailis ar dochaun.

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-dreathin. That his Father Dearthal or Dreachail was kilt by Conhal (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 GEEIS air caithream an flúir mhóir,  
A thainig oirnn le ceud sloigh ;  
An treun laoch bu mhaith sa bhail,  
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dawa Mac Dreachail.
- 3 Gu tír nam fíor fheara treuna,  
An críochaibh fóireann Fiann Éireann.
- 4 Air doll do 'n laoch throm a sheoladh,  
7 Leag a' síuil ar far a taomaidh,  
'S tharuing i au sglithe caolais.
- 8 Bha fluot fionn-bhuidh nar or ceard,  
10 Bha da shleagh íobhar gu sgeathadh,  
Ann lámh Mhic Ríogh nan am-latha ;  
Clóidheamh sínte air síos a Ghaidheil,  
Gheibheadh bna' air slugh Ríogh Phaíle.
- 11 Bha clogaid do' n tointe nu cheaun,  
An laoieb, cheutaich, neartmhóir, ealam ;  
12 Ann comhrag deise saun t-eng-bhail,  
13 Is loinn nimh a choisgeadh torachd,  
Air a leis gun eagal comhraig.
- 19 'S ionad laoch dhinn dhól an torachd,  
Nach stuatha tu choi'ch a chourag.
- 21 Gu feuchansa féin an turann,  
Oma thainig thu thar tuinn,
- 22 Thug iad an síu chuige cheile,  
Na suim bu trom ann san t-eng-bhail ;  
Choi'-éightheadh gach beann d' au beum.  
Chreithnich an léirg le fearg nan treun.
- 24 Ach mar threun tuinn ri h-uchd doilinn.
- 26 Sheas na suim ri h-uchd a cheile,  
Mar bhriste buinne bha 'm beannaibh ;  
Is chluinte torraim nan laoch,  
Mar chreag Ulan roi 'n íom-ghaath.
- 27 An comhrag sin, bu gharg, teann,  
28 Cheangail e 'n sonn air an traidh,  
Cha ruibh sin na throm da lámh ;  
Óir cheangladh e ceud gun armadh,  
Do threun laoieb fhuileachlath Chormaic.
- 30 Nach dhium cinich ann deac' ghné ;  
'S bheir sinn freitich dhuit gu deonach,  
Gur leat ar 'n áirm, is ar conaibh.

- 34 Na stuathadh ri fearg nam fear,  
'S na togadh ur 'n airm gu mear.
- 35 Bri' do thurais-sa d' ar rioghachd,  
Innis dhuinne, laoiach, mhor, mhilidh.
- 37 'S eis i' ehoi' ch nach tog u' n combrag,  
Air a tathach le d' cheud og-laoch.
- 38 Cis is luachmhoir na mo thorachd;
- 42 'S bha sai' mhor nu cheann gach Feinnidh,  
Air fir Fhinn nan arma geura.
- 45 No cathamb cuir air bharr gheuga.  
[The introduction of Morven is worth notice.]
- 47 Ortsa Mhic Cumhail na mor bheann.
- 49 Mar a fuigheams' Fhinn na feile,  
Duais Mhic Rìogh, 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' chinneach borb,  
Clanna Mungairidh nan colbh;
- 58 Bhnail na suinn air druim a cheile,  
Gu cruaidh cuidreach, is cho bhreugach;  
Chreithnich an leirg 's e chisg no sùnaigh  
Nach d' thigeadh Mac Moirne uaith.
- 59 Bha 'n airm Iobhara sa bhail,  
Mar thein: na nial sa mhaigh;  
Dh' òigh na creagan sgread na glinn,  
Da' m beumannaibh druim air dhruim.
- 60 Mun do mharbh Goll nan gear lann,
- 61 Thuit leis ceithir chend 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 fear;  
Trein nam buadh bh cruaidh san toir  
'S trugh a thuit san ionairt-sgleo.
- 63 'N tigh Teambra, gun fhios nan coi' each,  
Do bha Mac Moirne ga choimhead.
- 64 Bu dearach, tursach ann Fhianh,  
A' caoidh nam treun air an t-slabh;  
Ma thuit an Dearg bu trom docair,  
Bu chian ri ailis ar dochann.

S. 8. DU'AN DHIARAG, *i. e.*, DIARAG'S POEM. 60 lines.  
COLLECTOR'S ARGUMENT.

A KING of the name of McCann, 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 fìor ghlic  
'S air Diarag and nan geallamh  
'S air macan nan colg dhiombhasach  
Thaig anios a tìr Rì Chlannibh.
- 2 Air Mac Cumhail Mhic treunmhoir  
Sud an sgeul tha mi grianse  
Thaig e do shealg do Alba  
'S ann a Erin nrglhan Innsin.
- 3 Geisladh ri fuaim na srutha  
Sri gutha nan Eoin Cheinne  
San thuit suain nach robh gu h' eantrom  
Air Fionn-ghlic ogh Threunmhoir
- 4 Gun luìdh sin air Fionn na Fìinne  
'S e air Tulach fìorghlas sbeamhoir  
Gun bhì maille ris don Fheannadh  
Ach Diarag og mac Rì Deighir
- 5 Labhrin riut am briathra fionald  
Agus dhìnnsin dhuat 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 diobhl mi fein m' athair  
Air Fionn oir gur fath nam Fiannc e.

- 7 'S baoh a ghloir a theiradh tusan  
Mhic Ceannuibh o' gheann sleibhe  
Bithidh do cheann do'd dhìnas flabh thu  
Led ghloir chinn air ro-bheag ceill.
- 8 Sin ghluais fearg an da Ghrugair  
Agus thugadh iad gu cheil  
'S b' flaid a chluinte no glaohit Curra'  
Faoh am buillean 's am beuman.
- 9 Tharruing iad sleaghan nìmh  
Tharraing iad claidheauhan gear  
Bha cuirp is ennanh gan gearradh  
'S iad sìor ehur fo air a cheile.
- 10 Sin dar dhuigs Fionn na sleagha gabhì  
'S e 'n lathair nam fear chalmud  
Thog e air a dheas laimh Diarag  
'S e shìnte sin gun anmìn.
- 11 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag  
Nam dhìlean dhòmh do thearmadh  
Truagh nach bu naodh naonar do 'm mhaithibh  
Chaidh dhìth do 'm ch Claithibh, t'aitse
- 12 'S e mor an-Eric sin air Diarag  
'S labhair ris an slugh lamlich  
'S a luithad laoch treun re chathambh  
Bh' agads' do slughan na h' Albhì.
- 13 So an lamh nach diòrladh 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 mhaith guth  
Sud an lauh a b' fhearr an ionas  
Cha ionadh riabh san t' sruth.
- 15 Togamid e chlaodh na h' Albhì  
Far an t' iolair na Fein  
Agus beannachd a bhì air t' anam  
A dheagh Mhic Alpìn Fheile.

M. 11. DEARG MAC DEIRG. 40 lines.

BHA fhios aig an Dearg gu 'n robh m'ò ghradh aig a nìmaoi dho; ghabh cuid fa laimh a dhearbhadh dho nach robe agradh treil-h-ùireach, agus chum na crìche-sin; ehuir iad teachdair d'a h-ionnsuidh, le cuid cadaich 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 leoch;  
Ni m' bheil saoi nach d' fluar air leirradh<sup>2</sup>  
'S traudh ata mi fein an nochd.
- 2 Dearg Mac Cholla<sup>3</sup> craobh d' an Tu'r<sup>4</sup>  
Leis an seintte gu ciuit cruìt;  
'S ionmhuinn aoidh air nach luìdh fearg:  
Chlaoidheadh an Dearg leis a mhuic.
- 3 B' ionmhuinn t-aghaidh mhìn-dearg mhor,  
Iu deacair a cloth ann an cath  
'S bu ghile na Ghriana a dhath.
- 4 Mac Cuinn<sup>5</sup> a Innis Da-bhì,  
B' ionmhuinn Rìgh air son ar seabh;<sup>6</sup>  
Giolla gun ghalb no eich  
Re am creich, ach clòidheamh Dearg.
- 5 Ni 'n eitic e duine mu d' ni,  
'S ni 'n d' iarr ni air neach fo 'n Ghreìn:  
Fear bu mho 's bu ghlaìne 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' fuidir leoch;  
'S nìar nho dhùilt thu combrag arm  
O neach 'gan robh an 'm na chorp.
- 7 'S ni nighean Laomhuinn Mhic Roidh,  
Dha 'n tric 'na phronnadh or air cheird;<sup>7</sup>  
Ge b' ionadh ga m' iarnudh saoi  
B' fhear leam bhì 'nam mhnai 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> Saoghl'.  
<sup>7</sup> B' ionnann 's Rìgh ar seabh.

- 8 Gur mi nìghean Athain fheinn  
Leis am fiosaichteadh gach dealbh ;  
O sgaradh mo chuid fhear uam  
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 9 Sud a shealbhae 's a dha choin,  
Leis an do'lich 's cron na sealg ;  
An tea leis am b' ionmhuinn an triur  
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 bìadh mi ann an uaigh an nochd  
Mu 'n searar mo chorp re Dearg.

<sup>8</sup> Le ceard.      <sup>9</sup> Gora.

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 eha didir lochd ;  
Cha 'n eil saoi nach d' fhuair a leira,  
Gur truagh tha mi fein de nochd.
- 2 'S mi nìghean Laomha mhic Roe,  
Do 'n tric a phronna or nan eard ;  
Ge b' iona ga 'm iarraidh saoi,  
Gu 'n b' fhearr leam bhi nam mhnaoi aig Dearg.
- 3 Gur mi nìghean aithin Fhinn,  
Leis am fiosaicheadh gach dealbh ;  
O 'n sgaradh mo chuid ghradh nam,  
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 4 Mac Cuiun á Ionis 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-ghaidh mhìn dearg mhor,  
Bu deachdair a clòth 'n eath ;  
Sin is Cridhe farsuing fial,  
Bu ghile na a ghrian a dhath.
- 6 Sud a sheobhag sa dha choin,  
Le 'n decan moran cron an sealg ;  
Am fear lem b' ionmhuinn an triur,  
Cuirear iad san uir le Dearg.
- 7 Bha mi ann an tigh an Raoir,  
Air an t-slabh sin chnoc na learg ;  
Bìthidh mi ann an uaigh a nochd,  
Mar sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg.

*Mullum 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. DRIGHAN)

- 1 TREIS air chaithean an fhir mhoir,  
Thainig an oir fo dhìonbuidh (taigh)  
An treun fhear as e lan do ghaol,  
An Dearg dana Mac Druidhan.
- 2 An oir o thir na fear Fionn,  
Gu sìth thoir rann Fiannachd Eirin,  
  
Chuid eile air chall ach an Rann ma Dheiri.
- 3 Seachd oidheche agus seachd la,  
Bu tuisneach Mic agus mna ;  
Seachdhd 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 SGEAMA air Conn mac an Deirg  
Air a Bionadh le trom Fhearg,  
Dol a dhìleadh Athar gun Fheall  
Air (Chriochaidh ro-mhoir) na Herin.  
(Uislich 's air Mhathibh)
- 2 Airis dnuine, Osslain marich,  
Mhic Fheinn uasail so-ghraduigh,  
Sgealachd air Chonn fearrulla fearroil  
An soan calma ciun ceannail.
- 3 Cia bo mho Conn na 'n Dearg mor,  
Osslain na 'n Briathra Binn-dheoil ;  
No 'm bionnan dealbh dho is Dreach  
'S do 'n Dearg mhor, mhearr, mbeumnach ?
- 4 Bu mho Conn gu mor mor  
Tighin an earadh air sloigh  
Tarming a Lauinge a Steach  
An Cumbang Cnain is Caolis.
- 5 Shuidh e air an Tulich gar coir,  
An Fionidh curanta 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-mhoil. (or *mhaid*)  
Is ni 'm baile neach faoi 'n Ghréin.  
No Conn nan Arm fuabhar gheur.
- 7 Gruaidh choreur mar Eughar caoin  
Rosg gorm fuoi Mhala chorric, chaol ;  
Falt orcheardaid, grunnail, grunn,  
Fear mor meannach, fearroil eibhin.
- 8 Colg nimhe re Liodairt Chorp,  
Aig Laoich teug-bhuaidhteach na mor ole,  
Bhiodh a Chlainn re sgadh Sgeidhe  
Aig an Laoich ri ath-réite.
- 9 Buaidh sgach Ball an raibh e riabh  
Air ghaiseg air meud a ghniomh,  
Ghabh e coibhlan Neart gun Sgiog,  
Re tabhairt Geil a moir chois.
- 10 Go 'n tugaise Briathar cinteach,  
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 coinnibh Athar a dhìoladh.
- 12 Se huirt Connan maol nac Morna,  
Leiger huige an ceud uair mi,  
'S go 'm buinn an Cean a mach  
Do Chonn di-measach, naibhreach.
- 13 Marmbasg oirt a Chonnain mhaol,  
Nach sguir thu 'd Lomna a choidheh,  
Cha bhuinne thu 'n Cean do Chonn,  
'S e huirt Osgar na mor-ghlonn.
- 14 Ghuasidh Connan le (*nu*) mhi-cheil,  
Dhaideoin na Feine gu leir,  
An Coimeabh Choinn bhuaidhaich bhrais,  
Mar Char Tuaghal na Aimb-leas.
- 15 Nuair chonnaire Conn bu chaoin Dealbh,  
Connan a dol an seallbhu Arm,  
Thug e sioca air an Daoi,  
'S e teachadh gu luadh do Dh' Althidh.
- 16 'S ionmad Crap is Baile is Meall,  
Bha gut a suas air droch Cheann,  
Air Cean Chonnain mhaol gu reamhar,  
'S na coig Cuoil san aoin Cheangal.
- 17 Beannachd air an Laimb a reinn sin  
'S e lùbhair Fear na 'n Cruth uadh,  
'S go ma Tuis gun eridh dhuar,  
A Chonnain mhi-cheile gun Fhealt.
- 18 'N sin se Comhairle chinu doibh  
Deagh Miac Fheinn bu bhinn Ghloir  
Chuir ghabhail sgeula 'n Fhear dhocair  
Ghuasidh Fearghas binn Fhoclach.

- 19 Ghuaisidh Fearghens binn, badhach,  
Ghloc cialach mor-dhalach  
Air Comhairl' Athar mar bu chòir  
Ghabhail Sgeul do Chonn ro mhor.
- 20 A Chuin mhor, bhuaidhach, bhrais,  
Fhìr shugich, ait, cìbhìn,  
Ghabhail sgeul Thanas o Fhean  
Cea Fath do Thuiris do D'è crin.
- 21 Inisime sinn duit gu beachd,  
Fheargheas, agus buin e leat,  
Eirig Mathar bail lena maibhse,  
O Mhaithibh Teaghlaich ar mor uaisle.
- 22 Cean Fhein 's dha Mhic mhora,  
Ghuill, Ghridhe agus Gharadh,  
'S einn Chlann Morna gu Huile  
Fheatuin an Eirig aon Duine.
- 23 Na Erin o Hoinn go Toinn,  
A gheileachd in do 'm aoin Chuing,  
Na combrag coig Ceud dar Finneadh  
Fhaotain air Mhadain a Marach.
- 24 Ghuaisidh Fhearghais thughain fhein,  
A Phadric, nì 'n Canam Breng,  
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,  
Ailís dùine e go propadh  
'S na ceil oirn' e a dh' aoin oleaid.
- 26 Se mo sgeula o 'n Fhear mhor,  
Gur ail leis Ceud dar sloigh  
Fhaotain air Mhadain a Maroch,  
Gu Comhrag na Diuth-mhaileadh.
- 27 Se labhair cuig Ceud dar Finneadh,  
Caigsidh sinne a luath Mhire;  
Cha robh sud doibh mar a radh  
Bli 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 meang Ealta mhin-enn.
- 29 Biomad Fear sa Ghair a bhoss,  
Iomad Laimh ann is leath-choss,  
Iomrad Cloigin ann is Ceann,  
Cuirp gun choigleadh air a Bhall.
- 30 Cuig Ceud eile ge 'd bhì ann,  
Go 'n tuiteadh iad air aoin Bhall,  
Is Coun a cailleadh a Sgiadh,  
'G iarridh Comhraic 's go m b' ain-riar.
- 31 Hagh sinn seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Do Mhaithibh Teaghlaich ar mor sloigh  
Hoirt a chinm do mhac an Deirg,  
'S dhaithaigh sinn Fear faoi Throm-fheirg.
- 32 Chaidh ar seachd Fichid no dhail,  
'S ann orra thanic an Di-mhail,  
Thug e ruadhar Fir forthuin  
Bu luadhe e na Roth Gall-mhuillin.
- 33 Thuit ar seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Balkar Tuirse e 's Do-bhroin;  
Go 'n 'd leig an Fhein gair Chruaidh  
Re dioghgha a mhoir-shluaidh.
- 34 Fh'r a chleachd mo chumhair riabh,  
Ghoill Mhic Morna no mor-ghuionh,  
Bu nbian 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 buinne thu 'n Cean deth gu fearroil  
Mar rein thu ga Athair roinhe.
- 36 Dheanaimse sin duitse Fhein,  
Fhìr na 'n breathra, blath, binn,  
Chuir gach Feadh 's folchadh air cuil,  
'S go biodhmaid nille dh' aoin Run.
- 37 Gedo mharbhadh thu m' Fhein uille,  
Gu dioghgha an aoin Duinne;  
Bhithin fein 's mo Threnna leat  
A Rìogh na Feine ga d' eabhair.

- 38 Ghuaisidh Goll na Chulaidh Chruaidh,  
Ann an Fianis a mhor-shluagh,  
Bu gheal, dearg gnais an Fhìr,  
Na Hore garg dul an Tus Iordhail.
- 39 Huidheachad an sin na Cip Chathia  
A dhoil a labhairt an ard Latha,  
'S na Airm sheanta a bhia 'm Braid,  
Thog Mac Morna mileant iad.
- 40 Nuair chaidh iad an Dail a Cheile,  
Cha nactas riabh an Co-Baoilhair;  
Na Curiallaim bu gharnak Cith,  
Chuir iad an Tulich air bhall-Crith.
- 41 Dith Fola do chnaimhibh an Cuirp,  
Dith Teinne do 'n Armaibh nochd,  
Dith Cailce do sgiabh 'n Aoidh,  
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 cumhach na mor flakadh.
- 43 An da Churidh bu gharibh Cith  
Chuir iad an Tallich air bhall-Crith  
Le 'm Beumibh bu leor meud,  
'S bhia 'n Fhein uille gun easteachd.
- 44 Seachd Laethe agus aon tra Deng,  
Bu tuirsich Michd agus Muaidh,  
Gus 'n do hnit le Goll na 'm Beum,  
Ann Sonn mor air cheart egin.
- 45 Gair cìbhìn gun d' reinn an Fhian,  
Nach dreinnidh leo roimhe riabh,  
Re faiesin doibh Ghoill Mhic Morna  
Nuacar air Chonn Treun-toirich.
- 46 Se tabhairt Chonnain a Sas,  
'N diaghaidh Lonnan a mhi-ghrais.  
Naidh Ruidhin do Gholl an aigh  
Da leaghas mun riabh e slan.
- 47 An seachd Fichid sair cuig ceud,  
A Phadric, nì 'n Canam Breng,  
Gon d' hmit sud le Mac an Deirg,  
Is bu chruin air Fein na dheaghaidh.  
Crioch.

F. 17. EACHDRAIDH A BHA EADAR PADRUIC  
AGUS OISSAIN MO' CHOHN 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 Ate maitheamb is naisleabh na Feinne.
- 3 A mbic Fhian sluairehde sboth ghraich;  
Sgialachh air Chonn, fhearr fearail;
- 5 A' toirt a bharcan a steach,  
Air an traigh ghil ghainmbeach.
- 6 A dol siar am baileabh nan Iarmailtean.
- 8 Bha folt buidhe mar òr ceanail,  
Bhos ceann gealla ghuala a mhilceadh.
- 9 An laoch mòr near mairmeach fearail-cìbhìn  
Bha chalg neatha ri leudair chorp;  
Aig laoch teagaisg na mòr ole,
- 13 Ach coimhrle a chinm aig Fiomn,  
Is aig maitheadh na Feinne gu leir;  
Cò ruidhad a ghabhail sgeulaich do 'n choltach,  
Ach ghuaiscadh Fearguth beul dearg binn fhoeh-  
dach.
- 14 Ghuaiscadh Fearguth gu bu binn,  
Gu glie, snàrce sòth ghalbhach;
- 15 Do mhac an Deirg bu gharbh cleachd,  
Bheannuich Fearguth gu fior ghlic;  
Is f'hrèagair Conn è mar bu chòir,  
Fearguth folanta binn 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 bh' thu 'g iarraidh air d' athair,  
CONN.  
19 Ceann Fhinn sa dha nuair mhoir,  
Ghuill, Ghruir, Airtear, Chaoisid, agus Chormig,  
Uaislean Ch'anna Morna tile Thaoitin an eiric  
aon dhine,  
Na eiric bho thuinm gu tuinn.  
20 A gheilichdean do m' an a Chunn,  
Na coig ceud bh' uaibhse air mhoch mhaduin a  
maireach,  
Is gu 'n sgaru an Cinn re 'n Corp,  
A dhaincean Fhinn agus Chornaig.

## THURT FEARGHUTH.

- 23 Gur e b' aill leis thaoitean uaibhse,  
Air mhoch maduin a maireach,  
Deich ceud gar Fiamaidh,  
Is gun sgaradh e an Cinn re 'n corp  
A dh' aindecin Fhinn agus Chornaig.  
24 Is gun buineadh midne an ceann a muidh,  
Do ehonn dimeasach uaimhreach.  
25 Ach air dhune dol na dhail,  
Nì an robh sìd duinn mar a ghrathain;  
Thug e ruathar fir am foirrin.  
Bu luaithe è na roth galla mhulin.  
Dol troimh ialt do dh' ianuibh an t-sleibh.  
26 Air an fhaiche is e 'g iarraidh comhruig  
27 Is d' fhaireach sinne Fionn foith throm fheirg.

[This is a kind of Chorus repeated.

- 28 Chaidh air seachd ficead na dhail,  
Is thug è ruathar fir a ghna,  
'S iomad fear sa ghair a bhos,  
'S iomad lumb a bh' ann is cos,  
'S iomad claigean bh' ann is ceann,  
Is cuirp gun choigleadh air aon a pheall,  
Is urrad eile ged bhiodh iad ann.  
Gu 'n tuilleadh foth ann a cheann,  
Is bha Conn a caileadh a sgiath,  
Air an fhaiche g' iarraidh comhruig gu han fhial.  
30 Ionnach orst a Chonain mhaoil,  
Deich ceud ad leitheabh air traith,  
Cha d'ugadh ceann Chunn an Iomain,  
Nì 'm buinneadh thusach an ceann do Chenn,  
31 Do labhair Osgar na mor ghloim,  
Ach ghuaisidh Conan nu mhi cheill;  
A dhaincean na Feinne gu leir,  
An combail Chunn bhuidheagh bhraiss,  
32 Mu char tuall ga aimbleas,  
Nuair a clunnaic an Conn bu chaoin cruth,  
A teicheadh dhaicheill gu b' Alabuin,  
'S iomad enap is faoi is meall,  
Bha 'g eiridh suas air dhroch ceann,  
Air mhaoil Chonain gu dearbh deamhain  
Chuir e a choig caoil foith naon cheanguill  
33 'S iomad serend is iolach chruaidh,  
Bh' air Conan am fiannis an t-sluaigh;  
'S bu luaithe na fuaimne tuinne a teachd,  
Is an Fhianm nileadh 'g eisdleachd  
34 Gu ma slan do 'n taimh a shin duit,  
'S e labhair Fionn nan crodh nuadh;  
Gu ma turas gun ghionmh eiridh leat,  
A Chonain mhaoil mhi cheill.  
35 A mhiann subhla bhòis gach bhain.  
Aurd fhlaith na teughmhalach.  
37 Cuir faachd is falachd air eal,  
39 An sin nuair a shuidh iad na pruipe-chatha  
A dhòl a thoirt an aurd latha;  
Na b-airm t-seandachd a bhàghda an braoid.  
Gun do thog mac Moirne melenta iad

- 40 An sin nuair chaidh Goll na ehuaich chruaidh  
Na phrop an fiannis an t-sluaigh;  
Bughead dearg gnais an fhuir,  
Na thore aurd an tus na biarghuill,  
41 An sin air dhoibh dol an dail a cheil,  
A d' fhiacluin co a b' fhear beuman;  
Chuireadh iad di caileadh d' an sgiabhlibh  
Is di teineadh gun armuibh,  
42 Di foladh do ehneusuibh an cuirp,  
Le 'm baileabh baobhlail,  
Dol siar am baileabh nan iarraithean  
43 Am folt a fallb le gaoth nam beann,  
Le sgleo nan cuirridhean co teann;  
An da churridd bu ghairbh lith,  
Chuir iad an tulleich air bhalla chrith.  
44 'S iomadh enoir do theineadh nuadh,  
Bha teuchd è neimh nan arn faobhr cruaidh.  
'S ceann nan ceannabheirtibh corrach,  
Is iad a cunnuacha na mòr fhalachd.  
45 Latha agus aon tra deng,  
A chum iad combrag is nì 'm breng;  
Gun do bhuitin Goll nam benman,  
Ceann a Chunn mhoir air lòm eigin.  
46 Gair gun do leig an Fhianm,  
Nach do leig a leithid roimhe riamb;  
Air faichidh doibh Goll a crodhail;  
An naedhar air Chonn treun toachd.  
47 Bhi fuaigladh Chonain è sus,  
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 SGEULACHD air Chonn mac an Deirg  
Air a fionadh le trom fheirg;  
A dhiol bas athar gu treabhach,  
Air fiantidh fearoil 'n h-Eirann.  
2 'Ailis sin dlamb Oisain nàraich,  
A shean fhuir shuairce theò-ghràdhlaich;  
Sgeulachd air Chonn fearaidh fearail,  
An sonn calma, eamhe, ceanail.  
3 'Am b' ionann d' a d' d' d' d' a dhreach,  
'S do 'n Dearg mhòr, th' eun, mheannach nàicar;  
Na 'n raibh e cho chalm gu leòn,  
Ris an fhear a b' athair dhò.  
4 Bu mhoda Conn na e gu mor,  
A teachd am fiadhnais ar sloigh;  
A taruing a luinge caoile,  
An cithe caoin agus caolais.  
5 Shuidh air an tulaich d' ar coir,  
'N fhuaidh ehannta ro mhòr;  
Bha ghruidh choreair mar iughar caoin,  
Rosg mall agus nàla ro chaol.  
6 Aigeadh mhòr do 'n fhine ghriinn,  
Mor, meannach, fearail, eibhinn;  
Bha lanna nimh gu leandair chorp,  
Air slios an laoch gun cagal trod.

- 7 C' áit am b' áille laoch fuí 'n ghréin,  
Na Conn nam arna faodhbhar, géur;  
A leithid cho 'n fhaecas riamh,  
'G intheachd rathaid na mór shliagh.
- 8 Ghabh sinn eagal roimhe nile,  
Nach do ghabh sinn riamh roimh aon dhuine;  
'S an a chite con-fhathaidh Chúinn,  
Mar on fhatadh mara re tréun túinn.
- 9 Se chomhairle chinu aig Fíonn,  
'S aig naisle Eirann nach b' fhann;  
Chuir a dh' fhaghaíl sgeúl 'n fhear dhocrach,  
Fearadhas béul dearg, binn fhoclach,
- 10 Ghluais Fearadhas gu binn bádhach  
Gu muirneach, meálhach mor aghach;  
Air chomhairl' athar mar bu choir,  
A dh' fhaghaíl sgeúl do Chonn ro mhór,
- 11 'Fluir mhóir a thainig d' ar fios,  
Do radh Fearadhas fior ghlic;  
Sgeúl a b' áill leam fhaghaíl uait,  
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' uaisle fiann Eirann 's Albann.'
- 13 'Ceann Ghuill is Ghreathair mac Mornna,  
Fhínn agus a dha mhic mhordha;  
Is ceann Chormaic agus Oseair,  
'S na bhéil sibh beó dh' Fhíann nochdamh.'
- 14 'Is Eirínn o tháinig gu tuinn,  
Fhaghaíl dhamb fein fuí 'n aon chuim;  
Sin no cuig céud d' ar fine máiríach,  
Gu cómhraig díbhragach dana.'
- 15 'Cho b' ionann sa radh air dóidh,  
A Chúinn le d' iomaídh 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' ábhaist;  
Do 'n Fhéinn gu soerach fóillidh,  
Ge b' osgarra tréun a chomhradh.
- 17 'Conn mac an Deirg sud tha 's tráidh,  
O Albinn nam beannúidh árd;  
Gu marbhadh Ghreathair is Ghuill,  
Is Chormaic is Oseair chruinn.'
- 18 'Fhínn agus a dha mac mór,  
Chormaic is ar 'n nile shléigh,  
Sin is Eirínn 'n éiric athar,  
No cuig céud fuí' iochd an ath-la.'
- 19 Bha 'n Fhéinn nile 'n sin du bhrónach,  
Le eagal roimh 'n churúidh cómhraig;  
Gu marbhadh e 'n Fhéinn le eutach,  
Is sluaigh Chormaic fein le huinne.
- 20 'Dh' fhiosrach Fíonn an sin gu 'n sólas,  
Co reachadh an dáil an ógain;  
'S gu fuilleadh e dnais gu deonach,  
Nan d' igeadh e níos o chómhraig.'
- 21 'Se fhreagair e Conan mac Mornn',  
Leigear ní chuire chéud óir;  
'S gu d' ngaimn dhe 'n ceann gu fearaíl,  
Mar thainig d' a athair cheanag.'
- 22 'Mallachd dhuit'sa Choinnín mhóil,  
Cha sgarú thu d' lonan a choillich;  
Deich céud a' d' leithid air tráidh,  
Cho chuireadh ceann Chúinn gu lár.'
- 23 A dh' áingain na Féinne gu léir,  
Do ghluais Conan le mhí-chéill,  
A dh' ionusaidh Chinnín bhuaidhaich, bhras,  
Gu car aimhleis gu luath cas.
- 24 'N nair chunnaig Cúinn bu choinn dealbh,  
Conan a dol ar seilbh arm;  
Thug e sítheadh gus an daoi',  
'S e teicheadh naith ag naoi'.
- 25 B' iomaíd crap, is faob, is meall,  
Bha 'g éirídh air a dlúoch ceann;  
'S chuir easóil Choinnín gu daingean,  
Na 'n cuigar faidh 'n aon cheanagal.
- 26 B' iomaíd sgairt aig 's íolach chruaidh,  
Re an cruinneachadh a mhór shliagh;  
Bu labhaire no fuaim tuinne, teacíd,  
An Fhíann uile d' a eisteachd.
- 27 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh dhó,  
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an dara lé;  
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,  
Mar sheobhlag roimh ealtainn éan,
- 28 Bha Cúinn a caileadh a sgiá',  
'S e 'g iarraidh cómhraig gu dian;  
Air Féinn Inmse pláí is Freoine,  
Le misg dhearg catha gu 'n soradh.
- 29 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh dhó,  
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an dara lé;  
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,  
Mar sheobhlag roimh ealtainn éan.
- 30 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgiá' moire,  
'S e síor iarraidh tuilidh cómhraig;  
Air Mac Chuthaíl bu nulaith eólas,  
'S gu deanadh e lot is leonadh.
- 31 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh dhó,  
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an trecas lé;  
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,  
Mar sheobhlag roimh ealtainn éan.
- 32 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgiá' móire,  
'S e síor iarraidh tuilidh cómhraig;  
Air Fiann Eirann agus Albann,  
'S gu deanadh gu leir a marbhadh.
- 33 B' iomaíd ar garraich a bhos,  
B' iomaíd léimh ann is léith chos;  
B' iomaíd claigeann ann is ceann,  
'S cuirp nan caiginn air aon bhall.
- 34 Thagh sinn seachd fichead fear mór,  
Do mbaithaibh teaghlach ar sloigh;  
A thoir a chinne do mhac an Deirg,  
'N nair chunnaig sinn Fíonn fuí' throm fheirg,
- 35 Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mór,  
Adhbhar turs' agus do-bróin;  
Chómhraigidh an fear bu táire,  
Céud calma nach b' fhánn an gábhadh.
- 36 Thug Cúinn ruathar fir eutachaich,  
Bu luath' e no gála mhóitinn;  
'S e caileadh a sgiá' le sólas,  
A síor iarraidh tuilidh cómhraig.
- 37 'A Ghuill mhic Mornna na mor ghníomh,  
O! 's tu chleachd ar cabhair riamh;  
Cha 'n ann óirinn tha Cúinn a bagraich,  
Ach ort'sa Ghuill is tuó aigueadh.'
- 38 'Dearbhansa sin leats Fhínn,  
Fhínn nam briathraibh bláth binn;  
Cuireannáid fuath agus falachd air eúl,  
'S biodlmaid uil' air an aon rún.'
- 39 'N sin chuaidh Goll na chulaidh chruai,  
Ann an fiadhnais a mhór shliagh;  
Is bu chraobh dhearg gnúis an fhir,  
A dol an tús na h-íorgaíl mhír.
- 40 Na curina bu ghurg eith,  
Chuireadh iad an tulaich air eith;  
Le 'n beumanna mead air mhéad,  
'S iad a cumalcaeda' neo' mhéin.
- 41 Le sgreadaíl an lanna garbha,  
R' a chéile le géur neart calma;  
Chuireadh iasg nan cuntaidh stuaadhach,  
Ann an caoite caole fuairaidh.
- 42 Chuireadh feidh nam beannúidh árd,  
Gus na gleannúidh fuairaidh fásaich;  
'S caitach binn fhoclach nan coilteach,  
Ann 's na speura le crith eith.
- 43 Cho 'n fhaec ní riamh re 'n léithibh,  
An leithid an eath no 'n gabhadh;  
Chuireadh díth teime da 'n lanna,  
'S díth fola da 'n cneasa geala.



- 44 Scaehd oidhchean, is scaehd lá,  
Gu bu tursach fir is maith;  
Gus an do chlaoidh Goll nam benmaibh.  
An Cóin mór a cheart reigáin.
- 45 Scaehd ráidhean do Gholl an aigh,  
D' a leigheas gus an raibh e slán;  
Ag eisteachd eól a dh' oidhch 's do lá,  
'S caithreachaí óir fuidh throma dlanmh.

## 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-draim, or rather Inis-drethin, with a Band of 500 chosen men, in hopes of a complete conquest, make himself King of Ireland, overturn Cormac the King and Fingal and his valiant Bands. At his arrival he engaged 500 chosen men, which were all kilt. Upon the day following other 500 men were turn'd out to engage Con and his valiant Band, who were all slain. Upon the third Day other 500 men were turned out by Fingal of the flower of his army to encounter Con, who all fell in the action, which occasioned great lamentations among the Fingalians seeing Con always victorious. Con's army being by this time reduced to 140 men, Fingal upon the fourth day musters his army, and picks up 140 of the best and most experienced warriors out of the Bands of Baisge and Moirne to encounter Con, who all fell in the attack. Con is left alone now without a single man to assist him, and desires to be engaged by Cormac, Fingal or Goll in a single combat. Goll undertook the fight, which continued for seven days with equal courage and ardour. At last the brave and 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 chalu san leig,  
Ri Mac Dreabhail bu trom fheig.
- 9 Chur a ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhoerach,  
12 Eirie na' Athar is aill leom,  
Neo' fras bhennanna' gnu chom.
- 15 Cho b' ionann sa radh air choir,  
15 'S na ghluaisis d' ar sluaigh san toir;  
Is Eirinn an eirie an Deirg,  
No enig eend fai' bhenn san leig.
- 19 Bha Cormaic fui' thime throm,  
Riogh na Feinne, 's an treun Goll;  
Mn phrosnachadh an loich laín,  
Bu doear s' ann iomar-bhaidh.
- 20 Dh' fhiosraich mo Riogh, flath nam cuach,  
Do nheitibh Eirinn nam buadh;  
Co reachadh an dáil nam fear,  
Dhiongrail an combraig air lear.
- 21 Mar thainig d' a Athair le Goll.
- 23 A dh' ionnsuidh Chaimn, bu trom greis,  
An tnn 's cha b' ann air a leas.
- 24 A mesg eothann, gun sgath combraig.
- 29 Chuai' Conn rompa gun thia',  
Mar sheobhag roí' ealtainn ian.
- 30 Air Mac Cumhail nan arm gear,  
'S nan sonn bu doear e beann.
- 32 Air na Fiantaidh gorma ceuach,  
Na sinne bu doear san t-cug-bhaid.
- 36 Thug Conn ruathar fir eathnach,  
'S bu luaithe no ghrian a shuibhail;  
Ag iarruidh combraig na Feinn,  
'S gun duine beo, ach e fein.
- 39 'S bu chraobh, or-dhearg gnús nam fear,  
A' dol an tas na h iorgráil mhcar.
- 41 Chaireadh féidh nam seibitibh ard,  
Gus na gleannaitibh fuarruidh fas;  
'S canlach binn-fheoch nam beann,  
'S an a bharr le sgrúidil lann.

- 42 Cho 'n faca mí riamh ri 'n linn,  
An leitadh ann combrag Fhinn;  
Chuireadh dith teine d' an luma,  
'S dith fola d' an cucaisibh geala.

## M. 12. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 144 lines.

- 1 AITHRIS dhuine, Oisáin dhanaich,  
Mhic Fhinn shuairce sho-ghráidhach,  
Sgheulachd air Chonn feartha fearail,  
An sonn calma, caoin, ceannil.
- 2 Sgheulachd air Chonn mac an Deirg,  
Air a bhonadh le trom fheirg  
Dol a dhlohadh Athar gun fheall  
Air naitlibh 's air maithibh na Féinne.
- 3 Cia bu mhó Conn na 'n Dearg mór,  
Oisáin nam briathra binn bheoil?  
No 'm b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach  
'S do 'n Dearg mhór, mhcar, mhcanunnach?
- OSIAN.
- 4 Bu mhó Conn gu mór, mór,  
A' teachadh an garadh ar slóigh,  
A' tarraing a luinge a steach  
'An canuigh cuaim agus caois.
- 5 Shuidh e air an tulaich 'gar cóir  
Am fuidh caranta ro-mhór,  
Mar thrágha nara re treun thinn,  
Aig ro-mheud falachd an t-suinn.
- 6 Chaidh e 'm frithleannaibh nan neul  
Os ar cinn san ath-mheud;  
Is ghhabhadh e d' a chleasaibh gairge  
Siar ann an bailcibh na h-iarmaich.
- 7 A mhac-samhail cha 'n fhacas riamh  
Ag imnachd magha mo mór shliabh;  
'S cha b'áillidh neach fo 'n ghéin  
Na Conn nan arm faobhar-ghean.
- 8 Gruaidh choreuir mar iubhar-chaor;  
Rosg chorach ghorm fuidh mlada chaoil;  
Falt úr, ór-bhuidh, anlach, griun,  
Air an óg mhcanunnach, thearail, aobhúin.
- 9 Colg uiníhe gu fiodairt chorp  
Aig laoch ághuair nan trom lot:  
Bhíodh a chlaidheanbh línibh r'a sgéith,  
Air an loch re h-aiubh-réit'.
- 10 Buidh sgach ball an robh e riamh  
Air ghaige, air meud a ghionnigh;  
'S gu 'm b' ionadh laoch a bhá gun sgríos  
A' tabhairt da géill agus mór chis.

## COXAN.

- 11 'Se labhair Conan maol mac Morna,  
' Leigear thuige an eend uair mí,  
'S gu 'n buin mí an ceann a mach  
Do Chonn di-measach naibhreach.'
- OSAR.
- 12 'Marlbaig ort, a Chonain mhaoil,  
Nach sguir thu d' ionan a chaoil?  
Cha bhuaimeadh tu 'n ceann do Chonn,  
Do rádh Oscar nam mór ghloin.
- 13 Gluaisibh Conan na mi-chéill  
A dh' aindeoin na Féinne gu léir  
An coinneadh Chaimn bhuaidhach bhlaíis  
Mu char tuathal ainih-leas.
- 14 'Nuair a chumnaic an Conn bu chaoil dealbh.  
Conan dol 'an seabhaidh arm,  
Rug e le síchl air an daoidh  
'Se teicheadh gu hath maith.
- 15 B' ionad sgréad is íolach chruaidh  
O bheul Chonain nam dhion-bhuadh;  
Chaidh air Conan maol gu d'uinnein  
Na eúig caoil fuidh 'n son cheungal.
- 16 'Beannachd aig an láimh rím síu,  
'Se labhair Fionn a' chruith ghil.  
Is sheall iad an sin air a chéile  
Móran do mhaitibh na Féinne.

- 17 Gur i chomhairle chinn doibh  
Sàr mhac Fhinn bu chaoine glòir  
Chur a ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhoerach :  
Ghnaidh Fearguth binn-fhoclach.
- FEARGUTH.
- 18 'A Chuin mhòir, bhnaidhaich, bhrais,  
Fhìr shùgaich, ait, aobhinn,  
A ghabhail sgeula thàinig mi.  
Ciod é fàth do thurais do 'n tìr ?'
- CONN.
- 19 'Inneansa mo sgeul dhuitse,  
Fhearguth, agus buin leat e.  
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam naibhse,  
O 'r maithibh is o 'r mòr naislibh.
- 20 'Ceann Ghuill 'sa dhà mhic mhòir,  
Ceann Fhinn flath an t-slòigh ;  
Cinn chlamna Morna uile  
Fhaotainn 'an eiric aon duine :
- 21 'An tìr uile o thuinu gu tuinn  
A ghèilleachduinn do m' aon chuing ;  
No còmhag cùig ceud d' ar fìneadh,  
Fhaotainn air maclainn ann màireach.'
- 22 An sin labhair cùig ceud d' ar fìneadh,  
'Caisgrìdh sinne a luath mhìreadh.'  
Cha robh sud doibh mar a ràdh  
Re dol anns an iomairbhaidh.
- 23 Thug e mach claidheamh 'n Deirg mhòir  
Le confhadh catha sa' cheud uair.  
Thug e ruathar fir forthuinn,  
Mar sheobhag measg ealta mhìn cunn.
- 24 B' iomad cruth a chaochail greann,  
Is cuirp ath-chumta le crudhas lunn :  
Iomad làmh ann is leth chos,  
Iomad cloigeann thall 'sa bhos.
- 25 Cùig ceud eile ged' bhiodh ann  
Gu 'n tuiteadh sin air aon bhall ;  
Is Conn a' calcedh a sgrìath,  
Ag iarraidh còmhraig, 's gu 'm b' an-iar.
- 26 Thogh sinn seachd fìhead 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 fìhead 'na dhàil ;  
'S ann orra thàinig an diobhail :  
A' dol 'an cumasgabh na buidhinn  
Bu haithic e na roth Gall-mhuilinn.
- 28 Thuit ar seachd fìhead fear mòr ;  
B' aobhar tuise' e is do-bròin :  
Gu 'n do leig an Fhianm gàir chruaidh  
Re dìothachadh b' mhòr shluagh.
- FIONN.
- 29 'A Ghuill mhic Morna nam mòr ghnìonh,  
Fhìr a cbleachd ar cobhair riamb,  
A mbiann sùile gach baile,  
A laòich làidir na tenguibaile,
- 30 'Is dàna leam Conn a bhagradh ort,  
Is air clanna Morna uile,  
Nach buineadh tu 'n ceann d'bheth gu fearail  
Mar a rian thu dheth athair roimhe.'
- GOLL.
- 31 'Dheamainne sin dhuitse, Fhinn,  
Fhìr nam briathra blàtha binn.  
Chruamaid fuath is falachd air cùl,  
Bionnaid uile dh' aon rùd.
- 32 'Ged' mharbhta an Fhianm uile  
Gu dìothachadh an aon duine,  
Blùthinn fèin 's mo threuma leat,  
A rìgh na Fèinne, 'grad chobhair.'
- 33 Ghnaidh Goll 'na chulaidh chruaidh  
Aon an fiannas a' mhòr shluagh.  
Bu ghèad is dearg gnùis an fhir  
Re dol 'an tús na h-iorghaile.
- 34 Dh' èirich frith, is fearg, is fraoch  
Air dà mhalaich an dà mhòr laoch.  
An dà chruaidh bu mhòr cith,  
Chuir iad an tulaich air bhall-chrith.

- 35 Aon là deng agus tràth  
Gu 'm bu tuisreach mic is mnà,  
Gus 'na thuit le Goll nam beumannan  
An sonn mòr air cheart òigin.
- 36 Gàir aobhinn gu 'n d'riann an Fhianm  
Nach d' rinneadh leo roimhe riamb  
Re faicinn Ghuill chròidha 'n uachdar  
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 naislibh 's maithibh na Fèinne.
- 2 An sgeul sin raig Fhinn,  
An Farnail nan creagau Ard ;  
Sheall mu 'n cuairt air arminn ghradhnaich,  
Ghracas gach laoch gu bhùil chath sgith.
- 3 Co dhù 'is mo Conn n' an Dearg Mor,  
'S e labhair Osear nam binn ghòir ?  
No 'm b'ìonann Dealbh agus Dreach,  
Do Chonn Mor near meannach ?
- 4 Chunnacas Conn thar stèudaibh glasa,  
A' tarraing a luinge a steach,  
Ann Carrais Cuair nan caolas.
- 5 Shuidh air an Tulaich 'nar coir,  
Am Fìni Curraida, dian, mor,  
Ghabhail do chleasa gu garg,  
Ann am lareca nan iarmailtean (thaca na h-ear-mailt)
- 6 Bha lann nimbe a liodair chorp,  
Aig a Chonn theughbalach na mor cle ;  
Ealtuinn chearladh ghlan ghrinn,  
Air an fhear mhor, mhèar, mheannnach,  
A 's e gu fearail suibhear eibhinn,  
A mhac sambuil cha 'n fhacas riamb,  
A' sibball sratha, no mor sliabh.
- 7 Gruaidh choreara mar Iudhar caoin,  
Rosg ghorm fo mhala chaoil ;  
Suil a tilgeadh teime ruaidh,  
A' loisgeadh gaisge na mor shluagh.
- 8 Bha lann fo sga a sge,  
Aig an laoch gu aiseite ;  
Dh' iomar o iomadh cleas luthaidh,  
Do 'n Fhèinn gu 'm b' aobhar tuise.
- 9 'S e comhaire chinn aig Fhionn feir,  
'S aig maithibh na Fèinne gu leir ;  
Deugh Mhac Fhinn bu bhìne glòir,  
A chair thighe an ceud thos,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh sgeul dho 'n fhear dhoerach  
Chuir sinn Fearas beul dearg binn fhoclach.
- 10 Chuin mhòir mhìr mheannnaich,  
Gheig uir ghil dhealbhaich ;  
'Se m' fhiosrachadh dhìot gu beachd,  
Ciod fàth do thurais a dh' ABuinn ?
- 11 Dh' innsine sin duit gun chleth,  
Fhearais nas àill beir leat ?  
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam uath,  
Na bheil sibh a Mhatha san Fhèinne. (al. Eirin)
- 12 Ceann Fhinn oirt 's Ghuill,  
Cinn chlamn Morna uile ;  
Fhaotainn an eiric aon duine  
No còmhag cùig ceud uath.  
Do 'r maithibh 's do 'r garbh sblnach,  
Gu 'm buinnin ra cinn diubh a mach,  
Dh' aindeoin Fhìnta as Chornaig.

- 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 lochl.
- 14 'Se sid Conn Mac an Deirg,  
Alr a fionadh le trom fhearg;  
Teachd a dhioladh bas athar gun fheall  
Air naislibh is maitlibh na Feinne.
- 15 Eirie athar is aill leis,  
O na bheil sibh mhaithibh 'n Eirin,  
Ceann Fhinn oirt a Ghnill,  
Cm chlanna Morna uile.
- 16 Fhaotainn an eirie aon duine,  
No combrag eug ceud uath,  
Do 'r maitibh, 's do 'r garbh shluagh,  
Gu bnuicadh e na cinn diubh nach,  
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn 's Chormaig.
- 17 An sin thuirte Conan maol Mac Morna,  
Leigear thuige mi 'n ceud thos,  
As gu 'm buninn an ceann a mach  
Dhe 'n Chonn dhimeasach nabhract.
- 18 Inich ort Chonain mhaol,  
Cha sguir thu do loimeais ri d shaoghal  
Cha tugadh tu 'n ceann de Chonn,  
'S e labhair Oseair na mor ghloinn.
- 19 Ghluais Conan na mi-cheil,  
Dh' aindeoin na Feinne gu leir;  
An caramh Chunn bhuaidhich brais,  
An cur bu tuaidh dh' eirich leis.
- 20 B' iomad sgreid is iolach ebruidh,  
Bh'aig Conan nan diombuaidh;  
B' iomad faob is erp, is meall,  
Ag atadh suas air a dhroch ceann.
- 21 Air ceann Chonain gu reamhar,  
'S a cluig caoil an aon cheangal,  
Bu chruaidhe eigh na toirn tuime,  
Is an Fheinn nile ga eisleadh.
- 22 An sin thuirte fichead fear Finne,  
Leagaidh sinne a luath mbire;  
Rachadh Conn a romh sud,  
Mar sheobhlag troimh caitinn cun.
- 23 Thug e ruadbar fir ri foire,  
Nas luath ma roth muillein;  
B' ionadh ionmhas 's am bar a bhos,  
B' ionadh lamb ann 's leth chos.
- 24 Aipr gun chogull air aon bhall; (al cuirp)  
Uircad eile ged bhiodh ann;  
Thuitcadh le Conn air aon bhlar.
- 25 Bha com a' caice a sgiath,  
Ag eighceach comhraig le an-rian,  
Chuir sinn eug fichead fear nain  
G' ar maitibh 's g' ar mor shluagh,  
A thoir a' chm a Mhic an Deirg,  
Dh' aithnich sinn Fionn fo throm fheirg.
- 26 Rachadh Conn troimh sud,  
Mar sheobhlag troimh caltuinn eun  
Rha Conn a' caice a sgiath  
Ag eighceach comhraig gu dian.
- 27 Dheagh Mhic Morna nan mor ghniomh,  
Fh'ir a chleachd mo chomhair riamh;  
Nach truaigh leat conn a' baguir ort,  
Is air chlanna Morna nan gear lot?
- 28 Nach d' thugadh tu an ceann deth,  
Mar a thug thu dhe athair roimhe?  
Ducainnise sin duitse, Fhinn,  
Fh'ir nan briathar blatha binn.
- 29 Chaidh gach fuachd 's falachd air chul,  
Bhiadh uile a dh' aon run;  
An sin chaidh Goll na chulaidh chruaidh,  
An tiannis a mhor shluagh.
- 30 Bu gheall dearg gnais an fhir,  
Na mheall garbh an tus Iorghuill,  
Ghluais e gu cicrasach dana,  
Dh' ionnsuidh na teughalach.

- 31 Tha ceth teine de 'n airm chruaidh,  
Tha ceth fala de chlainn an cuirp.
- 32 Tiomadh cuor theine ruaidh  
Teachd o nimh nan arm chruaidh,  
Os ceann nan ceann bheartain carrach,  
Is iad a' cuimhneach na mor fhalaclad.
- 33 An da chuiridh bu mhor eith,  
Chuir iad an tullaich air eith  
Am folt sguabadh gaoh nan gleann,  
Gleac nan curridhean bhia co taun.
- 34 Seachd haithem agus nao tra,  
Ba tursach fir is imai,  
Aig na bhuidhinn Goll na mor bheum,  
Ann Conn mor a cheart eigi.
- 35 Aon ghair eibhinn rium an Fhian,  
Nach do rinn a leithid riamh,  
Ri faicinn dhoibh Ghnuil an nachdar,  
Air Conn treuf, bras, nabhrach.
- 36 Tri raian aig gun robh slau,  
Toirt Chonain chrin a sas,  
Leigheas Ghnuil mhie Morna.
- 37 Sgeulach air Chonn ferra fearail,  
An sonn mor calma ceanaid.

## X. 9. DUAN CHOINN MAC AN LEIRG.

171 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, 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 Ixnis dhuinn Ossein narach,  
Mhic Fhinn uaisle shuarie sho ghradhich;  
\*Do sgeul air Conn, Fearg, is Fearail,  
\*Na sonn chlamant cogbincal.
- 2 Co bu mho Conn na 'n Dearg mòr,  
Ossein nam briathar cohbhinn;  
Am b' ionann dealbh dia is dreach,  
Is do 'n Dearg mhaiseach mhoralach.
- 3 Bu mho Conn gu mòr mòr,  
Teachd o mhara le shloigh;  
\*Tarruing a luingeas a steach,  
\*Gu teamhair<sup>1</sup> cuain is cuolas.
- 4 \*Bha sgiath nimh air gu leagadh a chorp,  
\*Air erios teug-bhoil na mòr ole;  
\*Is claidheamh air sghath a sgeith;  
\*Air an laoch ud gu b-aimbheant.
- \*Bha gruaig enire<sup>2</sup> air mar iuthar eomh,  
\*Rosg gorm, an dà mhala cho chaoil;  
\*Folt buidhe aghmhor tearlail,  
\*Uasal fearal aobhinn grunn.
- 6 Sheas air an tulaich ma ur comhair,  
Mìlidh curannt' bhia ro mhòr;  
Leis an gabhla' chleas gu garbh,  
Ann am<sup>3</sup> baileul na h-iarmaid.
- 7 Bhiceams' mo bhrithar caint,  
Phadrug cha bu nar ri imis';  
Gu na ghabh sinn d' eagal  
Roimh nile is nach do ghabh,  
Sinn riamh roimh aon duine.
- 8 \*S e chomhair a dh' inuistrig aig Fionn,  
'S aig fearibh naise Eirin;  
Aig clann na nara muirne,  
Deagh mhie Fhinn o 'n binn ghloir,  
'Chuir ghabhail o 'n laoch dh' shocarach,  
Bhaighceach bhinn fhoacalach.

<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 enire*, 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 mhór.
- 10 Bheannaich Fergus le glóir bhinn,  
Do Chonn tairise<sup>4</sup> bha ro' Fhinn;  
Fhlegair Conn e mar bu choir.  
Fheargais fhúillidh fhir choir.  
Mhic an fhir<sup>5</sup> dhúineasidh mhéar,  
Dhuainn bhuaidhí dhéud ghil,  
Thainig a ghabhail sgeul o Fhloinn.  
'Cia fath do thochd do Eirinn?'
- 11 Fios mo thairis ann gu bechd,  
Fhearguis nam b' fhear a b' áill leat?  
Eirie m' athair a b' áill leam,  
Dhúibhse mhaitibh fir Eirinn.
- 12 Gu ceann Ghoill is dá mbae Mhuirn,  
Fhinn is Chríbhinn 's Chori-Chorn;  
Gu ceann Chlonairt na Muirne uile,  
Gu 'n dítcheadh mar aon duine,  
Cormaic Mac Airt agus Fionn,  
'S na th' beo do fhearibh Eirinn.  
O thuinn gu tuinn fhaotainn  
Dhomsa fò 'n aon chuinge,  
Combrag air coig ceud ur sloigh;  
Air mhoch mhaduinn a maraich,  
Gu sgarainn an cinn o 'n corp  
An aindeon Fhinn is Chormaic.  
Gluaisidh Fergus thugain fein,  
Phadraig na abairim breug.
- 13 Chlost sinn sud an Fheinn uile,  
'G eisdeachd rí sgeal Fhearguis,  
Labhair Fionn flath nur sloigh  
Fhearguis ciod do sgeol o 'n fhear mhór?  
Innis duinn gu bechd.  
'S na ceil romhainn na h-ainíochd.
- 14 Se mo sgeulsa o 'n fhear mhór,  
Nach fhear leis gun choig ceud ur sloigh  
Air mhoch mhaduinn a máirich,  
Gu cath combrag díobhalaich,  
Gu ceann Ghoill, is dá mbae Mhuirn,  
Fhinn is Chríbhinn 's Chori-Chorn,  
Gu ceann Chlonairt : na Muirne uile  
Gu 'n dítcheadh 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 chuinge,  
Labhair Conon mac Muirn mor,  
Leigibh mise chuinge sa cheud doigh  
Gu sgarainn an ceann ud de,  
Air a cheann díomsa air a cheann desa,  
Beir a mhólach! — a Chonoin mhaol!  
So an onoir nacl fhaidh thu chaoidh,  
Cia fath gu 'n coisgeadh tu Conn  
Fhuiribh<sup>6</sup> Oscar na mor lom.
- 15 Gluaisidh Conon le mhí-cheil,  
'N aghaidh na Feinn gu leir,  
'N aghaidh Choinn bhuaidhí bhrais,  
Gu car tuasádeach ainléis,  
Dar chummaic an loch bu chaoin a dealbh.  
Coinean dol an seallb na arm  
Thug e sílheadh do 'n fhear,  
Is glabh e teicheadh a choin fhalbhídh,  
Acl 's líomhóir seread is loch cruaidh.  
Bla aig Conoin rí aon nair,  
Bu luaith e na tuim tuile teachd,  
'S an Fheinn uile gu choimhead,  
Bu líomhóir enapain agus meall.  
Bla 'g eiridh snas air a dhroch ceann,  
Air maoile Choinnean gu reamhar.  
Na coig caoil sa 'n aon cheangail,

Beannachd aig an laimh shin ríut.  
Labhair Fionn flath na Fionn,  
Gu na turus gun eiridh dhuit,  
Choinnean dhona mhí cheillidh.

- 16 Ach chuir sinn ur coig ceud a mach,  
Gu near mennmarach moralach  
Cha an loch ud trompa gun ghrainn,  
Mar sheobhag dol troimh altan mhín ean,  
Is mas tíomhadh tu barr a bhóis  
Bu líomhóir leth-laime agus eos,  
Bu líomhóir coltainn bha gun cheann,  
Nan coimlean marbh air 'n aon laimh,  
Coig ceud eile eoid bhíodh iad ann,  
Bhíodh iad marbh air 'n aon bhonn,  
Ghluais sinn seachd fíchead fear mór,  
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an díobhal oirne  
Chaidh e trompa mar mhaol mbeann,  
Bu luaith e na rotha gall mhúileann  
Thuit na seachd fíchead fear mor  
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an díobhal oirne,  
Far an d' rinn an Fheinn an gair cruaidh,  
Bhí dítcheadh ur mor sluaigh,  
Fhir nach d' aitheadh cablain riamh  
Air thapiachd 's air mhór ghuíomh,  
Mhíann síle gach bór?<sup>7</sup>  
Is phríonnsa gach teughból,  
Nach fhaic thu Conn 's e maítheadh ortsa,  
Ghoill churaidh gach namhaid,  
Nach cuireadh tu an ceann ud de gu fearal  
Mar chuir thu de athair roimhe,  
Dheanainn sin dhuit<sup>8</sup> Fhinn.  
'Bhriathraibh nan ceol bhinn,
- 17 Na 'n cuireamaid gach fearg is fuil air chul,  
'S gu 'm bídeamaid uile de 'n aon rann,  
Dar bha Goll na chullaidh chraibidh'eit,  
Am fianús fhathaibh is a mhór shluagh  
Bha geal dearg an gnúise an fhir,  
'S bha sheadlath garc an tús gach iorghuill  
Shin an da churadh bu mhór cith<sup>8</sup>  
Chuirte leo tulach air ball-chrith,  
Le an ceumibh b' fhearail kinn,  
An Fheinn uile gu 'n coimhead  
Bha eith fala chruinn chorp,  
De las-fhaobhar nan arm nochd  
Ann bail eul nan sgiathibh gu ard.  
Is e dol síos do 'n armuall.  
Latha is aon trath deng.  
Bha na lochid ud nan sgáinnir dheirg  
Acl na thuit le Goll nan beum  
Conn mor air cheart 's air eigin,  
Sín an gair aoibhinn thug an Fionn  
Mar nach d' thug fós droigh a riamh  
Bhí faicinn Ghoill chruaidiant.  
An nachdair air Conn treun.  
Is fuasgladh Chonain a cís.  
'Eideadh cuir lannan na mí ghrais,  
Seachd ráithean do Gholl an aigh  
Gu 'leigias ach am bí e slán,  
'G eisdeachd eul a dh' oidech sa lé,  
I! pronnadh ór fo thromh dhainm.  
Sín mo sgeulsa air Conn mhíe an Deirg.  
Thainig thugain fo throm fheirg  
Do dhúladh bás athair gun fícallsa,  
Oirbhse mhaitibh fir Eirinn.
- (Cia fad an duan ruigear a cheann gnath  
fhocail.)
- Críoch.<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.

<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.

## 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 Ahsier 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 fhuil beul-aris chomhnuic Conn san Eilean Mhuilcach an deigh lés athair, a mhuilchadh an Eirinn. Air do Chonn thigheinn gu lu neart ruinnich e bas athair a dhioladh. Ruig e Eirinn chum na creich so. 'S cha robh duine sheasamh roimh. Chuireadh teachdair do dh' Albain os fosal an riochd deirceadh dh' fhaicinn an robh doigh ann air an fouda buaidh fhaotain air Conn. Thainig an teachdair Eirinnich gu ruig Mull gu tigh mathair Chinn. 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, gun bu deirceach e, 's nach robh naigheachd aig ach gun d' thugadh buaidh air Conn-Mac an Dearg. Eu-comasach ars mathair Chinn, oir nan cumtadh fion dearg is mnaith an Chonn cha neil an Eirinn na dh' gheabhadh buaidh air. Mar so fhuair na h-Eirinnich mach Chinn ri aghaidh is an deigh sin chail e bhuanadh do chionnsuichte.

- 1 Co dhù 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,  
Teughbhoileachd na mor lochd;  
'S a chaitheamh air sgath laoch,
- 8 Gun eagal aimbreat.  
Eirie m' athair a b' aill leam,  
O nìlsean nìle na h-Eirinn;  
Ceann Chonain 's dha mhic Ghnuill,
- 12 Ghnuill is Chonain is Chormaic.  
Is na bheil beo do mhuilthibh Eirinn,  
No Eirinn o thuinne gu tuinn,  
'Gheilcachlan do m' aon chuim,
- 16 No cuig ceud fear mor chuir so  
A chomhrag ri m' fhear-diòladhna maireach.  
Sin mar labhair Coirliomhan,  
Leagaidh mis' da ionnsuidh,
- 20 'S gan d' thugainn an ceann de,  
Thubhairt Fionn.  
Heid thsa Choirliomhan,  
Na bi tighinn air comhaadh cho clì sin;  
Cha cheansaichean e gun fhoill,
- 24 Le da thrian 's na bheil an Eirinn.  
Bu lionmhoir sin a chluinntè ann,  
Ptae is garbh mheall,  
Glaodh is iolach ard,
- 28 Ann am beul Chonain  
Cuim an deannais' sin ruit Fhinn,  
Fhìr nam briathraibh binn a bheoil,  
'S gur fhein a thuit clann a mhorla a mhor  
theachd,
- 32 Thigeanmaid is suitheamaid a dh' aon ruinn,  
'S cuireamaid fuath is folchd air chul,  
It ebuireanna mo Threun a leat,  
A rìgh na Feinn gar comhadh,
- 36 Nuair bha Goll dol an cula chomhraig.  
A nuair sin am fianmais a mhoir shloigh,  
Chuir e sgiath bhacaidheach,  
Bhacaidheach air a laimh chli
- 40 Slacan cruadhach curanata,  
Chaidheamh na lairh dheis,  
Fhlaht mhòr mhaiseach fhearail ghrinn,  
Iuthair gharbh eibhinn,
- 44 Gruadh corrach mar iuthair chaon,  
Fo rosg na mala cuma claoil.  
Air an seoladh ann an caol bheortan corrach,  
Is e ri cuimhneachadh na mor ole,
- 48 'S an dar thoisich an da laoch bu gharbh sgiath,  
Chuireadh an talamh air lalla chrith,  
Ri sgoiladh na sgeama sgiathach,  
Is sgoiladh na sgiathibh sgealbach,

- 52 Ri doirteadh na fola moir,  
Fo lamhan ùncaichleach a cheile,  
Gus an d' thainig an oidhele,  
'S 'n d' thainig sibhichean nach as na emic,
- 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 Ardehonal, in Argyll, is in the 'Irish' character.

This Poem ought to be placed first, as the oldest bit of the Story of Dearg. I only got the copy July 8, so it is placed here.

The note copied with this poem is curious, there is not a line of Mac Pherson's Gaelic Ossian in this composition which is quoted to prove 'authenticity.' It is an epitome of the usual Arguments: 'Because these Heroic Ballads were current, an epic poem, which differs from them, in every respect, is authentic; and they are spurious, corrupt editions of the Epic, of which there is no trace outside of the printed books.'

... I AM happy to add, that Mr. Kennedy's ignorance will turn out rather favourable than otherwise for Ossian's authenticity in the part of the proofs which respects the transmission of his Poems to our times. This will appear from the curious circumstance I am now to mention.

I have collated the Poem in Kennedy's called 'Bas Dhearg' (page 32 of his MS.) with a Poem 'Dearg Mac Druibheil,' transcribed by Mr. Mac Intosh from a MS. of Major Mac Lachlan, written, in 1690, by Ewen Mac Lean, who copied it from an older MS. The Poems are the same in substance, and correspond astonishingly as to measure and expressions, many lines are precisely the same in both. This coincidence is the more striking because the old copy is in the Irish dialect and Mr. Kennedy's in our vernacular Gaelic. The Poem, too, has every claim to antiquity which internal evidence can yield...

Letter from Rev. James Mac Donald, Minister of Anstruther, dated January 3, 1863, to Mr. Lewis Gordon, Depute Sec., II. S., Edinburgh.—D. C. M., July 3, 1872.

## DEARG MAC DRUIBHÉIL.

- 1 TREIS ar caithrean an fhir mhoir  
Do thanic an oir fa deaghbhail  
An tren fhear a bhi lan do ghoil  
An Dearg dana mac Draibhail
- 2 Briathra go thug an laoch lan  
Seall far thrial se ar sall  
Nach geibhadh gun gheille leis  
O gach Feinidh da fheabhas
- 3 Gus na Fianmibh bfearg goil  
Triallas a Dearg mac Draibhil  
Onoir o thir na fear Fionn  
Ga crìochladh oirar Fian Eirionn
- 4 'N uair thanic an laoch lan  
Ar animearmist comlan  
Gabhias an Dearg dead gheal euan  
Go Bein Eadin mor shluagh
- 5 Dias noch ar chumhail dail  
Chaidh choimhead an chuan cobhar ban  
Feidh na roid' geal mhac Fhian  
Agus an Caol crodha mac Chreamuinn
- 6 Sin dias rael ar coimhead euan  
Ach tuitim na searum suain  
No ghabh bare an fhir mhoir  
Caladh is trachd namhaidh
- 7 Leimidh an Dearg bu mhaith dreach  
Ar tir do chranmibh a chraoiseach  
Tharuing e a bhàre bu maith snas  
Ar an trachd gheal ghainmhidh
- 8 Folt fionuidh mar or cèrd  
Os cion amhach in gruaidh 'n Dearg  
Da dreach gormshuil gar gloinn  
Bu ghlan gnais a mhilidh

<sup>1</sup> Swift, *gloss*, in MS.

- 9 Da lección remor chatha?<sup>2</sup>  
An laimh mhíe an athar filatha  
Sgiath oir ar aghnallan chli  
Ag mac nasal an ard ri
- 10 Laun nimhe le leadtar corp  
Agan laoch gan eagla chomhruc  
Mhian chmhduigh clochhara chor  
Fan mbilidh fochar suil ghorm
- 11 Geall gaisgadh an an domhan toir  
Ar mhéad ar neart ar dheibh  
Air chomhrac cheart ar cheduibh
- 12 Eirghus Reidh na roid mac Fhinn  
Agus an Caol crodha mac creambhin  
Do ghlaeadar an airm nan dora  
Is reathadar na chomhdhail
- 13 Tabhar sgela duin a fhir mhóir  
Os oruin ata coimhead an chuan  
Da mhac ri gu sar bhuaidh siun  
D Fiannaibh lan naisle Eirionn
- 14 Crioch as an thanie me anois
- 15 Is me an Dearg mhíe ri na bFionn  
Ag teachd do dhuaraidh adrighechd Eirionn  
Labhrus rer unaghuaidh mhíre  
Go dian leis an Dearg mac Draoibhil
- 16 Ni bfuaidh tusa a laoiel lan  
Urram no geill feraibh Fail  
Cia maith siese a dhias laoch  
Canus formud agus fíach
- 17 Cia bhacas diom a gabhail  
Da nairisod duit gach faith  
A Dheirg mhóir mhíe an arl filatha  
Gur biomadh an Teamhrae laochlann
- 18 Neaoch a gheibhadh leat comhlan  
Ca bfuil aon reach diobh a nois  
(Os maithrionn an Dearg mac Draoibhil)  
Gu bfechuiste ar a cheile
- 19 Ar bfiach agus ar naimhreite
- 20 Dar mo bhriathar giodh pro libh  
Do raibh an Caol crodha mac Creirinn  
Racha me do chloithsi a nois  
A laoiel iad a thanie thairis
- 21 Air chaol crodha bu mhaith dreach  
Leimns in Dearg dasachlach  
Le feirg mhóir is le fiacha  
Mar gar bhuail in trein laoch
- 22 Do fhogar an Dearg comhrac chruaidh  
Gus an Chaol chrothla go mor nuail  
Thugadar an toran teath teann  
Le sgoilte sgiath agus caura<sup>3</sup>
- 23 Gur beath ionghreis na deisi sin  
Ansan ionruaigh do bli e caora  
No gur cheangla san rolan roth  
An Caol crodha san g Comhlan
- 24 Eirghus Re na roid Mac Fhinn  
Tareis an Chaol Chroth do chreachda  
Mac Ri na Feime gan tar  
Ag coine an fhir mhóir sna chomhdhail
- 25 Gur biomdha geleas ansan gela  
An san ionghraib mar keig thairis  
No gur cheangla cruaidh an ceim  
Re na roid na luath bheim
- 26 Maith an gníomh dhuit san ghoil  
Uaitis simne aron do cheupall  
Fuasgail ar cuimhreach a laochlan  
Beir leat sin ad timchioll
- 27 Duasgail Dearg nan arm siach  
Cuimhreach na deise deadh laoch  
Is do ghaibha bhriathar air gach fear  
Nach togadh airm na aghaidh.
- 28 Ghnasadar an sin go Teamhradh  
Dfhios Chormic sa mhór theughluaidh  
Mac Draoibhil na gear lann buaidh  
Gu triath Teamhrach na ndeluidh.
- 29 Do eirghadar amach fir Theamlradh  
Fir mhór dheirg croilbach dhealbhach  
Gur biomadh fear duin bhrait spoil  
Attiomchioll Chormaic go gedach
- 30 Labhrus triath Teamhra gan oun  
Suil a chliar chalma chuirin  
Ni huairfidh diobh meirg aon fhir  
Nach togadh airm na aghaidh
- 31 Suidhis treinfhir Imis Fail  
Greis ar cheil an chomhdhail  
Le teachd chuga dho go dana  
Fear foistnach fíer mhalla
- 32 Se teachd ausna maibhin dho  
Do mac Draoibhil na mor glaeo  
Don og innilta chuimsach  
Leagadar an roil re shloisach
- 33 Beannidhus an Dearg da ghloir bhinn  
Do thriath Teamhrach go haobhin  
Is do fúreagar an flath gan do dobhraim  
Chathmhilidh na tren fhodla
- 34 Le suidhe don Dearg noch ar thinn  
Labhrus ard ri Eirionn  
Brigh do tharus gu Teamhradh  
Airis a laoiel mhóir mheannmadh
- 35 Gar be beachd mo tharus duit  
A Mhíe Art Churanta mhíe Chormaic  
Treise na b-Eirionn gur bail leom  
Dar neamh fis bheamena toimchioll
- 36 Geilluid Eirionn ar muir  
Giodh gur minic shaor siad treinfhir  
Ni fritur sin fogar gu bruth  
Eire tablach le aon oghach
- 37 Ciodh nach ail leatsa chormic  
Flaithus a thabhart dum gan dobhruinn  
Comhrac ead do chéann curadh  
Uaitse a mhíe Art a Nulldh
- 38 Do churios me curaidh calma  
Achlaoiel anocmhír Fhinn aluhura  
Theg améirg noch ar tim  
Le feirg moir do chum an chomhlain
- 39 Gur be comhrus a mhíe ri na bhfionn  
An ead sin do thaitim na chomhlain  
An da ched eile fa glunioh do  
Do chlaoiel an Dearg an enlo
- 49 Nuar chonare Teamhra Dill  
An Dearg ar deamam na hurlaidh  
Bhrosuidh teachd go hath  
Tar mac Cumhail na mor shluagh
- 41 Agus tanc chugan iarmarach  
Mac Cumhail ga mor dhalach  
Tri míle gaisgach gear glan  
Nach fuar osadh no sgannill
- 42 Fleise oir fo chean gach fir  
Do mlunuir Fhinn o b-Almhuin  
Sgiath fliodadh go biomehar air  
So Eairion sioda sigi sir shroil
- 43 Gath minic lan is luirach  
Fa gach laoch og ard sigach  
Imiol lusa ar gach fear tíoicil  
Deobhtur ar gach laoch lan gheal
- 44 Le teachd anns na madhimb dhóimh  
In t-sluagh curanta chumlduigh  
Togbhus an Dearg bu maith dreach  
An pubil oirthuicé iollanach
- 45 Chuaidh fo Chormac an fíra  
Cur faite ar feimibh o Ealmhuin  
Fuar cloithe Mho Murn na geruch  
Pog is careadh attighe Teamhradh
- 46 Ghluais mac Ri na bFionn  
Asteach uain ansa pubill  
Do thog tri chaog cleis luidh  
Fa mor an tabhur ionghrais.
- 47 Ghluais Mac Cumhail fhíel  
As teachd uair ara chead leim  
Agus beannidhus se don Dearg  
Don og aithlelach fliouard

<sup>2</sup> Re mor chatha, *gloss.*    <sup>3</sup> Cabhara *gloss.*

- 48 Beamghus Fionn noch fhuilning tar  
Fragras an Dearg dreach dhana  
Do gar cumha go haith lom  
Ar mac Cumhail no comhlan
- 49 Cia math do lamhisa fhuir  
Do raith faith na Feinidh o Fionhain  
Braighe na h-Eirion ni beirillamie duit  
A Dheirg le h-egla do chomhrise
- 50 Mas thugamsa do thriall sibh  
Alacbradh osleibhte laigheun  
Fear comhrae ced ullamh sin  
Uaitse a mhic Cumhail arn griann
- 51 Do chuiris no ched ansin  
Do chloaidh in Dearg dom mhuintir  
Do chuiris no dhorn no chonn mhic smoil  
Do chuiris no Chonn mac Chonan
- 52 Thuit mac Conan mhic aleigh  
Thuit an dorn nach roibh go re  
Is do mharbha le na lamh gun lochl  
Gach ceda fear gu faobhar nochd
- 53 Naar chonare mac Cumhail fhuil  
An dearg ur deamañ na hurlaidhe  
De bhrosnaich se a chip chatha  
Do chosg mic anathur fblatha
- 54 Eirghios Faolan le fearg mhór  
Ghlae amcirg tsoilhadh shroil  
Glaeadar cumpara cheile  
Tareis anuraidh do Druibheil
- 55 No gur chloaidhais keis an Dearg an  
Faolan calma na ceamh chealg  
A mhic morna nach meata  
Chaan chrodheata calma
- 56 Coisg dhin comhlan an fhuir mhoir  
A cheann ghaisgadh an mor shluagh  
Deich ced naonnaghe 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 chumhaidh do bheiram duit  
A Ri na Feinidh go turtachd  
Eirghus Goll nach ar fuiling tar  
Na chulidh cididh ionaslan
- 59 Chosg chomhlan an hoi lan  
Mar bhrosnaidh na chomhail  
Tugas an Dearg do chloath Ghmill  
Na lairm nimhe do bhi agoigeo
- 60 Thaic se go diomsach dana  
Gi ciochrae anait teaghlala  
Chumblenhr abfoltams re cheile  
An dias dileanta deagh laoch
- 61 Re snoidhe chloicain is cheann  
Lionidhe mac Druibheil is lollan  
Bheathadar nur sin fa ghreic  
No go tugadar an mor theais
- 62 No gur thost fir Eiroinn uile  
Le clos beimaneach na horguide  
Dith t'ine, dith eilve, dith cruaidh  
Do bhi da sgiathuibh san uair
- 63 Agus dith fola do nimhe  
Bhi fo chriosnadh na miliah  
Beathadar comhrae tri la  
Far thursach mic agus mna.
- 64 No gur chloaidhais an Dearg an  
Le mac Morna na bemanadh  
Do fuar Goll mar gheulla leis  
O mhae Cumhail gan aibhifios
- 65 Gar buidhach an flath go mbuadh  
Do chomhrae lollain aru ruadh  
Luidhe bliadna anathur Ghmill  
Tareis comhrae an laoi lonn
- 66 Attigh Teamhradh gon fhios  
Agus Feinidh mhic Morna da leighios
- 67 Do rin an Dearg dithchiol borb  
Oruin le na moir cholg  
Thuit ced dar muintir na throd  
Agus tre ched do mhuintir Chormraig
- 68 Is mi Fergus filie Fhionn  
O graidh Feinie mhic Cumhail  
O thrial on feroin ar tuin  
Trian agaisgidh ni airiosiomh.

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, Oisín.

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. Oisín 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 HOEDIR SO SEIS FARRIS FILLI.

1 Ard agne zwlle,  
Fer coggi finn  
Leich loyvir loonn,  
Owil ne timmi.

2 Seir anich soss,  
Ser snaig heive  
Murrich er sloyg,  
Goole crowich keive

3 Mak mornyth marri,  
Fa eroith in goll  
A clew fa schen,  
Far geinnoll sen

4 Reith finnith fayl,  
Ne timni glor  
Ne soywe a chail,  
Leich eyve mor

5 Noor heyd a gayth,  
Rayme flath keich  
Ga meine a chness,  
Ne in tass in neith

6 A waid ne i myn,  
Ossi geagi torri  
Say is glenny gen,  
Eydidi ni skoll

7 Ooss barri benn,  
Errir sen ryun  
Fa heggill lenn,  
A hagni hecht rinn

8 D.rim 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,  
Torvirdyeh fayll  
A thorst cayth is boyn.  
Foss flath a chayl

12 Dwn na olt,  
A wruuni mir chelk  
Wulane mi chorp,  
Lomlane da herk

- 13 Memnycht a weiss,  
Dalweich a zuwss  
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,  
Convyeh a royr
- 16 Ferriddi mein,  
Melleddi moyr  
Da rayth gi brayth,  
Aw agis eich
- 17 Nawch ri cayth,  
Lawch a leich  
Claa chonis woyn,  
Sonnis ni wayne
- 18 Monmurrycht coyn,  
Illericht dane  
Loyvir er aw,  
Croyth na grewith
- 19 Loyvir a layve,  
Royg ni reith  
Sonnis ni rowd,  
Sollis a zaid
- 20 Curris say layve,  
Gyeh trayn da wayd  
Boyn rowni a nir,  
Boy corrik er
- 21 Leydwich a zolli,  
Egni in sterr  
Leich ewnyeh loonn,  
Neawnyeh la lynn
- 22 Targissi goole,  
Argissicht lynn  
Leich arm mar,  
Fargyeh ra chin
- 23 Colg convyeh er,  
Onchon er zoll  
Fer zalle ni gonn,  
Royt zraw ni ban
- 24 Beith dawe gin non,  
Di zuua na zarr  
La beowe rod,  
A rot ne in tlaa
- 25 Meith ni greavth,  
A zrayth fa blaa  
Scyor a chrow,  
Awzor a rath
- 26 Ne in tranith shrow,  
Na reym in gayth  
Math morn is dane,  
Fa orryth a zoyl  
Innoyr a zloyr,  
Beith woyn a chrayn
- 27 Trayth marri mer,  
Fayle ferri a chorri  
Gin tayr na zerr,  
A zaille er forri
- 28 Mak teadis cheiwe,  
Nach tregi dawe  
Gin choggi reith,  
Nar laggi a layve
- 29 Oowir a cholk,  
Is borbe a zlaa  
Nor erri arg,  
Trane shelga zea
- 30 *A 6 cowle zrian,*  
Coythwil ess gyle  
*See boynych di zoell,*  
Gin noa gin nawle

- 31 In ness rame lay,  
A zuayn zoo  
Werrin gin chelga,  
Trayn selga zoo
- 32 Ni twlli a ann,  
Far nass i gor  
Graw tenui inn,  
Trane chon a zooll
- 33 Treg heich a zwle,  
Be scithi ronn  
Nad ray gin ving,  
Trane feich finn
- 34 Zoywidsi sinni,  
Arriss a ayll  
Is skeil mi zroyim,  
Ne wor ni wane
- 35 Carri gin kelg,  
Bail tanni derg  
Anieh si low,  
A clow oss ard.  
Ard agni zwl.

A. 23. FINN FLA RE NO VANE.  
120 lines.

ACTOR NUGUS OSSANE M'FINN.

- 1 Sai la guss in dei  
Oy nach vaga mai finn  
Chanaka rem rai  
Sai boo zar lym
- 2 *Mok neya oe heik*  
Ree nyth wollyeh trom  
Medai is mo rath  
Mo cheyl is mo chon
- 3 Fa filla fa flaa  
Fa ree er girre  
*Finn fla re no vane*  
Fa treach er gyeh ter
- 4 Fa meille mor marre  
Fa lowor er lerg  
Fa shawok glan geith  
Fa seith er gi carde
- 5 Fa hillauch carda  
Fa markyth nor verve  
Fa hollow er zneith  
Fa steith er gi scherna
- 6 Fa fer chart a wrai  
Fa tawicht toye  
Fa hyneith naige  
Fa bratha er boye
- 7 Fa hai in teclter ard  
Er chalm is er keol  
Fa dwita 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 dwe dawf is doonna  
Fa baryth nyn aw  
Fa hollow er znee  
Fa meine ri mnawe
- 10 Fa hai meille mor  
Mak mwraa gi mygh  
Bar lynyth nyn laud  
An crana os gyeh ig
- 11 Fa saywar in rygh  
A vodla mor zlass nyth  
Diu zort zar zewe  
Terf nocha thra . . .
- 12 . . . brone bane  
. . . er nyth tloye  
Fa bi chroy chlam
- 13 Fa chossw in greit  
Fa vanve ni ban  
Gin dug in flath  
Treachid cath fa chann
- 14 Er serattych o zea  
*M'Carle* nor chail  
Id deir fa zoo  
Ne closs goo na vail
- 15 Ner earne er nach  
*Zor air* voo ynd  
Cha roye ach re grane  
Re reyve vass a chynn
- 16 *Nvir aik pest in lueht*  
*Na arryeh in noef*  
*Neryn nya nere*  
*Ner varoe in ser soyye*
- 17 Ne hynasse zneve  
A beine gin de bra  
Ner ynasse voym 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 amith glan geith  
Gin nor in mae ree  
Is gin wre ni leich
- 20 Is tursyeh id tam  
In dei chinni ni gaid  
Is me in crann er creith  
Is me keive er naik
- 21 Is me chnoo cheith  
Is me in teach gin schrane  
Achladae ni nor  
Is me in toath gin treath
- 22 *Is me ossia 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 tythit skae cliss  
Er gi sliss deu sen
- 24 Kegit ymme oole  
In dymchale ni 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*  
*Sotheran er a lou*  
Re nyn wlie aig  
Roy zwanni ni ner zwlt
- 29 Ner zwlt finn ree nath  
Ga bi veg a lynn  
Char churte ass i heach  
Nach zor danyth ann
- 30 Math in donna finn  
Math in donna ai  
Noch char helie nath  
Lai zor helie sai.  
Sai.



M. 13. AIR GOLL MAC MORNA.  
36 lines.

- 1 ARD aiguidh Ghnill  
Fear cogaidh Fhinn,  
Laoch coghar-lonn,  
Fulangach, nach tìom,
- 2 Laoch fionn, fial,  
A 's mìse glóir;  
Ní 'n saobh a chiall,  
Laoch aobhaidh mór.
- 3 A mhéine mèin,  
'Sa sgéimh gun chlonn,  
'S e 's glóine gearn,  
Oide nan sgoil.
- 4 Ní bheil rìgh os Goll;  
Ní 'n coil ort, Fhinn;  
Treise na 'n tonn,  
Air ghaisce grim,
- 5 Leòghan air agh,  
Cródha 'na ghuimh,  
Neartubhor a làmh,  
Rogha nan rìgh:
- 6 Cliath chòmhraig bhuan  
Do shonas nam Fiann,  
Mordhalach sluaigh,  
Iorghuileach dian:
- 7 Buan rùn an fhir,  
Buidh chòmhraig air,  
Leunnach a ghóil,  
Euchdach a stair.
- 8 Fear deud-ghéal caomh,  
Nach tréig a dhàil;  
'An cogadh rìgh  
Ní 'n lag làmh;
- 9 Pòinnteach a gháir,  
Confhach a threoir;  
Fiúranda mín,  
Mileata mór.

N. 7. ROSG GHOILL MAC  
MORNA.

Copied and divided by Hector Mac  
Lean, June 21, 1872. From Miss  
Brooke's Irish Collection.

- 1 ARD aigmeach Goll.  
Fear cogaidh Finn.  
Laoch leabhair lonn.  
Foghail nach tìm.
- 2 Goll cruthach caomh.  
Saor, éimeach suadh.  
Saors-nasidhach athaobh,  
Maraighe na sluaigh.
- 3 Mac Morna near  
Fa cródha aghal;  
A chliu fa sean,  
Fear seicneamhail sin.
- 4 Laoch feinnidhe fial,  
Is gile glór;  
Ní saobh a chiall,  
Laoch aobhdia 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 se 's glóine d'fhior  
Oide na Sgol.
- 7 Níor lag a lámh,  
Fear dóighead caomh;  
Nach théigean Dúin  
A cogadh riamh.
- 8 Os barruibh beann,  
Iarras ort roim;  
Sa heagal linn,  
A thagra ríot Fhinn.
- 9 Ge trom a chliu,  
'S maith Goll nu níd;  
Gídh mór ní tréith,  
Sáith sluaigh do rìgh.
- 10 Cairdeamh na n-lámh,  
Leudrach na slóigh;  
Tonn fúirge thrén,  
Goll meannach mór.
- 11 Badh heagal dhuit a Fhinn  
Laoch ciunne ceart;  
Fraoch mhúilte a neart  
A deirim ríot.
- 12 A Fhinn an fhuil tais  
Air Goll na bris;  
A mhéirge ní tais  
Is maig thagubus ris.
- 13 Flaith gan fheadl;  
Gráin chéad ar Gholl;  
Air mhéad ar theann,  
A ceath ní tìm.
- 14 A deirim ríot a Fhinn,  
Comhail is geall;  
Sith bhuan do Gholl  
Gan fhuath, gan fheall.
- 15 Haigeadh go trom.  
A deirim ríot a Fhinn,  
Na ndrithlis ndonn;  
Bí ar eagla Ghnill.
- 16 Ge buan re maith,  
A ceath ní dóigh;  
Ionnsaightheach áigh,  
Cionscalach slóigh.
- 17 Uasal a ghean,  
A éimeach ní mion;  
Fuilteach an fear,  
Dua na sgoil.
- 18 Oirdheireach re sluaigh,  
Toirbheartach trén;  
Cosg catha is buan,  
Fos flath e.
- 19 As fial lonlám da sheire,  
Doimne ina fholt;  
A bhruinne mar chaile,  
Ionlám a chorp.

- 20 Eire fa chios  
Badh cóir dha chúis;  
Is meannach bhios  
Is deabhlach a ghúis.
- 21 An gaisgítheach grim  
Ní dháil ní os Goll;  
Ní cheilín ort Fhinn,  
Is treise e na tonn.
- 22 Flaithcamhuil a fhóis,  
Daitheamhuil a chneas;  
Ar Goll na clis  
Ní sílm a treas.
- 23 Mileata mór,  
Brountach a dháil;  
Confhach a threoir,  
A fhearg go brut ágh.
- 24 Agus fíoch a bhuanmachd ar  
cháich,  
Lámhachadh loech;  
Rogha na rígh  
Leomban ar ágh.
- 25 Cródha na ghuimh,  
Leobhar a lámh;  
Cleath chonus bhuan,  
Sonas na bhíann.
- 26 Mórdhalach, caoin;  
Iorghalach dian;  
Eigenech astair,  
Buan rún an fhir.
- 27 Buidh comhlann air,  
Leidhbeach, aghail;  
Sonas na rod.  
Solas a dhead.
- 28 Cuiridh se lean  
Air gach tréan da mhéad;  
Do ghnáth na ghar  
Orgau na ecou.
- 29 Ro ghriúdh na mban,  
Bion dáimh mar sin;  
Flaith leasgach caoinh,  
Flathbealach úr.
- 30 Fear císde saor,  
Fear brís mór;  
Na ceaoiseach ecóir,  
Leathan a lann.
- 31 Cathar Goll,  
Rithaóiseach teann;  
Treig thíoch a Ghnill,  
Bí slíodha rínn.
- 32 Re do réidh gan mhéirg,  
Trián fíodhailh o Fhionn  
Ní fear nu mhéin,  
Tréighimse m'fíoch.
- 33 Dibh a Fhearguis fhóil,  
Do sguir nu ghrúair;  
A chara gan cheilg,  
A bhéal tana dearg.
- 34 A éimeach ar bhíth,  
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 Fenme; 2nd, the Blood-fend of Fearragin or Erragon and the Norse Wars; 3rd, the Blood-fend of Goll and Fionn; 4th, the Story of Liur, whose son eloped with the wife of Erragon. Dr. Smith had Kennedy's first copy, and quotes a stanza (page 268, Gaelic, 1787, 'Scan Dana') of a similar ballad. He introduces Dan 'Loughair' in his poem of 'Conn.' The translation is at page 206, Engl. edit. 1780, 'Cuthon, the son of Dargo.' Mac Pherson's Caledonian Fingal is instead of 'Fionn';

'Schma' is instead of Teadhra 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 recompences him all the kindnesses ever he had done to him, got him his Lands and all things which he had before.

## DAN 9.

- 1 Latha chnuidh Fionn do thigh Liuir,  
Le aon fhlichead déng fear gu fóir;  
'S bu cheannard tri naonar fear feachd,  
An t-aon 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 ghuais 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 eart chóir;  
Bha bodla drúinias air gach clár,  
A deannadh gairdeachas is eóir.
  - 5 Mar sin dhuinne caitheamh tína,  
'S gu ba bhinn leam féin ar dóidh;  
Gu 'n easbhaidh air míl no air fion,  
No air fáilteachas is eóir.
  - 6 Mar sin bha gu la roi' n dáil.  
Gu subhach, samhach gu 'n bharúin;  
Gus an d' aibig mor shluabh Ghuill,  
'N 'ar fradharc air tuinn d' ar cóir.
  - 7 'S ann an sin air labhair Fionn,  
'Chí mí ní is an ait leam;  
Chí mí thall ud cabhlaich Ghuill,  
Seóladh a nall gu Drim feann.'
  - 8 'Is chí mí bhatach gu b-árd,  
An gathaibh chrann thair Drim blagh;  
'Sa chomraic ná as mo cheann,  
Nach raibh mí ann coi' leon sléagh,
  - 9 'Comhairle Cailleich chainn,  
Comhairle chruaidh dhúinn gu bealach;  
Gach neach tha síbh eolach gu gníomh,  
Deonaidh síbh trí 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 fóin.'
  - 11 'N sin ghuais Liur an co'-ail Ghuill,  
Triuir air cachamh is e féin;  
Is bheanaich e gu bliain dho',  
Mar a noelása glóir mo sgóil.
  - 12 'Gu beanaich an t-agh thu Ghuill,  
Fhir is fearr a' ta fuilth 'n ghréin;  
Fhir 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 élar;  
Thug mise dhuit an t-each glas,  
Bheireadh tu gu bras do 'n t-slabh.'
  - 14 O 'n rinn thusa sin a Liuir,  
Fir is féilidh tha fuilth 'n ghréin;  
Ma tha t-atheluinge a bhos,  
Eirich agus gheibh gu réidh.'
  - 15 'Oighe do bhá 'n thigh an róir,  
Fionn Mac Chnathail taobh mar thuinn;  
Thu da léigal slán thair slabh,  
O 'n tharladh mo bhá 'n bhóinn.'
- Dh' ordáich a bhean chomhairleachd bh' aig, Liur,  
do dhaoine Fionn fear a dhol nu chomhair triuir

do dhaoine Ghuill o na bha iad cho lionmhor;  
Mhairbhail each Ghuill latha, agus ulmhairbhte e  
fein mar an ceudna, mar a d' thuga Liur an  
t-each glas dha.

- 16 'Imicháibhsa air ar 'n ais,  
A shluabh bras o Innse fréine;  
'S mar ghabhsa an t-aonam 'n ar corp,  
No briseadh fual mo bheóil.'
- 17 Gbleais sinn nile do thigh Liuir,  
Is fhuair sinn ann míl is fion;  
Ge d' tha e 'n dhú na fhasach fuar,  
Bha e uair a b' áros Rígh.
- 18 Do chunnaig mise thigh Liuir,  
'S bu lionmhor ann míl is fion;  
'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,  
Liur 's a bhean fhial fuilth dhí.
- 19 'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,  
Gu 'n spéis dhí aig fear no mnaoi;  
Aig imcachd o thigh gu tigh,  
Dh' fhuach eia 'n tigh a b' fhearr dha mhaoine.
- 20 Latha do bha Fionn a sealg,  
Le Fhéinn chaluá 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,  
Fhir a chomain ghasa ghrinn;  
Fhuair mí moran do' d' chuid,  
'S cho d' iarr thu dadam da chionn.
- 23 Thug thu dhamb 's tu d' shuidh ag éil,  
Aon fhlichead déng 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 ionmhair a eia choilidh;  
'S aon fhlichead déng fuil 'n beairt,  
Da 'm thabhairt gu tráidh steach thair tuinn.
- 25 'Thug thu síu dhau gu 'n bhréag,  
Gu 'n cúra' gu féilidh cóir;  
Gu 'n luach no dioladh da cheann,  
Fhir is eóilidh caint is glóir.'
- 26 'Cho mhise féin anois Liur,  
Ors an fear a bu mhór iochd;  
B' fhearr leam bás fhulang am theach,  
No gu 'n gaibhte mí na riochd.'
- 27 'Gu deimhin 's tu féin '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 bhé,  
Bheir mí dhuit each air an each;  
'S bheir mí dhuit long 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 Chof' lion e dha sin mar rádh,  
'N tra' chaitidh iad sa laith a chuibh;  
Chuir e da thigh e mar gheall,  
Is eóid cam d' a dhíon o uile.'
- 31 'Sin agáibh ionaid an da Rígh,  
Mar dhí' iochd iad caomhneas da chéil;  
Bu shreicil, caomhnaich, cóir,  
Gu 'n an-íochd nó géid féin.
- 32 'Míle beannaich dhuit gach ré,  
'Oisain fhéilidh is bínn glóir;  
Air son an sgeóil eo maí' blagh,  
'S a dhí' aithris thu dham re 'n bheóil.

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 Harps and Harpers.

LIUR.

- 1 LE aon fhichead deug fear gu guiomh ;
- 3 Lamh ri Aogh a b' aoblaich fiadh ;
- 4 Bha eruitann g' an seim san teach,
- 'S dain g' an gabhail, seach gu lo ;
- 'S blagh-bhinn druimeis air gaeh clàr,
- A deanadh gairdeachais is ceol.
- 6 Teach na feile, teach na laigh,
- 'M ba mhòr àbhadh nan ceud sloigh ;
- Gus an d' thainig cabhlach Ghnuil,
- Am fradharc air tuim d' ar coir.
- 8 Is chi mi bratach an àigh,
- Ann gathaibh chruim seach Druim-bhagh.
- 9 Conlaire Chormaic nam bunadh,
- Conlaire chruaidh dhunim gu beachd ;
- 15 Oigh do bha 'm thigh an raoir, (aigh)
- 17 Ghluais iad nìle do thigh Liuir,
- 19 Chunnag mi feile nam fear,
- 20 Ach an t-Aghor d' am b' ainm Liur.
- 24 Gu 'm ionachar a eas Chunn ;
- 'S aon fhichead deug Long fu' m beairt.
- 27 Ors an fear a b' aille 'n Fhianin ;
- Gheibh thu 'n comaid do dhear' ruin,
- Co-dhioladh a d' reir gu fiail.
- 29 Choi-lion mo Rìogh mar a gheall,
- Mo Rìogh gun fheall do Rì'-Liur ;
- Am fiontrium dh' eidiù mar-aon,
- A bhean 'san lochl na mhòr cur.
- 35 Chuiread ceud calna gu dhìon,
- Gus an tìr a' d' fhuair e iùl ;
- B' eibhinn adhairach an Fhium,
- A triall leis an Triath gu nuhr.
- 31 'S e sin ionaid an da Rìogh,
- Mar dh' ionaid iad eimeach na fèil ;
- Bh' cheannid caomhach, coir,
- Gun an-ionaid 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.

II. 2. 17. Trinity College, Dublin.

'As an ancient romantic Fenian tale, (has an) Mhacann Mòr Mìe Rìgha Na Easpaing. 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 Lecan.) 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 Maigire 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 Ulin or Ioban, Prince of Spain, to the mound on which the Feinne dwell. The pursuer binds Fionn's younger sons, and slays the Lady. Oscar, Fionn's grandson, slays the Spaniard; Oseain tells the story to Poedraig, 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 Inverme, is pursued by Ulin. They come over sea to Fingal. The Pursuer binds his three sons, and slays the Lady. Oscar slays him. Oscian tells the story to the Son of Alpin, and points to the graves.

5. The story next appeared (P. 45, Fingal, Book 3, edit. 1762), as an episode in an Epic, transformed, and polished. 'Oscar I was young like thee when lovely Fainasolis came, that sunbeam, that mild light of love,' &c. The Lady, 'The Maid of Cremor,' is pursued by 'Borbar;' he slays the Lady; Oscian slays him, and he tells the story to his son Oscar. Cremor is supposed, in a foot-note, to be one of the Shetland Islanders.

In the latest edition of Oscian'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. Fionnag . . . . .            | 162   | D. 18. An Ioban . . . . .          | 105   |
| D. 19. Iars-Bhaidh . . . . .        | 139   | D. 20. An Iomhann . . . . .        | 109   |
| H. 19. Mhàire Borb . . . . .        | 124   | T. 18. Ioban na bh-Bhann . . . . . | 128   |
| L. 15. M'ore Borb . . . . .         | 128   | L. 9. Dan air bh-Ìonnan . . . . .  | 112   |
| M. 19. Carb, Iugh, Sorcha . . . . . | 158   | M. 9. Dan na bh-Iobhan . . . . .   | 84    |
| N. 7. Mòra Borb . . . . .           | 160   | S. 7. Ioban na bh-Ioban . . . . .  | 84    |
| S. 2. A'leall of Boga . . . . .     | 191   | V. 11. Ioban na bh-Ioban . . . . . | 120   |
|                                     | 573   |                                    | 651   |

Of No. 1, 82 lines; of 2, 953; of 3, 654; of fragments gathered by Dr. Mac Lauchlan, 288; of fragments gathered by myself, 418. Twenty-three versions, 2,335 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 fiann alabinn,  
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-o grianan,  
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-na dálic,  
Nach d' fhuair Fionn riamh a lagaidh,
- 2 Air maol fhionn chnoc na dálic,  
Na d' fhuair fionn riamh a lagaidh  
Dh' eirich fionn gu fiamnachd  
Gu h' ard os cionn na feinne,
- 3 Dh' eirich fionn, &c.  
Sgaoladar na fhiannis,  
Luchd seilge gach a sleibha
- 4 Sgaolada, &c.  
Man dug an luchd seilge sin,  
An athannan 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 mhnaoi mhalla.
- 7 A Bhaobh, &c.  
Amhluidh 's do bha 'n og bhean sin,  
Bha orrasa buaidh dealbha
- 8 Amhluidh, &c.  
Brat do 'n t-sioda bhuidhe bha,  
Mo nighin an t-scanga bheoin,
- 9 Brat do 'n,  
Folt dualach donna thlath  
Le ocd eiranna fleadha,
- 10 Folt  
Brat do neaghuinn orlucht,  
An in-chaime óir na braghd.
- 11 Brat  
Air cheangal le h-ór dearg,  
Sad nimpe sa Phadruig,
- 12 Air  
Air an tulie fhod bhuidhe,  
Eada rinn ga feuchin
- 13 Air an  
Do dh' fiosruich fionn finna  
Do Nionag cas thanig
- 14 Do dh' fiosruich  
O chathir na Sochui  
Thainn ars an nionag
- 15 O chathir  
'S móghu do dh' Ard Rígh Lochlunn mí  
Maodheabair a b' ainm dhúine
- 16 'S Niogn 'n  
Se 'n Rígh a bha 'r an Inno  
Gan d' ragadh mo mhathir
- 17 Se  
Sann sa chabar Lochlunnach  
A rugadh mí san oiche
- 18 Sann  
Dhaoidh mí san fhearann  
Us se Geallach l' 'n air mo Bhrathir
- 19 Dhaoidh  
Rugadh mí mar Bhanacheila  
Don Dearg mniun mac an dreugninn

- 20 Rugadh  
An Dearg mar bha toibheumach  
Cha d' fhuair e toil mo mbeannmhadh
- 21 An Dearg  
Gum rabh an curi cath-míli  
O 'n latha sin gan leanmhúinn
- 22 Gan rabh  
Gum b' iomadh Tonn Thorra-bhuan  
Fuidh sparradh an Deirg-Eibhinnich
- 23 Gum b' iomadh  
Thinbhail mis an Domhan,  
Agus m' aghich air gach aon neach
- 24 Thinbhail  
Fear ghabhail mo chumrichda,  
Cha d' fhuaras riamh a mhíochd Cubhail,
- 25 Fear  
Ne eagal an Deirg mhoir-chuisich  
A tbeachd o Ríoghachd na Greiga,
- 26 Ne  
Nach gabhainnsa do chumricé 's,  
Arsa Fionn Flath na Feinne.
- 27 Nach  
Gabhna Ghuill mo chumricsa  
A ghaol a dh' fearubh Morua
- 28 Gabhna  
O nach bheil nan chumlachdabh  
Bhí u aghaigh an fhoir mhor achdamich
- 29 O nach  
Cuirims an Ad-mhullich  
Arsa Goll an laub 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 íobh ro-gharbh-mhor,  
Aig an an Laoch an ceanna dearua,
- 36 Bha  
Far fearibh na feorni  
Maodheabair sna bearníth
- 37 Far  
Deich ciad toisich Tuarasdil  
'S ciad eila leis na bhuidhuidh
- 38 Deich  
Mo leagadh an Deirg Mhorchuisich  
Gum b' ann dar Fein a cluaidhbhadh
- 39 Mo  
Nair mhothuich Goll gníombachdach  
Fiannabh Fhinn gan leagadh
- 40 Nair  
Dh' eirich e na fhior-theasamh  
Mo Ionachd mhic an Dreagmbuinn
- 41 Dh' eirich  
Dh' eirich an da chath-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 morchuisach  
A mhosgladh iad Trom talabhinn

- 44 *Sonn*  
Nochdadh an fhuil ghrimis leo  
Del n' ianibh a cheila
- 45 *Nachdadh*  
Bhiota forra forragharg  
Na Laoich sin man cloit' ad
- 46 *Bhiota*  
B' e deiridh an inars-geilsa  
Dimeas mhich an Dreguainim
- 47 *B' e*  
Gum dug Goll leis ceangail  
Ann a fiadhuis theara Mornne,
- 48 *Gan*  
F's Mile Marg o 'n Dearg  
A thoirt a nall a Rìghnachd na Greiga
- 49 *U's*  
Sul thoirt do Gholl gealamhor  
Airson Dheirg thoirt naidh' air eigin.

## A. 18. ESSROYG. 80 lines.

A BODDIE SOO OSSEIN.

- 1 ANNIT doif' skayle heg er finn,  
Ne skayle nach currein soym  
Er *reochle* fay math golle,  
Fa còwin sen rann ray
- 2 Di wamyn beggane sloyeg,  
Ag *essroyg* nym neggin mawle  
Di chemyn fa bolta yr trae,  
Currych' mor is ben ann
- 3 Keigitt 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 Derrymair wli gi dane,  
Ach linn no wane is gowle  
Dethow churrych' fa lard keym  
Wa na reym seoltyth nym donn
- 5 Ne yarmyth tam in na techt  
Gir zoywe ealle si fort ynaa  
Yth techt dey her in ness  
Derre ass m'cayve nnaa
- 6 Gilli a darli no syth graanne,  
Is ser mayne nossyth dalwee  
In nymn hanyk in gane,  
Di waymin feyn roupyth sorre
- 7 Heg thungin gu pupaill finn,  
Is banneis gi grin doyth  
Reggir m'kowle na heimer,  
In bannow beina gin toyth
- 8 Darrit in reith fa math drach,  
Gi lard di neyn dath zlan  
Ca trawe as danith in wan,  
Toywr skaylli gi gar rowne
- 9 *Yoga may ee lair fa huan.*  
Imositt gyth erwu my zayll  
Ne elli trawe fa noyin grane  
Nar earis feyn di leich feal
- 10 A reitlyin bowle gi royd  
A neyn oyk is math dalwe  
In tosga fa dancis an gane  
Tawiris doyth pen gi darve
- 11 Mi chemryth ort nass tow finn,  
Di rae run in makayve nna  
Daywis towr loyryth is di loye  
Gave mi chemre gi loyth tra
- 12 Derrich in reith fa math fiss  
Sloucit a niss ca ter a hei  
Goyrn riyd ehonre a wen  
Er gi far za will in greit
- 13 Tay la feich a techt er marri  
Leich is math goit er mi lorga  
*Mak ee na Sorchir is geire crmo*  
Is do fa ann in *Dyr borb*
- 14 Di churris gessi ne chemn  
Gi herre fin may er saylle  
Is nach hein aggi mir wnece  
Gar wath a yuce is awge
- 15 Di raye osgir gi glor mir  
Far sin di chosk gi reith  
Gin gar for finn di yess,  
Ne nach tow less mir wneith
- 16 Di chemyn techt her stead  
Leich si wayd oss gi far  
Sowle ni farga gi dane  
Si nyle chadmi zoyve a wen
- 17 Chokgit tenn teyme na chemni  
Far rar heme is bi tren  
Skar yawnyeh you er a zess  
A drum lin cless era claa
- 18 Clawe tromme tortoyl nac gronn  
Gi tenn er teive in ir vor  
A gymirt class assi chind  
Is a techt in genn thoye
- 19 Za voncis zagr gi moya  
A sessow in gawlow skay  
Er nert er zask er zolle  
Ne elle far mir achay
- 20 Naill flath is rosk reith  
In kenn in ir fa keive 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 wenir ann  
Zonyth ra luyusyth gar nar
- 22 Er eggill in ir is a beyth  
Ne roye leich z'n gau zrane
- 23 Da tyne mir hanik in deir  
Darrit in reith fa math clu  
In nathin tow feyn a wen  
In na snd in fer a der tow
- 24 Hancym a v'conlle a ynd  
Is fowir linn a zi tane  
Durg say miss wra less  
Ga math di thress a inn ayille
- 25 Derre oskir agus Gowle  
Bi worbe eoskir lonn ni gath  
Nane sessow in gar in thoye  
Eddir in far mor si flath
- 26 Hanik in leich bi wath thacht  
Le feich is lay nart no genn  
Aggis foddeis woyn in wen  
Di we gar a zolin inn
- 27 Tak m'Morn in turehir dane  
Gi eroy na zey din tleyg  
Ner anni in turehir nar hay  
Za sky gin daruy da wli
- 28 Di erath oskir fa mor ferg  
A chrissi yerg za layve claa  
Aggis marveis staid in ir mor  
In teacha a rinyth lai
- 29 Nor hut in staid er in levg  
Zimpoa la ferg is la feich  
Agis fokgris borbe in teme  
Corik er in kegitt in leich
- 30 In tewe moe zinsyth fene is dinn  
Kegitt leich nar heim no zall  
Gar waat in tessow sid drost  
Di zyle in gask la nyth lawe
- 31 Varrit da willi gi marri  
Gi dane di gi far zew sin  
De nemist wli fa har  
Mir hu ac coryk fir
- 32 Chaywill tre nenor gi moy  
Sin nurrill ehroy solli di seur  
Ga eroy ehaywill ni de cheill  
Er gi cine dew sin a churr

- 33 Di zrwt gowle in nagni vir  
Gm leddit in ir in gor roit  
Ga bea chewic eads in sin  
Bi zarve in gell sin gloe
- 34 Horchir m'Morn la laive  
Mre nyth sorchir skaylle mor  
Is margk trave in danik in ven  
Fa hut in far in gar roit
- 35 Is er tutym in ir vor  
In gar zi choyv eroye in ceme  
Di we neyr ne heir fa hwne  
Bleygin ac finn aynth naue
- 36 Flann m'Morn cryt in cass  
Hor bass fa mor in teacht  
Ne reive leich a danik as zeive  
Gin a chneis lane di chbrecht
- 37 Mathirsyth feine hy wath thacht  
Neach a wackyth reyre neir er  
In nis ass derri dym zneith  
Er iuu is annit doth skayll.  
Annit doth skayll.
- 38 Do zawe sea churre no o skay  
Leith na thraa zor royre ann  
Na gin dag ayr mor er ir waue  
Is gin dranik se a feyu fyuu.
- 39 Mir wee kegitt leich garwe  
In daall in narm zo gi loor  
Wemist gin choywir fa smach  
Da goyvys woya in cor
- 40 Di weit in glywe gin tocht  
A chuyith chopr agus skay  
Co math chorik pen a deiss  
Ne aykyth reiss er ni ray
- 41 Eligir aggrin ag in ess  
Fer bi wath tressi is gneive  
Curri fa wrayth gi moyr  
Fane oyr in nouor ni reith
- 42 Deyth bleyin zoelle in narm naye  
In leith worb nar loyeth in reith  
M'Morn fa deyiss lamm  
Gai leygiss ag fim 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 Riogh 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 LATHIDH dhuinne beggan shuaidh,  
Aig Eass Ruaidh nan Egin mall  
Chuncas aig sheola air Lear,  
Curach mor & Beann ann.
- 2 Sheisibh shinn nulle gu dian,  
Moch Fionn nan Fianu & Goll;  
Aig aibhric a Churich b' airde leim;  
'S bean da reir a scoltadh Thoun.
- 3 Aithne cha dreim neach ach tost,  
Gus 'n do ghaibh i Calfa sa phort sheibh;  
Shin nar dh' eirigh air an Eass,  
Thianig as Macca Muaoi.
- 4 B' ionninn dearsa dlith 's do 'n Ghreim,  
'S bu thaoir a Mein ann 's gach Dealbh;  
Inghin og thaing an Cein,  
Beithemid fein roipe soirbh.
- 5 Bheannuich I do phobal Fhinn,  
Gm bheannuich i gu binn doibh;  
Fhrecagair Mac Cubhail na Fein,  
Gu h-abhail grunn dith 's gu foil.
- 6 Dh' fhairid an Riodh bu mhath Fios,  
Cia t-aird a nighin ghlan ur;  
Nach innish a dhuinn a Bheann,  
Cò 'n Treabh as an taing tu.
- 7 'S Inghina mi do Rìogh Fa-thuinn,  
Dh' innis Shin dhuitt ge Cruinn mo Dhail;  
Nach h-eil Tir mu 'n do Dh' iath Griann,  
Nach d' iarras thusa a Fhlath Phail.
- 8 Do bhrìgh do Thuirish air gach Rod,  
Inghin og as ro mhath dealbh;  
An t-abhar mu 'n taing tu 'n lein,  
Nach tabhair thu fein du 'n a Dhearbh;
- 9 Oet mo Choinirinn mas tu Fionn,  
Thoir dhaibh Linn a Mhacca Mhuai;  
Do bhrìgh Farluinn is do Bhaidh,  
Glac mo Choinirinn gu luath traidh.
- 10 Glacam do choinirinn a Bhean,  
Dh' ainm Fhear da bheil an Crich;  
Ach innish dhuine gu beachd,  
Co an neach bhiodh air do Thì.
- 11 Ta ga 'm Bheor-uidd ruagidh air Muir,  
Laoch bu bhor guin air mo Lorg;  
Mac Riogh na Sorcha 's gear airna,  
Neach thin da 'm b' ainm Maidhre-borb.
- 12 Geassin a chuirin na cheann,  
Fhaidsa bhithidh Fionn air sail;  
Nach rachadh da leis mar mhnaoi,  
Ge math a ghuibh is a Laibh.
- 13 Labhair Osgar le Ghloir bhìrr,  
An Laoch a chaisgidh sul gach Reir;  
Gad nach fòirin Fionn fa Gheass,  
Cha rachadh tu leis mar mhnaoi.
- 14 Bliaghna dhuinne san Labh threim,  
Chuncas an steud air an Leir;  
Agus a mheid as gach Fear  
Shinbhal na Fairge gu dian  
San Rod cheudna reim a Bhean.
- 15 Bha cloggadd teann tuimtaidh mu cheann,  
Air an Fhear nach bu thiom 's bu threun;  
Sgiath dhrannich nach teid air a-haish,  
O Inlaig gu cneas a chleibh.
- 16 Bha claidibh trom toirtoil nach gann,  
Do bhi an Laibh an Fhìr mhòir  
Aig iomhairt a chlessibh gu dian  
A teachd ann Drunnilib a chuan.
- 17 Bha neul Flath & Rosg Riogh,  
An ceann an Fhìr bu choinirinn;  
Gadh mhaidh a shuaigh 's geile dheid,  
Bu luathidh' steud na na slruth.
- 18 Badde labhan na creann Inghir,  
'S bu bhinne na Eoin chiuil a ghuth;  
Tighin o 'n Taimn gas a churich,  
Aig 'n do fharraid an Riogh bu mhath eiu.
- 19 An saoilteadh tu fhéin a Bhean,  
'Ne thud an Fear a deireadh tu;  
Saolbh mí Mhic Cubhail Fheinn,  
Gur a Coibhlan nach tiom e,  
Gur taing eisin mo bhreath leis  
Ge mor do neart as an Fheim.
- 20 Thainig an Laoch bu bhor Thacht,  
Le Fraoich as le nart nar ceann;  
Cha 'd fharraid e Cnruidh na Triath,  
Na Laoch gar Fianidh gu raibh ann.
- 21 Sheisibh Osgar sheisibh Goll,  
Bu mhòr Cosg air Lonn an cath;  
Nan Dist an Lummil an t-shleiddh  
Edlar am Fear mor sam Flath.
- 22 Do fhuaidh e leis a Bhean,  
Do bhi 'n cairbh Guafin Fheir;  
Thug e Tair mhòir air an Fheim,  
Gus an d' raing e fein Fionn.

- 23 Thug Mac Morn an archair threun,  
Gu crothadh as a dhéidh da shleagh;  
'S cha do bhean an archair da chre,  
Ach réimneadar da sgéith da Leath.
- 24 Do thilg Osgar an aigh,  
A chraosich dhearg as a Laidh chéith  
As maratar leis stead an Fhír,  
'S mor an bend a chinnceadh léinn.
- 25 Do thait an steud air an Leirg,  
Thiuntaidh e le Feirg 's le Fraoich;  
Dh'fhogair ge bo mhór an Taoim,  
Coibhrag air an ar ceogidh Laoch.
- 26 Tuilleadh dhíonsa féin 's do Fhíonn,  
Chaidh ceud nach bu tíom na dháil;  
Ge bu mlath an aigne san Tosa,  
G'cull eisin an ceagrair le Laidh.
- 27 Clann a Morna ernaidh an eas,  
Fhuir Bas ge gaing an Bend;  
Cha náibh neach a thainigas,  
Nach náibh einceaslach na do chreuchd.
- 28 Bliadhna dhoibhsin gu airn aigh,  
tiach Laoch gaing a slath a shleagh;  
Nan Laidhídh fa theagas Fhíonn,  
Dan leighis aig Fíonn nan Feingh.
- 29 Dh' éirich Goll an aignuidh mhór,  
A Liodháirt an Fhír san chaol-rod;  
Ge b' e chithídh iad an thín,  
Bu bhór an gail' is an seola.
- 30 Bha eilighíní soe ri soe,  
Re liodháirt eorp & seoiat;  
Tinnil catha' bh' aig an Deiss,  
Cha 'n fhuacas ris roibh riabh.
- 31 Ga do chloaidh Mae Morna le Laidh,  
Mae Riegh na Sorcha as theidh sunaidh;  
'S maing Treabh on daing a Bhean,  
Leis 'n do Thuit an Fear on chuan.
- 32 Thiolen a choir an Eass,  
An Gilli bu mhaith chéas as clíth;  
Chuirigh na Bhráithídh gach Meoir,  
Fain óir an onnoir mo Riegh.
- 33 Bha Inghín Riegh Bham fo thuin,  
Fad Bliadhán aig Fíonn ann san Fhein;  
An Deigh Tuitim an Fír mhóir,  
O Chiotha Chuan traidh an sgeul.
- 34 Mathair féin bu ro-mhath Dreach,  
Cha do dháil e neach da Thruadh no Threim;  
A nois o 's deire dha' m' chliúth  
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-thuin; 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 Thá sgéul beag agam air Fíonn,  
A chuiras m' 'n suim gach mór;  
Air dea' mlac Cutháil na 'm leadh,  
Leis an bunite blagh is bunadh.
- 2 Ailís sin dham Oisáin fhéidhídh,  
Nach d' éir aon neach riamh mu sgéul,  
Cíod an gníomb rinn dea' mlac Cutháil,  
Bhios tu cuimhneacha' gu h-eibhneach.
- 3 Latha bho Fíonn is beagan shuagh,  
Aig Eas-ruaidh nan leag sruthail;  
Chumacas a seoladh o near,  
Curachán úr is aon bhéan ánn.<sup>1</sup>
- 4 Sheasamar uil air an tom,  
'S Flath nam fiann agas Goll trom;  
A feitheamh a churacháin a b' Fhearr gléus  
Is e na reis a spolteadh thonn.
- 5 Air a churach chu' d' hugh smal,  
Clos ch d' rinn an port no fáimh;  
Gus an d' raibig e an t-Eas,  
Is dh' éirich aiste maise nua.<sup>2</sup>
- 6 B' ionann dearbhadh dh' 'i 's do 'n ghréin,  
Is b' fhearr gu mór a méin no dealbh;  
A bhean a thainig an céill,  
Bha sin gu léir roip' gu 'n fheall.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pabul Fhíonn,  
Is bhéannaich i gu grinn dó;  
Fhogair Mac Cutháil gu grinn,  
A beannceadh binn le deádh.
- 8 ' Mo chomraic ort mas tu Fíonn  
Labhair rim a macaoidh nua;  
Le feodhas t-ainme 's do bhuaidh,  
Mo chomraic ort gu lath tráth.'
- 9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Rígh bu mhaith dealbh,  
Cia as teachd na triall gheal úr;  
Cia an t-ainm a ghoirte rí,  
No cia b' athair dh' i air thús.
- 10 ' Inghéan Rígh Tir-fuidh-thuin,  
Dh' innsin dhuit gu crúim mo sgéul;  
Cho 'n éil rioghachd an d' éirich gríán,  
Nach d' innsas dlústa Rígh Fhínn.
- 11 ' Bri do tharrais as gach roid,  
Ainm óg is glóine gné;  
'S an t-adhbhar mu 'n d' ainm thu 'n Fheimh,  
Aithris gu 'n dáil dhamb féin é.'
- 12 ' Torachd a tha orm air nuir,  
Laoch is trom guin air mo lorg  
Mae Rígh Soracha' nan sgein' áirm,  
Triath d' an goirear Maighre borb.'
- 13 ' Gheas do chuir s' e am cheann,  
Nach cumeadh Fíonn mí o sháil;  
'S nach bitheamh bliadhna aige mar mhnaoi,  
Cia mór leis a ghuimh is ágh.'
- 14 ' Labhair an gaisceach le glóir mhír,  
'N laoch leis an coisgear gach Rígh;  
Gus an luhbheadh Fíonn a gheasau,  
Nach reachaimsa leis gu síor.'
- 15 ' Glacam do chomraic a bhean,  
Roi' aon neach a tha an clé;  
'S a dh' ain deáin a Mhaighre bhúirb,  
Fad bliadhna gheibh thu nam díon.'
- 16 Chumacamar a tigh 'n áir stéid,  
Laoch do bhá mhéad thair gach fear;  
A eitheamh na faire ge dian,  
An t-úil eiad' thainig a bhean.
- 17 B' fhad a leac bu gheal a dhéidh,  
'S bu mhíre stéid no gach sruth;  
Adhaidh fhathail is rosg rioghail,  
'N ceann mhídhí bh chaoim cruth.
- 18 Bha cloidheamh trom toirtail nach gann,  
Teaite reab an fhuir mhóir;  
Sgiath echrimeach dhúth air a leis,  
'S e 'g' ionairt air chleasaidh gach doith.

<sup>1</sup> Cho b' ór e ged bha e cho loinrach re h-ór.

<sup>2</sup> No macaoidh nua.

- 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 mhic Chnatháil Flinn,  
'S gur puthar leam e do d' Fhainn,  
Taingidh e mise thoirt leis,  
G' e mór ar treis asailb féin.

Not in I.

- 21 'Mo cheud beannaich dhuit a' nois,  
Is dean mise fein a dhion;  
O 'n ghaishgeach is bairbe gruaim,  
O 'n a dh' fhuathaich mi roí glanómh.'
- 22 'N laoch sin a thainig o 'n chuan,  
A cagmhais shnaigh bu mhór pris;  
Do bhuidhinn é leis a bhean,  
'S i gairid o laimh na Rìgh.
- 23 Dh' eirich Osear, 's dh' eirich Goll,  
Bhairleadh 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 sgcé do rinn da blaigh.
- 25 Thilg an t-Osear le lán fhéirg,  
A chraosach dhearg le laimh chlá;  
Do mharbhadh leis stéid an fhir,  
'S mór an cion do rinneadh lé.
- 26 Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,  
An laoch bu mhór fearg is pris;  
'S chlaoidh é naoi namair gu luath,  
'S an iorgaill chruaidh shultaidh shith.
- 27 Mar bhithleadh an eogad laoch géirg,  
Bhí 'g iomairt ar 'n arm fai leith;  
Dh' fhagadh é sinne fuí' sbroich,  
'S cho ghaibhte naimne cosg leis.
- 28 Goll Mac Mórna nan lámh tréun,  
Bhuail s'c e gu geir le shleagh;  
Mu chofhair a chroíche le threóir,  
'S thuit e air an lou gu 'n fheith.
- 29 Thug e dha buille na dha,  
Gus ac d' thag an deó a chré;  
Bu mhairg aen bhean ma 'n de thuit,  
A leithid do chleithreach treun.
- 30 Thiodhlaicadh leinn taobh an Eas,  
Macaidh mor nan cleas 's nan gníomh;  
'S chuir sinn nu bhradhaidh gach meóir;  
Fáinn óir an onoir mo Rìgh.
- 31 Bha inghean Rìgh Tir fuí' thinn,  
Bhaidhna shlan aig Fionn 's an Fheimn;  
An deigh tuiteam an fhir mhóir,  
Le neart an t-sluaigh 's moir sgcéul.

### 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 'Arduinmurchan,' '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 Arduinmurchan, a District of Argyleshire, fell in love with Semhchruth, daughter of the King of that Island Tirrie, then Tir-fui-thinn. Semhchruth, being not fond of Maireborb, seeing her Father willing, they should make it up, sailed (accompanied with a few hands) thro' the night to Ireland, to be protected by the great generous and hospitable Fingal, who at her arrival was hunting along with a

small party at Eas-ruai. Semhchruth made up to Fingal, and made known her story.

Fingal undertook to secure her for a year and attack Maireborb if he should attempt to take her off by force. Presently Maireborb approached upon the shore, mounted his steed and took away Semhchruth who sat upon Fingal's right hand upon the Hill. Goll threw after him his spear and broke his shield. Osear 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 valarous Maireborb.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

#### MAIREBORB.

- 1 Cha railb ann ach fear is cend;  
Leis am bu'nte blagh 'sgach euchd.
- 2 Ailis sin damh Oisein thim,  
Laoich is binne bhriathraich beul;  
Ciod e 'n gníomh rinn dea Rí' phaula,  
Triath nam fealg, nam blar, 's nam beum.
- 4 Flath nam Fiaun, is an triath Goll;
- 6 Bha sinn gu leir roipe soirbh.
- 7 Is bheannaich i gu binnd do;
- 8 Labhair ruinn dea' mhais 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 cruth na ghrian air mur.
- 10 Inghean Rìogh Tire-fui-thuinn,
- 13 Nach cumadh Fionn mi na dhàil;  
'S nach bithinn blia 'n aig mar mo mhàinn,
- 14 Nach reachainnsa leis sa gníomh.
- 15 Roí' aon fhear a' ta ann clí;  
Re blia 'n bi 'n tuilg 's an sith.
- 16 Chumacamar a' tigh 'n mar ean,
- 18 Sgia' chreinneach, dha air a leis,
- 21 Mar bìit nan ean ri gaorh,  
Bha 'n laoch a tigh 'n air ar muin;  
Suntach, sligheach, san-ard centu,  
Mar steud eisg a' ruigh le sruth.
- 22 Labhair a bhean fhionn gheal og,  
Fhinn nan cornn gur an cruas;  
Tionaladh ann Fhuan na cho-aíl,  
So i 'n torachd-'s leoir a luas.
- 27 Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,  
An laoch bu mhór fearg agus pris;  
Chlaoi' e naoi namair gu luath,  
'S an iorgaill chruaidh, shultaidh shith.
- 29 Goll tha' Moirne nan arm gear,  
Bhuail e 'n treun laoch ann sa bluil  
Thuit an t-armachd, ceanaidh calma,  
An lamh gharbh a' b' fhearr sa mlagh.
- 30 Triath na Sorach bu doirbh ri leon,  
Chail e 'n deo, 's bu mhór an beud;<sup>2</sup>
- 32 Bha inghean Rìogh Tir-fui-thuinn,  
Blia' na aig Fionn ann san Fheimn;  
An deidh tuiteam an fhir mhóir,  
Le neart an t-sloigh, 's cruaí' an sgcéul.

<sup>1</sup> We are apt to believe this passage to be a mere fiction, and beyond credibility that Maireborb could vanquish upwards of four-score of the flower of Fingal's army; yet we find in Sacred History many actions more wonderful. Abisath, the son of Zerniah, 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 Fhian,
 Air slabh Sealnath nan sruth dian,
 Chonas ag teachd sa' mhagh,
 Inghean 's i' g' inneachd 'na le-anar;
- 2 An inghean bu ghloine sinnagh,
 Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruaidh:
 Bha dà rosg àillidh 'na ceann,
 'S i' g'antare fàchaidh n'a tìnechioll.
- 3 Bha léine do 'n t-sròl a b' ùire
 M'a ceus gràidhach, caoin, cìruidh,
 Is ga 'm b' àillidh na 'n gath-gréine
 A brághad a suas o' ceann léine.
- 4 Chuir i comruich air Fionn,
 'S air Goll mairneach Mac Morna,
 'S air Oscar an àigh,
 Làmh chosgair gach teugnhaill.
- AN INGHEAN.
- 5 'Mo chomruich oirbh, Fhianna matha,
 Eadar chloinn rìgh is arl fhlatu.'
 Ceist gach aon fhuir do theaghlach Fhinn,
 San nair siu thugadh do 'n Inghean.
- FIONN.
- 6 Dh' éirich Fionn féin na comhair,
 'A rìoghainn donn bhòis gheal nàrach,
 An bheil tòrachd air do lorg,
 A gheug mhálta nan saor cholg?'
- AN INGHEAN.
- 7 'Tha sin tòrachd orm féin,
 Fhinn uasail is rìghail 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 nair.
- 9 'C' àit' an bheil e 'n oir do 'n iar,
 No ann an ceithir rannaibh an domhain,
 Nach fàgadh eanchainn a chinn,
 Mum buneadh e leis thu, Inghean.'
- AN INGHEAN.
- 10 'S mòr m' eagala, Fhianna matha,
 D' ar leadairt is d' ar mòr dhòrainn.
 Tha 'm fear mòr, mìleanta, trean,
 Fùranta, near, bras san teugnhaill.'
- FIONN.
- 11 'Suidh thus' an so air ar sgàth,
 Inghean o 'm nàlta combràdh,
 'S cha bhain an fear mòr thu leis,
 Ge mòr do dhòchas as fheobhas.'
- 12 Chonas an fear mòr uainn
 Ag teannadh gu cal' as a' chuan,
 Ag tarraing a luinge gu tìr.
 Toirt gu 'r 'n ionnsaidh le h-ain-méin.
- 13 Mar àillbhinn àillbhinn chraige,
 Mar stadhlan ainmheasach thugainn,
 'Na chaoiribh teinntidh o' chladach,
 Gu 'm b' e sin coshas a' mhìlidh.
- 14 Bha seuchd do 'n t-sròl bìnidhe mu 'n fhear.
 A cheannbheairt chlochara nàmhain;
 A lùreach mhòr iarsach uallach,
 'Sa dhà shleagh 'nan cuilg re ghluatinn;
- 15 A chlaidheamh mòr froiseach neimhneach,
 Cruaidh cosgara 's e co'-dheireach:
 Sgiath innealt, òrbhu', le 'm briste blagh,
 Air dorn toisgealt' a' mhìlidh.
- 16 Thug e ruathar fir gun chéill;
 Cha do bhacannaich e dh' Fhionn no 'n Fhèinn.
 Leum an t-saighd le sàr bheachd,
 'S thorchair le a' fàin, an Inghean,
- 17 'S cheangail e ceathrar mhae Fhinn;
 'S bhà 'n t-Iulann gu h-àrmaach eutrom.

- 18 Thionndaidh mo mhae-s', air an leing,
 An t-Oscar 'se làin do throm fheing;
 'S thug e 'n aire gu d'iar, dàna,
 Air an oiglach mhòr, a thàinig.
- 19 'B' e sin an còmhrag crenchdach,
 Fàilteachdach, feumannaich,
 Bòs-hath, beumannaich,
 Ard-leumannaich, g'bhàidh.
- 20 Mar abhainn a' ruith le gleann
 Bha sgrìos an fola cho teann;
 Mar chaoiribh dearga o' theadlach
 Torran nan hach mairbhach.
- 21 Ach thug O-sgar beum fearidha near
 Gu h-Iulann arl 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 benz agam air Fionn,
 Ge b'è chuiridh an suim è
 Air Mac Cuthail bu dearg dreach,
 'S eibhinn leam re mo rè.
- 2 Lath dhuinn air bheagan sluaigh,
 Aig cas ruadh na n' eighin mall,
 Chunnacas fù shèol o 'n Ear
 Curachan oir is bean ann.
- 3 Caogaid Laoch sinne fa thre,
 Bu mhaith air gnòmh cairt,
 Fir nar deigh gur mang do chi,
 Ge be fir an bi mid eairt.
- 4 Dh' éirigh sinn nile gu dian,
 Ach Fionn n' an Fianu-agus Goll,
 Dh' fheitheamb an Curachan a b' 'airde
 'S do bhà treun aig sgotha thonn.
- 5 Nìor ghabh si eiradh no cosg,
 Nìor ghabh si caladh a 'm port gnàth,
 Air teachd don churachan air an eas,
 'Se d'heirich as macnibh Mnà.
- 6 'B' ionann deaha dhì 'S do n' Ghreìn,
 'S'aoibhir a meal, maith a deilbh,
 An Inghean n'ir do thàinig an còin,
 Do bhà sinu fein roimpe soirbh.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu poball Fhinn,
 Is bheannaigh i gu grunn dhà,
 Fhreachair Mac Cuthail gu binn
 An beannaicha a roin li dhà.
- 8 'Brìgh do thrais air gach ròd,
 Inghean òg as àlta dealbh,
 Airis an toisach do sgeul,
 Cia thu fein no creud è d' ainm.'
- 9 'S Inghean mà do Rìgh na Suain (*Sveuden*)
 Innsin Dhuit gu ceunin mo sgeul,
 Is ni bhail sruth fù luith grian,
 Nach saibhain, air iarrtas Fhiannaibh fiat.
- 10 'Mo chomarich ort fein na 's tu Fionn
 Se thuirit ruinn an macnibh mnà,
 Do bhri do mhòrachd 's do bhàidh,
 Gabh mo Chomruich uam gu trà,
- 11 'Ghabhamsa do Chomruich a bhean,
 Thair aon fheug ga bheil sa Chrìch,
 Labhair mo Rìgh bu mhaith fios,
 Cia noise atà air do thi.'
- 12 Fìneachd ata orm thair mair,
 Triath is mòr gaol air mo lorg
 Mac Rìgh na Sorcha is gear Airm,
 Gur è 's ainm dhà Daighre borb,
- 13 Do chuirfess ceasa ann a cheann,
 Gu 'm beircadh Fionn mi air sìol,
 'S nach bìlìn aigesan nar uhmaoi,
 Ge mòr leis a' ghluaidh is àgh.
- 14 Se thuirait Oscar le ghloir Mhìr,
 An Laoch sin a chais-gach gach Rìgh,
 No gu 'n euireadh Thonn do Gheis,
 Nì 'n rachadh tì leis nar uhmaoi.

15. Chnnaen a teachd air steud,  
Fear 's a mhèud thach gear fear,  
Mareacach na fàirge gu dian,  
'San iùl chennada, thainig a bhean.
16. Da Chnaoiseach Catha na cruth,  
A teachd san ròl air a steud,  
Air ghlu, air dheinge, 's air dlayeach,  
Ni 'n faea mar neach mar e,
17. Do bhli fhath agus rosg Rìgh,  
'S an aoghaidh b' aithe b' is cruth,  
Bu bhinne a gluath no gach teud,  
'S bu mhìreacha a steud no gach sruth.
18. Clòidicamh trom tros-lail nach gann,  
An teannt air toobh an fhir mhòir,  
Sgiath leobhar nach mochl air ais,  
Se g'iomairt a chleasa cor.
19. O thuinn trà thainig se gu tìr,  
Labbair mo Rìogh bu mhaith clù,  
An aithnigh thu fein a bhean,  
'Ne sud am fear a deir thù?
20. Aithneucias a Mhìc Cuthail ghrrinn  
'S mòr am pughar leibh gur he,  
Taingidh 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 shuibhdadh se n' domhain gu leir  
Gheibh't san Fheinn fear da chomh,
22. Dheirich Cairioll agus Goll,  
Dias a fhuair an losgadh tron eath,  
'Nam seasamh an gar an t' s'leigh,  
Eadar am fear mòr 's na Flàith.
23. Ni 'n d'fhemh 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  
Thingainn le neart, f'achd, is feirg,  
Gu 'n d' fhuaidich e uaim a bhean  
Bhì 'n deas-ghar do lùmh Fhinn eìg,
25. Thug Mac morn an urchar dhan,  
Gu fada na dheigh do s'bleagh,  
An urchar nìor chuididh da reir,  
'S da steud chearna si da bhloidh.
26. 'N trà thuit an steud air an leirg,  
Thionnada e le feirg 's le fraoch,  
Sua-àitich e ge cruanna an càs,  
Comhrag na 'n trì chaogad Laoch.
27. Mar-bhith na laoch a bhì garg,  
Is fhaigil doibh do t' airm an leoir,  
Bhìidh siad fa chobhair a smachd,  
Da 'n geibhte naithe a cheart choir.
28. Leig e nào naòmar gu luath,  
San iarguil chruaidh mu 'n do sguir,  
Ceangal guineach nan trì chaol,  
Air gach Laoch dhuibh sin do chuir,
29. Chann Mema cruaidh an càs,  
Fhuair iad leis bu mhòr an sgeul,  
'S ni n' rabh aon neach a chnàighe as,  
Gun a chleas fa ionn crènelh.
30. Dheirigh Goll an aighe mhìr,  
Leadairt an fhir an cath gh' leo,  
Ge he chifadh iad an sin,  
Bu gharbh an gaol is an sgeò.
31. Re sgoiltheadh sgiath, 's re leadairt eorp,  
Gu feartha fear tron catha cruaidh,  
Na leoghaibh bidir, gluineach, dhisgir,  
Aron comh chioerach gu baidh.
32. Do chnàidh lùmh na mòr fheachd  
Mac Rìgh na Sorcha sgeul truagh,  
Gur mairg gus an 'taining a bhean,  
Fur thuit am fear an chuan.
33. Do Dhalaicmar aig an eas,  
An gaisgech bu mhòr treis is brìgh,  
Is chuirfadh air fa bharr gach meòir,  
Fàil òr ann onoir mo Rìgh.

34. Do bhì inghean Rìgh fa thuan, (under waves)  
Bhàidhna na mhnaoi aig Fheinn san fheinn  
Tarcis tuitem an fhir mhòir,  
Le neart an t-sloigh, truagh an sgeùl!

*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 1890. 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 s'haigh  
Aig Eas-Ruagh Mhacear mna  
Channas a seoladh o 'n Ear  
Cuiric air agus beann ann
2. Sheasamh sin uile air an t'sliabh  
Be Fionn nam Fiann agus Goll  
'G amharc Curach bu chion ceum  
'Si gu t'ran a sgoiltheadh thonn
3. Cha d' rinn i fuireach no tamh  
'S cha mho ghabh fòis am port gnà  
Ach 'g imachd gu brach an Eis  
'Se dherich as Macear mna
4. 'Se labhair ruinn Macear nana  
Gabh mo chomrach ma 's tu Fionn  
Air ghaol t' earlaid is do bhuaidh  
Gabh mo chomrach gu luath trath
5. Dheanais 'sin ruita a bhean  
Seach aon neach athafon ghrèin  
Na 'n innidh tu dhomh re seal  
Co 'm Fear a th' air a shith
6. Geasimh tha orms' re muir  
Laoch is trom toir air mo lorg  
Mac Rì Sorach na sgiathan airm  
'S gur e 's ainm dha Maigne Borb
7. Geasimh cha chuir an' cheann  
Gu 'n d' thigim gu Fionn air sal  
'S gu 'n bitim aige mar mhnaoi  
Aig feamhas aoidh agus aill
8. Sin dhuinn an tas ar bruidhna  
Dhoineachd man Rì bu mhaith fios  
'N aithneadh tu nis a bhean  
'N e sud am fear a th' air do shith
9. Ocha dan Mhìc Cuthail Fhinn  
'S pughar teinn leam gur e  
'S tairgidh e mis a thabhart leis  
Cia mor do threis as an Fheinn
10. Cha d' ghlaic claidheamh na dhòrn  
'S cha mho chuir sleagh o 's chionn  
Aon fhear a bheiridh tu uaim  
A dhaindeoin slagh Inne Fàil
11. Channas tighin air 'n steud  
Am fear mòr 's a mhèad as gach fear  
Mareach' na fàirge gu dian  
'N sinbhal 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 eimil a ghath
13. A chleagid gu teitidh mu cheann  
Air 'n Laoch nach rim 's nach tha  
Sgiath chruaidh mhicammach air a leas  
A 'g ionard chleas air a chle
14. Claidheamh trom toirteal nach pill  
Gu dhuth ri taobh an fhir mhòir  
Dha-sleagh ghaigheal 's cruaidh rinn  
Nam seasamh air eul a sge

- 15 Dherich Oscar 's dherich Goll  
Brosbuinn bhà tron sa chath  
Sheas iad air garaidh an t-sleagh  
Eadar 'n Fear mor san 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 drang e fein air Fionn
- 17 Thaing an Laoch bu mhòr thachd  
Thugain le neart 's le gnìomh  
'S gan d' fhaodlich e uaim a bhean  
Bha air gnàillin deas an Rì
- 18 Thig Oscar am an sin na dheigh  
'X urechair nach bu re an t-sleagh  
'S mu do sgath i idir re eile  
Rinn i dhe a sge da-bhluidh
- 19 Chrath an t-Oscar bu mhòr feig  
A Chraosach dhearg as a lumb chlidh  
Leis an urechair thuit stend an fhir  
'S mor an cion a chinnich leo
- 20 'N era thuit an stend air an leing  
Thionnda' e le fearg 's le fraoch  
Bhagair e cia bu mhòr am beum  
Conlrag treun air chenda laoch
- 21 Chuir sin tri chaoigaid do Laoich ghar  
A chog meannmema 'n oig mhìr  
'S chuire ceangal nan tri chaoil  
Orra is fuil air taobh gar fìr
- 22 Chlann Mhic Mòrni smor 'n gnìomh  
Gan chaochail iad be 'n truaigh sgeul  
Cha roibh a h-aon diubh thaing as  
Nach robh o 'n criosa lan do chreachd
- 23 Mar bithidh trì chaoigaid do Laoich ghar  
Bha dh' annas airm ann ar comhair  
Bhithimid fo phughair gun smachd  
Nam feuchaid dhasan ceart choir
- 24 Dherich Goll nan aigriadh mhìr  
Fianal an Flùr bu mhòr feum  
Coltas ann conlrag an dithis  
Chan fhuca mi rithid na dheigh
- 25 Thuit le Goll nan aigriadh mhìr  
Mac Rì na Sorach ba sgeul through  
'S maig ait as na ghluais a bhean  
'N tra thuing i seil a dhinnisidh chuain
- 26 Nis tiolaie mid fo bhonn an Eis  
'M fear mor 's a mhead 'as gach fear  
'S<sup>1</sup> enannid mu chainneal gach meoir  
Faithn air mar oair mhìe Rì.

<sup>1</sup> al. 'S cuirannid mar-n air ain an Rì  
Faithn air mu chainneal gach meoir.

D. 29. AN INVINN. 1766. 106 lines.  
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac  
Pherson, May 3, 1872.

- 1 OSSAIN nasail mhìe Finn,  
'S tu 'd sluidh air an Tullich eibhin,  
A Laoich mhòir mhilligh nach mettidh  
Gan faic misidh Bron air Hìntin.
- 2 Cuid do dhaobhar mo bhroin fein,  
A Chlerich, nas àil leat eist,  
Chunnaire mi mar Teoghlich Fhinn,  
Bha e mear, m' o, meorich eibhin.
- 3 Air an Tullich sheas bhà 'n Fhian  
(Bha shìu vil an t-Beoin eiar)  
'S eo Chunnig sheas tu san Alhaogh  
Ach Ighin huggin 's i na h-aoin.
- 4 Au 'Nighin ùr a 'baillidh snaidh  
Bu gheal as bu dearg a Gruaidh,  
Bu ghilidh na gach Gath Greine,  
A Braidh luas fa caoil Lenigh.
- 5 Bha da Rose gharichidh na Ceann,  
Bha Farrisidh àin na Tunchil,  
Bha Duidh do 'n or ma Brigid  
Bha slabhrich oir ma caoin àin,  
Bha Lemidh don Tsoil ab ùrìdh,  
Le ra ceas graich sheibh, Cùlin.

- 6 Hug shìu air trom-ghaoid ùl mille,  
An Teoghlich shìu Fhinn e Allabhinn<sup>1</sup>  
Gan meich do 'n Fheinn Gaill do mhac fein,  
Ach do 'n Nibhinn.
- 7 Chuir i a Comrich air Fionn,  
An Righin 'S i gu bog gheal bhinn;  
Chuir i a Comrich air Goll,  
Be sud Laoich àin nan some  
Air Oscar mac Ossain au an Righ  
'S air a Chaoil Chroigh mac Greidh.
- 8 Ma Chomrich oirbh Fhiamhills mais  
Eadar Chlannibh Righ as Fhath  
Co sheo torichid air do Lorg  
A Nighin ùr as aoidhir eolg.
- 9 Ha shìu a torichid orna fein  
Fhìr nasail as ribhich fein,  
Hlin mor milante mear,  
Oiridh air Righ na Hespainte.
- 10 Gur eigeoir leom Fhianibh phail  
E gar leidit as gar dorin  
Au Fear mor milante treun  
'S airm gu faobharich reia-ghoir.
- 11 Cait an raibh e an Niar na 'n Noir,  
Na o Cheir raintibh an Doblain,  
Nach faicidh Eamachin a Chinn  
Mau legimid leis tha Ibhinn.
- 12 Ibhinn bhois-ghéal, bhog-ghéal, bhinn,  
Ighin ùr nan gorm-rose uall,  
Suidh ussa an seo air me sgra,  
Ighin ga graunte do Chobha  
Man doir an Fear mor u leis,  
Ga mor leat do *Dhoigh* as Fheothis. (Bhost)
- 13 Chunnaire shìu au Fear mor uain  
Caibh gu Callidh an Chuan,  
A tarraug a Lainge gu Tir  
'Sa taclaid huggin le Hanna-méin.
- 14 Gu 'm be sud an Fear mor *màille* (miltich)  
Na stuaidh aonidh allabharigh,  
Le Fraoich feig gu Fianaibh Fhinn,  
'S e taclaid na Chaoir Heinte huggin.
- 15 Bha Chlàibh mor froissich neibhich  
Crauidh osgaridh co-dhìrich (interlined)  
An Ceun-bheirt hocerich Fhìr chintich,  
Bha Sea Oir le 'm hriste Bhaogh,  
Au Doru Toisgealt a Mhuidh.
- 16 Bha Lurich ard iarsich narich (uallich)  
Bha sa threun Seaball breachd bunach,  
Bha Ceanna bheirt chlochara sheibh  
Oscion Aglaidh hocerich Inmaccain.
- 17 Bha Duidh do 'n noir ma 'n Fhear,  
'S ceasichidh shuidh gan ceangal,  
'S da Thleidh fa 'n bunna bu chruaidh reinn  
Nan Cailg shesidh susa ra gluain.
- 18 Hug e ruathir Fìr gun Cheil,  
'S cha do bicannich e Dhionn na 'n Fheinn  
Bharibh e Caid do Dhianibh Fhinn  
Agus mhèribhite leis an Inabhinn.
- 19 Cheangil e Faolan mac Fhinn  
As trì naoinar da Luchd leannabhinn  
Do 'n Chinnidh bhoir mheannich mhear  
'S bha 'n Tillin gu barrachidh etria.
- 20 Hiuntaidh mo mhac's air an Leing  
Oscar 's e lan do Thyon Fheig,  
Sgun do dhaobir e Cobhrig  
Es an Fhear bhor bhois-ghéal bha rarich
- 21 Hiuntaidh Iullin rì 'n mhac fein  
'S dheante leo cobhrig trein  
O 's fear Ceannich ceoich Ceann-dearg  
Grad-leinnich, bras-beinnich, ainnasich.
- 22 Mar Hruith ainn le Gleann,  
Bha Serios am Fòidh co tean,  
Mar Chaoir Heinte tin e Teallich  
Toirin nan Laoich naudich.

<sup>1</sup> Or Allabhitt.

- 23 Hug Oscar Beim fearraghlan Fir,  
Gu llimn arrannich deid-ghlan,  
She mhaoinn e leis Bheim chraunte  
Ceas mbic Rìogh na Hespante.
- 24 Air an Tullach sheo ha Leachd,  
A Mhic Alpin, ha sheo fir;  
Leachd na muaidh air an taoibh eille  
A Dheo mbic Alpin e Hallabhaidh.
- 25 Bha leinnidh gun bo mha eid,  
'S nach roibh aon neich dlùn ach sheid  
Ach Beannich air an nannin gu leir  
'S lugis beannich eil air Ossau.

Crioche.

D. 22. AN IONMHUINN. 22 lines various.  
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac  
Pherson, May 11, 1872.

13 *various.*

CHUNNAIC sinn am fear mòr naimn  
Ag caithleadh gu eala o 'n chuan  
Ag taruing a luinge gu tìr  
'S a teachd chugain le h-an-mein.

14 *various.*

Gu 'm b' e sud am fear mòr millteach  
Na stuaidh ainnean, a lamharaich,  
Le fraoch feirg' gu Fiannaibh Fheimn,  
'S e teachd na chaoir theinlidh chugain.

15 *various.*

Bha chhlaidheamh mòr froiseach, neimhneach,  
Cruaidh cosarra coi-dhreach  
Bha sgiath ordhaidh lhristeadh bladh  
Ann dorn toisgeal a mhillidh.

16 *various.*

Bha luireach ard, Irsnach, uallach,  
Fo thréan sgabull breac, buagbach;  
Bha ceann-bheicr chlochra sheimh  
Os cionn aghaidh shocraich a mhaicainh.

17 *various.*

'S da shleagh o 'm bun ba chruaidh raimn  
Na 'n cuilg seasmh suas ri ghualainn.

22 *various.*

Mar shruithadh amhain le glenn  
Bha sgrìos am fola coi-tearb,  
Mar chaoir theinnte teachd a teallach,  
Toicadh Toirunn 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 nasail mbic Fhinn,  
'S tu a' d' shuidh air 'n tulaich rìbhinn;  
Laoich mhòir mhikant' nach meat,  
Gu faicamsa bròn air t-ianainn.
- 2 Dh' imsinns' adhar mo lhròin fèin,  
A Phàdraig na 'm b' àil leats' èisid;  
Mì cuimhneachadh air Fèinn nan Fiann,  
Bhì air an tulaich so dh' aon rian.
- 3 Air an tulaich (so) bha sinn aran,  
Ile Phàdraig (naomb) na breith saoir;  
Chunnaic mas' uair teaghlach Fhinn,  
'S iad gu nìear, mòr, meamach, aoibhinn.
- 4 Air an tulaich so bha 'n Fhianh,  
Latha dhuinn' ann dhaon rian;  
Chunnaic leinn bean ann sa Mhaath,  
'S i teachd thugainne na h-aonar.
- 5 'N ainuir ùr a b' àille smadh,  
Bu ghile 'us ba dèirge gruidh;  
Bu ghile na gach gath grèine,  
'Bragud shuas fù' eamh léine.
- 6 Bha dà rosg àrusgach na ceann,  
Bha carradh àlùn na tiachdail;  
Bha dùnna do 'n òr na bràgud,  
Bha shabhruadh ùr mu eoin àraidh.
- 7 'S bha léine d' an t-ròl a b' àireadh,  
Leath ri ceas gràdhach, caomb, curaidh;
- 8 Thug sinne air tromma ghaol nìle,  
An teaghlach sin Fhinn a h-Albainn;  
Gun aon fhear dlùn ga mhnaoi fèin;  
Ach air gaol nìle do 'n Inbhinn.
- 9 Chuir isendh còmruich air Fionn,  
'N rìbhinn 's i gu bos-ghael binn;  
Chuir ise còmruich air Goull,  
'S b' e sid laoch àlùn nan sonn.
- 10 Air Oscar mac Oisain fhèile,  
Is air a Chual-chrigha mac Grudheir;  
'Mo chòmhrich oirbh Fhianna maithie,  
Eadar chluanna Rìgh is Fhlaithean.'
- 11 Cò thà t'oraich air do lòrg,  
Ainuir ùr a 's àille dealbh;  
'Tha sin a t'oraich orm fèin,  
Fhìr nasail a 's riobhaich Fèinn.'
- 12 'An t-Iolun mòr milleanta, mear,  
Oighre Rìgh na h-Eispaite,'
- 14 'S eagal leamsa Fhianna Phàil,  
Bhì d' ar leadair 'us d' ar dorainn,  
Leis an fhear mhòr mhileanta thrèun,  
'Ainuir iurata, roinne-ghèur.'
- 15 Dh' eirich suas ceathrar mac Fhinn,  
Caoirreal, agus Raimne 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 faicamaid canachin a chinn,  
Mu 'n leigamaid leis thu Inbhinn.
- 17 A ghèug bhonne-ghael, bhosgal ghriinn,  
Iughinn ùr nan gorm-rosg eibhinn;  
Luidh thusa ann so air ar sgàthne,  
Inghean ge dana' do chòmhrich.
- 18 'S cha d' thoir am fear mòr thu leis,  
Ge mòr leat do dhòigh is fheothas;  
Chunnaic léinne fear mòr bhuainn,  
A' caithleadh a chalaich 's a chuain.
- 19 'S è farruig a luingeas gu tìr,  
'S è teachd thugainn le h-aon-meir.
- 20 B' e sid 'n fear mòr bosgeal mì-nàrach,  
'N a stughaibh àluidh almharaich,  
Na fhrach feirge gu Fiannaibh Fhinn,  
'S è teachd 'na chaoir theinlich, thugainn.
- 21 Bha chhlaidhe mòr froiseach neimhneach,  
Is è cruaidh cosarra, coi-dreach;  
Bha sgiath òir m' am bristeadh blaith,  
Ann dorn toisgeal a mhìli.
- 22 Bha luireach ard-iorsach naibhreach,  
Bha treun sgàbull breachd buagbach;  
Bha ceann-bheicr chlochra' shèimhidh,  
Oscienn adhaidh shòchri'-ghaisgich.
- 23 Bha seachda do 'n òr mu 'n fhear,  
Bha ceansuichean sioda gu 'n ceangal;  
Bha dha shleugh 'os bun, bu cruaidhe, roinn,  
'S iad na 'n cuilg sheasamh ra ghualnibh.
- 24 Thug è ruathar fir gun chùil,  
'S nìor bhèamaich è dh' Fhionn na 'n Fheimn,  
Mhàirbhle leis ceud d' fhianna Fhinn,  
Agus mhàirbhle leis an Inbhinn.
- 25 Cheangail è Faolan mac Fhinn,  
Is trì naoithnear do luchd leammhinn;  
Do 'n chinne mhòr mhileanta, thrèun,  
'S bha an t-Iolun gu h-arnach eatom.
- 26 Thionndaidh mo mhaca air an leirg,  
Oscar 's è lán do throm fheirg;  
Sann a dh'abair è geur chòmhrug,  
As an fhear mhòr bhosgal mhì-nàrach.
- 27 Thionndaidh 'n t-Iolun ri 'm mhac fèin,  
Is dheanta leo còmhrug treun;  
Bho 's fear mòr creamhach creuchdach,  
Bas-luath, bras-mheineach, ard-leummach.

28 Mar shruadhadh amhuinn le gleann,  
Bha sgrios am fola co-teann;  
Mar chaoir theimhich teachd à teallach  
Bha torra na 'n hoch namhadach.

29 Thug Oscar béam fearaghlán fear,  
Gu h-Iofann armach den-d'ghlan;  
Sann a bhain e leis a bhéim ghrúnda,  
Ceann mac Rìgh na h-Eispaire.

30 Air an tulaich so tha leac,  
Dheadh Mhic-Alpín tha so fìor;  
'S tha leac na mair air an faobh eile,  
A dheadh Mhic-Alpín a h-Albainn.

31 Air leinne gum bu mhaith ind,  
'S cha robh 'mam neach dhiubh ach siad.  
Bonnachd air 'n amann arann,  
Is thugadh beannachd eile air Oisain.

## X. 3. LAOIDH NA NHIGHINNE. 52 lines.

Copied by Maleson 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 mae Iain mhic Iain, mhic Eoghain an Talaidh—sgéir agus an Eilean Sgiathanach.

- 1 La dhombh romh 'n Fheinn a nuigh,  
'S mi nam shuidhe air tulaich Coire-siar,  
Chuanacas a tighinn o' n mhaogh,  
Nighean 's i g-meachd na h-onar
- 2 Nighean a b' ailli sunadh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruaidh,  
B' ailli no gathan na greine,  
Geala bhrollach fo caol leine.
- 3 Bha lecha 's gaire na ceann,  
'U's slambraidh oir mu geal bbraigh (*pro bhré*).
- 4 An gaol a thug iad uile dhì,  
O theaghlach mar Fhinn na h-Eilebhinn,  
'Cha robh speis aig dhùine 's an Fheinn,  
Ga mhaoi fein ach an nighinn.
- 5 Mo chomraich air Fionn nam Fiann,  
'S mo chomraich air Fhinn nam fath,  
Edar rìgh agus ard fhath,
- 6 Mo chomraich air Diarmad domh,  
'S air Faolan nam faotha (? rogha) sonn,  
Air Goll 's air Oscar an aigh,  
Luchd chsgaint na teughallach,
- 7 Tog do chomraich dhiomb a bhean, (Goll)  
'S gar mi 's laige tha fo' n ghreìn,  
'S laige mi nam Boc mac smail,  
'S laige mi na Greanachar mac Greanacharbhig
- 8 'S gar mi 's laig thig no thainig,  
'S ionagh mor lean thu bhì lag, (oighe)  
'S mi gu d' fhaicim an ana-bheachd,
- 9 'S gar tu 's eumichte da chòis,  
Dhe 'n shluagh aluim chruinn choitchean,
- 10 Chuanacas am fear mor ud uann,  
Taoghadh cala as a chuan,  
Tarruing a luinge gu tìr,  
Tighinn thugain gu h-ana min,
- 11 Le fhrasach uelid 's le chruaidh chlogaid,  
Be sud an fear mor mail,  
Mar staidh dhùich as gach gleann,  
Le cheanna-bheairt chlochorra chomhar
- 12 'S eim shochar a ndac,  
Be sud an fear mor gu chiall,  
Mharbh ciad do dh' Fhianntaichean na Feinn,  
Agus an nighenn
- 13 Thionndaidh no mhac air an leirg,  
Oscar 's e lan do throm theirg,  
Ràn e comhrag ris gu gurg,  
Gu faobharnach fuilteach garbh,
- 14 Gu ceann-ru dorn-ru tulaichain,  
Mar chaoira (chaoire) teinteach teallaich,  
Bha fuam nan hoel na-udach (? nam-laidich)

15 Thug Oscar am béam faradhantach bras,  
A r gille domh an deud ghlain,  
Sgaradh leis a bhéim ghraneil,  
Oighre araid an caspaig.

## THE BATTLE OF FINTRATH.

FIONN TRAIGH means 'white strand.' In Islay, to the north-west, near Bòrsa, is a white sandy beach, on which, as it is said, Fionn and his people fought a great battle with the Northmen. The place is called 'Fionn-traigh,' and is said to take its name from Fionn. The ballad taken from the Dean's Book is not now remembered, but part of the story of it is localised. Mr. John Hawkins Simpson, in 1857, published a translation of an Irish version: 'The Battle of Ventry Harbour.' The battle at the harbour of Ventry (*fair stoval*) 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 Traigh,' 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 Traigh 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'k zrynn ni baclad . . .  
Rug e in tossin less er wurm,  
Gow was aa gi . . . sl . . .
- 2 Is di hail awzail noid,  
Ossian nan roak nach teym  
Coo in tein neach gin a loyith,  
Snow char groyrn er feanow fyinn
- 3 A cleyrth ni bacill brek,  
Bi wor ym beacht zut reid lin  
A churri a wrayr a zuaath,  
Ne wai zaw er fanaw fyinn
- 4 Onyth harly zut gin noine,  
A Ossin gin doll nam dey  
Bee say er chathris gi braa,  
How gathris di zmaa nyn line
- 5 Kagit blyin di bon bea,  
A geyskyeh reid choel syth heill  
Ne hyossit zut gow maik,  
A luit eacht a rin feanow fyinn
- 6 Fa ranew in doyn traane,  
Wa agginn feuc er cyth . . .  
Keiss ga hokwail gow fans fin,  
Na noe in tegwail . . .
- 7 Ne reive anysth si doythlin vor,  
Nach da bi chor bea na . . .  
Ne reive in walve nin lann brek,  
A darveith . . .

- 8 Da nynnosit zeive in ness,  
A Ossin ün gress noch mein.  
Coo yn tein neach bi zar lave,  
Wa sreiyth . . .
- 9 Mor in feine, a churris orm,  
A cleyrith oyd nyth f . . .  
Ni hynnosit gow lay looin,  
Ne way loye . . .
- 10 Onyth harlyth how nane dey,  
A Ossin da dane . . .  
Coo nyth leich bar hit maat skay,  
Ri dol din ane ansyith gath
- 11 Oskir is keilt is gowle,  
Is m'lowith nyu lanni maath  
Fa hynchill v'kwole avl  
Boyin di bi raa si chath
- 12 Farzone fullych m'ynreith  
Is kerrill ri sneive zaith  
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 foltiin bi wakith iud,  
Agus garryth in deini narv  
Derring m'doyrin gyn none  
Aygh m'garryth bi waath law
- 15 Me fene is g. m'smail  
Is dyryth darith m'ronane  
Tre nek nyth kerl gyn chalk,  
Re oyr hentyth di barn yark
- 16 Mir a zana ma zut goo,  
A clelyth wor furt nyth mynni  
Cha noch banit dossyith din nane  
Ach gith fer fane a brnath a zille
- 17 Soo id chaithir is gawe di fenni  
Is wayassi in narnu 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,  
Twaon dey hug ass gi knok  
Carbryth loaechr bi waath lawe,  
Iij chayth slane gow port
- 20 Vii caythin hanik in nane  
Huggar in near o lea cuyuni  
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 weew er in trae,  
Cown krer bi lawe gin locht  
Ruk sloyg nyn bynea zeive,  
Is di hog ea kenni reith er knok
- 23 Cown m'reith wlith nin eacht,  
Agus dollir nan greath trom  
Di zaganir 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 trom  
Di zaganir fa zaar byve,  
Is ner aig synn in vyve fa bron
- 26 Iij mee reith lochlin  
Bi a chasger sein de neive arm  
Ne tre halwe 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 voyn fene sin nar  
Ach reith ni franki mir lea  
An lyn say brea er in nail
- 29 Er egrill in oskir wll,  
Cha di leggi ay voyeni er lar  
Gow glen baltan mir ta best,  
Is and di zawe ay foss is tawe
- 30 Er traye fiatrath ni goyn  
Fer in churri ni sloye in tar  
Er reow in doythin trane,  
Di zoil sein fene er sar
- 31 Di bimmi o reith r narm,  
Leich a waa marve er in lar  
Di bimmi clawe agus skayth  
Na blaya har er in traye
- 32 Er traye fintraithin nyn port,  
Di bimmi ann eorp ferrane  
Di bimmi leich fa zar byve,  
Is di bimmi ann fyve ar
- 33 Phatrik V'Alpin ail,  
Neyn danith zar wane wo rae  
Ach da cath eggr gyn locht  
Is ny roif in gorp slane
- 34 Cath di clanni bisskyni zeive,  
Boein noch char vennyth 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 voyn er in tra
- 36 xxxth ea feizit gin rath,  
Deecheyd feithyt gath cath zeive  
Zarremay loyg zar zoynn,  
Nach dranik er toynn a reiss
- 37 A halgin da wreggin clar,  
O baillut deym pen gyeh skail  
Gow dukgai eaa zawryth nyth glann,  
Noch cha danik ken r lay
- 38 Di rynn sin a gawli long,  
Agus argit tromie in reith  
In noor sin eydda sin neyelt,  
In neirrin er gi lea dee
- 39 A Phatrik matha ny mynn  
An id keilli a wayn bass  
Cur feyn talla her mo knees  
Oss aggit hay fiss mo skail
- 40 Ossin o taa tow skeith,  
Dane a noss di heith gou bass  
Gau turnigin is ear flws,  
Is gew Dea mowch gi lay
- 41 Ar sleyve Seyane la huain  
Agus ni sloye er a lar  
Meichall is mur is mae Dew,  
Dy hoyrt fene er an law
- 42 In da espil deyk si wlay  
Gi elerych may is gi taye  
Edrwme agis eflrin or di  
Wi gi eroy er my lay.

Lay.

## A. 25. NEYN A WRATA INN. 84 lines.

## THE MAID OF THE WHITE MANTLE.

THIS ballad, or the story of it, is known in Irish writings. It is not remembered in Scotland now. It indicates cause for strife amongst the Feinne, and names many of their wives. Though it does not immediately belong to any Story in the series, it fits where the Feinne have reached their glory, and begin to decline.

## A HOWDIR SO —.

- 1 LAA zane deach Finn di zoill  
In nalwe is ner ymmit sloyg  
Sessir hann is sessir far  
Iyn zhil is anneir ucht zaall
- 2 Finn fayn is Dermoit gin on  
Keilt is ossaim is oskir  
Conan meithl gom maal er myg  
Agus nman nin vi leith sen
- 3 Mygin is ban einn bi zane  
Is annir ucht zall mi wan feyn  
Gornlay aolli is dow rosg  
Neof is neyn emeiss
- 4 Nor a zoif meska no nman  
Tugsiddir in gussi raa  
Nach royf er in doythn teg  
Sessir ban in goyth inrylk
- 5 A dowirt an nymilt gin on  
Is Tulych caruich in doythn  
Ga maath sewe is ymmith ban  
Nach drynn fes aeh 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 *ayn a wrata inn*  
An yaeuissi v'kowle  
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 emuaygh  
Nocht chay naygh dein fame wrat  
Ach ben in ir gyn ralocht
- 10 Tawir ym brat dym wreith feyn  
Do ter conane mur gyn chacle  
Go westmist in 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 wle a gall ocht
- 12 Mir a chonnik connan meil  
Ym brat er eassyth fa teyf  
Tawris in chreissyth gin neaf  
Agis marveis in neyn
- 13 Gawis ben dermoit a zeil  
Ym brat wo wrei chonnan meil  
Noch char farr a wassi zyi  
Cassi ym brat fa keyif
- 14 Gawis ben oskyr na zey  
Ym brad coo alda 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 ewss clae  
Go westmist in ness gon non  
Tres elli da hymlit dewe
- 17 Di warynsi brair riss  
Agis ne brair eggiss  
Nach darnis di weiss ri far  
Ach dol dutsi in neiss lenew
- 18 Nochtis ben vek rec a teef  
Curris umpa 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 darnit  
Di reissi ym brad owm laar  
Mor wea see na hyanirraue
- 20 Tawrew ni wrat doyf a wnaa  
Is me nein in derg zrana  
Noch cha dennis di locht  
Ach fess ri finn fyvir noch
- 21 Ber mo wallych is ymith woygin  
Se der m'kowlie gin boy  
A dagis fa mhaalych er mnaue  
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 resues his chief and kinsman from Cormac. In the next ballad Oisain 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. CHORYMRYTH KEILTA. 288 lines.

## A HOWDIR SO KEILT M'RONANE.

- 1 HEYM tosk zoskla fyinn  
Gow tawri ni draive nevin  
Gow hornay moyr mhorlat nahir  
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 charnisdir leich fane lay  
Mir a charssuir a ray
- 4 Huggssmir a cann gin cherri  
Guss a gnok oss boyamir  
Di roynis feyn boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 5 Di warwiss mun er zliun  
Fer gi inwal in nerrin  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di roynissi fogryth owlay
- 6 Di raddis mun er zliun  
Gwl gi inte in nerrin  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 7 Ni leith di legin fa boywa  
Doybis sin nerrin awwor  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 8 Ni dorssa er a beith a zeith zark  
A dosslin ead gi hymard  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 9 Ni gurt abbe um halvon  
Di loskgin eid gn lassal  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 10 Noch char aggis reim linn  
Aa na mullin in nerrin  
Insin di leyggiddir rwim  
Eech albin is errin
- 11 Teym boach er loysss mi chass  
Gr ranegriiss ross illirzlass  
In sin glossimsi schear  
Gow taura ni widdir chane
- 12 Ner harrin cine 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 commissio ella  
Tagis in dawri gi beach  
Ben carbre zi cornik
- 14 Is ben chormik er sin  
Di raddis ee zi charbre  
Tagis 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 quloyis in nwna  
Is caddi in dorsser owym
- 16 Iun nygyth sin doef ge beacht  
Is me bi kyllor ze chormik  
Is bert oocklachis is tei  
Hawle a vaonissi reith errin
- 17 Ga zaynith leve raa mi zloor  
Da hwle cheilt yn kyllnor  
Na habbirsi sen er finn  
Er ardre ny feyn voltynn
- 18 Ga tamsi in layve id tei  
Na ber tar er 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 talvian  
In sin tarnik toylli  
Ag in re ro zast rawor
- 20 Ith choss geym in genn ni genn  
Teym less a is tee cotkin  
In sin chavis fa zuss  
Di bi wlyg ay di maylass
- 21 Agis tuggis lwm ym zoyn  
Kone esgin arl orwayll  
Eynit lwm in uec riss a ben  
Ers in re fati firzllia
- 22 Balli kness cheilti za zoyn  
Di chone essgin orwoyl  
Na habbirsi sen a re  
Er wiss in ryth a zillin
- 23 Brarryth broggodych a derri  
Corsi hoich er orvidi  
Er a layve a keilt chaylle  
Mir wee finn flaa cyni
- 24 Gid tani ne hurfin gyle  
Derrow albin no errin  
Er maneach do gi beacht  
A deaffryth mis zi chormik
- 25 Gawa tow cow thlaa  
Woyme zoskla mydda  
Ne warrir fin lat id te  
Er aue chowe er talwon
- 26 Ach aue chow a keilt chaye  
Da bi toylling tow faywayll  
Da waya a tow zoif re lay  
Lawnon woada di gi feayne
- 27 Di zoive tow hed er gi  
Cart cove ewnnvill  
Di nasgis in brar mir  
Er chormik m<sup>c</sup> art mir
- 28 Gin leggi gi ray in re  
Da waya ay ni feyweill  
Mar nasgis in brar beymn  
Er re errin ni awlt inn
- 29 In deymsov gar zeggir roive  
Heymasyth ze in dymf  
Glossim turriss o hawre  
Fa turriss fr gi mannee
- 30 Do hymsov ni heltin  
Gar skeltyth a chwlddychi  
Tuggis lwm ii zelt zark  
Is ii znew ignedh ym arl
- 31 Aggis fey fy za won ii lach  
Sin loch a seyllin  
ii lymnith sleyreewllin  
ii zaw awlle a burrin
- 32 ii zessivey zowrane zurm  
ii chellych fey a farzlram  
ii hyane klyty creive  
Di latteve zrom zawreim
- 33 ii zoivrane a hen a mach  
O charru donnwane doivr  
ii eillin o thrae leith lee  
ii rulli a port larga
- 34 Ith snekga on vrostna wane  
ii anoyk charga d . . .  
ii caechte one caechte arl  
ii smoyrych lettred mow ard
- 35 ii zroyllane downe yve  
ii cheinkych ni corywe  
ii chur one chorrin cleyth  
ii harreich mwe o foall
- 36 ii illir chargi ni glach  
ii hawik a keyndyth  
ii fess o locht melwa  
ii cherk ussga o locht erne
- 37 ii cherk reich one vowna math  
ii zergin zow locha  
ii chreithrane mow cowlin  
ii wentane ny foyllin
- 38 ii cheythane a glenn awlle  
ii zalvon ni sen awle  
ii phedda oyrwri a chaa  
ii onchon o chroda chaach
- 39 ii zoiane o thrae za wan  
ii erboyk loychir yr  
ii chollum one chess chur  
ii lon a lettir fin chwle
- 40 ii eddoyk letter rove  
ii thrudla tawrych teyve oyr  
ii choneyn a schee doe doynn  
ii wuk awlde cloyth chur
- 41 ii choyag o zrom dave  
ii aue oyrwrth layn de  
ii yghgane lanenyth farrith  
ii chreithir one chreive rove
- 42 ii sperr hawk in swm o cleyve gla  
ii loch lay o lwnycht  
ii oyr aue one woyu  
ii ussock on vownych wor
- 43 ii oynlayk a hon chnoyth  
ii brok a creich ollonych  
ii ryunith strayth simayth  
ii zlassoyk o wroch arri
- 44 ii chottych o chonych zawlwe  
ii weil won wor hawni  
ii carrinyth phillhorrych  
ii awllinnych seith boiygh
- 45 ii zassidi one wyg wylle  
ii cheith cheinekyche chnaw chyle  
ii woyok oo wroych brn  
ii neiskin o zowlyr
- 46 ii zerrin o leyve za aue  
Da chyll wreane turle  
ii annan ar o wy walz  
ii choulane zatta o zimarard
- 47 ii zrin zarrych o zraing  
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<sup>c</sup>lanene  
ii zarzart ny ni nellane
- 49 ii aue yek o wess a chwle  
ii eggin ess v<sup>c</sup>mowrn  
ii ellit zlinni zlinn smoyl  
ii woyit o haach mow mor
- 50 ii onchon loyath o loch conu  
ii cychat a loyw chroyechin  
ii chyraa schee zoylvane zil  
ii vuk wlcwoc vlyr



- 51 Rath is ker chorkrych chass  
Tugis lwm o einnis  
Tugis lwm each agis lar  
Di zrey vassych vanyane
- 52 Tarve is bo zarri o zrwm kein  
Tugis lwm o wrm vnechane  
Do ehoimi di chionnevi ni wane  
Di lür cornik orrum gi dane Teym
- 53 Gi neith zar charsin ym cheun  
Tugis lwm is teym  
Er in dymseyhyt all doyf  
Gow lar ane ew
- 54 Nor a baillwne a meyw  
Zobhredir roynce neh skeillych  
Di chey in feaych weym o zess  
Di bi wlya dom awles
- 55 Di rokgis er in glenn da wan  
O orrir loch a lurgin  
Di quhyw ni lach fa hayve  
Nach chussit faywail
- 56 Ter schroyow herwe brass  
Gow aych inn zowlas  
Di zowis e er wrawit  
Gin ger waha beach hanye
- 57 Tugis lwm ee lach gin wacht  
Doshi fin o chormik  
Ne fooris zolk roya  
Heg rwm nyg ve me boa
- 58 Cha deyd ass mi chree  
Chinn gin nawleggir may in dalvon  
Lass ane nane beg lassane nane  
Dolle a chass ymon
- 59 Er ni tullych er gi ay  
Cor fa lawe rg lassyn ane  
I chonwaille fynn ag in layve  
Er seiltin gin ead wawne
- 60 Is vin zeyntyth ay sin de hoyrt  
Er a gowe dinn fosslow zoymwayl  
In dymseychow sin mir sin  
Ner toylling fir in doythin
- 61 Tugis ead gow taara lwm  
Gow mowr a vor hyle  
Doss gi zokkir a kin  
Oppir ead in nyich sin
- 62 Caythir a wee si walli  
Er ix dorss fossgillyth  
Cormik hag zeyve in teacht  
Mir zoy ym bea gi skei
- 63 Mir chomi may za gwryth  
Sin wrow arsing ill wrunych  
Legga brudlychyth gawe  
Vin a guddichtyth greithane
- 64 Huggi ay brow slatzall sollis doyf  
Er chegit fre zorre  
Gi in dorris deyme downtyth  
Ner way in soyme cond in . . .
- 65 Ead sin is tee gi bronych  
Miss a mwe gi anoyith  
Mi chree cove conuis  
Fa la er gi in dorris
- 66 Ga mor nolk forris royth  
Wonyth skeythow choolyth  
Ner leigis ane deyme a mach  
Gi tra ere in in varrih
- 67 Anni ny hyri skeiltyth  
*A chorjnyrth kylla*  
Ach a wag sin teyve ra teyve  
Ne dor chormik za soyme
- 68 Nor a leggi finn a mach  
Di skeillidir gi skeiltyth  
Cha deacha deis na trear  
Wo lawra zeive er in . . .
- 69 Mi reith feyn agus reach fenn  
Merrolta chemie wass mi chimn  
Ni tre neachin fa darryth zoyme  
Ni troyth sin di hynsichow

- 70 We skay zoym er mi elow  
Credwim in erist is ow  
Mimirche ass in ew inn  
Gar vewwim lwm ne weym . . .
- 71 Gar wadda mi leymsi har  
In dawr lochra ni wayn,  
Is fadda in lym rugis ter  
xx kend try in dawr
- 72 In sen fa lowwr mi leym  
Wagis si viddirehyn  
Gin aeh lar mi choss a geill  
Mawl githi 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-feud, which ends only in the Catastrophe. Oisein is made to tell this to a woman. In text L. 6, Dr. Young identifies this with an episode in Fingal (book 4, Clerk's Ossian, vol. II, p. 3). There is not a line of this ballad in the latest Gaelic text of Ossian, though it was twice printed before 1786.

## D. 28. NINGHIN IUNSA. 70 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, May 11, 1872.

Compared with Gillies, page 11, May 24, 1872, with Hector Mac Lenn.—J. F. C.

- 'S Cuth Duinne far nach Ionbhinn  
Deirimsa riutsa Nighin Iunsa  
Gin raibh mi m' dheo-laoch air bheirt eille  
Gad na mi m' sheamh Laoch san Lathias'.
- La gu deachas leinn  
Eibhir-Aluin Chas-fhalt Fheinn  
Shi Ninghin fa 'm Geallabhaich Glac  
Leannan Chleigrich Chormaic.
- Gin do ghluais shiu gin sruth Loch a leige  
An da Fhearr-dheng a b' fhearr fuadh 'n Ghreinn  
Ge be flúdradh air Ruin  
Robhain ba teicbheach droch Cuth.  
8 in Gillies.
- Dh' fhosgladh dhunin an Grianan Corr  
Air a Thingladh do 'n Chlot dhunin  
Lion Meanneadh shinn uille  
'Gaidhreach Eibhir Chas-fhalt Bhui.  
7 in Gillies.
- Labhair Brian 'scha duirt e Breug  
Gad bhíogh ann da ninghin-deug  
Aig feolbas do Chlith san Fheinn  
Bhíogha Cheud Roghin diubh aig Ossain.  
10 in Gillies.
- Gin ghluais shinn gin Druim Dha-Th  
S bha Cormaic roibhin na Long-phort  
'S e dar fethibh gin dana  
Le sheac Catha deng do 'n deo-mbath-shluath.  
11 in Gillies.
- Shuadh Chormaic gin do Chas  
Aig na ghaibh an sliagh bla-lassair  
12 in Gillies.
- Ochdfhear do bhí aig Cormaic Cruinn  
Ionnan an Gniobh dh' fhearrth-bolg  
Mac Olla 's Daire nan Cruichid  
Mac Tosgair<sup>2</sup> treun & Taog.  
13 in Gillies.
- Freasdal Baighnach Mac an Riogh  
Daire nan Gniobh bu bhor aigh  
Daora 'b fhearr fallang san Chuing  
'Smeirge Chormaic Chruinn 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 Oehd-fhear do bhí aig Oissain ard  
Iunnán san Cath ga dhion  
Molla mac Sgeine gu fial  
Sgeuiche fial Flath nam Fiann.  
15 in Gillies.
- 11 Faolan & Caorriú Cass  
'N Duibh mac Ríobhain nior thais Colg  
Toscar an tus shiar na Chlann  
Chuidh fo 'n Chraon an ceann nam Fear bolg.  
16 in Gillies.

- 12 Thachair Toscar thachair Daol  
Taibh ri Taibh an Lath'r ant shluaidh  
Bha Coibhrig an da Churidh Chaoibh  
Mar gun doirigh 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 Taosgáibh am Fial.  
18 in Gillies.

- 14 Chuilbhúich Tosgar air a Sgithín  
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 Corbaidh an t-shuaidh  
Mar Fhainm Uird le Deirubh Laibh  
Giarruidh gu Hoissain gach Uair  
San Cath cruaidh do bheir e dha.  
20 in Gillies.
- 16 Do sgoilt Oissain air an T-shlabh  
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-shlabh gus a Nochd  
'S gun do ghuais mí leis gu Flath Fial,  
'S an Ceann sin an Laibh air Fhailt.  
22 in Gillies.
- 18 Ge be ghlinse dhoibhsa shiu  
An La sin a cuir a Chath  
Fheiridh rium mar bha mí nochd  
Gum fágheadh e ole fo 'm Laibh.

The story of this is, that the Feinne went to Loch Leige to seek the sweetheart of Cormac, Eamhair. They killed Cormac, and Oiscin carried home his head.

## M. 15. SUIREADH OISEIN AIR EAMHAIR ALUINN. 88 lines.

- 1 'Is Cuth duine far nach Fionduin?  
Deirimse riutsa nighean Iunnas,  
Gu 'n raibh mí 'm dhea' laoch air bheirt eile,  
Ge ta mí 'm sheann laoch san latha-s'.
- 2 Latha gu 'n deachaidh leinn,  
Eamhair aluinn fholt-ghrinn,  
Nighean bu ghéal-lamhach glae,  
Leamán coigrich Chormaic.
- 3 Ghluais sinn gu sraith Locha Leige (perhaps *taobh*)  
An da fhear-dhug a b' fhear fo 'n ghreín,  
Ge b' e dh' fhidireadh ar run,  
Romhain bu theicimbeach droch euth.
- 4 Bhenmnich an sin Bran<sup>3</sup> mac Lecan  
D' an t-slugh aluinn, ard, ghéal-ghlacach,  
Gu narach, treoirach, néo-mheata,  
Nach do phill scannal no ascal.
- 5 Dh' fharaid e dh' innan glóir bhinn,  
Cíod e an taise<sup>4</sup> mu 'n d' thainig sinn?  
Caolte fhrengair 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, ionmhuinn t

<sup>3</sup> Brian.

<sup>4</sup> Taisealadh, taisge?

- 6 Co dha ta sibh ga h-iarraidh?  
Do dh' Oisein usal mac Fadhain,  
'S i mo neacac a gheabh thu,  
A Laoic h-láidir long-phortaich.
- 7 Labhair Brán 's ní dubhairt breug,  
Ge do bhíodh agam da nighin deug,  
Aig feabhas do chliuth san Fheinn,  
Bhíodh a cheud nighean aig Oisein.
- 8 Dh' fhosgladh dhúinn an Grianan<sup>5</sup> corr,  
Air a thuthadh do cloth dhúinn, (perhaps clúth)  
Líon meamna sin uile,  
'G anhare Eamhair chas-fholt bhuidhe.
- 9 'Nuair a chunnaire Eamhair fhial  
Oisein Mac Fheinn flath na 'm Fiann,  
Thug an Ribhín a b' aille dreach  
Gaol a h-anna d' an dea' mhac.
- 10 Gu 'n ghluais sinn gu Druim da-thore,  
'S bha cormac romhain na long-phort,  
'S e dar feitheamh gu dana,  
Le seachd catha d' an dea' mbalaídh.<sup>6</sup>
- 11 Slugh Chormaic gu 'n do cháis  
Aig na ghabh an shlabh ba tasair.
- 12 Oehd-fhear do bhí aig Cormac crunn,  
Ionann an gnuimh dh' Fhearaibh-Bolg,  
Mac Colla is Duire nan creuchd,  
Mac Toscair' treun agus Taog.
- 13 Freasdal baghach Mac an Rígh,  
Daire na 'n gnuimh bu mhór agh,  
Dhaol bu mhaith fulang sa chuing,  
'S Meirge Chormaic Chruinn na laimh.
- 14 Oehd-fhear bhí aig Oisein ard,  
Ionann sa chath gharg ga dhion,  
Mulla Mac Seoin agus Fial,  
Sgeulaiche fíor flath na Feinn'.
- 15 Faolan agus Cairioll cás,  
Dulb Mac Ribhinn nior thais colg,  
Toscar an tus siar a Chlann,  
Chaidh fo 'n chraon an' ceann na 'm Fearbolg.<sup>7</sup>
- 16 Thachair Toscar thachair Daol,  
Taobh re taobh an lath'r an t-shluaigh,  
Bha comhrag an da chumaidh 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 saoirsneachd na 'm fear,  
Bu cheo na taosgáibh am fial.
- 18 Chnimhich Toscar air an seoin,  
Arm bu mhian leis an fhear mhaith,  
Chuir e naoi gnuine, an taobh Dhaoil,  
Sealan beag mu 'n chlaon an cath.
- 19 Bha comhrag ag borbadh an t-shluaigh,  
Mar fhuaim uird le dearnaibh lamb,  
Ag iarraidh gu Oisein gach uair  
'S an cath cruaidh do bheir e dhoibh.
- 20 Do scoilt Oisein air an t-shlabh  
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-shlabhsa gus an nochd,  
'S gun do ghluais gu Flaith Fial,  
'S an ceann sin an laimh air f'holt.
- 22 Ge b' e dh' innséadh dhamsa sin  
An la sin ag cuir a chath',  
Deireadh rium mar tha mí nochd  
Gu 'm fágheadh e ole 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 HICUS OSSIN.

- 1 LA zay deachla finn mo rayth,  
Di helg er sleyve ny ban finn  
Tri meillith waython ny wayu,  
Ne zeath skaow vass in ginn
- 2 Ossin is yinni lymmi di zloyr,  
Bannicht foiss er amyn finn  
Agus imnis 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 wylgh
- 4 Imnis doyf royth gith skayle,  
Bannith er a wail gín zoyth  
A bayig eaddith no ermui,  
A doll leive a helg gi lay
- 5 Di weith eaddith agus ermui,  
A doll leine a helg mir senni  
Ni weith feance zeive ym zoe,  
Gin leynith royle is men
- 6 Gin chottone schee schave,  
Gin lurych sparrí zeyr zhyrn  
Gin cheuvart clooth di chorrith,  
S zay ley in noru gi fer
- 7 Gin skay neynith waryrth boye,  
Gin lami chroye eskolth kenn  
A nearyrth in doythín fayn scheath,  
Ne royth nath bi zer no finn
- 8 Is schea a barri enicht is awge,  
Ne zeuth lav vassa chinu  
Doll in dastill a choyn zill,  
Gi aggin er farri mir finn
- 9 Cath eggir a choymir shear,  
A helg er sleyve ni ban finn  
A phatrik ayd chinu ni glar,  
Di balin grann vass ir ginni
- 10 Noyr a hwyth finni r gonni  
Da binni seirri agus shear  
Gow gyir o chnok gw enok,  
A meskeith hork is feaygh
- 11 Di weith finn agus brann,  
Nane swe selli er iu tleywe  
Gyth fer rewe in nayd helg,  
No ger eirryth kolg in feark
- 12 Di leggymir tre na cove,  
A barri lowe syth way gi garga  
Warwe gith cove zewe da eyg  
Selli fa neyd yn eyll na hard
- 13 Di hwtti vi meill feyg bar  
Er a zlanu di weith lane tleywe  
A haggus eyg agus arbe  
Ne zarne selgi mir sen reywe
- 14 Gir bee deirrith ir selgi hear,  
A clarre oyd ni glar is ni glok  
Deich kayd kow fa lawre loyr  
Hutti fa leon x e torc
- 15 Di huttidir lyne ni twrk,  
A roynith ni helg er in lerga  
Mir a weyg r lamth is r lawe  
Di verdiss air er in telga
- 16 A phatrik ni baicillil fear,  
A wakka tow hear no horri  
Selga in lay maid lin  
A waynew fin bi woith no sen

17 Ach sen selga a roinith finn  
Valpin ni minni blayth  
Gar ni goyllane ansi eheille,  
Gi bi winni laym ane lay  
Lay za deach.

H. 21. THE BEST DAY THAT THE HEROES  
EVER HUNTED. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 69. Advocates' Library.  
December 11, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Not known to Hennessy, but nevertheless in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society. Dublin, December 17, 1871.—J. F. C.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THEY loosed 3000 dog and each dog killed two deers which was 6000, and Bran had slain 4001, tho' he was but a puppy, which makes 12001; but the one-third part of those (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 slabh na 'm ban fionn;  
'S mile do Mhaithaibh nam Fiann,  
Cho deachaidh riamh os a cheann.
- 2 Oisain gu 'r bin leam do ghloir,  
Beannachd fos air anam Fhinn;  
Ailis dhinne ca ir lion fiadh,  
Thuit libh air slabh nam ban Fionn.
- 3 Ailis o thoiseach do sgéul,  
Beannachd air do bhéul fuidheoidh;  
'M biodh bhar 'n eideamh is bhar 'n airm,  
A dol libh 'n bheim t-seilg gach ló.
- 4 Gu 'n ar 'n eideamh 's gu 'n ar 'n airm,  
Cho reachamaid a sheilg nan cnoe,  
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;  
'S ceambheart chochalla chórr,  
'S a dha shleagh an domh gach fir.
- 6 Bhiodh sgia úain air a gheibha' buaidh,  
'S cloidheamh cruaidh gu sgoltadh cheann  
Bodha (*meudach*) agus udhair,  
'S caogad guinach am am balg.
- 7 Siubhail an domhan mu seach,  
'S cho 'n fhuigh thu ann nearch mar Fhionn  
A b' fhearr innhe 'sa b' fhearr ágh,  
Cho deachaidh lamh os a cheann.
- 8 Re eath teaguir bha sinn siar,  
A scalg air slabh na 'm ban Fionn;  
A Phádraig a cheann nan ciar,  
B' áluin a ghrian os ar ceann.
- 9 'N uair a shuidhich Fionn a choin,  
Air an t-srath a bha fú 'n t-slabh;  
Shuidh gach féinnidh air tom seilg,  
Gus an d' cirich sgeilg sin da fiadh.
- 10 Dh' fhuasgail sinn trí míle cú,  
Bu mbaith lúth, sa bhla ro ghar;  
'S mharbh gach cú dhú sin da fhíadh,  
Seal mu 'n deachaidh iall air aird.
- 11 Iodhnadh 's mó 'a chunnacas riamh,  
No chuala Fiann Inse pháil;  
Gu d' mharbh Bran is ea na chneilein,  
Fiadh agus idhir re cae.
- 12 Leug<sup>1</sup> sinn naoi míle fia' barr,  
Air an t-srath a' ta fuidh 'n t-slabh;  
A Phádraig san agus th' beachd,  
Sealg mar sud cho 'n fhuacas riamh.

<sup>1</sup> . . . 9000 Harts, besides Hinds and Roos.

- 13 Thuit leinn naoi míle fiadh bar,  
A eaghnúis carb agus adh;  
Thuit sin air sliabh nam ban fionn,  
Do dh'fháidhach le Fionn nam fleagh.
- 14 Acl an déireadh ar seilgne shiar,  
A Phódraig ann clár 's nan clog;  
Deich céad cu le 'n slabhruidh óir,  
Thuit sin fáidheoidh le céad torc.
- 15 'S ann leim mbarbhadh na tuirc  
A rinn na h-uile air an léig,  
'S mar bhítheadh ar lamha 's ar lann  
Chu deannmaid ár air an t-seilg.
- 16 Biomad hoch fuilechdach fiad,  
Na sheasamh air sliabh Inse-crot.  
Gu 'n ach iall a chom na laimh,  
'S e pilleadh o ár nan torc.
- 17 Sealg mar sud cho d' rinn sinn riamh,  
A dhea' Mhic Ailpáin na miann tlá;  
Guth do cheoláin ann sa chill,  
'S mór bu bhinneam leann an lá.

## I. 8. SLIABH NAM BEANN FIONN. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 29. Advocates' Library,  
April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

## THE FAIR HILLS.—A POEM. Extracts.

OSIAN recollects by this poem the best day the Heroes had ever hunted the deer upon a place, called Sliabh nam Beann Fionn, i. e., The fair and beautiful Hills. 3,000 Heroes handsomely 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 bheud ní 'n ceol;  
4 Cho reachmaid a sheilg i an Ion;  
5 Bhíodh cot air do 'n fhritidh sheimh,  
6 'S clóidheamh cruaidh, bu mbáith sa cholg;  
Botha cruaidhach air dhea' luthadh,  
Chuireadh sinbhal fuí 'n gthach bolg.  
7 A b' fhearr éineach, sa b' fhearr agh.  
10 Bu gharg luth rí aonach ard;  
13 Thuit leinn naoi míle fiadh bar.

## H. 22. HOW GOLL FALL A HUNDRED OF CLANNA BAOISGE WRESTLING. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 36. Advocates' Library,  
Dec. 2, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, Dec. 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy. Not found in the Catalogues of Royal Irish Academy. This carries the blood-feud between Goll and the Clanna Baoisge 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 sinu re fiathach Muc alte;  
'S bha Fionn 'ein ann, Caoilte 's Oisain,  
Luchd a bhrosnaicha gach sealga.
- 2 Bha sinn níl' ann clann Mhic Chuthaill,  
Bha faolan ann Coireall ceármach;  
'S an t-Oscar óg laidair neartmhór,  
Nach cuireadh an cath air cháird.
- 3 Oclagáin air taobh a ghlinne,  
Shuidh sinn uile Clanna Baoisge;  
Do shuidh monad mor air bharradh.  
'S cho bu toiscach rath d' ar doain ain.

- 4 Chuir sinn air coin ris an fhreach,  
Gu clóidh is milleadh na béiste;  
Dh' fhechainn 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 ehlann 'm athairsa bli léthair.'
- 6 'S ann an sin dh' eirich Faodhlan,  
B' e aon laoch spúrmeach gach gnothaich;  
'S ann dhuinne bu lóir a dhonas,  
Gun d' ug e leagadh do Chonan.
- 7 An sin do thainig Goll gruamach,  
Bu shar bheumcannach 's bu chnaí' builleán,  
Seal mun d' fhaodar leinn a chumail,  
Do leag e céud air an tulaich.
- 8 'S ann an sin a dh' eirich Osear,  
'N laoch leis an coisgte 'n cruaidh chómhrag;  
Mar bhítheadh dhann 's deachainn mo gheallidh,  
'S ann dhuitsa b' aithreach ann borbaidh.
- 9 Urram cho 'n fhuigh thusa uamsa,  
'Se labhair Goll gruamach re Osear;  
Gu 'r h-ann leamsa thuit do Shimsir,  
'S bu dearg linntidh le mor lotaidh.
- 10 'N ar measga dh' eirich a' bhuidhin,  
Bhorb na curina r'a chéile;  
Bu lionmhór sgia' bhreac air léith lamh,  
Agus lann bu leathan gle gbeal.
- 11 Chnaidh gach fear air chul a chloidheamh,  
'S chnaidh gach Flath air chul sgéitha;  
Chum 's gu d' fheachamaid le 'r gathaidh,  
Cia bu treise dhinn no chéile.
- 12 Chnaidh Goll mor na chulaidh chatba,  
'S cho bu toiscach rath d' ar doain ain;  
Aig truinnead 's aig triead a builleán,  
'N sin air chláignaibh Chlanna Baoisge.
- 13 S ann an sin a labhair Conall,  
'Ma 's beo dhuine Chlanna Baoisge;  
Díolann an fheall is a mbeodhann,  
'N duí' air chláignaibh Chlanna morna.'
- 14 'N sin do fhreagair an Rígh Féinne,  
G 'e maith do chomhairls 'a Chonaill;  
Fuídh 'm íochsra thainig Clanna morna,  
'S b' iad aon laoich sor-ghlic an domhain.
- 15 An sin do dh' eirich Fionn fialaidh,  
Is Diarmuid déud gheal o dhuimne;  
'S chuir iad na saoi' ean o chéile  
Ge d' bu mhór iargain na bruidhne.
- 16 A togail dhúinn ris a mhullach,  
'S a díreach re uilean an t-sléibhe;  
Ge do tharladh gu 'n bhí marbh dhúinn,  
B' iomadach ann osnaich chléibhe.
- 17 Bu lionmhór ann cuirp gu síleach,  
Agus laoich fuí' iomad creacnaibh;  
'S deilbh nu 'm builleán tromá dóbhidh,  
Thug Goll mac morna mhic 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 Baoisge 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 Goll and his Hounds would draw near and see the sport. Instantly Faolan (one of Fingal's sons) fell on Conan and beat him smartly. Gaul approached and saw his Brother so severely used in his absence, fell furiously upon Clan-Baoisge and overturned one hundred of them upon the Hill before his career could be retarded. Thereupon a battle ensued between the two Clans in which the invincible and brave Caledonian Gaul was like to overcome the Tribe of Baoisge. The amicable Fingal and courteous Dermid restored peace and amity between both Clans.

- 1 Bha Fionn fein ann, Caoilt, is Toscar,  
Luchd a phrosnachadh gach sealga.
- 2 Shluigh siun uil' ann 's Clanna-rùri ;  
Do shluigh Momad mor air bharradh,  
Cha bu toiseach ratha dhuinne.
- 4 Chuir siun ar coin ris an neidheach,  
A chloai', muice nan eag ceura ;  
Bu tréine gainne nan eudann,  
Bha friodh mullaich mar choill chreithich.
- 5 B' e aon laoch conais gach aite ;  
No leigibh nr gadhair fù 'n fhìreach.
- 11 Clum 's gu feuchamaid gum athamb,
- 12 'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar fàith-ne ;
- 13 Mar charrraig air nodann tuinne,  
Air an cìreudh buinnean arda ;  
Bha 'n laoch a trèibh gach buille,  
Beuma guineach dochair gabhaidh.

### II. 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 Conaught,' 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 Dalriods 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 Glencelte, in Argyllshire, and either of the parties was too lazy, and they were not doing so much as themselves, Goll and Fingal thought proper to decide the matter, and that every one would stay on his own side ; their agreement was that whoever would shut the Deer (if he would go after he would get the arrow), on whatever ground he would fall that it would be theirs which had the ground by Lot ; Oscar struck a hart, and fell on Goll's march and took it away, but Goll, according to their agreement, would not allow him the hart since it was his own, they cast out that moment, and a bloody battle began betwixt both parties.

#### DAN 8.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne sa'lg na Leana,  
A tathach an fheidh o 'n Chlach leadh'd,  
Shuidh mi fein air Guala baùil ;  
'S shuidh Mac Chuthail air Coir-easain.
- 2 Shuidh Caoilte air Coire-domhnail,  
Fear a chombhaicha ar Fèinne ;  
'S cho d' fhad a choin no gathair a bhos  
Aon fuidh gu 'n tathach gu h-Eite.
- 3 Shuidh Diarmaid donn gheal o daimhne,  
Gille muirneach na morchuis ;  
Maillè r'a fhr thèrce chatha,  
Thall air nilean enoc na h-Og' ghois.
- 4 Shuidh Mac Morna sun Lia' ghumh 's,  
Tacan siar o Ghuala chuirn ;  
'S g' b' e chidheadh sealg nam fear,  
Bu lionmhor ann b'is daimh dhùinn.
- 5 Ma 'n d' ainig deireadh an lé,  
Dh' eirich gnìomh bu doilich léinn,  
Eidear lodbheann nan arm glus,  
Agus Oscar Mac Rìgh 'n leirg.
- 6 Damh do mhorbh Oscar an àigh,  
Tacan beng o bhuanmh Ghùil ;  
'S thug Goll a bhriathar gu beachd,  
Nach fuchadh é blas an daimh dhuinn.
- 7 Do thog Oscar e dh' a fein,  
'S e 'g eisteach re briathar Ghùil ;  
'S gu b' eisean an Gille fial,  
Thog e air a sgiù 'sa lùn.
- 8 Thainig an t-Oscar donn gu Athair,  
Thainig Maithadh Chlanna bhoisge ;  
Thainig orna sgiù na cobhair,  
'S thainig Colla, mac cruidh Chaoilte.
- 9 Thainig Fionn fein an ceannad,  
Bu chann toann air Chlanna bhoisge,  
'S labhair e le iolach mblhair,  
Thugadh arram 's ba dh' do 'm dhaoinè.
- 10 Thainig Fionn bin Mac Chumhan,  
Le aon fhichead d'èig fùail ghaigeach ;  
'S le nìdh eile do dh' fhuinntidh,  
Do thainig Maighre Mac Baisail.
- 11 Thainig a Macaùil dubh sìobhail,  
Gille gu 'n di meas nan doighrainn ;  
Le aon fhichead d'èig sgiù' mch fannaich,  
'S cho bu charaid Chlanna morna.
- 12 Thainig Mac Nic o-theunnraig,  
A bu ro' mhaith thun an trotaid ;  
Le aon fhichead d'èig sgiù' nach sgrannail,  
'S a bu ro' mhaith theannbhadh totail.
- 13 Le deich ceud euidh do dh' fhuinntidh,  
Do thainig Diarmaid o d'ùmhne ;  
Le 'n gathaidh fiata, feurgach fuileach,  
Gu fìor mhulleach slàbh Mhìe sùimhe.
- 14 Thainig Caoilte fiamh gach catha,  
Le eùig eùid 's trì laoch gu sùimhe ;  
Le 'n lanna' ro' chruaidh gèala,  
An glus catha eum ar coibreach.
- 15 Le deich ceud 's fhichead laoch calma,  
Do thainig Garbh kùmh Mac Morna ;  
Gu lodbheann nan armaibh fùla,  
D' a thearmadh o 'r tional mòr-ne.
- 16 Le trì fichead tréun laoch catha ;  
Do thainig Garbh Mac Morna ;  
'S bu cheannard air trì fir fheachda,  
Gach aon neach dhù teachd gu còmhrag.
- 17 Le eùid ursann eath gu 'n athadh,  
Do thainig Grad lach gu deonach ;  
'S na bha air eul gach euidh,  
Truir laoch fuileachdach gu còmhrag.
- 18 Thainig le eùig fichead calma,  
Dair' airmailtach fùse fèine ;  
Gu Momad na 'm buillean grada,  
'S cho bu rathaid d' ar fir mhòr-ne.
- 19 ' Beannaehd dhuit 's no fuilang tair,  
A Ghùil mhoir do rath Conan ;  
Thoir eadh do 'n Fheinn gu 'n hagsa,  
'S do rath fein a Rìgh cho donaid.'
- 20 ' No deansa sin orsa Duòire,  
'S fearrde ciall a comhairleachadh ;  
Beannaehd dhuit is fuilang tair ;  
Do dh' Fhionn àrd Rìgh Comachda.'
- 21 ' C' om am fuilangeamsa tair,  
Do dh' Fhionn, 's na gabhsa a pháirt,  
'N nair bheiradh é mo dhlìge dhim,  
C' om am fuilangam e gu brath.'
- 22 Thionail Fionn an sin a shloigh,  
Gu Momad mòr nan tréun bhailleg ;  
Bu lionmhor ann brathar ùr dheirg,  
Agus laoch fuidh Lúirich bhuidh.
- 23 Bha deich dorsan air shabh Ghùil,  
'S iad cagnaichd drim air drim gu dochan ;  
Is bha cnogal Laireach sholuis,  
A coimhead gae aon dorais.
- 24 'N sin chuaidh na fir r' a ehtë,  
Gu fuileachdach tréunmhor euidhe ;  
'S b' iomad corp a bha d' an sineadh,  
Le buillean a Mhìidh ghraamhaich.
- 25 Gu b' iomad leith laoh, is leith chos,  
An deis an leadairt le g'our lann ;  
Le buillean a Chùinne chrodha,  
Bha air an lòn shos gu 'n eiridh.
- 26 'S an a chùinte faima a buinne,  
Mar chreag ulean no Beinn eudain ;  
A sgathadh ehnaman is feòla,  
B' e sin an sgeùl bròin nach b' èibhneach.

- 27 Chluinte fuaim air buillean uile,  
Mar thoirm tuinne re la gáibhidh;  
No mar Easaichaibh na 'm beanntaibh,  
Tuíteam ann gach gleann chaol fasaich.
- 28 Cho raibh brochd no torchad,  
Bh' ann an sgiolp no 'n creag no 'n uamh;  
Nach do theich ann an gleantaidh,  
'S ann am beanntaidh fada uainn.
- 29 'Oscar an cumhain no chomain,  
'N uair a bha an Fhianu da leonadh;  
Thug mi airm laoiach a' d' laimh,  
'S mo chonamh nach b' fhan an cómhrag.
- 30 'G' e do dheanamh tu dhamb fein,  
Gach aon nuaith a bha fú 'n ghréin;  
C' om am fuilgeam tailecas Fhinn,  
'N fhear sa bhios an deó am chré.'
- 31 'Cho 'n iongeantach leams ogh Fhinn,  
Bhí neo chumaillach air fhocal;  
'S a bhí borb gu 'n iochd gu 'n dáimh,  
R' a thréun naimhde re la dochaint.'
- 32 Cho deachaidh an Fheinn le gráin,  
Lead aon ionaire o 'n bhlar,  
O' na dh' éirich a ghrian moch,  
Gus an deach i siar a thámh.
- 33 Theie Mac Morna bu mhór gníomh,  
Is na theich cho b' ann gu 'n dí;  
Thorchair drian d' ar Fcúine leis,  
'S dh' fhad mise fuidh léon gu sior.

## 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, Glenruey and Glen-finas 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 SHUIDH mi fein air Guala-chuilinn,  
3 Thall air nilean cnoc nan Ogan.  
7 Thog e leis am fiadh, sa loinn.  
8 'S thainig Colla Mac euraidh Chailte.  
9 Thugar urram buaidh do 'm dhaoin  
10 Thainig Fionn bán Mac Cnathan,  
Le aon fheichead deng euraidh gaisgidh.  
11 Thainig a Mhaeraidh o 'n Isbein,  
Gillean gun mhio-mheat an domhain.  
12 Thainig Mac Rìogh na Eite,  
Nan launa gear 's nan trodan.  
13 Le deich ceud 's fheichead do dh' fhiantaidh.  
14 Le cuig ceud sonn gu sliabh suimhne,  
Na laoiach bu dochair le gear loinn.  
15 Gu Iolann nan arna geura,  
'S bu mhór am beud do Rìogh Phailte.  
16 'S e na bha air eul gach euraidh,  
Triuir hoach fhuiteachdach gu coi-stri.  
17 Do thainig Grad-lamh gu conamh,  
'S bu cheanard air trì ùr fheachda,  
Gach hoach neartmhor teachd gu comhrag.  
18 Gu Momad nam buillean treuna,  
'N hoach nach euraidh an cruai'-chomhrag.  
20 'S fearde Triath a chomhairleachadh.

- 22 B' iomadach ann bratach ur-ghorm,  
Agus hoach ann luraich luthaidh.  
23 Bha deich dorsan air Cathain Ghuill.  
24 Bhuail sinn an sin air a cheile,  
Mar dha bhuiun air sge' nan cuantaidh:  
B' iomad hoach a thuit gau eiridh,  
Le buillean a Mhìlìdh ghraamaich.  
26 A' sghathadh nan sonn sa chomhrag,  
Sgeula broin ata an-eibhinn.  
27 Chluinte toirm ar beum sa chumasg,  
Mar fhainn tuinne ri la gabhaidh.  
28 Cha raibh broc, no torc, no baotban,  
'Bh' ann an eos nau creag, no 'u uainn.  
29 Nuair a bha thu' m bruid ga d' leonadh,  
Thug airm laoiach ann a d' laimh.  
30 'N fhea' sa bhiodh an deo am chré.  
31 A bhí borb gun iochd no baidh,  
'S ann iomar-bhaidh na luchd cogsaigt.  
32 Cha do theich an Fheinn le grain,  
Lead aon ionaire le sghàth.  
33 'S dh' fhad mise fú' leon gun leigheas.

## HOW CUMHAL WAS SLAIN. A. F. O.

IS this ballad, which is old, Fionn and Garradh, of the tribe of Morna, sit at a Pass, and Garradh tells how he and his tribe slew Fionn's father. I will tell all that I have learned about this story when I translate. The ballad seems to fit here amongst Hunting Songs and tribal quarrels. The first is from the Dean's Book, 1512. The second is from the Collection of Fletcher, who could not himself write what he could recite. The third is from the Collection of Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, about A.D. 1800. The ballad is therefore ancient, and it was widely known in Scotland. In the Dean's Book this fragment is joined to a bit of Cuclullin'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 talg churr  
Ay deis er gi . . .  
Hw a feyne agus garri  
Teive er heive in naue tr za
- 2 Giu darrith Finn di zarrì  
Er su zoith na arith  
Or is twss do wee ann  
Kinnis di warve sew cowll
- 3 Di weyr si zwt mi wrarri  
Er bee zwt orm za earre  
Gir heith mi laive laytich lomh  
Chur in kead za in gowll
- 4 For in caddrew zoiss sin  
A clann morn nar zilli  
Is wulling is reawor zoif  
Zess dew mathr a varwi
- 5 Mass for in catdrew leat sin  
Inn wee cowll a halwina  
Leig in curri 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 cine dwn
- 7 Mass di zlassi tussi sin  
Ynichtin er slycht haithr  
Bith lemenor sinni er linni  
Mir weith ein eillytin chowale
- 8 Gowl chor sinn in woyew  
Cowle hue orn mor wihtwr  
Gowl di zoichir a mach sinn  
A greithew ni geith
- 9 Chor dram zeine in nalbin inn  
Is dram elle in dow lochlinn  
In tress dram si zreyg zilli  
Bedit woce cheyl r . .

- 10 Wemir seableyn deyg  
A bagwss errin is ner wrag  
Ner weg in smach downith  
Sinni gu er dew zackin
- 11 In kead lay ehoymir er teir  
Zinse erriu or weimin  
Warveir dein is ner wrak a ray  
Xvi e dein lay
- 12 Di warvis elanna morn  
Dan leichew is . . .  
Cha roif cine dwn zow sen  
Nach cow caydi di v . . .
- 13 Gomith easlone da galnew  
Clanni morn mor vammith  
In ginni feyn bi leytech  
Ann a weaniss far nerrin
- 14 Er a lawsi olach ni wane  
Cha nakgiss horri no hur  
Eine neith hug-pack er mi hwle  
Ach fagsin a chokir
- 15 Hug say teim fame chree  
Re fagsin ni slintec  
Huggimir neim teyg  
A crithew mowin mor zerg
- 16 A royth gasge in r  
Bassid zown owin a warvi  
Gyn deyye er in twlli hawle  
Ymbi woa dwini clann chwle
- 17 Ronimir reith nach royye maule  
Gas in ty in roif cowl  
Huggimir gwn zothiu gr fr  
In g rp chwall zor sleyye
- 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.

An sin an uair a thug iad an aircadh,  
Cuthal a' tighinn dhachaidh an deirdh;  
Dh' fhaighinn bios sho a mharbhaidh,  
Do ehlanna Moirne, bhia fios nig  
Garadh gu 'm bu toil le Cuthal na mnathan.  
Chuir Garadh a phinhtar a mach, gu tachart ri  
Cuthal nu 'n tigeadh e far an robh iad; Bha do  
bhaidh air Cuthal 'nuair a tharladh e ri nnaoi gu  
'n tuiteadh e na chadul. Agus co-luath 's a thach-  
air ise ris thuit e na chadul.

Thainig Mor-nin-Taoichd a mach agus glaoth i le  
h-ard iokach, ma bheò duine do Chlanna Moirne,  
a dhioladh na maithean.

A. 17.

- 6 Thug 'ear leinne ruith nach robh mall,  
'S raing sinn an tigh san robh Cuthal,  
'S chuir sinn gain ghoirt gaeh fear.  
Ga shleagh ann an corp Cuthail.
- 7 Bheuchdadh è mar gu 'm bi dh' mart ann,  
'S raiochleadh è mur gu 'm biodh tore ann  
Is ge nach b' onair e mhae Righ,  
Bluranna Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 8 Sin agadsa Fhinn mhie Cuthail,  
Beagan do sgeula nu d' athair;  
Gun fhuath gun fhlochadh o shin,  
Gun eisemall na gun urram.  
D' thubhairt Fionn an sin.
- 9 Ge nach d' rugadh mise  
Ri linn Chuthail na 'n gear laun.  
An gnioch a rinn, sibhse gu taircal  
Diochaidh, mise ann an aon là è.  
A deir Garadh.
- 10 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin fhir,  
Bhiodh 'g ionnachd an slighe t-athar;  
Cuirse ad cairdeas air cul,  
'S tog do 'n fhlochadh choit-chionta.

A. 18.

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 Phersonic 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 IXNIS Ullin nan binu ghlor,  
Bend ehlanna Morna air M' athair;
- 2 Phill Cuthal le aoibhneas,  
Mar ghrian ag eirigh gun smal,  
Rinn a thalla buadhach gaire  
A' cur failt air righ nan Cath.
- 3 Bha cheuman dearg le fail rianh,  
'S lionmhòr osna craidh 'na dheigh;  
'S lionmhòr 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 speur,  
Fraoch ag eiridh gu h-ard,  
An ceo bha lasadh le ioghnaidh,  
As torran broin a buireadh bais.
- 5 Chunnaiè Garra ceun an fhir,  
Chunnaiè 'sa chridhe g'a chradh;  
Bha smaoin a smaoin am fail,  
Bha aghuin a' sireadh aich.
- 6 Le smeatha breige a dh' fholuich run,  
Chuir e failt air Cu nan ceud,  
Failt ort a Chuthail buadhach,  
Failt is buaidh leat anns gaeh ball.
- 7 Chuir thu t-sealg gu h-ard abhrech,  
'S maith do philleadh natha gun chiall  
Gabh mo phuithar is aille dealbh,  
Biodh air di-chuimhn sealg an Duin.

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.

THUIRT Fionn ri Gairidh Moirne.

Bho nach d' rugadh mise san àm,  
Gionnus a mharbh sibh Cuthal?

B' e Cuthal Athair Fhionn,  
Deir Garra.

- 1 Is e Cuthal a rinn oirne an tair,  
'S e rinn a' mòr sgaradh,  
'S fhada dh' fhògair Cuthal sinne  
A mach air chrìochabh nan coimhach.

A. Verse 2.

- 2 Chaidh dream againn do dh' Albainn,  
Is dream eile do 'n Du-lochlan,  
'S an treas dream do 'n Ghreige a tuigh,  
Air chrìochlaibh nan coimhach.

A. II.

- 3 A chend latha do bha sinne,  
Air foid Eirinn nan gorm lann,  
Mharbh e dhinn is bann r' a 'n a' reamh,  
Seachd ceud deng air aon leannin.
- 4 Do mharbhadh do Chlanna Moirne,  
D' ar Fiannaibh 's d' ar maitheibh;  
Is rinn e an sin càrn d' ar caudhan,  
Ann am fìadhnais na Feinne.
- 5 'S e rinn trom air eridheachan,  
Air cuing a lhi na bhì na slindceiribh.

- 8 'S leat i ga mor beartas,  
Dean do cheart ri, is do run;  
Mar reult an oidheche shainthe,  
Dealradh air linne bhuig,  
Las a maise a cruth crolbearg.
- 9 Bu deas dìreach grunn a ceum,  
Mar gheug uaine fo lan meas,  
Thug an rìgh a throm ghaoid trom,  
Bo ighinn Mhorna nan cruaidh cholg.
- 10 Chaill e luathas, thuit fo gheasaibh,  
Cùirdh riamh nach d' fhuair a chlaoidh;  
Sgrìth is fann an gheann nan lon,  
Cha b' iognadh ged a dhoadh e.
- 11 Cheangail iad an rìgh mu lar,  
Rinn iad tair ga chuir fo smachd;  
Mbarbhte leo an cùirdh calma,  
Bu mhòr 'armachd ag neart.
- 12 Mar cheo air mullach na beinne,  
'S don shìon a' bagradh mu 'n cairt d'i,  
Sheall Fionn is osna broin.  
O chom a' dusgaibh.  
Cha bhì Cuthal gun dioladh.
- 13 Chunnacas tighinn nar dail,  
Garra Mòr a mhi aigh;  
Las ar fearg mar chur theallach,  
Thog gach fear a shleagh o thalamh.
- 14 Thuir Fionn o nech d' rugadh mi san àm,  
Cia mar mharbh sibh Cuthal?
- 15 'S e Cuthal a rinn oirm an tair,  
'S e rinn oirm an mor sgaradh,  
'S fada dh' fhogair sinne Cuthal  
A mach air chrìochan nan ciombeach.
- 16 Bheuca e mar gu 'm bi mart ann,  
Roiceadh e mar gu 'm bi Tore ann;  
'S ged nach b' onoir e mbach rìgh,  
Bhrama Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 17 'S in agadsa Fhinn Mhic Cuthal,  
Beagan do sgeulaibh t' athar;  
Gun fhuachd gun fhalaich o sin,  
Gun eiseamaid gun urram.—

## THUBHAIRT FIONN.

- 18 Ged nach d' rugamsa ri linn nan geur lan,  
An guiomh a rinn sibh gu tarail,  
Diolamsa an aon la e,
- 19 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin Fhùr,  
Bhì 'g imeachd an slighe d' athar,  
Cuirsa an cairdeas air chul, (naimhdeas)  
'S tog do 'n fhalaich mhairin.
- 20 Cairdeas cha do thoil sibh nam,  
Chlanna Morna na mor uail;  
'S mar bhithinn baigheil ribh,  
'S fada o 'n a chlaoidh 'ur faram.

## GARRA.

- 21 Mar chreag an aomaich ud shnas,  
Cruaidh sheanslach ata sinu;  
'S cuirear an cath gun theall,  
'S nìr lubar ceann do chlanna Baoisge.
- 22 Chaidh cuilin is aighir mu 'n cairt,  
Dh' fhogair bròn gu fuachd nam beann;  
Dh' ulluich gach gaisgeach e fein,  
Gu euchd cathream nan lann.
- 23 Dh' fhalbh an oidheche san ceo duinte,  
'S ghoir a chuach air bharrabhaich chrann;  
Dhuisg a' mhadaim o leaba san ear,  
'S dh' or a' ghrian gach teachd is fonn.

## THE DEATH OF BRAN. D. F. M. O. Z.

This probably was the great traditional dog fight, in which Graidine saw the love-mark on Diarmaid's brow. The first two verses are curious, because they make the Wren, who is king of all birds everywhere, Fionn's doctor. I print D. M. is the same so far as it goes. F. is nearly the same. O. is a mosaic of fragments. Z. is a fragment with another fragment tacked on to it, in the mind of an old man who is now living in Ness, Lewis. This bit about Fionn's cup belongs to the Death of Diar-

maid, but I have no other version of it. The story is part of the blood-feud of Fionn and Goll. The Hound which caused all the Norse Wars dies at last by the hand of his master's favourite son; and here begins the obituary of the Heroes, who conquer each other, because nobody can conquer them.

## D. 22. CHAIDH BRAN A MHARAIGH. 56 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 5, 1872.

- 1 LAG as lag oirn ars a chorr,  
'S faddhich crom mo Luirg' am dheigh;  
Nam bristin se Ia nochd,  
Cait am faighin Luss na Leigh?
- 2 Leithisidh mish' I ars an Dreolan,  
Fon leithis mi moma rohlaid;  
A Chorrìbh ha fos mo chion,  
'S mishe leithis Fion nam Fleigh,
- 3 An La bharibh shin an Tore liath  
'S immid Fian a bhan 'sa T-shleigh;  
'S immid Cuilain T-aoibh gheal sheang;  
Bha taibh ri taibh san Bheinn bhuig,
- 4 Nar a tshuich Fion an Tealg,  
Shin nar gualaibh Brann 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 naigh uilt ra Dhruim;  
Dherich Goll Mor Mac Smaile,  
Cuis nach bu choir mu Cheann Coin.
- 6 Bhagair e 'n Laibh an ro Bran,  
Gun Dail hoird da ach a bharaigh;  
Dherich Ossain beg machd Fhinn,  
'S coig eoid deig an cothail Ghuill,
- 7 Labhair e an Cora ard,  
Caisgin do T-shhuigh garg a Ghuill,  
Bhual mi Buille don Eil bhugh,  
'S do na Balgìlth F-ìndùrrnich.
- 8 Dhanlig mi an Tor na Cheann,  
'S truaigh reinn mi 'm Beid ro i sheann;  
T-sheod mo Chulain har a Ghuain,  
'S gu 'm innigh leis mi ga bhualadh.
- 9 T-shruthidh e na Frassilbh Fhalla,  
Fo Raisginin mearraig glannigh;  
An Laibh leis 'ndo bhual mi Bran,  
'S truaigh nach han fon Ghuain a sear.
- 10 Mun dreim mi am Beid a bhos,  
Gur truaidh nach hann eigh a chaitis;  
Cìod a Bhuaidh a bhìgh air Bran,  
Arsa Connan uaibhrich near.
- 11 Fon ab aois Cullain do Bhran,  
'S fon a chuir mi Conn-ial air;  
Cha nachd fas am Fianibh Fail,  
Lorg Feigh an deis fhaghal
- 12 Bu bhath e hauthin Dorain Duin.  
Bu bhath e hoirt Eisg e Hothin;  
Gum bear Bran a mharaigh Broe,  
Na Coin an Talauid' a thanig.
- 13 Cheid Leiggidh a huair Bran riabh,  
Air Druim na Coille coir lia;  
Naovar do gach Fiagh air bith,  
Bharibh Bran air a cheud Rith.
- 14 Cassilbh buigh bha aig Bran,  
Da T-shios dhuthidh as Tarragal;  
Draim uaine mu'n inghìth' 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 FADA lag arsa Chorr,  
'S fada eom na lurga 'm dheidh ;  
'S cha na Briscusa mo chasan,  
Cia mar gheibhin lus na leigh.
- 2 Leighsidh mis' thu arsa 'n Dreoilan,  
Bho leighis mi moran riondadh,  
A chorr ad' tha os mo cheann,  
'S mise a leighis Fionn na Flath.
- 3 An latha mharbh sinn an Torc liath,  
'S iomadh Fionn bha ann sa shleagh ;  
'S iomadh Cuilean eomh gheal eomh,  
Bha taobh re taobh sa' mhointich bhuig.
- 4 Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg,  
'S an a' Ghabh Bran fearg r' a' chuid ;  
Throid an da choin ann san t-sliabh,  
Bran gu dian agus cu' Ghuill.
- 5 Mu 'n fhadh sin smachd a' chuir air Bran,  
Thug e na naoi uilt o' dhrum,
- 6 An sin 'n nair clunnaig,  
Goll mar thachair ghabh e fearg.
- 7 Dh' eirich Goll mor mae smail,  
Cuis nach bu chorr mo Cheann coin ;  
Bhagair e 'n lumb san robh Bran,  
Gun dail thoir da ach a' mharbhadh.
- 8 Dh' eirich Oisain beag mae Fhionn,  
Is seach cend deug an coilladh Ghuill ;  
Is labhair e an comradh aird  
Caiscream d' shluagh a' Ghuill.
- 9 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eile bhuidh,  
Is do na bailgeabh inndairnich,  
Is dh' adhbhacadh an tor na cheann,  
'S truagh rinneadh 'm beud co-teann.
- 10 B' iogha leam chuilean fein,  
Mise ga' bhualadh le h-eil ;  
Is shileadh e' na frasa fola,  
Air a' rosgabh ranna ghlaa.
- 11 An lumb leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh nach ann o' n' ghuailean sgar ;  
Mu 'n d' rinneadh am beud a' bhios,  
'S truagh nach ann eug a' chaidheas.
- 12 Ciod a' bhuaidh a' bhiodh air Bran,  
Arsa Connan uaibhreach near ;
- 13 Bho b' aois cuilean do Bhran,  
'S o' dhuineadh con-ial-air ;  
Cha 'n fhacas a' nair na' n' oir,  
Lorg feith an deigh fhagalach.
- 14 Bu mhaith e' thathan dorain duinn,  
Is cha mheas thoir e'isg e' h-amhuin ;  
B' fhearr Bran a' mharbha' na brochod,  
Na coin na talmhinn 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' chuid ruidh.
- 16 Cosa buidhe bhiodh aig Bran,  
Da shlios dhubha is tar geal ;  
Druim uaine an suitheadh sealg,  
Da chluais chorrach chro-dhearg.

M. 16. MU MHARBHADH BHRAIN. 46 lines.

- 1 AN LA mharbh sinn an Torc,  
'S iomadh Fionn a' bha san t-sliabh,  
'S iomadh Cuilean taobh gheal sealg,  
Bha taobh re taobh sa' bheinn bhuig.
- 2 'Nuair a' shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg,  
'Sin nuair a' ghabh Bran fearg r' a' chuid ;  
Throid an da choin sa' n' t-sliabh  
Bran gu dian agus Cu' Ghuill.
- 3 Mun d' fheacas smachd a' chuir air Bran,  
Dhealach e' naoi uilt r' dhrum,  
Dh' eirich Goll mor mae smail,  
Cuis nach bu chorr mo cheann coin

- 4 Bhagair e 'n lumb an robh Bran  
Gun dail a' thoir da ach a' mharbha,  
Dheirich Oisain beag mae Fhionn,  
'S eug cend deug an coilladh Ghuill.
- 5 Thainig Bran mun cuairt,  
Sann leam bu' chruaidh gu n' tainig,  
Bhuail mi buille do' n' eil bhuidhe,  
'S do na bailgeabh fui an dairnich.
- 6 Dh' adhbhac me 'n tor na cheann,  
'S truagh a' roinn me am beud r' a' cheann !  
Sheall mo' chuibhin thair a' ghuailean  
Bhoghadh leis mi ga' bhualadh ;
- 7 An lumb sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh an ghualain nach do s'gath,
- 8 Mun d' rinn mi am beud a' bhios,  
Gur truagh nach ann eug a' chuidheas
- 9 — Ciod a' bhuaidh a' bhith air Bran ?  
(Arsa Connan uaibhreach near)
- 10 On a' b' aois Cuilean do Bhran,  
'S on chuir mi riadh Coin-ial air ;  
Cha 'n fhacas le Fianndhail fail,  
Lorg feith an deigh 's fhagail.
- 11 'S bu mhaith e' thoir a' Bhruc a' fuill,  
Bu mhaith thu e' luman Dorain duin.
- 12 Ach eud leigeadh fhuair Bran,  
Air druim na coilleadh coir-liath,  
Naoinear do gach Fiadh air bith,  
Mharbh Bran air a' cheud rith.
- 13 Cosa bhuighe bhiodh aig Bran,  
Da shlios duth, is tar geal ;  
Druim uaine an suighe sealg,  
Chuaas corracha cro-dhearg.
- 14 An lumb sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran  
Struagh o' n' ghualain nach do s'gath.

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 chorr,  
'S fada eom mo lorg a' m' d'heigh ;  
Ach nam brinsinusa mo chosn,  
Cia mar gheibhin lus an leigh.
- 2 Leighidh mise thu, arsa Dreoilan,  
'S mi leigheas moran riondadh ;  
A chorr 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 eom gheal eomh,  
Bha taobh ri taobh sa' mhointich bhuig,  
'Nuair a' ghabh Bran fearg r' a' chuid.
- 4 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eile bhuidhe.  
'S do na bailgeabh iondarnach ;  
Dh' adhbhacadh an Tor na' cheann,  
'S truagh rinneam beud co teann.
- 5 B' iogha leam chuilean a' bhuaidh le h-eille.  
Is shileadh e' na frasa fola ;  
Air a' roisgibh roinn<sup>1</sup> ghlaa.  
An lumb leis na bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh nach ann o' n' ghuailean sgar,<sup>2</sup>  
M' an d' rinneadh am beud a' bhios,  
'S truagh nach ann do 'n eug a' chaidheas.
- 6 'S iomadh cleachda' cruaidh dian,  
San robh Bran triath nan cu' ;  
'S truagh a' nis a' dheid do 'n eug,  
'S nach faic a' m' d'heigh mo chù.

Bran's death.

<sup>1</sup> rann.

<sup>2</sup> sgath.

- Black dog 7 Chumneas la a teachd o 'n leirg,  
Fear a chòmhaid deirg sa chlan duibh ;  
Bha Aille 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 ;  
'Leigeanas sar chùinean mo Rìgh,  
Cha 'n fhàich gnòmh g' an clair air eul.
- 9 An cu dubh is gearbhe treis,  
Mharbhadh leis trì mìle Cu.  
Ach 'nuair thainig deircadh an lù  
Labhair Fionn gach glòir cheart  
Dh' eirich e measg an t-snaigh,  
'S dh' amhairc e gu truagh air Bran.
- Golf-dog- 10 Throidas dà choin air an t-sliabh,  
fight Bran gu dian is Cu Ghuill ;  
M' an dh' fhead sin smuachd chuir air Bran  
Thug e na naoi nìt o dhruim.  
Oganach o 'n thain' thu steach,  
Sìd mar thorehadh do chù.
- 11 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac Smaol,  
Cuis nach bu choir ma choin a leas<sup>3</sup> cheann ;  
'S bhagair e 'n lamb an robh Bran  
Gun dàil a thabhairt ach a mharbhadh.
- 12 Dh' eirich Oiscan beg Mae Fhinn,  
'S seacht eud deug an comhaid Ghùill ;  
Labhair e an comha iad,  
Caisgean do stuagh ghurg a Ghuill.
- 13 Mhosgail clachan 's talamh trom,  
Mhosgail sìd fo bhonn an cos ;  
Ma dheire geill do Oiscan thug  
Goll mor nan ceas leith.<sup>4</sup>
- 14 Thainig oganach a' m' dhaill,  
Ciabh bhàth a leagh mo eire ;  
Thog e 'n t-sleagh gu uadhrach dian.  
'S sheol gu fiadhach chum mo bhog.
- 15 Ach seakan mu 'n rachadh tu eug,  
Imis dhomh fein co 'n thu ;  
Eibhin, Oiscan gur e m' ainm,  
Thainig mi o storm le m' choin.
- 16 Shaoileam nach faighinn san Fheinn,  
Na chuirwadh creuchd air For ;  
Ma ri<sup>5</sup> dhomb sìubhlach nan car,  
Agus Bran le mead a luth ;  
Cha 'n fhaca mi cu san Fheinn,  
Nach fhagaim a' m' dhèigh san Dun.
- 17 Dun a' choin duibh, Dun os niar,  
Far an cireadh grian gu moch,  
Sin thairt 'Conan maol gun fholt,  
Faihear dhomh m' annsachd nan lann,  
'S gu 'n sgrathain an eam de chorp.
- Manu. 18 Cha 'neil cairdeas agam ruit,  
A Chomain mhaol gun fholt ;  
B'annsa leam bhifogheasaibh (alias foghrasubh)  
Fhinn na bhì fo d' smachd.
- 19 Ma tharladh dhuit, fong gheasaibh fhein,  
Cha 'n imcar mise beud air flath ;  
Ach cuirtean thu do d' thir fein,  
Lamb threun a rinn mior chath.
- 20 Gheibh thu do roighinn a ris,  
Cleamhas, no Comunn, no pairt,  
No do lamb a char fo 'n Fheinn.  
Cha dean mise ort Fhinn,  
Am fad a bhithes an deo a 'm chorp,  
Aon bhuille t-aghadh, fhath gu brath.  
'S aithreach lean na rinn mi ort.  
Cha 'n ann ormsa rinn thu e,  
Ach ort fein tha bhàth a nochd.

<sup>3</sup> Ias.<sup>4</sup> Baigh bhagaim riamb.  
Labhair 'Sòilte bu mhine Cruth.  
Tha glocas na Feinne uile.<sup>5</sup> A Chasite air dol a dh' aon bhreunim can  
No seala na nnaid sìtha.<sup>6</sup> A chaidh an aon riochd ruinne.<sup>7</sup> Marbh.

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 Cìod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,  
Arsa Conan uabhrach near ;  
O b' aois cuilein do Bhran,  
'S o dhmadh cu iall air  
Cha 'n fhacas an Ear no 'n Iar,  
Lorg Feidh a riamb a dh' fhag e.
- 23 Bu mhaith e thagan Douran duinn,  
Cha mhiosa thoirt eisg a b-amhaìn ;  
B' fhearr Bran a mharbhadh nam broc,  
No Coin na taluhainn<sup>6</sup> a thainig.
- 24 A cheud leagadh fhuair Bran riamb,  
Air druim no Coille Coire iath ;  
Nanor do gach fiadh air bith,  
Thuiteadh le Bran air a' cheud ruidh.
- 25 Casa<sup>7</sup> buidh bha air Bran,  
Da sblios 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 gach dhith.

<sup>6</sup> a Albuin.<sup>7</sup> Otherwise thus described :—

Bha cos dubha air Bran,  
Da thaoibh bliidhe is tarra gheal,  
Druim uaine air cuilean na seilge.

<sup>8</sup> Al. druim uaine air an suidheadh seal.<sup>9</sup> Bhi-orach.

## Z. BRAN. 10 lines.

Written by Mac Phail, from Murray, 1866.

- 1 SROGAN buidhe bha aig Bran,  
Da sblios Dhubh 'us tarra gheal ;  
Druim uaine air dhreach na seilge,  
'S da chluais chomhanta-cho-dhearg.
- 2 Cha do sbil mi deur a riamb,  
Ach nu Bhran 'us ma Osear aill ;  
Mu nhal ionmhuinn an taobh ghil,  
'S ma Chreacail a chnadh mo chridh.
- 3 Ach an lach leis na bhuaill mise Bran,  
'S truagh nach an bho 'n ghuailean 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 sgrìan gheur do Fhionn ;  
Soilse 'us rath-dorcha-dubb,  
Chite sud an fad a crinn.
- 2 Cha robh deoch a dheidheadh 'sa chorp,  
Nach denadh fion dearg na beor,  
Na deoch bhriagha laidir ghlan,  
Air an bitheadh iad sen aig òl.

## FIONN'S CONVERSATION WITH AILBHE.

THE story told, is, that Fionn neld 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 Schright's collection, purchased at Col. Vallaney's sale, June, 1792. It contains a Law Tract, copied from the Book of Ballymore; 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 Ballymore.

The second version is in H. 1. 15, p. 653, (1738). 'The Psalter of Tara,' O'Donovan's Catalogue, p. 86. The com-

position is described as, 'a curious specimen of old Irish proverbial sayings.' The book is a large paper folio, of 961 pages, beautifully written. It purports to contain copies of older vellum MSS., such as the Book of Leinster, of the 12th century. 'Fionn's Conversation with Ailbhe,' is like the vernacular of Scotland, and the North of Ireland. It differs from the first version. Mr. Whitley Stokes was kind enough to transcribe it. He says, 'the MS. is horribly corrupt, and of some passages I can make nothing.' From this I gather that the language is vernacular, spelt by an unlearned scribe. I give both versions: my own first attempt at transcribing from an Irish manuscript, and a transcript by one of the best living Celtic scholars, who is familiar with the difficulties of the oldest Irish manuscripts.

For lack of Irish type, 7 stands for et=agus—and, 4 for ar. 7<sup>1</sup> means et-ar. Sh7uibh means sh7uibh. úr 7 cr'ón means úr *onus* erion. 2 means r.

This sample may help to explain how difficult it is to read the contracted Irish writings of country scribes.

Page 58, H. 3. 9. Trin. Coll.

STASECH seghuim Fhinn h-bhaoise na fri h-ailbhe ghuib-ric Inghen Corbnaic Seann.

- 1 Cíodú as líomna ina f'ar ar Fionn? Drúchd ar an inghen.
- 2 Cíodh as teó ina tine ar F—? Gnuis dhúic maith granaguid aoidhídh gan biadh aige doib ar an i.
- 3 Cíodh as luaithe ina gaoithí of F—? Memna mna ar an i.
- 4 Cíodh as míllí ina míl of F—? Biathra tochmhúice ar an i.
- 5 Cíodh as dúibhe ina fiach of F—? Ég ar an i.
- 6 Cíodh as r lbe ina neibhe of F—? Áthais namhot ar an i.
- 7 Cíodh as faobhré ina clíon of F—? Cíall mna 7<sup>1</sup> dha f' 4 an i.
- 8 Cíodh as fer do sh7uibh ar F—? Sgían ar an i.
- 9 C. as maoithe ina dhúim ar F—? Dearna f'a lecan ar an i.
- 10 C. as líng f'a g' luš ar F—? Tenchoir ghubhain ar a. i.
- 11 C. as gíle ina sneša ar F—? Fírine ar á. i.
- 12 C. hion erñ fil accoill ar F—? Adho ar an i. i. úr 7 cr'ón.
- 13 C. as aille dath ar F—? Ruidhedh saor cloíne ar á. I. Aniar amolta no an aortha.
- 14 C. as b'osa ina curulín ar F—? Aign7h mna 7<sup>1</sup> 2 f' ar an i. (etar da fhear).
- 15 C. ar nach gabh glas ina slabhre ar F—? Rosg.
- 16 C. as f' do mhnaoi ar F—? Tíás fos feile ar á. i.
- 17 C. as f' do rosg ar F—? Fuar dorcha cothadh ar á. i.
- 18 C. líon each íngheas taillte ar F—? A dho ar á. i. i. fírec, 7 báinec.
- 19 C. as f' do bhíadh ar F—? Blios ar á. i.
- 20 C. as f' do léach ar F—? Gríomh ard 7 maill ísiol ar á. i.
- 21 C. as mesa do bhíadh ar F—? Sblíonach ar á. i. 7 ól c'2a ar e. long<sup>d</sup>.

Maith tra a. i. ar Fionn maibh coll reasa do cozm<sup>e</sup> do buidhín le. ínthiaghóir coill seach caillte ar á. i. do meill<sup>t</sup> tás gan corcar. eabhoz hion gan nliodh. ínthiaghóir taillte g' chairpte. Ranoz forbo gan faobhra íengoid eich g' s'ana. dlúighth<sup>t</sup> f'ón cen tuathoibh. brist' cnu g' dédu. Toghadh eích athgha tochmhúice, see Cozm<sup>e</sup>. Dia bhíaghoinsi t b'ín uadhoir do dhentaoe b'ín iochtair diom Re<sup>t</sup>

Page 653. H. 1. 15.

CUMHBRIATHAR FINN 7 AILBHE.

- 1 Cídh is letheo na rian [sca]? ar Fionn. Is letheo in ceo, ar Ailbhe inghen? Cormaic, nar gabaidh se ar muir 7 a tir.
- 2 Cídh is ferr do sheadaibh? ar fionn. Scian ar Ailbhe.

<sup>1</sup> MS. cuimbratar.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ingea.

- 3 Cídh is gíle na sneachta<sup>3</sup>? ar Fionn. Fírine bhár Ailbhe.
- 4 Cídh is luabhu sic<sup>4</sup> berlthar [sic] re gach lúcht? ar Fionn. Tenchar gabhann bar Ailbhe.
- 5 Cíod is ma'fóithí na cludh? ar Fionn. Derna re lecan ar Ailbhe.
- 6 Ca lín erann adchí suil? ar Fionn. Adó ar in ingen. i. úr 7 cr'ón.
- vii. Ca mac leo genes o mnaí maírbh? ar Fionn. Fadad ingui [sic] gam [sic] air in ingen.
- 8 Cídh<sup>4</sup> is aillí dath? ar Fionn. Ruidhídh saorebháine ar in ingen.
- 9 Cídh his briseídh na culrain<sup>5</sup>? ar Fionn. Aig-nedh mna baithé cambaire ar in inghen.
- 10 Cídh in [sic] nach gabh glas? ar Fionn. Rosg daon'a in caraid ar in inghen.
- 11 Cídh is maith do rosc? ar Fionn. Fuar olar [sic] dorcha ar in inghen.
- xii. Cídh is mesa do rosg? ar Fionn. Gres grís gorta ar in inghen.
- 13 Cídh is ferr do rígh? ar Fionn. Gníomh ard maill íseal ar in ingen.
- 14 Cídh is fearr do mnaí? ar Fionn. Tíás fos feile ar in inghen.
- 15 Cídh is ferr do bínth? ar Fionn. Bliect ar in inghen uair maith a the, maith a thugh, maith a thana, maith a ur, maith a críon.
- 16 Cídh<sup>6</sup> bíadh is mesa? ar domhan? ar Fionn. Sblíonach dorchoirp [sic] te ar in inghen.
- 17 Cídh is teo na tení? ar Fionn. Gnuis flúir tel gos degaid danha gan a cuil aige ar an inghen.
- 18 Cídh is luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Men[ma] mna ar in inghen.
- 19 Cídh is míllí na míl? ar Fionn. Briathra carad im chuir vel tochaire ar an inghen.
- 20 Cídh is dúibhe na fiach? ar Fionn. Éng ar in ingen.
- xxi. Cídh is uil maile na iara<sup>8</sup>? ar Fionn. Com-baíre fir bháith ar in inghen.
- xxii. Cídh is ollraichí [sic] na saill tuir<sup>9</sup> mesa? ar Fionn. Miosgais doberhar ar shearc ar in inghen.
- xxiii. Cídh is failti cimesgí [sic]? ar Fionn. Boidhí mna fo macmh ar in inghen.
- xxiv. Cídh is truna slataibh? ar Fionn. Fuacht ar in inghen.
- 25 Cídh as [s]erbhí [ná] neimh? ar Fionn. Aithais nambal ar an inghen.
- 26 Cídh is geri na clóidemh? ar Fionn. Cíall mna bídh idir da fer ar in inghen.
- 27 Ca líon each tegaid go Temrauidh? <sup>9</sup> ar Fionn. A dhó ar in ingen. i. báineach 7 fearach.
- xxviii. Cídh as tana nan tuisgí? ar Fionn. De bar in ingen.
- 29 Cídh as haithí na gaoth? ar Fionn. Memna<sup>10</sup> duine bar in inghen.
- xxx. Cídh is lethú corbhadh [sic]? ar Fionn. Lethú lear ar in inghen.
- xxxi. Cídh as garbí carrag? ar Fionn. Traigh tairgeach ar Ailbhe.

Maith thrath a ingen ar Fionn. minbhadh millíndh rechta no cana do Cormac ar is faomfáinn [sic] tocht i cuimhteach 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. sneachtaídh. <sup>4</sup> MS. ciadh.

<sup>5</sup> MS. cadh. <sup>6</sup> A cucumber.

<sup>7</sup> MS. mesadh.

<sup>8</sup> Is this a mistake for *íathbu*, 'a Cat'?

<sup>9</sup> What number of steeds go to Tara?

<sup>10</sup> MS. memna.

THE STORY OF DIARMAID.

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. X.) 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, 'a single character' the woman who saw it loved Diarmaid. The sarcer, 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 Fairs 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, comes or marries Grádhine, daughter of Cormac mac Art (H. L.). 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. L.) The unfaithful wife is unfaithful to her lover. The husband, uncle, and commander, Fionn, with the Fenne, pursue the fugitives. At Newry (H. L.) Fionn's tribe quarrel, and Goll's rival tribe rejoice. Thereupon, Fionn counsels his grandson Oscar (H. O.), whom he wishes to succeed him. After many adventures, through the cunning of Fionn, whose gift was a knowledge tooth, Diarmaid is enticed into a bear hunt. He slays the Bear, which no one else could overcome. The uncle bids him measure the Bear against the bristles; he wounds the sole of his foot with a poisoned spike, which was the Bear's mythical gift. The uncle will not cure him with his mythical cup. He recites his exploits, declares that he is Diarmaid of Newry, Connaught, and 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. Am bruth chaoran; 3. Tigh Teadhra; 4. Latha bhotham. 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 Comal, 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 Grádhine in 1855. The earliest and the latest versions, oral and manuscript, agree as to the story; and cross-references to other parts of the Fenian story abound in these Scotch ballads. From Cape Clear to the Ord of 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 Olan, near Loch Carron, in Skye, and somewhere in Sutherland. Beim Gullan, where the Bear was roused, is in Sligo and Skye, and somewhere in the middle of Scotland; where also is Gleann Sith, where the mythical Bear 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 Bear; in short, the Story of Diarmaid is traced in topography, genealogy, and Gaelic mythology throughout the regions where Gaelic is spoken. 'Against the bristles' of the national myth. Mac Pherson printed in 1760 fragment VII., at page 31. Ossian tells the Son of Alpin that Dermid and Oscar were one. They killed Dargo (Goll killed Dargo). Dargo's daughter, who was Oscar's grandmother, was loved by both (one was her grandson), but she loved Oscar. Dermid politely requests Oscar to pierce his bosom. Oscar ignorantly calls his uncle 'Son of Momy,' 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 Bear. I owe the reference to Mr. Hector Mac Lean, who first called my attention to Tacitus, cap. 45, 'Germania,' in December, 1862. Bohm'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 Suevi, but their language more resembles the British.<sup>1</sup> They worship the Mother of the Gods;<sup>2</sup> and, as the symbol of their superstition, they carry about with them the figures of wild Boars.<sup>3</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 Saxe-Gotha and Conrand, 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 Syntho-Celtic language which long prevailed in Britain.

<sup>4</sup> A Deity of Scythian origin, called Frea, or Frica. See Mallet's 'Introduction to History of Denmark.'

<sup>5</sup> Many vestiges of this superstition remain to this day in Sweden. The peasants, in the month of February, the season formerly sacred to Frea, make little images of Boars, in paste which they apply to various superstitions uses. (see Ecard.) A figure of a Mater Deum, with the Bear, 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 mayri w'owle  
Wce nyr it tayne sin nagyu  
Is bert nach falyer a wlyng
- 2 Dyth zhagis elwycht is couzar  
Er chompan zaw neysy tayr  
Dyth zhagis nuan gin gillaa  
Is dyth wilelis myschi a zraynaa
- 3 Dyth zhagis nunnid is meyzgegr  
Curme is greyzgin is garae  
Dyth zhagis elwirth fylli  
Is dyth willis myschi a zraynaa
- 4 Keiltaa mor is n'lowith  
Deysy er nach drwngi tayraa  
In feyth nyr roywaa ryanna  
Dyth wilelis mischi a zraynaa
- 5 Goll is oskyr is osseyne  
Acma nach corrith partaa  
Dyth bynnywne leo sen synnyth  
Dyth wylelyss myschi a zraynaa
- 6 Fynn fawn in agnaa rawwoyr  
Is woygh zaitmo faitaa  
Dyth zhagis nunn-haych hee  
Is dyth wilely myschi a zraynaa
- 7 Myr aweys in moyf chaythi  
Zoysschi ne hewyr zayraa  
A covad oywaa hyggi  
Dyth wilelis mischi a zraynaa
- 8 It doll ter wennew borriaf  
Is er wollyth forynnych ban . . .  
Ne mor nach tursyeh synnaa  
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynaa
- 9 It doll ter ess roygh roinyth  
Is beg nar obyry my wayle  
Faa rohwyr geltti gliinni  
Di villiss missi a zraynnyth

10 Waym gi faddi is gi haazar  
A tastil cyrrin aní  
Is trane di woyr sen sinni  
Di williss mischi zranj.  
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 Heinesey.—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 stood, 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 drooping of the Roasts, and in the night time under the drooping of the Lintels. They did so, and confined 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 kindest 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 *Coin-tad*) 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 Graïne, and the smith took her away against her will, and they hid 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 Graïne were married together. When they were at meat Graïne 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. Graïne 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 Lochoy 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 Graïne, then she knew him; for Diarmaid was enchanted not to eat or drink in any place where women would be till they would take the first of it: That he would not hear the howling of dogs chaiting, 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. Graïne stabled a knife in Diarmaid's thigh, for she endeavoured to kill him when he killed the Giant). Diarmaid ran away and did not touch her; then she 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 Cuntire, named Shiabhgaol, 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' moen a ghoiras a Chórr,  
Air an lón a' ta 'n Shiabh-gaol,  
A mhic o duimhne d'an d'ug mi grábh,  
Ciod e 'm fáth mu 'n d'rim i 'n gloadh.'
- 2 'A Ghraïne inghean Ghorjala' nan stéud,  
A bhean nach d'rim an eúam cóir;  
Innsseansa sin dhuit gu ceart,  
Do lean a cas re leac réit.'
- 3 'A Ghraïne is áille snagh,  
No blith ehrann naime faí' bhlah;  
Ach tha do ghráidh cho iona luath,  
Re neoil fhuachd an tús an la.'
- 4 'S' ole a dh' inir thu do bhéas,  
'N nair dh' fhuasgaíl gu léir mo rádh;  
Chuir thu mi gu h-áruaidh cruaidh;  
'S' truaigh a rinn thu orm a Ghraim.'
- 5 'Thug thu mi o léuchair Rìgh,  
Gu bí 'm dhìbarach re 'm la;  
No nar chumhachag na h-oidhech,  
Ag caoidh aobhneas feadh gach áit.'
- 6 'S' ann tha mi mar agh no fiadh,  
Feadh gheantaidh diambhair gach la',  
Cho mbànaach leam f'haiesinn aon  
D' an raibh gaol dhamb teach nan slógh.
- 7 'Threig mi mo dhaoine gu léir,  
Bu ghile cré no sneachd air fáir,  
Bha 'n eiroidhe dhamb ionmhuinn faí,  
Ma a ghrian 's speuran ar.'
- 8 'Ach lion iad anois le tuath,  
Dhamb a suas nar chuan nach traoidh,  
O na nìceadh thu mi a Ghraim,  
O! Cho b' ághor dhamb do ghaol.'
- 9 'Chail mi 'm f'hearran leat re 'm ré,  
'S' mo eathlach bréid ghead gu air sail (brath)  
Chail mo shéuda agus 'n ór,  
'S' goirt a léon thu mi le d' ghráidh.'
- 10 'Chail mo dhúthaich is mo dhaimh,  
'S' 'm flúir nach b' fhann air chulamh sge';  
Chail mi caoinbheas agus grádh,  
Fhearr Pháil 's nam Fiann gu léir.'
- 11 'Chail mi aobhneas agus ceól,  
Chail mi coir air 'm onair féin;  
Threig Eirinn mi 's na bliet ann,  
Air son d' aon ghráidh is do spéis.'

- 12 'Cho 'n fhaod mi pilleadh gu bráth,  
Re Fiamtidh Pháil bu mhór dhaith;  
'S fuathaich le Fíonn mo bheus,  
No ua' bhéiste is géire greann.'
- 13 'A Ghráine is gile cruth (snaugh)  
Cho b' fhearr do ghluasad dhuit féin;  
Roghnaich thu dol leams' mar fhuath,  
No bhí 'n suaimhneas Rígh na Féinn.'
- 14 'A Dhiarmaid is gile gnáis,  
No sneachd úr, no cunch sléibh;  
B' ionmhúinne leam fuaim do bheóil,  
No na bha do shról san Fheizn.'
- 15 'E' ionmhúinne leam dreach do shúl,  
'S do rosgaibh úr ghorm mar fhéar;  
No na bha do neart 's do dlí úr,  
An talla mór Rígh na Féinn.'
- 16 'S am ball seirce bha d' ághaidh ghil,  
B' ionmhúinne no míl' air srabh;  
'N nair a chunnaig m' e shuas,  
B' ionmhúinne no sblhagh 's Rígh Pháil.'
- 17 'Thuit mo chroidhe féin a síos,  
'N nair echnaig m' d' ionhaidh' 's d' áill,  
'S mar a fuighinnis thu re 'm thaobh,  
Cho bhithainn is t-shaogh 't aon la.' (mar thu)
- 18 'A haoch chaoimh is gile bos,  
Ge d' 'mí rinn do leoch gu léir;  
Gabhra aris leam mar mhnaói,  
'S bheir m' móid a chaoidh nach treig.'
- 19 'C' om an gabhamsa mar mhnaói,  
Thusa' bhean aith maith do ghléir, (maoth)  
Aon le a threig Rígh na Féinn (dliúbir)  
Is ní féin na dhéidh gun ghó.'
- 20 'Is ge do threig mise Fíonn,  
Mun tuitim le caoidh is brón;  
'S ge do threig m' ris thu féin,  
'N nair bha m' gu léir lan leoint.'
- 21 'Cho treig m'í thu 'nois a chaoidh,  
Ach gréidh ionmhúinn dhuit síor fhas;  
Mar mheanganaibh úr a craoibh,  
Le teas caomhail fad mo lá.'
- 22 'Coi-liou thusa bhean do rádh,  
'S go do mhár thu m' gu brón;  
Gabhidh m' riut féin mar mhnaói,  
Ge d' roghnaich thu 'm Foghhuair mór.'

They followed them one another as before, and continued in an island, where was a cave in a rock and an hid Bed: though any one would find the cave out, he would never find the Bed, and there was also fresh water in't: and that Rock is supposed to be a small island at the coast of North Knapdale named in Gallic Carri-andaimh, opposite to Dura in Argyleshire, 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 Gornuda, or Gorn-lamb, then King of that realm, who had a beautiful Daughter, named Grany, or Gradlinghean, signifies the Loveliest of Maids, with whom Fingal fell in love and married to the great joy and satisfaction of both parties especially Gornuda, 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 denie 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 Helt (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 Duinnhne, 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 equip'd 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 Duinnhne 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 Luttre, in Argyleshire, 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 TEUGA a dh' imir thu do bheus,  
Dh' thuasgail thu gach ro' la;  
Stiur thu m' gu h-ánradh cruaidh,
- 5 Stiur thu m' o aros Rígh,  
Bu mhór prís, gun ionar-bhaigh;  
Teach na feileachd teach na slugh,  
An bu lua' g-hiarrach na baird.
- 6 Thug u m' o luehuirt Fhíonn,  
Au bu bhínn na teuda ciuil;  
An diu' nar Mheabhag nam beann,  
'S bronach, fann tha m' gan míur.
- 8 Bha 'n croilbe dhamb daimheil dlu,  
Mar a ghriann ann iul an la.
- 10 Chaill m' m' dhearann agus m' fíeil,  
'S mo ehabhlach breideach nan tuon;
- 11 'S m' fláir a b' fhearr ann cath nan céud;  
Chaill m' einnach agus ceol,
- 12 Chaill mo run a bhios, is thall;  
Chaill mo chearann anns' an Tur,  
Bu mhó eho ann Innis Ghall.
- 13 Fu Fiantaidh Pháil, nan gearr lam;  
14 B' ole an gluasad, 's cruidh an seoid;  
Roghnaich tha allmhaidh nam beann,  
Sach a bhí aig Fíonn 's an Fheinn.
- 15 A Dhiarmaid is glaine gnáis,  
No na bha cheol 's an Fheinn.
- 16 'S do ruigs úr mar osnach ré;  
No na bha do thriubhaidh oir,  
An talla mór Rígh na Féinn.
- 17 Am ball seirce bha t-ághaidh ghlain,  
B' annsa na sa mhagh, na bha;  
'Nnair a chunnaig m' do shnauidh,  
B' ionmhúinne no nuall Rígh Pháil.

? Cormac.

? Sgeolhan.

- 18 Las mo rún, is leagh mo chroídh,  
'N uair chunnaig hobhearachd t-aill ;  
Mar a fuighinse do ghaol,  
Cho bhithinn is t-shaogh' I mar tha.
- 19 A laoch chaoimh is eile bos,  
'S mor mo lochl, ach 's mor an secul ;  
Gabhna inghean Ghormla nan sonn,  
Bheir mi móid nan tom nach treig.
- 20 Aon t-é dhíbir Ríogh na Feinn,  
'S a thug speis do 'n Anchair mhoir.
- 21 Ge do dhíbir mise Fíonn,  
O na b' annsa leam do ghloir ;  
Cha do thaobh mi 'm Fámhair treun,  
'S mor a b' eibhinne do cheol.
- 22 Cho treig mi thu choi'ch a rún,  
Ach gra dh' as ur a síor fhas,  
Mar mheanganaibh maoth nan eoraibh,  
Le teas ghradh nach troidh gu brath.

H. 25. HOW THE HEROES FOUND OUT DIARMAID AND HIS WIFE IN THE NEWRY, AND HOW OSCAR KEPT HIM FROM BEING EXECUTED THAT DAY.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 107. 212 lines. Advocates' Library, Dec. 18, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER some continuance in Carric-an-daimh, Diarmaid went to a great wood in Ireland named Newry, to hide themselves there from the Heroes: they one day saw a Ran-tree full of Berries, they climb'd into the top of it, and were gathering some of the fruit. The Heroes were hunting in the woods that day, they were getting no sport: they were tir'd and said that they would sit down there it self, they all sit down among the trees; Oscar and Fingal happened to sit aside the Ran-tree under Diarmaid, and began to play on Dice, for to see which of them would play on the Fiddle. Oscar was not playing right, Fingal wish they began again, Diarmaid saw that Oscar was not playing right, (and to perform his promise, see) he cast a berry down on the table so straight, they looked up and saw Diarmaid and Graine in the tree: immediately Fingal ordered Diarmaid to be executed, but Oscar would not allow him to execute Diarmaid that day, because it was directing himself Fingal noticed him: Ossian and all his sons came to Oscar to wage a battle to Fingal and all his Heroes and preserved Diarmaid from being executed that day.

<sup>1</sup> Fiddle is a corruption for 'fíthcheoll,' a chess-board, or board for playing some game.

DAN 24.

- 1 'S CUMHAIN leam an iomairt úd,  
A bha aig Flath na 'm Fiann;  
E fein is mo mhac,  
'S ann Iughar so shíar.
- 2 Shuidheadar san Iughar,  
Eidear Mlúth is Mhaith;  
Is theannadar re h-íomairt,  
An t-Oscar is am Flath.
- 3 Theannadar re h-íomairt,  
Is cha b' i 'n íomairt bhaoth;  
S dh' íomaireadh an Fhídhál,  
Eidear an diais laoch.
- 4 Dh' íomairt iad an Fhídhál,  
Eatarra gu propail,  
Gus an d' eirich an fhocal,  
Eidear Fíonn is Oscar.
- 5 Bheamar fein ann,  
Is bha mo dhiais mac;  
Air leith ghualainn Fhinn,  
'S gur h-ann leinn a b' aít.
- 6 Dh' íomairtadh an ceud cluich,  
Air Oscar le Fíonn;  
Mar tha mi d' a nithris dhúit,  
Gu ro' n-bhaith 's cumhain leam.
- 7 Air íomairt na h-ath cluiche,  
Dh' eirich an t-ole braghad;  
Air leigail do Dhíarmaid,  
An eorann air a chlar.

- 8 'N uair a chunnaig Oseair  
An eorann air chlar;  
Rug e air gu dea' fhápidh,  
Is chuir e fear na áit.
- 9 Air aithneach nan eorann,  
D' aonnan sin do dh' Fhíonn,  
Labhair e gu faodhbharach,  
'Tha meach os ar cionn.'
- 10 Chunnaig sin gu h-árd,  
Os ar eann san Iudhar;  
Díarmaid agus Grainne,  
So an secul is cumhain.
- 11 So mar bhíodh na briathraibh,  
Eidear ruinn gach la;  
Bhíodh na caogad mallachd,  
D' a thabhairt air Grainn.
- 12 'N sin labhair Fíonn fáidh,  
'N laoch curanta cosgar;  
'E' e teagasg díreach Dhíarmaid,  
Is íomairt ealamh Oseair.'
- 13 Labhair an sin Oseair,  
Gu socarach calma;  
'Nach fhaodadh an laoch Díarmaid,  
A briathraibh a shial' cha.
- 14 'Na cuir mi air mhearaichain,  
A laoch cia maith do lámh;  
Air ghea' bídh an Sheangair,  
Thall sa bhos mu 'n chlar.'
- 15 'S cho scéinnar an Fhídhál so,  
Am feast ann am fhia' nais;  
Gus am fuigh mise,  
A ní a' ta mi 'g iarruidh.'
- 16 'Labhair an sin Oseair,  
Mo dhea' mhac 's mo rún;  
Cia Rígh do na feara so,  
Ann san bhéid do shúil.'
- 17 'An círic na h-as-nmhachd,  
A fhuair mi as bhur leith,  
Cho b' ulair leam Díarmaid,  
Fhagail fuídh mo bhreith.'
- 18 'S ole a bhreith Rígh Fhéinne,  
A bheir tu féin Fhínn;  
G' e fuathlach leat Díarmaid,  
Bu choir a leigail leinn.'
- 19 'Cho 'n ole a bhreith Rígh Féinne,  
Bheir mi féin air mealtoir;  
A dh' ímich le Grainne,  
'S an diu gu dán rinn falsachd.'
- 20 Labhair an sin Oseair,  
'Cho d' rinn e rianh d' fhaoil;  
'S nam bíodh hoch d' ar 'n uivesabbuidh,  
Bu choir a chuir ruinn.'
- 21 An sin do labhair Faoghlan,  
Deadh mhac eile Fhinn,  
'Gur ro bhorb leinn Oseair,  
A labhras tu ruinn.'
- 22 'Cíod dheanamh tu Fhaoghlan,  
Re dol an líthair cathanaibh;  
Gu gearrainn do chnámhan,  
Mar bhútheadh ánsachd d' athar.'
- 23 'Bha fhreagrach sud aig Faoghlan,  
'S cho bu fhreagrach meathaich,  
Bheiremsa dhuit Oseair,  
Mo dhulain a' d' aghaidh.'
- 24 'Nín urrainn thu Fhaoghlan,  
Nó aon neach mun chlar;  
Aon fhocal d' an abarainnsa,  
Ghabhail claoídh os kairah.'
- 25 'Gur mór an guth sin Oseair,  
Fhír nan cosgar catha;  
Gan toir thu oirnn eirídh,  
'S an ioragail le 'r 'n athair.'
- 26 'Cia maith thus' is d' athair,  
'S na cathaibh gun tíome;  
Gu toir mi mac o duimhne,  
O Chlanna baioisce nile.'

- 27 'Bu mhor dhuit sin Oseair,  
Do radh Goll tósd nan beumaibh ;  
Gun doir thu 'n laoch d' ar ain deoin,  
O thionail Fianm na h-Eirann.'
- 28 'S duiladha leam do bhrosnacha,  
A Ghuill chosgaru threabhach ;  
'No 'n Fhéinn bhí dhámh mí fhreagarach,  
'S gach laoch le bhagairt treabhídh.'<sup>1</sup>
- 29 'Ma se sin a deir thu,  
Fhir le 'n caomhe d' fhacal ;  
Dean do dhíochéall dhuinn,  
Air an turra sin a ghlac thu.'
- 30 'An turm so 'nois a ghlacamsa,  
An láithair na Féinne,  
Ní 'm faodar gu bheil agnaibhsa,  
Na bheirais dhíom e reigainn.'
- 31 'S mór a chúis a deir thu,  
Ge maith gu léon is leadairt,  
Dean do dhíochéall dhuinn,<sup>2</sup>  
Air an turra sin a sheasamh.'
- 32 'An túrnn so' nois a ghlacamsa,  
Am fiadhlais feara Pháil ;  
Druid a'nnaas a Dhiarmaid,  
Is glacams' thu air lámh.'
- 33 'Thig mis orsa Diarmaid,  
Chugadsa 's gu d' athair ;  
Gur mor leam bhur barantas,  
A dhol an láithair catha.'
- 34 Thainig Diarmaid chugainne,  
'S cho b' ann air leas ;  
B' iomadach laoch againne,  
A dhíochéallachd sa ghreis.
- 35 B' iomadach corp crécaidh,  
Ce urlamb na Féinne, (Fuí)  
Agus lanna leadarach,  
Ag leadairt a chéile.
- 36 Cho 'n flacas re' m chuimhne,  
Urlamb bu mhó géire,  
No clann Fhinn is Oisain,  
Air corpaibh a chéile.
- 37 Seachd cénd 's fíchead Toisach  
Do mhuintir Oseair úr,  
Chuir Faoghlán gu dea' thapídh,  
Le aon lámh air cúl.
- 38 An sin do labhair Osear,  
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 hu deacair r' a aireamh,  
Na bha armaibh a cosgairt.
- 40 Bu luath' e no eas oghann,  
No seobhag tríd na h-ealtainn,  
'S gu 'm bu léir a dheacraich,  
Na pluvonnadh e fuí' chasaibh.
- 41 'Gun togar oirnn nar inisge,  
'S an feaste mar sgéul ;  
Gun na laoch so theasurgain,  
O leadairt a chéile.'
- 42 'An sin do labhair Conan,  
'S 'e cuimhneachadh na falach ;  
Leigar do Chlanna Baoisge,  
Cuirp a chéile ghearradh.'
- 43 'S mise Conan iongantach,  
Is tusa Goll nan beumaibh ;  
Leig do Chlann Fhinn is Oisain,  
Air corpaibh a chéile.'
- 44 'An cumhain leat an t-iomruagadh,  
A rinn iad oirnn' na h-Eirinn ;  
O Ríoghachd na Feadaílte,  
Gu ríoghachd na Gréige.'

- 45 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,  
'S na Beagaibh fuí' mbealamh ;  
'S nae leigadh an t-eagal dhuinn,  
Loo cabail a dheanamh.'
- 46 'Nach cumhain leat roimhe sin,  
Gu coilleannaid gu snaimhneach ;  
Air urlar nan leabaiche,  
Au cleitáiche srót uaine.'
- 47 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,  
An ríoghachd Breatan blá'-mhor ;  
Aig Cúmhall d' ar 'm iomruagadh,  
'S aig fodhlad a bhrathair.'
- 48 'Cho 'n fhaod mi fein innseadh,  
Gu deireadh an domhain ór-bhúidh,  
Na thuit an síu le Cúmhall,  
Do Mhathbhedh Chlanna Morna.'
- 49 Seachd láithe do bhieamar,  
Tíomheall air an Iudhar ;  
Seach ceud, is caogad Toisach,  
Do thuit anu gu h-uilídh.
- 50 A nochda' ceart an sgéule,  
Dhuit a chosm nan clair ;  
Do thuit caogad laoch,  
Le' m fhaodlibhar do 'n Fhianm.
- 51 Is briathar nach bréngadh,  
Dhamhsa fein re rádh ;  
Do thuit céud calma,  
A thuileadh air cáeh.
- Differently placed in I.
- 52 'N sin labhair Fíonn re h-Osear,  
'A laoch cuir cosg air h-armaibh ;  
Mam bí Clanna Morna,  
Na 'r deidh beó au Albeinn.' (Albainn in I.)
- 53 Sin e 'n d' úr-sgéul fíor,  
Dhuitsa Chleirich chaich ;  
Mar dh' eirich an d' iombhriseadh,  
Eidear Fiamtidh 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 Morna and Baoisgne. Conan Mac Morna speaks.—J. F. C.

#### I. 19. DIARMAID. 304 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 96. Advocates' Library, April 9, 1872. Copied by Macoolu Macphail.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

In this forlorn and discolorate state Dernaíd and Grany pursued their journey to a small in the Chanel between the Continent and the Island of Turra, supposed to be Carig-an-dáimh, 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. Dernaíd 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 Gamboling. That he should ever obey the highest power or the voice of Fingal, &c. All these vows helped in their turn to shorten his days and hasten his death. Fingal and his Bands happened to be on a hunting party, came into the woods of Newry and rested himself under the shadow of the very rantree, whereto Dernaíd 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. Dernaíd upon recollection of his oath directed Oscar by the berries upon every point he should move wherely Oscar won and Dernaíd was discovered, who was ordered by Fingal to be instantly executed. Oscar

<sup>1</sup> I. 28. A bagairt sgreadaíl gearlann.

<sup>2</sup> I. 31. No dhíreadh ao rúa  
O na 's duth ach dhuit bhí seasadh.



insisted upon his reprieve. Disputes ran so high that the whole tribe of Clan Baisge were divided into two factions the one with Fingal and the other with 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 'Crossmachd 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 Mhuc, 'se thuir an Rìgh,  
Oscar, a rìgh nan òg fhilath,  
Chomhaic mi deudra do bhoine, 's b' e m'uaill
- 4 Bli 'g anhare do bhuaidh sa' chath,  
Lean gu dlùth re clù do shìmsreachd,  
'S na dìibr a bli mar iadsan.  
'N nair bu bhèo Treunmhor nan rath,
- 8 Is Trathull athair nan treun hach,  
Chuir iad gach eath le buaidh,  
Is bhannaich iad clu gach teugmhail;  
Is mairidh an iomradh san dàin
- 12 Air chinmha aig na baird 'an dèigh so—  
O! Oscar, claoidh thus 'au treun-armach,  
'S thoir tearmann do 'n lag-lànach fhemmach;  
Bi mar bhunne-shruth rodhairt greamhraidh
- 16 Thoirt gleachd do naimhdean na Féinne,  
Ach mar thann-ghaoth shéimh thá shamhraidh  
Bi dhóibhsin a shìreas do chobhair—  
Mar sin bha Treunmhor nam buadh
- 20 'S bha Trathull nan ruag 'na dhéigh ann:  
'S bha Fionn 'na tháice do 'n fhaun,  
'Ga dhion o ainneart luchd cucoir.  
'Na abhar shìnim no lámh,
- 24 Le fáilte rachainn 'na choinneamh,  
Is gheibheadh e fasgradh is cáird  
Fo sgáil dhritheineach 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 TUSECHD.

OSCAR CAOMH AN TREUN ARMACH;  
Bi cuin ris an anfhann fhemmach;  
Bi nar shruth rodhairt greamhraidh,  
A cáite naimhdean na Féinne,  
Ach nar thoth chinne shearub bhilath shamhraidh  
Dhóibhsin 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 lan ni vane
- 3 Estih beg ma zalew leith  
A chuddyehit cheive so woyrn  
Er wenn Zwlbin is er inn fail,  
Is er M'ezynn 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 zci

- 5 Lai M'ezynn narim ay,  
Da by gin dorcheir in tork  
Gillir royth ba zoill finn,  
Is sche assne rin do locht
- 6 Er fa harlow a zail,  
M'ozynn graw nin sigoll  
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 scheun tork schee bi gavr,  
Di vag balleryeh na helve mok
- 8 Soeyth finn is derk dreach,  
Fa wenn Zwlbin zlass in telga  
Di fre dimit less in tork,  
Mor in telga a rin a shelga
- 9 Di elastich cozar ni wane,  
Nor si narri teach fa a kann  
Ersi in a vest o swoyn,  
Is glossis woith er a glenn
- 10 Curris ri faggin nin leich,  
In shen tork schee er freich borh  
Bi geyr no ganth sleygh,  
Bi transeygyh na gath bolga
- 11 M'ozynn ni narri geyr,  
Fragor less in na vest olk  
Wa teive reytl trom navynyth gay,  
Currir sleygh in dayl in turk
- 12 Brissir an cran less fa mre,  
Si chran fa reir er in thwe  
In sleygh o wasi waryer'a vlaye,  
Rait less noehalar hay na corp
- 13 Targir in tan lann o troyle,  
Di chossin mor loye in narri  
Marvis M'ozynn fest,  
Di hanyth feyn de less slane
- 14 Tuttis sprocht er Inn ne wane,  
Is soysis sea si gnok  
Makozunn nar dult dayve,  
Olk less a hecht lane o tork
- 15 Er weith zoith faddi no host,  
A durt gar wolga ri ray  
Tothiss a zermi o hocht,  
Ga maid try sin tork so id taa
- 16 Char zalt ay achonyth finn  
Olk leinn gin a hecht da hygh  
Toissi tork er a zrum,  
M'ozynn nach trom trygh
- 17 Toiss na ye reiss,  
A yermi gi meine a tore,  
Fa lattis trogyh ya chin,  
A zil nin narri rind gort
- 18 Ymbeis he hurrs goye,  
Agus toissi zayve in tork  
Gunne i freich neive garve,  
Boon in leich bi zarg in drod
- 19 Tuttis in sin er in rein,  
M'O'Zwne nar eyve 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 chayme fa art
- 21 Saywic swlzorne essroye,  
Far la berri boye gi ayr  
In dey a horehirt la tork,  
Fa hulehin a chnokso a taa
- 22 Dermit M'O'Zwne oyill,  
Hnttom tra ead nin noor  
Bi gil a wrai no grane,  
Bu derk a wail no blai k . .
- 23 Fa boe innis a alt,  
Fadda rosk barglan fa lesga  
Gurme agus glassi na hwle,  
Maissi is cassi gowl ni gleacht

- 24 Binnis is grinnis na zloyr,  
 Gil no zoid varzerk vna  
 Mayd agis evycht sin leich,  
 Seing is ser no kness layn
- 25 Coythye is maaltor ban,  
 M'O'Zyne bi vor boye  
 In turri char hog swle,  
 O chorreich wr er a zroy
- 26 Inmir deit eyde is each,  
 Fer in neygin creach nar charre  
 Gilli a bar gasga is seith,  
 Ach troyg mir a teich so glenn.  
 Glenschee.

D. 21. MAR MHAIRIBH DIARMAID AN TORC  
 NETHIDH. 66 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad No. xi. Copied  
 by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 4, 1872.

- 1 EISTIEH beg mas aill leibh Laoidh,  
 Air Chuidichd O Chuid sheo chaidh;<sup>1</sup>  
 Air Bein Ghullibin sair Fion fal,  
 'S air Mac o Duibhne nan seul truaidh.
- 2 Dhimir iad 's bu bhòr an Fheal,  
 Air Mac o Duibhne bu dearg Beal;  
 Dol do Bheinn Ghullibin a T-shealg,  
 Tuire nach feididh arm a chlaoidh.
- 3 Dharich a Bheist as a snain,  
 Dhaibhire i napidh an Glean;  
 Dhairich I Faragra nan Fian,  
 Teachd a noir san niar na ceann.
- 4 Mac O Duibhne nach' dob Daibh,  
 Chuir e 'n T-shleigh an dail an Tuire;  
 Bhris e into an cran na Thri,  
 Bu reachdar leis a bhi san Mhuic.
- 5 Harruing e t-shean Launn fo 'n Truail,  
 A bhainigh Bauidh ans gach Bhar;  
 Bhaireibh Mac O Duibhne a Bheist,  
 Hachir dha fein a bhi slan.
- 6 Hnidh shin uille air aoin Chnoc,  
 Laidh moor shrocht air Cean Fhail fail;  
 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 dhfir thobhis,  
 Ha an Frioigh na Mnice fiaghich;  
 Cha ne shin iddir a Tobhis,  
 Tobhis a rist I Dhiarmaid.
- 9 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid a rist,  
 Na aoghidh ga minn an Torc:  
 'S leitsa do Raothin ga Chionn,  
 Iulligh nan arm rein-gheur goirt.
- 10 Dherich e, 's be 'n Turris gaidh,  
 As thobhis e ghaibh an Torc;  
 Houll an Frith bla nibhal garg,  
 Bonn an Laoich bu ghang san Trodd.
- 11 Aoin Deoch ghosa e d' chuach Fhinn,  
 Fhir nan Briaridh blatha binn;  
 Fon chail mo Bhrigh 's mo Bhlaoigh,  
 Ochoin gur a truaigh mar dohir.
- 12 Cha doir mishe dhuit mo Chuach,  
 'S cha bho choibhris mi air Hiota;  
 Fon 's beg a reinn thu dom Leas,  
 'S gur moor a reinn thu dom, aibheas.
- 13 Cha dreinn mishe Cronn ort riabh,  
 Houll na Bhes an oir na 'n iar;  
 Ach innichd le Grain an Braid,  
 Sa Huar gum thobhairt fo gbeissibh.
- 14 Gleann shi an Gleann sheo rar Tacobh,  
 'S Sionbhor Guth Feigh ann as Loin;  
 Gleann an trioc an roibh an Fhian,  
 Anoir san niar an Deigh nan Conn.

<sup>1</sup> sheo chaidh uain.

- 15 An Gleann shin fos Beinn Ghullibin Ghuirm  
 'S aligh Tullachan ha fon Glrein;  
 '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-shiugh ri Taibh an Tuire,  
 Shin sgeul fhaitir dnit gu dearribh.
- 17 Giulligh Eiddh oir as Each,  
 San Eigin nan creich nach gann;  
 Laibh bu bhor Gaisge a Gnomh  
 Ochain mar ha 'n T-saigh san Ghleann.  
 Crioch.

H. 26. HOW DIARMAID WAS KILLED  
 BY A WILD BOAR.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 116. 344 lines. Advocates' Library, Dec. 20, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

DIARMAID and GRAINE deserted from Fingal to a place called Eas-ruaidhe, in the county of An . . . a steep river which empties itself into the . . . and made his abode in the woods there also . . . The Heroes were passing by the sea shore at the end of the Cataract one day, and Fingal saw a spear that Diarmaid cut off a stick in the water, and immediately knew that Diarmaid was in the woods thereabout, for the spear curled round nine times, and it was s . . . quarters long; there was none in Ireland that could do the like) loosed his dogs and let them through the wood after a wild cat which meet them there (for he knew that Diarmaid would not break his vows, see. When Diarmaid heard the dogs howling he appeared unto them; then Fingal did not know how to kill him because he was an excellent warrior unconquered in combats; unless he would break his law, and this was it, he would let but one go to fight with any person once, (for he knew that they would conquer the whole world by that regulation) and for another reason none of his best Heroes would answer him to kill Diarmaid since he was guiltless in taking away his. But Fingal was very cunning, he went to a . . . a mountain, called Beinnghulban, to kill . . . 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 betwixt his snout and his tail, on his back; he measured the beast downward with great care and leisure and nothing happened to him: Then Fingal desired him to measure the horrid Boar upward against his Bristles, and that he would get any reward or request he would ask: The unfortunate Hero was in great confusion for he dare not break either of his oaths, nor measure the beast upward, but he knew if Fingal would fetch to him out of the Fount, in his own golden Cup, by his own hand and the will of his heart, that it would quench the issue of his wound. He measured the Boar upward on his back . . . Bristles wounded the spot, then his blood ran down on the Hill like a rivulet's . . . He asked then a drink of the Spring of Fingal, but he would not gave that until he lost the least drop of his blood and fall on the heath: Then the Bards and his . . . lamented over his grave exquisite bitterly, and repents more than ever he did, that he put the excellent warrior who was also his nephew to such a shameful painful and pitiful death.

DAN 25.

- 1 'S GLEANN sith an gleann so r' nar taobh,  
 Far an biodh faidh fhaidh is lon;  
 'S gnathaichte ruidheadh an Fhian,  
 'S an sruth shiar an deidh nan conn.
- 2 Eisteadh beag, mar fill libh Laoidh,  
 Air a chuideachd chaoimh so ghluais;  
 Air Beinn-Ghullkann 's Flath na 'm Fiann,  
 'S mac o duimhne nan sgial truaigh.

- 3 'C' om nach eisteamaid re d' Laoibh,  
Oisain ionduinn 's binne glóir;  
No coin nan cladaich ag caoifhiran  
No coin chóill re teachd an léi.
- 4 Latha do bha mo Rígh fialaídh,  
. . . fhiamtidh nach b' fhaidhach sgá,  
. . . sealg feadh ghicantina dianshair  
Theirín sion síos gus an tráidh.
- 5 . . . sin chunnaig mo Ríghsa,  
. . . ir thus fíor fhréne Pháil;  
. . . shlisag na ceartaig fhuin gheal,  
'Sí naoi filte teachd gu saíl.
- 6 Rug e orra na bhois fhoir-ghláin,  
'S dh' amhairc gu bior-shuilach géur;  
Thomhais e i le chois mhaisiach,  
'S b' e fad cuig traidhe is réis.
- 7 An síu do labhair gu fiathaich,  
'S e Diarmaid rinn so gun bhéir;  
'S cho 'n aon neach do dh' Fhearra Chormaic,  
No do cholgaraiach na Féinn.'
- 8 Dh' eitich mo Ríghsa gun bhéir,  
'Nach gabhadh e féidh no deoch;  
Gus am faichte gnáis an fhóinidh,  
Ma bha 'n Eirinn beo an sloe.'
- 9 Chuir sinn ar gadhair fuí 'n t-sliagh,  
'S fuí 'n choillríoch ro' dhianhair chaoín;  
A deidh fia' chat nau carna,  
'S gu cluineadh e 'n sgairín san gaoir.
- 10 Chual an loch nach b' fhuain am blár,  
Gaoir an áird re síos an t-sleibh;  
Aguas labhair e r' a mhaoi,  
'Cho 'n éist mi gadhair na Féinne.'
- 11 'A Dhiarmaid eistsa na gadhair,  
'S nach eil ann ach fadlaidh bhéirige:  
'S deacair taobain re Mac Cluthail,  
Léis is cumhair bhí gun chéile.'
- 12 'Ge de cho 'n eist mi na gadhair,  
'S taodhlidh mi gach fadaidh sleibhe,  
Bu nár nan leigain mo shealg dhír  
Air son an-rún Rígh na Féinne.'
- 13 Do thainig Diarmaid gus a ghleann,  
Gu Féinn ainmeil Inse pháile;  
Is b' ait an sealadh le Fíonn,  
A thigheán nan ceann 's nan lámhe.
- 14 Chuaidh sin gu Beinn-ghulbann ghuirn,  
'S áille tulach tha fuadh 'n ghréin;  
Bu ghnáthaicht' le a shrathaibh dearg,  
Sealg bhí orra dh' Fhíonn na Féinn.
- 15 B' i Beinn-ghulbann leab an tuire,  
A bha tric fuadh chosaibh fhiadh;  
Mu chomhair deudh mhac o duimhne,  
Do chaill Grainne cónn sa ciall.
- 16 Shuidhich Fíonn 's bu dearg a leac,  
Mu Bheinn-ghulbann ghlaos an t-sealg;  
'Fair a Dhiarmaid air an torc,  
'S mor an lechd a rinn an fheall.'
- 17 'G eisteachd re con-ghaoir nan Fiann,  
Near sa niar a teachd n' ar ceann,  
Dhuig an an-beist as a suain,  
'S dh' imich i nainn air a ghleann.
- 18 Chuir air re faeisinn nan laoch,  
Scan torc nimhe nan fraoch borb;  
Ba treine gháinne nam fiadh,  
'S bu ghéire ghatn nan guth bolg.
- 19 'Sean torc diambair do tha 'n sud,  
Lín do fhuil allaidh 's do ghúin;  
A Dhiarmaid mhíe o duimh ud fháil,  
Leanso féin an an-beist uile.'
- 20 Lean an loch bu tal'mhídh lámh,  
An an beist a' b' áirde friodh;  
Charaich e chuige 's na dháil,  
Mar fhuaim tuíne n' áirde lith.
- 21 An t-sleagh o 'n bhois bhar-gháil bháin,  
Chuir eisean na dháil ga lot;  
Do bhris e 'n crann air na thri,  
'S dh' fflag e 'n ceann aic shios na chorp.
- 22 Tharruing e 'n t-sean lann a truaill,  
Léis am fuadhna bnaidh 's gach blár;  
Thorchair le O duimhne bhéist,  
'S thainig e féin uaithe slán.
- 23 Do luídh sproichd air Flath nan Fiann,  
'N tra' shuidh e siar air a chnoc;  
Leasan cho bu tras áirgh,  
Diarmaid a theachd slán o 'n torc.
- 24 Air bhí dh' a tannall na thost,  
Labhair e 's gu b' ole re rádh;  
'A Dhiarmaid tomhais an torc,  
Cia líon troidh o thechd ga shaíl.'
- 25 Rianh cho d' eitich aon ni 'n Fhóinn,  
A chuir iad r' a ré na dháil;  
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dhruim,  
'S thainig e féin uaithe slán.
- 26 'Tomhais na adhaidh aris,  
A Dhiarmaid 's na ni do lot;  
Do roidh atfhuing' dhuit d' a cheann,  
Ile nan arm ranna ghéur goirt.'
- 27 Thomhais e 's bu mhár a sgá,  
Mac O duimhne dhoibh an torc;  
'S ghúin am friodhan 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 tuileach dach na 'n Fiann,  
Air an tulaich siar o 'n teach.
- 29 Bha fhuil a ruidh o chorp caóin,  
Mar shrath caóil o fhuaran árd;  
Bu truaidh bhí faeisinn a kóin,  
Gun chionta no gó fuadh chrá.'
- 30 Ge d' bu deirge ghrúaidh nan t-subbh,  
Bhíodh air nílcan chmuic san fhéur;  
Dh' fhás iad gu dubh nealach uain,  
Mar neal finar air neart na gréin.
- 31 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 32 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A chaisgis do ghóil no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamb riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fadhboidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 33 'De cha d' rinn mi d' ainh-leas riamh,  
Thall no bhos, an ear nan iar;  
Ach Grainne dhollbh lean am bruid,  
'N uair a bhris i orm mo bhriath'r,
- 34 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 35 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A chaisgis do ghóil no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamb riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fadhboidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 36 . . . m bu chumhain leat latla shuine (shui  
mhúe)  
. . . o 'n eil fíth a bhí da chumhneach;  
. . . o mharbhas tri, is ochd ceud dhuit,  
. . . meisg chothann, 's le 'm ghéur chuinsair.'
- 37 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 38 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A chaisgis do ghóil no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamb riamh do m' leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fadhboidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 39 'Am bruth chaomna bhá th' n kúmb,  
O' Fhinn bu mhaith dhuit mi féimach;  
'N uair a bha 'n Deud-ghéal, gu d' ghúin,  
'S tu ann an eigaínn san d' éng-bhail.'
- 40 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'

- 41 ' De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota ;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhann riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fàidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 42 ' La eile bu mhaith dhuit mise,  
An Tigh teamhra 's tu mór iomgain ;  
Bu mhí 'n cosgarraich sa bhlaí,  
'S mí gu d' chosnamb as gach iorgaill.'
- 43 ' Aon deoch, anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam brathraibh bláth, subhach ;  
On dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhúil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran clugam.'
- 44 De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota ;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhann riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fàidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 45 ' Tri mic Inne Tir-fuidh thuinn,  
Mharbh mí iad uile d' an ain-deoin ;  
'S dh' ionail mí nam fúil thu steach,  
Ge do chlaoidh thu mí le h-an-íochd.'
- 46 ' Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn 's na cabh ;  
O 'n chaill mí mo bhri' 's mo bhlagh,  
Deoch do 'n fhuaran, neo' na tabhair.'
- 47 ' De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do lot gu siorruidh ;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhann riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fàidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 48 ' Nam bu chumhain leat ka Chonaill (' Chothain')  
Bha Cairbnídh roimhad sa mhuintir ;  
Thú fein is an Fhianan a' d' dheidh,  
O ! 's truagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 49 ' Na 'm biodh fios aig mná' na h-Oighe,  
Mise sheoladh ann san luib so ;  
Bu tursach an fir nan ádhart,  
O ! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 50 ' Gur mí Diarmaid an Iudhair,  
Chonnachd, agus Buidh, 's Bécure ;  
'S mí dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,  
Neach air an raibh roidhe deúbhe.'
- 51 ' 'S mí dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,  
Bheirinn tolaibh do gach ur 'chair ;  
Thug barr air gach fear le fàidhaid,  
O ! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 52 ' 'S mí seobag shuil ghorm Eas-ruaidh,  
Leon a bheirte buaidh 's gach blár ;  
O ! struagh mo thorachairt le maite,  
Ma thulachainn a chnuc so' ta.'
- 53 Do thiodhlaic sinne fàidheoidh,  
Le cumha, le brón 's le snith ;  
Aon mhacaidh fúlteach nam Fiann,  
Air an tulaich siar fúidh lic.
- 54 ' Nair a chnunnag Gráinne nile,  
Gu do chuirceadh e fúidh 'n lár ;  
Chaill i h-aithe is a gné,  
'S thuit i an neal air a bhlar.
- 55 Nair dh' aithrich i as a pná ;  
Sheinn i le crá' is le brón ;  
Clú Dhiarmaid bu ghile snuagh,  
Sios gu duaidh air an lon.
- 56 ' Tha leaba deis' ann sa charraig,  
Bha Fionn da farráid ré bláthna ;  
Tha sniith' os a ceann do sháile,  
'S cha fhliuchadh mo ghraibhsa Diarmaid.'
- 57 ' 'S i sinn an leab an raibh Leadan,  
A thogadh t-éug-bhail air fadhach ;  
Am fear nach do smuaintich eagal,  
Roimh cheilair nan san t-slagh nd.'
- 58 ' Ochlón b' i sin uair a chéusaídh,  
Gur goirt 's gur géur dhámsa h-iar-guin,  
Do ghorm-shuil a bli gun leirsinn,  
Fhír a b' eibhinn beul is briathraibh.'
- 59 ' Gur tu mae peathar an Ard-Righ,  
Bla gu badhach ághor fáidh ;  
O ! struagh a chuir e gu bás thu,  
Gun chion fáth a ghraibh a Dhiarmaid.'
- 60 ' Bu tu aon laoih feara Pháille.  
A dh' fhoinninn buaidh lair an comhrag ;  
Thug bárr orr' uile ann 's gach claiche,  
'S thug an subhachas 's an sólas.'
- 61 ' Bu ghile da chneas nan canach,  
No úr sheacáid an gleannaidh caola ;  
Thug do clurth barr air an t-sluagh uil' ;  
Fhír bu deirge gruaidh nan caorann.'
- 62 ' Bu ghuirne do snil nan dearg,  
A bhíodh air uilean chreach bhéann árd,  
'S bu chíinne príoba do rosgaibh,  
No osnach lúbas féir gach fair.'
- 63 ' Bu ghile do dhénd nan gagan,  
A bhíodh air chraithadh feadh an lá ;  
'S bu bhinne fuaim do bheoil ionmhainn,  
No ceól eoin choit'each, 's gach élar.'
- 64 ' Mar dhrisinná' gréine tha d' fhait,  
Gu fionn bhúidh casarbh greadhach ;  
Tha do chneas cho mhín san cobhar,  
Fhír a b' fhoilhinntach 's gach áite.'
- 65 ' 'S dubhach mí gun iolach sólas,  
Ach turs' is brón a sior eibhich ;  
A chruit cháil is binne mire,  
Cha tog mo chroidhe gu h-éibhneas.'
- 66 ' Thuit mo spiorad an euan stadhach,  
Gun cblós, gun suaitheas ag gárraich ;  
A sior chuimhneucha' do nosaibh,  
Och ! Mo leonadh is mí gun abhachd.'
- 67 ' Cho chluinn mí tuille do chómhra',  
A b' éibhneáiche no ceól Fíodhail ;  
No 'n smeárcach 's na gleanntidh fásaich,  
'S dabh a dh' fhuag gu bráth mo chroidhéc.'
- 68 ' Cho 'n fhaic mí mí 's mó do ghnúis-sa,  
No deábraid do shuil ghorm shléitheamh ;  
Ochlón s mí fúidh thuitteach gabhaidh,  
Cho 'n eirich gu bráth gu solais.'
- 69 ' 'S doracha do chomhbhuil fú' 'n fhóid,  
Is eunhán do leab réot gan fuinnir ;  
'S cho dearla nabadain gu lá bhráth,  
A dhuisgas tu a' d' phná a shuinn.'
- 70 ' Ach foláiche chaoidh ann san úir,  
Mhíannaiche gach súil do chianbag ;  
Bennachd leat fein is le d' áille,  
Anois agus gu brath a Dhiarmaid.'
- 71 ' Dh' ullach gach fíidh a chlérsach,  
A shéinn molaith do 'n lán hoch cháinn ;  
Gu do-bhrónach 's gu ro thime,  
Ceól 's bu shnitlach fann gach súil.'
- 72 ' Gu ma beannaicé' thusa Dhiarmaid,  
Fhír a' b' fhearr briathraibh is ágh ;  
Do na tha am fantachd Eirann,  
'S an-aoibhinn an diu ar gáir.'
- 73 ' Bha do neart mar thuitteach uisge,  
A dol a sios a chaoidh do námh,  
An cabhaig mar iolair nan spúir,  
No stéud eisg a ruigh air súil.'
- 74 ' A Thriath Bhéara b' áille leadan,  
No aon fhileasgach tha san Fhécinn ;  
Gu ma sanhach a raibh d' ór-chul,  
Fúidh chudrom an loin gach ré.'
- 75 ' Ní 's mo cha 'n flaicair (thu air chuan,  
Air an eireadh snathán árd,  
No 'n doire re-sealg an teidh,  
No 'm blár cléud a sgatha' chnamb.'
- 76 ' Cho mhó chluintar ual do bheoil,  
A bu bhinne na glóir nan ean ;  
An Tigh-teamhra' gu lí bhráth,  
Fhír bu ro mhaith grádh is gné.'
- 77 ' Gur dubhach an diu gach rosg,  
Bu gheal do bhos, 's bu ghil' do chneas ;  
Bu tréan tabhachdach thu laoih,  
Bu phailt mais, is aoigh 's cleare.'
- 78 ' Míle mallaechd air an lá  
A thug Gráinne grádh do d' ghnúis  
B 'e sin a chuir Fionn gu bréin,  
'S a chuir thu a' d' thréin gu h-úir.'

- 79 'G' e b' iomad daoin agus neart,  
Ma d' thiomheadh a eileare nan áil;  
'S tu lann a b' fhearr iomairt is aigh,  
Ochlain do na tha sa ghléann.'
- 80 'Aeh mhéaladh do chuma gach bean,  
A mhie o duimhne bu mhéar buaidh,  
'S do shuirilhe cha d' theg do shuil,  
Gus an deach úr air do ghruaidh.'
- 81 'Cha do ghlac cloidheann na dhorn,  
Nam brat sról is fhearr san Fheinn;  
Aon neach a bhéireadh tu nainn,  
A dh' aingain sluaigh Rígh na Feinn.'
- 82 'S cha mhó ghlac e sgrá' na lann,  
Neach d' an raibh eann teachd a' d' ghao';  
Mhíe o duimhne ud a' tu marbh,  
'N nair a bha thu 'n arm nan laoch.'
- 83 'Aeh o na dhóibh tha le Gráinn,  
Feadh gach áit' mar fhúath no éilt;  
Ghluab gach daime dhinn ort fuath,  
'S gu h-araid Fíonn 's traugh an sgráil.'
- 84 'Cho 'n iomadh mí bhí gun eiddi,  
Is dablach, tiamhaidh gun sólas;  
'S a fíuthad curaidh tréan calma,  
Thuit dhinn air gach áin an cónrag.'
- 85 'Thuit iad mí' ach mis' am aonar,  
Mar charran mógain, maol, gun duilcach;  
Gach darag maóthan is ógan,  
Ge d' bu lionmhur mór re 'n tuireadh.'
- 86 'Ge d' tha 'n diu gun tréin no combadh,  
Bu mhór mo chonadh 's mo fíth;  
Gun easbhuidh daoine no níth,  
Dh' fflag sin saoghal nu 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.

ATTER the battle of Newry was over, Dermid related to Fingal how Fingal had exulted in him, 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 fly 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 baying 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 Bengal-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 kill the dreadful Boar. Fingal recollected that there was a Mole or Mark on the sole of Dermid's right foot, which if touched by the venomous gristles of the Boar that he should bleed to death. Accordingly he commanded Dermid to measure the Boar, and find out his length from the snout to the tail. Dermid measured the Boar downward and came off safe. Fingal ordered him to measure the Boar upward, to which Dermid consented on condition Fingal would grant him a speedy remedy if he happened to be wounded, whereto Fingal agreed. The brave, valorous, and beautiful Dermid O Duin measured the Boar against the gristles, wherewith he got wounded, and Fingal after he is fallen refused him any remedy, not suspecting his death would be occasioned so suddenly by so slight a wound. We can find few or no instances of this nature in all the actions of Fingal, which has been occasioned by the inconstant and perfidious Grany in leading 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! Chaoilth an calma treun,  
Aeh diom fuí' d' sgeith an fann;  
An aghaidh namhan tabhair beum,  
Mar neart sruth leug nam beann.
- 2 Bí mar an osag sheinín sa mhagh,  
Do 'n dream is luige gnóimh;  
Gu mainneach, meineach, meat a leon,  
Na 'n coinneach broin a stríoch.
- 3 Na tabhair beum, aeh gus am féam,  
Do chom is tréine dhion;  
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 incoercency, 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 Tirra 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. E. O. June 6, 1872. Collated with H. Mac Lean.

- 3 OISEINN fheifidh is binne ceól,  
No coin air fíonhúil nam leug,  
Mar choil chuid tha fuaim do bheoil.
- 4 Latha do bha mo Ríogh Fíonn,  
Is fhiantaídh bu tréan am blar;  
A' sealg fea' ghléantaídh is leirg,  
Théirg a mbeirgeach gu traidh.
- 5 Do chunnaig mo Thriath gear ul,  
Bu mhór iul meag theara Phail;  
Sliseag nua' gu cuan nan tonn,  
Air traidh nan clach donn, 's nam bare.
- 6 Ghlac Mae Cumbail an t-sleis og,  
A b' fhearr doidh na corraibh cruinn;  
'S ann keinne bu mhór an t-euchd,  
Bha seachd reisean ann a druinn.
- 7 Do labhair Ríogh Phail nan euchd,  
'Se Diarmaid traugh rínn an t-euchd;  
Cho 'n gon fhear do Chathain Chormaic,  
No ghabh tamh fuí' choilbh na Feinne.
- 8 Dh' eitic mo Ríogh bu mhór miadh,  
Nach gabhadh e bíadh no deoch;  
Gus am faighte Diarmaid donn,  
Ma bha 'n Eiríun nan lon phort.
- 10 Chual an laoch, nach b' fhann am blar,  
Gadhair bhán ri shios an t-sleibbe;  
Agus labhair e ri Graine,  
Cho' n eist mí ri gair na Feinne.
- 13 Tháinig Diarmaid gus a ghléann,  
Gu Feinn m' ansachd Inse-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 hanna cuinsear.
- 48 Na 'n bu chumhainn leat latha Clothan,  
Bha Cairbrídh roimhead, 's a mhuintir;  
Thu fein is an Fhíann a d' abhaidh,  
O! 's traugh m' abhaidh gu Beinn-ghluann.
- 50 Gar mise Diarmaid an Iudhair,  
Chonnachd, agus Buidh, 's Benra;  
'S mí dalta Naóis nam fear bodha,  
Laoch air an raibh roidha deilbhe.
- 51 'S mí dalta Naóis nam fear bodha,
- 54 'N nair chunnaig inghlean Ghormala nan steud,  
An treun na luighe 's an úir;  
Chail e h aithne,—thuit sin fhearr,  
Mar leug g' n clarachadh sáil.

- 55 Tra dh' airich i as a puà,  
Sheim gu craiteach iolach blròin ;  
Clu Dhiarmaid bu ghile suadh,  
Shios gu daimhid air an lòn.
- 59 Gar tu mac peathar Rìogh Phàile,
- 60 Bu tu son laoch fhearr Phàile,  
A bhuidhinn baat' làir ann comhrag ;  
Thug barr oir nìle 's gach luth-chleas,  
'S thug a d' ghiulan, sugach, solach,
- 61 Bu ghile do chneas no 'n canach,  
No 'n cathadh 's na gleannaibh caola ;  
Dhealradh do chruth ann 'sna leigean,  
Fhìr ba deirge leac no 'n caorann.
- 62 Bu ghuirne do shail no 'n deure,  
Air uileann nan leacann arl ;  
'S bu ehinne ionairt 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 mì, gun iolach shonais,  
Ach tursa bhroin a' sìor eughach ;  
A chrìt chìnìl is binne mire,  
Cho duisg mo chroidhe gu h-cibhneas.
- 65 Thuit m' aigneadh 's ann aigeal stuathach,  
Gun chlos no suaimhneas a' garraich ;  
A sìor chumhneacha' do nosaibh,  
Och! Mo threudhaid bhroin gun abhachd.
- 67 Nì 's mo cho 'n fhuicear do ghunnis,  
A dhealradh gu h-ar ann tar Chomail ;  
Ochoin! Mì! fù! dhuitreach gabhaidh,  
C'uin a thig a ghraidh ort solus.
- 68 'S dorcha do bhuthainn fù 'n fhod,  
'S cumhann reot do leaba leom ;  
Cho dearl' a' mhadaim, gu la bhrath,  
A dhuisgeas mo ghradh an sonn.
- 71 Gu ma h-aghòr thusa Dhiarmaid,  
Fhìr is fear briathra' is àgh ;  
Do na tha am Fianntachd Eirann,  
'S an-cibhinn an diu' ar gair.
- 73 A thriach Bheura b' aille loinreadh,  
No non ogan tha san Fhèinn ;  
Gu ma samhach a roibh t-òr-chul,  
Fù! chudram an loin gach re.
- 77 Mile malkachd air an la,  
A thug Graine gradh do d' chruth,  
Chuir sin Fionn nan Flath o cheill,  
'S truaigh an sgeul mar dh' eug u 'n diu'.
- 78 Ge h-ìomadh laoch bu mhor neart,  
Mu thiomchall nan cleacann aill ;  
'S hanh a b' fhearr ionairt, is agh,  
Ochann-do na bha sa ghlèann.
- 80 Arm ann uasal nan luath bhèum.
- 82 Ach o na dh' fhoillb e le Grain,  
Fèa' nan caran mar fhuath nan eug ;  
Ghabh gach duine dhàim air grain,  
Is Rìogh Phàile-'s truaigh an sgeul.
- 84 Bu lionmhor sloigh aig Mac Cumhaill.

## M. 18. BAS DHIARMUID. 104 lines.

- 1 Eist-thu beag <sup>1</sup> ma 's aill bh bhòidh  
Air a chuideachd' chaoimh so chuidh,  
Air Grainne, air Fionn fial  
'S air Mac o Duimhne nan seial truaidh.
- 2 'N Gleann sìth sin 's an gleann r'a thaobh <sup>2</sup>  
Far 'm bu bhinn guth feidh <sup>3</sup> is lòn,  
Far am minic an robh 'n Fhianu  
An Ear 's an iar an diadh an con.
- 3 Air an t-suth sin Ghulbunn ghuirn  
Is aillidh' talachain tha fo 'n ghreim,  
'S tric a bha na sruthain dearg  
An diadh na 'm Fianu bhith sealg an fheidh.

<sup>1</sup> Beagan. <sup>2</sup> R'a'r thaobh. <sup>3</sup> Feal feidh.

- 4 Dh' imir iad 's bu mhor a chealg  
Air Mac o Duimhne bu dearg li,  
Dol do Bheimh-Ghulbunn a shealg  
Tuirc nach feadaibh airm a chaoidh.
- 5 A Dhiarmuid na freagar an fhaghadh  
'S na tadhaill am fiadhach breige,  
Na rach teann air Bhu Mac Cumhaill,  
O 's cumhadh leis a fionn gach cheile.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban a Ghrainne  
Na toil-se naire do d' cheile,  
Fhreagairinn-se guth na seilge  
Dh' ain-deoin feirge fùr <sup>4</sup> na Fèinne.
- 7 Dhuisg iad a bheist as a shuain,  
Bha freiceadan air shuas an gleann,  
'G eisteachd re garaich nam Fianu  
Is iad gu dian fo cheann.<sup>5</sup>
- 8 An seann torc nimhe a bha garg  
Thaing o Bhall arl 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 fir na seilge,  
Chuir iad a mhuc a bhlan le lodra <sup>6</sup>  
'S bha na t-eun choim air a tiontadh.
- 10 A mhic o duimhne fhir threim,  
Ma 's e 's gu 'n d' rinneadh euchda leat,  
Bith-se cumhadhach air do laimh,  
So an tì fa 'n dearnan leat.
- 11 Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh,  
Air faicinn do a bheist nìle,  
O 'n t-slos thaobh-ghéal shlamhuich thla  
Chas e 'n t-sleagh an sail an tuire.
- 12 Tharruing e 'n t-sleagh o 'n dorn gheal bhlan  
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 lann as an truaill,  
O 's i bhuidheadh bhuidh 's gach blar,  
'S mharbhadh leis an nìle bheist  
Is thearunn e na dhiaidh slau.
- 14 Luith sproc air Fionn fial  
Is leig e sìar e ris a chnoc,  
Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh  
A dhòl as gu slan o 'n torc.
- 15 Air dh' a bhith tamall na thosd  
Labhair Fionn 's gu 'm b' ole r'a radh ;  
A Dhiarmuid tomhais an torc  
Cia meud traigh o shoc gu shail.
- 16 Cha do dhùlt e achuing' Fhinn,  
'S aithreach leim a theachd o 'n tigh,  
Tomhais e 'n torc air a dhruim  
Mac o Duimhne nìor throm traigh
- 17 Se traighe deuga do dh' fhior thomhas  
A tha 'n druim na nuice fadluich,  
Cha 'n e sin idir a thomhas  
Tomhais e ris a Dhiarmuid.
- 18 A Dhiarmuid tomhais a ris  
Na aghuidh gu min an torc ;  
Roghaim a gheabhaidh 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 nìmhè bha garg  
Bonn an laoch bu gharg san trod.
- 20 Aon deoch dhamb-s' a' d' chuaich Fhinn  
Dheadh mhic mo rìgh do m' chabhair ;  
O chail m' mo bhlagh 's mo bhrìgh,  
Ochoin! is truaidh m' mur tabhair.
- 21 Cha toir mise dhuit deoch  
'S cha nìo choisgeas m' air h-iota,  
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 rianh  
Thiall no bhos, an ear n' n' iar;  
Ach im'eachd le Grainne am braid  
'S a tuar gam' thubhairt fo gheas-aibh.
- 23 Thuit se an sin fo chreuchaid,  
Mac o Duimhne ciabh nan cleachd,  
Sar mhac fulangach nam Fiann,  
Air an tulaich siar fa dheas.
- 24 Cumhachdach gu mealladh bhàn  
Mac o Duimhne bu mhòr buaidh;  
An t-suirceadh cha do thog a suil  
O chaidh an uir do ghrainidh.
- 25 Bha guirme bha glaise na shuil,  
Bha mine bha maise na ghrainidh,  
Bha spionnadh bha tabhachd san laoch  
Bha sud saor fo chneas bán.
- 26 Dh' adhluidh iad air aon tulaich,  
Air sìth-dhùn na nuice fiadhùich,  
Grainne Nì Chornaig a churaidh,  
Da choin gheal' agus Diarmad.
- 
- O. 12. BAS DHIARMAD O DUIGNE. 131 lines.  
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 60. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail, Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.
- 1 An gleann Sì, san gleann ri thaobh,  
An gleann an tric an robh fead laoich;  
Eoin is Lomhuinn;  
Far an tric an robh an Fheinn;  
An ear 's an iar deigh nan con.
- 2 Air an t-shì Ghulbunn guhirm,  
Air an tulaich is aille fo 'n ghreinn;  
Air an tric an robh fuidhean dearga,  
An deigh sealg fir na Feinne,
- 3 Eisdibh tamull ma 's aill leibh,  
Air a' chuideachd chaomh so chuidh;  
Air beinn Ghulbunn, air Fionna fail,  
Air Mae O Duighne nan sgeul truaigh (sgial)
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn bu chruaidh cheilg,  
Air Mae O Duighne bu deirge lith;  
Dh'ol a' bheinn Ghulbunn shealg an tuire,  
Nach d' theudar leis na h-àirna ga dhith.
- 5 Dhiarmaid na ruig an fhagad,  
'S na taoghail am fiadhach leirge;  
Na rach teann air Fionn Mae Cuthail,  
O' s dubhach tha bhì gun cheille.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban, a Ghraine,  
Na toillsa tamaid do d' cheud ghradh;  
Rachainse dh' amhara na seirge,  
Cheurt aindeoin feir fir na Feinne.
- 7 Cha d' fhas mi riamh a' m' chrionaich chrithunn,  
'S ionnan sa chreag mo runsa;  
Co a shealladh air graine le toigh,  
Nam fa-adh Diarmad na mheall unich.
- 8 B' e mo mhiann bhì 'n cois na seirge,  
An toir air Tore a' chraois umhainn;  
'S tric a leag mi 'n lon a luadh,
- 9 Sguas air eadainn beinn a Ghulbunn,  
Da' fhallbh Mae O Duighne le cenn ard;  
Bu dubhach bu chraiteach Graine.
- 10 Shìl a deoir Mar fhros na Maidne,  
Mar cheò glas bha da shuil (al. a gnuis)  
Cha' n' fhaic mi tuille Diarmad,  
Tha m' anam gu dian na dheigh.
- 11 Mhìc Cuthail bi baigheil ri' m' leannan,  
Cha' bheannachd dhuit m' aighir a chlaoidh;  
Dhuisg iad an uile bheist as a sluain,  
Freicedan air chluas gach beann.
- 12 'G eisdeachd ri Coin ghairtach nam Fiann,  
'S iad gu dian a ruith fo ceann;  
Leig iad rithe na deagh ghathair,  
Gathair ann fir na Feinne.

- 13 Thug iad a' m'ine bhàn ga leadradh,  
'S na sair choin gheada ga teumadh (ga tiom-  
daidh)  
B' fhaide e feanga na gath sleagha,  
B' fhaide a friogh na gath builge.
- 14 An seann Tore nimhe bha garg,  
A ghineadh o ardaid nan tor;  
Bhriseadh leis an dorn gheal bhlar,  
Thaehda dha na bha na chorp,  
Bhriseadh leis an crann na thri,  
Gu 'n aon mhàir dhe dhòl san tor.
- 15 Tharrnig e 'n seann linn dubh o 'n truaill,  
O 'n sì b' ioglna buaidh sgach blar;  
Mharbha leis an Uile bheist,  
As thearmadh na dheigh e fein slàn.
- 16 An sin bhàill spoc 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 tor,  
Ciu meud troidh o shoc gu carr?  
Na duitteam t-achuinich Fhinn,  
O 'n 's dan leam ciumteach tighinn o t-ichead!
- 18 Dhiarmad tombais e ris,  
Na aghaidh gu min an tor;  
Eam gheibh tu g' a' chionn  
Tagha nan laun gear blar goirt.
- 19 Thomhais Diarmad bu tairseach da,  
Mac O Duighne nan trom troidh;  
Thioll am friogh nimhe bha garg,  
Buinn an loich bu gharbh an trod. (al. bu gharb)
- 20 Aon deoch a' d' chruich Fhinn,  
Laoidh Mhìc Cuthail o 'n chro choinich  
O 'n theirgear mo bhrigh, 's mo bhlat,  
Laoich foir no na doir dhuit. (al. no na deoir  
dhuit)
- 21 O 's aithne dhi leigheas gach feachd, (gach  
creuchd)  
Cha' n' eil leigheas ann mo chruich;  
A Dhiarmad 's truaigh leam do chor,  
'S truaigh leam Graine bhì gad' chaidh
- 22 'S truaigh an gnìomh a rinn an tor,  
Gam chaidhsa cha bhì Graine aill;  
Ged 'sann gu bas a theid mi nochd,  
'S aithne dhi cleas nan lub,  
A t-ùrsa cha teid g' a' toil.
- 23 Tha gòd domh daingean mar chrios;  
Tha mi-seach mar ghaibhinn ard,  
G' a mor a h-òrsa cha leig fios,  
Ged thuit mi le shìgh mo namh.
- 24 Co so tighinn mar cheò,  
'S a deoir a srutha gun chaidh,  
Co ach Graine 's bimhe glòir,  
Annir cha bhèo do d' ghradh.
- 25 Mar Ghùil eigin nach deach suac till,  
Mar Mhaean is aille nan t-sugh;  
Ochaidh gad' chaidh saghleann (mar t-aoidh)  
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 truaigh mise bhì gad chaidh,  
Ne m' ainmsa, cha 'n uigh do ghrain,  
Marbhaig air an tor,  
Ach cha 'n e a rinn m' ole san àm.
- 27 Cha 'n e, ach Fionn nan cleas bhoath,  
Mallachd aig m' fhaobh gun tamh;  
A Ghrain na bi-sa a' d' dhion,  
Tha Fionn mar Dhiarmad gu d' dhion.
- 28 Dh' fhallb e 's b' ole leam,  
Cha 'n e me run a rinn an gnìomh.
- 29 Thuit Graine gun cobhair a h-aigh,  
Air gnòis Aille Dhiarmad duinn,  
Stad a chreuchd bha doirt a' thuil,  
Truaigh a bhul an lo sin duinn.

<sup>1</sup> O 's ciumteach leam tigeim bochd.

- 30 Dh' aidhlaiceadh iad air aon tualach,  
Air friodhuach na Muice fiadhach;  
Graine nighean Tormaid Mhic Curri,  
Da choin gheala as Diarmaid.
- 31 A Ghulbbrunn, chluimear do chaidh,  
'S beag m' nigh dhòl gu t-ianach;  
Còdail a thuire 'n ad chonnuach,  
Tha do chomhnuidh seasgair dìonach.
- 32 Luidh smal air an Fheinne,  
M' athair fein bhà dheth dìomach,  
Chlarsach na tog fonn a bhroin,  
Tha deoir a cheana a' tomadh.

From the recitation of Archd. Stewart, man-servant in Dalchosnie, 19th Feb., 1801.

Z. 6. DIARMAID. 56 lines.

Written by Macphail from the recitation of Norman Murray, Habost, Ness, Lewis, 1866.

I HAVE a great many more versions of this, orally collected by myself and by other collectors in late years. The song is well known in the Islands of South Uist and Barra, 1871. This is a sample of decay, and curious for that reason.

LAOIDH DHARMAID.

EISDUBH beag na 's aill leibh laoidh,  
Air a bhuidheann chaoimh a dh' fhalbh uaim,  
'S mac-o-Duimhne nan sgeul truagh.

- 1 Tha srath a 'm beinn Ghulbbean, ghuirm,  
'S àrda tualach fo 'n a ghreinn;  
Far an suidheadh sinn puall àgh,  
'D ol do 'n t-seilg le Fionn nam Fiann.
- 2 Triall do bheinn Ghulbbean a shealg,  
Air muc nach fèdar ainm dhi;  
Dhuisg an uilbhiast as a suain,  
'S dh' imich i bh' uainn air a ghelean.
- 3 'N uair chuala i tartar nam Fiann,  
Ghabh i an Ear san I iar fo ceann;  
'N uair chuala i tartar nan laoch,  
'S i 'n glèann Sìth an robh Fraoch borb.
- 4 Bu deirge i na graine fiodha,  
'S bu gheire friogha nan gath balg;  
Bhriseadh leatha an t-sleagh mar stri,  
An cran bu rioghna fo na mhuaie.
- 5 Bho 'n bhùs 's deirge eillichridh bhlàth,  
'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 bhì dha fada na thosd,  
Labhair e gre' ol e ri rath;  
Tharraing e an t-seann lann bho 'n truail,  
Or bu leasan buaidh guch bliàr.
- 7 Dhiarmaid tomhais an torc,  
C' ian lion troidh o top a ta;  
Thomhais e mhuc àr a druin,  
Mac-o-Duimhne nach traimè troidh.
- 8 Dhiarmaid tomhais i rist,  
'Na aghaidh 's nime an torc;  
Thiomdaidh 's eha bu turas àgh,  
Cha d' thomhais ach a dha san torc.
- 9 Chaidh a gath nìmh bu mhòr craidh,  
A 'm bonn an laoch nach thà san trod;  
Aon deoch an misge dhomh Fhinn,  
'S gheibh thu atcheinge da chinn.
- 10 Rogha nan arm rionn gear gort,  
Chì thu air a chnoc ud thall;  
Cha tabhair mise dhuitse deoch,  
'S na 's mo cha chòisg mi air t-iota.
- 11 Cha d' rinn thu riamh dhomh leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu 'n aon uair dhomh dh' ainnleas;  
B' fhada leis an Fheinn bu chuinne,  
Mar a bitheadh Fionn gha iarraidh.

- 12 Ge bu ghorm an d' an tualach,  
Bu dearg e 'n dindh le fuil Dhiarmaid;  
Thiolaiiceadh sud anns an tualach,  
Fo thunnachd na muice fiadhach.
- 13 Grainne ni-Chormaic, ni-Chuilcann,  
Le da dhealbh ehuilean 'us Diarmaid;  
Gu 'm b' fhada, 'us gu 'm bu bhuidhe fhalt,  
Mall a rosg us fada a leac.
- 14 Bha maise 'us guirne na shuillean,  
Maise 'us caise an cul nan clench;  
'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 Dunreagan.

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 Lochlam, which I picked up orally. The hero was Chief of the Clanna Morna, the biggest and strongest of the Fèinne, with the title of 'Gaisgeach na Fèinne.' 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-fend 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 Laips, 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, Caotrèadh 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 Kilmarron, Argyleshire.'



## 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 persons 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 Loughlan and Goll, in Lochlann, is current in 1871. I wrote it myself in Oist in the telling of Mac Isig. 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, 1865." That story and this ballad belong to Fionn's Expedition to Lochlann. See above, p. 83. They explain how "Iollan" got the name of "Goll" = One-eyed. A ballad called "Laoidh an Duinn," or the Lay of the Buifet, 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 Laucha 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 Buifet, or Cull, of which I have no other Scotch version.

- 1 CHAIDH FIONN IS OSCAR IS MAC MORN'  
'S MORAN DO MHAITHEAMH NAM FIANU  
'Lochlann le cuireadh o Tarcum  
Gu cairdeas is gaol a choinhead
- 2 Gu sìth am bannamh gun cheilg  
Cheangal gu dian 's gu daing an
- 3 Tiarainte dh' imeach na h-armuin  
Gun ehnarrat gun ghabhadh gu calla  
Choinnich slioc Lochlann air traigh riu  
'S an t-ard Rìgh dh' ailtich am beatha
- 4 Seac la agus oich' gun sri,  
Ri ceol 's ri ionairt 's ri aighear  
Bha Fionn is Tarcum nan long  
'S a hoich gu fonnar ga chaithibh
- 5 Ach 's mealta gun fhuras a sgothal  
Ge brosealach faoilteal a shealladh  
Chì' thu e d'riadh 's a tearnach  
'S tric e na seacleadh nam fhaileas
- 6 Tha Ghrian sa mhadain ag soilleachadh  
'S e g' eiri gun nial air athar  
Le mor theas togaidh e 'n driuehd  
Gu suilbhìr seallaidh gach fearainn
- 7 Ach duthaidh go h' alamh na speuran  
Tathaidh neoil thuidh air na beannamh  
Chitir an dealan a dearrsadh  
'S cluinnir an tairneau le forum
- 8 Sìlidh an t-uisge gu nuath' alt  
Diridh e nuas orin na mheallan  
Croicidh an tuil o 'n a bheinn  
'S an earbag teachaidh gu falach
- 9 Mar sin caochlaidh ur dochas  
'S dolas leannuidh fo ghruaim  
'N diudh tha thu aobhach gun donnuinn  
'S labhradh le solas do bheil
- 10 Treigidh a mairnach do bharrail,  
Thig norr'ainn faireas le fuaim;  
Gun fhuos thig saighid cho guinneach  
'S tuislidh le turrag do cheum.
- 11 Rinn Tarcum feadh-a-has mhor  
Bha Fionn 's mhaithemh fo ghean  
San dochas gu n' chaidir an Rìgh  
Is sìoth nach bristeadh e tuilidh.
- 12 Ach mealta bha fhocall 's a ghnìomh  
Ceilg rinn e s'hmìoch gus am milleadh  
A ghain sa naimheas dha 'n Fheum  
Cheil e fo dhuthar nam foalladh
- 13 Bha Lamhfhad gu borb aig a chuiln  
Mac baoh na Muirideach rusidh  
'S b' ionmhunn le Tarcum an hoich  
Ge b' aoguidh nogas 's a ghabhail
- 14 Seian orbhni eho-charrach cheanghadh,  
Riabh ris nach do dheadaich Mac 'Chu'aill;  
Goinn thair Lamhfhad le feall orr,  
'S b' aill leis dha fein gun gleidh
- 15 Ach ghlac Mac Morn i na laith  
Is Lamhfhad ged dh' iarr cha 'n fhaidh  
Tus na h-iorghuidh 's na donnuin  
Gu trugach se Tarcum choireach
- 16 Dh' eirich evann is fearg a hoich  
Ach Goll cha chaochladh an bharrail  
Cha d' thugadh e seachad gun sri  
Seian bhuidhar an Rìgh sì aig'.
- 17 'Com an bheil thu dusgadh iorghuil?  
Com bheil thu 'g' iarrai do-suin?  
Do dh' Fhionnghladh bainidh an seian  
'S do Lamhfhad a chaoidh cha tabhair
- 18 Suidh thoir-mhor 's na mill a chuiln  
Na bacadh toil-intinn na cuideachd  
Na brist suain daingann na sìoth  
Rinn bhur Rìghre trean an cheangal'
- 19 Cha d' dh' eist an t-umpaidh an hoich  
Cha d' gheill e le sìoth dha chonhair!  
Dh' arduich e ghuth faidhach cruaidh  
'S chluinse fada fuaim a mhuineal
- 20 'Is tric se Morna a rinn thu beud  
Air waitheamh is treunfhir Lochlann  
Cha till thu tuilteadh air sal  
Gu brath cha taruing thu clodheamh.'
- 21 Tharruing e 'n doru le laimh chearr;  
Mac Morna ghearr e gu fuilteach  
Thuit e fein alamh na dheigh  
Bho lar cha d' dh' eirich e tuilteach
- 22 Sparr Goll a seian orbhni na thaobh  
Chraobh fhuit a choim as a dèadh  
Ghlaadh e gu cruaidh chaill e chli  
Cha b' urram Tarcum ga chobhair
- 23 Glac' mid ars' Tarcum bhur 'n ainm  
Suas eirim uile shìochd Lochlann  
Doirribh fuil nam Fiantidh gu lar  
Na teicidh aon-aonan duibh dhachaigh
- 24 Tuilteadh iad le 'r faobhair chruaidh  
'S biodh aobhneas air mana 'an 'n fhearainn  
Tuilidh cha chaill oighean an gaoil  
'S uac cha bli matbair a tuireadh
- 25 Bidh Morbheinn 's a feidh aig Laoich  
Nach strìochd a dh' iorghuil na dh' eagall  
Fionnghal 's a ghaisgeach san ur  
Cha dhùsgir tuilidh dhuinn cogadh
- 26 Bha 'n Fheum 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 ghlacdh iad an ainm  
'S ged' thionail na ceudan curri  
Dhion iad an cuideachd gu treun  
'S an ceum a ghluasad gu lòngeas
- 28 Rheubadh lamh Oscar an aigh  
Le gear lann guineach Rìgh Lochlann  
Ach scaradh eisin gu teann  
'S bu tiambaidh buillean nan gaisgeach
- 29 Bha forrum a sciath san shlasaid  
Mar fhuaimneach thartarrach chreige  
Nuair bhaidis dealan i'm fuathas  
Ga bloidhidh na ceoban le ghlaobhir
- 30 Mar sin chluinse fuaim an sciath  
Gu mor uailbreach anns a' chath  
'S dh' arduich air gach taobh an iorghuil  
Aig 'n d' ruing an traigh na maitheamh
- 31 Bhiodh Tarcum na Oscar 'n ainm sin  
Na sineadh gu luath gun anair  
Mar brist a slaghan na cheile  
'S gu na dh' eighmh mac Chumhail air O-scar

- 32 A mhic mo mhic Oseáir aigh  
Bachú do lámh is fág an t-ainéol  
Tha ghaioth na deannamh gu Morbheinn  
'S air siuil bliana ar ri 'n crannaibh
- 33 Chaill Tarcum urrad de laoih  
Ehuainig thu éia air 's an deannal  
Nach d' choisinn sinn buaidh na h-áraithe  
Rinn feum mar b' abhaist dhe 'r lannamh
- 34 Sheas an iorghuill seuir an t-shri  
Sheol laoih nam Fiann bhó'n chala  
Is chluáite neimhdean na 'n deigh  
Ri ghaoidhaich eikdól gun aighbear
- 35 Deach agus fichead fear mor  
Gu fuilteach leonadh le'r lannibh  
'S a dha dheug eile 'sa naoiúh  
Sin thuit air an raoin gun anam
- 36 Chaill sinne Faoite gun ghraim  
Is Luath-chas dhireadh nam bealach  
Dithis bu shnathach aig euilh  
'S naeh tíuntadh an cúl san deannal
- 37 Thog Fionn leis an Coirp ar síd  
Air ard bheinn chaireach sun talamh  
Bha naoai fad bhliadhna gun caomadh  
Is Ríghinn tuireadh an caullá.

LAOIDH AN DOIRN. 124 lines. Irish. Extracts. The story current in Scotland makes this a quarrel in Lochlann. The Irish ballad makes it a civil broil in Ireland, at a feast at the King's House, at Teandhra, in the reign of Laghaidh Mac Con, who reigned, according to Keating, A.D. 182-212. Oisicín, who was present, is made to tell the story to Padraig, whose mission began A.D. 432. I have made shift to copy ten verses from a second Irish copy of this Lay, in which there are 124 lines. I thought both MSS. from Mr. John O'Daly, Dublin, in December, 1871, and I know nothing of their pedigree. If I have erred in reading, I have not done it on purpose. Irish is not my business, but I have done my best to copy it letter by letter.—J.F.C.

## OISEIN.

- 1 Do chnadh mar go tos Teambraí,  
As bu bonnhar linn teacht ar d-Teaghlaidh;  
Ar chuir Mac Con na g-cath,  
Rígh Éireann árd fhlaóh.
- 2 Is e buidhin do tháinig nár g-cienn,  
Do mbathaibh Éireann gan feall,  
Da árd rígh catha ceata,  
Mac Con a 's Fionn flaithe na Feinne.
- 3 Cormac Mac Iollaláibh chais,  
Deur bhrathair Mhíche Con Mae a Mhúthar;  
Brasair béara fear do bhuaidh,  
Rígh Laigheann re h-ionad sluaigh.
- 4 Tháinig eugainn as Crnacna,  
Liagan luainneach huacra;  
An tréin fhear do bhí lán do ghoil,  
Iollann Mae Mórna fortáil,
- 5 Do shuidh Iollann Mae Mórna Mór,  
Gach fear díobh an-ionad áir;  
Fír Éireann ag-Cathair n-uáil,  
Ag-tigh rígh Teandhra na mór shuaigh.
- 6 Do shuaigh Laghaidh Lámla na g-creach,  
Ar ghualainn Ghoill go dána;  
Ar aghaidh Fhinn Mhíche Cumhaill,  
As ar ghualainn Bhrasair Bhéara.
- 7 Ann sin adhbhairt Laghaidh Lámla focal,  
A 's níor bh-feirde friotal,  
Bheir muintirsi marseo a d-íir Chaimn,  
Ní thacadh tusa a 's árd fhlaóh.

## GOLL.

- 8 Do chonaire mise Muintir mhór nbaith,  
A d-tigh Chaimn ceud catha ag úd;  
Buillí dho dá samhaíl a ngleann Catha,  
Da ghnais nasal a 's árd fhlaóh.
- 9 Níor comóradh raimh Conn,  
Re Mac Con ar toinn;  
Buillidha dá samhaíl a ngleann Catha,  
As dá ghnais nasal ard fhlaóh.

## GOLL.

- 10 Do dhligh tusa guth thabhairt ar Chonn,  
Tur nahirbh se do shánsir  
Gur ab e do uharbh is-scaí  
Mogha Nuadhat as Maicmadh Mac Luigheach.

D. 23. A CHIOS CHNAIMH. 66 lines.

Copied from Mac Nicoll's Collection by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 3, 1872.

THIS fragment is part of the quarrel between Caoiréal, Fionn's youngest son, and Goll, chief of the Clanna Morna.

- 1 SIX iad lugaibh lán an Oíl,  
Air mo shíthe maoilhan mhór,  
Gun aon Sgiadh air duitne dhihbh,  
Gun a comidach 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 Chois  
Aon Neach ga 'n cumhaidh ris comhrac.
- 4 Caoiréal ceatach mar bu Dual  
A ché thu ar thus an T-sluaidh,  
Da Trian Ruim ort Fhein gan Fheall  
Rheitheir a Rum roimh Chaoiréal.
- 5 Go 'n chuir Caoiréal ma Mhí-cheil  
Am Flaithias a Shean-ath'r fein,  
A sgiadh osicim seirthe Ghoill  
Am an Talachin Tighe na Halbhaidh.
- 6 Go de bheireadh sinn duit, Fhíir,  
Do sgiadh chuir acionn mo sgrithe?  
Gar m' fheabhas do Mhac Flath,  
Agus mo chruas a chuir Chath,  
Mo mhí maion re Bannal Bhan,  
Agus mo bhí fial re Fíil.
- 7 Dh' fúird Caoiréal seach a Lamb,  
Dheadh Mhíche Cumhaíl na 'n Arm sean  
Cia ma 'm biodh a Chios Chnaimh  
Ga cuir uille a dháon Lathair.
- 8 A Chios Chnaimh, a Chios Chnaimh,  
Gur maing léinne air 'n do thar Thu  
'N fheoil ma 'n do las meumna an Fhíir,  
Cho raibh 'n sad ach Cíos trian fíir.
- 9 Ge be bheireadh nain an Smíor,  
Chion agus nach lann dom dheoin,  
Bheirín breithe ris a Chnaimh,  
Go La bhraith nach blaisín Feoil.
- 10 Cnaimh an Duimh aillidh san T-sliabh  
Gur a chuir an coire riamh,  
Thugthar sud an Laimh na Deishe  
Air an lar nar fianishne.
- 11 Leamabh leanabáidh is Laoich lán,  
Cho 'n ann' Comh' fhad théid an Comhrac,  
Cho leanabáidh is Mac Rígh thar soal,  
On Tim the e fein air aitheast.
- 12 Dberidh Sheishear laidir Laoich  
Edir an Leamabh san Togloich  
Gur Fhíu na sgein air an Crios  
Air Eagal a Chiele mharbhadh.
- 13 Se buirt Connan naol mac Morna  
'M fear a bhadh riamh ris an ole  
Thugthar dhámhsa na Sgian fein,  
S go 'm bithin thall eartonn.
- 14 Se buirt Oisicín 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 Farradh Gaisge  
Agus Laoch ar faicsin Gabhaidh,  
'S íomad Laoch luamach air Lannaobh,  
Gheibhte thall ma Chnaimh Chnaimh.

<sup>1</sup> Genú bhéim.

16 Am facadh tu Iongnadh riamh  
A Chlerich, channadh gach Cliar?<sup>2</sup>  
Bu mho na 'n Fhoin nill a theachd slán,  
Ga 'n edrigin on aon Chnaind.

<sup>2</sup> Cleas!

L. 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 Meases, 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-choped and mixed with marrow and herb seeds: It is described thus:—

Mirmora nan laothan sáille,  
Mar slruth meál air barach gheugan;  
Is greadhainn nan lus ga charadh,  
Do Mhómáid 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 persuasion 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-teimhra nan cruite cìuil,  
Air dhuime bhi steach na' n' ol;  
Dhaisr an ionar-bhaidh na laoich,  
Cairill caomh, is Monad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na Suinn,  
Bu traine no 'n tuinn cuilg an cos;  
S'oinich an eum chluinte eian,  
'S an Fhianu gu cìauail fuí' s'prochd.
- 3 Chachan agus talmhinn trom,  
Threachailte le 'm bunna sin stri;  
A charachd re fad an la.  
Gun fhios cia dlùin b' fhearr sa ghnìomh.
- 4 Air madainn an dara mhàireach,  
Chua' na suinn an dàil a cheille;  
Cairill cuilgeara nan bnaidh,  
Agus Goll nan cruai' lann geara.
- 5 Dh' iathadh, dh' iniridh, agus thàirneadh,  
Fad gu nàisinnich sa chumasg;  
Gu cuilbeach, eudramach, gábhaidh  
Bu eian le each gair am buillean.
- 6 Bu mhinig teine d' an armaibh,  
'S cothar garbh d' an eneas' geala;  
Chua' an slaghan rìghne bhernadh,  
'S an sgiathan gu kar a ghearadh.

- 7 Thuit Cairill caoin, calha, ceamail,  
Gun aoid fuí' n Chiuime-chrotha;  
'S bendach, baolach, berb an buille,  
Leag an cruaidh sa chruai' choulbrag.
- 8 Mo laogh, mo leanabh, mo ghradhso,  
'S truaigh a chraidd do bhias an t-sathair;  
Do radh Fionn an aigòidh eianail,  
Bu traine no ghrian fuí' phlathadh.
- 9 O Chairill! A Mhic, a ruinein!  
Dhruid do shuil, is ghlaos do dhruid-geal;  
Ghluais do neurt mar osag nansa,  
Chraichail do shuaidh mar bhla' gheugan.
- 10 Cho 'n fhaicear nì 's mo do thighin,  
Air an t-slighe eum na còis-tri;  
Cho mho chluinn mi fuaid do gceithe,  
Glaoil nan beum a' teachd do 'n chionabh.
- 11 'S truaigh nach b' ann le ain-neart choinbeach,  
No Rìogh an domhain a bhuaid u;  
'S bhèirinnse t-èric a Chairill,  
O Chriguile nan arm buadhar,
- 12 Beannachd dhuit a Chairill Cheutaich;  
'S iomad eud a dhìog thu 'n coubrag;  
B' fhad a thrial u, b' fhaide eiu ort,  
Ann 's gach iul ann d' fhuaras eolas.
- 13 Bu mhàirneach, mìs-cachail, meannach,  
Thu 'n Tigh-teimhra meas nan ceudan;  
A laoch fhailleadhich san torachd,  
Sgeula broin an diu' mar dh' eng u.
- 14 'S truaigh nach ann cathan bhàidh,  
Leatig u mhìn laoch nan dual arbhaidh;  
Bhìodh sliochd Cumhail toirt dhu torachd,  
Fea' gach roid g' an leon san àraich.
- 15 'S tursach, deuraich ceol na Feinne,  
Caol 'n treun hoich, b' eibhinn gaire;  
'S tiamhaidh, dolach Fionn ga d' bhron,  
Nach faicear beo u 'n teach nan armann.
- 16 'S dograch eng a ghaisgich enchdail,  
Thuit gun t-eng-bhail ann sa chumasg;  
Mar neul oiche ghluais e naine,  
'S e sin an sgeul truaigh is cumhainn.
- 17 Oighean Shora seinnear bron leo,  
A leth an Ogain chaoimh, ailidh;  
Mar cheo nan beann tha gach muthainn,  
'S nìidhich, cumhach air lag mharan.
- 18 Tha 'n laoch araicil toirteil, talmbaidh,  
Gun ionairt gu arm, gun rìghnean;  
'S cumhainn comart, t-ionad comhuidh,  
Chois an lòn-gur mor am puthar.
- 19 Air euan nan leug, seian a ghluas e,  
Air sumaine uathlunnhan, cair-gheal;  
Ceoluhor, ceileireach san leirg,  
Re tim seilg' a tathach lan-daimh.
- 20 A laoch, mbeidhich, mhuirnich, bhàldhaich,  
Labhraich laidir laimnich, bheimnich;  
Mar slruth neartuhor u measg namhan  
Sòraidh leai a ghraiddh nan gear-lann.

O. 20. GOLL IS CAORULL. 16 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 111. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 26, 1872.

THIS fragment, got near Dunkeld, is part of the same ballad of which two fragments are given above.

C.

- 1 BHEIBINN bòid ris a chraimh,  
Gu brath nach blaisinn an fheoil;  
Nan tugta dhìom an smear (smior)  
Cheana 's nach b' ann a' m' dheoir.
- 2 Chailleadh tu a smior,  
Gu mor do chion air feoil;  
B' fhearr do Ghaisgeach luidhe air airm,  
Na gaol a thoirt a bharran fheoir.

## C.

3 Air bhar an fheoir, ga mor do thair,  
'S tric a sharaich thu 'n dach donn ;  
Ruag thu 'n eidd air a bhar,  
'S a dh' eirich tra ri ard nam tom.

## G.

4 Chaorul 's beag mo speis,  
Do d' chull nach robh riamh ach gann ;  
Cha 'n fhuil' enis lann air son suair,  
'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 Gratic 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 b'ais Choiril a' bha miorun aig Fionn do Gholl gus an do mharbh e Conn Mac an Deirg.

- 1 AN taigh Teamhra nan cruite cìvil,  
Air dhuinn a bhith stèach ma 'n ol,  
Dhuiss ann an ionar bhaidh na laoch, —  
Coireal caomh a 's Mòmad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na suinn,  
Bu truite na 'n tuinn cuilg an cas,  
Strònaich an arm chluinntie ean,  
'S an Fhinn gu cianail fo spòrach.
- 3 Clachan agus talamhan trom,  
Treachailte le 'm buinn 's an stri;  
Ch'arachd aca fad an la,  
Gun fhios co dhùin b' fhearr 's a' gnìomh.
- 4 Air madainn an la 'r na n'haireach,  
Chaidh na suinn an dàil a cheile, —  
Coireal cuilgearra nam buadh,  
Agus Goll nan cruaidh-lann geura.
- 5 Dh' iadhadh, dh' iomairleadh, agus thairneadh.  
Iad gun nàiseneachd anns a' chumag;  
Gu cuidreach, cudthromach, grabhaidh,  
Bu chian le each gair am builean.
- 6 Bo mhingie teine d' an armaidh;  
Còbhar garbh dh' an eneasaih geala;  
Chaidh an sleaghan ruighne 'bhearnadh,  
'S an sgathan gu lár a ghearradh.
- 7 Thuit Coireal caomh, eilma, ceanaid,  
Gun anail, fo 'n Gholl chrodha;  
'S beudach, baoghalach, borb am buille,  
'Leag an curaidh 's a' chruaidh chomhrag.
- 8 Mo ghaol! mo leannab! mo ghràdh! —  
'S truaigh a chruaidh do bhàis an t-thair!  
Gu 'n robh Fionn an aigne chianail,  
'Bu truite na 'ghrian to phàthaidh.
- 9 O! Choiril! a mhic! a' rìnaid!  
Dhruid do shùil a 's ghlais do bheudach;  
Dh' fhalbh do dhreach mar oiteig, naus-a;  
Chaochail do shuaidh mar bhith gheugan.
- 10 Chà 'n fhaicear na 's mò do thighinn.  
Air an t-slighe chum na conhl-strì;  
Cha mlò a chluinnear fuaim do sgòithe,  
A ghaol nam beum, a' tighinn gu m' chonabuidh.

- 11 Is truaigh nach b' ann an catlan mhilidh  
A leag' thu, 'mhìn-moach nan dual orbiuidh;  
Bhiodh shoehd Chunnail 'toirt dhùin t'òrachd,  
Feadh gach ròid 'gan leon 's an àrach.
- 12 Is truaigh nach b' ann le ainneart choimheach,  
Na rìgh an Domhain a bhuaill' thu,  
Is bheirinn-sa t' eirig, a Choiril;  
O Bheartanaich nan arm bhuaidhar.
- 13 Beannaehd dhuit a Choiril cheutaich,  
'S iomadh ceud a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;  
B' fhada 'thriall thu, 's b' fhaide chù ort,  
Ann gach iuil an d' fhuaradh colas.
- 14 Bu mhuirneach, misneachail, meannmnach  
Thu 'n taigh Teamhra 'measg nan ceudan; —  
A laoch fhuilceabhaich 's an t'òrachd,  
Sgeul a bhòvin, an diugh, gu 'n d' eug thu.
- 15 A laoch mbhithich, mhùinich, bhàghaich,  
Làbhrach, Bùir, laimhich, bheumnaich;  
Mar shruth neartar thu 'measg nàmhaid;  
Soraidd leat a gearràid nan gear-lann.

From Donald Mac Phie, Breubhaig, Barra, who says he learnt it from Roderick Mac Donald, Catechist, North Cist, about 32 years ago. Mac Donald died shortly afterwards, at an advanced age. Breubhaig, Barra, September 30, 1860.

## H. 27. HOW GOLL DIED. 288 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 128. Advocates' Library, December 22, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This version was given to Dr. Smith. With it compare 'Gaul, a Poem,' p. 150, edition 1780, and 'Tionna Ghnull' (Gaul's last will), 1787, 'Sean Dana,' page 40. The Doctor says in a note that the most common editions are much adulterated by a mixture of the Ursule's or 'tales of later times.' He quotes mention of Goll Mac Morna in Barbour, &c. But nevertheless Mac Lauchlan of Old Aberdeen declared that Dr. Smith himself composed his 'edition' of Gaul. I have never been able to find any trace of it outside of these two books. Nevertheless, they contain the usual traces of the traditional poetry in a curiously altered yarn upon which the poetry is strung.

## THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL had a son named Coirall who was an excellent warrior, and learnt in all the art of war. Goll was the foremost Hero in the Company, besides Fingal (for he was the first man that would go down in battle, and the last one that would come up). The reward he had for that, was a great Collup every day of the venison, called by them, Mirmorrath, and equal share with the rest again; likewise all the marrow of the bones (for there were none of them so big as Goll, and accordingly he would eat and do more than). Coirall was in enmity with Goll for having such a reward, and said: If he was worth, that he might have this Reward for himself before any other. He ordered Goll to come, and that they would try a single Combat and whoever would be the victor that he would have the Reward afterwards. Goll answered him, and began first to wrestle (the solid ground would shake under them, with their vast strength, but the one would not overcome the other. Again they began with their Arms, and tried several ways, they had for fighting; their swords would glance like a wandering star, and the sweat running down from their bodies like small rivulets' stream on the plain, and that of a bloody colour, with equal skill and strength, so that the one could not overcome the other. Lastly they tried the Cross-beam (that is a large piece of Timber they had betwixt them, a cross, and the one drawing it from the other). The one sat on the inside, the other on the outside of the threshold of their house before they gave over, they broke the door, and Coirall gained the victory.

Goll was sore vexed that Coirall had gained the victory, and took it as a great affront and shame. Then he asked of Fingal how he would kill Coirall, and Fingal did never 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 lose his Reward and to sustain affront also; they went away to the shore with their Arms, and began to strike each other, and so lasted until the tide came to Coirall higher than the navel and

could not stand no longer in the water, then Goll killed him. Goll led them into a cave full of blood and wounds for he durst not go to the Heroes any more, since he killed Corral. 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 ceol,  
Ghais gu nárach 's na gabh brón;  
Mar bu bheirt slubhlach le saoi,  
'S mar bu chubhaidh do dhea' mbaoi.'
- 2 'Na fear do dhéur a bhos,  
A righinn is mine bos;  
No dean déur nu ní nach fluigh,  
Agus na dean an tir fhaill.'
- 3 'Cuimhnich d' airgead 's cuimhnich d' ór,  
Cuimhnich do shíde 's do shról;  
Cuimhnich sior leannlúin an fhuir,  
'S ole a thig diodhlán bean dea' fhuir.'
- 4 'Cuimhnich air do mhiosair mhéamnach,  
A bhíodh againn an Tigh-teamra;  
'Nuair bhíodhmaid air nagh na bárach,  
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 chu dhú síu gun sóradh,  
Gu marbhadh s' e fadh na onrachd.'
- 6 'C' áit an fuigh mí calma cómbraig,  
A dhea' Ghuill mhéamnach mhie morna;  
'S maith is aithne dhambha 'n lín laoch,  
'Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spáilte.'
- 7 'Air a lámha Ghnill ghréadhlíach,  
Air flúineach is air a dhaoine;  
Cha bhí mo chomann glan caoin,  
Aig aon mhae Caillich a choidch.'
- 8 'Ní mac Caillich a tha 'n Aogh,  
Ach mac na mná 's fhearr san t-saoghail;  
An t-shaor shlat do 'n chineadh Oscar,  
'S an lámh fheum is fhearr gu Lochlan.'
- 9 'Beiridh tu dh' a naonar mac,  
Agus inghean is ceal clac;  
Gur aithne dhamaí b'úd a bhos,  
Gun d' theid i éng d' a ceud toraich.'
- 10 'Aine nan suidheadh tu air lár,  
Gun innsainn dhuit úr-rachd;  
Air an dea' churidh dhúna,  
Mhead sa dh' aithridh mo threun lamhsa.'
- 11 'Latha do bha air Chruaclan curidh,  
Shinn air flúineach Fhinn mhie Cluthail;  
Bha sinn fein agus Aogh glúnaich,  
'S ann ag ól agus ag ionairt.'
- 12 'S ann uamsa thuit an guth dona,  
Ris an do ghabh Fionn a chorrach;  
'S labhair e gu fiadhlíbh cró'-dhearg,  
A sior iarruidh tuilidh cómbraig.'
- 13 'De nan 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 Éirinn.'
- 14 'Gun toir mí ort a mhie Morna,  
Sgar do d' thair-theoil 's do d' chómbraig;  
Gu b' fhearr dhuit úr-labhr' gun chuimhne,  
Nó bhí sior mharbhadh mo mhuintir.'
- 15 'Ní sin labhair fear cinneadh gach fearg,  
B' e sin Breacan mac Rígh 'Cros-dhearg;  
Greasann na laoch is luilhe,  
Tha na laoch air mbeisg a mire.'
- 16 'Chuaidh Fionn a chodál air thús,  
Chosgar 'n éal is ar namh-rún;  
Is na bruidín' agus na t-éng-bhail,  
O! 's ann d' a bu chubhaidh gear-bhail.'
- 17 'Ní oileche síu dhúinne gu ló,  
Sinn re h-ionairt is re h-ol;  
'G eisteachd re gúairíach luchd ciuil,  
'S re duan fhílidh bu bhinn buir.'
- 18 'Bha sinn uil' air theachd an ló,  
Re h-intheachd do dh' Inso-freoin;  
Bhu fuinníneach air ann gu fionnhar,  
Agus mnáí a' dol nan díolaid.'
- 19 'Ráinig sinn Corcair-an-leirg,  
'S do bha an anluinn na feirg;  
'N uair bhíodh i na muine bras,  
Cha 'n fhéudladh aon neach dol thairt.'
- 20 'An síu dhúinn gu meadhán ló,  
Gus an sgoileadh an fionna-cheó;  
Ag eisteachd re fuain nan gleann,  
Gus an traoidhadh i gu fann.'
- 21 'Amharc da d' thugeamar uam,  
Air an t-slighe a bha nu thuaht;  
Gu facamar Rígh na Féinne,  
Cosgairt nam fiadh, is flúir thréune.'
- 22 'Do Ráinig mí aigheadh mhór,  
Ge d' rach raibh mí lionmhór sloigh;  
Gun do dheasaich mí mo lothain;  
Air an t-slighe a bha ma chomhair.'
- 23 'Do chunnaig sinn a teachd maraich,  
An-mhór treabhaich, se ro-ghásach;  
'S gu b' e maraich na meisg chothan,  
Maraich a b' áille san domhan.'
- 24 'Maraich cuirníníneach, cas-dhonn,  
Sa Chairinne ghlas air a ghuailín;  
Fuidh sgo' phobhlígh gu neo' thime,  
'S fuí' éideadh sróil agus sligheach.'
- 25 'Air each ceann-fhionn ceannard, cleasach,  
Fad mhúinealach, mhaó, chneasach;  
B' e 'n stéud eatom, úrur, mhéarach,  
Fuidh 'n tí eibhinn, uasal, mhéannaich.'
- 26 'Ghais iad uile 'n síu Fionn Éirinn,  
A dh' fhaigil sgoil do 'n tremn fhear;  
Cíod a b' ainm dh' a, an da bluthann,  
No cíad e ádhbhar a thuras.'
- 27 'Dh' inns eisean gu neo' sgothach,  
Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spáilte;  
A dh' iarruidh mo roghain d' ar mnáí,  
Cia dhín 's aingain líbh 'no 's áill.'
- 28 'Do fhuirgair e Fionn gun lár,  
'S faoin do dhuit a churidh lár;  
Gu 'n fuigh thu do mhíann d' ar mnáí,  
A dh' aingain dea Fhianntídh Pháil.'
- 29 'Mar a fuigheamsa gu deonach,  
Mo roghain d'ar mnáíthibh ór-bhuídh;  
Cómbrag naoi naonar d' ar calmaibh,  
'S áill cam fhaigh sa' air bhlag so.'
- 30 'Chuir iad naoi naonar laoch calma,  
A chloídh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aarra;  
'S thuit iad uile leis an-ogán,  
Air uilean an t-sleibh na onrachd.'
- 31 'An síu chuir Fionn caogad ceannard,  
A chloídh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aarra;  
'S thuit iad ach Fearn ghúin is Faoglaan,  
Agus Mor-límh bu chruaidh haoghlach.'
- 32 'Ghais iad an síu le mór phánthán;  
Leis gu teach Fhinn na mór ábhaich;  
An deidh an curine calma,  
Gheibh buaidh is blagh 's gach an la.'
- 33 'An síu do chuir Fionn mac Cluthail,  
Fios chugam fein gu luath luanach;  
'S du fuighinn, síth, 's duais gun airceadh,  
Nan d' thigim a chloídh an lan laoch.'
- 34 'Dh' inímh mí fein le 'n fhuir mhéamnach,  
Gu luath luinnach gu Tigh-teamra;  
Air iartas beol Fhinn mhie Cluthail,  
Gu coimhead a mháí o 'n mhuirach.'

- 35 'Thug e leis gun gheilt ro' 'n lánhan,  
A roghain d'a mnaithaibh sar-gheal;  
Cò cho' a'iaich e gun fhamn-chrith,  
Ach mi fein is 'm fheara cabna.'
- 36 'Ba tréun marcaich an eich shonraicht,  
Thug tri ruag roimhainn mar sheochdain;  
Is do dh' fhad e marbh air an dtrín,  
Naoi naonair gach aon uair dhínn.'
- 37 'Do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Fíliúidh,  
'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 dhioladh gach mor bhaile;  
Fear nach do dh' éir riamh aon neach,  
A bhíadh no dhocheo 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' amhlúidh sin ar buillean combraig.'
- 40 'Eisean cha d' fíodhain d' a ghníomh,  
Is cha d' fíodhain dhosan mí;  
Thug e spuir sa Bhan-rígh leis,  
'S mharcaich e san amhainn 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 dhiamh laoch a leon.'
- 42 'Thairneamar cloidheamh a truail,  
'N deidh briseadh air sleagh lán-cruaí';  
'S deacur inns' no aithris ulladh,  
Do bhuaileama rgu cruai' éndreach.'
- 43 'Mar fhadhadh teine a dornn,  
'S mar cabhal air cloidheamh gorm;  
Do dh' imich a sgiathán nach cruinne,  
'S gun do dh' imich no sgiaths' nile.'
- 44 'Eisean cha d' fíodhain d' a ghníomh,  
Is cha d' fíodhain dhosan mí;  
Thug leis a spuir sa chéile (chéile)  
'S mharcaich e san amhainn chéudna.'
- 45 'N sin thainig Fionn fein a' mach,  
An Rígh ca-trom sair'ree glan; (suairce)  
Thug e sguirt as air an fhatheche,  
Is tri pogan do 'n mharcaich.'
- 46 'Mile faithe dhuits' Aogh álain,  
A mhic Rígh na h-Eas-spáilte;  
Cia na sloigh a bh' air do cheann,  
Ailís Aoigh nam benmaibh calm.'
- 47 'Shuagh álain, árd-gheal, neartuhor,  
Treo' rach, náraich, 's iad neo' meate;  
Gun easbhuidh air each no air duine,  
An tréine nan draech nan cruithreachd.'
- 48 'Na h-arsanna catha calma,  
Gheibha buaidh gach shuagh is armailt;  
'S ann dhannh fein a bha san dín,  
Teachd o bhuillean trom an lámh.'
- 49 'Rinn iad an sin reit is ól,  
Fionn is Aogh bu chaduna dornn;  
Gabh no chomhairle' is no ghráich,  
'S rig le d' mbaithneas e gun cháird.'
- 50 'O!' 's coma leam eoid a ní mí,  
Mar an d' thig thu steach a mhíliúidh;  
Tuilidh mí air sgu' a chuainn so,  
Fuidh ullach broin agus namhan.'
- 51 'Aine fagsa chreag chruaidh,  
A ríghinn is gile snuagh;  
Gus an cinn fraoch air muir near,  
Cha d' theid mí chugad a steach.'
- 52 'Tri triathúibh fíchead dharbh gun bhíadh,  
Mar nach raibh neach roimhann riamh;  
A bhí air sgráth na fáirge fuair,  
Ag ól an t-sáile shearbhaí raibh.'
- 53 'Nach táir thusa steach a loich,  
'S den an codal so re' 'n thaobh;  
Is bhreimsa dhuit mar ioclaínt,  
Do d' chabhair bainne no chioche.'
- 54 'S measa na sin mar a tha,  
Inghean Chonaill chaoimh an áigh;  
Comhairle maná near na nár,  
Cha ghabh 's cha do ghabhsa riamh.'
- 55 'Oir do dh' fholbh mo cháil a chéidh,  
Mar mháoth shneachd no duileach cóill;  
Mar chriónas gach luibh sa Gheamhradh,  
Dhubh mo chroidhe le nimh is campar.'
- 56 'Is dh' fholbh 'm aimsir agus 'n úin,  
Mar gach cích a chuaidh san úir;  
Cha ubo dhátras grian air fáire,  
No madain a dhui-gas 'm árdan.'
- 57 'Beannachd leatsa Aine ghradhach,  
'S leis gach ní, is neach, is ábbachd;  
Ach nllaichadh 'm fheara cómbraig,  
Uaigh dhannh air an eilain ór-bhuí 's.'
- 58 'Thuit an tréun laoch air a charráig,  
Ge d' bu mhór a neart sna cathain;  
Aon laoch fuilleachadh na Féinne,  
'N uair a dh' éite cath is t-eug-bhaíl.'
- 59 Thuit Aine 'n sin air a bháir,  
Fuidh thúrsa, gun tréis no cáil;  
Is labhair i le fáinn chómhraich,  
Air an amháil so do-bhrónach.
- 60 'A loich mhíliúidh bu mhór maithas,  
'S truaigh thu chaochlaí' air sgeir mhare;  
A dhiobhaíl deoch ach an saile;  
Fhír a gheibha buaidh 's gach gabhadh.'
- 61 'Ní 's mo cha chlainn thu sgathadh,  
Na nainnde mar ghéuga baraich;  
Na do ghluh an teach nan céuda,  
Fhír bu mhór blagh, fónn, is tréane.'
- 62 'Bha neart do eilinn mar threun tuinne,  
'S na bíara mar fíliúidh air chathach,  
Na mar sheoblag a meag eanlaich,  
Na iolair neartuhor gun mhéineach.'
- 63 'Cha b' e airm Ríghridh chuir gu bás,  
Thu laoch an truid, bu mhór áil;  
Ach fauchd, is ocras, agus iota,  
Air sgu' a chuainn fhuaraidh fhíor-ghlain.'
- 64 'A Thriath slios Alba bu mhór agh,  
Samach dō leaba, gu lá bhrath;  
Cho d' thig a mhadaín sin a choidhech,  
A dhuisgas tu o úir gu sóils.'
- 65 'Threig thu Tigh-teamhra' gu siorruidh,  
Is Fionn fálaidh is mor ghníomhach;  
Bu tu tréun a dhion 'a gach cómbraig,  
Tha 'n dia eumhach is cha' neóach.'
- 66 'Cha chluinn gu bráth fuaim do sgétha,  
'S cha mhó tharfas orm le h-eibhneas;  
'S truaigh a thachair dhannh an ómradh,  
Fuidh mhór thime, snithach, bronach.'
- 67 'Cha mhó chí do shiúl air ehuaidh,  
Na do bhratach dhathach uaine;  
Na oran do rámhach armaicht,  
Bu bhíun iol-ghair air stuath calma.'
- 68 'Cha mhó chí mí sa bhéinn t-seilg,  
Thu Ghnill mhéaracha bu mhaí' éirmis;  
Na eothann do ghadhair sheange,  
Air uonach roí' d' fhuir mhór, mhéamnach.'
- 69 'Thuit mo chroidh' gun drisla deábach,  
Aon an dublachas gun ablachd;  
Mar a ghrían dorcha le neaíbh,  
Nach dean gúir air béinn nan seimh-ghleann.'
- 70 Tha mí lan sháilach ag amhare,  
Air do kama gorma glana;  
Fhuair buaidh air gach neach an cómbraig,  
Fhír bu mhaí' cruth, mór tréun, solach.
- 71 'A chip catha bu mhéar cómbraig,  
Gu ma beannaichte do chomhuidh;  
Séiméam da chliú gu neo' cillinn,  
Le deó dhéireannach mo chreabhaig.'
- 72 'Cho 'n ionadh mí bhí gun solas,  
'S mí mar chraoibh an gleann na h-on rachd;  
Mu seach dh' fhadh iad mí gam leiridh,  
Le nimh-chrí' gach la nan deidh uil.'

## I. 17. BAS GHUILL. 288 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 121. Advocates' Library, April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This second version has been considerably altered. Verses are recast, and names are changed in accordance with the changes in the Argument which are remarkable. It seems that Kennedy was falling into the fashion of his time, and altering his texts. The lines which are left out are repetitions of the first version. Whoever composed this wrote very good Gaelic poetry a hundred years ago.

## THE DEATH OF GAUL. Extracts.

## THE ARGUMENT.

GAUL the son of Moirne remains in the cave whereto he fled after he kilt Caril in a melancholy and forlorn condition, without any other company than his wife, and was frequently visited by Oscar, his trusty companion, they being the only two that were sent upon the most dangerous enterprises by Fingal. Notwithstanding Oscar's great love and favour, Gaul was afraid he would sometime discover his place of abode to Fingal who seemed still inclinable to be revenged upon him for the death of Caril. Gaul of a day Oscar had gone to see him, when they departed threw his spear after him whereby Oscar was slightly wounded. Oscar did not chuse 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 Pinnacul. 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 banished upon the desolate Island where he lived for eleven days upon dulse and vegetables. The Poem begins by Gaul comforting his wife Malag who sat upon the opposite shore giving her a charge to carry his effects with her from the Hall of Fingal, and to marry Aogh, a former lover of hers, of whom he gives an account how he had engaged him at a river called Corcar-an-deirg. After his death Malag laments over his grave in a most tragical strain.

- 2 No dean bron nu ni nach faigh  
A choi' ch no dean tir shaigh.
- 3 Toir leat t-airgead, agus t-òr  
Toir leat do shendan, 's do shròl;  
Cnuimhnic sior leannbhuin an fhlair,  
'S ole na h-aonaran bean dea' fhlair.
- 5 Na coin bithar, luimneach, laidir  
Mharbhadh feidh ann an cuilg na dlamhair.
- 8 An t-shaor shlat do 'n fhine chosgar,
- 10 A Mhalag nan suighe tu air lar,  
Gun in-seun duit nr-geun!
- 15 An caomh Breacan Mac Rìogh Cro-dhearg;  
Greasumar na sloigh so luighe,  
Tha hìoch air mhèisg a' nìre.
- 16 Laoch na ful gun iomar-bhàidh,  
Bu mhòr speis do dh' fhaicuntar' 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 nam gleann.
- 21 A' coisgairt nam fiadh bu mhòr feileach.
- 23 Gu b' e macan na misg-chothann.
- 24 Fui' sge' chreimnich ga uco thùme,  
Le eòl-adh loimneach, is sligheach.
- 26 Ghluais iad nìle Fianm na h-Eireann,  
A dh' fhaighail sgeula do 'n treun laoch;  
Dh' fhuasraich Fionn gu meigh-ach, baghach,  
A thuras thair druim gach bearna.
- 27 Dh' innis an laoch gu neo'scàitlach,  
Aogh Mac Mhanalain o' n Spailte;  
Dh' iarraidh nina' a' d' bhlantrachd Fhinn,  
Is aille cruth is smaadh cinn.
- 28 Do fhrèagair e Fionn gun on,  
'S foinn do thriall o' Inmse-toir;  
Gu fuigh u rothlain na nua;  
A dh' aidneoin dea' Fhiantaidh Phail.
- 30 Air nìlean an t-sleibh air Ionan.

- 31 An sin chuir Fionn caogad toiseach,  
A chluai Aogh ghil, earta coimha;  
Thuit iad ach Fearginn is Faoghlan,  
Agus Morlamh nam beum baoghlaich
- 32 Ghluais iad iule le mor phàmhlan,  
Leis gu teachd Fhinn na mor àbhaichd;  
An deidh nan cur' aine treuna,  
Bu mhòr buaidh ann canasg cheudan.
- 33 An sin do chuir Fionn Mac Cumhail,  
Fios chugam fein gu Shlabh buidh;  
'S gu fuighinn Sith, is eis aghor,
- 35 Thug e leis sa ghreis an t-àrman,  
Seinbrosg nam buadh, nam bos bana;  
Co chomhlach e gan flann-clairth,  
Ach mi fein nach treigeadh bantrachd.
- 38 Fear nach diobraidh an cruai' ghabhadh;  
Laoch nach do dh' eur riann ann neach.
- 39 Is na ghluais, cho b' ann mar fha;  
Mar neart na tuinne gu mor-thir,  
B' amhlaidh sin ar beum sa chombrag.
- 40 Thug e stend sa Bhan-riogh leis.
- 41 Thug e leis a stend sa chùile,
- 42 Gun casbhuidh sa ghreis air duine,  
An treise no 'n dreuch, no 'n cuma.
- 48 Na suinn chatha, chalma, chalgach,  
Bu mhòr, treubhaich, euchdai, armach.
- 49 Rinn hìoch sith reit, is ol,  
Fionn is Aogh le 'n glaoite ceol,  
A Mhalag nam ban glae mo gearadh,  
Srig an Triath nach iargain agh.
- 50 O! 's coma leach ciod a ni mi,  
Mar a tarr n steach a mhìidh;  
'S cian mo bhron air sga' a chuin,  
Ag caoi gach lo na dh' m'ich nainn.
- 51 Cho 'n fhaic u ni choi'ch air lear.
- 55 Dh' fholbh mo chàil agus mo ehli,  
Mar chatbhadh cuir, no coil chrin;  
Mar mheathas an luich sa nlagh,  
Mheath mo chroich nach dìogait e 'm lail.
- 56 Ghluais mo làith mo bhà' mo mhuiran,  
Mar gach àl a chnai' san air;  
C' uin a ghairas grian air faire.
- 57 Ainmìr og nan rosgaibh cùn,  
'Sguir a' d' bhron,—na leon do rùn;  
Baannachd leat a ghraibh nam bun,  
'S cianail bas Och 's cian a dh' fhan.
- 58 Thuit an treun laoch air an traidh,  
Bu mhòr neart ann enas nam blar;  
Aon laoch fuileabdach na Feinne,  
Ann combrag lann, ri ana na t-eng-bhàil.
- 59 Thuit geug nan ciabh air a bhlar,  
Mar gheachd fui' neul an là;  
Dhuisg a h-aigheachd, has a combradh,  
B' fhan a guth, gu tursach bronach.
- 60 A hìoch mhìidh, bu mhòr agh,  
'S truagh do dhiobraidh air tìr tràit;
- 61 Ni 's mo cho chluinnear u sgathadh  
Na nainde mar gheuga' barrach;  
Do ghuth Cluimte cian thair ceudan,  
C' uin a chluinn mi fuaim do sgeithe.
- 62 Bha neart mo ghràidh mar ghair tuinne,  
Ann 's na blaraidh, b' aghoir buille;  
Mar sheobhag u measg nam eun,  
No iolair nam beann gun mbein.
- 63 Cho b' àirn Rìogbraidh ehnir gu bas,  
An laoch nach dìthnecht' am blar;  
Ach fuaichd, tross, is gort, is ieta,  
Air sgath a chuan fhuara' fhuir-ghlain.
- 64 A Thriath nan lear, 's nam beann àrd,  
'S mor an sgeula t-eng 's an traidh;  
C' uin a thug a mhadainn chuin,  
A mhosglaas an sonn a h-air?

- 65 Dhibir u Teabhra' nan lann,  
Fhinn na feile 's bèud a th' ann;  
'S tric a sheas an treun do chomhrag,  
Laoch nam beum nach curadh col'-strì.
- 66 Tarma Iobharr, tron, geara,  
'C' o mi 'n teirbirt, co ne feum leo?  
'S tragh a thuradh dhamb bli 'm orrachd,  
Fui' throm thìoma, suithach, bronach.
- 67 C' nìin a chì, mo run air chuantaidh,  
No do bhratach dhathach, uaine;  
No orain do ranachd armach,  
Bu bhim iol-ghaire air stuath chalma.
- 68 Cho mhò chi mi sa bheinn t-seilge,  
Thu Ghuill mheargant a b' fhearr eirnis;  
No cothairt do ghadhar seanga,  
Air aonach nam beann a tamh-ruigh.
- 69 Chaochail dhamb gu bron a chlarsach,  
Le luchd nan deur dh' eug mo mharan:  
Luigh m' aigneadh mar cheo air sleibhti'  
Nach gluais gaoth nam beann a cheibhì.
- 70 B' anhaill an laoch is cran giusaich,  
Dhionadh a lann gach fann ghluineacht  
Fhuair buaidh air gach borb an comhrag,  
Fhìr a b' fhearr cruth, 's dubh do chomhannidh.
- 71 A Thriath nan lann, 's fann a dh' fhag mi.  
Suithich mo rosg nach coisg àbhachd;  
Seinnim do chluin gun run eibhinn,  
'N eian is beo, cho' n eol damh threigsinn.
- 72 Cho' n iodhadh mi bhì gun sòlas,  
Mi nar chann ann glèann na h-orrachd;  
Mu seach dh' fhag na h-armainn threibheach  
Mi fuì' 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 Cna Mhac Caillich idir e;  
Ach nachd na nna 'us fearr fun Ghreìn,  
Oig-fhear gasta glunn - rinn  
Gàsgich e do dh' Fhianntibh Eirinn.
- 2 Chunnachdar a tìgn na eubhlich  
Marchdach air Each Barr-fhionn buidhe,  
Each-bus-leabh a geug-mhor glan,  
Ceann aigionnaich eadrom earroil;
- 3 Crios leathann mo thaoibh an laeich,  
'Us cha bu chrios Lenthunn do 'n rod chaol,  
Ceann eor glagganach Leadhair,  
Seian fhada ghorm Dhisnich,<sup>1</sup>
- 4 Bha 'n Abhuinn na binnne bràs  
'Us cha 'n fhaoid le neach dol thairt,  
Ach Marchdach ro ghas 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,  
Chluimnte screadail air sciath ma seach,  
Ach seoil e mo sciath re 'm seachnail.<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 1837, in Caitness.

- 1 AITHNE chragach a chraig a chruaidh,  
'S a ribhinn aluinn aon uair,  
Ach an d' tig fraoch tre mhic an fhìr,  
Cha bhì diolain aig bean deagh fhear,

- 2 Aithne na cluinnear do ghul,  
Ma nì nach gabh ri do chruadh chàs,  
'S na biodh do bhron na nì nach eil,  
I! nach eil e 's 'n tìr thalmhaidh
- 3 Cuimhnich t' airgid eumhaich t-òr,  
Cuimhnich do bhuan ghreidh  
'S ind gach uair gu d' ardach'.  
Cuimhnich do sheachd coin seilg  
Thainig o thaoibh maigh an teirg,
- 4 Cìod am buaine na fir,  
Be so uair de 'n iomairt.  
Bha mi aoidhear 's an Albinn fhaile  
Air fineacha Mhìc Cambail,
- 5 Mise agus Aodh Dioreach  
Air fineachan' chruinn thalmhinn,  
Air an t' shreoil is an t' shìde ghlan,  
'G ò lion 's a 'g thoirbheir
- 6 Is mise a labhair aig an fhion  
Comhradh nach b' fhiach ri radh,  
'S ann uam dh' imich an guth carr  
Ris na ghabh Fionn a chorruch
- 7 Labhair sin gu foill  
Ghoill mheannmùinich ro mhor,  
B' fhearr dhut thiginn air labhradh eile  
Na bhì marbhadh ur mauintir.
- 8 Chaint sin theireadh tu nochd  
Mhìc Muirn na labhradh ar  
Gu faigheadh tu fo do dhorn gu glinn  
Gach dara fear a bha sa 'n Eirinn
- 9 Dh' eirich fear sturaidh an tigh  
Maca mac fir chribhaidh  
Dar bhithas slugh air mhìsg  
An fhìr b' fhearr an closd,  
Nan leabaichean
- 10 Laidh sinne sud uile an Fhian  
Eadar an ear 's an iar  
Leinn cìod be ur n' aonadh b' fhearr,  
Thug sinn ur trial gu dealachadh
- 11 Fir dhonn nam each near  
Sheang shuair e o 'n ear  
O bhinn na slat a Greagh  
Gu binn dol da 'n diolaid.
- 12 An oidhech sin duinn gu ullmh,  
Marachd an deigh a bhuaine  
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 bearmal  
An oidhech sin duinn gu diarachd  
'G eisteachd 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 adhmholtach laghach,  
De eich taghadh d' dheagh mharcach,
- 16 Sin dar sgaoil an eeo  
Dar thainig meadhon an lò  
Sgaoil poball Fhinn gu farsaing  
Is leag e thugainn aon mharcach,
- 17 Marach an eich bharr bhuidhe  
Thainig thugainn da ur guidh,  
'S e canghach taorngeach leasach  
Muinealach mo fal shiosach.
- 18 Marach an eich chunantach chorr  
Naol nairean chaidh e tromhainn,  
Air a blàs gus 'n deach ur slugh  
Aithne air nan deach e uaithe
- 19 Thuit le caol druin na suaire  
Naomr ris gach aon uair  
Mharbhadh leis Airtair mac Doir,  
Fear gu bàlhadh a chruidh mheanmh
- 20 Fear nach do dhiult biadh na deoch,  
Do dhinne riamh 's e 'n ainnis  
Thug mi mo sgrìob thanan an àth  
B' fhearr leam gu 'm b' ann na thrà



- 21 Shaòil leam dar bha saoghal air surd  
Gu 'n gleachdinn non fhoch costadh  
Chuir mi mo dhruim ris an àth  
An d' shùl gu' n robh druim agam dha
- 22 Ge trùime leamsa do shleagh  
Cha chumadh i ris an fhoch ud non blùile  
Thug e spìr do na bharruinn naithe  
Chaidh e 'n abhainn d' non nair
- 23 Chrath oirne barr a shleagh  
Sgaoil e sinn mar chreathlìgan  
Chaidh e fein is each naithe slàn  
Air dhealachas a leanann
- 24 An ainm a chailinn chucasd  
Edar anam agus ionnmuinn,  
Gur e do bheath thighinn dachaidh slàn  
Oighre aluinn na Eshuig
- 25 Cia mar bha sluagh bh' aig Goll.  
Air taobh tuath na h-eiler ?  
Bha sluagh baighach gradhach ragach  
Ciallach narach neo-mhisgeach,
- 26 Na fir og gharg ghaist,  
Ard naise a Phanna  
Cha b' e cleas an t-sluaigh.  
'S cha mhò gu 'm b' e an diomb buaidh,
- 27 Thug dom s' thiginn dachaidh slàn  
Ach bhì bàr air an eathar  
Aithne mas falthalt an sgoi  
Gur math leat fear ri do thaobh,
- 28 Tagh do dhionmhaltachd fear  
Nach nàr leat fhicinn ad leabaidh  
Cìod e marach bhiodh sin ?  
Aodh cas mac na caillich
- 29 Cha b' e a chaillich a mbathair  
Ach aon ceann cheud thar each  
Is b' e fath' shluinneadh air a mhaoi  
Lunthads' a chlaoidhadh athair,  
Crioich.

& 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.

'STR,—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 man 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 Ghull,' but it has nothing in common with 'Tiomnadh Ghull' in the 'Sean Dana.' It contains some curious words, and is evidently the remains of a larger poem. Goll is upon a rock in the Sea, and his Wife is upon the opposite shore talking to him, and endeavouring to persuade him to come ashore, but he persists in remaining on the rock, fully resolved to meet his destiny.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
HECTOR McLEAN.'

'J. F. Campbell, Esq.,  
Niddry Lodge, Kensington.'

The second verse is not easy to understand. Goll being blind, and his Wife near him, the dialogue comes in naturally, but the language is difficult, because we know nothing about the personage named Muga 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 *shor*

*na cuirce*. *Sìr* 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 luraìn,  
Na 'bheil a' mhuilinn brònach ?  
Na 'm faic thu laoch a' tighinn o 'n tràigh ?  
'S ann an dèigh a 's teann mo chuibbreach.

ISE.

- 2 Chi mi chugam ùglach ard,  
Fear finleachlach fualbhar-gharg,  
'S e mar shòr na cnaire,  
Sòr na mnice' air a chloinn.

GOLL.

- 3 'S e sin Muga beag Mac Smàil ;  
An dèigh a gheall e teachd a' m' dhàil ;  
Air bhith dhàsan anns na cìsaibh ;  
'S ann dèisan a 's dèan mo mhàrbhadh.

- 4 A rìghinn a 's binne ceol,  
Gluais gu nàrach 's na gabh bròn ;  
Na dean deir ma 'n ni nach fhaigh thu,  
'S na b' taighich 's an tìr airgidh.

- 5 Cuimhnich t'airgidh agus t'òr ;  
Cuimhnich do shòda 's do shòrl ;  
Cuimhnich gear leannmuinn t' fhrì ;  
'S ole thig diùllannas bean deagh-fhrì.

- 6 Cuimhnich air do theachd o 'n t-sealg  
Thuingidh eugad o eluth Dhruim dearg ;  
A' h-uile h-aon le bluadh-chrann àgh,  
'S gu marbhadh e fiadh 'na aonar.

- 7 Àinne mach fag thu' chreag chruaidh  
A rìghinn cìtìdh an-fhuair,  
Gus an tig am fraoch romh mhuir mear,  
Cha tig an laoch gu d' chobhair.

ISE.

- 8 Na 'n tigeadh thu 's teach a laoch,  
'S eadal a dheanadh ri m' thaobh ;  
Bheirinn fhein mar iocshaint dhuit  
Bainne mo dha chich gu d' chobhair.

GOLL.

- 9 'S miosa na sin mar a tha  
A nìghean Chloaid,—'s mi 'm breug e ;  
Conhairle mnatha, nì h-oir na h-iar,  
Cha do ghabh mi riann,—'s nì 'n gabhann.

ISE.

- 10 C' àit am faigh mise fear eile  
Ann a' t' àite-sa' Ghull ghlreadhnaich ?

GOLL.

Nàille dh' innsennsa sin duitse ;—

Aogh gasda, mac na caillich.

ISE.

- 11 Air do laimh-sa a Mhic Morna  
Air t' fhine 's air t' onair ;  
Cha bhì mo chomann glan grinn  
F aron agus aona nìac caillich.

GOLL.

- 12 Chà na mhae caillich dhuit Aogh—  
Mac na mnatha 's fhearr fa 'n domhan !  
Ainne do bhì air a mbathair,  
Nìghean Chuinn o 'n Chrònan.

- 13 Beiridh thu dha naonar mac  
Agus nìghean fa 'n geal gac ;  
Dh' innsinn dhuit a beud a bhos,—  
Thèid i fhein gu cend asaid.

- 14 Latha dhùinn air Cruachan Còrr—  
Mi fhein agus Aogh Doireach ;  
Air sìoda 's air srol nua each  
Biotar ag òl 's ag iomaìrt.

- 15 Thuit nam fhein gu dona mach,  
Gu 'n d' ghabh Fionn rìnn corrach ;  
Nach biodh d' ar comann glan,  
Ach an d'ama fear 'bhith 'n Èirinn.

- 16 Thug sinn ionnsuidh air 'n-eich mhèara,—  
'S ar n-eich thaghta g' ar giùlan ;  
Foinn na feoirn' o cheann na slaithe  
Agus bean u' dol gu diùllaid.

- 17 Biotar an oidheche 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 bhrais,  
Nach fhaodadh duine dól thairis.  
Bha sinn mer sin gu meallhou là  
'G eisdeachd ri faoghaid nam beann.
- 19 Gus an do sgaol an ceo ciabhach,  
Gus an do thraigh an abhainn.  
Sùil gu 'n d' thug mi fada nam  
Air an flaiche 'bha mu thuaht :
- 20 Faicear Fionn fein am flath,  
'S e 'na sheasamb 'na chéir chath;  
Faicear a' tighinu am fàiteach,  
'S eo pluball Fhinn a' marcachd.
- 21 'S e 'm maraiche bhiththeadh an sin  
Am marcach a b' àille fa 'n domhan—  
Am marcach cuirneimeach glas donn,  
'S a bhuirne ghlas air a ghualainn.
- 22 Sgiath phlobaill de 'n or air a shlios  
'S fhàile sròl gu sligeanach.  
A ta 'chluig agus dorn gath,  
Sgian fhada, lom air dhèag dhath,
- 23 Air shlios odhar an laoi chluinn  
A' dol an eath 's an cruaidh chombrag;  
'S aig nallaichead an eich chòrr  
Thug e na trì ruaigean roimhinn.
- 24 Mharbhadh leis naonar d' ar muinntir:  
Mharbhadh leis naonar mic eile:  
Mharbhadh leis an gaisgeach mu 'n can'  
Aille Mae Giollagain.
- 25 Chaidh mi fein air mo steud chath;  
'S ma chaidh cha b' ann mar shratha:  
Na 'm biodh an seic air soirn  
Bu dual domhsa 'ghasadadh.
- 26 Thairngeadh leinn claidheamh a truail:  
Bhuail sinn gu cruaidh euidreach;  
Mar shradag tein' ann a' d' dhorn,  
Na mar reul ainneil adhar bu d' gharbh,
- 27 'S dh' imich a sgiath-san uile,  
'S dh' imich mo sgrìath-sa gu bile;  
Esan cha deachaidh a *dhrìoma*<sup>2</sup>  
'S mise cha d' thug cìreandh dhàsan.
- 28 Thug e spuir 's a' bharan leis;—  
Chaidh e 'san abhainn cheudna:  
Thairig Fionn fein a mach;  
An rìgh fenta fearail.

## FIONN.

- 29 Co na sloigh a bhiodh an sin,  
Ailis duinn Aoi gh nam beumann?

## AOGH.

Shnagh ga'al, maoth-ghéal, and ghéal, gleachdach,  
Ard mhùinealach mìh-kasach.

- 30 Air bhith dhomhsa 'n dùn;  
Gu 'n d' thairig mi slàn o 'n iomasgail.

## GLOSSARY.

*Sor*, I think should be *sorn*, a snout. *Sorn na muice*, the snout of the sow.

*Tig airgidh* means land of robbery, but reciter says it means *high seizure*, a public-house.

*Ainm*. This word, I suspect, is a corruption; it reciter calls the mother of Aogh *Ainm*, and Anglicises the name, *Ann*.

*Dùidh*, the Irish form for *hill*.  
*Cruachan Corc*. There is a pretty little round hill in the moors west of Staonsha called by this name.

*Foinne*, gen. of *foinn*, grass.  
*Corc air leirg*, the town of Cork.

*Teinnaneachd*, tightness.  
*Céir chath*, probably a corruption of *cith cath*, battle-rage.

*Bhuirne*. Reciter explains as *sgiaith* or *lùireach*. *Birnie*, probably.

*Phlobaill*. Reciter could give me no explanation of this word.

*Sadhur*, a sluggish, inactive person.

*A dhrioma*. I should have written this a 'ghrime, out of his battle, hors de combat.

*Eivreadh*, yielding; from *cirr*, a stick. 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 Flionn fiail,  
Air sliabh luachair 's bu chubbi leim; (chumha  
Uamsa dh' imich an Guth, dhuin)  
Dhe na glabh Fionn nam flath coiruich.
- 2 Air bhì dha g' am iarraidh,  
Air feadh bhàl is Islar;  
Air feadh airde nam beann,  
Is leug iosal nan Eirthire.
- 3 La dhuinn air shiabh Mhuil, (Mòilina)  
Chunnaes Fionn teachd le sheachd Cathan;  
Dhomhsa bu chuis sheachnadh sin,  
As e g' am shireadh 's g' am shir-leamhain.
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn na pùbail gheala,  
Air na tullehana Ceardaich;  
Shuidhich nise na pùbail eile,  
Air a' mhagh na fhuannis.
- 5 Mar gu 'm biodh Co-uraid sloigh,  
'S cha robh duine agam b' fhàich;  
Ach ocd fìched deug deaghi gaisgeach,  
Thuit an tour air a bhinn,  
Leum a' Ghaur eadarinn.
- 6 Dh' fhas an amhainn bras,  
Cha taradh thairg laoch thairis;  
Ach eisidhì sin ri gaoth nam beann,  
Aig an tragh an amhainn.
- 7 Ghluais a mach o phubuill Fhinn,  
An t-aon each buidhe baobhail bras;  
A's e tighinn fo leasannabh soluis,  
Bior-chluisach donn, bar fhuinn blar,  
Uelid leathann donn taobh gheal sholuis.
- 8 Marcach air muin an Eich mhoir,  
As aille gu 'm facas thair sloigh;  
Luarach le nao srèthain oir,  
Ma chorpan sheimh shith shroil,  
Sgiath bhulganda bhalganda chor.  
Air a ghualainn deas ro mhor,  
Sgian mhor air a thaobh chli,  
Air mac usal an ard rìgh.
- 9 Thug e spor do 'n ghearrau bhlar,  
Nach do thaghail riann an t-ath;  
Chaidh e nao uairean troimhinn,  
Marcach an Eich shantach chuarta;  
Cheangladh leis an Donnar fhiodh,  
Naonar Mac Ghall Ibhì.—
- 10 As naonar Mac Tuirmi nan clar, (ne clar)  
Is Garbhan Mac Moalar;  
Is Eadargan Mac Doire,  
Fear nach do dhùit biadh no deoch,  
Do neach riann san aodunn. (al. san fheudare)  
Sguich mi thin roimh san ath,  
Leam bu mhàitich 's bu tra.
- 11 Uair gu 'n robh saoghal air sogh,  
Chleuchd mi aon laoch a chosgadh. (fhasda)  
Rug e air mo sgiath ro laothach,  
'S ma mo cheann rinn di bloigheadan,  
Mar bhiththeadh mo chloigade ghlan,  
Chailim an ceann lem leamhainn,
- 12 Thug am Marcach mach an t-atha;  
Thugas steud bhui gh stad bhui gh;  
T-abhra phog do 'n t-sar mharcach,  
G' an d'ut do bheatha a Mhìc Rìgh Fàil,  
Laoich churrauda shoghraidh.

<sup>1</sup> Means ris an can iad.

<sup>2</sup> A 'ghrime.

- 13 Ciod an slugh a fhuair thu thall,  
Aig Goll mac Morna na mor lann ?  
Shlugh taigsceach ciallach,  
Narach neo-nhisgeach,  
Mar bithé d' ghrasán domh Fhinn.  
Cha tighinn slán uath thairis,  
Ach a nis o 'n tlia mí triail,  
Air an anam a tha 'm chliabh,  
Fad mo laimh na mo laimne,  
Cha do chum ris a chuirridh,  
Ach an t-aon chruaidh bhúille.
- 14 An sin chaidh sinn an dail a' cheile,  
Bu treun 's bu dochtair a' chomhrag;  
Thug an Fhianm tulga air ais; (al. trnrag)  
Thog clann Morna sgál doibh,  
Chriothnach an fonn fo 'r casaibh,  
Stad na sruthain le doghrúinn.
- 15 Chlanna Baoisge nam mor ghuimh,  
Dream bla misneachail riabh;  
Shiochd threnmhoir nam blagh,  
An geill sibh do 'n Gharbh dhrugh.  
Cumbhichibh cruidhas na Feinne,  
Buailibh dannara treuna;  
Pillibh le talhaedh gu cumasg'  
Gleithibh an arach, tionsa 'm buinne,
- 15 Sheall gach fear air a chlaidheamh liomhí  
As air a shleagh shlan chosgi,  
Chual gach fear luaidh a' bhaird,  
Dh' iarr le naire a dheagh chliu,  
Chunnacas Fionn a tearnaidh nuas,  
B' anbharach a chith sa choslas,  
Bu chluin tosdach na Duilean,  
A bheinn chrath le mor ioghnaidh,  
Phill sinn an ruaig gu grad.
- 16 Co dheanga Fionn sa ghréis ?  
Thaclair Fionn is Goll na mor chleas;  
Thug iad an eath gaibheach doibh,  
Dh' fhalbh nam blioghdean an sgiathan ball  
bhreac  
An cloigeudan sgealb air an raon  
An sleaghan chaidh nam níríbh san adhar,  
Tharruing an claidhean foimhidh fine.
- 17 Sheas sinn uile an da shlogh,  
'G ambarch garbh clath na mor thriath,  
Bheine na h-nilt le eagal;  
Sgoilt na creagan le mor thoirim.
- 18 Lub a choille le fuathas,  
B' oiteil toran uanham nan spur,  
Taighse 'g itealach sna neulaibh;  
Sgreadhail gu fiadhach sa' bheinn  
Thog iad an talamh le 'n Cruaidh spairn.
- 19 Lub Fionn guthail a ghrúaidh,  
Ran an Fhionn le mend an eagail;  
Ran, 's cha b' aobhar eagail doibh,  
Co chuireadh air Fionn ?  
Co sheasadh ris san spairn ?
- 20 Thuit mac Morna ran cruidh bhéum,  
Shil ar deoir nu Ghoill nan céad;  
Eirich a Ghuill a leon tha fein,  
Cha 'n imear mo lamna ort beud,  
'S caimhne leam an Damh a babhaist,  
Fhionn riabh nach irraddh lechd,  
Tha mí fo d' gheasibh, eian a nochd,  
Glac mo chlaidheamh, glac mo lamh,  
Thoir dhuinn sith is bithidh slan.
- 21 Clann Morna tha díreach deanta,  
Co tha cosmhil ruitse Ghuill;  
An eath gaibheach nan cion ghléann,  
Co sheasadh tu ach Fionn fiail,  
'S co sheasadh Fionn ach Goll ciar.

<sup>1</sup> Got from Roderick Mac Lemnan Taksman, in Kintail, who took it down from the oral recitation of Murdoch Mac Lemnan—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 Ranoch, 25th August, 1802. Present, Mr. Alexander Stewart and many others.

- 22 'S eibhinn a nochd sith nam braithrean,  
Sgoilt dhuinn fleagh' aird iar ceol—  
Buail elarsach nam fonn aosla.—  
Oighean thigibh eain nar coir,  
Caoin thainig reultan na maise  
Bha fo smal car tannall an dall chod,  
Las an gnuis mar ghrian ag éiridh  
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. 59) is conclusive. It places the death of Goll late. Three of the Clanna Morna—Gorraidh, Conan, and Dnoire are going to avenge the death of Goll on Ossin, Oscar, and Caoilte. Coirvald was slain before Goll, Goll was in the slaying of Diarmuid. These three are out of the story. The six here named are in later bits.

- 1 A zorra tryillmyt gow find  
Ighilk eracht sowch finn  
Zarre kinn zulle er in ree  
Gyn gurnist aye gai keivc cleith
- 2 Is lesk lamsyth zwle auna  
Onach chwinnyn gr fin chenna  
Is nach feadmist a zeilt  
Kenna v'morn vor zuewe
- 3 Kail lusse ne is allwn pen  
Id durd conu mor gyn keule  
Marmy for nach gyth dunna  
In deilt zwle olt voe
- 4 Sayth in trur var mon din nane  
Onach kamyt di zin fen  
Abbir a zorre is lawr  
Fayr sinni sin trom alle
- 5 Marvesth ossin mor m'fyn  
Marve nai in tosgir nach teymmi  
Marve dyre kille kaye  
Fayr sinni wle er in lawe
- 6 Math is agwma ne veis auna  
Cha dik linna mov'ler finn  
Tatmy ule sin alle  
Cha dikge gowle dr gowrne
- 7 Da byth iuni byth le a nort  
Dyth elurmist finni za keacht  
Is ferr nyth brar gyn nelle  
A dersi 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 ploushing. 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. Carnichael 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 Mishmish 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 'Junse Phäil.' 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 tarring 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 *Calligairn*)—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 wore 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 *Lundhean* (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 *Muillearteach*, 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' chloataich*, 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. LOSGADH BRUTH FARBAIRN. 84 lines.  
Fletcher's Collection, page 111. Advocate's 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 Temhra, therefore, as appears in other places, he had taken up his abode in the palace of the Irish High King, Coruac Mac Art.

- 1 *Scriob a chaidh Fionn le Fhianuibh,*  
Thair sruibheadh Glas Inse fail;  
Chuir iad na na leirgubh gasda,  
Daimh na Beann baisge dha.
- 2 Dh'fhag iad nan diaghuidh an corn buadhach  
Is deadh mhachd Morn nan gnuaidh dearg;  
Aghaidh chuidh a labhradh na bhinn,  
Eoin chiuin an torraibh nan cran.
- 3 An sin nuair a leig Gara mor machd Morna  
E nunn ann san leppidh chuid;  
Luaidh snain gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S cheann fuidh n' hhrat chorcair chiuin.
- 4 Comhairle a chinn air bheag ceille,  
Aig beantreabhach ur nan fast cam;  
Dealgadh caol ann brottadh gasda,  
Folt an laoiich an glach dibh chran.
- 5 Aisling a chunnaic Mac Morna,  
Air bhi dha 'na chadal trom;  
Chunnaic e Garradh fuidh dhiamhir,  
Cha raibh luaidh air Fhianuibh Fhinn.
- 6 Thug e fosgladh air a rosgabh,  
Ais an aisling fa na deur;  
Dhealluich an tonn o'n eannuichin,  
Fuil an laoiich 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 naine dhathan,  
A ghlabhadh gaoth ri gathuibh chran.
- 9 Bha ceud cuilean le muineal airgid,  
Bha ceud nigean bu ghruine meur;  
Bha ceud machdan len brollach sioda, fìor ghlan  
Is ceud bean na mium aig gach machdan.
- 10 A fhuair urram an teach na bean treun,  
Air mo chuingh bha sud sun talla;  
Bha ceud cailleach chaslath ghreinnach,  
Agus altrun a steach air glun gach cailleach.
- 11 Suil gan tug è thair a ghlalain,  
Deadh nbaic Chuthail na gruidh dearg;  
Chunnaic e ceo talmh daithe  
A thigh farabairn is lasair aurd.
- 12 Cuiribh oirbh a leoghain ghasta,  
Gach aon laoch tha an so rim linn,  
Sid agraibh an eismachadh anamoch,  
Is teanachdabh gu grad bantrach Fhinn.
- 12 Miad air dochais as air hochaibh,  
Thug an talla dhain breith chaol;  
Leum gach fear air barr a shleaghe,  
Is dh'fhag iad Mac Reithe sa chaoil.
- 13 An sin annair a thuir deadh Mhaic Chuthail,  
San gaisgeadh air dol air eul;  
Cuirmid air druim ris an talla,  
Is caoine mid Garadh air thus.
- 14 Bn Ina'ithe air eas do 'n talla,  
Nan bìodh fios co leanta ann;  
Chuir Fionn a mheur fo dheud fios,  
Fhrèagair each an fios mur dh' fhuair.  
Iarruibh gu maith fear an fòlach,  
Sann tha Garadh ann san uaimhe.
- 15 Thig thusa a mach a nis a Gharadh,  
A mhic Morna na cleas truaght;  
Na'm faithin a'chuing gu harridh,  
Is gun manam a thoirt nam.
- 16 'Gheibheadh tusa d' a'chuinge gu harridh,  
A dh' aon seol ga 'm bheil an criodh;  
Mo dheibhin t-anam na b-harr e,  
Bho sann do na Fhianuibh u.'
- 17 Mac an Lion a bhi guim manma,  
B' e sid m' a'chuinge a mhic gu fìor;  
Is mo bhraghadh a chuir an giarradh,  
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn.

- 18 Ach chruinneach uaislean na Feinne,  
Is bha sud na choimhlele chruaill;  
Bu mhor a gheill dhuinn air Garradh  
An Rìgh san talla bli mìn.
- 19 A sin annair a dh' fhuasgail iad na geasan  
Le Clann Rìgh Inse Caoin;  
Thiodaig iad cas Rìgh na Teinhe,  
Fodh fhoild ghlais den tallduinn thruim.
- 20 Chuir iad an ceann do Mhac Morna,  
Is chaidh mac an Lion bhos a chionn;  
Leig aiteal beag den chalg neatha,  
Fuil daite gu traighdibh Fhinn.
- 21 Is bu dhuithe na driuchal air dearna,  
Bha fuil bhos cionn giùn gearr: Fhinn.

H. 28. HOW GARABH KILLED THE WOMEN.  
152 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 140. Advocates' Library.  
December 26, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

The story of this ballad is told by Kennedy in his Introduction to his First Collection. See above p. 36.

For this part we need not say much about it, for it is seen in the Definition largely how Garabh killed the Women, and how Fingal got a severe cut at the time that Oscar beheaded him.

DAN 27.

- 1 LATHA do chruaidh Fionn le Fhianntaidh,  
Gu srath lia ghlas Inse-phàil;  
Shuithich sinn ar lomhainn ghlaid,  
Air feidh nam beann a bhàisge laimh.
- 2 Re eath leagair feadh nan gleantaidh,  
Gu binn labhrach, eulna bha;  
'S leag sinn air na leirge casa,  
Feidh nan glaeng is nan ard.
- 3 Bha againn Aogh nan cornn buaghach,  
Mac Rìgh Fighail nan cul cam;  
Le croinn chiuil a labhradh ro' bhinn,  
Mar coin air bhara nan crann.
- 4 Gach séud a loisgamh san talla,  
Imseam dhuibh ma 's raoghair lean;  
Nin raibh teach bu lughe cùdan,  
'S gach teach air dhea' cideadh ann.
- 5 Ceud seacamh 's ceud ceann-bheairt bholgach,  
Is ceud sgrì le 'n comhdach crann;  
Is cuig ceud luireach bu lóinreach,  
Le 'n ùr-mhaillabh òr-bluidh ann.
- 6 Ceud cupa 's ceud fàinne seanta,  
Ceud clach bhmadhach 's ceud còrn cam;  
Is ceud Bratach uaine dhalbach,  
Ghabhadh goth an gathabh crann.
- 7 Ceud eulain le 'n coilair airgaid,  
Bha 'nn san Teaghlach bu dhoi' leinn;  
Ceud laoch a chòidil le seantachd,  
Is ceud saor bhean an teach Flinn.
- 8 Ceud macain le 'n earadh uaine,  
'S ceud maighdean bu ghriinne méar;  
Is ceud bean bu mhúin do 'n nahacridh,  
Choisaim cliù an teach nan tréun.
- 9 Ceud carradh le 'm broilach airgaid,  
Le 'n leintaibh sròil finn-gheal lán;  
'S ceud sliogach phileanbh gach archair,  
'S ceud srian bulgach nan each árd.
- 10 Ceud clodheamh le 'n ceann-bheairt airgaid,  
'S ceud sleagh laimnach bu mha' a'gh;  
'S ceud Craosach le clanna Rìghridh,  
'S ceud Tnadh mihidh bu mhór árd.
- 11 Ar 'n òr 's ar nigheam gu h-uilidh,  
Dh' fhad sinne steach am Bruth Fhinn;  
B' e sin teach nan s'cùda lomhar,  
Fa 'r 'm biodhmaid seinn ceòl gu binn.
- 12 Dh' thag sinn Garabh mor Mac Morana,  
'N taobh an talla 'n leabuidh ùir;  
Lugh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S a cheann fù' 'n bhra' choreair ehlid'.

- 13 Tamall do bha e san t-shuain sin,  
Air chùil leantach nan duad can;  
Cheangail iad air dhealgta casta,  
Falt an laoch an glaea chran.
- 14 'S e sin a cheumag Mae Morana,  
Air bh' dho na chodal fàill;  
Gun raibh e fòin 'n àite diambair,  
'S gun ionradh air Fimtidh Phàil.
- 15 An sin do mhosgail Mac Morana,  
'N caslaigamh a chodal trom;  
Dhealch an' t'onn ris an ionmhar,  
'S fhuil nach b' ionmhainn sìos ga bhonn.
- 16 Ruigh e 'n sin a mach góur loínte,  
Le misg chòmhraig 's ghul gu góur;  
'S dh' aithnich e co rinn an cra' dha,  
'S truangh a tharbhadh dhuinn gu léir.
- 17 An deidh sugradh bhian na Feinne,  
Chua' e 'n choillidh 's cho chéam deas;  
Dhruid na dorsan gu teann cruai',  
'S thug erionach air a ghuailde leis.
- 18 Do loisg e an sin an óigridh,  
Dheannadh intheachd nar bu dual;  
'N tra lasamh gu druin an talla,  
Dh' imich e gu grad gu h-naimh.
- 19 Suil do thug e thair a ghuailh,  
Deadh Mhac Chuthail nan raag a'gh;  
Chumnaig e ceo talmhidh daite,  
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair árd.
- 20 C' ait am bheil sibh fhear Fiann Eirann,  
Frecradh a chaisnachd lannh;  
Nach fhaic sibh ceò talmhidh daite,  
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair dhearg?
- 21 Thionail iad an leomhainn chatha,  
'S gach Fiann a bha 'n sin r' ar linn;  
Do chum teasarginn Tigh Teamhra',  
Is a theannas bantrach Flinn.
- 22 Do bri' 'n dochais bh' aig na laoch,  
A lúth an eos 's cho bhreith chlaon;  
Leum gach air bar an sleaghe,  
'S dh' thag iad Mac Reatha sa chaol. (fear)
- 23 'N uair raing sinn taobh an talla,  
'N deidh do 'n d' eug-bhaid dol air eúl;  
Chuir sinn ar druim ris an talla,  
'S chaónte leinn Garabh air thús.
- 24 'N sinn chruinich Fiann aill' Eirann,  
'S shuidh iad air tulaich nan deur;  
Gar mor an di dhuinn air talla,  
'S gun nì ann o 'n leannar é.
- 25 Chuir Fionn a mhear fù' dhéud fios,  
Fhrecgair céch am fios a fhuair,  
Leannamh gu lua' fear ar falachd,  
'S gheibhar leibh Garabh san uaigh.
- 26 'Thig thusa mach orsa Mac Chuthail,  
A mlie Morna nan guicmh truangh;  
Theid nam fuighinn 'n chuing áraid,  
Gun chead 'm anama iarraidh uait.
- 27 Gheibh thu sin d' aitheing áraid,  
Do dh' aon nì am bheil do shúil;  
A h-eganhuis d' anama no h-iar,  
O 'n tharlach air na Fiantidh thu.
- 28 Mac-an-loin thoirt an laimh Oseair,  
Se sin 'm ath-cheuing gu giorad;  
Is mo bhradh' d' a chur an grianad,  
Air druim sleiste gile Flinn.
- 29 Thainig Garabh 'mach san uair sin,  
A dh' fhuilang air son a ghò;  
Air tí fhirinn a chumail,  
'S sinn a mio-run uile dho.
- 30 Dh' innis dhuinn gach nì mar tharla',  
'S mara rinn na mnaith a león;  
'S mar a sgrìos e sìos gu léir iad,  
B' e sin dhuinne sgeul a bhròin.

1 Ata tonn ris an ionmhar a ciallach gu do dhealch fhoilt agus a chraicean na chlaigean mar a dhealchich an tonn re tir, no mar a ruighas an t-uisge re brath' mar sin a ruigh fhuil o chorpa.

- 31 Chruinnich sinn Maithealb na Feinne,  
Air tulaich nan deur '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 geann gu grinn;  
Fhuair an sin gun iarruidh uathé,  
Ní nach truaileadh briathraibh Fhinn.
- 33 Chlathach iad seachd troidhean do 'n talmhainn,  
'S an tulaich ghuirn os ar cionn;  
'S thiodhlaic eis gheall Rí Teamhra,  
Seachd troidhean fí 'n talmhainn truím.
- 34 Shín e uathé 'n bhagaid sochrídh,  
'N éiric air a gnomh a thóil;  
'S ghearr an cloidheamb sud gu h-an-nhór,  
Is seachd troidhean do 'n talmhainn truím.
- 35 Leig aiteal a chuig nimhe,  
Fuil dhaite gu throidh gheall úir;  
'S bu luathé na druc air deann,  
Chuislean gearr osciomn a gháin.
- 36 'N sin chruinnich Fiann áillidh Éirann,  
Gu dubhach, démrach, ro-thruagh;  
Bu bheag an dtéimne Garabh,  
Ach ar Triath 's ar tall' thoir uainn.
- 37 Labhair Mac Chuthail gu fíor-ghlic,  
Cuma' cháint sin na tosú,  
Oir cho 'n fhíach ar glóir a h-ath-ra',  
'S leoir dhuibh na th' aigáibh do dh' ólc.
- 38 Chlathachadh uaigh do 'n fhear chalma,  
'Se Mac Mórna nan gnomh truaigh;  
Am fear a dh' fhag sproich air cháirde,  
Cuireadh e san talmhainn fhuar.

## I. 21. GARABH. 148 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 131. Advocates' Library,  
April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

IS 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 Dunscalach, in the Isle of Sky, who and his Bands had landed one on the adjacent side upon the Continent for game, and left Gary, the son of Moirne, as a scout at home to watch the Fortress, Wives, and Children. Gary had 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 Dunscalach 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 discretionary related) by getting one of his Fingers into his mouth and chewing it to a joint, whereby he found out where the Traitor sculked. Gary was apprehended and sentenced to death after the manner he himself would chose, which was to be beheaded by their 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 Dunscalach, intimidated greatly the Fingalians, who accompanied Fingal to Rhone or some distant King-

dom to get his thigh cured. At this Interim Cairbre the Usurper, supreme King of Ireland, used every means to get Oscar (and as many as remained at home under his command) overthrown in the Battle of Cathcavara.

- 1 SHUINNICH sinn air leoghain chatha,  
Air feidh nam beann an cathain aigh.
- 2 Feidh nan glae a b' fhaigse laimh.
- 3 Mac Ríogh Míodhlán nan dual cam;  
Mar coin bhínn air barra chramn.
- 4 Ceud cuilein coileirich, ball-bhrae,  
Ceud cruit labhrach nam teud binn;  
Ceud hoeh a dhíthinich an-tha' inn,  
Is ceud bean do bhántrachd Fhinn.
- 5 Ceud oigh bu ghriinn suadh, is meur;  
Ann 's gach iúl mar lasair neul.
- 6 Ceud shigheach nan luthain caimite,  
'S ceud srián bulgach nan steud aigh.
- 7 Ceud cloidheamb le amait airgid,  
Ceud sleagh croucach nam beun aigh;  
Ceud croucach bu bhao' íach imairt,  
Is ceud tuath rinn ionad úr.
- 8 Ar 'n or, ar 'n airgead ar 'n eoidh,  
Dh' fhag sinn gu léir an brath Fhinn,
- 9 Mhosgail gair na ban Mac Moirne,  
Ann caisligidh a chodál trom;  
Mar dhéalaichidh tonn ri ionathar,  
Bha fluil nach b' ionmhuin gu bhonn.
- 10 Dh' eigh an gaisgeach las a chomhradh,  
Chlúig a dhochas, dhoirt a chreuchd;  
Dh' aithnich e co dhealb a leon.  
Bu truaigh an gó, 's bu mhór an sgeul.
- 11 An deidh sugradh ban na Feinne,  
Ghlúais an treun do 'n choill na dheas;  
Spin e gach crann mar a tharladh,  
As an bun le ghairdein deas.
- 12 Chuir e teine ris an oigridh,  
Dh' iomradh ceol an teach nan duan;  
Dh' imich an Garabh gu h-naimh.
- 13 C' ait am bheil sibh Fhearad Éireann,  
Cruinnichibh gu léir o 'n t-scalg;  
Nach faic sibh ceo tallmhaidh daite,  
Tigh-teamhra' na lasair dheang?
- 14 Fiann nam flath air srath a ghlinn;
- 15 'N deidh do 'n bhannal dol air eul;  
Chuir sinn ar druim ris a bhathan,  
'S chaoite leom gach aileag úr.
- 16 Gun meach beo gu airis sgeul.
- 17 Theid na 'n fuighinn bhraghad dhocair,  
Gun chead mo bháis iarruidh uait.
- 18 Ged' chuir u' ábhaod air eul;
- 19 Thainig Garabh mar Mac Taige,
- 20 Dh' airis dhuinn gach ní mar tharladh,  
Mar a rinn na ranaí a leon;  
A loisg e mar lasair Beinn-Aula,  
B' ionad íolach ann, is bron.
- 21 Threachail iad 's ólc ann san talmhainn,
- 22 Shín e uathé bhraghad dhocair.  
An éiric air an ólc a rinn;
- 23 Air an tulaich dheurach thruagh;
- 24 Cumadh ar 'n innsadh na tosú;  
Oir cho 'n fhíach ar glóir a taghairt.

## O. 8. LOGGADH FARMAIL. 108 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 36. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 20, 1872.

THIS is a very interesting sample. The first part is a version of the same ballad which Fletcher, Kennedy, and other collectors found; the latter part is 'Ossianic,' and quite different in every respect. It was got in Mac Pherson's country 48 years after he had begun to publish Ossian, and one year after the publication of his Gaelic originals.

- 1 La chaidh Fionn a shealg le Fhiannaibh,  
Gu strath Ghairme an Iuse-fail,  
Chuir e air na leugaibh glasa,  
Feidh nam bean a b' fhaisce dha.
- 2 Dh' fhag iad Gairi Mac Morna,  
Na shineadh ann an leaba ùir;  
Laidh suas gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S a cheann fo 'n bharr chosgarna chuin.
- 3 Dh' fhag iad aogas nan eorn buadhach,  
Aig oigridh shuairece nan cul seimh,  
Teudan shinnidh, Gaoth ro ghliùne,  
Mar coin chluin air bharr nan eann,
- 4 Cinn comhairle air bheug ceille,  
An lo sin aig Banrigh Fhinn;  
Cheangail si le dealgaibh gasda,  
Falt an fhòich an glacaibh chruam,
- 5 Thug e turrag 's turrag eile,  
'S e ag taomachadh nan deur  
Dhealaidh an t-sonn ris a chearral,  
Folt an fhòich, bu dearg a chre.
- 6 'S ann air guallinn beinn a Fcinne,  
Ghluais an Gallan air eheum deas;  
Dhunn gach doras mar a thuar e  
An ecrann beag aig a ghuailinn leis.
- 7 Sul gu 'n tug e thar a' chuan null,  
Deagh Mhac Cumhail nan gruaidh dearg,  
Mhothaich e ceo talna daite,  
De thigh Farmail is Iasair ard.
- 8 Druaidibh leam a leomha gasda,  
Mheud 's a tha sibh ri m' linn;  
Gabhaidh sid mar chais anama,  
'S feuch an t-èire sibh banrath Fhinn.
- 9 Aig meud an dochaibh bh' aig na Laochan.  
As an sleaghan ga bhì clàon;  
Leum gach fear air bar ebrano sleagha,  
Chaidh iad mac Rengha 's' chaoil,
- 10 Mu 'n d' thainig iad ann baile  
'S ann bh' an talla air dol gu cul,  
Chur Fionn a dhruim ris a bhalla  
Is chaointe leis Gairi an tus.
- 11 Mheud 's a chaidh losgadh nan teach ud,  
Cha bu duachach dhoibh bhì buan;  
Bha ceud faghine, ceud cota seang ann,  
Ceud srian bhuelach nan each ard.
- 12 Bha ceud diollaid 'n deidh òra ann  
'S ceud leabaibh choir nan eann;  
'S ceud brat uaineach athach,  
A sheoladh gaoth air ghabhaibh chrann.
- 13 Bha ceud rìmhinn bu ghriùne òear ann,  
Deich ceud bean 's Banrigh Fhinn;  
Bha se ceud Muine nan se ceud mac ann  
Nach d' fhuair urram an teach no 'n ti.  
Bha ceud hoch fo bharr seang ann,  
A chosgadh feing ann arnaidh strì.
- 14 Chair Fionn a mheur fo dheudh fios,  
Gabhsa m' an fhios a fhuair,  
Leinnibh iorg fir an fhòlach,  
'S gheibh silh Gairi ann an uamhaidh.
- 15 Teant a nuigh a sin a Ghairi?  
Dheagh Mhìc Morna nan cleas truaigh,  
Mach a do cha teid mi 'n tra so,  
Gun m' achnaich araidh fhaotainn aith.
- 16 Achnaich t-anama na b-jarr i,  
O 'n tharladh air na Fiannaibh tu;  
Achnaich tha mi sreadh,  
'S cha 'n e m' anam a leagadh leam,  
Ach Mac an Luinn chuir an laimh Oscar,  
'S bhì cosgairt diom a chinn.
- 17 Mo bhragad a chur an giorraid,  
Air ead sleisde gile Fhinn;  
Cladhaichibh seachd troidhean dhomhasa  
San tulaich ghorm sin os 'n ceann?
- 18 'S aithlaicibh mo chas le tethail.  
Fo fhòid ghlaiss na talbainn traim;  
Nuair ghearr an claidheam a' chloich,  
'S na seachd troidhean os a cinn.  
Chuir fàiteil a' chuidh nimhe,  
Fuil daitho ga troidhean Fhinn.

- 19 'S daor an ceannach ort a Ghairi,  
Ar muai 's ar talla thoirt diann;  
Dh' fhag thu Fionn gun bhean gun Tearaman,  
'S cha do chloinn thu g' n chloinn.
- 20 A Mhalmhin, 's truaigh an sgeul,  
Braighe soluis fo bhruaid a noch;  
Bha li mar channach air gnaigh,  
'S a deud mar ghead stugh an slochd.  
Da shuil mar realtan soillse,  
Do fhear turais an oidliche dauchin.
- 21 'Sa folt a' tearnadh mar chrann fo bhlatb,  
'S an taile gu seantg air leagail;  
Bu chuin, suairece soimhe re dh' fhas,  
Guth a beid mar theud a' bhaid;  
Aoidh mar bharr Loinn ga eomhadach,  
'S a gnais mar ghrian an lo do 'n ann.
- 22 Oeh nan oeh 's cruaidh ann beum ud,  
Ruleni dh' fhalbh le each;  
Bha maise mar dhealradh na greine,  
Bha ceum gu h-aighantach ard.
- 23 Bra gile co chumna ri comhra,  
An tuisge an eol an greis no 'n dau;  
'A Mhalmhin is eunabne kaatsa,  
Beus mara bannal,  
Tionnaich an dear,  
Seian ri leanail.  
Mo ghnuise tha cruaidh mar chlach,  
Mo shuil cha tiormaich gu fras.  
Mo chridhe dh' fhas cruaidh mar chullin,  
Cha bhiris 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 Lennan, his grandmother. In presence of Mr. Macdonald, Minister of Fortingale, Manse of Fortingale, 24th November, 1808.

P. 7. LOSGADH TIOGH FARALA, 'S GUN A 'N FHEINN AIG A BHAILE. 72 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 37. 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 latha don Bheinn th' sl' n' agus th' seilge mar bu ghath beo. Agus dh' fhàg iad Goll a ghaidhli mar Ban. Cha Goll fuith thromadas, agus fuith airmesl, Leug e cheann air Gum a mhua, agus thuit e na chaid, leug a bhean a cheann air lùr, agus si chomhairle chinn aen fein, agus aig càch gun ceangladh iad gach dual da fhalt re cèimpeibh air an sparsrth anns talach. 'N sin thug na mnathan Gaoir chath as' le 'n basibh gun buaidh air a cheil.

Mheud Goll ann an teas feirge. Ghlais e 'n doras air na mnathibh 'us chuir e 'n tigh re theina orra, ach gun d' fhuair ann na dha dhuibh nach us b' ann do 'n airmesl a thuar as bean Ghuidh. Nuair a chunna Goll gun deach an tigh re theina us gun do losgadh na mnathan, deach e agus dh' fhuilich se e fein ann an badhich.

Air sealltainn do chuid do 'n Fheinn fuich-dar Tìogh Farala re theinich.

Thug gach aon re astar, agus ghabh iad ri sibhal. Rinn iad iad fein einntich, gun danig namhaid eigin air Goll. Rinn iad sealg mhòr aobh-ach Langanitach. O m' bu Dorn-dhearg Laobh 'us O m' bu cheann dearg Cù, 'us o m' bu trom eallach Gille. A fear bu mhòile se bu diom-buiche. Thainig iad gu taobh chad-rathain, 'us leum gach fear air cheann a shleigha, 'us chaidh Mhac Rathin sa chaoil. Stad na fòis cha d' rinn iad gus an d' rang iad. Dh' fhuirich iad do na mnathibh ead a chuir an Tìogh re theine. Dh' innis iad gur e Goll a rinn e. Bha 'n Fheinn fu' thron fheing an aghaidh Ghuidh, th' sibh iad eurt agus thugadh binn lais a nach na aghich.

Ach bha iad fu' eagal gun dugadh e Seisn air moran dhu. Se chomhairle chumnaichdas d'ibh gun cumadh iad e ann an prìosan gus an bheith e air anamachaidh, a dh' bh' agus d'ibha. Bha orda teann o 'n Fheinn gu curte gu bas neach sam bith a bheiribh dha biadh na deoch. Tha

e la 'n sin sa phríosan, agus bhá bhean maille ris, agus thubhairt e. Tha ní ro lag an diugh. O! mo Dhúnaich a thánig ornasa ghraidh do na fearbh, us gun a chroídh agam ní sam bith a dheanamh do d'chom-nadh, ach a ghraidh nán do bhla tu mo chio-bhan, cha deobhail ars eisin. Carson ars ise. Tha ars eisin gu rabh ní fos sin a dheanamh mar a b-iarradh tu e. Ach a nois cha 'n fhoad ní do bhá' gun do chuir mo mhúine ní fú' mhíomnadh gun aon ní dh' iarradh Bean orn a dheanamh.

Mata ghraidh ars ise nair a bhios tusa marbh, tha mí cimitich nach leig an Fheinn leamsa gun fíacair eila phosadh, agus bu mhianam leam fos fhastim utsa co fear a Luidheasícha tu dhámh aon ad áite. Se 'n fear a dh' íaras m'ort a phosadh. Aodh cas maedh na Caillich. O! ars ise na Leiga ní math gu sinmusa mo tháobh ri Aodh cas maedh na Caillich aon áite 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.

ARE tenehd do 'n la sin anns an rabh Goll re chuir gu bas, Thugadh a mach e clum a mhíllidh. Bha e mar Lagh aig an Fhianm, gu fúdhidhí gach nearch a chuirte gu las an raoghim athchuinge. A reir an Lagh sa bhá Goll re aehuinge fein iarruidh agus fhaotim a reir an Lagha sin.

Mac an Luin a thóirt do dh' Osear  
Achanich a dh' íaras mí,  
'S mo Bhraigídh a chur an giorrd,  
Air bun sleisde gile Fhínn.

B' e ní arid a bhá aon rún Ghuill: sa bhá gu tachirt ann an Lorg na h-achanichs, gu 'n caillich Fíonn an t-shasaid, agus a chas do bhri nach d' íthag Osear fuighill buille ríamh.

Ach se chomhairle chnmachlusa dhoibh gun eúireadh iad naod Dachdairín do Leathra-bhath, agus naod bréibain do dh' Íarim Tur fúidh amháich Ghuill, agus air muint shasuid Fhínn. Thugadh eileicéamh Fhínn, gu 'n b' áim Mac an Luin an Láimh Osear. Dháid e Bháule, agus leis a bháile sin fein chuir e 'n ceann do Gholl, gheur e 'n Leathracl, san t-Larum us dh' fhuilich e air slúsuid Fhínn.

THE CATASTROPHE.

THE BATTLE OF GABHRA, AND DEATH OF OSCAR.

A. 29. 30. C. 4. D. 26. G. 3. H. 29. I. 22. J. 8. K. 3. L. 7. M. 19. 20. N. 6. O. 13. V. 17. X. 12. Y. 9. Z. 6. 7. 8. 45. &c.

I HAVE more than twenty large fragments of versions of this old Ballad, collected in Scotland, from Caithness to Dumfries, Lismore, and Caontire; 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 Osear'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; Teambra is Tara, the seat of Irish High Kings; Amhuin is not Alba (Scotland), but the Hill of Aiken. 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 Raphael'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 unprinted 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: Fíonn, Fergus, Raodhine, Oisín and Osear. 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. Caoiréal and Diarmaid were slain in their ballads. I have no account of the end of Caoitíe and Faolan.

Seven are out of the Scotch version of the Battle of Gabhra.

Osear the eighth and Raodhine the ninth are slain in this ballad. There remain at the end, Fíonn and two of his sons, Fergus and Raodhine, who tells him the Story, and Oisín, who tells the whole to Padraig on the Mound of Teurs, long after the Fenime have passed away.

A. 29. CATH ZAWRYCH. 232 lines.

A HOEDIE 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 Mòt in nochd my chow feyn  
A halgin a ta zim rair  
Ru sáicnten a chaa chroy  
Huggenair is carberyth cranroy
- 2 A malsen chorakik ochenná  
Merga in neyn harlyth fa chung  
Reith gin chass vin chaanth  
Di churri ris gin zrane royth boe
- 3 Kailswn gith ollith fúme  
Hwnni inni is clann keive chwnn  
Guss wywe sen charbre roye  
Nir smeine seine olk na anweine
- 4 Di chan carberyth ranyth loyeth  
Agus di be in nellith chroye  
Gir har less twytwn er mygh  
Agus in nane la cheulle
- 5 Nassyth reithre wea vir  
Agus in nane a weith er nerrin  
Di chan barrin gi prap  
Cwneich mwkre agis art
- 6 Fir sinisr huttwn in sin  
Di wreith fellith ní faynith  
Cwneich a gessith chroye  
Is ewneich in non oywir
- 7 Is nach reym cogeith rame línni  
Ach na hoggeith vakkowle  
Ba corle cloimí ewne  
Agus carbre a lay trome
- 8 Ead feyne a hawrt dar ginni  
Agus sinni di zochin  
Gow marreith na zey weyge  
Is gin nane a weith in nalwin
- 9 Is wea-leist baiss fa zocm  
Tra nach bedeis in nair zleo  
Hug sen gi feich fergich  
In cathsin cacht zaveria



- 10 Di hut in nane bonni ri bonni  
Is reithre olsa erin  
Ne roygh a nynea nor  
Gow fodleith carra in doythin
- 11 In reith nach roygh far smaecht  
Rar linni gwss a chru sen a halgin.  
O churru an sen r nar ner  
Zoive rwneni keiss na kayu
- 12 Is ne roye ag dwi keith rwn  
Ach far gwde di zea nerrin  
Ynni er ley in doyn worre  
Nach far wey in dey in thoye
- 13 Ni fonyeith la er lai  
A luttyn la ny cheillith  
Da dez feith awlwarreith in seu  
Orrew in nerrin euzlyn
- 14 Ossin cred a zaneith finni  
Agus ersemi far nerrin  
Er a lave a cleyrre chaye  
Ne roiyth si vanve vane
- 15 Begrane di leichre erse  
Agus ogre gin darvo  
Ga bea reith heysyth in sin  
Zoive sui fodleith in nasgeith
- 16 Gin cath gin nirril gin nawg  
Gin noue gin aelassen  
Churr sin ir tochta sor  
Gow faa mayk v<sup>e</sup> conni
- 17 Di hoith orrin nar genni  
Di zowell reithreith erin  
Mor in tysin dynaith  
Orweith a reith taureith fa mo torm
- 18 Twlleith owyr a tug  
Gow dul di warwa er ollea  
Ossin innis doive skail  
Nor chorrew in nirril trane
- 19 Nor hutyth di waksi si chaa  
Na drwg tow er er lawryth  
Oskin mi vee osgr ayen  
Hanyth miss er curreith in nar a
- 20 Id tanik keiltyth er sen  
Oskir a hechtir clynni  
Hanik in roze boa zar weane  
Woskin in garrith dyth feyn
- 21 Drong roe lawrrit or sin  
Is weith drong ellith gin armyn  
A cleyrreith na baichil bane  
Ga bea zeith chewith in toyr
- 22 Brth vor in troye rar lin  
Olsa erin di hwttim  
Ynnieith caithraa codeith keive  
Ynni boereith heith her
- 23 Ynnieith skaitth harsi si wygh  
Agus a trea gin armin  
Cha dewith sin din tloyg  
Mirri baale er in roygh boye
- 24 Cha dwg sin lynn ass a chaa  
Ach feve reith na ardlacht  
Sanni a hor mo mi wag foyu  
Na lea er a willin elaa
- 25 Is skaa nawriss er in layr  
Agus a lanni na zess luwe  
Donnwl allith er gith  
Lea dea er bley a lo-reicha
- 26 Legrwm erla mi ley re lar  
Is di bi rynis oss a chinni tawo  
Sminum a healgin er sin  
Cred a zauvin na zoye
- 27 Di hilleith osgr rwm-syth soss  
Agus bi lor lam a chross  
Di hein a hwggm a laavo  
Er wayn er ym choaaili
- 28 Di zoyve may lawe mi vee foyu  
Is dyth hoies ranyth crea  
Is don tw sin a lea  
Char churris caiss sin toil
- 29 Hurri rwm-syth mi wak  
Faryth agus a nar armayth  
A wee riss ni dwllw sin  
Di wesith slane a nythir
- 30 Ne zauwmsyth zowsyth gach  
Ne roe agzaw frezreith zoe  
Gin danik keith wosin  
Huggin a zoyzin oskir
- 31 A dowit mir romme in nawe  
Ach keynis tazos a zarwg  
A tame er oskir mir is illee  
Dul a gowar seil awzeive
- 32 Crachten sley carbre roye  
Fa yndin oskir amroye  
Lawe cheilt ga willin  
Doe reach in greadte nyth sley
- 33 Sirris keilta a knee er choyr  
Id toyr a linnu in zoye  
It toyr a zrwme credti kyn  
Er a zerre din zorley
- 34 Skreddis makronane sin  
Agus tuttis gow talwin  
Id dowit keiltyth ym meille trano  
Er weith zoe er troye in dyvenail
- 35 Feirane sen a oskir aile  
A skarris ranyth wane  
Is skar raa eauth ra fyndi  
Bae in keiss ag seil mor chwne
- 36 Gerrit a weith zone mir sin  
A vee alpin a chleiech  
Gi waka a luggin wo nar  
Ne roye boea zaneu phail
- 37 Feiehit keaid zonyth mir sin  
Eddr ogre is arse  
Ne roowe dwne slane dew sin  
Aggin din neyhit caulsin
- 38 Ach fer ix gomi gi rwee  
Fath low ag gin di chreawew  
Togmir in tosgir arne  
Er chrannew sley in narlew
- 39 Bermoyu e gu tullych zlin  
Dyth howit dea a heidyth  
Lead nyth bossyth zane chorp  
Cha roye slane wo na ait
- 40 Na gi ryg a wonyth lar  
Ach a ygh na hynirane  
In nyith sin dwa sin naar  
Geillingau churp gow laa
- 41 Gir hogsin chan v<sup>e</sup> ne finni  
Er chnokew ard evin  
Noyr 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 vee zown mir sin  
Er curryth in a churp cheive zil
- 43 Gow vaka chuggin fa nona  
Fin m'kowle vie tranavor  
Gow dugsidir ansyth nar  
Drane boe di zaneu phal
- 44 Er fyail clynni boissni neyr  
Fa chassil chroo sin nirril  
Di bi roye laekeith ni werr  
Agus skranil ni meillyth
- 45 Gow vagei sin verga finni  
Re cranni sley voss er gin  
Hugsaid huggin assin nar  
Di hug sin na goali
- 46 Di vanmych sinn allyth zinni  
Agis char reugir a sinni  
Dull er in tullych na rano  
Far in rowe oskir armzar
- 47 Nor a wowyth oskir finni  
Er toelit daa voss a chinni  
Togissa nye neachla  
Is bannythchia da hanathir

- 48 Id dowirt in tosgir in sin  
Re m'murnaith sin nor sin  
Mí chin fest riss in maik  
Er haggin a inni arnazar
- 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 Mallych art in r gym moye  
Sai sa dwe tanyth reym loyth  
Di leon a orrwín a ber  
Na gi reach ma in noeneith
- 51 Slane wome a zirrill is dí zawe  
Slane di gi keiss di hoikwail  
Slane di gi math woym in nosa  
Ach ne waym zin chomso
- 52 Re elastin kelwein nyth finni  
A arwín 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 deur  
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 ficht kead x  
Is deich kead er in goayrren zin fen  
Wa din namu marve er a wygh  
Gyn nane dwn za essen
- 56 A zaa urdill sin is ne goe  
Is reith errin skail fa moe  
Wa marve er in teive ellith  
Di loyg errin armylin
- 57 Neyn roye finni swllor na saive  
O hen gow hyig a wass  
Woyn zloosin ne far da less  
Reithre wea zi werrin
- 58 Woyn chath sen cath zawryth  
Noch cha drone na tyn nawryth  
Cha rowe in oor roca na loo  
Nar leg naa 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 erris  
Ille feynni errin  
Kynis tarle zevin  
In gath zawrych ni beymín
- 2 Ne math v<sup>e</sup>kwle  
Mo skael o chath zawrych  
Cha warr oskyr invin  
Hug mor oskir calm
- 3 Cha warr seachta ve keilt  
Na gasre fean alwe  
Di hut oyk ni leani  
Inn in eadlyth arrych
- 4 Di marwe m'lowith  
Si vi mek sin tathryth  
Di hut oyk ni balvin  
Di marwa feyn bretuin
- 5 Di hut m<sup>e</sup> re lechlin  
Fa linnyth veith chonyth  
Bi chre fael farri  
Bi lawe chulma in gonyth
- 6 Innis doif a ille  
M<sup>e</sup> mo veé is marwín  
Kynis di we oskyr  
Scolta ni gathwarri

- 7 Bi zekkír a innis  
Di bi vor in nobbir  
Ne roye marve sin gath sen  
Hut la armow oskyr
- 8 Ne loyth ess cyvin  
Na seaywok re eltow  
Na re vwnni sroyth  
Na oskyr sin gath sin
- 9 Weith say ma zerrí  
Mir willíth ra trane zeith  
Na mir chraun voass ewee  
Si wew gía nautece
- 10 Hug oskyr na chonew  
Mir harwe twanni traá  
Mir chonník sen carbre  
Di chraa in tlye hanteyh
- 11 Gir chur treith a chinbír  
Gir bea in couva eadna  
Ner impoo sin oskyr  
Gin dranyth re errin
- 12 Gin dug beym gín deichill  
Gir zoichin ay garlyn  
Bollis art mac carbre  
Er in darua bull
- 13 Is mi ferris filli  
Dar hwil gyeh 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 Diarmuid, 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 Macuill.

Copied from a manuscript wrote by Eowan Mac Diarmuid in the year 1762, & in possession of Mr. John Shaw, miller, Kenlochraineach, in the year 1872.

- 1 Cho 'n abair mi mo thriath re m'cheol,  
G a b' oil le Oissin a nochd,  
Osgar & Cairbre calma  
Fraothadar uille neath Ghaurath.
- 2 Ni sleagh nimbe is i n laimh Chairbre,  
Go n eorhte i re nair feirge  
Theireadh am Fíadhach re goimh  
Gur ann leadha mbairbhte Osgar.
- 3 'S misseadh heireadh e ris fein,  
Am Fíadhach dubh ma mhícheil.  
A chuig fhear a tha sibh ma 'n chlar<sup>1</sup>  
Ach suil fir a bhí ga thachda.
- 4 Dh' fharaid sinne a Rath gun cheil  
Com an tachda air suil fein,  
Go de a ghoimh a h air air Rose,  
Nuair a chaonmáid a chael Heachda.
- 5 Gaoraidh am fíadhach moch a maireach  
Air a ghrauidhsa ann san ároich  
Ach gus an tainig an 'maigh  
An fhaobh sin cho bole a-hinneal.<sup>2</sup>
- 6 A Bhaobh an dhéas an teudach  
Déansa dhúinne faisneachd chondna  
A tuit aon dúine dibh linn  
Na 'n deid sin nille neimhne
- 7 Marbhair leatsa euid euid,  
Is godhna leat an Ríogh fein  
Aron sa 'n fear hagh a dhéith  
Air sroghal uille go 'n thainig.

<sup>1</sup> About the table.<sup>2</sup> Beauty.

8 Na chuineadh e thu Rosg mac Ruaidh  
Na duine bhinne gu sìdhagh  
Na 'n chuineadh an Fhion thu nochd  
Ma 'm bì sinn nìle go meirs-neuch.

These eight verses correspond nearly to Gillies' nine.

19 in Gillies. Various.

9 Tomalaid<sup>3</sup> Chù gun ionaidid C'oin,  
Bong còrech sud iarraidh oirn  
S' e fath<sup>4</sup> ma 'n iarraidh tu sinn  
Sinne bli gun Fhian gun Athair,

10 Ga do bhith an Fhian is t-Athair  
'A h' ab fear bha iad na 'm Beatha  
Cha buileoir<sup>5</sup> leatras re 'm linn<sup>6</sup>  
Gach siad a dh'arrann gu m faghain

11 Na 'm biodh an Fhian agus m-Athair  
'N h' b' fear bha iad na 'n leath bheatha,  
Stean 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 Bheircadh an Cairbre ruadh,  
Go 'n cuireadh e sleagh na 'n seachd siong  
Edir aradh agus Tombair.

13 Briathar eile na aghaidh sin  
Bheircadh an t-Osgar gle chalma,  
Go 'n cuireadh e sleagh na naodh siong,  
M' t chumadh fhuit agus Eidin.

14 'N oidhche sin dhinne 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 Bheircadh an Cairbre ruadh,  
Go 'n tgnadh e sealg is Creach<sup>8</sup>  
A h-Albuinn an la air na marach. (mharsach)

27 in Gillies.

16 Briathar eile na aghaidh sin  
Bheircadh an t-Osgar gle chalma  
Go 'n tgnadh e Sealg is Creach  
Do Dh' Albuinn an la air na mharsach.

30 in Gillies.

17 Dh' eirg sinn an la air na mharsach  
Agus air Shlagh bìidh, badhach,  
Thogadh linn a le-Eirinn Creach.  
Da Chreic-dheng as gach Coig-dhìbh.<sup>9</sup>

18 Nuair a ranaig sinn ann,  
Bealach<sup>10</sup> cumhaig ann Caol ghleann,  
Lann a bhiodh an Cairbre glan,  
A Lona maireachd a teachd nar Comhail.

19 Cuig fheid Albannach ard,  
Tha thair muir eairginegh ghairbh,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

20 Cuig fheid fear Chloidheamh ghlaish,  
Nach deach aon cheim riann air aish  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

21 Cuig fheid fear bogha  
A thainig oirne nar comhair,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

22 Cuig fheid fear fachaiddh,<sup>11</sup>  
Thainig oirne a tir an t-sneachdaiddh,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

23 Cuig fheid Cairbre ruadh,  
Thainig no nluathibh an t-sleugh,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

<sup>2</sup> Exchange. <sup>1</sup> Reason. <sup>3</sup> Not too much.

<sup>4</sup> Time.

<sup>7</sup> An oath.

<sup>5</sup> Booby.

<sup>9</sup> Province.

<sup>11</sup> A passage.

<sup>13</sup> Man of War.

24 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbre ruadh,  
Osgar a snaithe an t-sleugh  
An t-sleugh nìle bha ma laimh  
Go 'n do leige sin na Chomhail.

25 Thuit Osgar air a ghlan dheas  
'Sa 'n t-sleagh nìle roimh a chneas  
Go 'n chuir e sleagh na naodh siong  
Ma chumadh Uilt agus Eidin.

26 Eirigh Art is gha do Chloidheamh,  
Is seasann aite t-Athar,  
'S ma thig thu beo 'n na cathaibh,  
Go ma Rìogh rath thu air Eirinn.

27 Thug e urchair eile a mairde  
Air leinn bu leoir a haide  
Leagadh leis le neud a chùmeas  
Art mac Chairbre air an ath urchair.

28 Chuir iad Crùn an Rìogh ma cheap.  
Leos go buillhinte leo an Larach,  
Thog e leachlag chomard chruaidh  
Bhar na Talamhuin taobh ruidh,

Bhris e Crùn an Rìogh man Cheap  
Gnìomh na dheircadh mo dheag mhaic.

29 Togaidh libh mi noise Fhiannaibh  
Cho do thog sibh roimh riann mi,  
Togaidh mi go Talloch ghlain,  
Ach go 'm buin sibh dhòm an t-eudach.

30 Marbhaig ort a mhic na buaidh  
Nì thu brengau dhùinn an darnn h-uair  
Lòingreas mo shean-Athar a h-ann  
'S iad a teachd le Cobhair thu gainn

31 Bheannaigh sinn nìle do Dh' Fhian  
Ga ta cha do bheannaigh Dhùinn,  
Gus an daing e Talloch na 'n deur,  
Far an raibh Osgar arm gheur.

32 'S misseadh mhic a bhiodh tu dheth,  
Latha Catha Dan-Dealagan,  
Namha na carthan roimh d' chneas,  
'Sì mo laimhse rinn do leighcas.

33 Mo Leighcas 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 fhuit agus Eudin  
'S na 'n ruige mo Dhùinn a chneas,  
Cho deamadh aon Leigh a leighcas.

35 'S misseadh Mhic a bhiodh tu dheth  
Latha Cath Bhein Eadain  
Namhadh na feidh roimh do chneas  
Sì mo laimhse rinn do leighcas.

36 Mo leighcas cha nìle e 'm fath,  
Cha mho dheantar e go bràth,  
Goimh an Donaigh am thaobh dheas,  
'S<sup>13</sup> dorride do Leigh mo Leighcas.

37 Mo Laogh fein thu Laogh mo Lèigh,  
Leamahl mo Leamahl 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 erith no grainn  
O latha sinn go latha bhrath,  
Cha ghabhadh is cho b' fearra leis,  
Ach Trian do 'n bhacath ga'd abrain

<sup>12</sup> Being or Existence. <sup>13</sup> w<sup>3</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 positive, in  
verse 21, makes the line mean 'seven score of the people  
of) Cairbre ruadh.' This version is equivalent to Ken-

ney's First and Third Parts. The only additions that I can see are the two last words 'An Allin' = 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 Chaoilte  
'S nach marthion Luchd mo cho-naois  
Lion mì lan Gallair as Goirt  
An Tim scariehdin ri 'm Choilte
- 2 Be Caoilte mo Choilte eart  
San do dhimirin Buar as Brat  
Be Caoilte mo Leth-chuir Chatha  
Rì Hardan na ri haoin Athlugh
- 3 Thainig 'n Cairbhrig tabhich lagge  
Ghlachda leis Erin fo Smaehd  
Chuir Fios oirne gu Teilbhrìdh  
Gar 'n immirbhuidh nach e Hallabhi  
Dhianibh griobh bu dallich lein  
Dhol a bhuintin dìn air Tighearnais
- 4 Fhreagair 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 Rathidh ghle-ghael ehleiehdiehd  
Oiehd Fiochid deng deo Mhareich  
Huair shin Onnoir huair shin Biadh  
Mar a huair shin roidh riabh  
Bha sinn gu subhich a steach  
Cubhìl as Cairbra san Teirich
- 6 An La ma dheridh don Oil  
Huirt an Cairbra na Ghuth mor  
Inlaid Cinn Sleigh a bail leam uaitse  
Oscar dhuin e Hallabhi
- 7 Cìod an Inlaid Cinn bhìgh ort  
A Chairbra ruaigh nan Long-phort  
'S gur leat mì feinas mo Tshleigh  
An Tim Catha na Coibhrig
- 8 Cha buillair leom Cìos na Cain  
Na aoin Sheoid a bhìgh nar Tir  
Cha buillair leom rim Linn a bhòs  
Gaeh sheoid a Ghairin gun faithin
- 9 Cha neil Oir na Earras gu fior  
A dhiarigh oirne an Rìodh  
Gun Tair gun Tailceas duin dheth  
Nach bu leatsa a Thighearnas
- 10 Cha buillair biom Inlaid Cinn  
Cha 'n aidichin Caoiehlaigh Croinn  
Inlaid Cinn gun Inlaid Croinn  
Begarich shud iarruidh orram  
Gur he Fa man Shiridh da shìnn  
Mìshe bbi gun Fhian gun athair
- 11 Gad a bhìgh an Fhian as Tathair  
Mar 's fear gan ro iad nam Bethidh  
Cha buillair leom fo na Fianibh  
Gaeh aoin nì dhiarrin gun faithin (sheoid)
- 12 Nan bithidh an Fhian as mathair  
Mar a bha iad riabh nam Bethidh  
Cha'naithidh nìssa a Rìogh,  
Lìad do dha Thraidh an Erin.
- 13 Bheir mìshe dhuit Briathar buan  
She huirt an Cairbra Ceann-ruaigh  
An Tshleigh shin mu bheil do Laibh  
Gur hann inte ha do lua Bhas.
- 14 Bheir mìshe dhuit Briathar eille  
Ays an Tosear Donn e Hallabhi  
Gun togbar leom Shealg as Creach  
'S gun reichin do Dhallabhi marich
- 15 Lion Fuarriedh na Laoich laun  
Rì chasin na Himirbhuidh  
Bha Briaribh garibh leth mar leth  
Edar an Cairbra san Tosear
- 16 Bha 'n oiche shin duinne gun Doir (Chobhir)  
Haul & a bhos mun Oibhin (River)  
Bha Doir lan leth mar leth,  
'S bha Doirlan mar Edaruin.
- 17 Hog shin oirn an Larna bhàrich  
A lion uille do na bha shin  
A t-shealg sa dhiaghibh har lein  
Gun fharich do Rìodh na Herin
- 18 Bha raibh shin Rìogh Luthidh nan Lann  
Laoich fuillich le Faobhir arm  
Hog shin ri Slingh gaoil Creich  
Gu Crìa laoisgribh luthor.
- 19 Mungan mae Sheire a bha 'n Uaidh  
A choibhrigidh cead Claithibh eruaidh  
Huit shud le Laibh hall  
'S he mosglidh gu Rìogh na Herin
- 20 Sheiehd Fiochid do Chlannibh Rìodh  
Bu bhor Gaisgidh & Gniebh,  
Huit shud le Laibh Oseair hall  
She mosglidh gu Rìogh na Herin.
- 21 Sheiehd Fiochid Cairbra ruaidh  
Bha eolsaeh ri Cairba an Tshluadh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oseair haul  
'S he mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 22 Sheiehd Fiochid do Dhearibh Feaehd  
Hanig e Tir uair an Tshneachd  
Huit shud le Laibh Oseair hall  
'S he mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 23 Sheiehd Fiochid Gaighneal<sup>1</sup> garg  
Thainig fo 'n Tir usridh ghairibh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oseair haul  
She mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 24 Sheiehd Fiochid do Dhearibh Bogha  
Hanig air Cairbra ga ehobhir  
Huit shud le Laibh Oseair haul  
'S he mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 25 Chogir ab fhaigse don Rìogh  
Bhairibhe e iad shu bhor an Gniebh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oseair haul  
She mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 26 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbra ruidh  
Osear a snathidh an Tshluaidh  
A Chnosich nethidh bha na Laibh  
Leige huiggidh I na Choathail
- 27 Huit Osear air a Ghìun deas  
San Tshleidh nethidh roibh a Chneas  
Ing e Urechair eill 'a nun  
As bbeiritidh leis Rìogh na Herin
- 28 Erieh Airt as glae do Chlaibh  
Shesibh ann an Aite Tathar  
Ma dheibh thu do dhiol Saoghil  
Saolidh mì gur mae Rath thu
- 29 An Tosear bu mhoithidh Buaidh  
San bhairibh e Cairba an Tshluaidh  
Huit le Osear gniebh nach euimisich  
Art mae Chairbra air an ath Urechair
- 30 Shluaidh Chairbra bu ghairibh Cleichd  
Hog iad Cath-Chara mun Cheip
- 31 Oscar mae Ossain an aigh  
Hog e Leig Chloiehdidh fo 'n Bhlar  
Bhrìst e 'n Cath-bhara mun Cheip  
Gniebh mu dheridh mo dheo mhie
- 32 Mo Laoigh fein thu Laoigh mo Laoidh  
Leimibh mo Leimibh ghil ehaobh  
Mo Chriedh a Leimich mar Loin  
'S gn la bhrach eha 'n crieh Oscar
- 33 'Bhie 'm bu mhìssa bha thu dheth  
Na 'n La hug slin Cath Bein edin  
Tshnathidh na Coirru rod Chueas  
Shi mo Laibhsa reinn do leithis.
- 34 Chaneil mo Leithis am Fa  
Selha bho nitar e gu brach  
Chuir Cairbra Sleigh nan sheiehd sheim  
Eddar Mairnin & Minleag
- 35 Hug mìshe 'n shin Urechair eille  
Bhuithir gu 'm ban air a gainnidh  
Chuir mì sleigh nan nao Sheim  
Mu Chumidh Fhuil & Aodin  
'S nan rigidh mo Dhuirn a Chneas  
Cha dianigh na Leig a lethis.

<sup>1</sup> Or gargaeh, or gas gheal.

- 36 Erich Ossain 'sglaie do Ghuth  
Fo 'nach mairthion Oscar aramnach  
Cha sard Curriddh bli cooidh nan Chloin  
Ma ha iad 's na Cathin huggin.
- 37 Cha dainich orm Duinne riadh  
Gar Criod Feola a b'la 'm Chliabh  
Ach Criodh mar Chuibhe cuir  
Air a Chuilbhriche le Staifin.
- 38 Bha Donnaillich nan Con rim Thraibh  
Agus Ullartich nan Shean Laoich  
Gal Bannail a cooidh mo sheach  
Gu 'm be shin a chraidh mo Chriodh.
- 39 Cha chaoimh Bann a nua fein  
Cha chaoimh Fear a dhean-bhrathair  
Air an Thullieh luas ma dheas  
Bha shin nille caoinnill O-seair.
- 40 Heg shin lein an Tosear ahin  
Air Gualibh sair Sleighin airde  
Hug shin as Iuriche grunn  
Gus an draing shin Tidlh Fhin an Albain.  
Crioche.

## H. 29. HOW OSCAR WAS KILLED. 580 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 145. Advocates' Library,  
December 30, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

## THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL went to Rome for to cure his leg after it was wounded by his grandson Oscar when he behelded Garbh, and every one of the old Heroes went with him except Fergus the celebrated Bard (Ossian's brother), they gave the chief command to Oscar above what was left at home of their Army. Cairbar was the King of Ireland then, in the room of the lawful King Cormac. Kings in these days use to keep Counselor or a choice man in wisdom for to direct them how to do any action both in the time of peace and war. Cairbar's Adviser said to him that he was very foolish when he was a subject to Fingal and his men, when they might be subjects to him; for Fingal had a man and a dog's due on every dwelling that was in Ireland and many other tributes besides that, which is too tedious to mention here) and that he was also honoured above Cairbar in every place, that he would get the praise of every action in Wars and not him, and that his reputation would never decay; Cairbar asked then, how they could make the Heroes subject to himself the Counselor answered and said, Take you the opportunity immediately while you have it since all the Heroes are in Rome, except Oscar and few number of their young men, therefore if you will invite Oscar and his Men to a Feast, and get the shaft of his victorious spear, for the Blade of your own Spear, and then you need not keep them to defend this Kingdom from any brutal force whatsoever no more, and if Oscar will not deliver the spear willingly, take it from him by force and make them subjects as others while you live, and in case Oscar will overcome you, have all thy force ready here before he will come. This pleased the King exceedingly well, and he ordered all his army to be at his court in complete armour while the festival days would be holden in the Isle of mist (where their House, women and Garbh 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'-raointe;  
Na caoinh bla fuileachlach bras,  
Re h-am d' eug-dhail is mor chath.
- 2 'S muladach mi' nois an aonar,  
Gun Athair gun Mhae gun chaoibhach;  
Gun Bhrathair no coi'-luach catha,  
A dh' ath-dhailas bis nan cathain.
- 3 'S muladach mi 'n doich Chaoille,  
'S nach thaie mi fear a choi'-aogaig;  
Ba maithie na cathadh mura,  
'N nair dh' eireadh cruas catha.
- 4 B' e Iolainn mo bhrathar comhraig,  
Ann 's gach ionad an biodh comhstriidh,  
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 fith dhann bh' gan ainmach,  
'S gun iad bh' 'n lathair Chath-cabhara.
- 6 'N nair chualas leo turas Fhinn,  
Ann 's gach ionad a b'la 'n Eirinn;  
Lion iad do dh' eud is do dh' ann-run,  
Do na h-ogain ara chabna.
- 7 'Sin thuit Comharlach 'd Ard-righ,  
Comhairl chum gain a bhais dhainu;  
O! 's anaidach thusa Chairbhidh,  
Paidheadh eis do 'n Fheinn, cia calma.
- 8 'N all air sganleadh fea' gae aite,  
'S ceann no crioche cla d' thig gu brath or;  
Thusa mar icidh chaoi' gun innsadh,  
Re h-am cath is comhrag mhilidh.
- 9 Cia mar chiosnaichar na garbh laoich,  
Do radh Chairbhidh fuairidh falachidh;  
D ream nach do chlooidheath an cathaibh,  
Re gabhadh no ri h-ann latha.
- 10 An fhea' sa raibh Fionn air thuras,  
Cian air chuan gun luaidh air fuirreach,  
Cuir fios air Oscar do dh' Albainn  
'S fuigh erann nan naoi sean do 'n-lann-ghill.
- 11 Bidh sea-seana deug a 'd kanna,  
'S cho 'n fhuigh hua' ort sloigh no armaibh;  
Ceansaich ann sin Oscar 's ogaib,  
'S glaine cruth no gagan shornach.
- 12 Gh airdeach so na milidh ghruamach,  
A chuir sinne sios gu truaighe;  
'S Chairbhidh fuileach, kinnach bras  
A ghlaic Eirinn fui' aon smach.
- 13 Choi-aontaich an einnach cruagh;  
'S nile dhaoine Chairbhidh ruagh;  
Le comhairl' fear-iuil na naoi-loinn,  
Chum 's nach fuilghe clu' no cisc.
- 14 Chuir iad chugain eireadh dina,  
Dh' Albainn ur an raibh air 'n abhaist;  
A dheanamh einnle bh' deacair leinn,  
Bhuintinn ar Tighearnais dhinn.

- D. 4.
- 15 Fhreagair sinn an curidh dána,  
A thug nile guin a bháis dhuinn;  
Dhol a ghabhail féiste naíthe,  
Da 'm bu chríoch cradh agus truaíche.
- 16 Cha raibh sinn ann do 'n Fhóinn nile,  
Na chomhraigáil an loach curidh;  
Air an rathad ghle' ghlan eilecnaidh,  
Bha ocbd míle 's caogad marcaíche.
- 17 Rainig sinn an dara mháirach,  
Teaghlach Anna nan sleaigh gáirdach;  
Is Oscar caomh, calma, suairec,  
Air ar tús gu h-ion-ard nallach.
- D. 5.
- 18 Fhuair sinn urram agus miadh,  
Ceart mar fhuair sinn roimhe riamh;  
F'ad sea oídhleac an sea lé,  
Gun casbhuidh air fion no air ceól.
- 19 'S ann scahdaradh latha dhuinn san ól,  
Laidhair Cairnínidh le guth nóir;  
Lomaid cinn sleagh b' aill leam uait,  
Oscar nan arm faobhrach cruaidh.
- 20 Cíod e 'n iomaid cinn sleagh th' ort,  
A Chairnínidh dhuinn nan lóng-phort;  
'S gur leat mí féin is no shleagh,  
Re h-ám d' éig-bhail 's do mhór bhail.
- 21 Cho bhfuair leam iomaid cinn,  
'S cho 'n áidmhuicháin caochla' erainn;  
Uait Oscar an leadaín amalaich,  
Cho 'n fhuilair leam air a bhail so.
- 22 Iomaid cinn gun chaochla' erainn,  
B' ca-corach r'a iarruáil choídhich;  
S' e fáth ma 'n iarradh tu 'n ath-chuing,  
Mise bli 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 leama gu dhéimhinn,  
Aon sénd a dh' iarrainn gu fuilginn.
- 24 Na 'm bíthinsa 's 'n Fhianng is 'n Athair,  
Ceart mar bha sinn riamh r' ar latha;  
Cho 'n fhuigheadh tu 'Chairnínidh dhuinn,  
Do dh' Eirinn lead do dh'a bhainn,
- 25 Lion fuarcadh an laoch lán,  
Re claisinn na-h-ionar-bháidh;  
Do dh' úr Oscar, ionmhinn, armaicht,  
Is d' a oig-fhír shunmaghar chalma.
- 26 Mar sinn dhuinne gu tra' neóin,  
'G eisteachd ris na sunn bu mhó;  
Is léith mar léith briathraibh garge,  
Eidear Oscar agus Cairnínidh.
- 27 Bheircamsa bríathar na uair,  
Do ra' an Cairnínidh claon ruagh;  
An t-sleagh nimh mu' m' bheil do lámh,  
'S ann nímpe bhios do lua'-bhas.
- 28 Bheircamsa bríathar eile,  
Do radh Oscar nan arm teine;  
Gun tog mí dhíot sealg gun áircamh,  
Is théid mí dh' Albinn a máirach.
- 29 An oídhche sinn duinne gu lé,  
Eidear mnaithaibh díom 's a 'g éil;  
'S bríathraibh garge fuairidh falachidh,  
Eidear Oscar agus Cairnínidh.
- 30 Air maclán an dara mháirach,  
Do ghluaiseamar gu mor gháirdach;  
A thóirt seilg keim le coí' ébhneas,  
'S cho d' fhiabhráich sinn Rí 'n h-Eirann.
- 31 Thog sinn Gleann-caothann nan úr rós,  
Gu luath, laisgairnae luthmhór;  
'S chunnaig sinn a teachd nan tean-ruigh  
Buidheann fuilach fhaobhrach chalma,
- 32 Nuasambailte do bha 'n daor-ruigh,  
Mar na t-shran-ghaeth teachd thair aonach;  
No mar fhóis o 'n iar na gathuibh,  
Roi' na gathuibh buoghlach plathach.
- 33 'N tra' chunnaig Oscar na slóighaibh,  
Dh' fhás e mar fhiadh-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 luehd seilge,  
O! chaomh chalmuibh is maí' éirnaís,  
Tha chuíc eile teachd nar eaváibh,  
Ní 's fhearr no claoídh fhiadh air bharrabh.
- 35 Tha ar naimhde tigh 'n nan grunnuibh,  
Chuan an t-sleibh gu foithach fuilach;  
A thóirt sgríos éirnaí ann an aon la,  
Mar stríoc sinn gu síor do Chairnínidh.
- 36 Pilleamaid riu gu d'conach,  
'S na geillamaid chaoi' da 'n comhrag,  
Man di-measaich no man túraich;  
Sinn gu síor an dream o 'n d' thainig.
- 37 Sin a deir na Luthaich chalma,  
O! na d' thugaibh buille dhaibh 'n díu;  
'S fhearr dhuinn róite riu is cordamh,  
No tuiteam uil' air an lón ad.
- 38 Fhreagair Oscar Caomha grádhach,  
'N 'e sin a deir sibh a lín-iaoch;  
B' fhearr leam tuiteam air na Maghaibh,  
No teicheamh no geill do bháile.
- 39 Sin thuir Raoinidh aoihbéil gáirdach,  
'S baoghalach dhuinn dol do 'n ghábha';  
Ach géd thuitens sinn gu h-íllidh,  
'S ro ailloil gu bráth ar eamha.
- 40 Míle beannaeadh dlúitsa Raoinidh,  
Fhír is fhearr re lim na caobhrach;  
Do ra Oscar an Ceann eatha,  
'N curidh calma, armaich, gathach.
- 41 A ris a deir na Luthaich ághor,  
Re caomh Oscar cosgar, alúin;  
Cha do thóg sínn riamh na cathaibh,  
No air cárdean grádhach gathach.
- 42 Bha sinn riamh an tús gach gábhadh,  
F'ar 'm bu mhíng builleen lín-laech;  
Cha d' rinu fós am bás a sheachna',  
Le meath-chríth no leanbhadh mhéanta.
- 43 Ach 'n din' ehi sinn sloigh doth-áiridh,  
'S dubhadh slúigh is bhéim d' ar námbaibh;  
'S baoghalach dhuinn dol nan caraimh,  
'S gun air 'n áircamh dhoibh am fágus.
- 44 Bheir aon keagmh sinn sa ghábha 's,  
Chaoi' na dheidh nach d' théid am blára;  
'S fhearr dhuinn fheuchain le cathach,  
No bli ris gu síor fúí' Chuanha.
- 45 A cheann-catha 's farsuing ainmein,  
Thoir thusa 'n ceann seanú' do Chairnínidh;  
Oir cho mhastaich síth re hoiech sinn,  
Gas 'n d' thig Fionn le chalmuibh gnolach.
- 46 Ach ma 's ronaich leat' imtheachd,  
Chuca sínn gu pian no pilleadh,  
'S allamh thogas sinn ar 'n arma,  
'S tric a dheidh' na dubhra garbhi-chath.
- 47 An sin do ra' an t-Oscar caloa,  
'S 'e cath fuileach mor mhianm' manma;  
Far an ehuinte faim nan luinne,  
Mar thoraínn no sroetha' mainne.
- 48 A deir e 'n sin r' a bhuidheann dheirach,  
Fhír rathail is cruaidhe 'n gabhadh;  
'Sgaoileadh ualthe meath-chríth chatha,  
'S bíodh r' ar féun an gléus nan Cathan.
- 49 Faicem nile sibh an órdach,  
Aiteam chathach, rathach, lóirreach;  
'S gluaiseamaid gu luthar, calma,  
Mar bu nos léim ann 's gach ann la.
- 50 An sin dh' imích sinn air an fhráoch,  
Chuan buáilhe no bás maraon;  
Ar gnáís lóirreach le ar 'n armaibh,  
Chlaoídhéadh fhadhar mar ghrian Shamraídh.
- 51 B' fhuaimnaiche síos síos an t-sléibh sinn,  
No coil Mhóraim' roí' ghaoi' threun-mhór;  
Na toirm na' mhannach na mara,  
'Nuair bhuecadh i ris gach carraig.

- 52 Bha ar luas mar fhéidh nan áomach,  
Bhíodh roí 'n fhlughad a sior dhaóe-ruigh,  
No ceathach nam beanntaidh árla,  
'N nair bheanadh dh' a neart n' fháidh.
- 53 Rainig sinn a bhuidheann léonil,  
'S bhuail chugain mar thuin n' daubhair ;  
Bhíodh o bosraich gu treun calma,  
Ris gach Carrraig Chruaidh sa Gheamhra.
- 54 Bhuail sinn orra mar an céndha,  
Gu luath lánach, is cho bhrengach ;  
Mar mhór casach nam gleannfídh,  
'S reothadh síos re síos nam beanntaidh.
- 55 Chloí-fhlegradh na creagan árla,  
Do screadaíl ar 'n armaibh deadrach ;  
'S dh'eargadh a Magh fuí' ar cosaibh,  
Le fail náimh is ghéiríach coisgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dlúine gu traí-neón,  
Gun fheith gun thurta-oid, ach león ;  
A coisgairt gach buidhe nan díthadh,  
Mar a b' fhaigsa dlúine a thigadh.
- 57 Fáidhíodh thuit sin air gach lúmh,  
Maeh o fhear a thóich o 'n áir ;  
'S cha d' thainig o 'n ghreis d' ar Cathain,  
Ach mis an aonaran galach.
- 58 Na b' aithne dhamb féin do 'n t-sluagh,  
Aiream dhúin na thuit gu h-uaign ;  
Sin re ra' d' ar namha gubhídh,  
Gun aithris air sluaigh Rí' Pháile.
- 59 Mogan Mac Seirce bha 'n uaimh,  
Chomhraigadh céud clóidheamh cruaidh ;  
Thuit sud le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 60 Rígh Loitheann nan íomad linn,  
Geur fuilcachlach, faobhrach rann ;  
Thuit sud le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 61 Seachd agus ceud mangan maiseach,  
Le 'n élogaid cinn uallach gaisgach ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 62 Seachd céud do dh' fheara feachd,  
Thainig oirn o thír an t-sineachd ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 63 Seachd céud Albannach calm',  
Thainig thair muir gáidheal garbh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh 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 lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 65 Seachd céud do dh' fheara searbh,  
Thainig o 'n tír unsaidh ghairbh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 66 Seachd céud do ehlanna Rígh,  
Ba mhó gaisgeadh, 's bu mhór gníomh ;  
Thuit sin air lúmh Oseair cheatfaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 67 Seachd céud Cairbnídh ruagh,  
Ba chosmhúil re Cairbnídh 'n t-sluaigh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh na h-Eirann.
- 68 Seachd is míle calma cruaidh,  
Chosgara' naoi' míle sluaigh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 69 Seachd is fíchead míle ris,  
Do lín ghaisgach bu mhó gníomh ;  
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair ághoir,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh an Ard-rígh.
- 70 Míle mor-kuoh is a dha,  
Le 'n sleagh chorrannach gu crídh ;  
Thuit sin da lúmh Oseair ághoir,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh an Ard-rígh.
- 71 Seachd céud fear tnaighe gu h-áir,  
A sgeath síos sinn am 's gach áit ;  
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair ghéiríach,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh an ámghair.
- 72 Seachd céud Toiseach bótrach, árd ;  
Fhuair nram air mugh gach bláir ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 73 'N seachd céud eile b' fhaigse lúmh,  
Le 'n Creathaille ceudíach lín ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair fhéidh,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 74 Seachd céud eile is níor gbo,  
Go' d bha sligheach orr mar or ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair áimn,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rí' nan ámghear.
- 75 A chuirgear a b' fhaigse do' n Rígh,  
Bu mhó meas is bu mhór pris ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair ghéiríach,  
'S e mosgladh ris na bha léthair.
- 76 'N uair a chunnagáir Carbuidh ruagh,  
'N d' Osear a smítheadh a sluaigh ;  
A Chraosnach nimhe bha na dhorm,  
Thílg e i chuige le threóir.
- 77 Thuit Osear air a ghlu deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nimhe roí' a cheuas ;  
Thug e ath' archair dh' i 'n ceud-rod,  
Is mharbhadh leis Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 78 Art mbie Chairbnídh ghe do chíol' camb,  
Is seas fein an áite d' Athar ;  
Mar tóir thu 'n t-éug do na Caithain,  
Gar leóir dhuit fein mead do rabhaidh.
- 79 Thuit le Osear sluaigh gun áireamh,  
Do mbaitheadh 's do dhaoine ághor ;  
Agus féidhíodh gníomh gun chuimhne,  
Art mac Chairbnídh 'n dara archair.
- 80 Chuir iad an sin na bha léthair,  
Camhar Chairbnídh suas san áraich ;  
Clum a león le smaíntídh tiambhídh,  
Aon hoeh Eirann is nam Fiauntídh.
- 81 Dh' imích an deidh na gurg gheis,  
Iarmaid an t-sluaigh fhuair gu treis ;  
'S nan rígeadh mo lúmh an eneas,  
Cho slánaicht' gu bráth an eucídh,
- 82 Osear mac Osian an áigh,  
Thog e leac choiche o 'n lír ;  
'S bhris e 'n cabhar is an ceap,  
Gníomh mo dh'eireadh a dhea' mbie.

PAIRT II. This is a version of Ballad A. 30.

- 83 O! 's mise Fearadhas fídh,  
Is ehuartaich mi gach ínnais ;  
A noe an deidh na Féinne,  
Struagh mo sgeul r'a ínnis.
- 84 Ínnis sgeul Fearadhais,  
Fídhídh fiann fear Eirann ;  
Cionnas mar a tharladh,  
Cath camhara nam béumanna'.
- 85 Níor rúhaith e mbie Chuthail,  
Mo sgenlas o Cath-camhara ;  
Cha bheo an d' Osear ionmhainn,  
Achuir mor chosg air ealamhail.
- 86 'S cha bheo a bhraithair eile,  
Aon hoeh fíal nan gaisgach ;  
'S aon leis a Chorán calma,  
A thochair am fear sin.
- 87 'S mharbhadh fear a Mhantail,  
'S leinne do bha chónamh ;  
Tha chroíche gu fuar fíal' eaidh,  
'S a lúmh chalm an combhuidh.
- 88 'S mharbhadh na Mic Luthaic,  
Na sea Mic san d' Athair ;  
Mharbhadh og Rígh Anna,  
'S mharbhadh ann Rígh Láitheann.

## PAIRT III.

- 89 Mharbhadh Magan seirce,  
Bha air thús nan sloighaibh,  
'S mharbhadh luchd nan Tuaghadh,  
A rinn mór thruaigh' sa chéimhrag.
- 90 Mharbhadh na sea Cuinn,  
Na suinn bu mhaí' sa chomstrídh;  
'S mharbhadh Raoinídh 's Art,  
Na laoiel bu dáite, loimeach.
- 91 Mharbhadh Glais is Gearmháil,  
Is seach I mie Chaóil' Mhic Ronan,  
Daoire dearg is Aoghl ceal,  
Fead is Faoidh is Mor-lamh.
- 92 Mharbhadh an Dubh-chuinair,  
Cruinne 's Balbh is Gáire;  
Fír nan créice calma,  
'S iad gu fá' chaidh fásail.
- 93 Mharbhadh Oscar Glarídh,  
Béimnídh is Eal-lanach;  
Is Clann-pháil o Teamhradh,  
Agus Fearraghain gradbach.
- 94 Mharbhadh naoi mie Mhíne,  
Déud-gheal agus Ardán;  
Mor-ghlan maiseach fiailídh,  
'S Connlaech ciatach álain.
- 95 Mharbhadh ann an Tréun fhear,  
Deó-gréine agus Aillídh;  
'S thá Labhar agus saor-ghlan,  
Shíos r' a 'n taobh gun mháran.
- 96 Mharbhadh naoi mie Cholla,  
Goille 's na trí Sgáire;  
Ioghlan is Fionn Breatan,  
Mac Bhreastail 's naoi mie Smáile.
- 97 Cho 'n ionann sa deireamsa,  
Ach mac mo mbíe is manam;  
Cionnas a bha Oscar  
A sgoltaidh a chatla?
- 98 Gur deacair sin r' a inseo,  
Le ro tuhead na h-obair;  
Na thuit sa clath gun áireamh,  
Le armaibh 's lámhaibh Oseair.
- 99 Bu luathé' e no Eas omhann,  
No seolbag tríd na h-caltainn;  
'S mar rua' mhúine seothadh,  
Bha Oscar a g' aiseag.
- 100 'S bhítheadh e 'n uair eile,  
Mar bhíe re tréun ghaioth;  
A lámh air gach fuíll,  
'S a shúil air gach tréun laoch.
- 101 Chumnaig e Rígh Eirann,  
Shíos air lar a chatla;  
'S thug e ruathar chuige,  
Mar Mhúinne re cearraig.
- 102 Mharbhadh leis an tréun laoch,  
Is an coran uime  
Mac peath'r a Mhathar,  
Am fear a chráidh sa ghluin e.
- 103 'S Art mac a Chairbuidh,  
Air an dara buille;  
Sgrollteadh e na creagan,  
Le leadairt a luinne.
- 104 'Nam bíodh beacadh mo sgéulsa,  
An críochuib na Gréige;  
Bhíodh Mnathan ann gu túrsach,  
Is fír air bheagan céille.
- 105 'N sin do rádhait 'm Athair,  
G' am b' alle Rígh na Féinne  
'Straugh anois a tharladh dhámh,  
Blá gu bráth an-eibhinn.
- 106 Tha mí' nois gu caointeach,  
An deidh gach cath is comhraig;  
An deireadh mo kúthe,  
Gan flúir gun mháil' gun sólas.
- 107 Imíchcamaid roimhainn,  
Anois a chosg mo chomhraidh;  
Fur am bhéil an t-Oscar,  
A chuir mor chosg air slóighibh.
- 108 Thainig sinn an sin is Fionn,  
Air an tulaeh os an chionn;  
'S clunnaigh sinn air nagh na t-éug-bhail,  
Ar laoiel claomhe, chalmá, cheatfach.
- 109 Iad marbh gu h-uídhil san áraich,  
'San chab rís gach gaoth gun mháran;  
O! b' e sin an sealladh dearach,  
A dh' fhuag sinne chaoi' an-eibhinn.
- 110 Fhuaras Oscar mo mbae féin ann,  
'S 'e na luigh air uilain thruíbhach;  
'S a shleaght sint air leu rou rusgte,  
Is fhuil síos tríd nagh a Luireach.
- 111 'S mease bhí tu dhe' a dheá' mhíe,  
Na lútha catha Bóim-eolainn;  
Ghabham na corain roí' d' mhéadhan,  
'S fhuarcamar arís do leaghas.
- 112 Mo leaghas cho 'n eil e 'm fáth,  
'S cho deamar e gu lí bhraith;  
Chuir Chairbuidh slégh na scaebh aghan,  
Eideur 'm íomlag agus 'm áirnean.
- 113 'N uair thainig Chairbuidh nan lann,  
Le fheachd a chur cath nach gann;  
C' om nach do mhárbh thu gun sóradh,  
E air thús' ma 'n d' rinn do leonadh.
- 114 'S mise 'm feasl nach guineadh Chairbuidh,  
Air na bhéireadh long thair fairge;  
Gus an guineadh mí gu neimhail,  
Sinn clann na deise dearbh pheathrach.
- 115 Do thug mise urchair bhastast,  
Mhíodhair 's g' a 'm bu leór a guinne;  
'S chuir mí slégh na naoi saollean,  
An eumachd an fhuil san aodain.
- 116 Thuit e 'n sin air nagh na d' éug-bhail,  
Le mor chráidh air muin nan ceude;  
Bha ionchán a síos gu shúillean,  
'S fhuil a taomadh nagh a Luireach.
- 117 'S traugh a mbíe nach d' rinn thu trá' sin,  
Ma d' thug é am buille báis dhuit;  
Cha slúnaichear thu gu siornaidh,  
Flúir a b' aghoie meang mhídh.
- 118 Cíod e 'm fáth chaoi sin a radhait,  
'S nach fhéud duine le mead ághan;  
Tiglain o 'n bhás a fhuar grá',  
Ge d' bhítheadh gach sloigh gu chaonadh.
- 119 'N sin thug leinn an t-Oscar álainn,  
Air bhraadh air sléghann árd;  
'S thug sinn d' a' íomchar grinn,  
Gus an d' raing sinn tigh Fhinn.
- 120 Chruinnadh iad an sin na sluaigh,  
'S gu 'm b' iad sin na buirich thruagh;  
Cha chaoineadh bean a fear féin,  
'S cha ghuileadh a bhraithair e,
- 121 Cha chaoineadh píuthar a brathair,  
'S cha chaoineadh a mac a Mathair;  
Ach iad uile ann sa phlogail,  
A géur chaoineadh mo chaonh Oscar.
- 122 Donnachíeh nan con re 'm thaobh,  
Agus buirich nan sean laoch;  
'S gal gach bannail ann gu snitheach,  
'S iad is modha chraidh mo chroidhe.
- 123 Mar sin dhúimh gun a ath-le,  
Fuídh uilach namhain is brón;  
Ag ambure air a chaomh dhochaint,  
Gus 'n do cháil e 'n deó ra phlogail.
- 124 Thug sinn leinn e 'n sin gun gháir,  
Air ghuailean is sléghann árd;  
Gus an tréidh náine dhocrach,  
'S thíodhlaicadh leinn an sinn Oscar.
- 125 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
Air an tulaeh 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 chaoimh;  
Mo chroídh' léimníh mar Léon dochaint,  
Chion gu bráth nach éiríh Oscar.

*Here begins a passage which seems to be modern;  
compare I. The metre is distichat.*

127 Ach anois sa ris gu breath,  
Gun treise gun draech mar thú;  
Fui lic fhuaraidh chramí gun chomhlach,  
Gun luadh gu la bhrath air cómhrag.

128 Bha do chroídh mar ghathaidh gréine,  
'S do spiorad mar chnamh síbh;  
B' e do nós bhí aoidh fáiltéach,  
Mar na rósaibh air gach fóire.

129 B' fhearr no sim do chruth is d' aogasg,  
Fhír a b' áille bh' ann is d' shaochlad;  
Mar a ghrian a teacht ro' néaláibh,  
Bha do shuagh a measg nan tréun-hoch.

130 Bha do ghrauidh cho dearg sun caóran,  
Na raiteaga suas gu eombhach;  
'S bha do rosgaibh dh-ghorm calma,  
Mar an oisneach chlain is t-shannradh.

131 Bha do chneas gu fimm-ghal deáirach,  
Mar ghealach no sneachd an fháisich;  
Thug barr air gach neach a móideachd,  
'S thug an neart re tím a chónhraig.

132 Bha re h-am eath agus d' óng-bháil,  
Mar easaiche blienag ag fábhach;  
Is ehlaoilheath e síos gach áiteam,  
Mar a charráig tuinn na mara.

133 'S truaigh a tharladh erioch mo lúithe,  
Bhí gun Fhóinn gun ghean gun ábhadh;  
Thuit mo chroíthe gu lír fúí' shuimneadh,  
'S cha tog eol re 'm bhéas ar é.

134 Cha tog elarsach o an-éibneas,  
No Fíghéal is níe gneus é,  
Anois no gu brath gu sílas,  
'S tianhaidh a dh' thás erioch mo loithe.

*Here comes in the current ballad.*

135 'S ann an sin a dubhas féinach,  
'S mí síor chaimneacha mo dhea' Mháie,  
Cho 'n ann dhamhá 's fhearr a tharladh,  
A bhí chaoí' gun mhac gun ábhadh.

136 Chráidh a blas gu bríth mo chroíthe,  
'S an-éibhinn mise ro' shnitheach;  
'S ionmhúinn a neach fúí 'n lie ata,  
'S teara laoch air an bheil a radh.

137 O! 's truaigh nach mise thuit ann,  
Ann Cuth-cabhaira gníomh nach gann,  
'S bhíodh Oscar a near sa níar,  
A díol mo bhás air gach Chiar.

138 'S go d' bu tusa thuiteadh ann,  
An Cuth-cabhaira gníomh nach gann;  
Cho chluimneadh neach a chaoí' osann,  
No iargain a' d' dheis ag Oscar.

139 'S óle a chreideas mí do radhna,  
Nach bítheadh an d' Oscar grídhach;  
A díoleadh mo bhás gun eidos aig,  
Ann 's gach áite glaná' a cosgairt.

140 Tha mí lán shúthach ag amhare,  
Air a líon a b' fhearr sna Cathain;  
Fhuair bnaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,  
Le límh chalma an-mhor sheolta.

141 Osain glaesá an gath calma,  
O nach maithrean an d' Oscar armach;  
'S bhíodh súrd Curídh ort gun tiom-chrídh';  
'S na Cathain a teacht nu d' thiomcheal.

142 Cho d' fheidir duin ormsa rianh,  
Croíthe feola bhí an ehlíabí;  
Ach eoroidh do chuine lán-dámh,  
'N deis a chuilíreach leis an stáilín.

143 Se Cuth-cabhaira mhíl gu leir,  
Sinne 's air laoch echnahe thréun;  
Cairbhídh is Garabh mac Morna,  
'S cho b' ann dhoilbh fein b' fhearr an leonadh,

144 Na thuit ann an eath nan céad,  
Innseansa na thuit oimn féin;  
D' ar lír shuaghair, chalma, og,  
Bu laathghairreach nu thra'noin.

145 Fear air fhícheud, s' fícheud éud,  
A chuí áirneath Fíonn sun Fhóinn;  
A dh' uighir sin 's níor ghé,  
Dh' oigridh Eirann sgeul is nó.

#### I. 22. BAS OSCAIR. 572 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 137. Advocates' Library.  
April 11, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

At page 113 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 dink, rhythm, and metre. Compared with the first version, the passage is found to be recast and greatly improved. Verse 51 mentions 'Woody Morven,' which is struck out in the second version. This passage was greatly admired by Dr. Smith. See verses 29 to 58. Admirers of Ballads, we think that it contrasts unfavourably with the rest, e.g. with the second part; and that it is an imitation of the style of Mac Pherson's English. The verse lacks the usual harmony of vowels and liquid consonants; vowels are cut in half, and the imitation is inferior to the old poetry in many respects.—H. McL. and J. F. C.

#### THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

##### THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL having departed into Rome to cure his thigh, attended by a strong Detachment of the Fingalians, gave Oscar the command of his Bands at home during his absence, which by this time were reduced very low thro' various misfortunes and disasters. About this time Cairbre found means to make himself supreme King of Ireland in the minority of Cormac the lawful King. He therefore studied to strip Fingal in his absence of all the privileges, properties and Tributes he held and enjoyed for many years in Ireland. To accomplish this design, he sent for Oscar to Scotland to congratulate him in his great success, in order to pick a quarrel with him, and find him utterly overthrown before Fingal should return. Accordingly Oscar arrived and was joyfully received by Cairbre who held feasting and various Music in his Hall for seven days. Cairbre sought as a complement the victorious Spear of Oscar, who would agree upon no terms than an exchange of Spears. Upon the Day following Oscar departed with his small army, in case he should be overpowered seeing Cairbre's treachery, who was re-inforced from every place. Cairbre pursued and engaged Oscar. Both armies are mostly cut off, and Cairbre is 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 OSCAIR.

- 3 LEIMNEACH, leimneach, tréun gun athadh,  
Náir a dh' éireadh euchd a chatha.
- 5 Laoich nach iochda cis do Chairbni,  
Gus na dhithinnich láth-cathar ind.
- 6 Ann 's gach bail air fea' nah Eirann;  
Do na ogain shuadhair, shabhaídh.
- 7 Do radh Comhairlich an Ard-riogh,  
Comhairle gu 'n íal gun ábhadh;  
'S mor an sgeul, gun euchd a Chairbni,  
Cis na h-Eirann aig Fíann Albaun.

Cairbre  
was son to  
Cormac.

- 8 Sgaoil an élin, is élin ata í,  
Mar a mhadaim nuoh a deadrath;  
Thus 'a d' iochdaidh ehoí' ch gun éirídh,
- 9 Cia mar chisnehear na calma,  
Dream nach do dhúitinnich cohrag,  
A noir no níar, nach d' fhíar conamh.
- 10 Cuir fios air Osear o Albainn,  
'S iochdadh e dhuit lann, is barr-ghil.
- 11 Ghardaich sud a míldh graamach,  
A dhúitinnich an t-og snuadhar.
- 13 Dhol a ghabhail feist is dhuana,  
Sgeul nach b' eibhinn do 'n Fhinn bhoadhar.
- 14 Bha oehl ceud is eagrad mareaich.
- 15 Is Osear eomh calma, buadhar.
- 16 Fad sia oiehean, is sia lo.
- 23 Do dh' ur Osear sguach, armach,  
Is da oig-fhír ehoelnuoh calma.
- 29 'S chunnaig sinn cian nan teann-raigh,  
Buidheann fhuicheadh nan arm cam-geur.
- 30 Ba mbae samhail triall nan laoch ud.
- 31 Nuair a chunnaic léinn na sluaigh,  
Chaochail Osear gear is snuadh;
- 32 A deir Osear ri luehd seilge,  
A laoch nan arm glan gun mheirgeadh;  
Tha iomaírt nan calg mar caradh,  
Is fearr no ruilth fhiadh air bharradh.
- 33 Tha ar naimhde teachd nan ceudan,  
Na sunn gbluithích glathach, gheura;  
Gu toirt ar Tighearnaís dhinn,  
Dlighe den' Mhíe Cumhail Fhinn.
- 34 Mun di-macaich ne mun tair oírm,  
Bhí da 'r d' an Ríogh o 'n d' thuainig.
- 35 Do fhreagair na Luthaích ághor,  
Rinn láth o ehan eagnaídh fhagail;  
Gun bhí dian gu triall ann comhrag,  
Laogh no miannaích doll nan comhail.
- 36 Fhreagair Osear treon gach gábhadh,  
Leam is cibhinn triall gu gairdeach;  
Ann comhail nan fearadh armach,  
Geill mo Ríogh eho 'n iochd do Chairbní'.
- 37 Fhreagair Raonaídh bóineach, láthair  
'S bao' laeh, baoh a chaochail ábhaist;  
Togaídh mí mo lann gu 'd ehomamh,  
'S cian ar élin ge d' thuit sa chomrag.
- 39 Do radh ris na Luthaích ághor,  
La an áir, air lar a eabha.
- 42 n.
- 40 Sheas o thus an tus na t-éug-bhail,  
Am ba mhíuig iomaírt gear-lann;  
Eug nan crenchd an d' eur e sheachnadh,  
No beum ceud no threig le meatachd.
- 43 n.
- 41 Thuirling an diu sluaigh gun áireamh,  
Fca' nam beann, 's gun Fhionn a luthair;  
'S lao' laeh Osear doll nan dáil,  
'Stu air oigridh Inse-phail.
- 44 n.
- 42 Tha beum nan ceud eughach athach,  
Choi'ch na dhéidh bídh 'n Fheinn air bhadhail;  
'S an-íochd féig, 's tha buirle dian,  
Co ní strí ri tru gun fhiadh.
- 43 'S mor ar tuiteam, 's mor an t-ár e,  
'S cruai' an sgeul gach re na clikastín;  
Oigridh shaghach armach Fhinn,  
A sgnthadh síos drim air dhrim.
- 44 Osear na 'm buadh naraích, calma,  
Toir iomkíd cinn-sleach do Chairbní';  
Cho mhastadh dhuit síh ri laoch,  
Gus an d' thig Fionn le calma' gaoil.
- 46 n.
- 45 'S alladh 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 Dairt arís an t-Osear abainn,  
Oigridh mheannach, no bhídh sgáthach;  
Sgaoilcadh maithibh meith-chríth Chatha,  
'S bíodh gach treun ann gleus nan Cathan.
- 48 Ghuaiseamaid gu luthar ca-trom,  
Mar bu nós léinn ann 's gach t-éug-bhail.
- 49 Dh' imích na fir uir an t-sliabh,  
Chum buaidh no bas, mar calt ian;  
An gnais shoilleir le 'n armaibh eol,  
'S cian a dheadrath air an mion.
- 50 Dh' imích Osear air ar tus,  
Mar mhadaim, no solus ar;  
A chrith mar ghrian, a lae mar ros,  
Eitdh, borb, mar ehoib an t-sloig;
- 51 Bha fuaim ar eos ri dos an t-sleibh,  
Mar a choill roí 'n osaig dhéin;  
No toirm na tuinn air an Traídh,  
'Nuair a bhueadh stoirn an ard.
- 52 Bha air Inas mar fheidh nan beann,  
Bhíodh roí' n fhadhaid siar sa ghleann;  
No ceuthach nan sleibhtí cian,  
Ghluaisle le an-fhent na nial.
- 53 Bhaídh chagáin a bhuidheann mhór,  
Láidh lionmhór, míltí' sloigh;  
Mar thuin fuí' fhatrum nan ramh,  
Slug na ceudan beum gu b-ár.
- 54 Bhaídh sinn orra mar an ceudan,  
Gu luath-lambach is cho bhreugach;  
Mar thóim nan caiseich dian,  
Chluait ar slachtraích astar cian.
- 55 Choi' fhreagraídh Mae talla bhéann,  
Do sgreadaí ar 'n arm 'sa ghleann;  
Dheargadh a magh fuí' ar cosaibh,  
Le fuil namh 'san arach coisgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dhuinne gu tra-noim,  
Gun fheidh sa gheis ann teas leoin;  
A' coisgairt an t-sluaigh nan díthídh,  
Mar a b' fhuaisge dhunna san t-slighe,
- 57 Faidheoidh dhúitinních gach taobh,  
D' ar naimhde treun euehdach aillidh,

*Here begin parts of current ballads.*

- 60 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 61 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 62 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 63 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 68 Seachd agus ceud calma cruaidh,  
A dhúitinních sin gu traugh;
- 69 An seachd ceud a b' euehdail gíomh,  
Le ceathaille chruaidh san stri.
- 75 n.
- 70 A chuigear a b' fhuaisge do 'n Ríogh,  
Ba mhór meas is ba mhó pris;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair threibhlich,  
'S e mosgladh gu Ríogh na h-Eireann.
- 71 Thig e i chuige, 's na chomhail.
- 74 Thuit le Osear nam beum guidheal,  
Maithibh Eireann bend do áireamh;
- 75 Cluie na sluaigh a ghluais gu traí-nainn.

PART II.

- 81 Cho bhco a bhrathair eile,  
Aon laoch míal nan creach bheann;  
'S ann le Mangan calma,  
A mharbhadh am fear sin.
- 87 Fir nan euehda' calma,
- 88 Is Beinnidh brionnach, bla'-bhinn;  
Feargann, is Fad-lambach.
- 89 Bha bhíne no choill bhá' or;  
Morglan maiscach, ceutach,  
Dendgeal agus Ardán.
- 91 Ioghlan, is Fionn Breatáil,
- 97 Mharbhadh leis an Cairbní,  
Air an dara buille;

- 100 An sin do labhair m' Athair,  
Mo Rìogh air bhàdlad ceille;  
'S tursach, truangh a threabh dhuinn,  
Ghluais na la' bhà cùilinn.
- 101 Tha mo thim gu deurach,  
An deidh nan Cathan comhraig;  
Gu h-aosmhòr, an-Flann, eònach,  
'S mo kòich nach iarar beo fad.
- 102 Ghuaismaid o 'n traì' so,  
No chluimeadh each sin b' brònach;  
A dh' fhuaisinn Osgair chreachte,  
A choisg na ceudan sloichte.

## PART III.

*This is correct still.*

## CUMHA OSGAIR.

- 103 Air tukàich nan deur sa ghleann;  
Na Cathain chloimh, chabna, cheutfach.
- 104 Tostach, bolbh, gun choibh, gun chàradh,  
An elab ris gach gaoth, gun mìdàran;  
Ochoin, ri luath, 's cruaidh an sgeul so,  
Adh' dh' fhag sinne cho' eò an-eibhlinn.
- 107 Chuir Cairbhí' sleagh nan seachd gainne,  
108 Gus an gainne mì os losal,  
Gur sinn clann da pheathrach dìleas.
- 109 Do thug mise nruchair bhraithast,  
Chuir mì sleagh na naoi faobhar,
- 110 Thuit an Triath air magh na t-eug-bhail,  
Chlòidhte cràit' air carr an t-sleibhe;  
'S fhuil a' maomadh magh a luireach.
- 111 Cho slanaichear u gu dìlinn,  
A kòich mheannach, mhèigbìch, mhàilidh.
- 113 'S cho ghuaisdear a bhrathair deur.
- 116 Mar sin duinne gu tra-non,  
Gun fheith, gun fhurtachd, ach bron,  
Ag amhar air mo ghàol Osgair,
- 117 Thug sinn leim mo ghàol, an t-armann,  
*Here begins a passage which seems to be modern;  
compare H. The note is that of some of the  
Gaelic Paraphrases.*
- 120 Mar neul a ghluaiscas thair fàir,  
No cothar cuain air an tràidh;  
Chaochail do chruth Osgair ur,  
A kòich! 'Nì smò cho' n fhuicear tha.
- 121 Och a laoiagh, cho' n fhuic do ghradh,  
Tu teachd o 'n feirg le luà' ghair;  
'S fuar do keac mo chreach! gum chomdaeh,  
Gun luath gu la bhrath air comhrag.
- 122 Do chròidh cuain mar ghath greine,  
A kòich meaghach, mhùinich, ghle-ghil  
B' e do nos bhì aobheil fàilteach,  
Mar na rosaibh air each fàire,
- 123 Bu mhòr do chruth, is b' fhearr t-aosgag,  
Fhìr a b' aille bh' ann is t-slaoghal;  
Mar a ghrian a' teachd ro' neul,  
B' anhaid do thrial, is do neal,
- 124 Chìte 'n kòich mar aitead ceo,  
Neartor, luthar eibhlinn, òg;  
Ann comhrag nan Cathan dlu,  
Mar am fear fù' n òsg eibhlinn.
- 125 Bhu do chneas mar chothar sruth,  
Air an traì' mar chatha cuir;  
A kòich bu docair san loirg,  
Nuair a dhuisg' u, choisgeid feirg.
- 126 Cù nime dh' èireas a ghrian,  
Air mo chruth mar che' nà nial;  
Nach an-eibhlinn a bhì leo,  
'Tursach deurach ann talla bhron.
- 127 Co dh' èireas air teachd an ló,  
Gu comhrag eònd, 's ann iomairt sg'leò;  
O nach maithrean Osgair ur,  
A choisgeadh eudh nan eòimbeach dhuinn.
- 128 Co dh'iongas ann comhrag staigh,  
Armait abhal', eòidh, chruidh;  
Omach maithrean Osgair aigh,  
Bu tréine beana, 's bu tréine lamh.

- 129 'S anhaid m' fhoon 's an t-òr gan dhìl  
A caoi' nan sonn bu trom 's an strì;  
Gun Fhèinn gan aibhear, no gum duan,  
Is mor an sgeul, 's an t-Osgair nainn.
- 130 Co nì eòd an teach nan eòd,  
'San t-Osgair og fù' 'n fhoil gach eò;  
Na mìlte sgia' gan trèith sa oibh,  
Is sleaghal greur nan treunn eòd.
- 131 Chaochail eòd gu bron each's sin,  
Gach cruit is clarsach dh' fhuas i trom;  
Cho ghluais an t-aosmhòr fà' 'n strì,  
No 'n t-Osgair og nach b'eo gum gnòmh.
- 132 'S ann an sin a dubhas fein,  
O mhie' a luadh gan truangh an sgeul;  
Do leon ag Caolhan nan srath mall,  
Gun Fhèinn, gun Fhaothlan a bhì ann.
- 133 Chrua' do bhias gu brath mo chròidh,  
'S ann-eibhlinn mo hìth, gun dhì;  
'S ionmhuinn an kòich fù' be ata,  
Is teure kòich air an bhòil t-òr nà'.

*Here comes in the case at hand, but apparently  
altered and added to.*

- 135 Ge do thuiteadh tusa thall  
Ann Cath-cabhara gnòmh a chul;  
Cho chluimeadh nach eigh no osann,  
No iargainn a d' dheidh ag Osgair.
- 136 'S ole a chrèideas mì do sgeul,  
Nach dìoladh an t-Osgair teun;  
Mo bhias air gach Triath gun chlo,  
Laogh mo ghraidh cho' n iaradh fòis.
- 137 Bu mhaireach mo laogh san bìrigh,  
Bao'lach treun, 'nuair dh' èireadh fheirg;  
Aluìn nar Anna nan leug,  
Chuireadh crith air bratach chend.
- 138 'S eòd is eumhain leamh do ghnòmh  
A kòich nan arm tana mìn  
A Bharghail s' an Driolanach aigh  
Co nì feum do sheud moghradh

141 II.

- 139 Oiseinn glac an cloidheann calma  
141 'Se cath-cabhara chuir fù' dhì,  
Na kòich chloimh nach oba strì;  
A ghluaisdeadh 'sann iomairt sloigh.  
Eididh, armach, calma corr.
- 142 Na thuit sig Caolhan nan leug,  
143 A dha uidhir, 's mìle sloigh

M. 19. BAS OSGAIR. 255 lines.

- 1 CHA 's abair mì mo thriath re m' cheol,  
Ge b' oil le h-Oisein e nochd  
Osgair agus Cairbre calma',  
Tradhair iad an Cath Ghabhra.
- 2 An t-sleagh nime 's i 'n laimh (Chairbre,  
Gu 'n cròitheadh i re nair feirg;  
Deireadh an fìach ri' ghnòmh,  
Gur ann lea' mhaireadeadh Osgair.
- 3 'S measa deireadh e ris fein,  
Am fiach dubh nu mhì-cheill,  
A chuirgear ata sibh nu 'n chlar  
Ach fuil fìr a bhith gu thachdadh.
- 4 Dh' sharaì fìnn, a Rath' gum eòil,  
Cuin an taedadh ar suil fein;  
Cìod i' ghnòmh a th'air ar rosgaibh,  
Nuair a choineamaid a chual reachda?
- 5 Gairidh am fiach moch ann mairreach  
Air do ghradhna ann san àr-fhuach,  
Cuireadar do shuil' a' ghuac,  
As e sin a thig a thuiread.
- 6 Is dearg an fhuobh sin ta thu nigheadh,  
'S dearg an t-aogus do bhì nìre,  
Ach gus an d' fhuinig an dhì',  
An fhuobh sin cha b' ole a b-innead.

<sup>1</sup> Thre.<sup>2</sup> Bhaobh.<sup>3</sup> A sluid.

- 7 A Bhaobh a nigheas at t-ealach,  
Deansa dhuinne faisil' meachd cheudna,  
An tuit aon dhuine dhuibh leinn,  
No 'n d' theid sinn uile do neo-ni ?
- 8 Mairbas lesta cuig ceud,  
Is gonar leat an Rìgh fein,  
Araon 's am fear a laghaidh<sup>4</sup> dh'e,  
Bhar saoghal uile gu 'n d' thainig.
- 9 Na clainneadh e thu Rosg Mac Ruaidh,  
No dhuine dhuineadh d' a sbluagh,  
Na clainneadh an Fheinn thu nochd,  
Ma 'm bith sinn uile gun mheisnich.
- 10 An euala sibhas turas Fliinn,  
Nuair ghluais e ga h-Eirinn ?  
Thainig an Cairbre seachdach garg,  
'S ghlae e Eirinn fo aon smachd.
- 11 Dh' fhalbh sinne le dian dhaighir  
A bon d' an Fheinn as a bha sinn,  
Leagadh leinn ar feachd 's ar slugh  
An ta-bh mu thuadh do dh' Eirinn.
- 12 Chuireadh le Cairbre annas  
Fios air Osear cruaidh na Feinne,  
Dol a dh' ionnsuidh fheadh na Feinne,  
'S gu faighthead e eis de reir sin.
- 13 Ghluais, o nach d' ob e namh,  
An t-Osear aluinn gu leachd an Rìgh,  
Triachad fear trem dh' inich leis,  
A fhreas-lal d' a thoil 's da fheim.
- 14 Fhuair sinn onoir fhuair sinn biadh,  
Mar a fhuair sinn rioimhe riamh,  
Bha sinn gu saoghal as teach,  
Maille re Cairbre san Teamhradh.
- 15 An la mu dheireadh d' an òl,  
Thuit Cairbre le gath mor,  
Iomkaid ceinn slagha b' ail leam uait,  
Osear dhuinn na h-Albainn.
- 16 Creud an iomkaid ceinn a bhiodh ort,  
A Chairbre ruaidh na 'n Long-phort ?  
'S tric bu leat mi fein 's mo sheugh,  
Ann latha catha agus comraig.
- 17 Cha b' uileor leamsa eis no cain,  
No aon seoid a bhiodh na 'r tìr,  
Cha b' uileor leam re na' 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 taileas duinn d' e,  
Nach bu leatsa Fhighearnas.
- 19 Ach malairt einn gun mhahtair crainn  
B' ea-corach sud iarradh 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 riamh na 'm beatha  
Cha b' uileor leamsa re m' linn,  
Gach seud a dh' iarrain gu 'm faighinn.
- 21 Na 'm bhiodh an Fhianngun agus m' athair,  
Co maith 's a bha iad na 'm beatha,  
Is teann ar am faighthead tu sinn  
Leud do thairche an Eirinn.
- 22 Lion fuarachd na laoiich làn,  
Re claistin na h-ìomar-bhaidh,  
Bha beathra garbha leath mar leath  
Eadar an Cairbre 's an t-Osear.
- 23 Eheirid-se Briathar buan,  
'S e thubhairt an Cairbre ruadh,  
An t-sleagh sin ata na d' kaimh  
Gur h-ann imte thu do luath-bhas.
- 24 Briathar buan sin Briathar buan,  
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,  
Gu 'n cuireadh e slengh nan seach siong,  
Eadar airne agus imleag.
- 25 Briathar eil' ann aghaidh sin,  
Bheireadh an t-Osear calma,  
Gu 'n cuireadh e slengh nan naoi siong,  
Mu chuma' fhuilid agus cadain.
- 26 Briathar buan sin Briathar buan,  
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,  
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach  
A h-Albainn an la 'r na mhaireach.
- 27 Briathar eil' an aghaidh sin,  
Bheireadh an t-Osear calma  
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach  
Do dh' Albainn an la 'r mhaireach.
- 28 Bha 'n oiche sin dhuine gu 'n ehabhair,  
Thall agus a bhos mu 'n ambanin,  
Bha doirlinn leath mar leath  
Bha doirlinn mhòr eadar-inn.
- 29 Chualas Olla le guth tiom,  
Air chlairsich bliom ag tuircadh bais ;  
Dh' eirich Osear am feirg  
Is ghlae e airn na dhornaibh aigh.
- 30 Dh' eirich sion an la 'r na mhaireach,  
Ar slughail uil' ann fin na bha dh' inn,  
Thogadh sealg agus creach leinn,  
Gu 'n fhuairadh do Rìgh Eirinn.
- 31 Mharbh sinn Rìgh Lathaidh na 'n lann,  
Laoch fuileach le faolhar arm,  
Thog sinn creach re shlabh Goill,  
Gu luath leis gearnach lu'-mhòr.
- 32 An uair a ruinig sinn ann  
Bealach cumhang an caoil-ghleann,  
'S ann a bhiodh an Cairbre ard,  
Ag ionnaireachd ag teachd na 'r co-dhall.
- 33 Cuig fichead Gaidheal garg,  
Thainig o 'n tìr fhuair chairbh<sup>5</sup>  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 34 Seachd fichead do Chlannaibh Rìgh,  
Bu mhòr gaisg agus guiomh ;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 35 Mungan Mac Seire a bha 'n namh,  
A chuimhriceadh ceud clodheamh glas,  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 36 Cuig fichead fear clodheamh glais,  
Nach deach' aon cheim riamh air ais ;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 37 Cuig fichead fear bocha,  
A thainig air Cairbre d' 'n chobhair ;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 38 Seachd fichead do dh' fhearraibh feachd,  
A thainig a tìr an t-seachd ;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 39 Cuig fichead Cairbre ruadh,  
Bha cos'lach re Cairbre an t-sluagh ;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 40 A chuirgear a b' fhaigse d' an Rìgh,  
D' am bu dual gaisg' is guiomh ;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Osear thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 41 Nuair chunnac an Cairbre ruadh,  
Osear ag snoighthead an t-sluagh,  
A chnoiseach nimhe bha na kaimh  
Gu 'n do leig e na cho-dhail.
- 42 Thuit Osear air a ghluin deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troimh a chueas,  
Thug e urchaire eile nunn,  
Is mharbhadh leis Rìgh na h-Eirinn.
- 43 Eirich Art is glae do chloith eamh,  
Is seasamh ann aite t-athar,  
Is na gheabh thu do dh'òl sòghail,  
Saoilidh mi gur mac rìgh thu.

<sup>4</sup> Cuig fichead Albannach ard,  
Thainig thair nuair chairgich ghairbh.

<sup>5</sup> Laoidheadh.

- 44 Thug e urechair eile 'n aird,  
Ar léinne gu 'm bu loir a h-airde  
Leagadh leis aig meud a chumseadh  
Art mac Cairbre air an ath urechair.
- 45 Chuir iad chian an Rígh mu cheap,  
Shluagh Chairbre bu gharbh gleac,  
Los gu 'm buidh' nte loe buidh' laraich,  
Air faicín doibh Oseair gu craiteach.
- 46 Thog e leacóg eonart chruaidh,  
Bharr na taladháin taobh-ruaidh,  
Bhris e 'n Cath-Ibharr mu 'n cheap,  
Gníomh mu dheireadh mo dleadh mhic.
- 47 Togaibh libh mí noise Fhianm  
Níor thog sibh me roimhe riarh,  
Thugaibh mí gu tulaich gháim,  
Ach gu 'm buin sibh díom an t-eadaich.
- 48 Chualas aig trábh mu Thuath  
Einneach sluaigh is fadhar arm',  
Chlisg ar gaisric h gu luath,  
Mu 'n raibh oscar fadhad marbh.
- 49 Marbh'-asg ort a mhic na huaidhe  
Ní thu bréag an darma h-uair dhúinn,  
Loingis mo shean-athar\* ata ann.  
'S iad ag teacht le cabhair chugainn.
- 50 Bheannúch sinn uile do Fhionn,  
Ge te cha do bheannaich dhúinn,  
Gus an d' thainig e tulaich nan deur  
Far an robh oscar na 'n arna gear.
- 51 'S measa mhic a bhíodh<sup>7</sup> tu dh'é  
Latha catha sin Beinn-eadaín,  
Shnamba na corran throimh d' chneas  
'S í mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas.
- 52 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,<sup>8</sup>  
'S cha mho nítheas e gu brath;  
Chuir Cairbre sluaigh na 'n seachd sióng  
Eadar m' airmna agus m' imleóg.
- 53 Chuir mise sluaigh na 'n naoi sióng,  
Mu chuma fhuilt agus eolain,  
'S na 'n rigeadh mo dhúinn a chneas,  
Cha deanaibh aon leigh a leigheas.
- 54 'S measa mhic a bhíodh tu dh'é  
Latha catha sin duindealgáin  
Shnambadh na geoidh throimh d' chneas,  
Is í mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas,
- 55 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,  
'S cha mho dheantar e gu brath,  
An gath donmháin am thaobh deas,  
Cha dual do leigh a leigheas.
- 56 Sin an uair a chaoith Fionn,  
Air an tulaich os ar cionn,  
Shruthadh na deoir síos o rosgaibh,  
Thíontadh e réinn a chulthaobh.
- 57 'Mo laoch feín thu, laoch mo laoidh  
Leanabh mo leimhí ghil chaoibh,  
Mo chuidhe leimhí mar lon,  
Gu fá bhráth cha 'n circh Oscar.
- 58 'S traadh nach mise tháiteadh ann  
An Cath Ghabhráth, gníomh nach grunn,  
Is thusa an Ear 's an far,  
A bhí roimh na Fiannaídh Oseair'.
- 59 Cha d' fhidir daine roimhe ríamh,  
Gur eiridhe feola bha 'n chliabh,  
Ach eiridhe do chumhne cuir  
Air a chumhlachadh le staillín.
- 60 Donnalaich na 'n con re m' thaobh,  
Agus buraich na 'n sean laoch,  
'S gul a Phannail caoidh mu 'n seach  
Gur e surahdom cadh chridh'.
- 61 Thog sinn leina an t-Oseair alúinn,  
Air ghuailibh, air slenghaibh 'arla  
Thug sinn as iomchara grinn  
Gus an d' thainig sinn tigh Fhícin.

\* Shean-'ar.

<sup>7</sup> Bhí.<sup>8</sup> An dán.

- 62 Cha chaoineadh Bean a mac feín,  
Cha chaoineadh fear a bhrathair caoin  
Cia líon 's a bhia sin mu 'n teach,  
Bhia sin uil' chaoineadh Oseair.
- 63 Bas Oseair a chradh mo chridh',  
Triath fear Eirinn 's mor d' ar d'í;  
Cait am faeas ríamh re d' línu  
Fear co cruaith ríat air chul láim?
- 64 Níor chuir Fionn d' e erith is gráin,  
O 'n latha sin gu h-íbrith;  
Cha ghabhadh is cha b' fheirde leis  
Trián d' an bhéatha ge d' alraim.

## M. 20. MARBH-RANN OSCAIR. 120 lines.

This version is so broken that it cannot easily be divided into verses.

- 1 An cuata sibhse tras flúinn,  
'N uair a ghluais é gu h-innse Eiríonn,  
Cairbhair slenglaech lamhach garga,  
4 Ghlac é Eiríonn fá non smachd.  
Sud sgeul bu dúilleh léinn,  
E bhaintáin uain ar Tighearnais,  
'S dh'fhalbh fínn le deán damhair,  
8 A líon do 'n Fhéinne uile 's a bhia sinn,  
Leagadh léinn ar fearadh 's ar sluaigh,  
An taobh mu thuath do dh' Eiríonn.  
Chuireadh le Cairbhair anuas,  
12 Fíos air Oseair óg na Féinne;  
Dhoil a dhionsúidh feisid an Rígh.  
'S gu faigheadh e cis da réir.  
Ghluais (o mach d'ób e uamh.)  
16 An t' Oseair alúin gu teach an Rígh,  
Tri-chéud fear trein a dh'ímich leis,  
A fhréasdal da thoil 's da fheum,  
'S dhás bráithra garbh léith mar leith,  
20 Eadir Cairbhair agus Oseair,

## CAIRBHAIR.

Makairt sluaigh a baill léam uait  
Oseair dhúinn a' h-Albáinn:

- An t-sleagh a bhá an talla an Rígh,  
24 Gur ann dhómh feín bu dual í,

## OSCAIR.

Cíod a mhakairt sluaigh a th' ort,  
A Chairbhair mhóir n' an Iongh-phot?

- 'S tric bu leat mí feín 's mo sleagh  
28 An a cuir catha na comhraig,  
Ach makairt cinn, na iomlóid eoinn,  
B' eucorach sud iarradh oirn,  
'S e am fath mu 'n iart oirn é,  
32 Sinn a bhí gun Fhéinne gun athair,

## CAIRBHAIR.

Ged a bhíteadh an Fhéinne 's t-athair,  
Co maith sa bhá iad re 'n lathaibh,  
Cha builear keamsa re m' lían

- 36 Na seoid a dhiairinn gu 'm fuighinn.  
<sup>1</sup> Na 'm bithweil an Fhéinne agus m' athair  
'Co maith sa bhá iad re 'n laithaibh,  
Cha 'n fhuigheadh tus a Chairbhair Ruat  
40 Leud do thráighith do dh' Eirinn.  
<sup>2</sup> Ghluais fuarachd na 'n Laoch gach lamh,  
Rí chaintin na h-íomairt aca bha,

## CAIRBHAIR.

'N sin nnair a kabhair Chairbhair ruadh,  
44 Briathra bheirimse gu m' uaimh,  
An t-sleagh sin ann ad laimh,  
Gur ana nímpe tha buail do bháis.

- Chualas Orran le guth tíom,  
48 Air clarsaíeh bhinn a tuireadh bais,  
Dheirich Oseair le mor th' eirg,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eiríonn,  
An t-seiscar a b' fhaisce do 'n Rígh,  
52 Da 'm bu dual gaisg 's gníomh,  
Thuit sud le lamh Oseair thall.  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eiríonn,

<sup>1</sup> Oseair speaks.<sup>2</sup> The Bard speaks.

- Nuair chunnaic an Cairbhair ruadh  
56 Oscar asnuigheadh a shluaigh,  
An t-sleagh neathle bhia na laimh  
Leig é sud na cho-dháil.  
Chnaidh Oscar air a ghlún deas,  
60 'S an t-sleagh neathle t-romh a cneas,  
Thug e urchar eile nunn—  
'S mbarbhadh leis Rìgh na h-Eirionn.

## CAIRIBHAR.

- Art mhic Cairbhair glac do chlainm,  
64 'S dean seasamh an aite T-Athar,  
'S mar dean an t'eng do thoirt  
Dìol mo bhias le meud do ratha,  
Thuit le Oscar gnìomh nach cuimseach  
68 Art mac Chairbhair air 'n ath urchar,  
Sgar è dheth an cloigaid, 's an ceann,  
Be gnìomh mu dhèirne mo dheagh-mhic.  
Chualas aig an traigh mu thuath,  
72 Eighneach sluaigh is faoghair arm,  
Chlisg air gaisgich gu laath,  
'S fluaras Oscar—leith-mharbh.  
'Sin nuair thainig oirne Fionn,  
76 Air an tulaich os ar ceann,  
Shileadh nu deoir air a rosga,  
Thiondaill è roinn a chul-thaobh,  
'Mo laogh fein thu 's laogh mo laogh!  
80 'Leanamh mo leinimh glùil chaomh!  
'S é mo eiridh th' air a lot gu trom,  
'Sgula bhràth cha 'n eirigh Oscar,  
——'S measa a mhic a bha thu dheth  
84 ' Ann la cur catha beinn Endain  
'S namh na corrain roimh d' cneas,  
'Si mo lamhsa roinn do leigheas.

## OSCAR.

- 'Mo leigheas cha n' eil è n' dàm,  
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' 'arnean agus 'n iomlag  
Thug mise nrehair eill a nunn  
Mu chumachd fhuilic agus eadain,  
'S n' an ruigeadh mo dhùirn a cneas  
96 Cha deanaidh 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 thuitheadh ann,  
An cath 'g àrach gnìomh nach gann;  
Ochoin! a near no niar  
104 T' iarguin cha deanaidh Oscar.  
Cha dìlir duine riamh,  
Gur eiridhe feola bha am chliabh,  
Ach eiridhe do chuibhne cuir,  
108 Air achemhdaeha le stailim  
Tathannaich n'an con ro 'm thaobh,  
'S buireadh n'an sean Laoch,  
'S gul a pannail ma seach  
112 Gur è sud a chraidh mi 'm chridh,  
Thog sinn oirp an t-Oscar ahuin,  
Air ghualibh n'an sleagh a 'b airde,  
Thug as ionchar 's giulan grinn  
116 Gus an d' thainig sinn Tigh Fhinn,  
Cha choinneadh fear a mhac Fein  
'S cha mho a choinneadh fear a bhrathair  
Cia lion 's a bha sinn mu 'n teach  
120 Bha sinn uile n' coineadh Oscar.

## O. 13. CATH GABHRA' NO MARBH OSAIR.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 66. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 23, 1872.

THIS makes the whole agree with the Irish story. Cairbre, Cormac's son, had taken all Ireland, and wished to drive the Fionne out of *Ubbi* (Allen) their possession. The King of Ireland and his troops fell out, and the

nautineers 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.

- 'S MEANMACHU tha mise na Chaoilte,  
O mach mairrean fear mo cho-aise;  
B' e Chaoilte mo cho-aise ceart,  
Leis am builghete buaidh is beachd. (san fheachd)
- B' e Chaoilte mo leth churruidh chatha,  
Ri fartaehd is ri h-annar:  
An rìgh bu cheannard dhuinn uille,  
Ard threun fhilath nan Triath. (al. nam Fiann)
- An sin do ghluais siubhal Fhinn,  
Gach slios bhaile bhia 'n Eirin;  
Cairbre luath lamach neo lag,  
Chuir e Eirin uile fo aon smachd.
- Chuir e fios oirrne g' ar teim ruidh,  
G' ar n' ioman a mach à Albhi;  
Dheanamh gnìomh bu tursach dhuinne,  
A bhuintinn dhinn ar Tighearnas.
- Fhregair sinn an curruidh dana,  
A lion ann uile na bha sinn;  
Cha robh sinn ann dhe 'n Fhinn uile,  
Na chosnadh a' phìob bhuidhe.
- Air an rod gheal, gle gheal, cleacach,  
Bha sinn oclh ceud ann sar mlaraech  
Chaidh sinn gu aoibhinn a steach,  
'S bha cumha Chairbre an t-òighe.
- Iomlaid cinn sleagha b' aill leam natsa,  
A dheagh Oscar ahuin;  
Iomlaid cinn g' an iomlaid crainn,  
B' eucor sid iarraidh orra.
- Gur e 'm fath m' an iarradh tu e,  
Sinne bhì gun Fhiamn, gun athair;  
Ged a bhithheadh am Fiann 's t-athair,  
Mar a b' fhearr a bha riamh nam beatha,  
Cha b' uilear leamsa ri m' linn,  
Gach seud a dh' iarradh gu 'm fùighiunn.
- Nam bhithheadh an Fheinn agus m' athair,  
Mar a b' fhearr a bha nam beatha;  
Cha bhithheadh agadsa, o rìgh,  
Leud do throidhe ann Eirin.
- Dh' fharuich fuarachd nan laoch lan,  
Bhì chuintinn na h-iomar *bhòigh* (al. maigh)  
Briatura garbha leth mar leth,  
Eadar Cairbre fiat 's Oscar.
- Gun tugainne brathra gu ruadh,  
Arsa an Cairbre crann ruadh;  
An t-sleagh sin m'a bheil do lamb,  
Gur ann letha bhios do luatha bhias.
- Gur 'n tugainne breathra eile,  
Arsa an Oscar donn a h-Albhi;  
Gu 'n togar leam sealg is creach,  
Gu 'n rachainn do Dh' althi a maireach.
- Oidheche a' faireach leinn gu là,  
Mar ri *mnathaibh* Fhiamn Co-ol; (mthaibh)  
Shuidhich sinn Dour leth marleth, (Douhbir)  
'S bha Dour cadaruinn.
- Thogadh leinn an la air mhàireach,  
Do Abhì bhithheadh ar 'n ards.  
Thug sinn ri sliabh Baoisge nan creach,  
Gu luath laoisgairneach luth-mhor. (laoisginnceach)
- Mogan Mac Seirc a Nuadh, (al. Nuath)  
Dh' ionga dhe deich ceud claidhe' ruadh;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh ri ard rìgh Eirin.
- Deich fìcheud de mhacaibh rìgh,  
'S air kenne gu 'm bu mhor am pris;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh gu hard rìgh Eirin.

- 17 Deich fichead Cairbre ruadh,  
Bha cosmhail ri Cairbre an t-sluaigh;  
Thuit sud le hainm Oseair thall,  
'S e mosgladh ri gu arl rìgh Eirin.
- 18 Deich fichead Albannaich ard,  
A thainig a' tìr Ghàidh gharz;  
Thuit sud le hainm Oseair thall,  
'S e mosgladh gu h-ard rìgh Eirin.
- 19 A chuigeir a b' fhaigse do 'n rìgh,  
G' a choinnead o dhosguim 's o gniomh;  
Thuit sud le hainm Oseair thall,  
'S e mosgladh ri arl rìgh Eirin.
- 20 'N nair a chummaic an Cairbre ruadh,  
Oseair a' smaithie an t-sluaigh;  
An t-sleagh nimhe bhà na hainm,  
Thug e urehoir dhi cho dhait.
- 21 Thuit Oseair air a ghluin deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troimh a ehneas;  
Thug e urehoir eile null,  
Is nharbha leis arl rìgh Eirin. (thorecha)
- 22 Art mhic Cairbre glae do chlaidhe,  
Seasamh dana 'n aite t-athar;  
'S mu gheibh thu do dhòil saoghail,  
'S aoidh mi gar Mae roth thu.
- 23 Thug Oseair an t-sleagh air a h-ais.  
'S nharbh e Art air an ath-urechair;  
Shuagh Chairbre garbh an cleachd,  
Chuir sinn an eath garg mu 'n cheap.
- 24 Oseair Mae Oisein an aigh,  
Thog e leac eioiche na hainm;  
'S bhàris e crun an rìgh nam cheap,  
Gniomh ma dheire do dheagh mhic.
- 25 Mar Ealtuin air a sgarpadh bras,  
Mar dhilleach sguabte le cruaidh fhras;  
Mar cheò sgarite briste le pronn ghaoth;  
'Sin mar thieich shiagh Chairbre as.
- 26 Bu truaigh an gaoir gan tannadh sìos,  
Thiomach mo ehiridhe, 's mo chlaibh;  
Le mi-run Chairbre eillean.  
Bha àr a leanaich a dheagh dhaoin.
- 27 Oseair glae laigh na treig,  
Tha d' fhuil fein a strugha combha;  
'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 eilidh san stri;  
Thuit Cairbre nan cleas fo m' hainm,  
Cha bhàs ach beatha mo thì.
- 29 Thuit Oseair air a thuobh,  
Phill a shluagh mar ion-ghaoth;  
Fo dhubhar crainn Cuillin tuidh;  
B' iomadh suil bha dian a tuidh.
- 30 Bu mhiosa Mhic bhà thu dheth,  
Latha eatha beinn Eilinn;  
Shuamh na Corvan tro do ehneas,  
'S i mo lamh a rinn do leaghas.
- 31 Mo leigheas cha 'n eil e 'n dan,  
Cha mhò nithear e gu brath;  
Chuir Cairbre sleagh na nao seang (seamh)  
Eadar m' airnean 's m' iomlag.
- 32 Chuir mise sleagh nan seachd seang,  
Eadar cunna fheult is eulainn;  
'S m' an ruigeadh mo dhruin a ehneas,  
Cha deanadh aon leigh 'a leigheas. (na koch)
- 33 Sin nuar thainig oirme Fionn,  
Air an tulaich as an eleann; (ar)  
Shil na doir air a rosgaibh;  
Thionndaidh e ruim a chul-taobh.
- 34 Laogh mo leinibh mo laogh fein thu,  
Laogh mo chmèin ghlainn chaomh;  
Mo chridhe leumartaich mar lor,  
Gu la bhrath cha 'n eirich Oseair.
- 35 'S truaigh nach mise a thuit ann,  
An eath gabh' gniomh nach gann; (gabhra)  
'S tusa bhì 'near sin iar,  
Roimh na Fiannaibh Oseair.
- 36 Nam bu tusa thuiteadh ann,  
An eath gabh' gniomh nach gann;  
Cha chluante 'n ear no 'n iar.  
Iarguin na dh' iuhin aig Oseair.
- 37 Thogaim thu gu tukaich ghlainn,  
Sguirim an feusd gad chaoilidh;  
Thogar leim an t-Oseair eadna,  
Air bharrarbh ar sleigha arda.
- 38 Gus an tukaich bhà shuas an tìgh,  
'S bhithneamh nìk eoinendh Oseair;  
Sgalartaich nan Coim ri m' thuobh;  
Agus baruaich nan seann koch.
- 39 Domal as shuamh nan seach,  
Gur e sud a chruaidh mo ehiridhe;  
Leac Oseair a chruaidh mu 'n chridh,  
Treun ri treun san air rithe.
- 40 'S ionadh nach gan teirca tabaist,  
'S tearc laoch air a bheil t-iomradh.

From — Macintyre, Glenlyon, who can  
neither read or write.

#### THE DEATH OF FIONN. F. 20. O. 19.

The usual tradition is that Fionn went away, and that he is living somewhere still. Fletcher's Collection contains a story about the Death of Fionn, of which I have but one other version. Fionn went courting one of the Clann Chuilgeadan, who appear in the Lay of the Heads, and in the ballad of Dun-an-oir. He is challenged to leap, and when he wins he is challenged to leap backwards. He falls, and is beheaded. But the slayers lived near Cape Clear, according to Irish authorities. Tailteuch mac a Chuilgeadan was the man, Gleann Dochart the place, an Island in Loch an Iubhair, near Beinn Mhòr, in Scotland, was the spot, and Fionn was buried at Cill Fhinn, a place near the end of Loch Tay. The slayer was slowly put to death by twisting off his arms and legs. This looks like broken poetry; and it certainly was a current story, because two men got different versions of it. The only Heroes named are Fionn and Oisein; so this comes after the Battle of Gabhra.

See Fionn's Irish Pedigree above for the Irish account of the Death of Fionn. Page 34.

#### F. 20. EACHDRAIDH MAR A CHAIDH FIONN A MHAIRBHADDH. 93 lines broken.

Fletcher's Collection, page 132. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

AR BHI DO dhruine àraidh d' an gòire Tailteach-mac-Chuilgeadan, mar ainm, a gabhail tamhaich ann an Eilean Lochan Iubhair hainm ri Beinn-mhòr ann an Gleann Dochart, aig an robh leannan sìth, mar Chiontra san aite sin.

Air bhì do Fhionn-mac-Cuthail air faòiteann fiosa-chadh nu tìnebholl, Chuidh e a steach ga faicsein, agus ghabh e clach fuireach combha ri. Ach fa dhreicadh air bhì do Thailteach air faigheann a mach gu 'n robh Fionn a tairchir tric an rathad a leannan. Air dha ransachadh catara nu dhubhain. Thuiteadh leatha le cheile ann an eud e mòr, agus gu 'n rabhadar a' dol a bhualadh a cheile. Ach a deir ise gu deanamar dhuibh riaghailt, na bitheabh an feigr ri cheile.

1 An fear a 's fearr buaidh an leum, is e leannan mi fein le taebh,

Dh' imich na Laoich an sin a mach a leum,  
Leum Tailteach o' n Eilean air tì tiorann, is leum  
Fionn gu sgiobalt treun 'na dheigh.

2 A deir Tailteachd,

Leumaise an liunc air m' ais  
Is mar a leum thusa an cothair do eilidh,  
Biodh agamsa an eilidh gu ceart.  
Leum iad aron air an ais,  
Ach 'se Tailteachd a leum an toiseach;  
Agus bhà e air tì tiorann Eilinn,  
Ach air leum an sin do dh' Fhionn,  
Chaidh e foilhe gu Cheann.

3 Agus ghlae Tailteachd an sin an  
Corom bhà thaobh cùil air agus bhùin e an ceann  
do dh' Fhionn 'na m' burrain e rianach tionn-  
dadh ris.

- Theich Tailceadh le h-eagal fuathas na Feinne,  
agus ceann Fhionn aige
- Gu 'n d' rainig e ceann Loch-laoidinn, agus air bhí  
dha' sgith ga ghiulan, chuireadh leis air stob  
è air tom dhubh aig àth na h-aímhne d' an  
goirear áth Chinn o sin a mach.
- 4 Agus air do 'n Fheinn corp Fhionn fhaotainn ri  
taobh an Lochain,  
Thogadar air Rígh 's ar Triath,  
Air Ghuailibh briagha nan loech,  
Is dh' anhlaitig sinn è air cùl tuim,  
An uaigh do 'n goirear Cillfhinn mar ainm.  
Bha an Fheinn uile fadh' throm fheirg  
Co dheanadh orra an tàir,  
Dh' iomaichidair air toir a chinn,  
Na suinn mu 'n do Gabh iad Caird.
- 5 Gas an d' fhuaras leò ceann an hoiche,  
Air enoe fraoich an taobh Ath-chinn;  
Is rinneas toirceadh air an kaimh,  
Bha co dana is dol na dhàil.
- 6 Chuir iad miar foirdh dhend fios,  
Dh' innseadh dhoibh am fios mur bha;  
Tailceadh a bhí fo fliamh,  
Air son a ghníomh an Beinn-all-air.
- 7 Dh' fhuaras Tailceadh ann san uaigh,  
Is chuireadar gu cruaidh ris ceist;  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn,  
Is fheargair gu h-aingidh air ais,  
Cha 'n aireach mar aireach le Goll nan cleas  
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 8 An lamh dheas air son a' ghníomh,  
Bhain sinn do Thailceadh gu fíor;  
Bhain sinn dheth an lamh eile,  
Air son gníomh na mòr chionta,  
Chuir iad ceist an dara h-uair,  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn.
- 9 A d' thuir Tailceadh,  
Air mo Ríogh nach aireach;  
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas,  
An ruaig a Chuir e air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 10 Shníomh sinn an leth chos o 'n toin,  
Le teannachuir ríghin chruaidh;  
Agus phronn sinn a chos eile,  
Le leachdibh cruaidhe na sceire,  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn  
Dubhairt Tailceadh.
- 11 Air mo Ríogh nach aireach leam,  
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas;  
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 12 An da shuil a bhá na Cheann,  
Loisg sinn le líonn goileach dearg;  
A Thailceadh an aireach leat Fionn  
Dubhairt Tailceadh fa dheireadh thall;  
Air mo ríogh nach aireach leam,  
Mur h-aireach le Goll nan cleas  
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuiligeadar  
Chuir sinn air sleagha tróinhe chridhe  
Thailceadh is mharbáil sinn e.
- O. 19. BAS FHINN LE TAOILEACH. 43 lines.  
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 108. Copied by Malcolm Mac-  
phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.
- 1 ELAN an rídhir, Ieannan síth,  
Leum mar dhuais graidh  
Leum Taoileach mach as an Elan,  
4 Leum Fionna a mach  
Leum Taoileach a steach an coineamh a chuil  
Leum Fionn, is thuit san nise.  
Chuir Taoileach an ceann deth.  
8 Dh' fhalbh leis a' cheann, is chuir air stoh aig  
Ath Fhinn, aig ceann shuas na cruacha an  
Ramaeh. Dh' fhalbh iad an toir iar Fionn.
- Cha roibh fios eo thug an ceann deth; Thachair iad air  
a cheann. Ma's for a fálhair an ceann 'Nuair thar-  
nung iad deud; Thuirt an dui, se sid guth Fhinn.  
Guth chéin air a chraun. Thug iad a muas an ceann.  
Chuir fear a mheur fo dheud fios, fhuair fios eo rinn

an gniomh. Thuirt Oisean Mac an Rígh. Diolaidh  
sinn bas Fhinn.

- No 's masladh air brath dhuinn.  
12 Dh' fhalbhas air toir air Taoileach; Fhuaircas e  
an namh aig ceann shuas Beinn Arlar.  
Thaoileach an aithreach leat Fionn,  
Air mo rígh, cha 'n aithreach leam;  
Mar aithreach le Goll nan cleas.
- 16 An cath ruaig bh' air Clann Chuiligeadar.  
An lamh dheas a rinn an gniomh.  
Bheir sinn do Thaoileach gu fíor,  
Bheir sinn deth an lamh eile.
- 20 Ann an cionta na moir choire.  
A Thaoileach, an aithreach leat Fionn,  
Air mo rígh cha 'n aithreach leam.  
Shníomh sinn deth an leth chos.
- 24 Le Teanchar gramail cruaidh;  
Phronn sinn a chos eile,  
Le leacáibh garbh na sceire;  
A Thaoileach an aithreach leat Fionn,
- 28 Air mo rígh cha 'n aithreach leam.  
An da shuil bhá na cheann,  
Loisg sinn le líonn goileach dearg,  
Bhain sin an ceann de Thaoileach,
- 32 An comáin an droch ghníomh a rinn e  
Nan abraidh Taoileach gu 'm bu bhead  
An ceann a thoir de chom nan ceud,  
Cuach Fhinn bheiridh beo,
- 36 Chuireadh an ceann ris a chlo  
Phill sinn gu bronach tuirseach  
Ghiuláinear leim ceann Fhinn,  
Gun t-aite an d' fhuaircas a choluinn;
- 40 Ghiulan sinn e gu aluinn,  
Air chrannaibh sleagh Arda,  
Dh' adhlacadh leim e an cill,  
Is deirear cill Fhinn ris gu 'n duigh.

#### THE DEATH OF OISEIN.

THIS Ballad does not describe the death of Oisein, but is part of his Lament for his comrades. Some marginal writer on the manuscript says that this is equal to anything in the books of Mac Pherson or Dr. Smith. To me it seems to be made up of fragments and mended. Some verses I recognise as in other ballads; others bear the stamp of popular poetry, others do not, according to my opinion. The metre varies. Current tradition sends Oisein off to the Isle of Youth with his mother in the form of a deer, or with a mythical hound. In any case this ends Kennedy's Second Collection, and leaves Oisein the last of the Heroes alive. An Irish manuscript, called the Book of Lismore, contains a long composition called the Dialogue of the Old Men. In it Caoilte and Oisein converse with Saints and Chiefs, and wander about telling stories in Ireland.

#### I. 23. BAS OISEIN. 140 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 160. Advocates' Library, April 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

#### THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

It is certain that Ossian survived all the Fingalians, and lived till that Era Christianity was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick, who is no other than this Son of Alpin he addressed his Poems so frequently to. It is applied till this day to an aged man, who live after all after all his Friends, relations and children. 'That he is left alone as Ossian after the Fingalians.' 'Tha e mar Oisein an deidh na Feinne.' Ossian seems to have lived with an eminent man Conar in Glencathan, 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 unequal 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 bounticed 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 TÍAMHAIDH bhí noe ann Gleann-caothan  
Gan gluth gadhair ann gun chead;  
Mo chroidhe cho deir e do 'm reir,  
'S mí fein an sean fhear gun treoir.
- 2 'N uair reachnaimid do Ghleann-caothann,  
Bu bhínn bladair againn eol;  
B' íomaid dea' fhear dhinn air éint,  
'S cho toileamaid diomb d' ar deoin.
- 3 'Nuair thogamaid ri Gleann-encathann,  
Bu líomhor fadhadh gach iul;  
A cosgairt an daimh, 'san fheidh,  
'S íomaid ceud nach éireadh dlú.
- 4 B' íomaid hoeh a dh' eighthe mach,  
A dhíreadh gu bras an sliabh;  
Le shleagh 's í ruisgte na dhornn,  
Le cloidheamh mor agus Sgiath.
- 5 Fionn mo ghaoil caogad Triath,  
Le cheile air griannan ard;  
Is Gile-ghreine ri erann.  
Os a chionn, a bhreatach aigh.
- 6 Bu chian ar sgoiteadh o cheil,  
Fen' gach sleibh air barra bhac;  
Laochraí' chalma, eumrant Fhínn,  
'S am botha gach tiom nan glaic.
- 7 'Nuair a dh' éireadh seilg an fheidh,  
Dh' fhuasgladhmaid na ceuda Cu;  
'S íoma' damb, earb, agus Adh,  
A thuiteadh sa bhaoil gach iul.
- 8 Philleamaid le 'r seilg tra-non,  
Gu Teambra' cheolmhor nan teud;  
Am bu líomhor cruit is clar  
'S íoma' bard a sheinneadh sgeul.
- 9 B' íoma' slige doll mun cuairt,  
'S dana nua 'ga luadh le cheil;  
A' eitheamh na feist 's ann Tur,  
B' aluin, nr na Flathaidh Feinn.
- 10 B' cúbhinn nos na Fein a ghluais,  
Ceolmhor, eumant, snuadlar treun,  
Fion is foelhas agus feoil,  
Speis gu leoir, 's cho b' eol duinn breug.
- 11 Na suinn chaomha, chalma, ghraidh,  
Bu mhór baidh' 's bu chian an éliu;  
Foilceadh, furan, 's a bhí dian,  
A dhion choitheach, eian o' n iul.
- 12 La a chath air magh na báir,  
Co, na b' fhearr, cho chualas riamh;  
Chombrageamaid fear is eud,  
Gach aon fear do 'n Fheinn bu Triath.
- 13 Cha do ghluais sinn riamh d' ar deoin,  
Ach gu fóil do eomhrag dian;  
An t-onrachdan dhion gu treun,  
'S an coitheach creachta f' ar sgia.
- 14 B' e 'n t-áireamh a bha ri' m linn,  
Ann an Teambra' bhinn nan teud;  
Ceithir míle deug, is caogad,  
N' ar cuirdean gaoil air bheag beud.
- 15 Gun luadh air oglasch Rí' Phail,  
Aosmhoir sharaicht, no mnaí' og;  
No gilleán freasdaíl nan lann,  
Och! Gur fann tha mí fúí' bhron.
- 16 Sibhail an domhan nu seach,  
'S cho' n fhuigh u ann neach mar Fhionn;  
A b' fhearr éineach agus agh,  
Cho deachaidh lann os a cheann.
- 17 Ghluais na hoiech do 'n uaigh gun lo,  
Sin a dh' fhag mar choe mo fhuil;  
Mar aon cam leointe sa choill,  
Gun solas a' caoi' sa mhur.
- 18 Gun léirsinn, ar-fha, na Fínn,  
Mar an som a sguir a dh' fhuais;  
No eum tha sa ghleann an chionn,  
Gu tuiteam, 's cho 'n éirí h dha.
- 19 'S neo cúbhinn do 'n chroidhe bhroin,  
Nach noelchar sólas o' claoimh;  
Mar fháidh a bhais tha mo chruth,  
Dh' éig mo gluth le deat na h-o'í'ch.
- 20 Chaochail mo fhearthare, 's mo shuadh,  
Ach cho choisg an uaigh mo ghraidh;  
O Chait, is Oscar nam bnaidh,  
Is Fhínn uilbáirich dea' Rí' Phail.
- 21 Thu m' osnaich a teacht gach taobh,  
Mar ghluaisis a ghaoth gach míal;  
Tha mo bhron a teacht amach,  
Mar uisge bras, no srath dian.
- 22 Ailís dhuinne Oiseinn fheil,  
Gus a bhas o' n tha thu doll;  
C' ait an fae a deas no tuath  
Teach is mo' a shluaigh no so.
- 23 Chumacais latha teach Fhínn  
Air an iargain thruim so th' órn;  
Bu líomhore gile fir feachd,  
No Conar a' d' theuch gun stoilbh.
- 24 C' ait an 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 clurbhaidh dhéanamh orm,  
Na thuit u le eolg a bhean;  
'S hoeh mí a rinn íomaid ár,  
Ged' tha 'nois gun chail gun ghéan.
- 26 Is mí Oisein, dea' mbaich Fhínn,  
Bha mí uair, 's bu ghairdeach leam;  
Gur mí shuithicéil an t-sealg,  
'Nuair a dh' éireadh fearg air Fíonn.
- 27 'Nuair a bha mí ann san Fheinn,  
'S mí gu treun a meag nam fear;  
Thigeadh caogad Inghean donn,  
A dh' fhalcaid mo chinn a bhean.
- 28 Cho b' e falceadh nan ceann caomh,  
Air do mhaoil bu mhian leam feinn;  
Ach beist nimhe Loch-leathen,  
Reubadh do shean keathair léi.
- 29 A hoeh nach mol n mo mhur  
Nan ceudan en, 's nan teud near;  
'S ceolhoire no Teambra' bhinn,  
Ann gach tim bhíodh comhrag fhear.
- 30 Cha toir élin do theach fúí' n ghreine,  
Mar mhur fóilthe Fhínn mo ghraidh;  
A leithid cho 'n fhuacas riamh,  
A near no niar taobh a bha.
- 31 Bha mí la bu mhór mo phris,  
Ann Teambra' nan ceuda clar;  
Tha i' n dia 'n h ábhaidh fhuar,  
Is mise mo thruaigh! gun mhíadh.
- 32 Mo dhea' Inghean bha mí uair,  
Ghlacáim an cillid air éilnas cinn;  
Bheirinn am bior fúim amach,  
Ann 's an oí' che dhoretha dhail.
- 33 Oehoin, is mí 'nois gun treoir,  
Gun neach beo a mí mo chaoidh;  
Gun chaoth a thogas mo leac,  
Is mí uaigh cho treachail, ach buirb.
- 34 Gun Chailte gun Oscar, gun Fhíonn,  
Gun fhear mí' osnaich gu tiom trauh;  
Gun fhear mí' osnaich ann gu fior,  
'S mí' n erann crion a chail na sluaigh.
- 35 Ghluais mo re mar sgeul, no sgeil,  
Ghluais mo cláirleán, is mo slíth;  
Ghluais mo sholas, is mo bhaidh,  
Mar ata mí-Gu brath líom.

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. Kilsirandon, 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, 163, &c. MS.

1. A travelling tailor, on board the Dumvegan steamer, between Uist and Barra. Sept. 18, 1871. He lives at Ballymarten, 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 V. vol. III. I will tell it in English, when I translate. As a sample of oral collections, I add these notes. They were written in English, while the reciters told what they knew in Gaelic, and very little altered, when written out.

William Robertson questioned: 'Why was Oisean so called?'

'I will tell you that.' 'The sister of Conchullin Mac an Duailtach laid spells (*gheas*) 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 *only* *one* hair, the deer's hair, upon his temple; and that is why he was called Oisein. On the corner of the brow here, (touching his own temple,) 'because the deer's hair was upon his temple, he was called "Corner." That was "Oisein," the son of Fionn. His mother was the daughter of the Duailtach, under spells.' From this, Oisein was Conchullin's nephew. (157.) '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, (*saibreachd fhuaidh*.) His mother was a woman, under spells, (*fo-ghheasaidh*.) She lived long in the mountains as a deer.'

Instructed Boy.—'Oisein was suckled by a hind; and that is the true story. His mother was a woman.'

Scribe.—'You have not got the story at all.' (Boy departs, snubbed.)

Reciter.—'Most of the old men say that Oisein's mother was a woman, in the form of a deer. I do not know how it all came about, or how it was, but they say that Fionn also was under spells.' &c., &c.

Scribe.—'That must have been when he fled, after he got his wisdom tooth, and slew Arc Dubh, at Eas Ruagh, in Eirinn!'

Reciter.—'Yes. When Oisein was born in the mountains, it was so that if his mother licked him, as deer lick their calves, he was to be a deer, like his mother. If not, he was to be a man, like Fionn, his father. She had so much of the deer's nature in her, that she began to lick the child, and she gave one sweep of her tongue to his temple. The deer's hair (*only* *one* hair) 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 time. 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 Breiz,' 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! tann! tir ha tann!

\*O feu! ô feu! ô acier! ô acier! ô feu! ô feu! ô acier et feu!

O chène! ô chène! ô terre! ô flots! ô flots! ô terre et chène!

I am not sure that we have done right, but we have similar materials in these two Celtic songs, with vocal accompaniment.

1\*†Tha tìchran beag air m' anail,  
Bheir mi ho harr hàir  
Cha chluinn mo leann an mo guth;  
Bheir mi ho ro Rìgh; o hòw;  
Bheir mi ho ro Rìgh; o hòw;  
Eigh! Hough! ro Rìgh; tha gh'ò!  
Bheir mi ho ro lo, tho; Rìgh! thò.

2 Chlu 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 ghluinn nan con.

4 Faicail ort o ghluinn nan con  
Ma theid thu gu beanntìbh arda.

5 †Ma theid thu gu beanntìbh arda  
Faicail ort o Chlanna MORNA.

6 Faicail ort o Chlanna Morna  
Channa Morna 's an cuid con.

7 Clanna Morna 's an cuid con  
'S da chu dheug air lon aca.

8 'S da chu dheug air lon aca  
'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fir.

9 Ma theid thu gu gleanntìbh fòdh  
Faicail ort o chlann a Bhò.

10 Faicail ort o Chlann a Bhò  
Clanna Bhò 'us an cuid con.

11 Clanna Bhò 'us an cuid con  
'S da chu dheug air lon aca.

12 'S da chu dheug air lon aca  
'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fir.

13 Ma theid thu gu beanntìbh arda  
Faicail ort o Chlann na GRAISGE.

Repeat 14. 15. 16. as 10. 11. 12.

17 Ma theid thu gu beanntìbh isèal  
Faicail ort o Chlann na BAOSIGE.

Repeat 18. 19. 20.

21 Ma theid thu air bhcanntìbh arda  
†Faicail ort o Chlann na CRADAICH.

Repeat 22. 23. 24. as above.

Here Mac Isaig stopped and said: 'I have no more, but that is a long song. When Oisein was out in the Hill the Hind was always coming near him, but he would not follow her. He was ashamed of his Mother, but he made that song.' (P. 170, &c.)

(P. 56). The Tailor said: 'There is a song about that story. I have very little of it, Carmichael has written it.' Then he sang it to a very wild tune. The lines which are the same I have marked above \*. The rest are added below.

25. Ma theid thu gu gleamtaibh domhain  
*Bheir mi o huro ho.*  
 †Faicéil ort a chlan na Gobhain  
 Bheir mi o huro ho  
 Bheir mi o huro ho  
 Bheir mi hì ri Rìgh riabhag  
 Ho i ho ro, hìw.

Repeat 26. 27. 28. as above.

October 6, 1871.—Copied at Dunvegan, a version lent by Miss MacLeod of MacLeod, 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  
 Thu tcharan beag air m' amail  
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
 'S tha sìor ghabhail air mo ghuth.  
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
 E ho i ri ri ìbh og o ho  
 Rì o hò ho rò.

The repetition varies thus:—

29. Ma theid thu air beanntaibh iséal  
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
 N' aire dluit o Chlann na Fritheadh  
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
 Clann na Fritheadh 's an cuid con  
 'S da chu dheug air lon aca  
 'S a chu fein air lùmh 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, Breunbhaig, 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—*sgìr*) in Loch-nan-eall, 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 Fèinne wanted to kill her, and he used to warn his mother against the hounds, and tell her the gifts of every hound, and the night of every Hero in the Fèinne. It is said that this was the first Lay that Oisein ever made, when he was a suckling little lad (*an phéal'achdan beag gill*). 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 394, says: 'Oisín, a word which signifies literally the little fawn.' There is some similarity between this and the Story of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, who are said to have been suckled by a she-wolf.—A.C.

A reference to the Story of Diarmaid and Graidhne will show how this varies from the story generally told about Fionn and Cormac's daughter. Nothing is said about any transformation of Graidhne anywhere else.—J. F. C.

A FRAGMENT OF THE SONG.

- MAS TU MO MHAITAIR 'S GUR FAIDL THU,  
 Bheir mi hoirean o oha!  
 Orst an sliaibh main tìgan teasach (*head fever*)  
 Bheir mi hoirean o oha  
 Shò hìrìr-bheag  
 O na haoi o ro hou  
 Faicil orst romh Chlanna Morna  
 Bheir mi hoirean o oha  
 Eho hìrì riabhag  
 O na haoi o ro hoa

- Chlanna Morna 's an cuid eòin  
 Bheir mi hoirean o o-hoa  
 Da chiall diag a dh-aireamh fhearr  
 Bheir, &c.

- 'S a chu fein an lùmh gach fir  
 'S a shleugh fein an lùmh gach laoiach  
 Ma theid thu gu srath-na-h-anhugh  
 Faicil orst romh Chlanna Ghobha

Here repeat us above.

- Ma theid thu do bheannaibh domhain  
 Cuinshuich an t-saigh earblach dhonn

Here this fragment ends.

2. From Anas MacLeod, crofter, Baile Mharstam, Uist, a chinne Tuath, March 26, 1868.

- ME 'S TU MO MHAITAIR 'S GUR FAIDL THU,  
 Bheir mi hoireann o a baw!  
 Faicil orst romh glimionh nan con  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Eho heir ir eublag  
 Ho-haoi o ro haw  
 Ma theid thu (a) bheannaibh domhain  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Faicil orst romh Chlann a Ghobha  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Elo, &c.,  
 Ho, &c.,

- Da chiall diag a dh-aireamh fhearraibh,  
 'S a chu fein an lùmh gach aon fhir,  
 'S iad air eil aig Leide mae Liamain,

Here follows a verse as above with the name, Clanna-na-Cearde, and two more lines which an old woman in the Island of Baile shear South Uist placed at the end of each verse.

- 'S fear beag 'ad air sgàth chreagain.  
 'S eugail leis nach tigige (duigige?)

3. From Oirig Nic Iain, Tao Loch-caphorst, Uist a Tuath, September 27, 1868.

- MUS TU MO MHAITAIR  
 US GUR FAIDL THU  
 Bheir mi hoirean o haw.  
 Eirich m' n eirich grunn orst.  
 Bheir, &c.,  
 Faicil orst romh glimionh nan conaibh  
 Ma theid thu romh struth-an-loimn;  
 Faicil orst romh Chlanna Morna  
 Clanna Morna 's an cuid con.  
 Da chiall diag a dh-aireamh fhearraibh,  
 Fear beag beag ri sgàth chreagain  
 'S a dha-chu-dliag air Iothain aige.

Here follow verses as above 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 Borròdale, South Uist, May 29, 1868.

Ma 's tu mo mhathair 'as gur fiadh thu  
 Bheir mi oirriun o ahaw  
 Bi d' fhaicill romh ghniaimh nan con  
 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 ie Phairee, and this note by Carmichael:—'This old woman said that all the Finneachann (tribes) were mentioned in the song. This I think doubtful. The part of the song mentioning the Clans must have been a later composition, for the rest of the song seems to me old—older than the mediæval time of the Clans. The Parks are nearly extinct here now. I only know one man of that name in the whole of South Uist, where there were many of that name formerly. All names seem to have been represented here. The Long Island seems to have been the Cave of Adullam to which all criminal and political offenders betook themselves.'

5. From Kenneth Morrison, pauper, aged 80. Nisiri na h-Earradh, July 12, 1870. 25 lines, of which the whole are in the next version.

#### 6. OISEIN GA MHATHAIR. 63 lines.

Seinnté le Do 'ul Macaigh 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 e a ro haw  
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst  
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw, &c.  
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst  
 Bheir, &c.

Siubhail shiabh nu 'n tig an teasach,

2 Ma 's tu mu mhathair 'as gur fiadh thu  
 Faicill orst romh ghniaimh nan conaibh  
 'Siad air bheannaibh arda romhad.  
 'Seachainn Caoilte seachainn Luathas,  
 'Seachainn Bruchag dhugh nan brnach,  
 'Seachainn an t-saigh earblach dhúg (dùgh)  
 Bran mac Buidheig namh na 'm fiadh,  
 Agus Geolai bheag nan car.

3 Mu theid thu do bheannaibh íosal,  
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Baoisge,  
 Clann na Baoisgne 's an cuid con,  
 Da chlad diag a dh' aireamb fhear,  
 'Sa shleagh thein an laimh gach laoiach  
 'Sa chu fein 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 chlad diag a dh' aireamb 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 (chlauanta?) domhain

Faicill orst romh Chlanna Ghobha,  
 Clanna Ghobha 's an cuid con  
 Da chlad diag a dh' aireamb 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 chlad diag a dh' aireamb fhear  
 'Sa shleagh thein 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.

7 Gu 'n gleidh an seallh thu o 'n t-srannan  
 Mu 'n chlainn do leannan do ghuth,  
 'Sa dha chu dhiag eir faire nire  
 'Sa chu fein an laimh gach fir dhiu.  
 Bha mi la 's bheinn sheilg  
 'S chunnacas fiadh a chabair aird  
 Gu 'n ghear e torra leum dha 'n loch  
 Mu theid thu romh ghleannaibh domhain  
 Cuimhnic an t-saigh earblach dhonn  
 (Cuimhnic an t-saigh earblach dhonn ?)

July 4, 1872.—From these six versions gathered by Carmichael, and from my own collection of eight versions, this appears to have been a popular woman's 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 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 DUBHE. 35 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 74. Advocates' Library, February 26, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

AN imaginary dialogue between the Bard and a Black Mantle. It is asked to tell a tale of Eirinn; and tells to whom it belonged, from the reign of Cormac till the Ollamh gave it to the man of strings, (the harper) and the harper, to a hoary Parson. It hopes still to tell a tale from a white book; and now the hopes of the Black Mantle are accomplished.

1 FAILT dhúise th' suaimnich dhabh,  
 Cainte 'n d' fag u do chruth corr,  
 Saite na h-Eirinn a thoit dhúinn  
 'S dheistamaid gu 'shúin re d' Ghloir,

2 Sgeul  
 'S óg a thaini' du rem sgeul  
 Nan tuigta leat fein mo dhan

3 'S óg  
 Sann re linn Chormaig ic Art,  
 A chuiridh re slait mo th' snáth

4 Sann  
 Bha mi Tamull aig an Ríogh  
 Gann Imrachadh air dhruin each

5 Bha mi  
 Ge sean suamnach mi gun phris  
 Chunnachdas ó air fion us creach

6 Ge sean  
 Thani mi 'malairt an Deirg,  
 Gù Ríogh Eirinn meic an àigh.

7 Thani mi  
 Thani mi m' dhilib air Goll,  
 O mhac Dreaighmuinn na fonn sàor

<sup>1</sup> seimh.

<sup>2</sup> imlaid.

- 8 Thani mi  
Bha mi rist aig folluinn greis  
A coimhead air cleas nan Arm.
- 9 Bha mi,  
Bha mi rist aig Osear òg  
'N deidh do mhac morka bhì marbh
- 10 Bha mi  
Osear uallach nan arm gòur  
Cha ghlèidhèidh e càrad ach seal
- 11 Osear  
Dhioluich e mise ro am  
Mhac O Duilhne na lann sean,
- 12 Dhòlach  
Thug O Duilhne mi da mhac  
An coimne seachd Lann,
- 13 Thug  
Bha mi aig Diarmaid an t-slàigh  
Fad so mhair a Ghloir na cheann
- 14 Bha mi  
Gus an d' thainig a sgeul truagh,  
A mharbhadh leibh th' snas sa Ghleann
- 15 Gus an  
Thug an t-Olla mi n' fear thèud  
Thug a fear theud do 'n Bhàrd (Twice)
- 16 Thug  
Tha mi nois ann a mor phian  
Aig a phearsan liath an drast (Twice)
- 17 Tha  
'S bi rist mas aill Dia  
Gabhail sgial a Leabhar Ban.

O. 33. AITHRIS AIR ORAIN NAM FIANN.

*Duubar.* 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 RAIR chunneas aising,  
An leaba 's mi gun dusgadh;  
Ach ma 's fìor na fàidhean,  
Bha pairt dhì mor na breige.
- 2 AN fear sin chàidh shìolacadh,  
O cheann trì cheud bliadhna;  
A tighinn a dh' iarraidh deallachadh,  
'S bhean air dol an fìadh air.
- 3 O chunnaic mi na slokanan,  
'S na tobraichean air treasga;  
An fhairge ghlas na h-ìomaran,  
Fo chrìuthneachd, 's fo bhuntata.
- 4 NA bha 'n sin a dh' namh bheathachaidh,  
A nuallaich air an smagaidh;  
Ag iarraidh aite gearraslainn,  
Dh' fhearann thighearna Ghrannta.
- 5 CHUNNADH nend na curra, is i,  
Na cuirridh air Mulan arbhair;  
Is i cor as trì mìosan ag innscadh,  
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 chov.* (*spreidh*)
- 7 O thachair Fionn Mac Cuthail orm,  
Is buighinn de na Fiannaibh;  
Is miol choin aca air iallaibh,  
Is iad a' dol air iarghblas.
- 8 DH' aithnich mi na dh' fhead mi dhiubh,  
Bha Caoillte ann bha Diarmad;  
Bha Goll mor ard, bha Iobain ann,  
Cha d' fhuirich mi ri 'n sgeulachd.

- 9 DÌREACH ris na uchedanan,  
Bha cor is dusan mìle;  
Chaidh gaeh fear na armachd diubh,  
Alharbhtar mi nair piltreadh.
- 10 Ach suil a thug mi shealltainn orra,  
Bha Coll air each gun diallach;  
Chaidh mi steach do ghean bha 'n sin  
Cha tarla dhomh bhì sinmh ann.
- 11 Bha lan a mhada alluaidh ann,  
Le 'n strathraichibh sìc 'n ehabhaibh;  
O thug mi dhoibh mo thombaca math,  
Is b' ait a rinn iad sgeulachd.
- 12 'G iarraidh pass o 'n chomhairle,  
Cead gnothach dol a Ghrianaig;  
Chaidh mi steach an talla 'n sud,  
Bha lau caithrean chailleach ann.
- 13 Thug gaeh aon te rianh dhù,  
Lamh a dh' iarraidh fairec;  
Ghuidh mi, ma bha ciall aca,  
Gun seola 'n rìgh na b' fhear dhoibh.
- 14 Thuir am Fomhear mor 'se casdaich,  
Na leag a mach an Tar ghallach;  
Rug e air a thaidh mhoir,  
Is ghluais e chum an urlar.
- 15 Rug mise air mo *cosail*, (rosary)  
'S gu 'n deannain doigh g' ionnsuidh;  
An sin dh' aithnich mi gu' m' b' fhogarach,  
An t-oglach mor mac Rnsaidh.
- 16 Ged thachair e measg bhìastan,  
Gun mhoran riasan anna;  
Thachair mi air Gille Martain,  
'S thug mi straid a chaint ris.
- 17 Dhi fhaoinnachd mi san tra ud,  
C' ait a dol fo armaibh;  
Thuir gu 'n robh a dh' iarraidh tagraidh,  
Air fear an cois na faireg.
- 18 'S gu 'm bitheadh esan paighte dheth,  
Co ceart ris bas a shean mhaithair;
- 19 O chunnaidh mise sessaraich,  
Nan seasamh ri ball caimbe  
Mhuca mhara cho ghaoisidh,  
No cearca fraoich no cahnan.
- 20 Pass air an *Roimh* an sud (Rome)  
An seomar an cois armaid;  
Slaod Sìcahillinn na Caimais as a h-earball,
- 21 O chunnaic mi na Muilearnan,  
Nan curraidh air an deguach;  
Ag iarraidh sneachd 's reuta,  
Teann mhor theachd as na speuran.
- 22 Gur s'nn th' air as sarachadh,  
A cur nan aid ri cheile;  
Gleth ar leachd as grotan dhunn,  
A steach a chor nan edhlan.

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 TAILFHEAR DO NA FIANNAIBH.

68 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 149. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S PARODY on the *Fians*, of the Ballads and their domestic and family broils. Composed, as appears from the costume, about 1745 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 turus dheanamh endaidh,  
Chlanna Boisige mach a h-Albain;  
Cha tug iad a nasgaidh mo slathair,  
Gu 'm b' iad fhein na daoine calma.
- 2 'S tric a rinn mi cosag mhaiseach,  
Do Gholl mhòr an aigne mhacnamhaich;  
'S cha lugha leam na Guinì (Guinea)  
D' ur shineadh e a lamh dhomh.

- 3 Chaidh mi tur a dheanamh triuthas,  
Do Cluchullin an Dun-dealgain;  
An am dhomh suidh gu ehumadh,  
Thainig Fomhear mor a' m' ionusuidh.
- 4 Tharruing Cuchullin an claidhe,  
'S mairg a tharla air san uair sin;  
Sgath e na cuig cinn de mhineal,  
'S mise clumnaic bli g' am bualadh.
- 5 Gheibhte forras a' d' thigh Rìghail,  
Pìobaraicheadh is cruit, is clarsach;  
Gheibhte coin sheang ann air slabhruidh,  
Iomadh spainteach ghlas air alachaig.
- 6 Fion g' a aisig, ol g' a iomairt,  
Fìr ur aga iomairt air thalaisg;  
Mnathan deud gheall fualadh anairt,  
Ceur a' lasadh ann an coileir.
- 7 'S lionar clogaid is ceann bheart,  
'S iomadach dearg is uaine;  
'S ioma dioghailt as srian bhucallach,  
Pillan oir is cuipean airgid.
- 8 'S lionar sleach le 'n roinn gheur fhaoir,  
Bha 'n taic ri kaich a' d' thalla;  
Gheibhte Tombae is sgeulachd,  
Brandi Eireanaich gun aircas.
- 9 Chuir Fionn teachdairrechd gam shreadh,  
Dheanamh Briogas da de Bhalbhaid;  
'Dean farsuing e am bac na h-ìosgaid,  
Los gu 'm fàigh mi ruadh gu calma.'
- 10 'S mise an duine as luath a theirte,  
B' ann an sgeul cathaibh na Feinne;  
Air a chluais na freagair duin ea,  
Gus an bi thu ullach m' sheirbhis.
- 11 Thuir Oscar 'se gabhail mi-thlachd,  
Cìod an sta dhut bli ga shreidh;  
Mar fhaigh mise noch a maireach,  
Sgudaidh mi 'n cleann dhe mhineal.
- 12 Oscar is mise do shean athair,  
'S e thachairt agam na shuidh;  
Gus am bi e ullach 'n serbhis,  
Cha dean e greim a dh' an duine.
- 13 Ge bu tu m' athair 's mo shean athair  
Cha bli mi nis faide ruisgte;  
Mo chaothan 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 croim dhe 'n Tailfhear,  
Gu eudach bainse mhic Morna.
- 15 Dh' eirich Caoilte, dh' eirich Diarmad,  
'S neomach cìod a chiall th' agaibh;  
Stri ma lan puiks a' Thailfhear,  
Is nach riaraich e air fad sibh.
- 16 Gabhaibh gu snidh is gu sìochn',  
'S ni mi innkeachd air an ceart uair;  
Cuiribh gu feich na Feinne,  
An Tailfhear m' an eirich leis breamas.
- 17 Math do chomhairls' Dhiarmad,  
O 's craobh shìochda dhूम air fad thu;  
Cuiribh an Tailfhear as an teaghlach,  
Cha mhair a chaoing 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 Arinanne Glenlocha, the same on whom McIntyre made the satirical song. Taken from Angus Stewart, tailor, Burnrannoch'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. 14, 1715), at which John Duke of Argyll commanded on one side. The tailor says that the Duke of Gordon fled. . . Diarmaid wants to know why they did not send for him and his people to drive away the Saxons to Newcastle.

- 1 LABHAIR Diarmad gu glia soisneach,  
C' ait am b' abhaist domh bli chonbhuidh;  
Thuir m' fhein le briathraibh ailde,  
Gu 'm b' abhaist domh bbi 'n gleann Lochla.
- 2 Cia mar tha iad mo luech 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 sa cathair,  
B' ac' air maclair Alba;  
Eular righ Deorsa 's righ Seumas,  
No ma thearunn iad gun mharbha.
- 4 Bha mise ann an cath an t-siorra,  
'S innsidh mi dhuiste Dhiarmaid;  
Rinn clann Dombhuil riamh an dlige,  
Thar a Chastail Notha an uair.
- 5 Theich Diuc Gordon as na cianaibh,  
Mar-aisg cirbh chuideachd an domais;  
Cìod nime nach do chuir sibh fios oirne,  
'S chairteuid unna na Sasanaich,  
Thar a Chastail Notha an uair.
- 6 Ma thig an righ air a philleadh,  
Steach a Shiorraich na h-Alba;  
Cuiribh litir bharra g'ar sireadh,  
'S gu Diac o bhearrg 's enrachd.
- 7 Biodhise 'g imeachd a dh' Albuin,  
'S feuch am faic sibh mo dhaoine;  
Beir sornnidh namo mo chend beannachd,  
Aithris dhoibh gu 'n chaisg mi chaonag.

## X. 6. LAOIDH AN TRUISEALAICH. 43 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 29, 1872.

This is an imaginary conversation with a great standing Stone in the Ness of Lewis, in the Parish of Barra. It is curious because made up of names, and of single lines of Ballads which are recited entire in the neighbouring Islands and printed above. It is a very good sample of the decay of tradition, a good ending to the Story of Cuchullin, Deirdre, Fraoch, Fionn, and the Feinne. Murray, the reciter, asserts that it was the custom in his youth to recite this 'Lay of the Truiseal Stone,' near the butt of Lewis in Shawbost.

- 1 Eusdich beag ma 's a'ireamh laoidh,  
Chailin O! an stiùir thu mi?
- 2 Sgùtha leat a Thruiseal mhòir,  
Cò na slòigh bh' ann ri d' aois;  
Robh thu ann linn nam Fiann,  
Am fac thu Fionn, Fial, no Fraoch?
- 3 Fraoch mac Chumhail nan caoch òir,  
Lèonadh e gun chomhla an airm;  
Le biast a ghlinne bho thuath,  
Thuit mac Chumhail fo chruaidh cheilg.
- 4 Bu mhòr am beud a' fhuil bhaor,  
Tuitean le gnìomh nam bean baoth;  
5 A cheud là a chaidh Fraoch a shnàmh,  
Lu gutli mhèineih thàrladh ole;  
Thug e làn a bhruit gu tìr,  
A chaorainn abuich nain gun lochd.
- 6 Sud an lus am bheil mo mbian,  
A laimh Mhic Chumhail nan ciamh cam  
Uballan na craoibhe a 's arda dos,  
Chì 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 eadh-uair am fuaichd gu ghuin.
- 8 Mothaoidh gach fear fo 'n ghruin,  
A bhean fìn nan 'n dean i ebron;  
Ma 's bi iad uile gu leir,  
Mar tha ubhaon an deigh nan corp.
- 9 Sgeul rìghrean chuir i gu leis,  
Thàrladh sud 'n dàil 's gun b' ole;  
Cearail, 's Earail, 's Fraoch,  
'S Cuchullin a sgoilteadh sgrìath,  
'S Fear Liath an taoibh ghil,  
Oisian Mac Shighoigh nan clair,  
Nach diult biadh do neach air bith.

- 10 Bha mise an eath an dè,  
'S gu'n robh mi fèin an eath eunie,  
An eath callan bho 'n taobh tuath;  
'S eath carran bho 'n eannaibh trod.
- 11 Is Truiséalach mi an dòigh nam Fiann,  
'S fada mo phian an dòigh chaich;  
Air m' ulain 'san nìrl an iar,  
Gu bun mo dhà sgiath an sìs.

As recited by an old Lewis-man (Norman Murray, Habost, Ness,) in the Spring of 1867. Given to Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan by Malcolin Macphail.

## LATER HEROIC BALLADS.

THE Story of the Fenine as told by Oisín 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 Fenine. According to Staffa's version, the Hero was a son of Dearg. The scene is laid at Dun-an-Oir, where Fionn was slain, where Connal avenged the death of Cuchullin, where Caoithe fought his last fight. Padruig and Oisín 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 mhoir. 38 pages of pure Irish prose, supposed to be a translation from Welsh; a story in which King Arthur's knights are introduced, and 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 harpists 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 EÒ DO NA  
FIANNIBH.

Fletcher's Collection, page 89. 238 lines. Advocates' Library. January 19, 1872. Copied by Malcolin Macphail.

- 1 CHULAS sgòil luainneach 's cha bhreug,  
Air an Oimid d' an ceill na slobh;  
Laoch meumnach air nach dearg àrn,  
'S b' e b' ainm dha 'n t-Amadan mòr.
- 2 Smachd an Domlain de ghlae se,  
Giulla nach d' fhaod gun bhi bòrb;  
Cha b' ann gleachda sgrì na lann,  
Bha neart a bh' ann ach na dhoid.
- 3 'S amluidh sin do bhith eadh e,  
'S iomad triath' bha fu' smachd;  
'S sgèla gearr na dheireadh thall,  
Tuig mo rann 's gu bheil i ceart.
- 4 Lù g' an rabh an t-Amadan mòr,  
Air chrìocheibh Lochlain le seòl gnoith;  
E-fein is aon mhac-o-mnai,  
'S ni 'n facas rianh b-aite mhnaoi.
- 5 Ann gleann dìomhair tharla dhoibh,  
'N gleann bu bhoilheche bha fu' 'n ghrèin;  
'B' aile srath 's bu mhine fonn,  
Fuaim a thonn ri sìos a shlèibh.

- 6 Sin 'n uair thuir mac-o-mnai,  
Fhìr is fearr lùmh ga bhèil ann;  
Chuairtich mi 'n domhain mu thrìd  
'S ni ficus tìr mar tha 'n gleann.
- 7 'S chunnaic an t-eachd an ròd,  
An Gruagach bho bu bhreagha brot;  
Saotach dh' òr foigse na dhorn,  
Coltach ri corn sam biodh doch.
- 8 Sin 'n uair 'labhair an fear mòr,  
Ni 'n rabh mise fòs ri m' rò;  
Aon uair bu mhò thart,  
'B' ait leam a theuchd no cò è.
- 9 Comhairle a bheirinn ort ansa bhèan  
Na h-òl a dheoch 'na blais a bhìadh;  
Gus am fiosaicheadh tu 'n gleann,  
'S nach rabh thu ann roimhe rianh.
- 10 Air dhoibh teachd air cheann gach sgeoil,  
Shuidh an Gruagach bu bhreagha brot;  
Deansa suidhe Oghlach mhoir,  
Na biodh dlùbach is òl do dheoch.
- 11 'S na comaine ceudna dho,  
Thuir an t-amadan le glòir ghlic;  
'S e toirt sìoca sugha draoitha borb,  
'S cha d' fhàg braon sa chorh nach dibh.
- 12 'S air imachd do Ghruagach a chuirn,  
Bu neo-bhaghar a chuirn r' a h-òl;  
Na cosa bho na gluine sìos,  
Bha sid a dhìth air an fear mhòr.
- 13 Sin 'n uair 'labhair a Mac-o-mnai,  
'S traugh a fhàth mar tha thu noch;  
'S tearc do charaid san domhain mhòr,  
'S ni 'n oill le thu bhì gun chos.
- 14 Sin 'n uair thuir an t-oglach mòr,  
Biodhsa ribhinn òg d' thosd;  
Cha bhì cos air duine a s' tìr,  
Na gheibh mi ris mo dha chois.
- 15 Chualas uatha sa ghleann,  
Guth a ghothair bu bhinn ceòl;  
Tog leat mo lann is mo sgiath,  
Chum an aonaich is fearr doigh.
- 16 Dh' inaic iad an sin faraon,  
Bhean 's an laoch bu ghar san trod,  
'S bu luaithe è air a dha ghuln,  
Na seisear le lugh an cos.
- 17 Air dhoibh suidhe air an t-slabh,  
Chunnaic fiadh shuas Gleann-gorm;  
Gaothar geal cluas, dearg na dheigh,  
Tathunn gu gear air a lorg.
- 18 Sin 'n uair thig an t-oglach mòr,  
Urchair ghasda le seòl gear;  
'S chuireadh le neart laimh an laoch,  
An t-sleagh troidh' dha-thaobh an fheidh.
- 19 Ghlaic leis an gaothar bàn,  
'S chuireadh è na laimh air èil;  
Biodh tu agam deannam ceoil,  
Na gu 'n d' thig duine na tìr ad dheich.
- 20 'Se chunnaic a tighinn bho 'n ghleann,  
An Gruagach gan rabh deala òr,  
'S ann liobhadh air a thaobh èi,  
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 dhetl gu beachd,  
Cìod am ball an do cheachd an t-saoi.
- 22 Is mise Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,  
Tha air do laimhsè Mhaca-mòr;  
Rìddire Curand gu b' è m' ainm,  
'S anns' gach bala gu gleithinn buaidh.
- 23 Bheirinn mo dhearbha dhuit,  
Mhacain sin is aite dreach;  
Nach bi Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,  
Gu là bhàth r'a radhain ruit.
- 24 Nach leir leatsa Mhaca-mòr,  
Leth-bhreth na dho, air an roinn;  
An t-scalg uil bhì air do laimh,  
'S an gaothar bàn a kigeal leam.

- 25 'S mise féin a rinn an t-sealg,  
Se thuirt an t-amadan gúng dian;  
Ge b' e againn is troise lámh,  
Biodh aige an gaodhar bán 's am fiadh.
- 26 Bho thàrladh mo ghaothar ort,  
Is po chosa, a bhí d' dhith;  
Biaidh is aodach fad do òr,  
Bheirinnse dhuit féin is do d' mhnaoi.
- 27 Sin 'nuair' labhair am Maca-mnai,  
Bheir thusa 'n gaodhar geal do;  
Gheibh e sin is an gaodhar breac,  
N' am b' cairde leats' ní bu mhò.
- 28 Thog an t-Amadan am fiadh,  
A lean a sgiath agus a bhean;  
Agus dh' imich iad nan triuir,  
Ann san iul a rinn an fear.
- 29 'Se chunnacas nacha sa ghléann,  
Cathair gan rath dealru òir;  
'S ní 'm facas riamh sealla súl,  
Nach faighte anusa chuir na s leoir.
- 30 Sin 'nuair' labhair am fear mòr,  
Cò i chatbair òir bliu' ùr;  
'S boidheche dealbh s is nile dreach,  
Na faigh' sinne breith na h-iul.
- 31 Dùn-an-òir an dùn am bhail,  
Dùn-a-ghuil gu b' e síd ainm;  
'S ní maítheann a Fhiannaibh fail,  
Ach mise 'mhàin agus aon bhean.
- 32 Chunnacas aon bhean anns' an Dùn,  
'S ní 'm facas sealla síl bu bhreagh;  
Bu ghile na 'n cabhadh a cneas,  
'S guirme rosg sa deud mar bhla.
- 33 Dh' fhiosraich an ainuir òg,  
An tús an sgeoil da fear féin;  
Cò i maca-deud-ghéal-òg,  
Is am fear mòr do 'n d' thug i spéis.
- 34 'N-t-Amadan mor gu b' e ainm,  
'S iomadh triath a bhla fu' smaehd;  
Fir an domhain bhla ga reir,  
'S mise féin gu do gheil do.
- 35 'S neónach lean na bheil thu radh 'n,  
Mhiads air 'n do thar e doigh;  
Mu chuir e domhain fu' smaehd,  
Com na leig á chosan leò.
- 36 Rìghrean an domhain gun gheil do,  
A roghainn sin an Ionhoir òir;  
'S mur bhí druigheachd a chuiru chrosd,  
Cha leigeadh e chosan leò.
- 37 'S air dhoibh súidhe air an òl,  
An da mhnaoi òg a b' fhearr clù;  
Bha Gruagach dhùn-an-òir nan treis,  
Is Amadan mòr nan cleas lùg.
- 38 Ach 's míthich dhambha dol a shealg,  
A Dhùn-deilg 's do Ghléann-smáil;  
Gleith mo rath dhamb air mo chùl,  
Mo chuid òir is gleith mo mhna.
- 39 'S ge' do robh mí fad a mach,  
Na cadail is na crom do cheann,  
'S na leig aon duine a mach,  
Na duine' steach ach na bheil ann.
- 40 Sin 'nuair' thuirt an t-òglach mòr,  
Thigse ribhinn òg fu' m' cheann;  
Tha 'n cadail a teachd am thuair,  
'S ní teuir leam suain ann Gléann.
- 41 Ach air bhí dha na chadal trom,  
Thaibig Gaisgeach donn a steach;  
'S do mhnaoi a' Ghrugaich thug e pòg,  
'S cha b' oill leis an òigh a theachd.
- 42 Ach dh' eirich an ainuir mheirbh,  
Is tharruing i gu garbh a cheann;  
Biodhsa t-fhàirreach—òglach mhoir,  
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-àm.
- 43 Mur bìthinnse am shuain ga leoir,  
Cha d' tigeadh iad oirne a steach;  
Gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-òir,  
Ma '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,  
Combladh bu daingne na 'n laoch borb.
- 45 Dh' eirich an Gaisgeach deas donn,  
'S a dha shleagh sa sgiath na dhorn;  
Fág an doruis ogleich mhoir,  
Cha bhall coir am bheil tu tàmh.
- 46 Rìgh! gu fuilling mis' am bàs,  
Bho ghabh mí e tras am cheann;  
Mu 'n d' theid aon duine a mach,  
Na duine steach ach na bheil ann.
- 47 Gheibhte tu m' aigeard is m' òr,  
Mo chulaidh mbath shróil is m' each;  
Bu choi-dheas leam mair na tír,  
N'an leigeadh tu 'ris mí mach.
- 48 Ge do 's math t-aigeard is t-òr,  
Do chuladh mbath shróil is t-each;  
Ach gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-òir,  
Cha racha' do bheò a mach.
- 49 Mo chomraich ort ogleich mhòir,  
Gabh naoi dachunn do dh' òr glan;  
Fonn is carras 's fearann saor,  
'S leig mí '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 bhla ghie,  
Leigse nise dhomh 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 dhìdinn cha neil on bhàs,  
A mhacan is aithe dreach.
- 54 Do dhìdinn cha neil, &c.,  
A mhacan, &c.  
Ach a chas eile thoirt do,  
'S bí 'g imeachd an ròl a mach.
- 55 Fhuair thu nis do chosan fud,  
Mar is fearr gan rabh iad riamh,  
Deir an Gaisgeach a bhla ghie,  
'S míthich dhomh a nis bhí triall.
- 56 Na cosan so fhuair mí ceart,  
Ní 'n leiginn iad leat na leo;  
'S ní 'n rachadh tu fos a mach,  
Ach an d' thig gruagach an teach òir.
- 57 'S mise gruagach 'ghaothair bhàin,  
'S mí chuir ann 's gach càs th;  
'S mí thug do chosan bh' nait,  
Dh' idreachduim do huais 's do lugh.
- 58 Bho a tharla dhúinn bhí 'n síth,  
Thugainn 'n ar dithis dol a mach;  
Siubhlaidh sinn an oir san iar,  
Is ann 's gach tír gu 'n gabh sinn neart.
- 59 Dh' imich iad ann sin a mach,  
Mein air mbein is gràdh air ghràdh;  
'S chualas sgeul luaineach 's cha bhreug,  
Air an Eoin d' an geil na sloigh.
- 60 Laoch meinmach air, &c.  
Ga b' aim 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 CICALAS sgeula huanach gun bhreig ;  
Air Onaid gun gheill na sloigh ;  
Fear macamhach air nach dearg arm,  
'S e b' ainm dha un t-amadan mor.
- 2 La do bli an t-amadan mor,  
An eirich Lochlin na seol gaoith ;  
E chuideachd air aon mhacan mna,  
Gum b' aithe briaghi i mar mhnaoi.
- 3 An gleann diomhar gu'n tharla doibh,  
Nach romh iad fos ann ro' riamh ;  
B' fhini shruth 's b' aithe fhonn,  
F naim a thonn ri slios a sheibh.
- 4 Chumcas tighinn o'n traigh,  
Gruagach o'n dealradh brat ;  
Sudhach oir lasta na dorn,  
Coltach ri corn an bitheadh deoch.
- 5 Comhairle Bheirinn ort,  
Na feuch a dhiceh na blais a bliadh ;  
Ach gu'm fiosraicheadh an gleann,  
'S nach robh sinn ann ro' riamh.
- 6 Bheannaich gruagach a bhrat oir,  
Do'n Amadan mhor '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 sathra draosda borb,  
Nir dh' fflag braon su chorn nach dibh.
- 8 Dh' imich gruagach a chairn,  
'S b' fhuadach a cuim ri ol (caul cuirm)  
Na cosan o na gluinibh sios,  
Bha dhi air an fhear mhor.
- 9 Sin do'r thuir a Macan mna,  
'S truagh an cas am bheil thu nochd ;  
'S tearc do charaid san domhain mhor,  
'S ionmhuin leo thu bli gun chos.
- 10 Thuir an t-amadan ra mhnaoi,  
Tog a' d' chaidh 's bi nad thosd ;  
Cha 'n eil aon chos ann san tir,  
No gleithidh mi ris mo chos.
- 11 Dh' imich iad an sin an dithis,  
Bhean san laoch lu ghang trod ;  
Bu laithe esan air a dha ghluin,  
Na seisar air futh a chos.
- 12 Chualas faghaid anns a gbleann,  
Gath gadhair un bu bhinne ceol ;  
Imrich mo sgiath 's mo lann,  
Gu aonach is fearra doigh.
- 13 Air dhoibh bhi tamull a' triall  
Chumcas fiadh a beannaibh borb ;  
Gadhar chas dearg na dheigh,  
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 laiche,  
An t-sleagh ro' dha thaobh an fheidh.
- 15 Rug e air a ghabhar bhan,  
Na laimh is chuir e grad air eill ;  
Bithidh tu agamsa ri ceol,  
Aig an tig an toir a' d' dheigh.
- 16 Chumcas tighinn o'n traigh,  
Gruagach aluinn o'n dealradh or ;  
Lann min geur air a thaobh chli,  
Da sheagh is sgiath na dhorn.
- 17 Bheannaich Gruagach a' bhrut oir,  
Don Amadan mhor, 's d' a mhnaoi ;  
Ciod i do riogaedh gu beachd,  
No 'n tir anns na chleachd tha bli ?
- 18 An Roidre Corcur gur e m' ainm,  
Anns gach ball bheirinn buaidh ;  
'S mi gruagach a ghadhair bhain  
Ma' e' a' hamsa Amadain mhoir.
- 19 A mhacan is aithe dealbh,  
Bheirinn fhein mo dhearbh dhuit  
Nach bi gruagach a ghadhir bhain,  
Gu la bhrath ri radha ruit.
- 20 Cum nach foghna leat fhir mhoir ;  
Leatrom na dha bli san roinn ?  
An t-sealg nile bli air a laimh (al. lann),  
'S mo ghadhar ban a leigeadh leum.
- 21 'S mise fein a rinn an t-sealg,  
Arsa an t-amadan garg dian,  
'S ge bi agaim 's fearr lamh, (al. lann)  
'S leis an gadhar ban 's an fiadh.
- 22 O 'n tharla mo ghadhar ort,  
'S do chosan a bli ga d' dhith ;  
Biadh is eudach fad do re, (al. grad reir)  
Bheirinnse dhuit fein 's do d' mhnaoi.
- 23 Sin do labhair Macan mna,  
Thoirsa an gadhar bun domh ?  
Bheireadh as an gadhar bryac,  
O'n b' aill leatsa 's ni bu mho. (al. ge b' ait leis)
- 24 Dh' imich iad an sin nan train,  
Anns an iul na ghabh an fear ;  
Thog e air a mhuin an fiadh,  
Channag, a sgiath, is a bhuan.
- 25 Dh' imich iad an sin a shealg,  
?Air Uamhuin dearg s air gbleann 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 oir ;  
Ni 'na faca mo shuisa riamh,  
Dath air nach robh air nis teor.
- 27 Ach gu'n tig mise fhir mhoir,  
Na luith, is na crom do cheann ;  
Na leig duine 'nad choir a steach,  
Na duine mach dene th' ann.
- 28 Chois an doruis do shuidhe,  
Rug e air a sgeath na dhorn ;  
Cha d' rinn Gobha riamb na saor, (ceard)  
Combla 's dainge nan laoch mior. (borb)
- 29 Thuir an gruagach cas don (deas)  
Is na laimh rug air an sge ;  
Druid as sin Oglach mhoir ;  
Cha 'n aite coir sna shuidh tha fein.
- 30 Mar bithinne an 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 luit,  
Leum e suas an uelch a mhna ;  
Gabhann do chonhriche, 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 dhuit 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 lann tha.
- 35 'S mise thug do chosan uat,  
Dh' fheuchain do luthas 's do luth ;  
Chaidh iad an sin a mach,  
A ghabhail beachd air gach uil.
- 36 Ghlacadh iad cheile air laimh,  
Muir air mhain 's gradh air ghradh ;  
An domhain nile gn beachd,  
Am fear mior gu smachd fhuair.
- 37 An aill leibh sgeul huanach<sup>3</sup> gun bhreig,  
Air an Oin g an geill an 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 Chunnacas natha sa ghleann,  
Cathair dhe 'n robh dealbha oir;  
Cha 'n flacas rianna an sealla sul,  
Nach faea anns a' chuir n is leor.
- 2 Dh' fhaoinneadh a Maca Mor,  
Co i a chathair oir righ nr:  
'S aille dreach 's is gloine dealbh?  
Am faigh sinn brath no iul.
- 3 Dan an oir sin dun a bhail,  
Dun a bhul gur e sid ainm;  
Ni mairean de fhuannaibh fhail,  
Ach mise a mbain 's m' aon bhean.
- 4 Chunnacas ainm anns an Dun,  
Na suidh an cathair uirigh oir;  
Bu ghile 'n an cathamb a ceas,  
Bu ghorm a rosg 's a dend mar bhla.
- 5 Dh' fhaoinneadh<sup>1</sup> an ainm og,  
Toiseach gach sgeoil ga fear fehn;  
Co e an macan dend gheall og,  
Nam fear mor gu bheil sibh geill.
- 6 An t-amadan eorcara gur e ainm,  
Anns gach ball gu 'n tug e buaidh;  
Sluagh an Domhain tha fo smachd,  
Is mise fein gan ghulla dha.
- 7 'S ioghna leam na bheil thu 'g radh,  
'S luthad Triath 's 'na shar e dhoibh;  
Mar geill an domhain da air fiad,  
Cum na leig e chosan leo.
- 8 Bheirinsa mo dhearbha duit,  
Ainm mheirbh mhiu a bhraic bhreugh;  
Mar ri duigheachdan a chum chrosd,  
Cha do leig se a chosan leo.
- 9 Leag iad air ionairt 's air ol (perhaps ceol)  
An da mhnaoi og a b' fhearr eiu,  
Gruagach Dhun an oir na treis,  
Is amadan mor nan ceas luth.
- 10 'S mithich dhomhsa dol a shealg,  
Air uan an Deirg an glenn smaig;  
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 fon' cheann;  
Tha 'n cadal g' am thoir air chuairt,  
Gu 'n togair leam snain sa' ghleann.
- 13 Air do bhi na chadal trom,  
Thain' an gaisgeach deas donn a steach;  
Do 'n mhnaoi ghruagach thug e pog,  
'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, oglach mhoir,  
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-am.
- 15 Mar bithinnsa an shuain gu leor,  
Cha tigeadh se oirm a steach;  
'S gu tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,  
Mun teid esa an rod a mach.
- 16 Chois an doruis do ghabh se,  
An koch air nach teid gun bhi garg;  
Cha do bhual Gobha, ceard, no saor,  
Combla 's daingne n' an laoch borb.

<sup>1</sup> Dh' fhuasrachadh.

- 17 Sin thuir an gaisgeach deas donn,  
'S rug se air a sge na dhorr;  
Fagsa 'n doruis, Oglach 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 aon duine a steach,  
Na duine a mach ach na bheil ann.
- 19 Gheibheadh tu m' airgid 's m' or,  
Mo chulaidh mhaith shroil, 's m' each;  
'S co annsa leis muir no tir,  
'S leag seachad mi ris a mach,
- 20 Ge maith d' airgid agus d' or,  
Do chulaidh mhaith shroil, is t-each;  
Gun tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,  
Mu 'n teid thusa 'n rod a mach.
- 21 Gabh mo chomraich uam fhir mhoir,  
Gabh nao dabbhichan de 'n or ghan;  
Mo chrobb 's m' eich 's m' fheannan saor,  
'S leag dhomb an raon an Dun nam ban.
- 22 Chuirinnse do leth chas folhad,  
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 cli;  
Chos eile le ceum cruadhas,  
Bhitheas i nat air neo do cheann.
- 24 Do dhidin cha 'n eil o' n bhas,  
A mhacan is aille dealbh;  
Gan a chos eile thoir dha,<sup>2</sup>  
'S gabh sa 'n rod a mach,  
Criche Laoidh an Amadain,  
Air sheol eile.

P. 13. LAOIDH AN UMPI. 148 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 76. Advocates' Library, Feb. 26, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS version differs from the others. It is written as a song, in which each couplet is repeated, so as to double the length of the song and fill in the tune of each quatrain. This manner of singing Heroic Ballads survived in Uist in September 1871. Towards the end this is written without any divisions, so I have divided it into quatrains.—J.F.C.

DAN COMH-AINM LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR.

- 1 SEOL uainich chualas gun bhreug  
Air Eoin gan a gheill na sloigh  
Fear mor meannach mac an Deirg  
Ga 'm b' ainm an t-amadan mòr  
Fear mor
- 2 Neart an Domhain do ghabh se  
'N Laoch nach faod gun bhi gu borb  
Neart
- 3 Cha do ghluhdadh 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 b' ailliehd mar mhnaoi  
E fein
- 6 Chasidh leo Gleam Diomhair roid  
Nach rabh siad ann roimbe riamh  
Chasidh
- 7 Do dh' fosruich a machdaibh mna  
Fhir a fearr lamh rabh tu ann  
Do
- 8 Th' siubhail mi 'n Domhan mar thri  
'S cha 'n faeas tair mar an Gleam  
Th' siubhail
- 9 'B aill fiadh us fear 'us fonn  
Us fuaim a thonn ri slios a th' sleibh  
B' aill

<sup>2</sup> 'S mi chuir anns gach cas thu.

- 10 Achanich a dharrams ort  
Na h'ol a dheoch 'us na cath a bhíadh  
Achanich
- 11 Gus a fiosnìch u cù 'n Gleann  
Nach rabh u ann roimhe rianuh  
Gus
- 12 Gu bhicil mise fos rom re  
On la glachd mì Sceith na lann  
Gu
- 13 An nair h' mho bhíodh mo thart  
Sin an nair bu th' seachda bearl'  
An nair
- 14 Chunnachadar a teachd san ròd  
Gruagach ur o 'm breochla brot  
Chunnachadar
- 15 Sa chorn falluichte na dhorn  
Coltach re corn an biodh deoch  
Sa chorn
- 16 Bì nad th' snidhe oiglaich mhor  
Na bu dublach us òl deoch  
Bì nad
- 17 Ruge air a chorn gu brise borb  
'S cha rabh beaon sa chorn nach ibh  
Ruga
- 18 Nair mhothuich Gruagach a chuirn  
Nach buadha a chuirn ra h-òl  
Nair
- 19 'N da chois o na Gluinibh sios  
Bhíodh a dhith air an fhear mhor  
'N da
- 20 Sin nair labhair Gílbhan òg  
'S mor a m' brons thair ineachd ort  
Sin
- 21 'S teare do charid san Domhan mhor  
'S cha n' òil leo u bhí gun ehios  
'S teare
- 22 Uist a nis a Ghílbhann òg  
Tog thus ad bhron 'us bí d' thosd  
Uist
- 23 Cha bhí aona chas aon sau Tiòr  
Neo gheibh mì rist mo dha chois  
Cha
- 24 'N imraich thu mo Sciath 's mo Lann,  
Gu an Inbh us fear dreach us deal bh  
'N iomrich
- 25 Dhimchadar 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  
Ba
- 27 Chunnachadar a teachd san Ròd  
Gruagach ur fuidh dearsadh òir  
Chunn
- 28 A Lann than' air a thaobh eli  
A dha th' sleadh sa sciath na dhoid  
A Lann
- 29 Bheannuich Gruagach a bhruit òir  
Don Amadan mhor 's da mhnaoi  
Bheannuich
- 30 U's ghadhadh leo sgeula gu beachd  
Cia 'n t-sliogh as na chleachd an t-saol  
Us
- 31 Rìodaire chorcair se m' ainm  
As gach ball do bheirinn buaidh  
Rìodaire
- 32 'S mì gruagach a Ghadhair Bhàin  
Air do Laimhsa mhachdaibh mhòir  
'S mì
- 33 Bheira mise dhearbhadh dhuit  
A mhachdaibh 'us fear dreach 'us dealbh  
Bheira
- 34 Nach bì gruagach a Ghadhair bhain  
As a so ri raitin riut  
Nach
- 35 Nach foghnadh leatsa mhachdaibh mhòir  
Leathron na dho bhí san roinn  
Nach
- 36 An t-sealg uile bhí air do lannh  
San Gadhair Bàin a leigidh leinn  
An
- 37 'S mise fein a rinn an t-sealg  
Ars an t-amadan Garg dhian  
'S mise
- 38 'S ge b' e neach 'us treisa lannh  
'S leis an Gadhair Bansa fiadh  
'S ge
- 39 On tharladh dom Ghadhair ort  
'S na cosan a bhí gad dhì—'n &c  
On
- 40 Bìadh agus aodach mar th' feum  
Bheirinn sid dhuit fein 's dol mhnaoi  
Bìadh
- 41 Sin nair labhair Gílbhann òg  
Thoir dhosan an Cadhair Ban  
Sin
- 42 Gheibhadh e sud san cù breac  
'S nam bu leatsa ni bu mhò  
Gheibhadh.
- 43 Dhimchadar a sin na truir,  
Ann san ùl a rinn a fear  
Thog e air a mhainn a fiadh  
An crannagibh sgiath sa Bhean
- 44 Chunnachadar a teachd ren taobh  
Cathir ur fuidh dearsadh òir  
Cha rabh dreach ga faic suil  
Nach rabh air a chuirn gu leoir.
- 45 Air chromadh dhuinn anns an Dùn  
Cha 'n faic suil ni bu bhreicich  
'S giola na 'n eanach a corp  
'S guirme rosg sa deud nar bhla
- 46 Do dh' eirich a machaimh òg,  
Machdaimh Gruagach an dùn deing  
Cia e machdaimh steud-ghel òg  
Na 'm fear mor gan d'ug u Geill
- 47 Se sud an t-amadan mor  
Agus Gílabhann mhèirbh an rois  
Rìghre 'n Domhain tha na mhèinn  
'S mise feiu a gheilladh dhò
- 48 'S ioghnadh lean na bhicil thu 'g rath  
Rìghre 'n Domhain bhí fuidh smachd  
'S gun leigidh e chasan leo  
Sa liadhid sloigh a thug dha geill
- 49 Bheiradh mise deirbha dhuit  
A mhachdaimh 'us fear dreach 'us delbh  
Mar bhí Draoidheachd chuirin chrosd  
Nach leigidh e chosau leo
- 50 Bì mis' a nois falbh a th' seilg  
Uadha deing fuidh gheann a Sincoir  
Coimhead thusa Bhathrin ghradh  
Cathir no mua 's mo chuid òir
- 51 'S air fhad 'us gam bì mise mnigh  
Na deann luidh sna crom do cheann  
Na leig thusa duine nach  
Na duine steach gan ùig ann
- 52 Tarinn a ghilabhann fuidh 'm cheann  
San cudil gan th' suain gu mor  
Tharinn i a cheann gu cruidh  
Rinn thusa 'n t-suain 's cha b' e 'n t' àm
- 53 Thanig an Gruagach deas Donn  
'S do mhna ghrugaich thug se pòg  
Lathir an Dorais saun thugh se  
'N Laoch nach fad gan bhí borb
- 54 'S cha do chuir Gobhinn na ceard  
Combla b' fear na 'n Laoch borb

- 55 Nair bha 'n Gaisgich an eas cruaidh  
Leum e gu luath 'n ucht na mnà  
Tha mi cuir chumric ort  
Coimhliontachid 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 pòg a mhnà
- 57 Thug mise le 'm Dhraoidheachd fein  
Do leith chas do 'm luing a steach  
Gheibha du fuid mar bha u riamh  
'S mo leigail sa ròd a mach
- 58 A chas eila gu ceim cruaidh  
Bheira du uait na do cheann  
Gus an dig gruagach dhuin an oir  
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhnà.

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 Trec, by John Dewar.

## IULAIREAN.

- IULAIREAN 'us horo hì !  
Là 'chaidh Osear nan shlagh,  
Iulair ohon horo chò !  
Gu tulach nam buadh a shealg ;  
Iulairean 'us horo hì !  
Gu 'm facas eige 'n à shuain,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Ribhinn a b' fhearr snuagh na 'ghrian,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- An fhuir bhealaidh nradh 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 lionmhor innt' cuach agus cup,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Aon bhean innt' 'an cathair òir,  
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Ag iomairt 's ag òl ma 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-n àill leam thin air son fir,'  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- A fhleasgach, 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 bhéil agailh 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 noch a 's fearr 's an Fhéinn ?  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Goididh mi 'n claidheamh o 'chrios,  
Iulair ohon, &c.

- 'S gearraidh mi gun fhios deth 'n ecann !  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- A noch 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 Gróig—  
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 còmhbradh 'pheathar mthach féin.
- 2 Labhair Sior Bhoilidh gu fal :—  
' Théid mise g' a h-iarraidh dhuit ;  
Mì féin, no ghille, 's mo chù  
'Nar truir a shireadh na mnai.'
- 3 Seachd de sheachdhuin 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 ionall a' chuain ghairbh,  
Clachan meadhna, mìn-geal, gorm ;  
Uinneagan gloine ri stuaigh ;  
Cupaichean a 's euaich, a 's càirn.
- 5 Latha dbomb 'seòladh g' am bun,  
Thàinig an t-slabhraidh chuir a nua ;  
Cha do ghabh mi sgreannh na sgoimn ;  
Chaidh mi urra 'm dheuan a suas.
- 6 Chuunnacas a' bhean dheud-ghèidh òg  
'Na suidhe 'san òr a steach ;  
Sgàthan gloine air a da ghluin ;  
'S bheannaich d' a gnùis ghil.
- 7 Fhìr a thàinig oirn o 'n chuan,  
'S trugh fear beannachaidh an-so ;  
Aig fear na cathrach so féin  
Nach do dh' fhìdir treun na truaghas.
- 8 Air do shuidhe-sa, 'bhean mhàid :  
'S còingeis lean a ghràdh na fhinath,  
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 ghluith,  
'S gun seiminn duit cinil a 's cruil ? '
- 10 Thuit e 'n sin 'na shìoram suain  
An dèis 'bhith 'cuartachadh chuain ghaùbh :  
Thug iad a chlaidheamh o 'chrios,  
'S thug iad deth gun fhios na cinn.
- 11 Cheanghail iad an slagh gu léir,  
'S bha 'bhean féin fo chumha thruim ;  
Fhuair iad gach mì mar a b' àill,  
'S thug iad an lamh do 'n taobh tuath.
- 12 Gus an tulaich ghuirm ghlais ùir  
Far am bu lùghbhor cù na fiadh.

STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE ABOUT  
PERSONS WHO FIGURE LATER IN  
HISTORY.

From Cuchullin to St. Patrick covers a period of about 450 years, according to Irish historians. About 464, Connal 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 Connal 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 Garter, The shinsworthy 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 1614, the date of the Battle, and 1854, the date of the writing.

CATH CHILUAIN 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 Lachlan, 1654-55.

- 1 NAR mhaireann feamhair atnuith  
Ni fan easa ruaidh na chochd  
Fionn mac eubhail flath na bhfann  
Ab theid go sliabh dha eon
- 5 Do chonare m' ceisid dha cur  
Cia as luaithe anugh no an cheare  
Do rinne og earannan feall  
Ar o eomnann na ceall mbuag (comig)  
Ni bhfaicium tu an brathair bochd
- 10 Mairg a nochd ta gan arm  
Innis duinn a bheansa amuigh  
Nar chuireadh cath chlainn tarbh  
Do thoglach brughin da dhearg  
Cuma lom sealy skleibhe eot
- 15 Iomadh stionnach aslach ga  
Fada fuar anoidheche anochd  
Do rinne Fionn eirighe mhoch  
Ni hionann broc agus fiadh  
Do bhean na faghtar ar fail
- 20 Tangalar gaill anath clath  
Do fuair mac samhainn aghuinn  
Gana cealun na bidh gun arm  
Fad lom garaidh is Goll  
Tainn long asliabh cairn.
- 25 Do dhearg mac lughaidh alamh  
Is iomadh boi ar an Siuir  
Tarla do cheann air an tosp  
Druid romham gu ros mac criuinn  
Do thuit meirge cath cuim
- 30 Leig dou hing teacht attir  
Mairg na bian abhearraun ceall  
Ait an cuirfinn ceann no linn  
Math an maraidhe mac leoid  
Do thoghladh fa dho an traoi.
- 35 Ni fansa sgoahlach sead  
Is aithne dhomh fear gun mhnaoi  
Do chuata m' ghaolh sa bpart  
Nach ionan mac agus miol  
Do mharbhadh gaill acclhain tarbh
- 40 Eire aird innis na rioch  
Seacht mar onnid anochd  
Tainn long a bport a bhaid  
Do bhi claidheamh ag mac ceacht  
Is iomdha sgeul air na mnaibh
- 45 Conall cearnach do mharbh Conn  
Is aluinn fonn mhuighe re  
Do chuaidh an claicuech ar cnairt  
Amuile i Ruaire bhios o neill  
A bheansa fa ndeanann tu ead
- 50 Is binn beul na ceol eot  
Do thuit ceann innis fail  
Na Deana do dhal ga bog  
Ne hionann ceare agus coir  
Ad bathadh long asliabh liag

- 55 Cia dou fhein rer ceangladh roe  
Dail catlan idir ceure is miail  
Mac Subhlathach na skeidh slim  
Ds ehuin ar clach  
Do mharbhadh fiadh araon
- 60 Don taobh thair don thslaidh bhain.  
Is mor uo dhomas tar clach  
Beag nach bhfeuar am bas ren lhenl  
Iomdha aracht a ghlehdh ruic  
Ag sin an cruat ar na ghleas
- 65 Do naucha nua guidhir nar cearech  
Fear nach cuirfion ceare air eill  
Na leigse a chuir le caoh  
Na leigumar all 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 'Runs.' 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. Carnichael 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 Carnichael.

'S E mac mnaitha sithe a bha ann an Conall Gulbann. Chuir righ Lochlainn fo thraoidheche e; agus bha e fad tri rithlean 's a' phrumh (breith?) agus diul aige nach robb e ann ach an oidheche. Fhuair Conall an claidheamh a shean-athair, ain bodach siuth, 'nuair a bha e ann an prumh Bheinn Ghalbann.

'Nuair a rachadh an saoidh 'n a chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig, 's e bu chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig dha, a chrios strilean, stróilain, a léine sheana-hium de 'n t-sioda bhuidhe, 's a bhreac agillemeach iar-ruinn, a chlogada clocharra ceanna-bhuidhe gu díon a mhúineil agus a gheala-bhráigleadh, Chuirfeadh e sgiath bhú caideach, bha caideach mlán-dearg air a thaoibh eil, air am ba Bomhar deabha léimhain, holaírt, gri-bhinnich, nathrach bheunnaich losnaigh shligiach.

Fin an nuir a dheansaicheadh an loch a Shlachlan gear, cruaidh, currauta claidheimh an déigh a tharraing as a chisidh chaoil ghairm ghluimhais. A cheann air a chur ann gu soear, mar chrisinletha, 's e gu' fhoceal air a bun-tean, 's e gu liomha, lionmharr; 's e gu láidir, fulangach; gu ruighinn, gear, ri ionarachadh; gu so-chur, sátha, so-bhuailte 'n a luanhuinn Gear, eutrom, iongutach. B' e sin an claidheamh, Siosatach, Susantach. Ghearradh e naoi naoinear a null, agus naoi naoinear a null, agus ghlacath e fhein anns an lánúch chéudna a rith 's e; maille ri a dha sgiathina ghluimhais, ghoimeana, mar aru gheur ghorrag, mar aru ghoru sgián. Sgián a ghearradh ubhd air uisge agus fuiltean foimnearra, fíorghlaidh; a bheireadh uisge air stiornannan, agus teine dearg air an curriun amta air an toiseach agus asta air an deireadh; far am bu tigh e bu tanae, 's far am bu tana bu luth-sgoilteach, bu díon-mharbhaich. Cha 'n fhágadh e fear inneadh sgeoil na maoitheadh an tuairisgeoil, mar an rachadh e 'n talamh toll na 'n seilpeannan chreag; ach aon fhear claghann ruadh air leith-shúil, 's air leith-ghlúin, 's air leith-chlais; 's ged a bhíodh deich teanga-ann fílihdh fíor-ghlic 'n a cheann, 's am ag inneadh uile fhein agus uile claidh a bhítheadh e, agus treontan a' ghaighich.

Q. 3. CORADH

TIAMBAIDH EADAR INGHEN OGHE BRÁILUATH, 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 fadh chruachlaidh,  
A mhic cheataich an earraill naine,  
'C'iod e 'n leath, na 'n cath o 'n tain' thu,  
'S iad mo bhraithairean mo chuis traighle.
- 2 INNIS thusa dhomh-sa air thoiseach  
Aobhar t'osnaich a gheug nhalta,  
Na 'n robb dainm agad, na caradh,  
Ri feuraibh nan eirilheacha calma.

- 3 Tri trianan de chloinn mo mhàthar,  
B'iad mo bhrathairean iad san nair sin,  
'S ar lean fein gu 'n robh iad eomhail,  
'S a' naonar ann an carradh uaine.
- 4 Na 'n tugadh tu dhomh-sa cobhair,  
Deoch fhuar o thobar na h-ìochfhain',  
Gu 'n innis duit na comain sgeula  
Air naonar an carraidh shìoda.
- 5 Sin ghluais a bhean gu suilbhir,  
Gus i chluinntin sgeul a bhrathairean,  
A 's fhuaras lea 'n tobar tuinn-ghlan,  
'S e lomlan an cois na tràighe,
- 6 Thog i lea làn a chuiche  
De nisge an fhuarain 'san àin sin,  
'S gu 'n tug i dh'ionnsaidh an loiche e,  
S' bha 'n sgeul ud faoilbh o 'n bhantraich.
- 7 A nis o chaisg thu t'ìota tharta  
Innis dhomh-sa pairt de d' sgeula,  
Ach a loiche na biodh ort ionghuin,  
'S an lean fein gur mor do chreachdan.
- 8 Latha dhomh-sa bli sa bhàr,  
Anns an robh na curaidh chalma,  
Le m' chaidheamh gear, a 's mi m'aonar,  
Leam a thuit do maonar brathairean.
- 9 Thuit mo bhrathairean-sa 'n Cath chluaine,  
'S air lean fein gur cruaidh an aoidh,  
Sgàl a chluine chaoin a chualas  
A 's mò a rainig riamh mo chridhe.
- 10 Ach mus cruaidh leat sgàl a chuilin,  
Na bi caoidh cloime do mhathar,  
Air ghradh t'èinich na ceò orm,  
Co thu fein, na co e t'athair.
- 11 Inghean oighre Bhalaidhath,  
Cha cheilim a thriath nan lam,  
'S do ghragach Eifein nan eun,  
'S ann a rug mi fein mo chlan.
- 12 Mis' a 's ghragach a chuirn Cheusda,  
An trìnir macan, a 's an eu,  
An t-seisear a b'aillidh fudh 'n ghrèin,  
Gus n' do mhàill sin fein ar chuid.
- 13 A mhacain sin a ghearr na spaoidh,  
O 'n a thog thu do sheiligh 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 diograin ceud,  
Le m' chloidheamh gear, a 's le m' ghatl.
- 15 Triochad bliadhna thug mi leo,  
Mar chuillean na chluainean fein,  
Cha robh bàigh agam ri neach,  
Ach ag sior thòirt chreach an geill.
- 16 Latha dhomh-sa bli san Dùn,  
'S ann domh fein bh chruaidh an sgeul,  
D'fhag mi 'n ghragach, 's a thriuir mac,  
Sinte fudh 'n bhraì shìoda, sheamh.
- 17 'S air an taobh mu thuath de 'n Bhragh sin  
Chunnacas an tobar a b'aluinn',  
Bha na brìe a' snamh gu h-eatrom,  
'S iad ag leimeadh suas re bhraghad.
- 18 Na trì brìe 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 cuilean sìtheadh,  
Gu 'n robh mis' a caoidh na cloinne,  
Leig se na trì sgalan uath,  
'S thuit se fuar mar neach cìle.
- 20 Chlaidhaich mi uagh dhoibh san Innis,  
O na d'fhaibh iad de 'n aon tinneas;  
Ach a Mhurcha nan sciath làidir,  
Sin agad mar d' fhadh mi 'n Innis.
- 21 Ach a Mhurcha nan gruaidh corcair,  
O 's ann leat a lotadh mo dhaoine,  
Gur e chobh' readh air mo dhochann,  
Làn a chopains' dhe d'fhuil chraobhaich.

22 Tog thusa leat làn do chuiche  
De 'n fhuil fhuair, a 's i gun tiomadh,  
Eimeach deighnadh ch 'n èuram,  
Their leat mo sgeul, agus imthich.

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 Tires, 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 Tobaruic recited a version of this to me in 1870. John Dewar wrote a version in 1869; and generally this pervades Scotland.

AN SIN DO GHALHADAR LEINTEOG SHITHE SEIMH SHROID DO 'N SHIODA BHUIITE, ON DEILG GHEISTE 'N TEAMNÀ RI GHEAL-CHNEAS. DO DH' IATHAS MU 'N LEINTEOG UD AN COITÈN EOMHA, CUANNTA, CEOS-BHLA, BAOBHA, CROS-MHOR, EOTHAR-NAICHTÈ, SUAIMHUR SROIDEARG, SIODA, AIR UACHDAR NA H-OR LEINTE SIN.

DO DH' IATHAS MUM CHOITÈN SIN AN SCABUL FIGHÌ, BOND-DEIRGIN, ORCHUM, CEARNACH, COILICRICH, FARSUING, COMH-GHORM, CLOCH-CORRAGHÙN, AIR A CHONDACH CLOCH-CORRA-NUHOGAIL, FUAIM ENEAS DA CHUDRAM AIR TAOBH AN TREUN SCABULL, IOGHAIN MU 'N CHLET-TAOBH NECHD AGUS ANA-BHRETH. DO DH' IATHAS MUN SCABUL SIN AN LUIRTEACH SHITHE, THREUM-ANALACH, THORRM, GHEUSTA, GARBH, GHABHACH, FHAD, EATROM UILLEANACH, ITHARSUING, LEOBHAR, LOCHLANACH, GUN FHEANTAS, GUN FHOTOS, GUN FHEAS-FHOTOS, AIR UACHDAR AN TREUN SCABUL SIN. DO DH' IATHAS MU 'N LUIRICH SIN DA CHRÌOS AMALACH, AN OR LITIR DAINGIN, DUILICH, DEO-MHISEACH, SUAMHAIN, CLAR-LEATHUM, AN EUGAS SAUHAILE, DON ANHAILTE, BALLACH, BREAC-CHLAR, BUAGH-SCIAMHACH, AIR A CHONDACH GU CEARD AMHAIL DO CHLOCHA BUAGHACHA, BREAC-MHISEACH, AS A CATH-CHRÌOS CHO-UCHDACH, GU DION CNEAS A CHA-MHIL AS NA CATHAN CREUCHDHOIR.

ANSA CHRÌOS SIN DO CHUIRTE A CHLÀIDHEAMH, CLÀIS-LEATHAN, CO-SHÌNTEACH, ÌR-CHRUADH, SGATEACH, GORM-SHOLUIST, BAOBHA, BEUNCHEARNACH, BLEITHICH, USSAÌ, AN E-ÈALT CHLÀIDHEAMH A LUM, ORITRICH, DO 'N GHOIMEACHD GHUM, GHORM-SHOLUIST, NUNGH, ALUINN, AN DORRUST, OR-THRUAILL GA UIME DHUIDIN, AIR TAOBH CLÌ AN TREUN-CHRUADH, AN AGHAI NA H-IORRAGHAIL 'S GACH IORRAGHAIL DA IOMAIN.

AIR SIN DO GHABHAR DHO SGHIA DHUINN, DHUALACH, AN DUALACH DA GHUALAIN DHA THAOBH SLENGH CHUDROM, CHRO-FHARSUING, LE SEAMANABH OIR 'S LE FAIRISTILH AIRGID.

AN SIN DO GHABHAR A CATH-BHARRA, CHUDRAMACH, CHNEAS-BHUGHACH, CHLOCH CO DI GA 'M BU CHOAIMN CLOIGNID ANN SAN T-SHEANNA GHAILIC.

AN SIN DO DH' UINICHEADH EACH DHA GA M' B' ANNM GORM-STEND, GHASTA, GHUINNCH-EALARNH, MIÒN FORASTA, FOLT-LEAMHAR, UÀIBHEACH, FHUILLSEACH, IOMBATHACH, TOINICHEADH, TOS-LUATH TORUMHBER, MUNGAECHE, MENNACH, MOR CHROID-HEACH, SUL-GHORM, SEANG-ARD, SOCAIL, FALLAIN, FEOLHUR, FENDREACH, 'N EUGAS ORSLARIAN SÌTIR BILAR DO MHAREACHIDH TRID NA 'N BHALACHAN CO MATH SA MHAREACHIDH E MACHAIR MÌN SGIANBACH.

EOGHAN O NEILL A CHIUR AIR EACH.

From the Revd. John Campbell, Minister, Tires, September 15, 1871. A Caricature of Murcha Mac Brian, or of some other such person.

(From Harry . . . Bealle of the Strowan Church, Blair Atholl, Perthshire, 1859.)

CURT AN EUGHAIN B' UAISLE, B' ANNEAMH, BÌ GA MHA-  
OIDHEADH.

GILLE UÀIBHREACH IOGHNACH NAN GART GÌBHAIL CEANNAS FOIHEART, BEAG AN T-UILLEART, FHUAR AN T-ÒIG-FHEAR, GU IOGHNACHD NEILL ÒIG MÀS ÈIGN.

GE IOMADH LAOCH BHA 'N LATHA SIN AN TEACH EUGHAIN, GABHAIL GU BUAN RIS NA BATH-CHIALI, BUAR AN T-ANACHIALI, SRATH LATHRÙIN O SHÌOS TEAMBRAIDH, MAR BHA FEARGHUS 'S AIR PHILLIMORE, SAOR DHUN-OIGHRE MAOS DHUN DEALGÀIDH, 'S GEARR AN ÌME GUS AN FAIC SÌBH RÌN NAN CHULADACH LATHA DHUNDEALGÀIDH. GHEILL ÒIG ÈOIGÈAN NAN DÀNA MHAO-  
DUBHINE; 'S ANN DA B' UMHAIL NEART MACAINE, DO NA DAOIDEAN 'S NA DAOI-RÙINE.

Dh'èirich Clann o Biorrachlainn a Biorrachlainn a Buidheanach, Clann a Bionnasach a Dunnasach, deagh mhacra, deagh mhóra, deagh Dho-manuillach, Clanna Rìgh, ruadh, rùd fir air urran, a sheansach cìdhidh dh' Eoghan o'Neill sin nair sin gun urnasbhuidh.

Chuir iad an laoch na chad lèine ghrois, innealta, air a dhion-dhìonadh, 's a maise gu mìncheall.

Chuirte 'n taice ris an lèine an triùbhasan utrom, each-darach ;

Chuirte 'n taice ris an triùbhasan a bhàg chad dhòreach, 's a bhàg dhòreach dheagh-chumta, gun a rabhadh romh'ar ;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an sà-spair àillte, innealta, rughinn, chroda, cheardlach ;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an còta sìonach, taitneach, an-ùracha, an-òracha, an-ùilimeach, breac-cangach, sgiumhach, sgumhach, sgobhanta, emparra de 'n òr, ro-insgaidh mun fhosgadh.

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an claidheamh tana, diasd-ghéal, bòdarra, bàird, keadanach, air chumadh bhlagun àirdh, 's mar bhòrd de 'n m'bhàr òr-chalarach.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird agus bàird 's luchd fìlìdh, gun robh a dhìol cìdhidh às arm d' s inneil aig Eoghan, nam biodh a dhìol cìhaige ;

'S ionadh muillean ind-orlach agus ite laoch bha 'n latha sin ann an each Eoghain.

Bha trì gnèithean de ghlu' na ma ann an each Eoghain, tòn mhòr, meadhan seang, 's mairisim buar air a mharcaid ;

Bha trì gnèithean de ghlu' na gearra ann an each Eoghain, sùil mhòr cholgarr, sròn bhò-rach, mhingearna, muinnal reannar 's ceann cas ;

Bha còg gnèithean deug de ghlu' na sòidh ann an each Eoghain, bha e gu h-casgaidh, òg, innealta, ciar, gearanta, cluas, mas dhuilleig, uch-d mar ghearran, fadh-shreathach, stad-spreathach, mòr-shùileach baig shròin-cach, na tarbh truisge, 's na bheithir bhèanmaich, tighinn, bho àite nan ionad gu ionad na h-èiridh.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird d' s bàird d' s luchd fìlìdh, gun robh a dhìol cìdhidh, d' s arm, d' s inneil, d' s eich aig Eoghan, nam biodh an dòlaid air each Eoghain.

Fhuaras dha an dòlaid chòmhaid, bhuaicdeach, thorrach, shùineach, thacaidach, ghlasach, ghiortach, stiòrapach, srìan o dhruim leathar nan tarbh 's a tharr leathar nan aighean, o làmh greusach a 's gobhainn, air a sparradh an ceann na sruide, 's meòis bhoga nan sòidh ga sreang-thuigeadh ;

'S chaidh e trì uairean tionnachd an òtraich, 's ghabh e eagal mòr, 's phill e.

NOTE.—The reciter, if still alive, will be about 60 years old. He said there were only two in the country who knew this piece, himself and another. Both learned it in their youth.

B. 7. Upon ARCHIBALD, EARL OF ARGYLL, who was beheaded at Edinburgh, June 30, 1685. 52 lines.

Copied from Mac Lean's Manuscript, 1693, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July, 1872.

The series of Historic Ballads which began with Cu-chullin is carried to later times in a regular sequence. The following is written in the 'Irish hand,' at Ardsheol 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 far these Ballads make a consecutive, though broken, series, into which Mac Pherson's Story does not enter, though his story contains traces of these Romantic Histories.

- 1 Is maith mo leaba is ole mo shuain  
An sgeil so chualas osaird  
Ghlaspìc buachail a chrun  
Ar na ghlasadh san tuir fo gheard.
- 2 Dia cobhar ar ar feidhm  
Cur tuallas na bràg ar chaird  
Cur car na consòid mun èinairt  
Beir consòil na slàg a bàird.
- 3 Fuasgail e o dhòrsaibh bàis  
Rèitidh an ròd dho gun deas  
Ge' h'òba phrìsoil na slugh  
Ort ni bhluil ni cruaidh no cheisd.

- 4 Do ghairlean bàird na thòir  
Air gach pòir ga faighid an fheill  
Dhuadh Dhògùn a mhi ran sa ceilg  
Gabh na leughan garg macl suachd
- 5 Ìmpire Babilòin mhòir  
Chuir an ìomhuigh or san leirg  
An eimhinn lasrach na colg  
Mug aise na bòighe o fheirg.—
- 6 D' uasgail thu na geiniba eruidh  
Do Pheadar na buagh na fheidhm  
Chum thu an fhaireg sùas le sruth  
Tha ú an deudhgl mar lath- (bha ndé)
- 7 Fagfuidh a churaidh fa dhion  
Ar na ri aneart  
Leozhan do beld snùrbe mor  
Chunna mi na slògh fad snachd.
- 8 Scobhae don caltain abfear  
O droim Artuir a ba garg colg  
On chù chru' re búan na gereac  
Feinich fearail na m'fèun<sup>1</sup> borb.
- 9 O Duibhac o Dhùn na geuach  
Gan tice fadh na slògh fa tìochd  
Bruth solas ba nianhd b'és  
Mbiadh coinneal na eed go d
- 10 Iomdha toiseach trèn admhagh  
Fa hionmhar fèadh agus laun  
Arman fo dhìon do sgeith  
Deirdh le triath Dhuandallheann.
- 11 Do bhancedadh ad bhaie d'èrach  
Gam biodh do thach na thig stòir  
Gaisgill go luabhrach na gelcus  
Mar gluar do bh'és tra nòin.
- 12 Ba eilchalach calma do 'n chruin  
Libh o thús o lin go lin  
Bhi ga fhreasdìl ams gach buaidh  
Is ro bhèg liem do dhais na cionn
- 13 Tuirsach mò' tuirib do bh'és  
Chraoibh thuinidh deiradh rath  
Iosa le m'beir gach buaidh  
Tabhair eisteach dom dhù<sup>2</sup> go maith.

<sup>1</sup> Na Feineborh geors. <sup>2</sup> Dhuan. D. M. P.

MYTHICAL BALLADS.

BESIDES the Heroic Ballads, of which samples have been given above, certain Mythical Ballads are current. The following are samples. I have another attributed to a Fairy, who wanted to steal a child ; but these are foreign to my present subject.

Z. 4. GILBHINN. 40 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, in 1860.

BHA duine 'chòmhuidh lùmh ri coilidh, agus bha nìghean dhreacmhòr aige. Chaidh i mach latha, 's chòinich fear i, agus 's e 'n t-ainm a thug e air fhein Gilbhinn Thòisich iad air leannanach o latha gu latha. Dh'innis i d'a piuthair e—agus gheall a piuthar nach innseadh i do dhuine 'sam bith e,—gun d' thigeadh e mach air a glùin ma 'n d' thigeadh e mach air a beul. Ach ma dheireadh dh'innis a piuthair d' a muinntir e, 's chaidh ise chuibhreachadh a stigh an sin. 'S e leannan sìth a bha ann. Cha robh i fada beò an deigh so ;—ach bhàtar 'ga chluinntinn daonna na neas a bha i beò a gabhail an òrain so.

GILBHINN.

- 1 GRAIDHIN Gilbhinn hùgaidh ò. Fonn.  
Hùgaidh horò hùgaidh ò.  
Gràidhinn Gilbhinn hùgaidh ò  
Thug thu 'n cèile cadail diom.
- 2 Air an luan na air an luan,  
Cha d' thèid mise 'chrò nan uan ;  
'S cha mhò thèid mi 'chur an fhois,  
O nach bi mi bhos r' a bhuan.
- 3 Air a' bhìolair 'ud 'son t-sreathan,  
'S air a' chluthaig a nì 'n t-suin ;  
Air a' choilidh ud thall ma dhùilleach,  
Cha d' fhuair duine riann mo sgeul.

- 4 Chì mì mo thrìuir bhràthrean seachad,  
Air na h-eucaibh loma luath :  
Sgeannan caol 'bhith throimh an crìos,  
'S an fàil fhèin 'na sìtheann fhuar.
- 5 Chì mì m' athair air an tràigh ; —  
Gur lè-e fear an triubhais bhàin ;  
A rìgh nach fhuicim na h-eòin  
Os cìom a bheoil a' bigearsaich.
- 6 A phlùthrag de phlùthragan,  
'S ann riut a leig mì mo rùn ;  
Gur luathè thàinig an sgeul,  
Air do bhèid na air do ghlin.
- 7 Ach a nighean 'ud 'san doras,  
Gu faicim trìuir air do bhamais,  
A nì sgòtadh a' bhradaibh fhuir-uig,  
Eadar do dha chich 's do bhroilleach.
- 8 Cha dèan mi nìre ri Macan,  
Na ri mac an Iarla ruaidh,  
Gus an cuir am bradan tarra gheal  
Trì chair dheth an crò nan nan.
- 9 Cha dèan mi nìre 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 mì do 'n chùil ;  
Bheir sibh m' aghaidh air Dun Sealbhain,  
'S nì sibh dhomhsa carbad grùn.

X. 4. DUARAN (SUARAN ?) AGUS GOLL.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh. January 31, 1872.

I wrote a long English version of this Story from the Gaelic dictation of Mac Iosaig, in South Uist, in September 1871. There is an Enchanter in the story, whose name is 'Duaran,' not 'Suaran.' This was sent to me before 1862, by Mr. Carmichael, who afterwards sent a copy to Dr. Mac Lachlan. See Vol. xii., 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 bhà namhaidèas air ì chelle leis a sin. Bha fear a ruith, eadar riug ag imseadh an darra fear gu de bha an fear eile 'g ralla nu d'heighim. Bha *fuas, fuas* aig Ian mac Iain ic Eoghain air an laoidh Chòidheich so. Ach cha 'n eil cuimhne agamsa ach air beagan fhèal. Cha chuala sibh rianh, rianh na bha aige do bhàrdheal agus do laoidhean Oisein, agus cha chuala duine beo rianh bardachd bu bhriagha na i. Chumadh e fàil na seachd-ùinn gheumhraidh sibh a seinn laoidhean Oisein, agus Ochain ! se fein a sheinneadh iad. Agus aig deireadh na seachd-ùinn cha chuala sibh leth 's na bha aige. Nis bhiodh an t-igh aige dian lan a chùile h-òiche, a cuir a mach air an doras, agus nach faigheadh sibh suilhe no seasadh ann. Cha 'n eil duime beo 'n diugh air a bhèil laoidhean (bardachd) Oisein mar bha aig Iain mac Iain-ic Eoghain (an Talamh-sgein).  
Comnach Moireastan, (Mac Illehoire ?) 's an  
Trithean 's an Eilean Sgiatharach.  
Sgrìobhta Deirair (Dec.) 12mh, 1862.

- 1 THUG AN DIS AN AINM GAOL,  
Ach air Goll bha gorm shuil choin ;  
B' e fa a h-aislig, e 's an òiche.  
'S fa a bròin nu chaotlan, no chaoirean, choill-  
teal.
- 2 'A Dhurain (*Suarain ?*) cuim a sheas ?  
A Ghoill cuim a thuit ?  
A Durain (*Suarain ?*) cuim an cualas-riamh  
Luaidh air a shìobd ?
- 3 Fhuairvadh an aileag 's i bronach.  
'S beo cha bhuinte bhò gaol i,  
Beul ri beul (*ri bhèid ?*) 's ann uched (*'s a h-uchd,*)  
ri uched,  
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. I. 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' caithneamh 's ag iomairt legha,  
Clunnaic iad collum gun cheann,  
Dìreadh o ghlèann an dà ehlaidh.
- 2 'Mo chomraich cìorbh Fhiannaibh maith  
Eadar mhac rìgh 'us mhac Fìlath ;  
'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,  
Os an ceann uile gu leir.'
- 3 'Or 'us airgead 'us cuid,  
Gheibheadh tu sud bh' nam gnu air,  
Ach cha luidhe leam mar fhear,  
Air na chuir na neimh gu lùr,
- 4 Nì mo a shìnean ri do thaobh,  
Air a bhì gun mhuaio gu brath ;
- 5 Fhìnn mhic Cumbail a ghin Leigh,  
Cha robh mì' feum do chuid òir ;  
Ach thu luidhe leam mar fhear,  
'S gun thu ga eileith air an Fheinn.
- 6 Labhair Treun mo ghollan fèin  
Gu do labhair bu bhèam laoidh ;  
'Luidh bhì mise leat mar fhear,  
'S cha chleith mì e air an Fheinn.

HEROIC GAELIC POEMS, LIKE MAC PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

AMONGST the numerous manuscripts ransacked for Heroic Ballads I have found only the following, which resemble Mac Pherson's 'Ossian,' or form part of it. D. 30. Malvina's Dream. O. 26. a fragment got from Captain Morrison, who was Mac Pherson's assistant. It is exceedingly like Mac Pherson's Ossian, but I do not know the passage if it is in that work. Two addresses to the Sun, in which the sun is masculine, whereas the word is feminine. Goll and Fionn. The Death of Goll by Mughtan. 'Comlaoch and Cuthan,' 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 aobhineas an digh sìubhail sìos ;  
Dh' fhalbh cogreach b' airde guth,  
Cha 'n fhaicear an stèid each san t-slabh.
- 2 Tha stòirm cogaidh fada thall,  
Aig Clanna Gall o' thuath ;  
Dh' fhalbh iad mar mar aileas chran,  
Ar lamha dearg an fàil Loblain.
- 3 C' ait a nis a bhèil thu Eite,  
C' ait a bhèil do bhreugan dana (granda)  
An dean iad do chobhair an cruas (cradhas)  
An dean iad suas cron do chairdean.



- 4 Fheara faicibh 'n tuil ag, nomadh,  
Thar sgeir fhaoin o mhac-thion sgarinnich;  
Sìd mar rannais naimhdean seurse (or sùrse)  
O ghleannaibh, so chraobh nam fasach.
- 5 Lean sin an ruidig gu diama dama,  
Chualadh Tuaid guth an air;  
Ghaodh mor thighearna, baighail, baighail,  
Faic a bhaigh a righ na 's fearr.
- 6 Cìod nime deir Fionn, A theoirg thu,  
Leachd nan ceud fhearain a buid;  
Cìod nime dh' airg thu coghna dhannan,  
Chuir tha Fionn 's a dhaoine o bhlar.
- 7 Thuinig Maighnich orn mar thorrunn,  
Losg mo thighearn 's mo mhna;  
Raisg C mo cholltean aobhinn ahuinn,  
'S dh' fflag iad mi mar eun gun sta.
- 8 Chuir mi fos a Lochlainn nabhrach,  
A philleadh uan neart an air;  
Tha mi nis mar sgeir ga cuairteach,  
Le near thonnaibh buaireach ard.
- 9 Tha mi nis fo d' echna a threun-fhear  
Faic mo bhued dean rimm laigh;  
Tog m' uallach tha troa ri ghiulan,  
Tha mi cuire anns gach air.
- 10 Tha Fionn mar oiteag a gheamhradh,  
Do naimhdean eilan no ghraidh;  
Ach caoin mar aiteal an t-samhradh,  
Do sblhoehd ainbeairt thig a' m' laimh.
- 11 'S leat mo chloidhe, s leat mo loachruiddh,  
Cha 'n fhaoin an iomairt nan lann;  
Pilleadh Lochlan mar thonn na sgeire,  
'S bìthidh Breatan dhe fithast 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 Baisigne, 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 mu lach,  
Ma theach righ Soch righ Saine.
- 2 Chaidh Fionn gu sliabh naigh Macharach,  
A chruinn-achadh steach na seilge;  
An nualan mor Gu bhinn glao bhinn,  
Gur e leig O-baoisg agus Obair ghlic.
- 3 Chruinneachadar an Fhèin uile,  
Iar claidian doibh na ghaoh 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 uasal banbhaidh;  
A 's nìr dh' fflag e san Fhèin, g' e d' iognadh,  
Aon<sup>1</sup> loch deannach no fear dearmad<sup>2</sup>
- 5 Tus eiridh do na Fiannaibh,  
Aois Feinne do Mhac Cumhail;  
Is b' eigin do Gholl guosraidh,  
Tus uigh na Feinne fhuilang.
- 6 Air do laimhsa Ghruill Mhìe Morna,  
Fhìr nam briathra togha, treuna;  
'S ann mar sud bhiteas an fiadhach,  
Ged nach fan thu am fiannach Eirin.
- 7 'Se labhair Goll nan ceuma calma,  
Dhuitsa Fhinn a bhreitheamb bhaolich;  
Dh' fhaigas mi 'n aogh braonach meannach<sup>3</sup>  
Gur e dh' again Goll air Oisain.
- 8 A' gheug a chosadh dhùinn gach feum,  
Aisig sinn a near do Albain;  
O mo h-Erlin gu mo h-Irlin<sup>4</sup>  
Gluasadar 'nur longaibh leothra.

<sup>1</sup> Aon loch dìonach no fear dearmad.

<sup>2</sup> I suspect Tearman is the true reading.

<sup>3</sup> Ball threac no bantaidh.

<sup>4</sup> O Dhun Erlingu Dun Irlin.

- 9 Is ann 'ur bareuibh fada reamhra,  
Ann an ait a' bhreithenmh bhaolich;  
Gabhail glòir na gaoithe ga àlha.
- 10 Thug sinn bliadhna an Dun Erla,  
Ann an aite glo ghlic tosa dh'  
Ar innathan agus ar clann an Albain,  
Is bh' ar n-annaschid an Dun Monidh.
- 11 Ghluasadar an ceart echna na bliadhna,  
Ann an trom ghòil dian na dile;  
Fear meò do chleachd ionmhuin obaich,  
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg deatralh.
- 12 Chruinnich tor<sup>5</sup> nan treun fhear,  
Chamadar glòir gle bhinn ghaosuidh;  
Chuir sinn Teachdaire echna nua Flath,  
Gu 'm b' e sud na Catha echna.
- 13 Is neanach a chikanna Morna,  
As ar tighin foigala do r<sup>6</sup> n-aois;  
Teach a dh' fhuatairt Cath a dh' Albain,  
Gu aibhine chikanna Baisige.
- 14 Agus nach b' ionan coimeasg<sup>7</sup> Gobha,  
Dhùinne agus dhoibhse;  
Agus nach b' ionan ceas do r' sgeinibh,  
No do r' lannaibh no do r' doibh.
- 15 Agus nach b' ionann coimeasg catha dhùinne,  
Agus do chruidheim O-baoisge<sup>8</sup>;  
O mhae Morna gu Dun Mìghla,  
No o laimh na Sotha Suoiaich.
- 16 Aobh agus Oscar agus Oisain,  
Seachda ceud deug agus trì fichead,  
Fionn agus fine mhic Cumhail.
- 17 Thuinig Mac Iain righ Ianric,  
Fear nach do chleachd ionmhuin obaich,  
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg deatralh,  
Gu 'm bu bhaibh ri dol san trod iad.
- 18 Thuinig Iolain nam beumana;  
Fear nach d' thugadh geill a nasgaidh,  
Cabhach mor de nuaithibh Eighne,  
Thuinig fo'n cath-eidill thogainn;
- 19 Thuinig clann Fhinn uile,  
Dh' fhuilingeadh mor cheum doerach,  
Agus clann na Meara Morna,  
A' bhuidhean shogha sheasmhach.
- 20 Chanadar an sin ri cheile,  
An conbara bu leoir a ghlogha;  
A chuireadh Mac Ialla à crangaidh,  
Is à bareuibh reamhra reithe.
- 21 Thuit leamsa Dathan,  
An eios ionain a bhuille;  
Aobh agus Goll Mac Laghair,  
Dh' fflag mi ann iad a tìri buillean.<sup>9</sup>
- 22 Mar thuit a' ruidh le glann,  
Thon bhuirich an meag nu an crann;  
No mar fhadh ri firach beinne,  
Is gadhair dian 'na dheigh nar theine.
- 23 Sìd mar theich clanna Morna,  
Dhearg am fear le fuil nan treun fhear;  
'S ionadh creuchda a bh' ri chasgadh;
- 24 Thog am lard an Iolach bhàin.  
'S trugh clanna Morna caithe.  
Bhuail e chlasach, gu trom, trom,  
Am fonn tha 'm chluasaidh taigete.
- 25 Phill sinne gu dun Fhinn,  
Le cathrean bin a ceumadh faiche;  
Thuinig ar innathan 'nur conbail,  
A seinn oran, 'faillte gaisge.'
- 26 Tha seachd dorsan air teach Fhinn,  
Air an egnadh druim trì dhruina;  
Caogad hirich shuirree sholuis,  
Bhitheadh air guafinn gach non dorais.

<sup>5</sup> cor. <sup>6</sup> dol.

<sup>7</sup> coimeas. <sup>8</sup> O-bocair.

<sup>9</sup> Chaidh dibhail anns an teughail,

Furon agus beagan buidhne,

Seachd ceud deug trì chathan,

Thuit le Maitheibh na h-Eirin.

- 27 Mise agus Diarmad agus Garra,  
Car sealan an beannaibh ard;  
Gur e gheibhnaid o Mhae Cumbail,  
Gur ro mhine nrram 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 'Mòrbhà,' and a few other Gaelic compositions, which all came from the same neighbourhood. I have no other version of this.

- 1 'S e sin Mughtan beag Mae Smail,  
An dia gheall e teachd a' m' dhail;  
Mar charaid o bhlar na macharach,  
A' d' dhail tha mi gun fhuamh.
- 2 Smithich an gnìomh a chluinnicheadh,  
'S tu mharbh m' athair an beinn a Chatain;  
'S dioladh tu a bhràise an nair so.
- 3 Tha mi nis aosda liath,  
Dh' fhalbh mo thriau fada nann;  
Bha mi nair nach geillinn diut,  
Mhughtan ga garbh do bheum.
- 4 Thainnisk an na cathaibh,  
Ged sann duita tha 'n dan mo mharbha;  
Cha bhi seallb 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 ghaiseach mhor;  
Bha e ard mar sgeir an naoiach,  
Bha e aild mar chraobh fo bhla.
- 6 Bha e cinin mar oigh na maise,  
Nuair bhiodh feagha na bhòrd is caird;  
Bha e garg an troid nan ceud chath,  
Mar madadh allaidh reuba bha.
- 7 Tionnail do Gholl cha 'n fhagheadh,  
Cha 'n fhaicdh, is cha 'n fhaic gh brath;  
Dh' fhalbh Fionn ceann na maise,  
E san araon air Feinne bi bar.
- 8 Ach dlu dha tha Goll mor cheum,  
Och nan och cha bheo thu ghrad;  
Cuime a dh' fhagadh mi nam nonar,  
Mar theann darag an faon ghleann.
- 9 Gun gheig gu fiasgadh o 'n don-shion,  
Ach e grad lubadh nuas a ceann;  
O co chaireas mi gu uaigneach,  
San tigh chumlan, dhachna, dhall.
- 10 Far nach cluinn mi guth na teugmhaill,  
'S nach tig lens cum' chridhe fann;  
Ruige mi Oscar Mae mo ceud ghraidh,  
Ruigidh Eibhir, run Alba.
- 11 Bithidh sinne subhach anns na neulaibh,  
Co 'n sin a dh' irras baigh;  
Eutrom bithidh ar n-anam ait,  
Fluinn thig athair mo ghraidh,
- 12 Bha mise roimh nearthmor luthar,  
Ged tha mi 'n diugh ciurte dall.

These fragments got from foresaid D. M' 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. 20. M. 22. 23.  
(In Carthon.)

A COPY of this fragment is in Mac Nicol's Collection, of 2,819 lines, of which samples are printed above. It is the only fragment of Ossian's Poems which I have found in any manuscript written before A.D. 1800. It looked so different from the rest of my collection, that I took some pains to trace this fragment.

In 1762, Mac Pherson printed the English of Croma, p. 249.

The Gaelic was quoted by Shaw, as an example of Gaelic, in 1778. Edinburgh, &c., 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, 'Astorsray' (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 '*Aisting Mha-Mhain*,' and '*Mhahline's Braghdar 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 'Toscair,' in Gillies; 'Toscar,' in Smith.

Similar orthography occurs elsewhere, e.g., 'Aig Tathir,' (father,) which shows that 'Oscar' was meant by the Scribe, not 'Toscar.' Avowed translations from English Songs, and 'Maccaronic Poetry,' (Gaelic and English mixed) are in Mac Nicol's MS., and in Gillies. Therefore people could, and did, then translate from English into Gaelic.

In Mac Pherson, the Sun is masculine. 'The flower on which the Sun has looked in his strength.' In the 'extract,' the Sun is also masculine. Nuair shealas e cios na shoilse (p. 30, Gillies). This manifest error is corrected in later 'texts,' but it is the sort of error which a translator might easily make; especially if he were stronger in classics than in Gaelic. This same error runs through the whole of 'Ossian's Poems,' and so marks the composition of one man.

In 1807, Croma was published, p. 211, vol. i. of the large edition of Ossian, in Gaelic.

It was printed from Mac Pherson's manuscripts, revised by able vernacular scholars.

In 1807 Mac Pherson's Gaelic Text was translated into Latin. Mac Nicol's 'extract' is there. The worst of the Anglicisms in it, and in Gillies, are struck out or softened. Sentences are recast, words, even lines, are changed. The sense remains as it was in 1762, but the *Text is unaltered*.

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 *fell* a fluttering inside. The Gaelic *head* a clattering on high. I think that the idea was first clothed in English, in this case, and throughout the fragment.

In 1762 Mac Pherson said—  
'*When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun.*'

In the 'extract' the line added by another hand is  
'*Nuair phill thu fathail a' t seilg.*'

The line is in Gillies. Something was wanted to lengthen this Gaelic translation and make it scan, so the meaning was enlarged to

'*When thou didst return (SOBLY) from the chase.*'

In 1807 '*soberly*' was taken out, and of '*the Cairns*' put in, and the construction was altered to

'*Nuair thorrannadh a' shleibh na cairn.*  
'*Quoniam desce ad beatum a le a centum milium siccitatem.*'

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 ainmich gu aislin Mhalbhinn' thu,  
Fosglaibh-se talla nan speur,  
Aithir Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum;
- 5 Fosglaibh-se doirsa nan nial,  
Tha ceannam Mhalbhine go dian.  
Chualam guth a' m' aislin fein,  
Tha fathram mo chleibh go ard.  
C' nime thanic an Ossag m' m' dheigh
- 10 O dhubbh-shiubhal na liune od thall?  
Bha do sgiath fhuaimeach ann gallan an  
    nòmaich,  
Shiubhall aislin Mhalbhine go dian,  
Ach chunnie is' a run ag nomadh,  
'S a cheo-carradh ag nomadh m' a chliabhl:
- 15 Bha dearsa na greine air thaobh ris,  
Co boiseal ri or nan daibh.  
'S e guth anam mo rain a tha 'nn,  
O! 's ainmich gu m' aislin fein thu.  
'S comhuidh dhuit anam Mhalbhine,
- 20 Mhic Ossain is treine lamh.  
Dh' eirich m' osna marri dearsa o near.  
Thaona mo dhoir m' measg shiallath na h eiche.  
Bu ghallan Aluin a' t-fhianais mi Oseair.  
Le m' nile gheuga naine ma m' thimeich!

- 25 Ach thanic do bhias-sa mar Ossag  
O 'n fhasach, i dhaom ni fios.  
Thanic carrach le fioladh nan speur,  
Cha d' eirich duill' naine dhaimh fein;  
Chluine oigha mo samhach 's an talla,
- 30 Agus bhuaill iad clarsach nan fonn.  
Bha deoir ag taomadh le cruaidhean Mhalbhine;  
Chluine oigh me 's mo thuiriald ga tron.  
C' nime an bleid thu co tuirseach, a' m' fhianis,  
Chlaomh Ainuir-agh Luath-ath nan sruth.
- 35 An robh e sgruidhach mar dhearsa na greine?  
Am bu cho tlachdur a' shiubhal 's a chruth?  
'S tainnach t-fhonn an chais Ossain,  
Nighean Luath-ath nan sruth dian.  
Thanic guth nam bard nach beo,
- 40 Am measg t-aislin air nomadh nan shlabh,  
Nuair thuit codal air do shluine soirbh,  
Aig eusan mor-shruth nan ioma fuaim,  
Nuair phill thu fathail o' n t-seilg,  
'S grian la thu ag sgoilte na bein.—
- 45 Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo:  
'S glan faiteal do chiuil fein.  
'S cuin faiteal nam fonn o Mhalbhine!  
Ach chionnadh iad anam gu deoir;  
Tha solas ann Tuirca'lh le siobh,
- 50 Nuair dh' aomach claihb tuirse go bron;  
Ach chaidheadh fad-thuirse fiol dorthuin,  
Fhildh-nighean Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum.  
'S ainmich an la gan nial  
Thuites iad, mar chuisag, fo 'n ghrian,
- 55 Nuair sheallas i sios 'n a soile,  
Andeigh do 'n dubh cheathlach siubhal do 'n  
    bheinn,  
'S a throm-cheann fo shioiladh na h-eiche.

THE SUN HYMNS. O. U. 5. 6.

GRANT (U.) printed (4) the 'Address to the Sun,' in *Cariethra*, 11 lines, and (5) 'The Address to the Sun,' in *Carthon*, 38 lines.

These were got January, 1798, from Donald Grant Ulmish, in the Isle of Skye, who wrote (4) from the dictation of an old gentleman at Vaternish. 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 chòmhraig a' snuath air a' ghaisis,*' 1818.  
The fight; a swimming on his face.
- 'Tell him that we are mighty in war,' 1760.
- '*Taisis do sa chòmhraig ar beigh,*' 1818.  
Tell him in the fight our broth (pith).
- 'The tear is on their cheek,' 1760.
- '*Dear a' sìobhal lie bhannal gun ghònaib,*' 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 a-*loc* text.

In the first and second editions of the Gaelic Ossian the 'Sun Hymns' is omitted. It is added in Clerk's Ossian, page 220, from '*The Report of the Highland Society, with the Pedigree*' quoted by Grant, which lands it in Glenlyon, near Mac Pherson, about the date of his first Gaelic publication.

The end of the English Carthon never has been found in Gaelic. On a margin of a copy of the first edition of Mac Pherson's translation of Ossian, which was found at his house, was this note,—

'Delivered all that could be found of Carthon to Mr. John Mackenzie.'

It has been said that this address is but an imitation of Milton's, in 'Paradise Lost,' and I suppose that it may be a free translation. At all events, 'Carthon' and the 'Sun Hymns' are very unlike any Gaelic Ballads which are orally preserved.

#### O. 22. FAILTE NO URNUIGH NA GREINE.

38 lines. (IN CAETHON.)

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 Diarmid 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' 'chric a Ghrian  
'S gu 'n do chuir i fo a sgiath na 'nèoil.'

Because the Sun has arisen; and because she has put the clouds below her wing (or shield).

- 1 O THUSA fein a shùibhneas shuas.  
Crùn mar lann sgiath chruaidh nan triath,  
Cò as tha do dhearsa gun ghruain,  
Do shòlha tha buan a Ghrian.
- 2 Thig thu mach nad aille fein.  
Is follachaidh reill an triall:  
Theid geallach gun tuar o 'n speur,  
Ga cletha fein fo stnagh sau iar.
- 3 Tha thusa ann ad astar a mhain,  
Cò tha dana ehi nad choir;  
Tuitidh darag o 'n chruach ard,  
Tuitidh eam fo aois is scoir.
- 4 Traoghaidh is lionaidh an euan,  
Cailcar shuas an rò san speur;  
Thusa a' d' aon a chaoil fo bhuaidh,  
An aoibhneas do shòluis fein.
- 5 'Nuair a dhanthas m' an Domhain stoirm,  
Le torun borb is dealan Berr;  
Seallaidh tu nad aille ro 'n Toirm,  
Fiamh gaire ort am bruailean nan speur.
- 6 Ach dhombas tha do shòluis faoin,  
'S mach faic a chaoil do ghnuis.
- 7 Sgaoladh eul as orbuidh ciabh,  
Air aghaidh uan neul sau ear;  
No 'nuair chrithreas tu san iar,  
Aig do dhorsa ciar air lear.
- 8 'S maith dh' fheadta gu bheil tha 's mise fein,  
An am ga treun, 's gu fhem an am,  
Ar bliadhna tearna o 'n speur,  
A' siubhal le cheile gu 'n ceann.
- 9 Biodh aoibhneas ort fein a ghrian,  
'S te neartmhor, a thriath, nad 'oige;  
'S dorcha mi-thaineach an aois,  
Mar shòluis faoin an rò gun chail.
- 10 'S i a sealladh o nèoil air an moin,  
Is liath cheo air taobh nan eam;  
An cùteag a thnath air an Reth,  
Fear siubhal fo bheud '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 1769, and with Jerome Stone's translations 1753, 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 bheud, as orbuidh ciabh;  
Tha dorsa na h-oidhe dhuit fein, (reid)  
Is paillean do chòs sau iar.
- 2 Thig na staidh mu 'n cuairt ga mall,  
Choinhead fear is glaine gruaidh;  
A togail fo eagal an ceann.
- 3 Ged fhaicinn co alluin na shuain,  
Theich iadsan gun tuar o d' thaobh;  
Gabhna calad ann ad chos,  
A ghrian is pill an tos le aoibhneas.

Got these two addresses from Mr. Mac Diarmid, 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 *Neal* 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. 502. 184 lines.

This looks like an extract from the manuscript which was printed in 1807. All known copies correspond in all respects, and differ from the Ballads, which vary as shown above. This is printed as written to show the broken irregular metre of 'Ossian's Poems.'

#### CONNLAOCH AGUS CUTHONN.

- 1 AN cual Oisean guth neo-fhaoin,  
N' an gairm latha fo noma' th' ann?  
'S tric mo smuain air aimsir nan raon,  
Mar ghrian fheasgair tha clao an gleann,  
Nuathchear mor Thormair na seilge,  
Slagha fhadh na marbh ann am laimh.
- 2 Is ceart a ehnal Oisean an guth,  
Co thusa shìol duilhir na oidhebe;  
Clann gun gnìomh an suain fogha,  
Gaoth a meadhan an talla gun soilhe.
- 3 Tha sgiath an rìgh a fuaim air am,  
Ri osag eam is airde gruaim;  
Sgiath chopanach balla mo thalla,  
Air an cuir mi car taull mo laimh.
- 4 Ceart gu 'n ehnin mi mo chara fein,  
Is fada guth an treun o luaidh;  
Cuim astar air dabh neul gun fheum.
- 5 A shìol Morna na beum ernaidh,  
Sar Oscar neo-bhaoth air eul sù;  
Is tric a bha 'n gaisgeach rid' a thaobh,  
A Chomloich an am aoma na slagha.
- 6 A bheil eadal air Tais Chonnlaoh mhìn ghuth,  
A meadhan talla fo mhòr ghaoth foirm;  
An eadal tha e Oisean, nan corr gnìomh,  
Is an ro ehan ma chomhuidh fo stoirm.
- 7 Cha' n' eil naigh tha fo leirsinn an Innis,  
Cia fada blias sine gun chù;  
8 A Ri Sheallama 's fuaimcar gleann,  
'S trnagh Oisean gun mo shìol ort fein (leirsinne)  
'S thu sìdh gun fheum air do nial,  
An ceo thu air Lano a threnn?

- 9 No tein adhair gun bheum air sliabh,  
Co dlath tha earb do thrusgan baoth ?  
Shiubhail e air oisig de ghloith,  
Mar fhaileas fo aom na nial.
- 10 Thigsa uaithe do bhalla fein,  
A Chlarsach nan treun le fauin ;  
Biodh solas na cainime air beinn,  
Ithonn an eirigh a chuin.
- 11 Faiceamsa mo chairde an gníomh,  
Chí Oisean gun trian na treuna ;  
Air Inis tha dubh ghorm fo nial,  
Cos thorma nan sin air eirigh  
Air carraig eamhich nan crom chruann.
- 12 Tha-struth a torman aig a bheul,  
Tha Toscair a' Croma' thar fuaim ;  
Tha Fearghus fo mhulad ua threun,  
Cumba thonn nam beus fada shuas.
- 13 An bheil gaoth air aoma' nan tonn ?  
N' an chuinn mi air chom an guth ?
- 14 Tha 'n oidheche Thoscair fo ghluinn nan sian,  
Thuit g' an trian o chraic ;  
Tha dubh shiubhal mara fo nial,  
Tha biaicil nan erion thom 'an euairt.
- 15 Thainig tein adhair le beum,  
Le scalla na fearnaich do threun ; (doi)  
Chunnaic mi Fhearghus gun bheud,  
An tais de na bha treun an oidheche,  
Gun fhocal sheas e air bruidh,  
'S a thrusgan a' cuir fauin air gaoith.
- 16 Chunnaic mi a dheuran le truaigh,  
As e 'n duine gun tuar 'se baoth ;  
As a smuainte ga claon an cialbh,  
'S e t-athair Feargus, a Thoscair a' t' ann,  
Tha e faicinn a bhais ma shiol.
- 17 Mar sin bha choslas san am,  
'Nuair thuit Mor Ronan fo nial ;
- 18 Eirin nan cnoc uaine fo fheur,  
Gur amsa domb fein an gleann ;  
Tha samhchair mh ghorm thuit do bheann,  
Tha griane air do raon gun bhí mall,  
A sean fonn do ehlarsaich air Scalama.
- 19 Glan guth do shealgair an Cromla,  
Tha sinne an Ithonn nan garbh thoirn ;  
Trom is duilich fo mhara bheuc thonn,
- 20 Na tonna le geal cheannaibh baoth,  
Lenna thairis air aoma na traigh ;  
Mise crith a meadhon na oidche,
- 21 C' ait a shiubhail Toscair anam a bhlaire,  
A dheagh Fhearghus nan leadan liath ;  
Chunnaic mise thu gun eagal o blas,  
Do shuillean solus nan sgiath  
C' ait a shiubhail anam a bhlaire ?  
Cha robh eagal g' ar saruch riamh.
- 22 Gluais Coimhead air glas lom nan sal,  
Thuit a ghaoth le sarachadh sian ;  
Tha crith air na tonnaibh fo fhianh,  
Ri crith le grian na stoirn.
- 23 Gluais a Choimhead a mhoir chuan gu thrian,  
Tha Mhadainn gu iar, as i liath ;  
Seallaidh solus nan spur o 'n oir,  
Le morchuis mar fheur, ma shoillse.
- 24 Sgaol mise mo sheolan le solas,  
Fo thalla ard Chonlaiche nan triath ;  
Mo thras gu Inis gun ehala,  
Glan chumh thonn air toir nan ruagh ciar.
- 25 Chunnaic mi mar dhearsa na soillse,  
Teine bolg 'se boillsge fo nial,  
A leadan mar dha' ehal na oidheche,  
Air goll Urlá 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 gheul,  
A bian shealgair nan sar Inis faoin,  
A tha uave fo dheurainbh gun aircanbh.
- 27 Tha i smuaineach air Conlach neo-bhaoth,  
C' ait a bheil do shiutsa Oigh ?  
A chumh thonn na mor throm ciabh,  
Craig ag aoma air sal,  
Liath chruana fo aois air le coinich.
- 28 Na tonna g' gluasa' na traigh,  
Air a thaobh Inis bhla nan Ruagh ;  
Oighan nan sealg gu 'n phill o bheinn,  
Chunnaic e 'n scalla' air an eal ;
- 29 C' ait Ighinn Rurmar nam beum ?  
Cha do fbreugair na oighcan fo ghruaim,  
Tha mo shiutse iar cruachaibh Mora,  
A shiol inis na tri fada shuas.
- 30 Billidh Toscair an oigh gu sithse fein,  
Gu talla nan teud aig Coitach ;  
A 's caraid do Thoscair an trean,  
Bha fleagh do mo reir na mhor thir.
- 31 Uaigh Eirin air oisig thla,  
Cuir seoka' o thraigh gu Mora ;  
Air Mora as sarnachair do 'n oigh bhain,  
Lai Thoscair a snamh gu doghruinn.
- 32 Is mise ann an eos fo dhian,  
Is mi scalla' air grian an raoin ;  
Tha aital nan cranna o nial,  
Gu cuin a ghlan ainuir neo-fhaoin,  
Cumh thonn nan saoi le guth broin.
- 33 As fada o mo chluais an oigh,  
Ann talla Chonlaiche nan corn fial ;  
B' e nial, tha Cumh thonn tuiteam orm fein,  
Tha 'g inracha mo threuna shuas.
- 34 Tha mi faicinn trusgan gun fheum,  
Mar liath cheo air astar na chruaich ;  
Cuin a thaitas mi a Rurmar threun.  
Tha mulad mo ehlidh gu bas.
- 35 Cum nach faicinnse Conlach na beum,  
Ma' n tuit mi gun leus an tigh caol ?  
Chí thusa ghlan oigh, Oisean do ran fein,  
Tha astar an treun air a chaol.
- 36 Bas Toscair a dorcha na shleagh, (Thoscair)  
Tha lot is e dubh na thaobh,  
Tha e gun tuar aig tonnaibh na h-uigh,  
Is e feuchaim a Chruth is e baoth.
- 37 C' ait a bheil thu fein le deuraibh, (deoir)  
Is ard thriath ua Mora gu bas ;  
Threig an aising ghlas mo ehlidh,  
Cha' n fhaic mi na treatha nis mo.
- 38 A bhaird nan am neo mhosgail riamh,  
Cuiridh cumh an air Conlach le deoir,  
Thuit an gaisgeach so iomall a la,  
Lion doirche 'thalla le bron.
- 39 Sheall a mhathair air a sgiath air balla,  
Bha ise snamh fala gu coir ;  
B' aithne dli' ise gu 'u do thuit thu threun,  
Chualas a guth fo bheud am Mora.
- 40 An bheil thu, oigh gun tuar, gun fheum,  
Air taobh gaisgeich nan beum a Chuth thonn ?  
Tha 'n oidheche tighinn, pillidh ghrian,  
Gun duine g' an toirt sios g' an uaigh.
- 41 Tha thusa cuir eunla fo fhianh,  
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 ;  
Cun fad do ghuth om' thalla,  
Tuitidh eadla fo fhaileas na oidheche.
- 44 Traugh nach di-ehuinmheichin mo charai,  
Gus nach fhaicear air aird mo cheum ;  
Gu' n bitinn le solas nan gara,  
Gus an cuir mi chairis gun fheum,  
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 *Pastor 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, 1895. 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 Dearthom,' 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 Dearthom." I was extremely fond to try if the case was so, and getting him to my house I gave him a bottle of ale, and begged the favour of him to sing "Duan Dearthom;" 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 sang with great spirit. I then asked him his reason; he told me it was out of regard to the memory of that Hero. I asked him if he thought that the spirit of that Hero was present; he said not; but he thought it well became them who descended from him to honour his memory.'

Mr. Pope's manuscript was found in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, in 1872, amongst a mass of papers, all tightly folded in bundles, like old bills. From these I extracted many samples of authentic Gaelic poetry myself, e.g., 'Frooch.' 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 29, 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.

|     | CONTENTS.                           | Lines. |
|-----|-------------------------------------|--------|
| 1.  | Iomachd Nionar . . . . .            | 56     |
| 2.  | Iomachd Ochnar . . . . .            | 35     |
| 3.  | Duan Dhiarmaid (Glenshee) . . . . . | 85     |
| 4.  | Duan Duurug . . . . .               | 61     |
| 5.  | Duan Lermon . . . . .               | 98     |
| 6.  | Duan na Clainn . . . . .            | 108    |
| 7.  | Duan na Sealg . . . . .             | 92     |
| 8.  | Duan Conlaach . . . . .             | 82     |
| 9.  | Manus. Fragment . . . . .           | 16     |
| 10. | Muirbhurtach . . . . .              | 123    |
|     | Total . . . . .                     | 756    |

July 13, 1872.—The whole written very small and almost illegible.—And two lines illegible.—D. M.

July 20, 1872.—Manus missing.—J. F. C.

## C. 1. IOMACHD NIONAR. 56 lines.

Rev. Alexander Pope's MS. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, p. 104.

- 1 SHIAN sin sa Hullaicht  
Er vel mi ndiu' lan goirt  
Va mi nair sa bin hion  
Mi vi maonir ort
- 2 Mis is mathair is mac Lu'ach  
N triair sin leis mo chu' an tealg  
Oseair Goul is Caolte  
Filan Connal is Diarmaid
- 3 Oeh er mullin a Phadrich  
Chuir shin fair er fu'ach  
Le nar ni Conn le er ni genir  
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' il fea na beanta  
Mharved ain don lim  
Agus daimh throm no gleuntu'
- 6 Nde dhuin serios do n'alach shin  
Hunivis mar bavish  
Na hairn gheal is ghllass  
Vi gun casa' eir no fairach
- 7 Hui shin shinn air an Tallich  
Is haing huggin steach gari  
Ghearich ruinn gu hmhilt  
Shiu' is mac Cuil air ar
- 8 Mise Fionn na mbno s'in  
Ca be shuis do luath in domhan  
Mis san huggin ha er nriughol  
Ha shin nionar mar er combair
- 9 S teinn hion sud ri er nedin  
Is i liu' ceud fear calma caslua'  
Hanig vo Ri Lochlu  
Gu' coosun' na Herin
- 10 Er laimh tathair is do sheanar  
Is air laimh do Leannan huarich  
Cha diggra' huggin dar shirru'  
Nach dngna shin dhoibh buala'
- 11 Ghimich in Teachtr gu sin' lach  
Charich iad iuil na er comhair  
Varbh gach fer agin din seasar  
Sud mar chreech shin er guoach
- 12 Hug sin shin ruar daan  
Go mo lionar gann fear slei  
Go mo lionar clagin ga skolta  
Go lionur ftesgach snoin'  
Gur lioner fear chosu' geal  
Prassu' fall er no triochu
- 13 Bo nha Gonn ntus gach ca'  
Bo nha mathair an is Caolte  
Co ziu' do shin nach molain  
Oh ri bo hounne nionar

14 Nda vi Ca' n' an la  
In maí' us er in díochart  
Hui shin seba bo dochi  
Fer is ocltar in tsbhan.

## C. 2. IOMACHD OCHDÑAR. 35 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, page 104.

- 1 O s' eui liom Iomachd ochdnar  
Shí ghac spróg er mo mhernáin  
Ceud fá nois gni ceilain  
Is nach cil ní aeb aivín
- 2 Oscar Goul is Caolte  
Fílan agus Diarmad d'end ghiall  
Coníguar ghluisi dar n' ochdnar  
Mis agus mathair s' Fergbas  
Truir gheal sharbh sin tóttal  
Phadrích mo Chreidís da mo sheaneus  
Bo sudaguds ainm mo n' ochdnar
- 3 Ranig shin Cuirt ri Sassan  
Bha ioma glass an gu' fórcum  
Thuit an ri le ma Cuil  
O Cuidh liom iomachd ochdnar
- 4 Bha shin an Carri na halb  
Bíomú ann Fer Calmuid Cass lua'  
Hug shin díus Cíos is cabh  
O cuibh liom iomachd ochdnar
- 5 Bho Erin nan skia Alpin  
Gu erioch Lochlin no stru seimh  
Bho sud agus Maonns o Daiv  
Va sud fò chain og an ochdnar
- 6 Glac shin Crom na Cairge  
Er in n' Fhairge min le Oscar  
Go bu heare shin er a Bhru' ich  
O seuidh liom iomachd Ochdnar
- 7 Ghlac shin Bale na Beirna  
Thog shin in terra eg ri Lochlin  
Rein shin sud no bo mhodh  
O seuidh liom iomachd Ochdnar
- 8 Phadrích nan eilag binn  
San lett bo mhin no Clera  
Thug shin ghaehi go-ntuasclh  
Ceud don Úaislu do dh' Erin.

Finis.

IOMACH S<sup>a</sup>nar.

## C. 3. DUAN DIARMID O DUN. 85 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, Diarmaid.

- 1 GLEN shí sho ri er taobh  
Gur bin an gu' laoich is loan  
Gar minig vi an Fhein  
Eir in thabh er dei na Conn
- 5 Glen fò na bhín Guáilbín ghoírm  
Is ard i Tullich fò no ghrein  
Is er buinnachd er duni go teann  
G' nll do healg ga Rí na Fhein  
Coismachd ní baill len loach
- 10 Er i chuidachd chamhais cha Noín  
Er i bhín Guáilbín is er i bheist  
Marghabh e vo' s' laimh an tore  
Genfad er de ghuáiln Fhion  
Errach liom gun drinnis gloc E
- 15 Er bí gha bhí tamul na hos't  
Labhar Fion is hole ri ghra  
Dhiarmad tomhais in tore  
Cía mead trei vo hoic gu hail  
Cha do dhúnt e achoneich Fhion
- 20 O lír gun danig fò hir  
Tomhsid e n'tore er i dhrim  
Mac o Duin bo trum treidh  
Teanta i s' tomhais i risd  
Dhiarmuid vol is min in tore
- 25 Lott in lír neimh gu garrg  
Bon in fhir bo hearbh san trod  
Vol ha fer rohan do ehin  
Tadha gach slei rin gheur ghort  
Heante cha ba tarrus ai

- 30 Agus toisid e on tore  
Taidid e slud er i buobh  
Mac O Duin le trom feile  
No shint ri taobh in tuire  
Riu sud aer ghat mar dhcaill
- 35 Er bí dha traoin' fhuil chruach  
Mac O Duin Cuidh na cleachd  
Aoin mháics fáitach no feín  
Er in tullich siar fò lie  
Shui do cleach agus tault
- 40 Guirm rask mar vin dearg ecilt  
Va guirm is glassid do luil  
Caiss is mass in Cul no n' Cleacht  
Binnid is Glainid do ghloir  
Chin spróg er mo dhó ain dearg bhca
- 45 Vo mead is tablach an laoich  
Corp shaot seimhí fò chrios ban  
Skenubach meittar bhaur  
Mac O Duin bo va buaidh  
Nois cha throg sin suil
- 50 Vo cha nair char er i ghruai  
Si meudal her e er each  
Fer les in trogal chreach i beais  
Nar trua leibs mar gun eual  
Gun huit e le fua i ghlinn.
- 55 Seasid air urlar ghaibh  
Mac O' Duin grai na scoll  
Seud vo utarsach na mnaoi  
Mar ghabh e vos laimh an tore
- Se n'tore shí fò rúch borb
- 60 Go in beid no ngava er cabh  
S bo gharbh i huit no no ca bolg  
Lottid e le chran farain  
Staddid eir so voie  
Sin tlei vo no Caosh bla
- 65 O lin gai ha no corp  
Diarmad mac O Duin eile  
Mo hurchir les in tue bheist nice  
Chur taobh trom lei in vi ga  
Sehur slei an in arma tuire
- 70 Tra dhuisg in urlan na truaill  
Ní chossin buai as gach blar  
Gun varbh mac O Duin in bheist  
S' hanig e feín dachi slan  
Sin lei spróg er Fin no feín
- 75 Er allin shiar er i ehoc  
Mac O Duin cha do dhúnt e  
Se ain dachi slan vo intore  
Sgon huigh Fion bo dearge dreach  
Er bhín ghulbín ghlas san tealg
- 80 S mo hunt Diarmad leis on tore  
S' mor an tole rinn a chealg  
Geisdeach ri conghair no Fion  
Sin arri shiar tean er cean  
Gun dhuisg in ubh bheist e suain
- 85 S gun diuich voín 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 Durug . . . guard that attended the King. In the mean time on M'Annú' comes with a body of men to attack King Fin, who had slain his father. After some arguing Durug and Mac Annú' attacked one another, and after fighting most separately both were slain upon the spot. When Fin awakened and saw Durug slain before him he lamented sorely, and at last ordered the body of Durug to be buried in the burying-place of those mighty men. It is really a most moving description.—See above, p. 112.

1 NAOCHT hagam er Fin fiorghlich  
S' er Diurag on no gealla

- S' er vaccan no calp diomsach  
 Hanig hugin sior Brugh Anna  
 5 Mhic Cuil vic treovor so shone ha  
 Gun danig e hualg do Alb  
 S ann a Erin urghlan ri insin  
 Gestlanamh ri fuaim na struan  
 Is ri gu no neon Bin  
 10 Gun huit suain nach ro go hedrum  
 O nae feci shin fionn e slein  
 Se er tullaeh gorm ghlas dovin  
 Gun Xi Cudrish dor Feinn  
 Nioch Diarag don mac i Deir  
 15 Labhrin in Coura finald  
 Is gun innsin dhut no secal  
 Ma se fionn na do chol  
 Na so gin ghul do dheuchin  
 Sai nach insin dut in ceinsin  
 20 Ach in dül ni has mathar  
 S bu chaint hered ossin  
 Vi Annu e glen sleav  
 Bhi da gun chean na fale  
 Le do Chaint Buirb do ro bheag  
 25 Tra ghluais fearg an da Dhreagann  
 Is do thiodu ad vo cheil  
 Gum baid na glaoh curri  
 Faioch im buillin is am beuman  
 Do ghlnais Fionn no slee gavi  
 30 Do ghul an lathar na fir ehalmand  
 Rag e er deas laimh Dhiurag  
 Sa na shint sin gun amuin  
 Haiirigid leo na sleün reamh  
 Hargid leo na cloibhin genru'  
 35 Bi Cuirp is cuamhan gan gerra  
 Ach gu riggu aid i cheil  
 Adir Diurag og no gealla  
 Is mae Anna' e glen Sleave  
 Oeh er mulins i Dhiurag  
 40 Na mb eidin do hearuu  
 Thuogm ni maru do mo vahu'  
 Do mo ghi sdo no chahu Calamund  
 S mor cliu sin le Diurag  
 La vir ris su lavard  
 45 S lin 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 strau  
 50 Hugaos vo bruch Annu'  
 Se so mer bo vin er hedin  
 To no vene bo ro va tigus  
 Cumb ba ghil sbar ionas  
 Guu dach ionalt raimh in ing  
 55 Ach troganid a nis gu alvi  
 S far in Dioligaid in  
 Mo vil beannach vi er tannim  
 Voc soto' dea vic Aljin 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 Lermou 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 Lermou'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 Lermou. 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 Lermou's Castle, and killed him and numbers of his followers, as a traitor to his country; and there is a very strong presumption that Lermou aspired at royalty or else meant to crush King Finn's family as much as he could. See above, p. 106.

- 1 Is kionol shin Hullaich ard  
 Er i var gu vacuis nair iad  
 Bhuion nach diultu vo neach  
 Cid ha i nochd gun teach gun tuar innt  
 5 Is ann int ghebt Lermou mhór  
 Mac conil cha ghloir er aish  
 Fhír chuir Alb fa Choimh  
 Le neart i lámh is i threis  
 Int gun tigeadh gach aon lo  
 10 Ineart amann sloi is ri  
 Croinnacht is Alb fiar  
 Hargid se bor sa fion  
 Cha do veggich sud do mhuirn  
 Hulloich nír bu bhreca toir  
 15 Ach go dainig Carryl e fein  
 Go mac ri Alb na shiain oir  
 Hanig tri Chan e fein  
 Le gull 's na feim in toir  
 Laoich nach diulta corrag do dheir  
 20 Iullin mor mae Muirua moir  
 Diarmaid agus Caoilte cruaidh  
 Hannig Clann in Iver ruai  
 Buion dhargu s lua rinn  
 Ca mor er cairdis is er daimh  
 25 Do huabh fearg is mor bhái  
 Hanig triuir vac chlann Dhuin  
 Hanig er Buoin ser nios  
 S deich fiad skin dhearg na gall  
 Diolta gach aon fhear glúu eud  
 30 Ca imu agus er eis  
 Dombalach nír gach sheoil  
 Hanig nis o ca' guch meí  
 Sho do til neul i cruai  
 Er egil fuair no vri  
 35 No no va er mo chin do lua  
 Deich eud sluaigh le neomhí oir  
 Bu deoir na elo an ni ca  
 Do mahu marach ner sloi  
 Hanig sin rua gu brais  
 40 Hanig sud is Fílonal fial  
 Se chaogad ski is cloir glass  
 Bho Dhuine fir ghlic na feine  
 Gu Dun Lermoin nan clais cass  
 Hanig Fiom a ries cheil bui mhóir  
 45 Agus glarín o Gach neach  
 Rein biova as gach trein  
 Er lin gom bo trom er feachd  
 Er bhi dhuinn tamal nu euidim  
 Huncas thír na slei  
 50 So agin in erei vors  
 Sho buion an treal is fear  
 Co lúmas in mol in treol  
 Ach ní mo vaicuis do cumhí gloir a hear  
 Bha scabull oir er i gualin  
 55 Le cean veaird do chlach i Buai  
 Le gú lei ad chil dirich  
 Le eloi Cruai co hirch fúach  
 Bo sin laoch fergach fúalach  
 Osgir calmund cruai vullach  
 60 Bo cho rdil leis gach Cai  
 Mae an voir vic na hard la  
 Er bí gu hin gidis don tli  
 Lein gu Osear nanaim neih  
 Ghluais an ar tarug mor meirát  
 65 An sin gur an gu lan teilach  
 Heis síu ma na ghil ghréin  
 S deich Caan ca gne erin  
 Van Bhratach nír dhail glan  
 Ma rivin alan in dait i  
 70 Deich eiginis deich mí bargu  
 Hanig stench in trai no doss  
 Sud cluoi no gabh iad tar  
 Fannin agus Blas is fois  
 San gu Dun Lermoin nan lann



- 75 Voi bo lionor ann iomad fer  
San hij linai nin ian  
As gach sliar near is niar  
Ima skia gun shorbtu leis  
Agus Oros es na haird lan
- 80 Sioma le lumb is cos  
Gun gherrin leis agus cean  
San leis choisgen in loi  
Mo vaicins oscar nan Caan  
Vo chorug Lermou no closs
- 85 Hug mor go anioy leis gu haov  
Ghern duit Phadric uir  
Shall beg edrim in Dun  
Le hurpib mo chiu mo chleas  
Nan inarrin fein no Clessin dlu
- 90 Gur ni Oisin bochl mac Fin  
San orm legid gach run  
Scad harlin mi nochl gin ra  
Sim udar Ca er linn  
Ghisin duit Phadric no Bochtu
- 95 Oslu chunis mo chos gu noi  
Vo nads cho drin mo laimh lottu  
S fad lom so nochl sgar 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, Oisain 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 Oisain, Caoilte, and Padruig; and their subject, the adventures of the Heroes who figure in these Scotch collections, namely, the Fionne and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland.—J. F. C.

- 1 Ixts ghuin Osein eile  
Vie fin va seach min sceul  
Ca cah bo truoi leat fein  
Chuirr le do laoich airm gheur
- 5 S meirg us dheinich sin diom  
Phadrick se do mo dhion  
S-gur e ca bo truai lhum  
La san chuir sin Dir Chloinn  
Vo cha gaura na slei geur
- 10 Phadrick na abram breung  
Nach do lean linn dor fein  
Ach mis is Caolt di aon vein  
Hug shin as sin er dios  
Gu [tigh] te alvi na mor chios
- 15 Far an bi mnaoi na fein  
Agus Claunna na Caomh chlev  
Oir 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 aguil
- 25 Chur shin techdire vuain  
Gu ri Lochlin vor luai  
Cha dugamid da cios no caimh  
No ni fo do' ou 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 Camaitan  
Sud lavir mac Oscar in aig
- 35 Na leig vo na cha slan  
Mar bans lin kor aiv  
No ma in don donval  
Sud laver mac Cairry e risd  
Na i e so no cha nios
- 40 Fer cruit taebis leo sies  
Mis mait er mor chios  
Hagaid hugin aid ro mi

- Churr leo tullach er bal chri  
Sud hug e mnaoi fein
- 45 Choit glie s bo gei cheil  
Gun cha hord san uair  
Ve ach erin vor luas  
Na Covid suas chloin slan  
Gun dennid nein Col-on
- 50 Charich sin cotan strool  
Ma ni mionin sionmh saish (?)  
Na cuirtin bear maish  
Na seibulin oir er ghleist  
Le ceanveart chloech int chuin
- 55 Togimid ris i Clann gin imru  
Le lanna fo niumui buai  
Le Crios eru crann vuc  
Togimid sud ri tiv suas
- 60 Bratach Fiu lla na mor lioch  
Ach gun drang sin i mbruc  
Toggar hui in duin  
Der hunig sin aid nil er lar  
Chloin gin ta bo lag bo neimnach
- 65 Tsalriu gur or fearu Phail  
Agin so chnoc er co'ad  
Mhin shin garh cha sin uair  
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  
Dünid aid uile san oeu uair  
Henta nderg mac nio va fein  
Ri mac ri Lochlyn no narom geur  
Cean da ord dhe
- 80 Do bhém Currid Cloimh  
Chuir e slei no tre chrios  
Na hünna linn colvi  
Noich sin duin fo blaron  
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 gun aon neach  
Sealg an la sin ri mo linn  
Vo rei ist elvin ri aon lo  
Chlerich cha neic mar sin
- 100 Sealg an lo sin mar sin chleri  
Churra 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 chredhi nam  
Mar hunnig mi uair an Tullach  
Phadrick leais na sailm  
Suaor no thurai ri inish

## 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 dhinn e shelg ni Chuan  
Cuir na feild fad vuain  
Go vacuis tiin do n telg  
Maidin uir an heart chrodherg
- 2 Crios du crios du' er i taobh  
Crios is ailt cha er mnaoi  
Va erra oir er chean chrios  
Sin go mho decir do heoid ga val

- 3 Le cullainn seddi uain  
Er dorn iyhlin deis na fer chruai  
Tamul duin mar sin  
Shin fuairach err na conn
- 4 Gur e ghuseir in golan geilrach  
Tartir in ci bo vor meimmi  
Vo ntom er ro Paul  
Gus in ntom er ro Connon
- 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 Dernaad mac in ri  
N da Chon dherg hu mha gniomh  
Ma'ar na cuainn va glinn  
Dhag na ley cu Ithan
- 7 Go no leg nosu fla na fian  
Gach cu fha cean sliabh  
Cha raclu cu ai na ri  
Gun damh argindach aoni
- 8 Glaigh mo gha chu 's i fen  
S gur i feilt aid heir is hiar  
Se cu na riin glan  
Ghranach ris in annir accein?
- 9 Heis in riin gu dur dur  
S ghlacci milchu er i mer  
S gun leiggi gu cumsach ceart  
Na tri choin da nin loan
- 10 Beannaet ossin er i mheul  
Agus innis do skeul er chon  
M Bio'n oribh erru no airna  
Dir he i sibh don telg nach lo
- 11 Cha vin agin in er mor  
Gun lein sreoil gun da choin  
Gun chean bheart choichlich oir  
S gun da lei an dorn gach fir
- 12 Gun chotun don Tìd sheimh  
Gun luirich malich sheimh ghlain  
Gun skia uain chosnu buai  
S gun lann chruai gu skolta chean
- 13 Beannach Ossin er u dheì  
Beannach fos er t' anam fein  
Innis duim Ca miad fa  
Thuit er sliabh na Beann fin
- 14 La gin raclu Fion do shealg  
Sgo mbo shealg sin fo bheannu borb  
Gin vi cudrich don eainn  
Ach e fein san n' in òg
- 15 Sealg in lo sin ri mo linn  
Vie Alpin in go glinn bla  
No gu' na ceol as in chil  
S me gur bin linn an la
- 16 Ossian is bin liom do ghloir  
Beannach fos er anam Fhìn  
Is innis duim ca miad fa  
Gun huit er sliav na beann fionn
- 17 Huit er tri mìle fiadh ban  
Gun ari er erb no er ai  
Gun huit er in trai fo na ghlean  
Do feivich le Fionn na fha
- 18 Beannaet Ossin er a bheul  
Is innis duim do skeul er choir  
Bin oirbh erru no airna  
Nam dol don telg gach lo
- 19 Cìl hialt in doinn ma seach  
Cha nait neach mar sid ach fionn  
Fer beur innach is aine  
Cha do chrai lumb vosu cion
- 20 Biomu an ard leoch fuilach fial  
Er nlin sliabh inisi Crot  
Guinnach ialach an i lamh  
Ghablas leis vos laimh in tore
- 21 Sin do gherich Cuain an tuire  
Leig sin na huile er i sheilg  
Mar bion nar lannan suar lamh  
Cha chuiri slim far er in telg

- 22 Leig shin sud deich ceud cu  
Bo ro va lus is va garg  
Vorv gach Cu ghlu da in  
Mis drug in ein er in lorg
- 23 Heis in riin gu dur dur  
Ghlacci 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 hugin dhe bar Bivil  
Curra' croind Conlaoch  
Le gissin moir e garbh glinn  
Vo Dhun scaich do Gherin
- 5 Dhiarich Cuchullin ri cach  
Co ehurraimind 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 bo mhoir agin sparn in laoch  
Chealt Connal le Conlaoch  
Fianis no Fein uile  
Agus Ri no Currei combrate
- 15 Ceud do nar sloi gu 'n cealte leis  
Bu deacair a sceul ri binnis  
Ach Cuchullin no slei slim  
Nuair hunnig e coirich Chonnail  
Gluais e le neart trenne lainn
- 20 Do dhetin sceul dho no mhacan  
Comhrug riomse sendir duit  
No do loinnu dho mar charrid  
Go do roian do gach euid  
Ach cha chuid toighi dhuìt mo chomhrag
- 25 Gissin hug mi no mo Thendh  
Nach fadin skeul hord do neach  
Ach na dugu do neach fo no ghreinn  
Bau duitse ghnuis airal  
Ach verrinse dhuìtse mo mhoid smo Briathar
- 30 No do boilte mi mar an criathar  
Nach teanta mi go teulach Fhìn  
Gun ao chean no do loinnu'  
Fhir agus fhir Vig  
Ga do labhair cha baghlin
- 35 Cha buiral duitse an Fhein uile  
S nach deannins mo loinnu ri aon duine  
Ach na digu Fienu' Phail  
Sho chuid be les ghù ri gbra  
Chuiru du taimne ri tar
- 40 Is bedur dhuìt do loinnu  
Ach buggaid shin gu cheit  
Fo deachlin is tha ban gu reitac  
Maca sin gun duaire ghoinu  
Agus doltan sin do na chruaidh chubha
- 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 binid na seid n' ainmbeus  
O sole dainich leat mise  
Do mhae seimh sualdach  
Nuair chrai 'n gu fuar fann  
'N tsleidh i ha ort a harlig
- 55 Inise Conlaoch macee Chonn  
Eir dlach dhain Diallbin  
Is mi n' ran dhag u mbroin  
In Dun scaich go mfholan  
Seachte Bliun deug dho sin tir hoir
- 60 Foghlam goisgin vo mo mathair  
... sin na hurchir sin  
Cho ro oira do essi triuir  
Oh o Dun a mhiie Scheimbe  
Do heisge dheimin go erioch mfhulig
- 65 Gul do chorug nios le grain  
Och o dan nach truaidh an turras  
Do mharbh mi us gun aon lochd

- S trua' nach e mo bhas ghair mi  
 Mis do dhearg mi er do chomh chorp
- 70 Ach a Chonlaoh chri  
 'S merg mi ghairich er do shivil  
 No rubi du merion cho bhains no maonir  
 As ma do ghoul sma do gheisi  
 Sma do mhac Cullain chelli
- 75 Sma dhainh uile nach an leo huit maon vaccs  
 Bhoce mharvin anno terig  
 Ceud no ceuda da dhaince  
 Ach lia mi nos e de sar kaoch  
 Gun mhac dilis no gun Bhrathar
- 80 Agus gun Chonlaoh tha is dun  
 Och o d'air 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' Deilginach 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 risid  
 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 aoidh i Fhionn  
 Is errach liom no rianis ort
- 4 Mis agus m' ahair is Goul  
 In trair bu mho gloimn sin Fhein  
 I cid ha mi gun chrislich gun chonn  
 Eisd' na nochd ri ordu Chleir  
 ndelginach mhoir.

C. 10. AMHUIRBHIRTAD. 123 lines.

FRAGMENT.

Advocates' Library, July 18, 1872. See above, p. 66.

- 1 Cha 'n e mharbh I ach an Fhian  
 An drong dheth nach buinear geil  
 S mor nair do Flath Fail  
 Bhi goilligh do luclan aon Eilean
- 5 Gad bhagh shuaga domhain uille ann  
 Eidir clumant is Uaislibh  
 Fuath na duine cha rachaghar  
 O Shluagh Fhein ahain alt bhugh  
 Trogar hugam ms theadag coir
- 10 Rith na Hesperin is a Lod  
 Righ Greig Righ Gallan glan  
 S gun trogar lein deich nulle Baruich  
 Oir trial mis an Iar  
 Trialam agus trialam fos
- 15 Agus bherins na mhionan Rith  
 Ma mharbhaigh mo Mhuirirteach mhin  
 Nerin na thag mi elach  
 Ann Alt nan toran no Fireach  
 Gun trogail ann corain mo long
- 20 Eruint cloimhant cho throm  
 Ruin brebanaich air maur  
 Gu tarrin as a tachair  
 Smor s'ylagh do Loingean bhan  
 Dheanaigh Eruin a thogail

- 25 'Snaoh do Loingean cir bith  
 No throagair do Dheuin Coig dhinnt  
 Deich fichtid is deich mille long  
 Throg an Righ sla Raclad bha trom  
 Eir slath Erin chuir as
- 30 Eir mhian na Heruin na faraigh  
 Cha ro port na leth phort ann  
 Ann an Coig Coigil na Heruin  
 Nach robh lan de na Loingean mhath  
 Ach Birlin fo Thighearnan
- 35 Chuir E teachdnairceadh gu Flath Fail  
 Muirirteach hium an dras slau  
 Le beorbagh Erin uille  
 Eidir Mhac Righ is ro dhuine  
 Bhuigh mac Cui sud
- 40 Do Righ Lochlain gun diombail  
 Deich ceil skia is Clainh crudaichd  
 Deich ceid uthal den dearg or  
 Deich ceid Sualtar chaod Chath  
 Deich ceid Bratach min daite
- 45 Deich ceid Saoth nam beigu leis  
 Deic ceid srian ler agus Diaghlaid  
 Gad fhaighigh Ri Lochlain sud  
 Na bha sheoid bhughach ann an Erin  
 Mionach nach tiligh e slugh
- 50 Ach an buigh Eruin na Tor ruagh  
 Fear labhairt a chonrath chiuu  
 Tre mhic Tanhan mhic Treunmor  
 Bear na siarugh o thuir gu tair  
 Air fatar uille cir an aon bhonn
- 55 Sin dar thuir Garaidh nan Gleann  
 Ma ghabhas sibh comhairle Fian  
 Bheir air sar cir Eir Flath  
 'S bith sibh ga brath fo Eanibh  
 Fhogair Julin 's bu chein Laoich
- 60 Gach neach lean e taobh cir thaobh  
 Ga leandraigh chaid on atha  
 'S main buil leis Neach da fhasaght  
 Stads Iulan mar a ta  
 Se labhair Macuil an-aigh
- 65 Ga ele impith an Irr  
 S ro mha lamh san Irghiol  
 Huird Osgar 's e gabail leo  
 Ga be long dhu 's aird sheoil  
 Snaubas i fuil cir a druim
- 70 No cha neil urad nan culunn  
 Gluaisigh Fliogh freigirach Fiuu  
 Git thagraidh gu hialach  
 Sa labhair gu fir ghlic E  
 Ris an Rith gu neo-ghraite
- 75 Ga beg bhlas an Fhian ann  
 Na seachd cathan cochlumant  
 Bheir sibh air teane leim tre lann ghlas  
 Oir ni slath uille air aineas  
 Brengach do bheachd Fhilibh Fhian
- 80 Se labhair gu feargach an righ  
 Cha ma na trian na bheil ann sud  
 Ni bheil dh Fhian ann Eirvin  
 Trogar hugain fearg an righ  
 Lan do mheig s bo dhanrium
- 85 Nam bole dhunin bh eir a cumi  
 Cha bear dhaibh tin huggin  
 Rinn iad croth mor air maigh  
 Sluagh Ri Lochlain nan nar timchioll  
 Ach nar serios uille cir an aon bhail
- 90 Brionaigh sa chroth Mli fear  
 Dhianaigh colg gush choman  
 Bu honor claignan ri chuir ri lair  
 Agus colann dha maolagh  
 Brionaigh ann gear lo sleigh
- 95 Agus Tosenair caol rinnenach  
 Buma lamh Thrum damair cisanh  
 O Erith Grein gu ceo Fheasgar  
 Bhar Osgar an tuagh an slugh  
 Ceid Fear Sleigh sa chuid nair
- 100 'S ceid cille sa Phobul a risid  
 S e deanaibh gus an ard Rith  
 S ceid cile da mhath slughan na Fear  
 Eir an taobh cille do Rith Lochlain  
 Eidir na saothan ma seach

- 105 San gheibht an Tosgar gu criatach  
Ach na mharbhaigh le dìthr na sluaigh  
Ruith air mhiad on arach  
Dar chunnaig iad gun huit a Bith  
Aig miad amir san aire
- 110 Leig le strathaibh gu sàl  
S bha chor chath eir an iomthan  
Fichid mille Rì Lochlain do tshluagh  
Eir oehd Cath Bein Edin re aon uair  
San deach o aobhair arn as
- 115 Ach aon mhille gu an Loingear  
'N de tan toir don aire  
Chite gumna chalp a dha  
Gu rachraig roi thnalagh na sliagh  
Na Corium tro Druim Osgar.

- 120 Nam buigh du an la sin  
Eir Oehd Cath Beinn Edin  
Cha chual lethart do ghuin  
O bhas na Fian a dhaon La.

Finid.

Here follows a short Sermon in Gaelic, ending with—  
'Is fo dheirigh Codhuinign le fuinn chleachdlaith.'

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. Nidry Lodge, Kensington.—J. F. CAMPELL.

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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