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THE MACDONALD COLLECTION
OF
GAELIC POETRY

THE MACDONALD COLLECTION

OF

GAELIC POETRY

BY

THE REV. A. MACDONALD

MINISTER OF KILLEARNAN

JOINT AUTHOR OF "THE CLAN DONALD," ETC., ETC.

AND

REV. A. MACDONALD

MINISTER OF KILTARLITY

JOINT AUTHOR OF "THE CLAN DONALD," ETC., ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Editors, who have been engaged in the preparation of this volume now for some time, desire to express their regret at the unavoidable delay in its publication. The poems came into their possession from various sources, which have been fully detailed in the Introduction and Table of Contents. The volume consists almost entirely of poems which have not hitherto been published. In a few cases, the Editors consider themselves justified in including variants, as well as more complete versions, of poems that have already appeared in print. In making this contribution to the native literature, the Editors, to whom it cost considerable labour, would fain hope that their efforts will be appreciated by all lovers of the Gaelic tongue. The Editors desire further to gratefully acknowledge the assistance rendered in the preparation of the volume by, among others, Miss Fanny Tolmie, Edinburgh, and Miss Christina Macdonald, Kiltarlity Manse; Dr Morrison, Kinloid, Larkhall; Mr and Mrs James Macdonald, Moss Cottage, Benbecula; Mr Farquhar MacIennan and his daughter, Nurse Marion MacIennan, Balivanich, Benbecula.

March, 1911.

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SIOL CHOLLA	1
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This panegyric on the race of Colla Uais, from whom the Family of the Isles is descended, is from a manuscript in the possession of Clanranald, and is in the handwriting of Cathal MacVurich, who flourished in the latter half of the 16th and in the first half of the 17th century. The name of the author is not given, but it was probably composed by one of the MacVurichs early in the period of the Lordship of the Isles, when the MacVurichs were bards and senachies to the Island Lords.

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These lines were composed by O'Henna, an Irish bard, in the time of John Macdonald of Isla, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles from 1449 to 1498. They are from the Black Book of Clanranald, and are entitled, " O heña do riñe so deoin a hîle."

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III.

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This panegyric on the Macdonalds is from an ancient manuscript written in the Irish character. The name of the author is not given. It dates back to an early period in the history of the Lordship of the Isles.

Edin. MS. LXXV
(See M. & C. cat. p.)

It is a fine poem, much above the general level of such eulogies in chasteness of conception and vividness of style.

IV.

A CHREAG GHUANACH 9

This poem takes its name from a rocky eminence in Lochaber. It is commonly styled "A Chomhachag"—"The Owl"—originally a denizen of that rock, and latterly domesticated with the author, Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh nan Dàn. There are many versions of the poem. The version given here has been collated from several manuscripts, one of which is dated in the year 1725. The author, Donald Macdonald, was a famous hunter, of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and flourished in the early part of the 16th century.

V.

CEAD DO 'N T-SEILG 17

This poem, as a whole, is now printed for the first time. It is of the same measure as the previous poem, to which it bears a strong resemblance, and is by the same author.

VI.

MARBHRANN DO DH' AILEIN, TRIATH CHLANN RAGHNUILL,
AGUS DO RAONULL, A MHAC 20

This elegy was composed by MacVurich, the Bard of Clanranald, on the deaths of two chiefs of the family—the famous Allan Mac Rory, who died in 1505, and Ranald, his son, who died in 1509. It is from the Book of Clanranald, and is written in the Irish character and orthography. A transliteration is here given.

VII.

URNUIGH MARA CHLANN RAGHNUILL 25

This fine old hymn—the prayer of the Clanranald when going to sea—begins with an invocation

of the Virgin and Christ, that they would spread over those at sea, from white dawn to golden eve and through the dark, dismal night their blessed covering, with the guidance and glory of the nine Summer rays, till they reach Moidart and the good son of Mac Allan.

VIII.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR DOMHNULL, TRIATH CHLANN RAGHNUILL 26

This elegy, which is from an old manuscript, was composed on the death, in 1618, of Sir Donald Macdonald of Clanranald by his wife, Mary, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Dunnyveg and the Glens. It is a fine elegy, abounding in tenderness and poetic feeling. It throws light on the cause, though not the manner, of Sir Donald's death. The Macdonalds of Knoydart appear, from the allusion to them, to have been directly or indirectly to blame. It is worthy of notice that whisky was in use at that time.

IX.

ORAN GAOIL DO NIGHEAN MHCIDHOMHNUILL CHINNTIRE 30

This love-song was composed by Maclean of Duart to a daughter of Macdonald, evidently of Dunnyveg. It is one of the few surviving love-songs of the 16th century, composed before the more modern type of love-song, with its tendency towards stereotyped phrases, came into being. Mary, daughter of Alastair Mac Iain Chathanaich of Dunnyveg, married Hector Mor Maclean of Duart, and it was no doubt in her praise the chief composed this beautiful song.

X.

ORAN DO MHAO IAIN 'IC SHEUMAIS 31

This is a fragment of a song composed by Nic Coisem, his foster-mother, in praise of Donald

Macdonald, patronymically known as Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais, who defeated the Macleods in an engagement at Carinish, in North Uist, in 1601. Nic Coiseam, who lived at Eriska with her foster-son, arrived at Carinish on the morning after the fight. On arriving at the Benbecula side of the ford, she gave a loud peculiar cry, and Macdonald hearing it sent a boat and crew to bring her across. It was on her arrival at Carinish that she sang this song. There is a tradition, persistently adhered to in North Uist, that she sang this song to soothe her hero, who had been wounded in the fight, but that having failed in her object, she sent for the women of the district to sing an *Oran Luaidh*, while Nic Coiseam herself performed the part of a surgeon in extracting the arrow from Macdonald's foot. The song sung on the occasion was her own "*Oran Mhic Iain 'ic Sheumais*," one of the best of waulking songs, where the exploits of her hero are duly recounted, published in the *Oranaiche* from a manuscript of the late Rev. J. N. Macdonald, minister of Harris. Nic Coiseam not only nursed Donald as a child, his mother having died when he was young, but she brought him up, had the most unbounded affection for him, and ever afterwards lived with him. Like Fingal's foster-mother, she was a masculine, able-bodied, handsome woman. She had strong passions, deep prejudices, keen feelings, and genius of a high order. Macdonald fought the Macleods in many a field. At Carinish, with 12 followers, he defeated 60 Macleods led by Donald Glass of Drynoch. Nic Coiseam refers to the Macleods as "*Siol a Chapuill*," a distinction more than once met with. They were the race of the "horse," as the Clan Chattan were of the "cat," and the Macdonalds of the "dog," possibly a survival of *Totemism*. The hero of Carinish, ancestor of Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh, husband of the illustrious Flora, lived at Eriska, in South Uist; Carinish, in North Uist; and Cuidrach, in Skye. He died in the house of his son-in-law, Macleod of Gaesto, in 1650.

XI.

CO-BEAG, NO IORRAM MHOR MHIC IAIN 'IC SHEUMUIS . . . 32

This fragment by Macdonald, who apparently cultivated the Muses with some success, refers to the quarrel with the Macleods. Loch-na-bleide is Dunvegan Loch, and Mairi Bheag is his own daughter, married to Macleod of Gaesto. There were three kinds of boat-songs, *Iorram mhòr*, *Creagag*, and *Iomarbhagh*. The *Iorram mhòr* had no repetition of the chorus, and the air was somewhat slow. It was sung in large boats, after the land was left behind, and the rowers with a long and steady pull stretched themselves to the oars. *Creagag* is a quick, spirited song, adapted to a small boat among rocks (whence the name) and islands, where the oars require to be plied swiftly and lightly. The *Iomarbhagh* is sung by two rowers, verse about, and is properly sung *extempore*, each composing his verse, praising, or scolding, or arguing, as they proceed, and is intended to produce excitement in the rowers, lessen their toil, and provide a stimulus for their energies.

XII.

CREAGAG, NO IORRAM BHEAG MHIC IAIN 'IC SHEUMUIS . . . 33

This song by Macdonald contains reminiscences of the battle of Culeen, another engagement in which he fought the Macleods successfully—

“ Bu mhaith Sliochd Dhomhnuill Ghruamaich
A dol suas Blàr a Chuilthionn.”

He remembers also the *creach* of Dunvegan in the days of his youth, when doughty deeds were done by Donald Gorm and his brother Archibald at the very threshold of the enemy. The fight at Culeen took place about 1610.

XIII.

ORAN BRATHAN 34

This quern song is by the same author. In his old age he lived in the house of a daughter who was

married to Macleod of Gaesto, and evidently felt very lonely. One day he entered a back wing, attached to the house, called the "Cùl-tigh," or "Cul-aisde," where two women were grinding with the quern, but without the usual song accompaniment. The women made the excuse that they knew no suitable song. Macdonald then took up his grandson, a young child, in his arms, told the women to raise the chorus and that he would give them a song. The song is in the form partly of a lullaby and partly of a soliloquy. He bewails his own solitude and somewhat dingy surroundings, as compared with his more prosperous days. He has given his son-in-law three good defenders—a coat of mail, a helmet, and a sword—in addition to a good wife.

XIV.

ORAN DO DH' DHOMHNULL GORM OG SHLEIBHTE 35

This song, in praise of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, was composed by his foster-mother, or nurse. It is a poem in every way remarkable, powerful, vivid and picturesque in style, original in thought and expression, and containing several passages full of interest in the light they throw upon the social life of the chiefs of that day. The name of the authoress is unknown. It was composed about 1610. This version was obtained from Miss Fanny Tolmie, Edinburgh, who took it down in Skye.

XV.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR MAC COLLA 40

This song was composed in praise of Major-General Sir Alexander Macdonald, son of Colla Ciotach of Colonsay, Montrose's famous lieutenant, and one of the great warriors of the race. It is in the measure of a waulking song. The version cannot be regarded as complete, and there are consequent obscurities often indeed characteristic of this species of lyric. In the 5th verse there is evidently a hiatus causing a sudden transition from

the death of Auchinbreck, whom Alastair slew at Inverlochry, to sorrow for the death of the Macdonald hero himself which would be shown by his friends, the Macneills of Barra and others, not likely to shed tears because a Campbell had been slain. Sir Alexander was killed at Cnocnanos, in Ireland, 13th November, 1647, and the poem was composed no doubt shortly after that date. Glasgow is referred to as "Glascho bheag"—little Glasgow. This version was obtained by collating two previous ones, the fuller one having been taken down by Miss Fanny Tolmie in Barra.

XVI.

MARBHRANN DO MHAC ALASTAIR NA LUIB 43

This fine elegy was composed to Mac Alister of Loup, but we are not able to identify the particular Laird of Loup who was the subject of it, nor can we trace the author.

XVII.

FAILTE RAONUILL, MARCUS UNNDRUIM 46

This is a Welcome to Ranald Macdonald, first Marquis and second Earl of Antrim, on his coming to Scotland in the cause of King Charles I. in 1644. It contains a eulogy on the Antrim family descended from Sorley Buy Macdonald, son of Alastair Mac Iain Chathanaich of Dunnyveg and the Glens, and on the Clan Donald generally. Lord Antrim was a strenuous and enthusiastic supporter of the Stuart cause, and did everything in his power to raise forces for the Royal interest, but without avail. The author of the poem is unknown.

XVIII.

BRIGID OG NAN CIABH 48

This pretty little song in praise of Young Bridget of the locks was composed by some unknown bard in Ireland to a sister of some Earl of Antrim, as we gather from internal evidence.

XIX.

CLANN DOMHNUILL AN COGADH RIGH TEARLACH I. 49

This is a eulogy on the Clan Donald in the Civil War of Charles I., in which their prowess as the progeny of Constantine of the Hundred Fights is duly magnified. At no time, even when the glory of the Clan was undimmed under the ægis of the Island dynasty, did they distinguish themselves in battle more than they did under the gallant Montrose. They rallied wonderfully to the support of the Stuart sceptre. The song was composed by a lady who fell in love with a Macdonald when the Macdonalds were on their way to the battle of Auldearn. To him she refers in the following verses, which were inadvertently omitted from their place in the song:—

Tha mo chion air an fhleasgach
Dh' fhàg mu fheasgar an de mi.

Och, a Rìgh, 's a Mhic Muire!
Leam a b' aithghearr a chéilidh.

XX.

ORAN DO MHORAIR DOMHNULLACH GHLINNEGARADH 51

Angus Macdonald of Glengarry, to whom this eulogy was composed, was raised to the peerage by King Charles II. at the Restoration in 1660 for his strenuous services both to that King and to his father, Charles I. John Lom Macdonald, the author of the eulogy, was himself elevated to the dignity of Poet-laureate to Charles II. The spirited poem was evidently composed by the famous bard during his sojourn in the Mackenzie country as a fugitive from his native district, which had become too hot for him after the Keppoch murder, as he had been breathing threatenings and slaughter against all who had been involved in it. By this time the Mackenzies possessed the ancient heritage of the Macdonalds of Glengarry in Ross, but it is characteristic of John Lom that though Mackenzie's guest he would rejoice to see the territorial *status quo antea*, and does not conceal his wish.

XXI.

BAS MHARCUS HUNDAIDH	52
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This elegy on the Marquis of Huntly was composed by John Lom on the death of the Marquis, who was executed at Edinburgh on March 22, 1649, for treasonable practices committed against the Covenanted Government. Montrose was at the time on the Continent, but the bard entertains the hope—ill-founded it proved—that he would signalize his return by a repetition of his former successes.

XXII.

ORAN DO CHOINNEACH OG, IARLA SHIPHORT	56
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This song, which is evidently incomplete, was composed by John Lom during his residence in Kintail, to which he fled after the Keppoch murder. Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, to whom the song was composed, held the Earldom from 1678 to 1701. This is by no means a song of eulogy, but rather of biting sarcasm at the expense of the Earl, who, according to the bard, was only a better walker than the ducks, a better swimmer than the hens—this man with the crooked hanging mouth.

XXIII.

SORAIÐH DO 'N GHREUMACH	57
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The *Greumach* of this farewell song by John Lom was the Marquis of Montrose. It was composed after the Marquis's Highland campaign, when he went into exile. The bard has visions of his return, and of the coming back also of Alastair Mac Cholla with twice 900 men.

XXIV.

ORAN DO DH' AONGHUS MACDHOMHNUILL NA LEIRGE	59
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These verses are addressed to Angus Macdonald of Largie, in Kintyre, the 9th head of that house, who flourished at the time of the Civil War of Charles I., and fought in the campaign of 1644-5.

He was also with Montrose at the burning of Inveraray in 1647, and served in Ireland under Donald of Clanranald. He was forfeited in 1649, and his property was given to Argyle. In 1661 the Act was rescinded. This is a fine poem, written in the Irish character, elevated in tone, and manifesting high literary taste. Largie's beauties are set forth, and the imminent sale of the inheritance of Clanranald Bane draws forth the bard's tender regrets. As a matter of fact, however, what the poet feared never happened, and Largie is still in the hands of a worthy scion of Clann Iain Mhoir. The poem was written about 1661.

XXV.

MARBHRANN DO DHOMHNULL, TRIATH CHLANN RAGHNUILL 61

This elegy on Donald Macdonald, Chief of Clanranald, who died in 1680, is the composition of MacVurich, his own bard. The close connection of the MacVurich bardic school with Ireland has given the style of their poetry a strong Hibernian flavour. This poem possesses the same character to some extent, yet of all the poems of a similar origin it is the most spontaneous and the least stereotyped. The bard, however, seems out of it in connecting the Clanranald line with the Earldom of Ross. This Chief gets the credit of having been a liberal patron of the bards, and a benevolent friend to the poor.

XXVI.

MARBHRANN DO 'N MHORAIR DHOMHNULLACH . . . 63

This elegy on Lord Macdonald, Chief of Glengarry, who died in Edinburgh in the year 1680, was composed by John Macdonald of Gruilean, in Eigg, of the Morar family, who flourished in the latter half of the 17th century, known as Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'ic Ailein, and a bard of note in his day. In the course of the poem the bard makes a passing reference to a number of historical events and

personages with which Glengarry was connected; but there is special rancour, rivalling John Lom himself, displayed at the expense of the Campbells.

XXVII.

ORAN DO 'N PHIOBAIRE MAC-A-GHLASRAICH 66

The author of this song was Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch, who died in 1688, and was a poet of repute. The verses, though headed by the name of his own piper, who was a Campbell, are in reality an onslaught on the hereditary foes of Clan Donald, whose chief, referred to here as "arch-traitor," was executed in Edinburgh in 1685. Keppoch composed several poems of considerable merit, some of which have been published, such as "Tearlach Stiubhart, Fear Chailbhinne," "Freagairt do dh' Alastair Friseil," and "Rannan Breugach."

XXVIII.

MURT GHLINNE-COTHANN 67

The title of this composition as the Massacre of Glencoe, by John Lom, is not strictly descriptive of the poem, which says nothing of that historic crime. If the author got his way, the Campbells would be utterly destroyed, and their possessions divided among the leading Macdonalds—

"Is mise bhiodh gu h-aighearach,
'Nam faighinn mar a dh' iarruinn;
An ceann a thoirt de Mhac Caillein,
Agus fail air Mac Iain Riabhaich."

Probably the Glencoe tragedy would have inspired these thoughts.

XXIX.

ORAN LE GILLEASBUIG NA CEAPAICH 69

This song, or hymn of praise, was composed by Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch on his death-bed.

He dwells with frequent reiteration on his infirmity, but with a vein of resignation running parallel therewith. The chief complaint was apparently in his jaws, to which the herb, *Cuach phadruig*, with butter, seems to have been applied.

XXX.

DEOCH-SLAINTE MĪIC 'IC RAONUILL 71

This health song, or toast, of Coll Macdonald of Keppoch was composed by Angus Macdonald—Aonghus Mac Alastair Ruaidh, of the family of Glenco, a well-known bard in his day, who flourished in the latter half of the 17th century. Only a few of his compositions have been preserved. Among these are his elegy on John Lom, and “Oran nam finneachan Gaidhealach.” Coll of Keppoch was in continual conflict with Mackintosh over his patrimony, and at the beginning of his career suffered imprisonment on account of his defiance of the charter holder. As a rule, however, he was more than a match for the Clan Chattan. Coll was abroad when this poem was composed, having escaped after the Battle of Sheriffmuir with Ranald of Clanranald, first to South Uist, and afterwards to France, where he lived in exile for three years.

XXXI.

LATHA RAON-RUAIRIDH 74

This song on the Battle of Killiecrankie, or “Latha Raon-Ruairidh,” as Highlanders call it, is by Angus Macdonald, the author of the foregoing song. Versions have appeared in other collections of this spirited composition, but that given here, which is from a contemporary manuscript, is longer and more complete than any of them, and is a graphic description of the fight and those engaged in it on both sides. The bard himself must have taken part in the battle. Beginning with a eulogy and lament for Claverhouse, he goes on to detail many features of the bloody field, the loss sustained

by Sir Donald of Sleat, the youth of Allan of Clanranald, the death of Donald Gorm, Glengarry's heir, and the Tutor of Largie. The poem contains much contemporary history, and reflects the average Highland mind as to the events of the day.

XXXII.

LAOIDH A RINN SILIS NIGHEAN MHC RAONUILL 82

Julia Macdonald, the authoress of this hymn, was a daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch, and was born in 1660. She composed several poems of great merit, the best of which are perhaps her elegies on the deaths of her husband and Alastair Dubh of Glengarry. In this hymn she laments the deaths of both her husband and daughter. She was an ardent Jacobite, and denounced the Hanoverians in the strongest invective. She married Alexander Gordon of Wardhouse, by whom she had issue, and died in 1729.

XXXIII.

LAOIDH DAINGNEACHAIDH 84

The author of this Hymn of Confirmation was Domhnall Bàn a Bhòcain, in Lochaber, the author also of the hymn, "Dùisg a dhuin' as do chadal." It is a good specimen of religious poetry, manifesting high religious principle.

XXXIV.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHLINNEGARADH 86

The author of this elegy on the Chief of Glengarry is unknown. Alastair Dubh, who fought both at Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir, was one of the most towering men of his race, and one who played a conspicuous part in the history of his time. He died in 1721, amid the universal regret of the bards, who sang his praises in many eulogistic strains, and was buried at Killianan, the last resting place of his fathers.

XXXV.

CUMHA DO DH' AONGHUS OG GHLINNEGARADH . . . 89

The author of this lament was Angus Macdonald, known as Aonghus Mac Ailein, probably of the Glengarry branch of the clan. Angus, to whom this elegy was composed, was the second son of John of Glengarry. He was "out" in the '45 in command of the Glengarry Regiment, and was accidentally shot two days after the Battle of Falkirk, where he distinguished himself by his bravery, January 22, 1746. His son, Duncan, afterwards succeeded to Glengarry.

XXXVI.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH GHLINNEGARADH . . . 92

The name of the author of this song is not given in the manuscript, which is contemporary. The subject of the eulogy was Alastair Ruadh, notorious as Mr Andrew Lang's "Pickle." He receives his due mead of praise in these verses. He succeeded his father in Glengarry in 1754, and died unmarried in 1761.

XXXVII.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH GHLINNEGARADH . . . 93

The name of the author of this health-song to Glengarry is not given in the manuscript.

XXXVIII.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH GHLINNEGARADH . . . 95

The author of this elegy on Glengarry was Angus Macdonald, who composed the lament for Alastair Ruadh's brother, Angus Og. The bard laments the death of both Alexander and his younger brother Angus, while Duncan, son of Angus, a child of tender years, is left to represent the family interests.

XXXIX.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH GHLINNEGARADH	97
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This eulogy on Glengarry is by John Macdonald, 6th of Ardnabie, a Gaelic bard of note in his day, as were several other members of his family. He was a captain in the Glengarry Regiment in the '45 campaign.

XL.

ORAN GAOIL	99
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This is a love-song which tradition says was composed to her lover, who sailed the seas, by a lady of the family of Sleat.

XLI.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR SEUMUS MACDHOMHNUILL SHEIBHTE	101
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The author of this elegy is unknown. It is to Sir James Macdonald, 8th Baronet of Sleat, styled the "Scottish Marcellus," who died in Rome in 1766, and was buried there.

XLII.

MARBHRANN UISDEAN A BHAILESHEAR	103
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Hugh Macdonald of Baleshare, in North Uist, to whom John MacCodrum composed this elegy, was a grandson of Sir James Mor Macdonald of Sleat. He was an outstanding personage in his day in the Western Isles, and played an important part during the troubles of the '45. Though obliged openly to range himself on the Hanoverian side, he secretly espoused the cause of the Prince, and was one of the principal instruments in effecting his escape from the Long Island. While the Rebellion was in progress he was in command of a company of Militia at Kyleakin. From the time the Prince landed in Uist after the defeat at Culloden, Hugh acted as Lady Margaret Macdonald's agent in carrying newspapers, clothes, and other necessaries for his

use to his hiding places. On June 10th, 1746, he, with Boisdale and others, visited the Prince at Corrodale, where they spent three days and three nights, during which the wine of the country circulated freely. Hugh Macdonald of Baleshare, whose character is depicted in this beautiful elegy in the brightest hues, died in 1769.

XLIII.

ORAN NA BAINNSE 106

This song was composed by the bard at a wedding which he attended when he lived in South Uist. The author, Archibald Macdonald, known as "Gille no Ciotaig," was born at Arivicuish, Claddach Kirkibost, North Uist, about 1750, and was brought up there. He was patronymically known as Gilleasbuig Mac Iain 'ic Aonghuis 'ic Alastair, 'ic Ghilleasbuig, 'ic Dhomhnuill, 'ic Iain, 'ic Uisdean. He received a good education for the time, and became clerk to Alexander Macdonald, factor for Clanranald in South Uist. He composed many songs, and excelled as a comic poet. Nine of his songs are given in "The Uist Collection," besides the two given here. We fear his other compositions are now lost. He died unmarried, a comparatively young man, in the end of the 18th century.

XLIV.

Co so Breabadh na Mnatha? 108

This song was composed under the following circumstances:—Gille-na-Ciotaig left Benmore at Usinish to stay a night with the *Fuamhair* at Beul-nahumha, and when he arrived he found the people of the house fighting. On this account he had to take shelter elsewhere, but when he returned next morning the fight was still going on. He then began the song. Gille-na-Ciotaig had great command of the vocabulary known as "Billingsgate." His "Oran an Fhuamhair" is a scurrilous though clever composition. Some of his verses on "Bodach

Bhearnasdail a Unish " could not be printed. The *Fuamhair*, Aonghus Mac Challuim, lived at Benmore, and was a " Leannan Baird " of great attraction. His surname was Smith, and his son, John, who was also known as *Am Fuamhair*, was a weak creature without any fixed residence, and a source of great amusement to young and old as he wandered through the parish of South Uist.

XLV.

ORAN FIR HEISGIR 109

This song is in praise of Archibald Maclean of Heisker, in North Uist. His powers as a steersman and the seaworthy qualities of his galley are powerfully depicted. Archibald was a son of Iain Mac-Ghilleasbuig Oig of Heisker, of the family of Boreray. He was at this time tacksman of Heisker and Steelbow tenant of Peinmore, now part of Balranald. He emigrated to Canada, and died at Ontario in the early part of last century.

Rachel Macdonald, the authoress, known as Raonaid Nighean 'ic Neill, was a daughter of Neil Macdonald, Grenitote, North Uist, where she was born about 1750. She died at Lineclate, Benbecula, about 1820, and was buried at Nunton. Only a few of her songs have been preserved. From the specimens given in this collection, and a hymn published in Donald Macleod's Collection in 1811, it will be seen that she breathes the true spirit of poetry. " Oran Fir Heisgir " was composed by her while storm-stayed in Skye, where she was visiting her friends. Archibald Maclean of Heisker coming in his " Pearg " gave her a passage across the Minch to her native Uist.

XLVI.

ORAN LEIS AN RAONAIÐ CHEUDNA 112

This song was also composed by Rachel when on a visit to her friends in Skye.

XLVII.

ORAN MOLAIDH DO GHILLEASBUIG OG HEISGIR 114

This eulogy on Archibald Maclean of Heisker was composed by Anne Macdonald, his foster-sister, Nighean Domhnuill Oig, housekeeper at Balranald. Archibald was engaged to be married to Susan Macdonald, Vallay, but he left her. Her brother, Major Alexander Macdonald, who was factor of North Uist, became somewhat oppressive to the gay Lothario, and he left the country. These facts are reflected in several passages of the song.

XLVIII.

TALADH ALASTAIR OIG BHALAIDH 116

The author of this lullaby to Alexander Macdonald of Vallay was Donald MacSween, North Uist, patronymically, *Domhnall MacRuairidh 'ic Suainn*. Donald was found dead at Cousamul, a rock on the west coast of Uist, more than a hundred years ago. Alexander Macdonald, 5th of Vallay, was for some time an officer in the Royal Navy, and died in 1845.

XLIX.

MARBHRANN DO BHEAN LIANDAIL 117

This elegy is by Angus Shaw, known as Mac-an-Lighiche. He was a native of Lynedale, in Skye, and had served for some time in the Army. His "Oran Bhuonaparte" is a spirited production. "Bean Liandail" was Jane Craigdallie, wife of Colonel Alexander Macdonald of Lynedale and Balranald. She died in 1818.

L.

ORAN DO 'N CHOIRNEAL DHOMHNULLACH 120

This eulogy was composed to Colonel, afterwards General, Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., of Dalchosnie and Dunalastair, Colonel of the 92nd Regiment. Sir John, who was a distinguished soldier,

and the father of a family of soldiers, all of whom were heroes, died on 24th June, 1866. The author of the eulogy was James Stewart, in Rannoch, known as *Seumus Mor an Duine Bhàin*.

LI.

ORAN GAOIL	124
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The author of this love-song was Angus Macdonald (Aonghus Mac Iain 'ic Iain), Hougharry, North Uist, and the object of his affections was Mary, daughter of MacNeill, tacksman of Kyles-Bernera. Her father, who resented the persistent wooer's addresses, sent Mary to the lonely Island of Pabbay to be out of his way.

LII.

ORAN MOLAIDH DO DH' FHEAR MHOGHUSTOT	126
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The author of this eulogy is at present unknown to us. The subject of it was Hugh Peter Macdonald of Mugstote, in Skye, son of Major Alexander Macdonald of Courthill, descended from Sir James Mor Macdonald of Sleat.

LIII.

MARBHRANN DO DH' FHEAR BHAILE-RAGHNUILL	129
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This elegy is by Donald Maclean, at one time S.P.C.K. teacher at Carinish, North Uist. The subject of the elegy was James Thomas Macdonald of Balranald, factor for Lord Macdonald in North Uist, who died in 1855.

LIV.

MARBHRANN DO DH' FHEAR NA CEAPACH	131
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The author of this elegy on Angus MacDonell, tacksman of Keppoch, was Donald Macpherson, a mason, who lived at Inveroy. He afterwards went to Glasgow, and died there about 1890. Macpherson composed a satire on John Walker of Loch Treig, in which he severely handled him, for

depriving *Seann Ghillean na Ceapaich*, uncles of Angus of Keppoch, of the farms of Insh and Loch Treig, a verse of which may here be given—

“ Thug thu Inns agus taobh Loch Treig uath’,
 Bha e aca mu ’n fac’ thu fein e ;
 Nan robh Clann Domhnuill an còir a cheile,
 Cha robh ’n a’ d’ eiric na chum do cheann ort.”

Angus MacDonell of Keppoch died in 1855.

LV.

MARBHRANN DO CHOIRNEAL DOMHNULLACH, INNSE . . . 134

The author of this elegy was the Gobhann Bàn, whose surname was Campbell. He lived at Bunroy, and was drowned in one of the Canal locks at Gairloch. Colonel Archibald MacDonell, Insh, who was a grandson of Keppoch who fell at Culloden, died in 1813.

LVI.

ORAN GAOIL 137

This is a love-song to his future wife, Marion, daughter of the Rev. Roderick Maclean, minister of South Uist, by the Rev. Roderick Macdonald, minister of Harris from 1847 to 1854, and of South Uist from 1854 to 1900, when he died. He possessed, besides many intellectual qualities of a high order, a strong poetic vein, to which he but rarely gave expression. This fine lyric is original in conception and style, and flows musically.

LVII.

ORAN A CHLO 139

This song is by the same author, after his marriage. Mrs Macdonald occasionally occupied her leisure time at the spinning wheel, the yarn to be manufactured into home-spun cloth. It is a humorous and sprightly effusion on the presumed merits and saleable qualities of the *clò*.

LVIII.

ORAN GAOIL	141
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This is a love-song by the Rev. John N. Macdonald, minister of Harris, in the name of the minister of North Uist, who was supposed to be in love with Miss Jane Macdonald, Balranald. The author was minister of Harris from 1855 to 1868, when he died. He was, besides being a man of extensive scholarship and many accomplishments, a poet, and had he devoted himself to the composition of Gaelic poetry he would have attained to high distinction.

LIX.

CUIDEACHADH MHR. UISDEAN	148
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The occasion of the composition of this poem, which is by the same author as the last, was casual, but the poem itself is distinctly powerful, though there is something of the nature of an anticlimax towards the end. This is inevitable from the mock heroism of the motive. The Rev. Hugh Macdonald, minister of Bernera from 1851, and afterwards of Trumisgarry, had indulged in verses perilously bordering on the satirical at the expense of the minister of Harris, and this poem, by way of helping him, was the result. There is undoubted grotesqueness in the idea of Odin's head, said to be buried at Griminish, having been, along with many others from the bygone ages, called to earth by the strains of Mr Hugh's lyre, looking for the largest human frame available, and finding even the gigantic proportions of Mr Macdonald, Scolpig, inadequate.

LX.

CUMHA DO MHAC LEOID DHUNBHEAGAIN	148
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The subject of this lament, the author of which is unknown, was Sir Rory Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, who died in 1626 at Fortrose, and was buried in the Cathedral there.

LXI.

SATH-GHAL MAIRI NIGH'N ALASTAIR RUAIDH 150

This lament for Macleod was composed by the famous Harris poetess while the Chief was still living. Mary Macleod sang her lament by his bedside. When the song ceased the Chief sat up, and Mary then sang a song of gratitude for his restoration to life. The Chief appeared to be very angry at her, and reminded her of his command to her to compose no more songs. The poetess defended herself by saying that it was not a song but a *crònan*, or crooning. It was of this Chief, Roderick, the 15th Macleod of Dunvegan, that Mary sang, on his death in 1664—

“ Gur a sinn' th' air ar ciuradh,
Tha leann-dubh oirnn a' mùchadh ar cléibh,
Mu Thighearn' Og sin ar dùthcha
Bidh sinn tric air ar 'n ùrnuigh gu geur ;
Ruairidh còir a chuil chleachdaich,
Fear mor macanta treun,
Craobh dheth 'n abhull a b' ùire,
Gun do thuit i gun ùbhlan, gun pheur.”

Mary Macleod was a daughter of Alexander Roy Macleod, and was born at Rodel, in Harris, in the latter half of the 16th century. She is said to have died at an advanced age in 1674. The song given here was taken down in 1861 from Mairi Bheag Nigh'n Domh'll 'ic Ruairidh, Eboist, Skye, by Miss Fanny Tolmie. *See Tolmie Collection, No. 2.*

LXII.

AIR BAS CHROMBAIL 152

These lines were composed by Maclachlan of Kilbride on the death of Oliver Cromwell in 1658.

LXIII.

MARBHRANN DO MHACCOINNICH GHEARLOCH 153

This elegy, the author of which is unknown, was composed to Kenneth Mackenzie, 6th of Gairloch, who died in 1669.

LXIV.

CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH	155
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John Garbh Macleod of Raasay, famous in song and story for his great physical strength and personal exploits, was drowned in April, 1671, with 26 other persons, "after a rant of drinking," on his way home from Lewis, where he had attended a christening banquet at the house of the Earl of Seaforth. This lament was composed by his sister, Janet. Among others, Mary Macleod composed a touching lament to his memory, and Patrick Mor MacCrimmon commemorated the sad event in the well-known piobaireachd, "John Garbh Macleod of Raasay's Lament."

LXV.

MARBHRANN DO CHAIPTEAN MACCOINNICH, SUIDHE	156
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Captain Mackenzie of Suddie, for whom this elegy was composed, commanded the regular troops in the Battle of Mulroy in 1688, fought between the Mackintoshes and the Macdonalds of Keppoch, when Coll "took the hill on them," and defeated Clan Chattan with great slaughter. Captain Mackenzie was killed in the engagement. The author of the elegy was Brian, the Bard of Assynt. This bard flourished in the second half of the 17th century, but as early as 1650 he composed a eulogy on John Mackenzie, known as "Iain Mollach," who succeeded his father in 1646. This "Oran do dh' Fhear na Comraich," though not given here, is in our possession. The only other notice of Brian we can find is in the satirical duel, or *eisgeadh*, between himself and John Lom. The following verse by John Lom, the mildest of them all, and omitted from the printed version, may here be given—

"Le mheud 's a fhuair mi bhagrath orm,
 Gu'n d' chum e raoir an cadal uam ;
 'S cha 'n ioghnadh mi 'bhi abartach,
 'S ann agam a tha chòir."

LXVI.

MARBHRANN DO DHUIN' UASAL	159
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The author of this elegy is unknown. Though the internal evidence is somewhat indistinct, it appears to be a Mackenzie poem.

LXVII.

MARBHRANN DO DHUIN' UASAL	162
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This is a fine old elegy, the author of which is unknown.

LXVIII.

CUMHA OIG FHIR, &c.	165
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A lament by a young man whose betrothed died on their wedding day. The author is unknown.

LXIX.

CUMHA DO DH' FHEAR NAN DRUIMNEAN	166
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This lament, the author of which is not known, was composed to Allan Maclean of Drimnin, who died unmarried in the first half of the 18th century.

LXX.

MARBHRANN FIR THALASGAIR	169
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This elegy was composed to Donald Macleod, 3rd of Talasker. The author was John Maclean, known as Iain Mac Ailein, the well known Mull Bard, author of many songs, some of which are published in "The Maclean Bards."

LXXI.

CUMHA PEATHAR	172
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This fugitive ballad is a lament for two brothers who had been drowned.

LXXII.

CUMHA DO MHNISTEAR	174
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This is a lament by his sister for a minister who was drowned. A different song originally from the last, but in the course of tradition the two have become associated with one another.

LXXIII.

CATH CHUILODAIR	175
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This is a lament for Colonel Dugald Maclachlan, who fell on the fatal field of Culloden, by Lachlan Dubh Maclachlan.

LXXIV.

ORAN DO MHACLEOID DHUNBHEAGAIN	177
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The author of this fragment is unknown. On the authority of the old manuscript from which it was copied, it was composed to "Mac Challuim 'ic Leoid Dhunbheagain." If this be so, it was composed to John Macleod, IV. of Dunvegan, who died in 1390.

LXXV.

RANN AIR GRIOGAR ODHAR AED	178
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The author of these lines in praise of Gregor Macgregor is unknown. Gregor, who was reckoned a great warrior and one of the handsomest men of his day, was a son of Duncan of the Glens of Phanean, brother of Gregor Roy of Glenstrae, executed in 1570, and cousin of Alastair of Glenstrae, executed in 1603 for the affair of Glenfruin. Gregor Odhar himself took part in this fight.

LXXVI.

ORAN DO 'N RIDIRE DONNCHADH CAIMBEUL	179
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The following note is given in the manuscript from which these verses are taken:—

"The above Duncan was called Donnchadh Dubh a' Churraic, but the Campbells call him

Donnchadh nan Caisteal—a false, deceitful man. The Castle of Taymouth was originally built by him, and he made great additions to the Castle of Caolchuirn, in Glenorchy. He likewise built the Castle of Finlarig, Edinamble, and the Castle of Barcaldine. He had a great many illegitimate children, and he never denied any woman that came to him with a child. One came with a large cat rolled up in flannel, a corner of which he lifted up to see the child, when he exclaimed: ‘ O ’s goirrid a tha eadar a bheul ’s a shròn, ’s olc am biatach a bhios ann, bi gu maith ris.’ ”

Though the lady who composed these verses, which are but a fragment of the original song, is said in the manuscript to have been a daughter of Black Duncan, it appears from “ The Black Book of Taymouth ” that she was a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon. Black Duncan, however, though not her father, had undoubtedly a hand in the death of her husband, Gregor Macgregor of Glenstræe. See the *Tàladh* at page 325.

LXXVII.

ORAN LE BEAN LUSGINTIR 180

Mrs Macleod of Luskinter, in Harris, was the daughter of Alexander Macleod of Luskinter, son of William Macleod of Bernera, and grandson of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera. She married Dr William Macleod of Glendale, who practised his profession in Harris, and was known there as “ Fear Luskintir,” his wife having taken over the lease of the farm from her brother, Captain John Macleod. The “ Gillean grinn ” of the song were her sons, John, Bannatyne, William, Donald, and Ewen, all of whom served in the Army. Mrs Macleod composed several good songs.

LXXVIII.

PAGE

ORAN MOLAIÐH DO DHOMHNUILL MACLEOID	181
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The subject of this eulogy was Donald Macleod, Tacksman of Claggan, on the Macleod Estate, in Skye, afterwards of Kingsburgh, and finally of Coulmore, in Killearnan, where he died in 1877. In his day he was well known all over the Highlands, and there was no finer type of a Highland gentleman anywhere. Donald Macleod, the author of the song, was the well-known Domhnull nan Oran, the Skye Bard, who was born in Glendale in 1787, and published a large collection of Gaelic songs in 1811. He died in 1873.

LXXIX.

ORAN MHC NAOIMHEIN	183
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Patrick Macpherson, the author of this song in the mock-heroic strain, was known as Padruig Mac-Dhomhnuill. He was born at Torlum, lived at Iochdar for a while, was steamboat agent at Lochcarnan for some years, and died at Torlum in 1884, in the 84th year of his age. Patrick was a well-known rhymster and humorist in his day, and many of his witty sayings are current in Benbecula. Macniven, the hero of the song, was an emigration agent and a native of Isla. In this song Patrick takes the unusual course, emigration being always unpopular in the Islands, of praising the emigration agent as the provider of fertile lands across the sea. Not the least of Macniven's virtues, in his estimation, was that when others called for a bottle of strong beverage, Macniven was not content with less than a gallon at a time.

LXXX.

ORAN GAOIL	185
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This love-song is evidently a more complete version of the song given at page 30 of this Collection.

	PAGE
LXXXI.	
ORAN GAOIL	187
The author of this song is unknown. The style is cultured, with a feeling for nature.	
LXXXII.	
ORAN GAOIL	188
This is a love-song between a man and his sweetheart. The man addresses the woman after his death, and makes reference to her loveless marriage with another man. Her departed lover speaks from his coffin, telling how, on his coming to the end of his voyage, the news of her marriage wounded him to the death. She suitably replies. The idea is a weird one worked out with much poetic feeling. The author is unknown.	
LXXXIII.	
ORAN GAOIL	190
This fine lyric was composed by a woman to her sweetheart.	
LXXXIV.	
AM BUACHAILE BAN	192
The author of this song is unknown. Other versions are in existence and have been set to music, but this is by far the fullest we have seen.	
LXXXV.	
ORAN GAOIL LE MNAOI UASAIL	193
This pleasant little ditty was composed by Flora, daughter of Donald Macleod of Bernera, known as the "Old Trojan." She was always in delicate health, and never married.	
LXXXVI.	
ORAN GAOIL	194
A fugitive love-song, the object of the composer's affections being a carpenter.	

LXXXVII.

IORRAM LE TE D'A LEANNAN	196
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A boat-song by a young woman to her sweet-heart on his marrying another.

LXXXVIII.

ORAN GAOIL	198
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A good specimen of a fugitive love-song, well known in Uist.

LXXXIX.

ORAN A MHARAICHE	200
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This is a song by a young woman, who discloses her name as Anne, to a seafaring man who had been unfaithful to her. It has been popular for a long time in the Western Isles.

XC.

ORAN GAOIL	202
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Here the tables are turned upon the softer sex, and female unfaithfulness is held up to scorn. The author contemplated a departure over sea, either to the gold-fields, or to wear the red coat.

XCI.

ORAN GAOIL	204
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This is a love-song composed to a country maid who milked the cows, and wove the homespun cloth. It is sung to a beautiful air, and is popular in Uist.

XCII.

ORAN GAOIL	205
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A love-song by a forsaken swain.

XCIII.

CRUINNEAG NA BUAILE	207
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This is a love-song to a milkmaid, a favourite theme among the Highland bards, for whom the

	PAGE
cattle fold and the milkmaid had a special fascination. The free, open, natural surroundings would stimulate the poetic fervour.	
XCIV.	
ORAN GAOIL	209
This is on the well-worn theme of unrequited love. The lady to whom the song was composed was a daughter of Maclean of Boreray, North Uist.	
XCV.	
MO CHAILINN DONN OG	211
The author of this song in praise of the brown-haired maiden is unknown. It is a very fine song of its class, and is evidently the composition of a man of education and culture.	
XCVI.	
ORAN GAOIL	213
The air to which this song is sung is very popular in many parts of the Highlands, but the version given here has never before been published.	
XCVII.	
IORRAM	215
This is a boat-song composed by a woman to her sweetheart. The prowess of their heroes in the hunting field was a frequent theme of eulogy, as here, among the fair wooers of the Muses.	
XCVIII.	
ORAN GAOIL	217
This is a song composed by a woman whose lover was enticed from her by another fair one, but who has now consoled herself with a new lover.	
XCIX.	
ORAN GAOIL	218
This love-song, which is of outstanding merit, was composed by Angus Shaw, author of the song given at page 117, to fair-haired Mary Macleod.	

C.

ORAN LE SEOLADAIR	220
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This song by a sailor is evidently a personification of the ship "Catherine."

CI.

ORAN A BHATA	221
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This is a boat-song composed to "The Fair Lily" and her seaworthy qualities. Seafaring men of poetic gifts often sang the praises of their craft *sub forma feminae*.

CII.

ORAN GAOIL	222
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This is a spirited eulogy on the seaman-like qualities of a Macdonald from the Glengarry country.

CIII.

ORAN GAOIL	223
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This is a love-song to a sailor, named Alexander, who had evidently forsaken the authoress.

CIV.

ORAN AN T-SEALGAIR	225
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This hunter-song, the author of which is unknown, is an excellent composition, tender in feeling and graceful in expression. The last verse is unusually altruistic for a love-song.

CV.

ORAN LUaidH	227
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This waulking-song was very popular at one time in Uist, and is an excellent specimen of this class of poetical compositions.

CVI.

A SPAIDAIREACHD BHARRACH 230

This waulking-song, or "The Barra Boastfulness," as it is called, was composed *impromptu* by a Barra woman and a Uist woman as they sat at the waulking board. The waulking board was frequently the scene of disputation when a Parliament of women met. The Barra woman exults in the glories of the Macneills, while the Uist woman replies disdainfully by saying that Barra was given to them in charity by the Macdonalds when they were in distress. As matter of fact, Alexander, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, gave a charter of the lands of Barra to Gilleonan, the son of Roderick, the son of Murdoch Macneill, in 1427. It was either Alexander, or some other Macdonald of the Isles, who, on leaving Barra with his retinue, composed the following *impromptu* lines:—

" 'S mithich dhuinn a bhi triall
 A Barraidh chrion nach 'eil pailt,
 Tha na sligean ag innse sgeul
 Gu bheil Clann 'ic Neill nan aire;
 Theirear Tighearna ri Mac Neill,
 Theirear iasg ris an iasg bheag;
 Theirear nead ri seid a gheòidh,
 'S nead an fhìonan fheòir, ge beag."

CVII.

ORAN LUÀIDH 236

This waulking-song is the composition of Nighean Aonghuis 'ic Dhomhnuill Bhain 'ic Dhomhnuill Oig, a near relative of Mac Iain 'ic Sheumuis, the hero of Carinish fight. She lived in the Sand district of North Uist. She was a bardess of note, and composed eulogies to Sir Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, to whom she refers as "Flath mor, meadhrach, Innsegall," and to Mac Iain 'ic Sheumuis. The song given here was composed to some Macdonald of position, whose kinship with Clanranald, Mac Iain 'ic Sheumuis, and other Macdonalds, is set forth.

CVIII.

ORAN LUAIDH	238
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This is a very old waulking-song. A favourite topic in these songs, which are usually the composition of women, is giving the genealogy of the object of admiration, tracing it, as here, to Macdonald, Macleod, and Mackenzie.

CIX.

ORAN LUAIDH	240
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The composer of this waulking-song has a secret in her heart which the song fails to disclose. It is composed to her lover who had left her for one who had a larger tocher.

CX.

ORAN LUAIDH	242
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From internal evidence it appears that this song was composed about 1650. It is addressed at the outset to a lady of the Clanranald family. There are references to several of the clans, the favourite being the Clan Donald. The air is very hearty and pretty.

CXI.

ORAN LUAIDH	244
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This is a North Uist composition some 200 years old. Reference is made to the most prominent men in the parish at that time. We are unable to identify "Seumas na brataich," but the song is evidently his wife's composition.

CXII.

ORAN LUAIDH	246
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This waulking-song is undoubtedly a very old composition, several versions of which we have collected in the Western Isles. The air is common both to the Western Isles and to Ireland, but whether the song itself was originally Irish or Scotch cannot now be ascertained. The air found its way

to England in the 16th century, as appears from an English book of the year 1584. It also appears in a book variously called "The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book" and "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book." Shakespeare, in Henry V., in the dialogue between Pistol and a French soldier, neither of whom knew the language of the other, puts these words in the mouth of the former (according to one version): "Calen o custure me." In an old manuscript in our possession reference is made to Shakespeare's acquaintance with Gaelic airs and his liking for them. It appears, indeed, as if the great Bard of Avon had a personal acquaintance with Highlanders. Donald Gorm Macdonald of Sleat, Maclean of Duart, and others in the Highlands were in league with Queen Elizabeth against her brother of Scotland. There was so much communication between the English court and the Highlands as to make it highly probable that Shakespeare came into contact with Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in London. It is highly improbable that any Highlanders followed in the train of the Scottish Solomon himself when he went to reign in England. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor" the English put into the mouth of the Welsh parson, Evans, is identical with that spoken now by the ordinarily educated Highlander. It is interesting to find the title of a Gaelic song transplanted into the very heart of English literary culture more than 300 years ago.

CXIII.

ORAN LUAIDH 248

This is a quaint old waulking-song, probably an Eigg composition. The measure is unusual, one short line and then the refrain repeated by all the women. The composer descants on her lover's promises, and contemplates a quick passage across "the melancholy main." It was probably the evolution of a scheme of elopement.

CXIV.

ORAN LUAIDH	249
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The authoress of this song begins by eulogising Macleod of Harris, but immediately changes her mind and repeats the sentiment in favour of Clanranald, who had given free lands to her grandsire. Her behaviour towards him was better than that of another maid whom she vituperates by maligning some remote ancestor or *totem*—*Sìol na bruide*. This maid answers, and accuses her antagonist of witchcraft. The references to Donald Gorm and Ranald of Benbecula fix the time of composition about 300 years ago.

CXV.

ORAN LUAIDH	253
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In this song a Barra woman, a partisan of the Macneills, bestows in imagination the Clan Donald patrimony on the Macneills, with a Castle on every knoll in Ireland. The Macneills seem to be in chronic distress, and are now as they appear in the lines by the Lord of the Isles already quoted.

CXVI.

ORAN LUAIDH	254
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This song is by a Harris woman, who dilates on the sumptuousness of her upbringing. She wishes fair weather for the *birlinn*, and curses another woman of whom she is jealous. She praises the Chiefs of the Isles, and bestows extra praise upon Clanranald, evidently Allan of the '15.

CXVII.

ORAN LUAIDH	258
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This song opens in praise of John Campbell of Scalpa, Harris, and winds up with the Macneills on the "ocean wave," no doubt on *creach* intent. The Macneills of old were notorious pirates, who carried their depredations to every creek in the Western Isles, and were a source of terror to their neighbours.

	PAGE
	CXVIII.
ORAN LUAIDH	261
This domestic episode in verse, though apparently old, fails somehow to excite interest.	
	CXIX.
ORAN LUAIDH	263
This song is the composition of a woman in praise of the ship in which her seafaring lover, Roderick, sailed.	
	CXX.
ORAN LUAIDH	266
This song, in praise of an Alexander Nicolson, is probably a Skye composition.	
	CXXI.
ORAN LUAIDH	266
This is a lament for an absent lover, who had evidently emigrated to America. The young maid refuses to be wooed by another, in the hope of his return.	
	CXXII.
ORAN LUAIDH	268
This is a lament by a fair one for her lover, who, though lost to sight, is still to memory dear. The handsome youth in his Highland dress has left behind him an indelible impression.	
	CXXIII.
ORAN LUAIDH	270
The composer of this song is a woman alone on an island with two children who in imagination has been entertaining quite a host of Highland chiefs—Mackenzie, Macleod, Glengarry, Mackinnon, and Clanranald.	

CXXIV.

PAGE

ORAN LUAIDH	272
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This song, which is sung to a beautiful air, was heard in her sleep by a woman in Boreray, North Uist, who had lost her daughter, a young and beautiful girl. When she awoke in the morning she sang the song.

CXXV.

ORAN LUAIDH	273
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The young man who composed this song, which is evidently old, lost his "round brown maid" for want of worldly gear which, it seems, attracted her elsewhere.

CXXVI.

ORAN LUAIDH	275
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The hero of this song, which is from an old manuscript, is the redoubtable Colla Ciotach Macdonald of Colonsay. Coll, after his escape from the Castle of Dunnyveg early in 1615, found his way to the Western Isles, accompanied by various clansmen of the Isla dispersion. A contemporary manuscript gives a lively and detailed account of Coll's wanderings through the Isles, including St Kilda. During his sojourn in the lonely isle, he appears in the anomalous role of arbiter in an ecclesiastical dispute. The people of St Kilda were divided over the question of paying ecclesiastical dues, demanded by an individual who had taken upon himself to discharge certain ministerial duties among them. One section of the community refused to pay on the ground that the man was unqualified, he being unable to repeat the *paternoster*. The matter in dispute was submitted to the judgment of Colla Ciotach, who with great gravity decided in favour of the impostor, declaring that in the whole course of his life he had never heard of a clergyman deposed for being unacquainted with the Lord's Prayer. In North Uist, Colla and his companions held high revelry

among their kinsmen of Clan Donald. It was on this occasion the song was composed by Mor Nighean Uisdean, sister of John Macdonald of Griminish.

CXXVII.

MOR NIGHEAN A GHIIOBARLAIN 278

Marion, the daughter of the Gaberlunzie, which is the title of this broadly humorous song, appears from internal evidence to be a composition of about the year 1650. It was very popular at one time in Uist, and used to be sung to a fine air. The heroine of the satire, unless she is much maligned, was a lady of easy virtue, and the description of her dress, style of hair, and other characteristics, is serio-comic throughout. It has probably received accretions during the centuries. Some verses have been omitted.

CXXVIII.

AIR CALL A CHRUINN-CIUIL 281

Roderick Morrison, the Blind Harper, author of this song, was the son of John Morrison of Bragar, in Lewis, who is said to have had "Ladies' modesty, Bishops' gravity, Lawyers' eloquence, and Captains' conduct." Roderick was intended for one of the learned professions, but while attending school at Inverness he had an attack of smallpox, which deprived him of his sight, in consequence of which he turned his attention to music and poetry, and studied under masters both in Ireland and in Scotland. His fame as a harper secured him the appointment of bard and harper to that patron of Gaelic institutions, John Breac Macleod of Dunvegan, whose elegy he afterwards composed. It was at Dunvegan he composed the song given here, and published for the first time. Sitting by the kitchen fire he dropped the key of his harp in the ashes, which he was raking with his fingers, when Mrs Macleod coming in, enquired of one of the maids what it was that Rorie had lost. "Chaill e 'chrann," she answered. Rory at once took up the word "crann," and giving it a forced meaning, com-

posed his song, which is very clever and humorous. A boat "manned" by women, evidently of some notoriety, their names being given, was despatched across the Minch to Barra in search of a harp key for the blind minstrel. The arrival of the Dunvegan crew in Barra caused no little excitement among the women of the island. The denouement need not be particularised. Rory Morrison, who was famous as a harper and poet all over the country, died an old man, and was buried at Aoidh, in the modern parish of Knock, in Lewis.

CXXIX.

RANNAN BREIGE	284
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This song—verses without truth—was composed by a young woman on her being promised a pardon for her brother who lay in prison under sentence of death, if next morning she could sing a song without a word of truth in it. According to one account, she saved her brother's life, but according to another the one word of truth, "A chuthag is gug-gùg aice," marred the efficacy of the song.

*Cf. Miss Tolmie's letter
N. 137.*

CXXX.

SEANN ORAN LEODHASACH	285
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The main interest of this old Lewis rhyme is in the reference made to an ancient method of manuring the land. One stalked through the field carrying a creel of ashes on his back, and another followed beating it with a stick and scattering the ashes for the benefit of the soil.

CXXXI.

HORO BHODACHAIN HORO	286
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This is a humorous satire composed by a young wife to a greedy and miserly old man. He needed a whole bull's hide for a pair of shoes and a peck of meal for a diet.

CXXXII.

BODACHAN A GHARAIDH	288
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This humorous North Uist rhyme has been often in other years used as a dance tune, in the absence of a musical instrument. The little old man, the hero of the rhyme, flourished in the township of Tigheary.

CXXXIII.

ORAN DO DHROCH BHAILIDH	289
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This savage lampoon on an oppressive factor reflects the mental attitude of the community towards him. It has been added to in different localities, but the original factor is believed to have been on the Ardnamurchan estate. It may have been at his grave the following lines were recited:—

“Cuiribh air, cuiribh air,
 'S e esan a chuireadh oirne,
 'S ma dh' eireas e rithis
 Cuiridh e 'n còrr oirnn.”

CXXXIV.

ORAN NAN TAILLEIREAN	290
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This is a satire on the North Uist tailors by John MacCodrum. His attentions were thus engaged by the sartorial fraternity while he lived at Airidh a' Phuill, in Eval. His satire on the tailors led to his appointment as Bard to Sir James Macdonald, the proprietor of North Uist. The amiable and accomplished Sir James, on the occasion of his first visit to North Uist after his coming of age, met the Bard literally in rags, and was greatly shocked to see him in such a condition. The Bard had no hesitation in telling the Chief the cause of his appearing before him in such tattered garments, and Sir James desired him to repeat the verses which had so roused the ire of the knights of the needle. The Chief was highly delighted and amused, and he there and then appointed MacCodrum his Bard.

CXXXV.

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DIMOLADH PIOB DHOMHNUILL BHAIN	292
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Several versions of this inimitable satire on the bagpipe have already appeared, but in every case the text has been more or less corrupt. It seemed desirable that a pure text should be published, though the poem has long been known to all students of Gaelic Literature. Donald Bain, who was a Macaulay from Paible, North Uist, was a local piper of evidently no great repute as a performer on the great Highland instrument. Even his tuning, as he sat on the kiln rostrum, left much to be desired.

CXXXVI.

LEINE LACHDUNN RUAIRIDH RUAIDH	297
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The wedding shirt of Red Rory is of a somewhat sombre hue, and had passed through many phases previous to his possession of it. It was used as a rag to wipe off sweat in the ball-room, a duster for the tavern table, and other purposes of an unedifying description. It concludes with a pithy speculation on the philosophy of heredity. The author is unknown. The air is that of a well known pipe tune.

CXXXVII.

ORAN AN TAILLEIR	298
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This song is in the form of a dialogue between the bard's wife and a tailor. Tailors in the Highlands used to itinerate, and were wont to feed on the best fare wherever they went. In this case the tailor's fare consisted of soft, watery potatoes, according to his own account of it. The good wife naturally resented the reflection on her housekeeping. The author of the song was Donald Maclean, a North Uist poet of repute, known as Domhnull Bàn na Camairt. He was born about 1760. His father, Ewen, was gamekeeper to Sir James Macdonald, and lived at Ardmaddy. In this situation

he was succeeded by the bard, who in his turn was succeeded by his son, Allan. Donald composed a number of songs, all of which are in a humorous strain and of considerable merit. "Oran na Camairt" may be put in the first class of its kind. "Oran an Duinghaineachadh" is said to have been his first attempt at versifying, and was composed on the occasion of his seeing his future wife for the first time—

"Thug i suil orm air a fiaradh
'S b' e sud a cheud uair a ghabh i 'n dòchas."

She was a daughter of Ewen MacEachen, Dunganachadh, Benbecula, patronymically known as Eobhan Mac Iain Bhàin. Donald was very ready-witted—*geur-fhaclach*. An instance of his *gearradh-cainnte* may be given. He and another worthy and brother bard—an Dall Mor—foregathered on rent-day, presided over by Captain Allan Cameron, the factor. When Donald came into the room he noticed the blind bard—known as "A' Muilleach," and said: "Tha sibh ann, Muillich." Fhreagair an Dall, "Ma's a Muilleach 's buileach." "Ma 's a buileach 's breac," arsa Domhnull. "Ma 's a breac, 's breac geal," ars' an Dall. "'S ann mar sin," ars' a Domhnull, "is fearr leis a Bhailidh Mhor thu, 's bi thu aige air a dhinneir." It was on this occasion, Donald being in arrears of rent, the factor said to him: "Now, Donald, if you put every creature you possess in one verse the arrears will be remitted. Donald at once rose to the occasion, and replied:—

" 'S mi fhin an Dara Domhnull,
Agus Domhnull-a-chinn-bhàin,
Tha bean, tha leanabh beag agam,
Pat is Mairead Bhàn ;
Bò-dhonn, bò-chrom, is dò-bhliadhnach,
Lothag òg, is làir ;
Sin iad air an cunntas
Leis an rùd' air an t-Sronbàn."

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ORAN LOIRAIG 299

This song is also by Donald Maclean. Loirag was a wild wandering woman who bore this descriptive nickname. The bard, on his way to a Christmas entertainment, met her in a lonely place. The verses are descriptive of his mental perturbation.

CXXXIX.

ORAN NA BA 300

The author of this humorous son was Angus Campbell, known patronymically as Aonghus Mac Dhomhnuill 'ic Eobhain, and sometimes as Am Bard Sgallach. He was a native of Benbecula, and lived and died at Aird there in 1843. He composed several songs, four of which are given in this Collection, and was undoubtedly a good bard.

The cow of the song was a *mart-lamhaig* for winter consumption, purchased from Patrick Nicolson, Torlum, factor for Clanranald. The bard describes in a humorous vein the lean condition of the quadruped, evidently in no better condition than the lean kine of Pharaoh's dream. There are several words in this song which are not commonly used now.

CXL.

IAIN MAC 'IC FHIONGHAINN 301

This highly humorous song in the mock-heroic strain was composed by John Macmillan, known patronymically as Iain Mac Uisdean 'ic Dhonnchaidh, who lived at Lineclate, Benbecula, and emigrated to America about 1850. John Mackinnon, son of Neil Mackinnon, the hero of the song, who was a half-witted clumsy creature, attended a local dance, where he presented, it seems, a very ludicrous appearance. Macmillan, who had a keen sense of humour, was present, and watched the awkward movements of the dancer. In the song he gives his hero credit for every virtue and good quality which he emphatically did not possess.

CXLI.

ORAN NAN COILLEACH	303
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Angus Macpherson, known patronymically as Aonghus Og Mac Aonghuis 'ic Dhomhnuill 'ic Iain, lived at Griminish Moor, Benbecula, and died there about 1843. He composed several other songs besides those given here, all of which are meritorious. It is seldom, if ever, that a rooster received such justice as Macpherson's, which was a gift from a friend.

CXLII.

ORAN NA CLIATH-LUAIDH	306
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This song of the waulking board is by the same author. Angus Bàn was in deep depression because the waulking board was lost, and though he had a web of cloth ready it could not be fulfilled. The board was to be taken by boat to another island, but when Callum went to the rock to which the boat was fastened no trace of it could be found. Their adventures form the subject of the song.

CXLIH.

AOIR IAGAIN	310
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This stinging satire was composed by the "Piobaire Mòr," a Lochaber man who emigrated to Canada many years ago. The individual satirized was the Rev. John MacIannan, Episcopal Minister at Fort-William, some 60 or 70 years since. He was locally known as "Iagan Beag a Chotain Bhàin," and was evidently an epicure. The satirist describes in humorous if somewhat scurrilous language how the diminutive Episcopalian, who may or may not have been an advanced ritualist, vigorously feasted on the monster sea-devil, notwithstanding its "high" condition. This sea monster (Mac Lathaich) had been cast ashore and lain there for some time. The minister who lived at Achintore (famous as the bleaching green of the slain Campbells at Inverlochty in 1645) would not allow the piper and a party of roadmen to boil their porridge pot in his kitchen, and he got the satire for his churlishness.

CXLIV.

ORAN AN T-SAOIR	312
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Angus Macpherson, the author of this song, known as Aonghus MacChalluim 'ic Iain, was an itinerant boatbuilder. He was born at Aird-an-eoin, near Creagorry, Benbecula, lived for some time in Barra, where he married, and died at Carnan-an-Iochdair about 1863. The song, which possesses great merit, was composed when the bard was laid aside by illness and afflicted temporarily with loss of eyesight. Angus, who was of a convivial disposition, dearly loved a dram, for which the South Uist priests, Fathers James Macgregor of Iochdar and John Chisholm of Bornish, often brought him to task. Angus, though a good Catholic, resented the admonitions of these good men, and by way of showing his resentment, eulogises Mr Colin Macdonald, the Priest of Barra, who was himself a bard of some repute.

CXLV.

ORAN NA MNATHA	314
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This amusing song by the same author is in the form of a dialogue between himself and his wife, who threatens to leave him on account of his convivial tendencies. She does not condemn moderation, and asserts her right to a more liberal allowance of tea.

CXLVI.

ORAN A BHATA DO 'M B' AINM " STRUILEAG "	316
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This boat-song is by the same author. "Struilleag" was an imaginary boat which was sent from one person to another accompanied by a rhyme. It could not be passed on to the next person without the rhyme.

CXLVII.

MARBHRANN NIGHEAN DOMHNUILL OIG 'IC IGAIN	318
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This very amusing but rancorous mock-elegy was composed by a man MacIsaac from Lochboisdale,

South Uist, while in service at Lochmaddy. His "leannan-baird" and pet aversion was Mary MacKegan, a North Uist woman, at whom he had levelled several libellous shafts. Her personal appearance is reflected in the couplet:—

"O dith bìdh air Nighean Domhnuill Oig 'ic
Igain,

Tha amhaich fhada rìghinn air a chorra
ghrìdhich ghrànnda."

"The tongue can no man tame": not MacIsaac's evidently, as long as Mary Mackegan is near him, and at last he had to answer for it before the Sheriff. Defamation of character is a serious offence in the estimation of the law, and the following verse was nothing if not defamatory:—

"Bhiodh tu far am biodh an tì,
Phliteag nam boirionnach;
Bhiodh an ailis air do dhruim,
Gu 'm biodh tu ri meirle."

In this elegy the place of her sepulture was a churchyard dedicated to St Congan, at MacCodrum's birth-place, not far from the old parish church of North Uist, where, according to the bard, Mary lay in a somewhat unedifying posture alongside a Norse King, with no "storied urn, or animated bust."

CXLVIII.

ORAN AONGHUIS RUAIDH 320

Angus Roy Robertson, the hero of these witty verses, was a servant at Cunambuntag, Benbecula, in the sixties of last century. Angus, who was known as "Aonghus Ruadh Olibheir," was a North Uist man, and near relative of Edward Burke, the well-known body servant of Prince Charles. It was the time of Yule, and the weather was frosty. Angus was sent on a mission to provide the usual aids to the season's festivities, and as his return was delayed, the young men of Cunambuntag, assisted by a neighbour, Duncan MacLellan, strung their lyre, and this amusing ditty resulted. There were grave fears about Angus's fate, and a search party must be organised. As was wont when a great

man died, his meteor was seen two days previously, and "the touch of a vanished hand" would be no longer heard on his fiddle. The hero's obsequies would be duly solemnised. "Bean Thormoid Oig," whose gifts of speech were known, would express the general sorrow, and the jar which was destined for other purposes would be done ample justice to by the convivial "Eoghainn Maor."

CXLIX.

ORAN NAN EIRIONNACH AN GLASCHO 321

This humorous and really clever satire on the Glasgow Irishmen was composed by Alexander Morrison in 1874, when he lived in Govan, where he was employed as a mason. He now resides at Rucaidh, in North Uist, his native place, where he keeps a shop, but unfortunately does not cultivate the muses. He has not composed anything for many years, we believe from religious scruples, but had he chosen to exercise his undoubted poetical gifts he would have earned no mean reputation.

CL.

BLAR HOGH 323

This humorous song—the battle of Howmore—was composed some 20 years ago by the Rev. Roderick Macdonald, minister of South Uist, on a bloodless and amusing scuffle that took place among the members of the Parochial Board, named here "Cùirt nan Cailleachan," over the medical officer of the parish. The incident occurred in the vestry of the Parish Church, where the meetings were held. Local knowledge is needed to fully appreciate the various allusions.

CLI.

TALADH 325

An inferior version of this lullaby appeared in Turner's Collection in 1813, and has since been copied by several others. The version given here, which is incomplete, was obtained in Uist. The

lullaby was composed by a daughter of Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon, known as *Donnchadh Ruadh na Féile*, on the death of her husband, Gregor Roy Macgregor of Glenstræ. She was the mother of Alastair of Glenstræ, who also had a tragic end, and of John Dubh, the baby of the lullaby. The tradition in Glenlyon, which no doubt is substantially correct, is that she fell in love with Gregor Roy, who was a handsome man, and married him against her father's wish. After living in concealment for some time, the couple were tracked and carried to Bealloch, where Gregor was beheaded in presence of his wife. Gregor had not only incurred the wrath of Campbell of Glenlyon, but there had been besides a long-standing feud between him and Caillein Liath of Glenorchy and Black Duncan, his son. At length, at their instigation, Gregor was tried by order of the Privy Council, under the presidency of the Earl of Atholl, and beheaded at Bealloch in 1570. The following entry appears in "The Chronicle of Fortingall":—"The vij da of Apryll Gregor M'Gregor of Glenstra heddyt at Belloch anno sexte an ten yeiris."

CLII.

TALADH 326

This *oran ionndrainn* is by a mother for her lost child, who had been spirited away by the fairies. From the simplicity and directness of the style, the song appears to be very old. As late as the commencement of the 19th century, the practice prevailed in the Long Island of lulling old people to sleep with Fingalian songs and tales. A woman died in South Uist not many years ago whose principal occupation in the family where she served was to perform this duty night after night for an old lady, the widow of the Rev. George Munro, minister of that parish.

CLIII.

TALADH	328
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This lullaby is evidently by a Skyeman lamenting the death of his wife, whose child he lulls to sleep.

CLIV.

LUINNEAG BLEOGHAIN NA BANACHAIG	329
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This beautiful milking song, which has an old-world ring, was composed by a poor widow, whose only daughter had been spirited away by the fairies. The mother had sent the daughter with the cow to the hill. While resting on what turned out to be a fairy knoll (*sithein*), a door opened, and she was taken in and never seen again. This *Luinneag* begins with an address of eulogy to the cow, referred to as "an *Druimfhinn uasal*," to induce her to give her milk. Milking songs have been in vogue from time immemorial, and many cows accustomed to the song will not give their milk without it.

CLV.

ORAN SITHE	331
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This fragment of a fairy song is the composition of a young woman of many personal attractions, who was observed to waste away without any cause for which her friends could account; nor could she be persuaded to disclose to her parents the cause of her decline. At length she disclosed the secret to her sister, on condition of the most solemn promise being given that she would not divulge it. She was in love with a fairy whom she met occasionally by appointment, and the cause of her decline was the sense of extreme loneliness and dreary longing she felt during the intervals of their meetings. The sister, notwithstanding her vow of secrecy, disclosed the whole to her father and three brothers, who forthwith took horses and rode to the trysting place of the lovers, and killed the fairy. The young woman died soon after.

CLVI.

NA TRI EOIN CHRUIÑNE-GHEALLA DBONN	332
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The three birds were the three children of a first wife, and the second was a typical stepmother. The verses illustrate in a series of epigrammatic lines a contradictory wife at cross purposes with her husband, he pulling one way and she another. It is really a satire on womankind.

CLVII.

ORAN NA BRATH	334
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This is the second quern-song in the Collection. Grinding with the quern was in early times a species of servile labour, it being certainly hard work, and this quaint and very remarkable poem is probably a reminiscence of old servile conditions. It is suggestive of the Icelandic song of the Quern Grotte, in which three giantesses grind for King Frodi. Here a variety of inducements are held out to the bondmaid or "cailleach," the quern-cake with the dairymaid's milk being offered as guerdon. Her employer even offered her the goodman of the house, but the quern-maid was sceptical as to the sincerity of this far too generous offer. The inducement that prevailed was the announcement of a man coming to seek for her, thus effecting her deliverance from bondage, whereupon the quern began to move with marvellous velocity, the worker uttering words of delirious ecstasy. This song is altogether a unique illustration of the old life of the people.

CLVIII.

CUMHA MHC-AN-TOISICH	336
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We have given this composition the name by which it is best known, but in the Western Isles, where the version given here was obtained, it is called "Cumha Mhic a Arisaig," or "Bealach a Ghàraidh." Our version seems to have no connec-

tion with the air given in Campbell's Anthology, and one or two other publications. The very name of the hero of the Lament is against the assertion that he was a Mackintosh chief. Eoghann Og was not the name of any of the chiefs of that family. The title, "Cumha Mhic a Arisaig," would seem to identify him with the Clanranald country. Evidently two compositions originally distinct, but bearing a resemblance to one another, have been amalgamated and now form one song. There are several traditions, differing very materially, in regard to its Mackintosh origin. The present Mackintosh believes it to have been composed by the family bard, MacIntyre, in the year 1550, on the death of William, who was murdered by the Countess of Huntly that year.

CLIX.

RANNAN DO MHNAOI UASAIL 339

The author of these lines was John Carswell, Bishop of the Isles. Carswell was born about 1520 at Carnsary, in the parish of Kilmartin, Argyllshire, of which parish he afterwards became Rector, as well as chaplain to the Earl of Argyll. In 1560 he became Superintendent of Argyll and the Isles. In 1566 he became Bishop of the Isles, and died in 1572. His name is perpetuated in the literature of the Highlands by his translation into Gaelic of Knox's liturgy in 1567. There is a Gaelic hymn and a few fragments of his other poetical compositions still remaining. In his zeal for the spread of the Reform doctrines he adopted an inimical attitude to the old Gaelic culture. The lines given here are by no means laudatory, but intended to counteract the vanity of birth, beauty, and accomplishments by an antidote such as another poet administered to Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

CLX.

BIODH AN DEOCHS' AIR LAIMH MO RUIN	340
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This health-song is evidently a Skye composition of the time of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, who died in 1643. It has been sometimes sung as a waulking-song.

CLXI.

ORAN MULAID A PHRIOSANAICH AN DUN-RAONUILL	342
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This dirge of the prisoner at Dunranald, in South Uist, was composed by Brian MacVurich. He was an illegitimate son of one of the MacVurich bards. MacVurich, while studying in Ireland, added this child to the population of the Emerald Isle. Brian, who was a seafaring man, came on one occasion to South Uist, and "lifted" cows belonging to Clanranald, for which he was apprehended and put in irons—piollaid—at Dun-Raonuill, a stronghold of the Clanranald family. It was during his incarceration there he composed the song, on hearing which the Bard MacVurich acknowledged him as his son.

CLXII.

UAIGH MHC CALLDUINN	344
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This is a song of longing, a not uncommon type of love-song, and, like others originating in the Western Isles, abounds in boating references.

CLXIII.

AN EUCAG	345
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This is a love-song of irregular measure, in which the praises of a maiden are set forth with all her good qualities and virtues.

CLXIV.

ORAN MU 'N UISGE-BHEATHA	346
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This ode to whisky, which is, unfortunately, not quite complete, is supposed to be the composition of Mac-a-Lighiche, the Skye Bard. John Barley-

corn, with proper pride of descent, sings his own praises, and sets forth with much emphasis the great influence which he has exercised over a wide field since he came out of "bond" in his native Ferintosh.

CLXV.

ORAN MU 'N EIDEADH GHAIÐHEALACH 348

Hanoverian discipline in the Highlands after the '45 was nothing if not thorough. The Ten Commandments were suspended with the Habeas-Corpus Act. The Disarming Act of 1746 among other things prohibited the wearing of the Highland dress under pains and penalties. A more cowardly and absurd piece of legislation was never passed by a panic-stricken Government. It roused the Highland bards to a high pitch of angry denunciation, and such bards as John MacCodrum denounced it and its authors in the most scathing terms. For years those clansmen who persisted in defying the Act and wearing the only garb they possessed, or go naked, were hunted by the redcoats like partridges upon the mountains, and pursued with the persistency of the Eumenides on the trail of Orestes. The reports given in by the captains of the different Highland posts are in many cases ludicrously humorous. One man chased and caught in the act excused himself by saying that he wore only "dyed blanket." Two men, one wearing trousers and the other a kilt, were pursued by the redcoats into a hut, but the men had time to strip themselves before their pursuers entered the hut, and the pursuers afterwards could not swear which of them wore the kilt. Others were not so fortunate, and the country jails were filled to their utmost capacity with men wearing the tartan.

Mrs Stevenson, the authoress of the song given here, was Margaret Campbell, wife of the Rev. James Stevenson, minister of Ardnamurchan from 1703 to 1732, and of Ardchattan from 1732 to 1751. She died in 1775.

CLXVI.

ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEIR	350
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This song of the soldier is a fugitive ballad added to in many districts. It was originally composed by a young man who had enlisted in the Army. Apparently a native of Glenorchy, he bids farewell to the land of deer and trout, and above all of fair maidens, whose disapproval he had won by donning the soldier's uniform.

CLXVII.

ORAN NA BANNTAICH	351
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This song of the widow was composed by a woman who had seen her husband, father, and three brothers drowned by the swamping of a boat. The husband, who was a Barra man, was buried at Trinity Temple, Carinish, a religious establishment founded and maintained by the Family of the Isles.

CLXVIII.

FAILTE DO 'N CHLEIR	353
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This salutation, or welcome, to the Presbytery of Uist was repeated by John MacCodrum on the occasion of the admission of the Rev. Allan Macqueen as minister of North Uist at Kilmuir, on the 28th September, 1770. The gathering of the clergy was followed by the proverbial bad weather, for which the Bard makes an apology, and invokes the divine blessing. Living many miles away, he is obliged, with evident reluctance, to take his departure without sharing the festivities of the day.

CLXIX.

RANN AIR BAS NEILL MHC GHILLEATHAINN	354
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Neil Maclean, Kersiva, Lochmaddy, was factor for Lord Macdonald in North Uist, and a man of note in his day. He was of the Macleans of Boreray, and died in 1769. The eulogium passed on him in this epitaph by John MacCodrum is no more than he deserved.

CLXX.

ORAN DIMOLAIDH DO " RUDDLE " AIRDNAMURCHAN 355

This song, composed about the middle of the 18th century, by an unknown author, in dispraise of a laird of Ardnamurchan, proves that the land question is not a new one. The bard rises early and hears the mavis, but his thoughts come back to his hard lot, labouring an unproductive soil and three years' rent to pay. He regrets the disappearance of the old chiefs, and resents being robbed by a nobody.

CLXXI.

A CHALLUINN 356

This song was originally the composition of Mrs Macleod, Luskintyre, but has been added to elsewhere. It is a lively song, and has been much in vogue on festive occasions in the Isles.

CLXXII.

ORAN NAN CALLUINNEAN 358

This Hogmanay song by Angus Og Macpherson is an apology for his larder, many having haled the bard with a *duan* on bannock night, and he had none to give them. Times were hard in Benbecula and crops were poor, which sufficiently accounts for the *res angusta domi*. Whoever is to blame is referred to the Day of Judgment.

CLXXIII.

ORAN BAINNSE 360

This song was composed by Donald Maclean, Camart. It is a complaint of not having been invited to a wedding. He called, however, at the house when the feast was being prepared, and got a dram and a whole duck from the hostess as a *solatium*.

CLXXIV.

CAILIN DONN A CHUAILEIN REIDH	362
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This is a vagabond song with a pretty air.

CLXXV.

ORAN A BHOTUIL	363
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This bacchanalian, or bottle song, is of the real convivial type. The bard, evidently, had incurred the loss of cattle, as he promises payment of his score in the form of a cow's hide. But "Begone, dull care," was his motto, and he fortifies his Epicurean philosophy by libations to Bacchus.

CLXXVI.

ORAN UIDHISTEACH	364
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A popular Uist ballad, sung on festive occasions. There are many more verses besides those given here.

CLXXVII.

ORAN IRTEACH	365
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This song is by a lowly St Kilda maiden who had fallen in love with Campbell of Islay, on the occasion of a visit by him to the lonely isle, and deserted a former lover. She sets forth her feelings in smooth measure and simple but chaste style.

CLXXVIII.

DUANAG DO 'N GHAOITH	367
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This exquisite lyric is the composition of a living bard, Dr Alexander Morrison of Larkhall, formerly of Sollas, North Uist. Dr Morrison has courted the muses in other effusions which deserve to live, and modesty alone withholds their publication. He paints the wind in its various phases, sighing through the foliage of trees, whispering about the grass, and bearing the scent of flowers under its wing, or riding in the greatness of its strength, and felling the mighty forest trees. Every stanza is a picture.

CLXXIX.

PAGE

SEANN ORAN	369
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The author of this fine old song is unknown. It is a masterpiece of the poetic art, while the sentiment is pure, the diction classic, and the thought and treatment cultivated.

CLXXX.

ORAN LE UIDHISTEACH AN AMERICA	370
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This song of the Uist emigrant, now an exile, is expressive of the hardships endured in America, especially by the older emigrants. Their thoughts went back to their native land, dwelling on bygone friends and days—the golden spoils of memory—and finding expression in the well-known lines:—

“ From the lone shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas,
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are
Highland,
And in our dreams we behold the Hebrides.”

CLXXXI.

SEANN ORAN	372
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This is a song by a disappointed lover, who rings the changes on the infidelity of the lady. He would not have grudged her to a man of reputation, but to be forsaken for the bald weaver of the shuttles was beyond endurance.

CLXXXII.

MARBHRANN CHAIPHTIN FEARGHUSTAN	374
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The subject of this mock elegy by John Mac-Codrum was the notorious Captain John Ferguson, commander of the ship “Furnace,” employed in 1746 in the search for Prince Charles in the Western Isles. Ferguson, who was universally detested for his harsh proceedings, was of the family of Badi-furrow, in Aberdeenshire. He is charged with

hanging two men in Barra for not giving him the information he desired. Following the example of his master and model, Butcher Cumberland, he allowed his men to commit great outrages in the islands of Eigg and Canna. He did not consider even poor Edward Burke beneath his notice, and searched all North Uist for him, but without success. He and the bard may have met on this occasion. Mrs Macdonald of Kingsburgh lifted her hands with horror when he announced himself shortly after the departure of the Prince from the house. He searched it carefully, with all the outhouses, and asked most impertinent and indelicate questions about the illustrious wanderer and his fair guardian. Flora herself, when arrested, was taken on board the "Furnace." It is satisfactory to find that though he continued in the service, this blackguard never received promotion. He died in 1767. In this elegy John MacCodrum, who, like the rest of the brotherhood of Gaelic bards, was a true Jacobite, belabours him with right good will, and gives expression to the universal feeling regarding him. He rejoiced at the welcome news wafted across the *Cuan-Sgith* of the foundering of Ferguson's ship. The very hills express their joy, all except one, which, like Agamemnon of old, had "wept like a waterfall," but the other hills promptly sat upon it. The notorious Captain and his ship had perished amid the angry waves. If a great whale, or seal, has swallowed him, MacCodrum feels sure he will not be delivered as Jonah was. He would have a millstone tied round his neck, and Ben Cruachan itself heaped upon him to prevent his ever rising again.

CLXXXIII.

BEANNACHADH TIGHE FÌR BHAOSDAIL 376

The house which so drew MacCodrum's admiration was Kilbride House, the residence of Colin Macdonald of Boisdale, demolished a few years ago. The "Blessing on Boisdale's House" was composed

after 1768, in which year died Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, of whom the bard speaks as having passed away, and to whose memory the first part of the song is dedicated. The rest is eulogistic of his son and successor, and his new residence.

A very full account having already been given of John MacCodrum and his poetry in "The Uist Collection," it is not deemed necessary to give any lengthened notice of him here.

He was born on the threshold of the 18th century at Cladh-Chòthain, in Airdarunair, near the old parish church of Kilmuir, where there was a chapel dedicated to St Comgan, one of the saints of the Celtic Calendar, to whom there were also dedications in other parts of the country. Having been brought up at Airdarunair, MacCodrum's next place of abode was Cachalaidh-na-Rèbhil, in Hougharry, where he married, and was visited by MacMhaighstir Alastair. He afterwards lived at Paible, where he composed "Smeorach Chlann Dombhuill." In 1762, he is living at Langash, where the walls of his house are still to be seen in a good state of preservation. In 1770 he is living at Eval, and he died at Airidh-a-phuill there on the 14th of April, 1779, in our opinion, the greatest of all the Island bards of whom there is any record.

CLXXXIV.

ORAN ARABHAIG 378

This is a poetical duel between two clanswomen, a Macdonald and a Macleod, which ended in a real fight. The two female controversialists were sitting, one on each side of the stream flowing into Loch Snizort, which was the boundary between the properties of Macdonald of Sleat and Macleod of Dunvegan. The scene was at Glenbeg, three or four miles from the head of the loch, and there they reviled each other's clan. A male passer-by said, "An te aig a bheil an fhuil is deirge caitheadh i smugaid air an te eile." This having been done,

Margaret leapt across the stream and chastised her opponent. The song was so exciting that at a time of harvest at Ebst the rival bands into which the reapers were divided wounded themselves unconsciously with their hooks, and had bloody hands at the close of the day through the singing of it.

CLXXXV.

ORAN MU BHREACAN AN FHEILIDH 381

This poem was composed on the repeal of the Disarming Act of 1746, and its interest lies in the historical occasion which gave rise to it, rather than in the possession of great poetical merit. The Act was repealed in 1782, a bill for that purpose having been introduced and passed on the incentive of the Marquis of Graham, afterwards Duke of Montrose, and the Hon. Archibald Campbell Fraser of Lovat.

CLXXXVI.

DO MHACDHOHNUILL ILA 385

This poem on the Lord of the Isles, probably Donald of Harlaw, is from the Dean of Lismore's Manuscript Collection, and has not hitherto been published. We have not given a transliteration of the poem. Gaelic scholars no doubt prefer doing this for themselves.

CLXXXVII.

UGH DAR DE SO DEADHAN CHNOIDEART 389

These lines on the death of Angus, Master of the Isles, and Diarmid O'Chairbre, the Irish harper, who assassinated him in 1490, were reproduced by us from the Book of Dean of Lismore in our first volume of the Clan Donald History in 1896. Since then a careful reading of the original text has shown that the author was not John of Knoydart, but the Dean of Knoydart, and other emendations of the text have been made which rendered advisable the printing of the present version.

CLXXXVIII.

BUAN AN LEUNSA AIR LETH CHUINN	390
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This is a very old Irish poem from a Clanranald manuscript. It laments the deaths of several persons in the territory of the race of Conn.

CLXXXIX.

CLARSAIR MHCIDHOMHNUILL AN EIRINN	392
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This is a lament by the Harper of Macdonald of the Isles during a sojourn in Ireland. Like the Jews of old he hung his harp on the willows, refusing to sing any song of gladness or of feasting. He can only utter lamentations for the departed, who could not be roused by harp or song.

CXC.

DIMOLADH NAM BAN	393
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The author of this very old song in dispraise of women is unknown. It is another instance of an attitude towards the softer sex common in past centuries. It is a complaint against female inconstancy, the bard adopting as his motto, *ex uno disce omnes*, against a woman with two hearts, a heart holding converse with him, and another injuring him behind his back, one who is in harmony with him on Sunday and forsakes him on Monday. The bard is at one with Hamlet when he said, "Frailty, thy name is woman." The stanzas contain quaint figures and forms of expression.

CXCI.

COMUNN NAN GAIDHEAL	395
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This is a short poem of high merit, spirited in style, pure in diction, and patriotic in sentiment. It describes a gathering of Scotch and Irish Gaels combined with a Welsh contingent. They are gathered for war, but a war of truth, in which the thistle, the shamrock, and the leek, the badges of the Scotch and Irish Gaels and of the Cymric race, are entwined in unity to represent the Celtic cause.

CXCII.

ORAN NAN LOTAICHEAN	397
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Donald MacRury, Torlum, Benbecula, the author of this song, was born in 1818, and was a bard of considerable local repute. He composed several songs, all of which are excellent in their way. Of these, "Oran nam Fasan," and "Oran na h-Inghinn," were published in Sinclair's "Oranaiche" in 1879. He was an amiable, good man, and was highly respected by all who knew him. He died in 1903. This poem is a satire upon a certain development of estate management on the Long Island estate of Lady Gordon Cathcart, involving schemes and innovations which, however well-intentioned, did not meet with the approval of the crofting population. In 1882 the outrun, or *culcinn*, being pendicles of several crofter townships in Benbecula, was divided among the cottar population and converted into small holdings, or allotments. The following year several families emigrated to Manitoba.

CXCIII.

ORAN A BHATA AIR CUAN-AN-IAR UIDHIST	400
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The author of this song is Angus Campbell, Am Bard Sgallach, who describes the perils of boating on the west coast of Uist among the great Atlantic rollers. When the sea arose, the crew gave themselves up for lost. The Breabadair Ban called upon the rest to provide for their salvation by forgiving their enemies, and making other pious resolutions, he himself giving the horse he had for leading peats, to the poor. Donald Ard announces his intention of feeding the poor; but Alexander Morrison, being the practical genius, worked out his and their salvation by baling, and so successfully that the brave boat got eventually to land.

CXCIV.

ORAN CLACHAN LIONACLEIT	403
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This song is by the same author, and was composed in the early part of last century, when the new *clachan* at Linaclet was built by MacVarish, a man from Arisaig. It is a eulogy on the builder, whose achievements were, in the estimation of the bard, worthy of Royal recognition. *Apropos* of the reference to the young proprietor of South Uist, it is stated in a letter of the year 1811 that "Macdonald of Clanranald is a great beau in the fashionable world, much in request because of his dancing."

CXC.V.

DUAN CALLUIG	405
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This Hogmanay rhyme was composed by Hector Macleod, the South Uist Bard. Hardly anything is known of the personal history of this bard, either in his native Uist, or elsewhere. According to Mackenzie of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," he left Uist about the time of the '45, and lived on the mainland estate of Clanranald. Only three of his songs have been published. One appeared in the Collection of 1780. This and the other two appeared both in the Collection of Gillies in 1786 and in that of the Stewarts in 1804. Mackenzie appropriated these and extended them into four. Judged by these specimens of his bardic powers, we have no hesitation in putting Macleod in the very front rank of Highland bards. His "Moladh do Choilleach Smeoraich" is, we think, unsurpassed by any similar composition in the Gaelic language.

CXC.VI.

TRI DUAIN CALLUIG	406
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The custom of "dol air Challuig," as it is called, is an old one, and is still kept up to some extent in the Western Isles. Hogmanay is *Oidhche Challuinn*, or as it is sometimes called, *Oidhche na'm Bannay*—the night of the bannocks. *Calluinn*

is no doubt derived from the Latin—*Calendæ Januariæ*—but it is otherwise explained by the word “callan,” signifying the noise made by the young men on Hogmanay night. Of old they used to go round the houses, one of them covered with a cow’s hide hardened, while the rest beat it with sticks and shouted the while. It was the custom for young men, now relegated to boys, to go equipped with a *duan*, or rhyme, suitable to the occasion, which they repeated at the door of every house they came to. The response was in the form of a bannock specially prepared, and, in Uist, always made of barley meal, but in the houses of well-to-do people, butter and cheese were added. In earlier times married men joined in the rush for bannocks, as appears from the *duan* by Hector Macleod. A local rhymster was employed to compose a rhyme suitable to the place and people, and at the entertainment which followed something more potent than the ordinary fare was added—even the dew of Ferintosh.

CXC VII.

AOIR NA LUCHANN 407

This is a malediction on a mouse, which with other mice had effectually threshed the barley of a certain member of the masonic craft. His wife fell on the device of disposing of the mouse by driving a red-hot poker through it, but alas! she drove it through her husband’s hand instead, and there followed very strong language.

CXC VIII.

EOLUS A BHEUM-SHULA 408

This is a charm for curing the evil eye. An “evil eye” is the symbol of a mean and envious disposition, and is so used in Scripture. “*Na laith mo shuil ort*,” is a frequent expression in the Long Island, meaning, “May my eye not light on you enviously.” When an evil disposed person lets his eye rest enviously on his neighbour’s horse, or cow,

the animal turns sick. To cure the effect of the evil eye, a *snàile*, or thread, is made and put on the animal, and in the act of doing so the rhyme is repeated.

CXCIX.

RANN MAISTRIDH 408

This is a churn-rhyme, repeated while the churning is going on to make the butter come. According to this rhyme, the Virgin herself had done the churning.

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INTRODUCTION

LIKE some other modern books, this volume derives its title from a part of its contents, that is, from those poems which were the composition of Macdonald bards, or were composed to the Clan or its outstanding personalities. This, of course, only accounts for a fraction, though an important one, of the contents. The bulk of the poems have not hitherto been in print, and where this is not strictly the case, versions of poems have been given either with the view of furnishing an improved text, or a variant which, though not fuller, might contain a different reading. Except for one or other of these ends, this is not believed to have been, to any great extent, anticipated by previous collections.

The poems have thus, on the whole, been derived either from MS. or traditional sources. Single poems in MS. or MS. collections may have come into that form in two ways. If composed by literary authors like the Mac Vurichs, or collected by individuals like the Dean of Lismore, they were committed to writing, and we can rely upon the purity of the text. If taken down in modern times from oral tradition, the text of the older poems depends upon the reciters through whom they have come down to us across the ages. In this way many of the pieces have suffered and been transmitted in a more or less imperfect and incomplete state. Every ballad existing in the popular memory takes the complexion of the period through which it has lived, just as the stream takes the colour of the different soils through which it has flowed. One way of illustrating this would be to compare an old version of, for example, the Lay of Fraoch, such as we have in the Dean of Lismore's book, and the versions that have come into existence at various periods up to about 50 years ago. Any one who takes the trouble to do this will observe that the more modern versions owe their form to the originality as much as to the memory of reciters, who at different times modified and added to the original.

There is no doubt that, during the 16th and 17th centuries, a great mass of traditional poetry which has been lost was afloat among the Gaelic people of Scotland. Their minds by all accounts were full of it. Christianity as a system of faith and morals had a very slight hold of them, not only before, but long after the Reformation. The evidence of Bishop Carswell when preparing that noble monument of well-directed zeal—his Gaelic translation of Knox's Liturgy—was that the people's thoughts were steeped in the Tales of the Tuatha de Danaan, the Sons of Milesius and the Fingalian Saga, and even at a later age the pictures—vague and intermittent—that we have of the social life of the people suggest the idea of a very partial advance out of a Pagan type of thought and culture. The old traditionary folklore, which included a large poetical element, was the dominant feature of their mental life. What might have been a great literature has undoubtedly been lost.

Though the bulk of the Gaelic poetry that has survived has been traditionally preserved, something is due to writing. The bards of old, when the bardic system was still in vogue, did commit their own compositions, and those of others, to writing. This was the case with such an hereditary school of bards as the Mac Vurichs. The knowledge of letters had never died out among the native Gaelic population. Such a composition as "Brosnuchadh Catha," by Mac Vurich, a type probably of many similar productions, could scarcely have been transmitted without the aid of writing, and it undoubtedly was written before it was recited at Harlaw. Mac Nicol of Lismore saw a very old copy of it written in the Gaelic character, and in the possession of Macintyre of Glenoe. Its literary finish and arrangement, according to the letters of the alphabet, are sufficient evidence that it could not have been composed on the spur of the moment. Carswell, in his epistle Dedicatory to his translation of Knox's Liturgy, bears witness to the knowledge of letters among the Scottish Gael of his time. Though there was little English education in the Highlands at the period of the Reformation and for a hundred years thereafter, except among the clergy, we are not to conclude that the Highlanders were entirely destitute of a knowledge of letters. In the charter chests of Clanranald and Macleod there are several documents of the 17th and 18th

centuries bearing the signatures of tacksmen and others written in the Gaelic character. Sir Rory Macleod of Dunvegan, who died in 1626, never signs his name except in the Gaelic character. It may also be said in passing that many who might be called illiterate in the sense of being able neither to read or write, had educated and well stored minds, with a knowledge of the great facts of history, both in ancient and modern times, even to the extent of classical lore. Evidence of this is to be found, among others, in the compositions of John MacCodrum, the North Uist bard, who could neither read nor write.

The eighteen barons of the Isles who signed the Commission from Donald Dubh to treat with the King of England in 1545, with their "hands at the pen," have often been cited as evidence of the illiteracy of the period. Even supposing their inability to write, which is by no means certain, it does not follow that they were entirely ignorant of letters. It is more than probable that they could read their own native literature, of which there must have been a much greater abundance than we are apt to suppose. The publication of Carswell's Liturgy would have been a work of supererogation if there had been no Gaelic readers in the Highlands, for the book was intended to be put into the hands of worshippers in every parish where Gaelic was the vernacular.

Though much Gaelic poetry must have been preserved in writing, and thus transmitted through the ages, yet much the greater part of the compositions in our volume have been handed down orally, and have depended entirely on memory. Comparatively few of the compositions of the family bards have survived. The fireside customs of the people were the chief machinery of preservation. At a time when a knowledge of letters was confined to the learned few, the intellectual recreations of the common people lay in listening to the local *seanachie* repeating the rhymes of bygone days, lays of doughty deeds, and folklore tales, the *debris* of an old mythology.

It would be an interesting study to compare the literary evolution of the Gael in Scotland and in Ireland, and how this was affected by the facts of their history from the beginning—let us say—of the 14th century. Scotland was never conquered in the military or political sense. Ireland was

conquered. Yet in the inner life of these nations, as regards their racial character, Ireland, more than Scotland, resisted the impact of foreign influence, and retained its national life and character.

One cause that gave a set back to Gaelic culture in Scotland was the fall of the Lordship of the Isles, which had always been a great rallying centre of Gaelic custom and tradition. With this catastrophe Lowland and Saxon influence became more and more the dominating power in Scotland. Another cause of this difference in the ideal evolution of the two nations was the Reformation. Setting aside theological considerations, the continuance of the old ecclesiastical framework maintained the cohesion of the Irish national life and character, and helped to preserve and keep within the country the rich stores of its literature. The ecclesiastical revolution in Scotland would obviously have the opposite tendency of scattering such literary resources as Gaelic Scotland possessed. In one respect the literary histories of Ireland and Scottish Gaeldom run nearly parallel; in the former case neglect, and in the latter hostility by the governing power having the same effect. Writing on this very point, Dr Douglas Hyde says: "As it is, the language has not received a trace of fair play, not having been spoken in law courts, camps, or colleges since the first half of the seventeenth century, up to which time it had been cultivated with more assiduity than almost any other European tongue, and was quite able to hold its own with any language in the world." If in Ireland the cause of literary decay was neglect, in Scotland it was undisguised hostility. The Gaelic language was regarded as "One of the cheiff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands." That policy has been pursued by Government down to recent times, so that, as in Ireland, the language had no chance of adapting itself to the rapidly increasing requirements of modern civilization. Special hostility was displayed towards the family bards, and that long before the close of the 16th century. The political powers frowned upon the bard, and he was brought under the ban of Parliament; express statutes were passed against his class and for their suppression. They were classed with "sornars, maisterfull beggars, and frenzeit fulys," and

ordered to condign punishment. Two of the unfortunate fraternity were hanged as late as 1579. The chiefs were forbidden to encourage them, and they themselves were threatened with the punishment of the stocks and banishment. They must at this time have been a considerable and influential class. According to Buchanan, they were held in high honour. They upheld the Gaelic language and Gaelic customs, which the Government of the Scottish Solomon had made many abortive attempts to suppress. The bards, as professional family functionaries, finally disappeared, not because of the legislative enactments of the Scottish Government, but because those who maintained and patronised them learned other ways. When the family bard disappeared, Gaelic song was thrown upon the waters, to be driven by the winds and tide whither they would.

The family bard had inherited much from the old Gaelic culture under the Lords of the Isles. Iona, Ardchattan, Saddell, Orinsay, Carinish in Uist, and Rodil in Harris, were all centres of Gaelic learning and culture. The libraries of these colleges have almost all disappeared. The only Gaelic document directly traceable to the Lords of the Isles themselves is the Charter of Donald of Harlaw to Brian Vicar Mackay of the Rhinns of Isla, granted in 1408. Bishop Carswell mentions the existence of Gaelic MS. poems of the ancient bards from remote periods, and the MS. books of the chief bards, "fileadh agus Ollamhan." We conclude therefore that the writing and recitation of poems in the schools of the bards, not only aided the cultivation of Gaelic poetry generally, but also the transmission of pieces which would have been otherwise lost. It was in this way that Ossianic poetry was preserved. The bardic schools of Ireland, between which and those of Scotland there was a close connection during the Gaelic supremacy in the Highlands and Islands, helped to keep the lamp of Gaelic learning aglow for centuries, and traces of their influence are clearly discernible in the poetry of the Highlands prior to the 17th century. The MacVurich family, formerly bards and seanachies to the Lords of the Isles, and latterly to the Clanranald family, are an example of the professional bards, and what remains of their writings may be taken as specimens of the compositions of the bardic schools. Several of the poems in our collection are from the Mac Vurich

MSS. " Siol Cholla " and " Buan an leunsa air leth p. 390
Chuinn " are early specimens of their compositions when they were still bards of the Lords of the Isles. Many of the Mac Vurich MSS. were extant in the latter half of the 18th century, and some of these were exhibited in Edinburgh at that time. Ranald Macdonald, son of Mac Mhr. Alastair, editor of the collection of Gaelic poetry that bears his name, received these from Neil Mac Vurich, and Mac Nicol of Lismore declares that he himself had seen more than a thousand pages of these MSS., and that they were but a small portion of what remained with the bard at Stilligarry. Among the witnesses to the charter by Angus, Master of the Isles, to the Abbey of Iona in 1485, given in " Clan Donald," Vol. II., is Lachlan Mac Vurich, who is designated " Archi-poeta." The inference is that Mac Vurich was the head of a school or college of bards. The charter itself was evidently written by him, for although the language is Latin, many of the letters are in the Irish character, and the handwriting throughout, which is very beautiful, is that of one accustomed to write in that character, and not in the charter hand of the period. The name " Lacclano McMurghaich," in the body of the charter, is written in the Irish character, which an ordinary scribe unaccustomed to the use of that script would not have used.

A considerable body of Gaelic poetry has been preserved in MS. collections, many of which are now deposited in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. Among these are many of the MacVurich MSS., and the Dean of Lismore's Collection, begun in 1512, portions of which may have been copied from earlier collections. In the library of the University of Glasgow are preserved the Fernaig and MacLagan Collections, and there are collections in private hands. Mac Nicol, writing in the latter half of the 18th century, refers to large collections in the hands of gentlemen of his acquaintance in the Highlands, among which were compositions of a very old date. The first collection of Gaelic songs printed was that of Alexander Macdonald, published in 1751. Then follows the collection of Ranald, his son, which contains many old pieces from various sources, published in 1776. There still remained a large collection of Gaelic poetry, which he intended publishing in a second volume, but for some reason or other the

volume never appeared. After his volume we have a stream of collections, which has continued to flow down to our own time. Notwithstanding this activity in publishing, much still remains unpublished, oral and written, of which this Collection is but a portion.

As regards the contents of the various collections, though much of the poetry is of a high order, there is a considerable amount of dross. The whole of them, with one notable exception, are edited with little or no regard to the nature of their contents. Their editors printed the various poems as they came into their possession, without note or comment of any kind, and thus the names of the authors of many of the songs, better known to them than to us, have been forgotten or left to be guessed. It is much to be regretted that these editors—some of whom at least were quite competent for the task—should not have risen to the height of their undertaking, and that in consequence much valuable information in regard to the authors and their productions should have been lost for ever. The exception to these, to which reference has been made, is Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," published in 1841.* Yet in this collection there are only eight items which had not appeared in previous compilations. Its value consists in the biographical sketches of the bards, which were not written by Mackenzie, and the notes interspersed throughout the volume. In questions of fact and history, however, Mackenzie's book is an unsafe guide, and later writers who have adopted his statements without question have fallen into unfortunate mistakes. Nor are his critical opinions unimpeachable.

The character of the contents of the present Collection differs in many respects from that of any of its predecessors. It contains part of the poetical heritage of upwards of 400 years, though it is not always possible to give the date of composition. The poems contained in the earlier portion of the volume, and which are the work of the professional bards, bear to some extent a stamp of literary formalism which at certain periods becomes a characteristic of every literature, and which at one time prevailed in the literary schools of Scotland and Ireland. Such a type of literary composition was bound to arise at times when the office of the bard was

* Such a recent work as "Modern Gaelic Bards" does not come under our purview.

hereditary, and its holder had to be manufactured on the principle of the adage reversed, *poeta fit non nascitur*. This is not to say, though it has been suggested, that all the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries, with a few exceptions, was in bondage to formalism, and that it was only after the '45 that the Gaelic muse really found its wings. This is only a partial truth. Sweeping generalizations on such a subject are unsafe, and are at variance with the law of literary evolution. Side by side with manufactured poetry, of which certainly there was a fair amount, there was always poetry of the spontaneous kind "warbling its native wood-notes wild." The third poem in this volume, in praise of the Macdonalds, is a noble and stately eulogy and a true classic, and we cannot but believe that there were many lyrics of the 16th century that had the soul of poetry, but that breathed themselves into oblivion. The hostility of the Scottish Government to the language and literature of the people did not encourage successors to the Dean of Lismore to rescue these from a gradual passage into Lethe.

There is no doubt that, as in Ireland, so also in Scottish Gaeldom, a great change took place in the technique of the poetic art. The peculiarities of the old bardic system, which had so long been in vogue, began to be discarded. Consonantal gave way to vowel rhyme, and a certain number of accents in each line took the place of a certain number of syllables. Dr Douglas Hyde says that this change took place in Ireland at the beginning of the 17th century. In Scotland the change was more gradual. Indeed it is not safe to draw a hard and fast chronological line between the two styles of versification. As a matter of fact, the vowel system began to appear in Scotland long before the 17th century. Yet the principle is a good one for helping to differentiate between the older and the newer styles, and it may fairly be admitted that the rhythm and music of the new system has had an immense advantage in popularising the products of the Gaelic muse.

It is when we pass from the works of the professional bards to a consideration of those popular lyrics which have been the spontaneous outcome of the genius of the race, that we realise the true character of Gaelic poetry. We do not underestimate the value of the work of the professional bards, but it had its

defects, and often bore a conventional stamp before the freer breath of the modern spirit began to blow upon it. Many songs by unknown bards are contained in this volume, and they testify to the natural genius of the people for pouring out their

“ full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.”

The majority of them possess very considerable merit. Like the poetry of Greece at its best, the poetry of the Highlands was as a rule composed, not for recitation, but to be sung, and there is no denying that the beautiful airs to which many of these songs are set have helped to perpetuate them. Otherwise, many that survive would have perished. They were the utterance of singers who were moved by their surroundings, describing the every-day life of the people, singers of the joys, sorrows, and aspirations common to all, and revealing the poetry that lies in ordinary, every-day life. They hold the mirror up to nature. Poetry has been called “ a musical thought,” spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the heart of things and caught the undertone of harmony—and this is a true description of Gaelic poetry at its best. Besides the poems in our Collection which we deem of high literary merit, there are others which we deem worthy of preservation, not so much for their poetical qualities, as because they form a species of folk-lore, and as songs and ballads that have been the familiar entertainment of our Island people for a long period of years. Among the Macdonald bards whose compositions are given here may be mentioned John Lom Macdonald, the well-known Keppoch bard, several of whose poems are now published for the first time. The other Macdonald bards whose compositions appear for the first time are John Macdonald (Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'ic Ailein), Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch, Silis Macdonald of Keppoch, Angus Macdonald (Mac Alastair Ruaidh), Archibald Macdonald (Gille na Ciotaig). There are also fragments by Donald Macdonald (Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais), the heroic leader of the Clann Uisdein. The Mac Vurich family are also represented, while several of the compositions of John MacCodrum, the North Uist bard, appear for the first time. It is likewise interesting to note that at least one song by the distinguished Harris poetess, Mary Macleod, appears in full for the first time.

The Jacobite poetry, of which there is a large quantity in the literature of the Highlands, has been already almost all gathered in, but in a field so wide, some may still be gleaned by the diligent reaper. The struggles of the Stuart Kings for place and power evoked the enthusiasm and loyalty of the people of the Highlands in a manner more marked than in any other portion of their dominions, and this is reflected in their poetry. The Jacobite poetry of the Highlands, which is mainly lyric, is by no means confined to the romantic episode of the '45, as is commonly supposed. Taking the word Jacobite in its ordinary sense, it goes back to the Revolution; extending its meaning so as to include the Stuart struggles earlier in the 17th century, it goes back 100 years before Culloden, and is enshrined in the loftiest strains of many Highland bards. The campaign of Montrose and his heroic lieutenant, Alastair Mac Colla, roused the first echo of the Highland heart, and a stream of Gaelic song rose among the Highland hills which has since broadened into a mighty river. To John Lom Macdonald the honour undoubtedly belongs of being the first Jacobite bard in the freer use of the term. Beginning with him, and covering the entire range of the period in question, the Jacobite songs in this Collection, of which there are many, are an interesting and valuable addition to the heritage of the past.

The character of the contents of the volume, as regards the subject matter of the poems, differs in some respects from that of the larger collections already published. They may be classified generally as elegies, eulogies, waulking-songs, songs of love and sentiment, humorous and satirical, convivial, patriotic, and fairy songs, and lullabies. There has never before been so large a collection of waulking-songs (*orain luaidh*) brought together as there are here published, only a few specimens of this class of compositions having been hitherto printed. Those given here are of various kinds, most of them old and of much merit. Almost the whole of them have been collected in Uist, where they are still sung round the waulking-board. They are almost, if not entirely, extemporaneous effusions, composed by the women while engaged in fulling or thickening the cloth, a verse being added by one here and there, round the waulking-board as the spirit moved them. This happens only occasionally now-a-days, as there

are many songs so complete and of sufficient length that they need nothing added to them. There is no doubt that many songs were composed in this manner, receiving additions with the lapse of time. While one woman, usually one of the best songsters, repeated the verses, which are generally couplets, sometimes merely one line, all took up the chorus with great spirit. As regards the matter of these songs, they are for the most part amatory, composed in a highly eulogistic strain. Sometimes it is the rehearsal of the deeds of some hero of the past, or some prominent person then living is the theme, interspersed at times with local politics, and the language used is occasionally quaint and picturesque. These songs are well worthy of preservation, as they present a phase of life now fast passing away. Owing to the circumstances of their origin they are sometimes lacking in unity and coherence.

Love-songs form a considerable class in this Collection, as they do in almost all modern collections of Gaelic poetry. It would be interesting to enquire, did space permit, what place amatory verses had in the older cycles of Gaelic poetry. In view of the wealth of tenderness inherent in the Gaelic character, and its illustration in the literary products of the last two centuries, it would be rash to suggest that the love lyric had an unimportant place in the ancient poetry of the Gaelic race. Yet it must be admitted that in the MS. collections of the 16th and 17th centuries, or in what has in any form survived of the poetical literature of these times, very little of this type is extant. On the other hand, the Dean of Lismore's book contains six satires on women, while two or three of the most obviously old pieces in the present Collection hold up the female sex to obloquy for infidelity and a perverse mind. That extraordinary prose satire on women, Cormac's advice to his son on the choice of a wife, of which there are two versions in the Maclagan MSS., illustrates an attitude of mind apparently not uncommon in olden times. The elimination of the unfit is a terrible verbal exercise. The description of the "Annir uchd-gheal" is apparently very old, but it is art, not love, that it illustrates. The subject does not seem to have come within the range of themes of which the professional bards were wont to sing. Even in the middle and second half of the 18th century, when a new inspiration visited Gaelic literature, such typical bards as John

MacCodrum and **Archibald Macdonald** eschewed the tender passion in their lays. Whatever may have been the case in former centuries, whether the love lyric was tabooed by the professional bards, and those that sprang from the people's hearts have perished through the lapse of time and the want of record, we cannot say, but undoubtedly the last two centuries have witnessed a great welling up of the poetry of nature, and particularly of the love lyric, from the depths of Gaelic emotion.

Taking this class of poems in our Collection, they as a rule reflect much credit upon the natural gifts of their authors. The language is chaste and eloquent, breathing a pure poetic spirit, manifesting—after the manner of all Celtic literature—great sensitiveness to beauty of form and colour. Viewing them critically, as well as with appreciation, they sometimes possess the faults of their qualities. Gaelic literature, owing to its fondness for the finished and the artistic, is apt to revel in the stereotyped, and Gaelic poems have an occasional tendency towards familiar forms of expression, and consequently the repetition of well-known phrases, combined with a somewhat too free use of hyperbole, of which the Gaelic muse is fond. The complexion, the teeth, the hair of the loved one excel in purity and beauty the peerless tints of nature. Scott tells us of the Lady of the Lake that—

“ Even the hare-bell raised its head
Elastic from her fairy tread,”

and it is hard to say how many unlettered sons of Gaelic song have played with the same or a similar figure, from **Donnachadh Ban** onwards. But these are slight limitations in an art which is instinctive, delicate, and pure, acquired in the school of nature—an art so common among all ranks of the Gaelic people that **Parnassus** might be located in every Highland district.

Eulogistic and elegiac poems form a large element in Gaelic verse. There is a considerable number in this Collection, covering a period of several hundred years, and presenting various phases of social life in the Highlands. It is characteristic of the Gaelic race that this class of poetry should abound. The prowess and force of the individual were a great asset in the protection of the Celtic system, as well as

of other ancient forms of social polity. The Iliad is to a large extent a series of eulogies on the warriors whose single combats determined the great battles around the walls of Troy. So, too, the men of war and prowess were those whom the bards delighted to honour while they lived, and whose greatness they celebrated in the *marbhrann*, or death-song, when they passed away. The eulogies in this volume are, as a whole, on a high level. Some are by well-known authors, but some of the finest are the composition of bards who have "blushed unseen."

The elegiac poetry of the Highlands, however fine much of it is, has possibly been overdone. This feature has probably arisen from a racial tendency. The doctrine of "Celtic gloom" is one that is subject to many qualifications, and so far as it is true, its justification lies in the Celtic outlook. The zenith of Celtic power and sway, its golden age, when it exercised a vast supremacy, all this was in the far past, and much of the poetic tendency of the race was a brooding over the vanished glory, and a continual struggle with the forces of an alien culture hemming it in with relentless force. On such an intellectual soil the elegy was bound to grow, perhaps to excessive proportions.

That which has given rise to this conception of "Celtic gloom" is a racial tenderness, or impressibility, or capacity for emotion which renders the Gael susceptible to joy as well as to sorrow, sensitive to the humorous as well as to the pathetic aspect of life. The same remark, however, applies here as to the love-songs. Humour has developed in the later rather than in the earlier eras of our literature. In the Dean's and other old collections, we find satires and lampoons characterised by savage invective, but little of the genial breadth or lightness of touch that we rightly associate with humour. The Gael of Scotland and Ireland is certainly a humorist, but humour as a literary feature seems to be, comparatively speaking, a somewhat modern development. The Western Isles have contributed the greater part of this class of poetry to our collection, and it is probably in that region that the poetical humorist has most abounded.

As might be expected, a goodly number of the songs of this Collection, having been gathered in the Archipelago of the West, are nautical or seafaring productions. They are

generally what might be called pretty songs, sung to lively airs. The daring of the gallant sailor is dwelt on with a keen appreciation of his many good qualities of head and heart, the seaworthiness of the good ship is graphically and eulogistically set forth, and the wide ocean itself receives its due meed of praise or blame according as the elements are propitious or the reverse.

We have included in our volume some specimens of songs of the chase, "Orain Seilge." These are of great interest, descriptive as they are of the old-world ways and notions of the sportsmen of bygone times, when hunting was not merely a recreation, but a necessary means of making up the food supply of the people. A few poems bear upon the modern problem of the land, and the difficulties arising in the Highlands through the conversion of the chiefs into landed proprietors after 1745, without the interests of the clans being conserved. There are also lullabies, which present a striking contrast to the ordinary English nursery rhymes. They always strike a tender chord, and are sometimes even of a mournful caste, the chorus being plaintive and soft for hushing the child to sleep. To these are added specimens of milking-songs, quern-songs, and fairy-songs. Much might be said of these various classes, so characteristic of the old life of the people. The milking-song often took the form of a tender appeal to the cow to yield its milk to the milkmaid, and it is credible that the sweet voice of the singer had a soothing and persuasive influence. There are two quern-songs, very few of this class apparently surviving. That on p. 334 is a unique composition, fully described in the Table of Contents, the other being the work of Donald Macdonald (Mac Iain 'ic Sheumais), the hero of the battle of Carinish. Both illustrate the process of grinding corn with the hand-mill, so common at one time in the Highlands, but long in disuse. The measure is of course in harmony with the rhythmic movement of the upper stone.

There is a weirdness about the fairy-song which the fairy-hill and its shadowy inhabitants always suggest. Strange and unaccountable though it may seem, there are still a few living in the Highlands who believe in the fairies. It has been an age-long and persistent belief. The fairies were known as "sithichean," the peaceful folk, sometimes as the

“sluagh,” *i.e.*, the “people” or “folk,” and the time has not very long passed away since men lived who, when out at night and in the way of these marching myriads, were intercepted or overtaken, and carried whither they would not. Such an one was regarded with solemn interest: “Bha e air a thogail air an t-sluagh”; “he was lifted on the people.” The important place held by fairy myth is attested by the numerous fairy hills or “sitheana” scattered through the Highlands.

Of Hogmanay rhymes, or “Duain Calluig,” very few have ever been published. The *Duan* which is always appropriate to the occasion is still repeated in many parts of the Highlands on the last day of the year. It is rehearsed at the door of the house into which the reciter—usually a young lad—seeks entrance, and, as a reward for his *Duan*, demands his Hogmanay bannock, and whatever else the hospitalities may deign to bestow.

The convivial songs of our Collection present a phase of social life often condemned by the “unco guid,” yet these effusions are never coarse or indecent. The grosser motives and the consequences of over-indulgence are never dwelt on approvingly. Drink is indulged in, not from base motives, but because in the poets’ belief it made friendship stronger and life more pleasant. The festal songs are full of enjoyment of the present, undisturbed by care or thought of the morrow. They are intensely human. It is because of these qualities, in addition to such literary merit as they may possess, that they are ever fresh, and deserve to be known and perpetuated.

Of sacred poetry, strictly speaking, there is but little in this Collection. The sea-prayer of the Clanranald, the hymn of Keppoch on his death-bed, a hymn by Silis Macdonald on the death of her husband and daughter, and a confirmation hymn, are all compositions deserving of high praise—tender in feeling, graceful in turns of thought, with a classic precision and elegance of language, which, according to Matthew Arnold, is the most striking quality of the poetry of the Celt. Compared with the mass of Gaelic poetry, there is a great dearth of what may be called sacred or spiritual songs, and what has been published is on the whole decidedly inferior and much below the high-water mark of the secular poetry of the Gael. The great poets of the Highlands, with one notable exception, have not laboured in this field.

It is charged against the Gaelic bards that they never rise above local tastes and prejudices, that they never handle a theme of universal interest, never endeavour to philosophise. They revel in satire, they never rise to an epic. To controvert such a statement throughout its length and breadth would take far more space than we can afford—it would mean a review of Gaelic poetry as a whole. Suffice it to say that the partiality of the old Highlanders for those compositions which contained the traditional history of their heroes, and their exploits, refutes the accusation brought against the bards, of an exclusive devotion to local tastes and prejudices. World-wide romances were the sources of their inspiration. The *Sgeulachdan*, or prose romances of the Highlands, were the fruitful source of many a Gaelic epic, both being mutually interwoven during the course of the ages, and both having been instrumental in moulding the intellectual life of the people. The things that never have happened, outside the brain of seer or seanachie, have had more influence on men's lives than the things which really did happen, because their truth was not literal or on the surface, but came from the depths of human nature. The legends of Greece and Rome have been a never-failing stimulus to orators and poets; history cuts a very poor figure beside the sparkling inventions of mythology, and the "noble lie" of Plato has had its rich exemplification in the literary history of the Gaelic race. A race of singers it was, and still is, the structure of whose thought and speech has been built out of the precious stones of poetry and romance. Whether they sang of the joy of life, or uttered those "sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought," they sang because it was their nature so to do, not for posthumous fame, but to instruct and charm the men and women of their own day; but they also attained to the goal they did not seek, by furnishing delight to lovers of beauty in the generations that were to follow.

The Macdonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry.

SIOL CHOLLA.

DAOIN saor Siol Cholla,
On choinn lesa liath droma,
Daimhna na righ ortho Chuinn
Blath na Finemhna fremhuin.

Mnanain iarthoir corpa,
Siol glan criaidh cinneolta
Laoich mhear corra mhall bhoinn bhregh
Feathlanna gloin shluagh Ghaidheal.

Foirionn chaladh chlair na bhfhionn,
Clann Iosrahel na heirion,
Beg tarbha riece re arath,
Gabhla thighe na temhrach.

Criathre bruithne abeol ceardcha
Tonna doimhne na dileanta,
Ro bheithre catha do chur
Clacha tuinithe an talmhann.

Gein shochoir shluaigh banbh
Dreagoin lonna lasamhla
Teare ann ion thshamhla na bhfhear
Diomba dhoibh gall no gaidheal.

Ni chualomur rompa riamh
Clann Cholla chriochaibh oirghiall
Clann nanadhaigh budh ionchur
No asamhuil ann deir an chaigh.

Ni frith agus ni bh fuighear go brath
 Ga das bheith oira ag ionradh
 Na dagh ulaidh o bhoinn bhreth
 Baramhuil dhoibh fa dheireadh.

Ni bhfuil den sgeal oira soin
 Siol gcoll ceineal Eachadh
 Achd sealbh Eirionn dhoibh do dhul
 Do bhriogh cheimeann naccuradh.

Tar eis ardrigh inusifail
 Dlighid cionntoigh do chonn-mhail
 Riogh raidh ciallaidh chlar eithne
 Blaghin tar chorr geoimiree.

Da geuirthi coirthe na ccoinn
 Ase bhios dardrigh eirionn
 Laichee an chion tóigh ion gach coir
 Do ciontaibh cholla heachadh

A deirid eolaidh fhoid bhraidh,
 Nach bhfuil ag righ ghuirt ghaoidhil,
 Don air achd geill ar ghiallaibh
 Dfaghail on fhein oir ghiallaidh.

Siol geolla na geolg slisgheal
 Dliogh thior fhó do mbraigh dibhsin
 Bheith ag cruth chomhuir le chaigh
 Run abforuighte dfaghail.

Ataid inach o re na sean
 Sochair nach eidir daireimh
 Ag triadh hoirgialladh foid bhradh
 Sar coige goirm fiadhaigh gaoidhail.

Do leig siod diobh do ndeoin fein
 Siol uaibhreach eachadh dubhlein,
 Rioghdhact mucce focn fáil
 Ar sochroibh oile dfaghail.

Le righ oirghiall sin he mhain
 Genal riogh eirenn dfhagail
 Meas lem é da hiarraidh
 An té do bferr doirghialloibh.

Feadh achuilg sa chuibh leabhor
 Uáidh síos gus na saor fheroibh
 Ag rígh daoinech chlann gcolla
 Gan aoin neach an etorrtha.

Trian ionnach loinn trian tabhaidh
 Trian cana chlair feradhaigh
 Le roinn etoira don fhíor
 Do chloinn dhegh cholla dlioghair.

Dlioghíor doibh síon mhodh
 Ota samhain go samhradh
 Gan la deabhan othoig go tigh
 A neacha accoinn do choin mhíodh.

Rí temhrach an tres bliaghain
 Ní bhfuil aige ar fhoirghiallaibh
 Sda luaidhaidh e ní fheughradh
 Ach sluaigh ré sechdmhuine.

Cíodh sin fein dfiachoibh orra
 Braighde slechd saor Cholla
 Ní chuir fer ceanghoil ag cuir
 Ar feadh earraigh na foighmhair.

An crodh teid odhuinne doibh (io)
 O thig se ar sluaigh an airdrígh
 Bí dheachd ar flath bhíle fail
 A sechd naith ginne dfhaghail.

Bo ar fhíchíd do gach fer
 O rí fosoigh fíonn gaoidheal
 A nuair sin ag triall do thoigh
 Riar ro uaisligh o eachaigh.

Troich colg ní comha bhég
 Trioich brat deich neich fhíchíd
 Trioich ger rann sídhe iar sin
 O rígh Eirenn do eachaigh.

Gan bhais thana gan trachd mbonn
 As labhaigh na anigh iaroinn
 Gan chnes bhíir accaircúir chloch
 Don mc rígh othigh teamhrach.

Ni dleaghor iarnach orra
 Braighde shleachda saor Colla
 Achd bheith fa reir do chead chaigh
 Ni beg angeill do ghabhail.

Eirigh flatha le gach fer
 O rígh temrach ag tibleadh
 Re hoirghialloibh na bhleadh bhionn
 Tar troim ghialluibh fher néirenn.

Or dhoibh ar dornchlaibh alann
 Or ar chiomh saibh accabhert
 Braide an t-sloighe obⁿ on rath breth
 Dochaol snáith óir an erradh.

Oirghiala as uime adearar
 Rí do ghnath tar ghaotheloibh
 Or corera as glas do ngiallaibh
 Achd tohd ar ais doirghialloibh.

Ni bhi leo urdoil gan ór
 O rígh Eirenn ag iompodh
 Cinn abhfogha staithe aslegh
 No truaille tana attroigheadh.

Le siol eolla nan eolgh slim
 Coimheirghe o fheroib Eirenn
 Laoch rean soidheimnhe sidhbhan
 Coimhairghe dhíbh ní dleaghor.

Ga cor laimhe a labhor óir
 O rígh Eirionn fuair donoir
 Ni niamthor fós bas na bonn
 Ar tos achd no go nionnlann.

Ni dual tra attemhroigh na ngiall
 Ionnlad re nairdrigh oirghiall
 Na chor fir eile anad bhaigh
 Roimhe do thoigh tionn bhroidh.

Ni dhligheadh airdrigh fhuinn bhreadh
 Suidhe go suidheadh seision
 Na eirge o fhinn dhígh don fíor
 Mileadh eirne go neirghaidh,

Trian ulaidh aillail trian connochd
 Do reir marata adtorannachd
 Do chuid ronna o rioghoibh fáil
 Ag riogh fhail cholla agceadair.

Eirne fhionn boinn ir bann
 Sgach tir atta starra
 Fuinn-chno dhonna na nglann grian
 Toranta bhfer anoirghiall.

Tainic sochoir giol ccolla
 Cuingidh catha liadroma
 Ni do bfuil uathaidh re headh
 Amuigh ar tuathaibh tailtion.

Da madh ionn ase diarraidh
 Ni iarroidh na hoirghiall
 Na fiacha do dligheadh dhoibh
 O chinn fhiacha dfhagail.

Ni dith cumais na cumhne
 Ata ar mhacroidh mhodhairne
 Gochoir gheag mbarr ghlan mbanbha
 Cread adhbhar ananamhna.

Iomdha accliath bearna catha
 Iomdha anndhbair ard fhilatha
 Sluagh mór mion muighe maighen
 Lor lionmhuir alaochraidhe.

Gan iad fein se cheile a corr
 Adeirthe gur be as adh bhar
 Go tri sluaghoibh ehtar chodhoil
 Agcoir naithoibh danamain.

RANNAN MOLAI DH DO CHLANN DOMHNUILL.

CEANNAS Ghaidheal do Chlann Cholla,
 'S còir fhògradh ;
 'S iad a rìs 's na cathaibh eudna :
 Flaithean Fòdhla ;
 Ceannas Eirinn agus Albainn
 An fhuinn ghrianaich,
 A ta aig an dream fhuilteach, fhaobharach,
 Curaidhean cliathrach.
 Fhuair ceannas na h-aicme uile,
 Eoin a Ile.
 Fhuair Alasdair, fath na féile,
 Rath nan rìghre.
 Domhnull, Eoin, agus da Aonghus,
 Bha fial faoilidh,
 Ceathrar a bhuinig riar o rìghrean,
 'S do 'n ghéill Gaidheil ;
 Somhairle nach do mheall a moladh,
 Ceann nan curaidhean ;
 Ceathrar o Shomhairle suil-ghorm,
 Suas gu Suibhne ;
 Ceathrar sin nach foill an inbhe,
 'S còir an cuimhneach' ;
 Seisear o Shuibhne, roimh-rathmar,
 Gu rìgh Colla,
 Fion aca fo bhruaich Bhanna,
 A cuachaibh corra.
 'Nan aireamhainn na thainig uime
 Do dh' uaislibh nan Gaidheal,
 Bheiream gach aon ghluin uaith gu Adhamh,
 Nì fhuair aon fhear.
 An so treis de ghinealach nan Gaidheal,
 Mar a ghealladh,
 An dream sin ris nach còir coimeas,
 'S do 'n còir ceannas.

MOLADH CHLANN DOMHNUILL.

CHA ghàirdeachas gun Chlann Domhnuill,
 Cha mhòr toil gun mòr Shìol Cholla ;
 Treubh a thug am bith o 'n fhéile,
 Leannana céile is comuinn.

Clann Domhnuill ni clann mar chàch
 Air meidh gu bràth 'nar gnìomh coart,
 Ni bheil finne mar ta iad,
 An iochd, am feile no neart.

Dlighear ceannas thar gach slòigh
 Do Chlann Domhnuill na breith mall ;
 Eilde cath nan còmhlàn cruaidh
 Bheireadh buaidh air clanna Ghall.

Abhail abuich gach coil chnuasaich,
 Cruineachd tuathachd gach magh mìn,
 Reultaich sgeimh is iùil gach fine,
 An fhéile céil gach duine dibh.

Leòghann curanta gach fàsaich,
 Is dòbhran àghmhor gach linne,
 Seabhaga gach ealtainn uasail,
 Aon treubh is uaisle 's a' chruinne.

Eanach Clann Domhnuill an àigh,
 Mar fhreumhan abuich nach crìon,
 Mar fhàsgadh nan caora milis
 Gach meanglan a' sìleadh fion.

An fhinne chaomh le 'n sgaoilte 'n t-òr,
 Saor mar a mhuir mhòr o 'n t-siar,
 Le 'm b' annsa onoir, féil', is cliù,
 Na brib stòir an cùil mar Dhia.

Mar dh' fholuicheas dealradh na gréin,
 Na reultan le barrachd sgéimh,
 An neart an iochd am féile,
 An eanach thar gach fine, clann, is treubh.

Mar ghathan gréine ri fèath,
 Air blàthaibh sgéimh nam magh mìn,
 No cuan ciuin ri maduinn chéitein,
 Samhuilt an séimh is an sìth.

Ach 's mairg le 'n dùisgear an doimionn,
 Air chuan goilceach nan lunn bras,
 Mar chaoire teine dol 's na speuran
 Gu'n tig ac an-sgeul a' bhàis.

'N trath thogar, na fhéirg air sròl dearg,
 An leòghann garg 'na bheucadh borb;
 Bidh driuchd nimhe 'g éigheach còmhraig
 Air roinn gach ròine de cholg.

Clann Domhnuill an tùs na dòruinn;
 Nathara leòghanta an curaidh;
 Ni bheil priounsaibh mar an triathaibh,
 Ni bheil triathaibh mar an giollaibh.

A CHREAG GHUANACH.

Mi m' shuidh air shith-bhruth nam beann,
 An taobh so de cheann Loch Tréig;
 'Chreag Ghuanach mu 'n iadh an t-sealg;
 Grianan ard am biodh na feidh.

Creag mo chridhe-sa Chreag Ghuanach;
 Creag an d' fhuair mi treis de m' àrach;
 Creag nan damh 's nan aighean siubhlach,
 A chreag aighearrach ùrar fheurach.

'Chreag sin mu 'n iadhadh an fhaoghaid,
 Leam bu mhiaun a' bhi 'g a taghal,
 'M bu bhinn guth cinn gallan ghadhar,
 A' cur greidh gu gabhail chumhainn.

'S binn a h-iolair air a bruachan;
 'S binn a cuach, is binn a h-eala;
 Seachd binne na sin am blaódhan
 Dheanadh an laohan breac ballach.

Creag mo chridhe-sa Chreag Ghuanach,
 A chreag dhuilleach shlatach chraobhach;
 An tulach àrd àluinn fhiadaich,
 Gur cian a ghabh i o 'n mhaorach.

De cha robh mi tric ag eisdeachd
 Ri séitrich na muice-mara;
 Ach 's minic a chuala mi moran
 De chronanaich an daimh allaidh.

Cha mhi fhein a sgaoil an comunn,
 Bha eadar mi 's a Chreag Ghuanach,
 Ach an aois 'g ar toirt o chéile,
 'S goirid leam an ceilidh fhuair sin.

Chi mi leaba nan damh donn,
 Agus leirg nan sonn shith,
 Faraon agus an Leitir dhubh,
 'S aoibhinn leam an diugh na chì.

Chi mi Duanan an fheoir,
 Agus garbh dhun mor nan sgòrr;
 Coire Chlàraidh air a thaobh,
 Far an tric robh 'n saoi 'na dheann.

Coire Eitidh 's Coire Dheirg,
 Coirean 'm bu mhiannach leam bhi scalg:
 Tha coire beag eile ri 'n táobh,
 'S e coire nan laogh 's nan damh dearg.

Beir mo shoiridh gu Bac nan craobh,
 'S gu da thaobh Bealach nan Sgòrr,
 'S gus an Eadar-bhealaich mhoir,
 Far nach cluinnear glòir nan Gall.

Beir soiridh gu Beinn Allair uam,
 O 's e fluair urram nam beann,
 Da thaobh Loch Ericht an fheidh,
 O 's miannach leam fein bhi ann.

Chi mi Coire Fhinn nan os,
 An taobh a bhos de Choire Mhill;
 'S Coire-chòinnich nan agh seaug;
 Ionmhuintinn leam an diugh na chi.

Thoir mo shoiridh chum na cloich,
 Far a faic mi bhos is thall;
 'S gu Uisge-Labhair nan laogh,
 Muime nan agh maol 's nam mang.

Chi mi Beinn Nimheis gu h-àrd,
 Agus an Carn Dearg na bun,
 An tulach air a fas a' fraoch;
 A' monadh maol gu ruig a' muir.

Ni fagainn Mhaol Cheann-dearg am dheigh,
 Muime an fheidh a ni 'n ceòl,
 Coir' eild' is an Leirig chaol,
 Muime nan laogh is nam bò.

Dearmad cha dean mi m' rann,
 Air feadh ghleann is bheann beag;
 Nis o'n thuirt mi sibh gu leir,
 Gabhaidh mi fein dhìbh mo chead.

An cead is dorra rinn mi riamh,
 Cead do 'n fhiadh do 'n robh mo thoil
 Mo bhogha cha teid air bhur sgàth
 'S gu la bràth cha leig mi coin.

Eilid bhirriginn, bhairiginn, bhallach,
 Odhar, fhiadhaich, iougach ard;
 Le a h-ògan biorach, brionnach,
 Crònannach, ceann riabhach, dearg.

'S aigeannach shiubhlas i 'n raon,
 Cadal cha 'n iarr i 's an smùir;
 B' annsa na plaideag ri taobh,
 Barr an fhraoich ghlaganaich ùir.

Ni bheil céil' aic ach an damh;
 'S e a muime fear is creamh;
 Mathair an laoigh bhall-bhrìc mhir,
 Bean an fhir mhall-rasgaich ghlain.

'S glan ri shloinneadh an damh donn,
 A thigeadh bho càrr nam beann;
 Macan na h-cilid ris an tom,
 Nach do chrom fo spid a cheann.

'S iomadh ceum a rinn mi riamh,
 Shealg an fheidh agus na h-carb;
 Cha 'n fhaca mi dath air am bian
 Ach glas is odhar is dearg.

Air cho fad 's a bhithinn bèò,
 Agus an deo ann mo chorp,
 Bì mi buachailleachd an fhéidh;
 Sin an spréidh an robh mo thoil.

Buachailleachd dhubhach dheurach,
 'S mithich dhomh d' fhagail a' d' aonar;
 Ma tha thu seal gu subhach,
 Seal eile gu dubhach deurach.

A chaoidh cha bhi mi fo smalan,
 Olaidh mi a Treig mo theann-shath;
 Boine glan nam fuaran fallain,
 Muime 'n fhéidh a ní an laugan.

Buan an comunn gun bhristeadh
 Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge;
 Uisge nam fuar-bheann gun mhisge,
 Is mise 'ga òl gun trasgadh.

Chualas taghadh gach ciuil,
 Guth a' ghadhair mhoir a' teachd;
 Damh na shiomanaich le gleann,
 Miol-choin a bhi ann is as.

Ineach Dhe ort a thruth,
 C'uime chuir cùl ris a' ghleann?
 Aon mhada 'gad chur gu eug,
 Agus sìà meoir dheug air do cheann.

'S muldach bhi siubhal bheann
 Gun bhogha gun sreang gun chù,
 Gun urrad na saighid bhi ann,
 'S gun fhradharc teann aig do shùil.

Mise 's tusa ghadhair bhàin,
 Bha sinn grathunn gun cheanal,
 O 'n chaill sinn ar tabhunn 's ar dàn,
 Is beag ar gnothuich do 'n ealdhain.

Thug a choille dhinn an carb,
 'S thug an t-ard dhinn na féidh,
 Cha 'n 'eil coir' againn a laoich,
 O 'n luidh an aois oirnn le chéil.

Aois cha 'n 'eil thu ruinn meachair,
 Ged nach faodar leinn do sheachnadh,
 Cromaidh tusa 'n duine dìreach,
 Bhitheas gu mìleanta gasda.

Giorraichidh tu air a shaoghal,
 Agus caochlaidhidh tu chasan;
 Fagaidh tu e gun deudaich,
 Is ni thu eudann a chasadh.

Aois chas-aodannach dhreamaidh,
 Shream-shuileach, odhar éitidh,
 C'uime leiginn dhuit 's tu d' lobhar
 Mo bhogha thoirt uam air éiginn.

B' annsa mo bhogha thasgadh,
 'S gun fhaicinn gu latha dìlinn,
 Na thusa aois bhì 'ga ghlacadh
 Is mi fhein air bhata dìreach.

'S iomadh neach a b' fhèarr na thusa,
 A dh'fhag mi gu tursach anfhann,
 A dh'fhaobhaich mi as a sheasamh,
 Bha roimhe 'na fhleasgach meamnach.

A chomhachag bhochd na sròine,
 A nochd is brònach do leaba,
 Ma bha thu ann ri linn Dhomhnuill.
 'S beag ioghnadh gur trom le d' aigne.

Is comh-aoise mise do 'n daraig
 Bha na faillean anns a' chòinnich
 'S iomadh àl a chuir mi romham
 'S gur mi comhachag bhochd na Sròine.

A nis o 'n ata thu aosda
 Dean-sa d' fhaosaid ris an t-sagart,
 Agus innis dha gun bhreugan
 Gach aon sgeula 'g am bheil agad.

Is furasda dhomhsa sin innse;
 Gach beairt millteach a rinneadh;
 Cha robh mi miannach no breugach,
 Ged a bha mo bheul gun bhinneas.

Cha d' rinn mi braide no meirle,
 Cladh no tearmunn a bhristeadh,
 Air m' fhear fhein cha d' rinn mi eucoir
 Is cailleach bhochd ionraic mise.

Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,
 An fhuil a b' fhearaile an Albainn,
 Is tric a bha mi 'ga eisdeachd,
 'N am bhì reiteach nan tom sealga.

Chunnaic mi Aonghus na dheaghaidh,
 'S cha b' e sud roghainn bu tàire,
 Anns an Fhearsaid bha a thuineadh
 'S rinn e muillionn air Allt Làrach.

Bratach Alasdair nan gleann ;
 A srol farumach ri crann ;
 Suaicheantas soilleir Siol Chuinn,
 Nach do chuir suim an clann Ghall.

Dh'fhag mi 'n Cillionain na laidhe,
 Namhaid na greidhe deirge,
 Lamh ghleusda marbhaich a bhradain ;
 Bu ro mhath 'n sabaid la feirge.

Dh'fhag mi 's an Ruaidhe so shios,
 Fear bu duilich dhomhsa bhàs ;
 'S tric a chuir mo thagrath an cruas,
 An cluas an daimh chabraich an sàs.

Raonull Mac Dhomhnuill ghlais,
 Fear a fhuair foghlum gu deas ;
 Deagh Mhac Dhomhnuill a chuil chais,
 Ni 'm beo neach a chomhraig leis.

Alasdair cridhe nan gleann,
 Gun e bhi aun 's mor a' chreach ;
 'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
 Sliochd nan sonn leis a' chu ghlas.

Alasdair Mac Ailein mhòir,
 Mharbhadh ann am beinn na feidh,
 'S a leanadh fad air an tòir,
 Mo dhoigh gur Domhnullach e.

Gur Domhnullach e gun mhearachd,
 Gur e 'm boinne ro-ghlan gruadhach,
 'S ged tha e nis an tir Chatain,
 Gur a dalt e do 'n Chreig Ghuanaich.

Gur dalt e do 'n Chreig Ghuanaich ;
 'S fada o 'n chualas an seannachas ;
 Am boine ro-ghéal nach 'eil éitidh
 'S ann leat a bhreugnaichear bantrach.

Bu mhath mo bhuachaille cruidh,
 B' e sud uasal nam fear ;
 Bu deacair dhomh tarmus air d' fhuil,
 Cha bu dubh ach aobhach glan.

Bu mhath mo bharanta cogaidh,
 Ged a thogair mi tigh 'n uaidhe,
 Gur e Eoin a Tigh-na-creige
 O 'n a bhagair e mo bhualadh.

'S o'n a bhagair e gu teann,
 Cha fad 's a mhaireas crann no clach,
 Cha tog mi thuige mo thriall,
 Nì mo dh' iarram dol na theach.

Is iomadh cogadh agus creachadh,
 A bha 'n Lochabar an uair sin,
 C' aite 'n robh thusa 'g a' d' fhalach,
 Eoin bhig na mala gruamaich?

'N uair a chithinnse na creachan,
 'S iad a' dol seachad 's am fuathas,
 Bheirinn ruaig do Choire Ratha
 'S bhithinn grathunn 's a' Chreig Ghuanaich.

'S binn leam torghanaich nan os,
 Fo uillean nan garbh bheann cas;
 'N eilid bhiorach is caol cas,
 A ni clos fo dhuille ri teas.

Locha mo chridhe sin Loch Tréig,
 Locha mu 'm faighear feidh is earb,
 Gu bheil a slios farsuing réidh,
 Mar gu 'm biodh an taobh aig mnaoi.

Locha mo chridhe-sa an Loch;
 Loch air an snàmhadh an lach;
 Gheibhte 'n sud 's an cala bhàn,
 'S bhitheadh iad a' snamh mu seach.

Is aotrom an obair an t-sealg,
 'S aoibhinn a meanm is a beachd,
 'S mor gu 'm b' annsa leam a fonn;
 Na long is i dol fo beirt.

Dhomhnuill Mhic Fhionnlaidh nan dàn,
 Is minic a mharbh do lamh fiadh,
 A sheobhag uasail nam beann
 Nach robh gann de shugradh riamh.

Uigh cha d' thug thu do 'n iasgach,
 No bhi 'ga iarraidh leis a mhaghar,
 'S mor a b' annsa leat an fhiadhach,
 A bhi falbh nan sliabh as t-fhoghar.

Dh' fhag iad Domhnull a muigh,
 Na aonar an tigh nam fleadh,
 'S gearr a bhios gucag air a bhuil;
 Luchd a' chruidh sud iad a stigh.

Tha mi mar Oisín an deigh nam Fianu,
 Is cosmhúil ris mo chiall 's mo chàil;
 Mi 'n deigh gach duine chaidh uam,
 Mhic Muire nach cruaidh mo chàs!

Gu 'n do labhair an aois a rithist,
 Is ruighinn a tha thu leantuinn,
 Air a bhogha sin, an còmhnuidh,
 'S maith gu foghnadh dhuit am bata.

O 'n 's mi fein is fearr an airidh,
 Air mo bhogha ro mhaith iubhair;
 Na thusa aois pheallach odhar,
 'S tu 'n oir an teallaich a' d' shuidhe.

'S maith gu foghnadh dhuitse bata,
 Aois pheallaideach na pléide,
 'S mo bhogha cha 'n fhaigh thu fathast,
 A dh'athais no air eiginn.

'Se bloigh mo bhogha-s a m' uchd,
 Le agh maol odhar gur h-ait;
 Ise gionail 's mise gruamach;
 'S fhada leam nach buan an t-slat.

'S fhada leam nach buan a bhuidheann,
 'S gun ann ach an ceo dhe 'n fheadhainn,
 O 'm faigheamaid òl is meadhail,
 'S leis 'm bu mhiannach ceol nan gadhar.

CEAD DO'N T-SEILG.

Iain Mhic Aonghais òig
 B' e do dhlighe bhi coir riamh ;
 Cas a dhireadh nan sròn ;
 O do laimh gu 'n leointe fiadh.

Leis a' ghunna sin 'n ad uchd
 Do 'm b' ainm an lorg fhada ghlas :
 Bu tu namhaid a' bhruic,
 O 'n a' cheud latha dh' fhalbh e leat.

Ochadan ! is mi gu tinn,
 Is mi am shìneadh air mo dhruim ;
 Is mi bhi cuimhneachadh gu tric,
 Nach iarr iad mi nis gu cuirm.

Cha 'n iarr iad mi thigh an òsd,
 O 'n dh' fhàs mi m' dhuine gun spéis,
 Ach bha mi uair a dhìrinn sròn,
 'S chuirinn luchd a' bhòsd am dhéigh.

Cha mharbh mi coileach no cearc ;
 Cha thilg mi lach air an t-snàmh ;
 Cha chuir mi mo ghath an sruth ;
 Cha leir dhomh eun dubh no bàn.

Cha leir dhomh talamh no toll ;
 Cha 'n 'eil mo chom ach mar sgàth ;
 Cladhaichibh talamh gu luath :
 Tha 'n uaigh a' feitheamh ri m' bhàs.

'Nan togadh tu mis' air do mhuin,
 'S mi air fas a' m' dhuine trom,
 Dh' fheuchainn duit aisridh nam fiadh ;
 Sud e seachad sios an gleann.

Chunna mise 'n ceud no dha ;
 Luchd chabar is chroc cam ;
 Dar ghluaiscadh bhur langan tric,
 'S fada chluinnte glis bhur n-caug.

Sliochd na h-earbaig a bha 'n sud,
 Chunna mi gu h-aotrom 's gu h-ait ;
 Chaidleadh i 'n t-aonach fo dhealt,
 'S a lorg air fraidh gun dol as.

Chunna mi an coir' ud shuas,
 Ge fad' an duan o 'n a bha,
 Gu 'm bu lionmhor ann eilid ghlas,
 Agus damh a ruith gu àird.

Chluinnte' sèitirnich bhur sròn,
 Is crònanaich mhòra bhur cléibh ;
 Seal mu 's eireadh a ghrian,
 B' e mo mhiann a bhi 'n 'ur déigh.

Gur tric a bha m' athair Fionn,
 Ge cruaidh an iomaguin a th' aun ;
 Ag éisdeachd stararaich nan sonn,
 Damh donn 'g a thabhunn ri gleann.

Mo chuilein bus-dubh 'na dhéigh ;
 Bu leoir a dheisead 's a dhealbh :
 Tuisleadh cha d' fhuair e na cheum,
 Mo chuilein luath, sgiobalta, garg.

'Na faigheadh i 'n cruas fo cois,
 Talamh reidh is tionndadh tric,
 Bheireadh i bòid 's dùbhlán ris,
 Dh' aindeoin diorras a' choin ghlais.

'S mi am shuidhe 'n so gu ceart,
 Air aisridh chruaidh nan clach,
 Far an robh m' athair gu tric
 Làn aighir gun aon sproc.

'N t-aisridh tha eadar an da charn,
 Far an tric 'n do leag mi 'n damh dearg is eild.
 'S far an robh Iain le bhalg,
 Làn shaighead nan colg geur.

Chi mi 'n Coire Ratha uam ;
 Chi mi Chruach 's a Bheinn Bhreac ;
 Chi mi Srath Oisin nam Fiann ;
 Chi mi ghrian air mheall nan leac.

Chi mi garbh Choire-creagach a' chruidh,
 Agus Leitir-dhubh nan sonn,
 Is Coire riabhach a' Mhaim,
 Far an tric an tug mo lamh toll.

Cead do 'n mhaoisich, cead do 'n bhoc,
 Cead do 'n damh is dosaich' barr,
 Cead do 'n eunlaidh is glan deoch,
 Cead do 'n fhuaran as a' charn.

Cead do 'n choire tha fo m' chois,
 'S an coir' eil' tha sinnteach ris,
 Eadar Coire-mhuilinn lom,
 'S Coire-cheathaich nan damh seang.

Mile marbhphaisg air an aois,
 Ni i caochladh roimh 'n a' bhas ;
 Fasaidd prab air an t-sùil,
 'S bi a bhrù gu falamh fàs.

MARBHRANN do dh' AILEIN, Triath Chlann
Ràghnuill, a chaochail anns a bhliadhna 1505,
agus do RAONULL, a mhac, a chaochail anns
a bhliadhna 1509. Le MacMhuirich.

ALBA gun dian an deigh Ailein,
Oighreachd Ràghnuill nan rosg mall,
Mo chor on dhéug an da fhear sin :
Crodh da meud nach easbhuidh orm.

Laoch le 'n cothaichte clàr monuidh,
Mac Maireid ga mò beud,
Nach agair le dith bu duiliche,
Ged 's e crìoch gach oighre éug.

Ailein le 'n coisne Clàr Fhionaghail,
Fine Cholla fo chneas mìn ;
Gun tainig bàs oighr' O' Eachaidh
Nior chas oirnn an deachaidh dhinn.

Dh' eug Ràghnull on reim cheudna,
Ceannas Ghaidheal do ghabh sud,
Fhuair tre eug urram gach aon fhir,
Geug de 'n choill' fhaoidh ud.

Caoineadh Ràghnuill nan roinnean corcuir,
Cor mo chridhe cha cheum soirbh,
Ge b' e latha is lugha da eagnach,
A ta chumha na eugruas oirnn.

Ni fearr bheil mi an éis Ailein,
Oighre Ràghnuill, ni roinn mhìn,
Cinn air slòigh, ar conachlonn churaidh,
Cothrom bròin do bhunadh bhitheam.

Cumha 'n dithis, dàil chothrom,
Ceannach dhuinn ar dàil, an seud,
Na damhna dh' fhàg sinn o àrd mhagh,
Gabhla gaisge Albainn dh' éug.

Tàs g Ràghnuill do rochduin inbhe,
 'Deigh Ailein d'a 'm b' oirdhearc nòs,
 A chaith a ré ruinn a theasda,
 Truagh nach sinn a theasd air tòs.

Ràghnall air dol an deigh Ailein,
 Eug aon fhir cha 'n 'eil mo spéis,
 Rainig a theasd thar guiomh ghaidheal,
 Cha cheisd aon ihear na éis.

Am breith a bhàis cha bheirt chothrom,
 Air Cloinn Cholla nior ghabh gèis,
 Abhàs (eug) agus oighre an aniochd,
 Geug Moirne gun leirsinn leis.

Cantar uam ri tùch' mar eala,
 A Uath Ruairidh nan roinnean gorm,
 Mo mhuirn ri d' chois, a dheud dhath gheal,
 D' eug a nis tha aithghear orm.

Do theasd gu bràth bidh 'nar cuimhne,
 Conachlonn teine àrd an cliu,
 'N t-éug na chàraid ri éug Ailein
 Geug nach d' rainig toibheum thu.

A cheanabhile Chloinne Còbhaidh
 Crioich bhur n astar anba 'm béud
 An d' earna sibh orra d' arguin
 'S truime na sin dh' Albainn d' éug.

Uir gun ioth a h' aithle euga,
 Oighreachd Ràghnuill, cha roinn mhìou,
 Mar ta iad, ar croinn chrò gun toradh,
 Coill ga lobhadh, falamh gach fiodh.

Thàrladh air a ghréin do ghlais cumha,
 Nior chuir blàth tre bharruibh geug,
 Onfhadh nan sion ann gun iomlaid,
 Gniomh bàrr gun ionndrainameid éug.

Na aimsir fo ghorm fhonn Ghaidheal,
 Nior ghuth goirt an geall ri sin,
 Gu bheil t-éug as a aithle,
 Gur breug muir a tàradh o thìr.

Crioch Fhionaghail an aimsir Ailein,
 Oirdhearc do chàch an ceum a rug,
 Fhuair ri ré treall de gach tàradh,
 Oirleam nach e 'n talamh thug.

Foisgeul agam air Cuchullain,
 'S air Cathfath an draoigh, diochra an lean,
 A chineal ni fhuair gach aon fhear,
 Deaghail uam sgaileadh a sgeul.

Cuchullain da chàirdeas Ultach,
 Ollamh Theamhra air 'n d' thuit bròn,
 An t-éug araon aig a sgaradh,
 Nior fhaod gaol Chathfuidh do chlaoidh.

Urchradh an eigsì fo Chuchullain,
 Crioch am bròin, cha bheag a cheisd,
 Cha chuimhn' ged 's cian o am an rìgh,
 Curaidh riamh a tarradh a theasd.

Bròn Chathfaidh nior chuirte an iognuadh,
 Dòigh nan con, cneas mar thuinn,
 Mar ta meud treise mo thuirsa,
 Do éug dithis don chloinnsa Chuinn.

Tùrsa Chathfaidh fath Chuchullain,
 Ga mheas ri 'r cor ni ceum tuùth,
 Urchradh de gheug Fheinne fhallain,
 Aon fhear do eug ni damhna dhuinn.

Samhuil a bhròin a bhla air Cathfadh,
 Crioch a chumha le 'n d' thuit sinn,
 Theid cumha thar chéill cumha,
 'S ni lugha a phéin urchradh innt'.

Thar chumha chàich do chuir Cathfadh,
 Ceum thar gach bròn, borb an gnàth,
 Ràn aig mar sin uainn a fulang,
 Fhuair fath Chuchullain a chràdh.

Nior b' fhearr Cuchullain do Chathfadh,
 Caidreamh Ràghnail nan rosg gorm,
 Nar muirn ou chloinnse do fhuil Fhiachadh,
 Do chuir tùrs' do fhiachaibh orm.

Cuchullain nar éitigh iomghuin,
Eigsi Fodla fàth gun bhréig,
Cathfadh do chaidh d' éug da urchradh,
Géug mar stuaigh tholcha nior thréig.

Na miosda dhuinn tre dhith aon fhir,
Eug an dithis doirbh an len,
Ni fàgar bàrr bròin air Cathfadh,
Am chòir re sgarrain a sgeul.

Ni bheil uan déigh dearmud cumha,
Nar cuimhne dhuinn dail a set,
Trom leinn a chlaistin gan caoineadh,
Da rinnreim ghaisge Ghaidheil Ghréig.

Cuchullain feithfeoir na Fodla,
Feidhm oirdhearc a nuair do mhair,
Dion a threibh thar chàch a cliathaibh,
Do ghabh gach tràth dh' fhiachaibh air.

An Cù sin a coimhead Albainn,
Ailein euchdach anabarr am beud,
A dion a h-oinigh 's a h-àrd mhadh,
Gnìomh duillich do Albainn éug.

Ràghnall do dh' eug an déigh athar,
Aithris na con ga chneas seang,
A coimhid crìoch clàr nan Colla,
Ni frith dhaibh orra a b' fhearr.

Eagnaich Ailein mar Chuchullain,
Crodhachd Ràghnuill nan ruag diou,
Bàrr air bàs gach fir oighre,
'S e sin càs us duiliche dhaibh.

Mairidh gu bràth buan a chuimhne,
Cumha a charaid, ge ceum doirbh,
Do eug an dà fhear sin do fhuil Eamhair,
Ni chuir easbhuidh aon fhear oirn.

Tàrras Ràghnaill a rinn cumha,
Do d' chomunn, a chneas mar am blàth,
Crìoch air an clòdh nior chuir m' ùchràdh,
Ni bheil ach bròn cumht' air chàch.

Beo blagh an aithle gach aon fhir,
O Ailein nar iongnaimh 'n gliadh,
Ge fìor t-éug is tu nach teusda,
Feuch do chliu bu deasd ad dhéigh.

Lion catha na chaidrimh teaghlaidh,
Timchioll Ailein nan arm sean,
'S iognadh an uaigh 'bhi na aonar,
'S mar fhuair e an saoghal re seal.

URNUIGH MARA CHLÀNN RAGHNUILL.

OIGH chùbhr' na mara,
 Thu làn de na gràsan,
 'S an Rìgh mòr-gheal maille riut,
 Beannaicht' thu, beannaicht thu,
 Beannaicht thu a' measg nam ban.
 O guidh'! mo ghuidhe do Mhac Iosa,
 E bhi mar rium,
 E bhi ri faire,
 E bhi g' ar caithris,
 E sgaoileadh tharuinn a chochuill bheannaicht'
 O rà-soluis gu rà-soluis,
 O shoills' òg-ghil a' chamhanaich
 Gu soills' òr-bhuidh' an anamuich
 'S ré na h-oidhche dùbhra dòbhaidh,
 E bhi 'g ar còmhnadh,
 E bhi 'g ar seòladh,
 E bhi 'g ar steòrnadh,
 Le iuil agus glòir nan naoi gathanan gréine,
 Tro' mhuir, tro' chaol, tro' chùmhlaith,
 Gus an ruig sinn Mùideart,
 O gus an ruig sinn Mùideart,
 'S deagh Mhac 'ic Ailein.

MARBHRANN do SHIR DOMHNUL, Triath Chlann
Ràghnuill, a chaochail anns a bhliadhna 1618.
Le Mhnaoi, Mairi, Nighean Aonghuis Mhic-
Dhomhnuill, Triath Dhùn-Naomhaig.

Moch 's a mhaduinn 's mi g'ceiridh,
Gur ruiteach mo dheur air mo ghruaidh,
Nach freagair thu m' eigheach,
A lùb cheanalta tréun a dh' fhàs suairc;
'S e chuir mo shùilean o leirsinn
Bhi càradh na leine mu d' thuairms',
Ach a Mhuire! mo sgeula,
Cha 'n éirich thu féin gu la luan.

Ach a Dhomhnuill nan géurlann,
A Mhic Ailein a dh' eisdeadh ri coòl,
A bha gu misneachail tréubhach,
Ann an gliocas 's an céumaibh bha àrd;
Fear do choltais cha tréiginn,
Bho 'n bu deacair dhomh fhéutainn na b' fheàrr,
B' e mo chreach air an t-saoghal,
Nach bu mhaireann na daoine' ud gu bràth.

Sàr uachdaran cliuiteach,
Air Uidhist 's air Mùideart nan gleann,
Sàr mharcaich eich shunndaich,
Air each aigionnach lùthchas nan srann,
'S maith thigeadh ad' a' bheoil ùir dhuit,
Air chùl bachlagach cùl bhuidh nan clann,
'Dol an coinneamh na cùirte,
Bu fhathail an t-sùil a bha d' cheann.

Nuair a bha thu 'n Dunéidean,
Cha bu Gholl air each sréine bha teann,
Ach an t-àilleagan eibhneach,
'S a' chridhe gun eucoir, gun fheall,
Ri uchd barra na tuinne,
'S tu chuireadh an ìre do chainnt,
Beul a labhradh an fhirinn,
Cho ceart 's ged sgrìobht' i le peannt.

An uair a rachadh tu thairis,
 Air chuireadh gu baile Mhic Leoid,
 'S iomadh gallan glan uasal
 'S mac maiseach a ghluaisedh ad chòir ;
 'Nam suidhe mu'n fhion duit,
 'S tu a b' urrainn ga dhioladh 's ga òl,
 'S tu nach deanadh a phris dheth,
 Gheibheadh càch dheth gun diobradh an leòr.

Nuair a thigeadh na maithean,
 Na h-uaislean 's luchd tathaich do'n tìr,
 Bu tu fein an ceannuighe,
 Nuair a dheanadh tu suidhe gun sgios ;
 Ann an uachdar do thighe,
 Bu neo bhruailleanach t-fhaighinn 'san tìr,
 Gheibhte fion 's uisge beatha,
 Agus urla nam flatha ga dhiol.

Och m' aighear is m' éudail !
 'S tu a sheasadh le céile ri m' chùl,
 C' àite am b' aithne dhomh fhaotainn,
 Ceann cinnidh a b' fhaoidh na thu ;
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi stàtail,
 'S tu féin a bhi càradh um' gùn,
 Riamh cha d' choisin thu gràin uam,
 'S ann a gheibhinn uat failt' agus mùirn.

B' e mo dhiubhail an t-aiscag,
 Air an d' thainig thu dhachaidh gun chainnt,
 O! 's mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
 'N am sgaoileadh do bhrataich ri craun ;
 Gheibhte fir air bheag céille,
 Agus mnathan gun bhréid air an ceann,
 'Bhi ga d' ghiulain gu Eaglais :
 Leam bu dubhach an t-eadhach a bh' ann.

O! 's mis' th' air mo chiurradh,
 Mu cheannard na ducha' so féin,
 Bha an cruinneachadh dùmhail,
 Is iad uile fo thursa 'na d' dhéigh ;
 Nuair a chuir iad 's an ùir thu,
 Bha mo shùileansa cruinneachadh dhéur :
 Och! a Mhuire mo thruaighe,
 Chaoidh cha ghluais thu le luathghair nan téud.

Tha mo ghuidh air an Ard Rìgh,
 'N t-òg mhac sin a dh' fhàg thu na d' dhéigh,
 Mi bhi leis airson bràthar,
 Mar ghibht is mar àbhachd dhomh féin ;
 Gum bu bhuidheach a bha mi,
 Nam faigheadh e dàil on an éug,
 Gus am faicinn a phàistean,
 Ri mire 's ri àbhachd leo féin.

Is iomadh sgal piobadh,
 Mar ri farrum nan dìsnean air clàr,
 Rinn mi éisdeachd a'd' bhaile,
 Mar ri éisg agus caithream nam bàrd ;
 Ri do leabhraichean seanachais,
 Le falluinge dearga, 's ri dàin,
 Mar ri sòlas gun iotadh,
 C'uim an leiginnsa dhìom thu gu bràth.

O! 's mise th' air mo bhuaireadh,
 'S mi 'g amharc a suas ris a ghleann,
 'S mi a cuimhneachadh uaislean,
 'Chuir sgaoilidh 's a ghruaig bh' air mo cheann ;
 Mòr chluiteach nigh'n Ruairidh,
 Guidheamsa buaidh air a clann,
 Siol Ailein 'ic Ailein,
 'S e 'ur n-aobhar bu choireach ri m' chall.

O! 's mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
 'S mi falbh feadh do bhaile leam féin,
 Ged a dheante leo banais
 Cha 'n fhaic iad mi teanal da réir ;
 O nach maireann mo ghràdhsa,
 Leat cha chàirich mi bréid,
 Bho 'n is deacair am bàs dhomh,
 Tha m' fhortan an gràsaibh Mhic Dhé.

'S mi tha muladach, brònach,
 'S mi falbh feadh do sheòmair leam féin,
 'S mi gun chadal, gun chòmhnadh,
 Gun aighear o'n Dòmhnuch so léum ;
 Mi ag amharc do bhaile
 Gun sùgradh, gun aighear, gun fheusd,
 Gur mis' th' air mo sguabadh,
 On a chailleadh oirnn buachail an fhéidh.

O! 's mis' tha fo mhulad,
 'S mi 'g amharc do ghunn' air an stéil,
 Sàr ghiomanach ullamh,
 'S tric a rinneadh leat fuil anns a bheinn;
 Le gunna caol a bheòil chumhaing,
 'S tric a rinneadh leat fuileachd air seilg,
 Ged a dheanadh cach rùsgadh,
 Cha d' iarr thu riamh cunntas 's na béinn.

Tha mo chridh' air a mhùchadh,
 'S mì ag amharc na dùthcha' ud thall,
 'S cha lugh' mo chuid airtneil,
 Le mo léirsinn bhi faicinn do bheann;
 Mar a biodh mar a thachair,
 'S ann leamsa gu'm b' ait 'bhì dol ann,
 Gus an d' thainig lom chreach orm,
 Mar gu 'n ruitheadh a chlach leis a ghleann.

Sguiridh mise dheth 'n dràsda,
 O nach urrainn mi ràdh na bheil fìor,
 'S ann tha m' ulaidh is m' àbhachd,
 Ann an ciste nan clàr 'ga chur sìos;
 Lamb iomairt an tàileisg,
 'S a chuireadh an clàrsair am prìs,
 Ach a Rìgh! mo throm sgàldadh,
 Nach éigh iad gu bràth thu 'ga dhiol.

ORAN GAOIL DO NIGHEAN MHEIC DHOMHNUILL
CHINNTIRE. Le Mac Ghilleathain.

'S LUAINIACH mo chadal a nochd,
'S mi tionndadh air taobh mu seach,
Mo chridh' air searg ann am uchd,
'S trom dubhach m' inntinn gu beachd.

'S ANN 'san àros an so shios,
Tha bhean mheachair 's mìn-gheal cruth,
Déud air dhreach na caile na béul
Gur binne na téud-chiuil a guth.

Slat ùr nam fàinne fionn,
Bean is mìne, mòdhar, sùil,
'S a gruaidh mar an caorann dearg,
Air lasadh mar dhealbh an ròis.

Mar chobhar an uisge ghlain,
Mar shlios eala ri uisge mear,
Glan léug mar an cathadh-cur,
A' ghnùis on tigeadh an gear.

Meòir fhionn air bhasaibh bàn,
Uchd soluis is àille snuagh,
An gaol a thug mi dhith ra luaidh,
Och nan Och! is cruaidh an càs.

Cha dìrich mi aonach no beinn,
Mo chéum air a lagadh gu trom,
Aighear cha tig air mo ghnùis,
Gus an dean an ùir mi slàn.

Mar ghràine mullaich na déis,
Mar ghallan 's an òg-choille fàs,
Mar ghrian ri folach nan réul,
Tha thu féin a measg na mnà.

ORAN DO MHAC IAIN 'IC SHEUMAIS, AN
LA 'N DEIGH BLAR CHAIRINIS.

Le Mhuime, Nic Coisearm.

MHIC IAIN! a laoidh mo chéile,
Hì rì rì rì ò hù.

Gur moch a chuala tu 'n éibhe,
Hò ròhò hì rì,
Chall éilibhò hì ò ròhò,
Rò hò ì ò chall ò hao rì ù.

Gur moch a chuala tu 'n éibhe,
Hì rì rì rì ò hù.

Fhreagair thu 'n tràigh 's an là glasadh,
Hò ròhò hì rì.

Fhreagair thu 'n tràigh 's an là glasadh,
Hì rì rì rì ò hù.

Bhuail thu maoim air siol a chapuill,
Hò ròhò hì rì.

Bhuail thu maoim air siol a chapuill,
Hì rì rì rì ò hù.

Siol na làradh, blàire, bacaich,
Hò ròhò hì rì.

Siol na làradh, blàire, bacaich,
Hì rì rì rì ò hù.

CO-BEAG, NO IORRAM MHOR MHIC IAIN
IC SHEUMUIS.

LUCHD tighe dheanadh mo fhreagairt,
Falbh orra seinn, falbh orra seinn,
Rothò lai-leo, choisin chòbeag.

'N tulgadh sò gu Loch-na-bleide,

Far an d' fhàg mi Màiri Bheag ann.

Ma dh' fhàg, cha b' ann air an eagal.

Ach gu stròim a cinn a leagadh.

'N tulgadh so gu Eilein Isaidh!

Far an d' rinn Macleoid a dhinneir.

'S far an d' rinn Mac Colla 'n diobhail.

Dhòirt e fuil 's gun d' chaisg e iotadh.
Falbh orra seinn, etc.

CREAGAG, NO IORRAM BHEAG MHIC
IAIN 'IC SHEUMAIS.

SHUIDHINN air stiuir 's dh' eighinn creagag,
Deanna-beag orò fadhman,
Deanna-beag orò fadhman,
Chreagainn leat ò,
Fhreagrainn leat ò.

Latha dhomh 's a' Chuilthionn chreagach,
Deanna-beag, etc.

Chuala mi piob mhòr 'ga spreigeadh,
Deanna-beag, etc.

Nuallan a' chrodh laoigh 'ga freagairt,
Deanna-beag, etc.

Bha 'na m' chuimhne ged bu bheag mi,
Deanna-beag, etc.

An latha bha chreach an Dunbheagain,
Deanna-beag, etc.

Bha beul sios air luchd nan leadan,
Deanna-beag, etc.

Bha làrach am bròg san eabar,
Deanna-beag, etc.

'S iad Clann Domhnuill rinn an leagadh,
Deanna-beag, etc.

Lamh-dhearg Dhomhnuill, lamh Ghilleasbuig.

ORAN BRATHAN. Le Domhnall Mac Iain 'ic
Sheumais.

Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Cia mar tha thu fhir an tighe?
Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Tha mi mar a bha mi roimhe.

Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Gun mhìre, gun cheòl, gun aighear,
Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Am shuidhe 'n uachdar an tighe.

Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
'S mi thug na trì seoid dha t' athair,
Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Lùireach, is clogad, is claidheamh.

Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Thug mi sud dha, 's deagh bhean tighe,
Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Bean a riaraidheadh na maithean.

Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Mhic na Gorm-shuilich a Mùideart,
Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Cha b' e deatach dhubh an dùdain;

Hu-ò hì rithibh ò,
Chleachd thus a' bhì 'n tùrlach d' athar;
Fìr òga ri losgadh fùdair,
Rì mire, rì mùirn, 's ri aighear.

ORAN DO DHOMHNUL GORM OG
SHLEIBHTE LE MHUIME.

THOIR leam gur i,
 Nàile bho i,
 'Ghrian 's i 'g éirigh,
 Nàile bho hò,
 Nàile buaidh thapadh leibh,
 Nàile bho hì
 Bho ghaisge na Féinne,
 Nàile bho hò:
 Gu cùirt Dhòmhnuaill,
 Nàile bho hì
 Nan sgiath ball bhreac,
 Nàile bho hò,
 Nan lann ceann gheal,
 Nan saighead siubhlach,
 Nan long seòlach,
 Nam fear meamnach,
 Nàile nàile hò,
 Nàile gu triall;
 Moch a màireach,
 Gu 'n d' fhaighneachd a bhean
 De 'n mhnaoi eile,
 Co i long ud,
 Sios air eirthir,
 'S a' chuan Chananach?
 Don bìdh ort,
 C'uim' an ceilinn?
 Co ach long Dhòmhnuaill,
 Long mo leinibh,
 Long mo righ-sa,
 Long nan Eilean,
 'S mòr leam an trom
 Tha na deireadh,
 Tha stiuir òir orr'
 Tri chruinn sheilich,

Gu 'm bheil tobar fiona
 Shios na deireadh,
 'S tobar fìor-uisg,
 'S a cheann eile.

Hò Nàile, Nàile,
 Nàile ri triall,
 Moch a màireach
 Nàile chuirinn geall,
 Am faod sibh àicheadh,
 'Nuair theid mac
 Mo rìgh-sa dh' Alba,
 Ge be cala,
 Tàimh no àite,
 Gu 'm bi mire,
 Cluich is gàire,
 Bualadh bhiog,
 Leois air dhearnaibh ;
 Bi sud is iomairt hò
 Air an tàileasg,
 Air na cairtean
 Breaca, bàna,
 'S air na dìsnean
 Geala, cnàmha.

Hò Nàile, Nàile,
 Nàile le chéile,
 Ge b'e àite,
 'N tàmh thu 'n Alba
 Bi sud mar ghnàths ann,
 Ceòl is seanchas,
 Piob is clàrsach,
 Abhachd 's dannsa,
 Bi cairt uisge
 Suas air phlanga
 Ol fiona 's beoir
 A' d' champa,
 'S gur lionmhor triubhas
 Saoithreach, seang ann.

Nàile, Nàile,
 Nàile hò Nàile ;
 'N uair theid mac hò

- ✓ Mo rìgh-sa deiseal,
 Cha 'n ann air chòignear;
 Cha 'n ann air sheisear;
 Cha 'n ann air naoinear;
 Cha 'n ann air dheichnear;
 ✓ Ceud 'nan suidhe leat;
 ✓ Ceud 'nan seasamh leat;
 Cuid eile hò,
 Bhi 'cur a chupa deiseal dhuit;
 Da cheud deug,
 Bhi deanamh chleasa leat;
 Da cheud deug,
 ? 'Bhi 'g iomairt a bhuill choise leat;
 Da cheud deug,
 A bhi 'n ordugh gleachda leat.

Nàile, Nàile hò,
 Nàile so hùgo bhi;
 'N uair theid Mac
 Mo rìgh fo uidheam,
 Cha 'n i mhòr-thir
 A cheann uidhe;
 Ile 's Cinntir;
 An Roimh 's a Mhuthairn;
 Duthaich Mhic Suain,
 'S duthaich Mhic Aoidh cuide riutha.

- / Ge lionmhor dris
 ✓ Air an draighionn,
 ✓ No sguab cheann bhuidh'
 ✓ Air achadh foghair,
 No sop seann toghair,
 Air ceann taighe,
 ✓ Tha 'n cuirt Dhòmhnuille
 ✓ Sgiath is claidheamh,
 Clogada gorm dheas,
 Is balg shaighead.

Mùirn is meaghail:
 Gur lionmhor boneid
 Ghorm air staing ann,
 'S coinneal chéire
 Laiste 's lainntear.

Naile, Naile,
 Hò Naile le chéile,
 'N uair theid Mac
 Mo righ-s' na éideadh,
 Gu 'n robh gach dùil
 Mar tha mi fein da.
 'De ma bhitheas,
 Cha tachair beud dha ;
 Gu 'm bheil mi dhuit
 Mar tha do phiuthar,
 Mur 'eil mi 'm bàrr
 Tha mi uidhir :
 Neart na gile dhuit,
 Neart na gréine,
 'Bhi eadar Dhomhnull
 Gorm 's a léine ;
 Neart na tuinne,
 Na tuinne threubhaich
 Bhi eadar Domhnull
 Gorm 's a léine :
 Neart an daimh dhuinn
 Is àirde leumas ;
 Neart na fairge
 Throma beucaich—Eadar, etc.
 Gu 'n robh neart na cruinne leat
 Agus neart na gréine.

Neart Chuchullain
 Fo lan éideadh ;
 Neart sheachd Cathau,
 'S feachd na Féinne
 Neart Oisín bhinn ;
 Neart Oskuir euchdaich ;
 Neart Ghoill,
 Nan trom chreuchdan ;
 Neart Fhinn
 Nan iomadh beum ;
 Neart gach aimhne,
 'S gach uillt sléibhe ;
 Neart na stoirme,
 'S na toirm ghaoith reubaich ;
 Neart na torruinn,

'S na beithreach éitidh ;
Neart an dealain
'S an tairneinich bheuthraich ;
Neart nam mìola
Mòra séideadh ;
Neart nan dùl,
Is chlanna speura ;
Gach aon diubh sud
'S neart Mhic Dhé ;
Bhi eadar Domhnul
Gorm 's a léine,
De ma bhitheas,
Cha tachair beud dhuit.

Thoir leam gur i
A ghrian 's i 'g éirigh,
Nàile bho hì,
Nàile bho hò.

ORAN LUATHAIDH DO ALASDAIR
MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR Mhic ò hò,
Cholla ghasda ò hò,
As do laimh-sa ò hò,
Dh' earbainn tapadh trom éile.

SEISD—Chall éilibh o hi chall o horo,
Chall éilibh o hao chall o horo,
Chall eile uribhi chall o horo,
'S hao i otho trom eile.

As do laimh-sa ò hò,
Dh' earbainn tapadh ò hò,
Mharbhadh tighearn ò hò,
Loch nam breac leat trom éile.
Chall éilibh, &c.

Mharbhadh tighearn ò hò,
Loch nam breac leat ò hò,
Thìodhlaiceadh e ò hò,
Luib a' bhreacain trom éile.
Chall éilibh, &c.

Thìodhlaiceadh e ò hò,
Luib a' bhreacain ò hò,
Ged is beag mi ò hò,
Bhuail mi clach air trom éile.
Chall éilibh, &c.

Ged is beag mi ò hò,
Bhuail mi clach air ò hò,
Chuir sud gruaim air ò hò,
Niall a' Chaisteil trom éile.
Chall éilibh, &c.

Chuir sud gruaim air ò hò,
Niall a' Chaisteil ò hò,
'S dh' fhag e leann dubh ò hò,
Air a mhacaibh trom éile.
Chall éilibh, &c.

'S dh' fhag e leann dubh ò hò,
 Air a mhacaibh ò hò,
 'S bha Ni Lachlainn ò hò,
 Fhein ga bhasail trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

'S bha Ni Lachlainn ò hò,
 Fhein ga bhasail ò hò,
 'S bha Nic Dhòmhnuille ò hò,
 'N deigh a creachadh trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

'S bha Nic Dhòmhnuille ò hò,
 'N deigh a creachadh ò hò,
 'S beag iognadh dhi ò hò,
 B' fhiach a mac e trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

'S beag iognadh dhi ò hò,
 B' fhiach a mac e ò hò,
 Drongair, pòitear, ò hò,
 Seòlt air marcachd trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

Drongair, pòitear, ò hò,
 Seòlt air marcachd ò hò,
 'S ceannard a shluaigh ò hò,
 'N tùs a' bhatail trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

'S ceannard a shluaigh ò hò,
 'N tus a' bhatail ò hò,
 Sheinneadh leat piob ò hò,
 Mhòr air chnocan trom eile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

Sheinneadh leat piob ò hò,
 Mhòr air chnocan ò hò,
 'S dh' òlta fion leat ò hò,
 Dearg am portaibh trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

'S dh' òlta leat fion ò hò,
 Dearg am portaibh ò hò,
 Chuala mi 'n de ò hò,
 Sgeul nach b' ait leam trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

Chuala mi 'n de ò hò,
 Sgeul nach b' ait leam ò hò,
 Glascho bheag ò hò,
 Bhi na lasair trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

Glascho bheag ò hò,
 Bhi na lasair ò hò,
 'S Abaraidhinn ò hò,
 'N déis a creachadh trom éile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

Alasdair 'ic ò hò,
 Cholla ghasda hò hò,
 Lamh sgoltadh nan, hò hò,
 Tur 's nan caisteal chall eile.
 Chall éilibh, &c.

MARBHRANN DO MHAC ALASDAIR,
TIGHEARNA NA LUIB.

ACH 's e 'n samhradh a chuar sinn,
'S a shéid oirnn a' ghaoth chuartain
A leig ar croit ris an fhuaradh,
A leag ar diòn-chléith 's ar stuadha,
Do fhrois ar cruithneachd tiugh dualach,
Ar n-abhall àrd 's ar coill-chnuasaich,
Dh' fhag ag arrthaich mar uain sinn fo 'n chrò.
Dh' fhag ag arrthaich, &c.

A Thriath na Luibe 's na féile,
Bu neo-lubach do bheusan;
Bu teo-ghradhach carthannach ceutach,
Ciuin iochdmhor acartha déirceach;
Crioch gach truaigh' agus tréin thu,
Chinn na tuigse 's na céile,
Bhi 'n leabaidh uaignich 's nach éirich le ceòl.
Bhi 'n leabaidh uaignich, &c.

Am feasd cha 'n fhaic mi fear d' aogaig;
Do chridhe fial nach robh gaoid ann,
Ach seirc is mòr-chuis is daonnachd,
Bòsd no bròd cha robh d' aoiribh,
'S goirt leam gàir agus aobhar,
Gach lag 's gach làidir 'gad chaoineadh,
Fhir nach ceileadh do ghaol dhoibh 's tu beò.
Fhir nach ceileadh, &c.

Bu shaoidheil rioghail 's gach aiceid,
An leomhan mòralach reachdmhor,
Caraid éiginn is airce,
Trom air tuath cha do chleachd thu,
'S 'nam biodh fear lompais gun bheairteas,
Mhaithte 'n t-suim dha mu 'n creacht' e,
Iad a nis gun chul-taice 's a' mhòd.
Iad a nis, &c.

Cha ro d' uaisle ri crìobadh,
 Bu tric mu d' ghuailibh air sìoladh
 Na bras fhuarana brìoghur,
 Dh' fhan gun truailleadh o 'n dilinn,
 De shìol buadhmhòr nan rìghre,
 Chinneadh Scuit agus Mhìlidh
 'S gach fuil uaibhreach 's an rìoghachds' 'n ad' fheoil.
 'S gach uaibhreach, &c.

An crann is dìrich' ri sheanachas,
 O 'n a shìolaich e 'n Albainn;
 Mac Ghillebrìghde nan Garbhchrìoch;
 Cholla 's Chuinn rìghrean Bhanbha,
 De 'n treubh rìoghail sin Eirìmhoin,
 Leis 'n do chiosnaicheadh Tuath Daumhuinn,
 'S e mo chreach thu 'g an leanmhuinn co òg.
 'S mo chreach, &c.

Ard Mhic Alasdair chliùitich;
 A Thriath nam bratach 's nan lùireach,
 Nan sgiath 's nan clogada cùmhdach,
 'S bearn a sluaightibh ar dùthch' thu,
 'Nam na caonnaig a dhùsgadh,
 'S nan geur-lann a rùsgadh,
 Nach tarruing thu 'n dlùths doibh le ceòl.
 Nach tarruing, &c.

Bu Mhìlidh curanta calm thu,
 Leomhann fuileachdach meannnach;
 Triath fhear cath agus còmhlann,
 'S cian a Breatunn chaidh ainm ort;
 Dh' fhairich claignean do naimhdean,
 Gu 'n robh cudthrom a' d' armaibh,
 B' iomadh bantrach o d' chearbadh am bròn.
 B' iomadh bantrach, &c.

Ach dh' fholuich fòd o do shealbh thu,
 'S 'nam b' ann le fòirneart do naimhdean,
 Bu lionmhor tòiseach is ceannard,
 Eadar Breatunn is Banbha,
 Bhiodh a' deannruith tighinn 'nan armaibh,
 'S tuiteach fola le h-aimhneibh,
 'N uair a nochdta mu d' dhearmail an sròl.
 'N uair a nochdta, &c.

Ach rìgh an uamhainn chuir séisd riut,
An nàmh nach dìongfann an t-euchdach,
'S nach gabh tiomadh ri deuraibh,
Bantrach dilleachd' no oighre,
A Rìgh Chruthaidh do 'n géill sinn,
Do thròm-bhuille so 'léir sinn,
O 's tu lot sinn 's tu léigh'seas ar leòn.
O 's tu lot, &c.

FAILTE RAONUILL DHOMHNULLAICH,
 Marcus agus Iarla Uunndruim, air dha tighinn
 a dh' Alba an aobhar Rìgh Tearlach I. 's a
 bhliadhna 1644.

FAILT' a Mharcuis a dh' Alba,
 E fein is armait, le caismeachd,
 A' tighinn a dhùthaich a shìunsear,
 An dream rioghail bha smachdail;
 Clann Domhnuill a Ile,
 Rìghrean Innse nan gaisgeach,
 Ceannas mar' agus tìr dhaibh,
 Buidheann riomhach nam bratach.

Ann an Alba 's an Eirinu,
 Rinn 'ur n-euchdan 'ur dearbhadh,
 'S ann an aghaidh fir Shasuinn,
 Cha do chleachd sibh bhi leanabail;
 Ard Iarla, ùr, allail,
 Ogha 'n t-seannar bha ainmeil,
 Somhairle Buidhe mòr, buadhach,
 Com a chruadail 's na h-ainmein.

Aghaidh fhathail na féile,
 Thig na ceudan 'chur fàilt' ort,
 An talla mùirneach na fialachd,
 An tric a dhiolar deoch slàinte;
 Fhuair thu urram thar chéudan,
 'S lionmhor béus a tha fàs riut,
 Cian is fada chaidh all' ort,
 Oighre Charaidh 's Ghlinnarm thu.

Rìgh nan dùl 'bhi 'ga d' chòmhnadh,
 'S 'ga do sheòladh le ghràsan,
 Rìgh nan aingeal 'gan gléidh thu,
 O gach beud, 's o gach gàbhadh;
 'S lionmhor gallan deas, treubhach,
 A ni eiridh fo d' bhrataich,
 A bheir dùlan do 'n nàmhaid,
 'S nach fuiling tàmailt no masladh.

'S mòr muinighin do chàirdean,
Nis o'n thàinig thu dh' Alba,
'S mòr an tachdsa do 'n Rìgh thu,
On a dh' inntig an aimlisg;
Mu'n teid crìoch air an tuasaid,
Theid an ruaig air a phràbar;
Gur i chòir bhios an uachdar,
'S cha'n fhaigh luchd-tuaileis an àilghios.

Gheibh gach cealgair mar thoill e,
Theid gach traoiteir a smàladh,
Cha bhi chuing oirnn 'ga giulan,
'S cha 'n fhaigh luchd diumbaidh an àilein;
Gun teid luchd nam beul fiara,
A chur sìos fo ar sàilean,
'S bidh Clann Dòmhnuaill an uachdar,
Mar bu dual do 'n an àl sin.

BRIGHID OG NAN CIABH.

CUIREAM do chomraich
 Air Dia agus ìompaidheam,
 Réitich dhomh am bealach is na fuiling mi am pian,
 Nan tigeadh tu do 'n t-sliabh,
 'N t-aite chòmhnaicheas am fiach,
 A' deanamh lionn-dubh feadh nan gleannaibh 's gur leat chail
 mi mo chiall.

Tha gràdh agam air mnaoi,
 Agus chràidh i mo chrìdh ;
 Bu bhinne leam i naoidh uairean na a chuach air a' chràobh,
 'S na lon-dubh a bheoil bhuidhe,
 'S an céirseach ri a taobh
 Si an smeorach bhinn bhreugach a gheur-loisg mo chrìdh !

An cuala sibse tràcht
 Air cluainidheachd na mnà,
 Is air feabhas a sgrìobhas i le caol pheann air clàr ;
 Ni bheil e ri fhaigheil,
 Ann 's an Fhraing no 's an Spàin,
 Nach 'eil diol fir mar chéile mnaoi, am peurla a chuil bhàin.

Gheibhinne gu leòr
 Luchd sìoda agus sròil
 Adaibh mìne dubha agus fainnean buidhe òir :
 Ni rachachd mise leò,
 Ach leatsa mhìle stòir,
 Fhior phiuthar Iarla Aontruim 's gur tu plannta de 'n fhuil
 mhòir.

CLANN DOMHNUILL AN COGADH RIGH
TEARLACH I. 1644-5.

Horo hì hòireanau,
Hòro chall eile,
'S na horo hì hòireanan.

Tha mo chion air Clann Domhnuill,
Dream ògalachd éuchdach.

Clann Domhnuill na gallain,
Sìol allail Chuinn Chéudch'aich.

Sìol Chuinn nan céud cath,
Gur cian chaidh all' air 'ur n-euchdan.

Clann Domhnuill a chruadail,
Nach biodh suarach mu chéile.

Clann Domhnuill nam faiche,
Nam bratach, 's nan geur-lann.

Luchd nan còtaichean sgàrlaid,
Chit' an dearsadh la gréine.

Luchd nan còtaichean gearra,
Dha maith da 'n tig féileadh.

Luchd nan osanan ballach,
'S nan gartanan gle-dhearg.

Luchd nan calpanan tomult,
Mar bhogh' air dheagh ghléusadh.

Luchd nam boghanan iudhair,
Chuireadh siubhal fo shaighdibh.

Luchd tharruing nam biodag,
Fo chrìosan an fhéilidh.

'S nan gunnaichean dubha,
'Dheanadh bruthadh is réubadh.

'S nan claidhnean geala,
Chit' air bhearradh an t-sléibhe.

Dream uaibhreach nam buillean,
Sud a bhuidhean nach géilleadh.

Gun cinnich an Dòmhnach,
Le Clann Domhnuill na féile.

Luchd nan sgiath 's nan lann tana,
Neul na fala gun déis orr'.

'S ann an déigh 'ur laimhe,
Gheibht' an cnaimh air an réulan.

Clann Domhnuill a chruadail,
Thug a bhuaidh am Blàr Leine.

Clann Domhnuill na gaisgich,
Dream gun ghaiseadh, gun éislein.

Thug sibh mionnan a Bhiobuill,
An srath iosal Allt-Eirinn.

Nach rachadh claidheamh an truail,
Gu 'm biodh a bhuaidh le Rìgh Seurlas.

Gu ma slàn do na gillean,
Dh' fhalbh an iomairt Rìgh Seurlas.

ORAN DO MHORAIR DOMHNULLACH
GHLINNEGARADH. Le Iain Lom.

GUR fada leam an Sasunn thu,
'S a' bhi 'ga d' chreach le spòrs.

B' fhearr leam cot' is breacan ort,
Na pasbhin chuir air chleòchd.

'S tu bhi falbh gu h-aigionnach,
An triubhas chadaidh clò.

Greis a thoirt air chuairteachadh,
Do Ghleannacuaich an fheòir.

'S tu dìreadh ri uchd Ladar-bheinn,
Bhiodh greighean 'na do chòir.

'S cuilibheir maith nach diultadh leat,
Air Ultaiche nan cròchd.

'S nuair a ni thu fuileachadh,
Do chuilein air a lorg.

'S ged tha mi aig Mac Coinnich,
C'uim an ceil mi air mo ghlòir.

B' ait leam aig Mac Alastair,
Lochcarron agus Stròm.

Eadar Rugha na faochaig,
Agus Caisteal Maol nan corn.

Eadar Port na Galltalaich,
Is gàrradh cul tigh Leòid.

B' fhearr leam fhìn gu 'n sgrìobhta leat,
'S i Ile ghlas an fheoir.

A cheist nam ban o'n Lagan,
Gu 'm a fada bhios tu beo.

Fuath nam ban on Channanaich,
'S cha 'n aineolach mo ghlòir.

BAS MHARCUS HUNDAIDH. Le Iain Lom.

'S MI 'g amharc Strathchuaiche,
 'S mòr mo ghruaim, 's cha bheag m' éislein,
 A bhí 'g amharc nan gleanntan,
 'S an robh 'n camp aig Iarl' Einidh;
 Ris an goirt' an t-Eun Tuathach,
 Nach d' fhuaradh ri breun chirc,
 Ged a tha e san am so,
 'S e gun cheann an Dúnéidean.

Bu ro-mhath b' aithne dhomh t-aighear,
 'Nam dhuit gabhail gu d' sheòmar;
 Bhiodh farum air tàileasg,
 'S dà chlàrsaich ri còmhstri,
 Gus am freagradh am balla,
 Do mhactalla nan òrgan,
 Fion dearg Spàinteach ga losgadh,
 'N cuid a dh' obair nan oircheard.

Nàile chunna' mi uair thu,
 'S gu 'm bu nuaghail do chòisridh,
 Teachd a mach le d' gheard rioghail,
 Air a' mhin-achadh chòmhnard;
 Luchd nan casagan sìoda,
 'Ghlacadh pìcean gu h-eòlach,
 Chuireadh gléus an adhbhans orr'
 Ann an am dol an òrdugh.

Chuir iad cuspairean fàil duit,
 Cho stàtail 's bu nòs leat,
 Air an iomairt' na crùintean,
 Ni as mù na Ras-Nopull;
 Is an tarragheargan daite,
 'Chuil dhreachail ghil bhòidhich,
 Chuireadh siubhal fo 'n chleitich,
 Earr bhreicnich an eoin orr'.

Ach a Thearlaich Oig Stiubhairt,
 'S fhad an dùiseal so th' agad,
 O'n a's fada gun sùinnt thu,
 'S còir do dhùsgadh o d' chadal,
 Ma tha t' aire gu dilinn,
 Air do rioghachd a thagradh,
 Na leig dhiot 'san droch uair i,
 Ma tha cruadal 'na t' aigne.

Gur a mòr an trian sluaigh dhuit,
 A bhi 'n uachdar na còrach,
 Gu t'athair a dhioghailt,
 Air na h-éucoraich dheamhnuidh;
 Ach ma dh' fhairicheas iad faoin thu,
 Blas gaoith air do chòmhradh,
 Na biodh do chladheamh bog staoine,
 'N truail chaoim air a h-òradh.

Nach truagh leat do dhillsean,
 Gach cill, 's sgrì, am bheil clachan,
 Bhi air an dùbhladh 's na cainbibh,
 'S iad fo ainmein fir Shasuinn;
 A bhi aig ursainn na cléire,
 An riochd nan réubal gun bhaisteadh,
 Mu sheasamh a chrùin duit,
 Bha do dhùchas aig t'aitim.

Tha uaislean na rioghachd,
 'Ga 'n giogadh 's na claisean,
 'Deanamh garaidh 's na cùiltean
 An deigh an cùineadh a sgapadh,
 Daoine beaga 'rinn cillein,
 De shliochd nan sciunneirean craicinn;
 An drasda a Pharlamaid rìomhach
 An déigh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Cha 'n fhoghnadh leo t' fhògradh,
 Le fòirneart o t'fhearann,
 Ach t'ùr bhailte mòra,
 Bhì gun chòir aig MacCailein;
 'N uair a fhuair iad fo 'n sgòd thu,
 Rinn iad oirnne gnìomh allail,
 Bha t'fhuil uasal gun fhòtus,
 Ga dòrtadh mu 'n 'scaffold.'

Lamh Dhia leinn a dhaoine,
 C'uin a chaoch'laidh's a bheirt so?
 'S mòr an sgeul 's an Roinn Eorpa,
 Gur i chòir tha 'ga sracadh,
 Fhir a cheannaich o thùs sinn,
 Cuir a chùis gu tréun smachdail
 Air na Bann-dairibh bréige,
 Rinn an éucoir a chleachdadh.

'S maith a's còir dhuinn do ghriosadh,
 Fhir is miorbhuilich feartan,
 'S a bhi dol air ar glùinean,
 Dheanamh ùrnuigh is trasgadh;
 Dheanamh ùrnuigh neo-chealgach,
 A dhearbhadh gur leat sinn,
 A lamh a sgaoileas gach tonn duinn,
 Cuir dhuinn Crombal a stalcadh.

Tha na h-amraichean-mùine,
 'Togaìl siuil an cuan farsuing,
 Na loingeas dharaich a crionadh,
 Dh' òlta fion air an saidse;
 Air an tilgeadh air oitir,
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad,
 Ach ma mhaireas an tuil so,
 'S mairg a dh' fhuirich r'a fhaicinn.

Ach nan tigeadh Montròsa,
 Air Chòrsa na h-Eirionn;
 Tri fichead sgùd lòdail
 'S buill chorcaich nan sréin riu;
 Le 'n ceannabheirtibh òrbluidh,
 Agus òrdugh Rìgh Sheurlais,
 Bhiodh an fhaisneachd an òrdugh,
 Mar thuirt Tomas an Réumair.

Gur beag mo chuis aighear,
 'S mi ag amharc an loistean,
 Mi faicinn an righe,
 Far na shuidhich iad bòrd duit;
 Tha e nis fo ghléus' chapull,
 Na fheur fada 's na fhòlach,
 A threas fàs luibh na machrach,
 Ard Mharcus o' Gordon.

Tha 'n roth ri tigh'nn timchioll,
Cho cinnteach sam pas so,
'S cha bu doimhe le m' inntinn,
Ged a dh' imicheadh e fada ;
Dol a' measg an luchd cuideachd,
A bh' aig murtairean Shasuinn,
A neach a bhuaileas le chuip sibh,
'S trom cudthrom a shlaite.

ORAN DO CHOINNEACH OG, IARLA
SHIPHORT. Le Iain Lom.

A GHAOTH an iar bha air an athar,
Dh' fhaodadh MacCoinnich a gabhail.
Irim o ro i,
I uribh i 's am bo hoidh.

Dh' fhaodadh e seòladh gu Brathain,
Air choite dubh, dionach, domhainn.

Gu bheil mo chion air do chrom-chraos,
Shnamhadh tu mhuir 's i dear-lom-lan.

Coisich thu b' fhearr na na lachainn,
Snàmhaich thu b' fhearr na na cearcan.

Cha b' ann air uisge nan lòban,
A fhuair Coinneach Og a thogail.

Cha b' ann air uisge nan lòban,
Ach bainne cìoch nan ban bog-gheal.

Tha caisteal mòr aig MacCoinnich,
An dara ceann dheth shìos as talamh,

An dara ceann dheth shìos as talamh,
'S an ceann eile 'n aghaidh an adhair.

Gur a h-e mo ghaol-sa Seumas,
'S iomadh uinneag th' air a sheòmar,

'S iomadh uinneag th' air a sheòmar.
'S biodag dhubh aig fleasgach dòrn-gheal.

SOIRIDH DO'N GHREUMACH. Le Iain Lom.

SOIRIDH do'n Ghreumach tha air mharsal air fògradh,
 Ge tamul o laimh e, ta dhàil ri theachd oirne,
 Ge b' e ionad de 'n champa, anns an Spàin no 's an Òlaind,
 Aon neach leis am b' àill i, deoch slàinte Mhontròsa.

'Nuair thig Alastair thairis bidh carraid mu earbull,
 Naoi mìle fear fallainn, 'gan tarruing thar fairge,
 Uidhir eile 'bhi ma' ris, nach mealladh na earbs' e,
 De luchd nan cùl geala, 's nan tarruinean dearga.

Ta seirce 'nad ghruaidhean, ta uaisle, ta féile,
 Ta maise Mhic Rìgh annt', da ni cha tug geill diot;
 Bha tapadh is strì annt', n' ar diobradh each sréin thu;
 Dh' fhàg thu falt is fuil bhrùite, mu shùilibh luchd béurla.

'S lionar mac 'chinneadh t'athar, sheas air faithir gun ghealt-
 ahd,

'S a rùisgeadh a chlaidheamh, mu 'm faigheadh tu masladh;
 Nuair a bheireadh tu cùnnta, bu dùbailt do phacaid,
 Bu leat MacGhilleathain, fir Adholl, 's Clann Chattain.

Gu 'n éireadh sud leatsa, ge b' e neach leis am b' olc e,
 Clann Laomain, Clann Lachlainn, 's gach neach thig nan
 compairt,

Sìol Ilpin, Sìol Ailpin, an comunn maiseach nach tràchadh,
 Eoin Stiubhart o'n Apuinn, Mac-an-Ab a Gleann dòchairt.

Clann Domhnuill nan Seabull, nam bratach, nam picean,
 Nan lùireach, nan clogad, nan ceanna-bheirte rioghail,
 Nan géurlanna glasa, leis an caisgte na strithean,
 Gu 'm b' e aobhar an gearain, gun do reic iad an Rìgh usibh.

Clann Domhnuill nam bàtan, 's nan àrd longa luatha,
 Ged a tha sibh mar tha sibh, an traths, air an uair so,
 Tha 'n fhuil ri bhi pàite, cha sàl a thug uainn i,
 Dia dùileach tha laidir, tha dàil ri bhi 'n uachdar.

Is oil leam a chinnte bh' aig Iarla na fàidheachd,
Gun chaill sibh an fhiachail, a b' fhearr grid 'bha 's an àlach,
Sàr mharcaich eich-strìth thu, nach diobradh an àithne,
Lamh thréin bha gun tuisleadh anns a bhruth am Blàr Afòrd.

Gur mòr mo chuid éislein, o'n sgeul-s' tha mi clàistin,
Sibh bhi togail 'ur leigeard, ratreut chum na fàsaich,
Thig marcaich a Eirinn, an eirig na dh' fhàg iad,
'S bi luchd nan each ceumnach ag éigheach a phàrlaidh.

ORAN DO DH' AONGHUS MACDHOMHNUILL
NA LEIRGE, 'N CINNTIRE.

O! 's tuisleach an nochd a taim,
'S mo chridhe briste bàit am chom,
Ri clastinn an sgeòil nach binn,
Dh' fhag na chluinn gu tùrsach trom.

Shaoil mi 'n darach uthann àrd,
Tarruing 'ur bàrr as a fréumh,
Gu 'n gluaiste 'na creagan dìlinn,
'Nan dibreadh o'n Leirg do thréibh.

Mo mhollachd-sa, 's mollachd Dé,
Anns a chré do rinn mo ghuin,
'N ionad do chumaidh gu séimh,
Chaidh spionadh do thréibh a bun.

O! 's mairg neach a thug dhaibh spéis,
An gliocas o thréig do phòr,
'S e mi-rath a dhall do shùil,
'Dol a reic do dhùthch' air òr.

A magha mìn is blaithe fonn,
An cin torach trom gach pòr,
Eadar monadh maol is tràigh,
'M binne bàirich laogh is bhò.

'S binn a maighdeana na buailtibh,
'S binn a' chuach am bàr a tuim,
'S binn an smeòrach nach claon fonn,
'S nuall nan tonn ri slios a fuinn.

A macraidh ghleusta, ghasta, gharg,
A chuireadh gu fearrdha bàir,
Aig do smeideadh mar bu chòir,
Dream nach pilleadh beo le tàir.

'S lionmhor curaidh seasmhach, fial,
 Shòir is shior ri teachd nan ceann,
 Bha cho dìleas dhuit ri t'fheòil,
 Nuair nochte do shròl ri crann.

Sinn a nis mar uain gun aodhair,
 Air dian sgaoileadh feadh nam beann,
 Mar shaighde beachan gun bheachd eòlas,
 Gun chùltaic, gun ghloir, gun cheann.

Eadar Allt-Paruig fa dheas,
 'S Allt-na-Sionnach 's leat fa thuath;
 Fearann is àille fo 'n ghréin,
 'S duine tréighite thug dha fuath.

Cia 'n riathar easbhuidh 'n deòruidh,
 Cia bheir fòirneart géur fo smachd,
 Cia thagras cuis na banntraich,
 Ni dìon tearmunn do'n bhoichd!

Slàn le oineach, slàn le daimh,
 Slàn le gràdh, le mùirn, 's le spéis,
 Slàn le mòralachd, 's le suairccas,
 Slàn le uaisle 'm feasd a' d' dheigh.

Bu ghlic do chomhairle do chàch,
 Do thuigse cò b' fheàrr fo 'n ghréin,
 Ach sean-fhacal fìor do léughas,
 Cha leighis an leigh e fein.

Lùchairt corgheal os do chiunn,
 An riaraidhear na slòigh gun dìth,
 'M bu chian do onoir is cliù,
 Dachaidh ùr gach suairceis.

MARBHRANN DO DHOMHNUL Triath Chlann
Raghuill a chaochail 's a' bhliadhna 1680.

DEIREADH do aoibhneas Innse Gall,
Eug aoin-fhìr an losgadh lom,
Toiseach cumhaidh gidheadh a th' ann,
Dubhadh ni air feadh nam fonn.

O bhàs fhéinidh fhola Chuinn,
Ni bheil cridhe gun cneadh tinn,
Gun onoir o chàch do 'n chloinn,
Is soirbh gu bràth'ch gabhail an gill.

Mac Eoin Mhùideartaich mhòir mhir,
Giorrad a re is geur mo ghuin,
Is truagh mo thoisg an deigh an fhìr,
Do loisg sin m' fheoil agus m' fhuil.

No cha 'n fhacas aon mar e,
Air gasdachd air glaine gnè
Air féile air feabhas an nì
Sreighe ar rìgh mo chreach 's a' chreadh.

Analtra e is oide ar sgoil,
Ar n-antrom a Dhe a dhol!
Do ghoid a shaoghal mo sheagh;
Cìod ach beud baoghail 'nar bun.

Leomhan e air ghairge ghnìomh,
Ach nach tàgh'ladh ni bu nàr,
Fear cinn aig seòladh na sìth
M' annsachd dìon dheoradh is dhàimh.

Leòn air mo chridhe ga chaoidh,
Deòraidh is duine gun nì,
Mise air bhoil' ge b'e mì,
A Dhe mu m' ruire 's mu m' rìgh!

Mear a mheann air ghart ghleadh,
 Ceann feadhna gun éiteach naimh,
 Lamh nach tais 's a' chomhlan chruaidh,
 Dòmhnall gu 'm buaidh nam bas bàn.

Air ionchuidh ro dhàimheal an rìgh,
 Airm dh' iomchair o 'n uair do aom,
 Bu fhreasdalach air fraoch nam blàr,
 Laoch mar mo ghràdh seasmhach saor.

Coinlein bu bhraise 's gach blàr
 Bu shoirbhe thaise ri truagh,
 Aig-sa an cridhe bu cheart gràdh,
 Na luidhe air làr seirc nan suagh.

Eo Seile 's am bradan bras,
 Is deireadh nan rìgh a Ros,
 'S o 'n tìr siar so nan geann glas,
 Mo gheall as is cian do chlos.

Iomadh fear an Uidhist fliin,
 Agus bean am boire bhròin
 Mu 'n triath tha chleith anns a chriadh,
 Sgiath nam fiann nach teich o 'n tòir.

Nior bhac Dòmhnall dhom ri dhol
 Ni riamh do mhaoidhinn mar mhogh,
 Am bearn baoigheil ni bhiodh lenh,
 Mo ghrian gheal nach caomhnadh crodh.

MARBHRANN DO'N MHORAIR DHOMH-
NULLACH GHLINNEGARADH a chaochail
an Duneidean anns a bhliadhna 1680. Le Iain
Dubh MacIain 'ic Ailein.

Ge fada nam dhùisg mi,
Aig ro mheud mo dhiubhail,
Cha 'n fhaod mi 'bhi sunndach ag éiridh.

Cha bu truaighe bha Oisein,
An deigh Fhinn agus Oscair,
Na faodainn mo dhochairt a leughadh.

Cha b' e bàs mo cheann-cinnidh,
'Bha ga m' chur gu mòr iomairt,
Ach gun mhac a bhi t-ionad nuair dh' éug thu.

Ged a gheibhte dheth d' chàirdean,
Fear a sheasadh an làrach,
Cha chreidear le càch gus am féudar.

Bho na dhùin iad an talamh,
Air comhstri Mhic Cailein;
Cò is urrainn a theannachadh sréin ris?

Chum thu Cnòideart dheth 's tuilleadh,
Sluagh an rìgh air do mhuineal,
'S cha do choisinn iad Muile o d' thréun-fhir.

Thog thu màl uaith' a Aros,
A leith Mhic Dhomhnuill 'thug dhà e;
Ghabh thu seilbh anns an Aird mar an ceudna.

Gleann Laoigh is Locharcaig,
'S daor a phàigh thu e 'n toiseach,
Chum thu dheth iad, ge b' olc fhuair thu 'n éirig.

Tha mi dearbh gur a fìor e,
Air àrd thraoiteir Shìol Dhiarmid,
Sgrìob pheann nach d' theid sìos air do Shlèibhte.

No gu Domhnall Shìol Ailein,
A leag a ghruind air Mac Caillein ;
Cha bu Ghuimhneach thu 'n carraid Rìgh Shéurlais.

Leigte lagh leat 's an t-annlagh,
Cò a b' urrainn dheth d' ranntar?
'S mìse mise san am so Dunéidean.

Rinn Mac Shìmi na h-Airde,
Rì Mac Coinnich Chintailè,
Mòr cheangal gu sàthadh le cheil' ort.

Nuair a chunnaic an càirdean,
Nach b' urrainn iad do thàradh,
Thogair sgar, 's gur e b' fhearr leo 'bhi réidh riut.

Ach a Sheumais Oig Stiubhart,
Bha comhstri mu d' chrùnadh,
Chaill thu ball a thaobh cùlaobh do sgéithe.

Chaill thu caraid cho dileas,
S a bha agad na d' rioghachd,
Fhad 's a b' urrainn a dhìchioll 'na d' eirigh.

Fhir a chuir a chruaidh-stàilinn,
Nach fuasgladh do nàmhaid,
Air a chnuaic sin do 'n tàrladh e 'n éura.

'S ann mu chòcaireachd t' athar,
Ghabh e fògradh rì grathuinn
Air stòras cha ghabhadh tu réitean.

'S iomadh òganach prìseil,
A chaidh seachad 'san tìm sin,
Do Chlann Domhnuill Chintire, 's na h-Eirionn.

Raonull Og an fhuilt chlannaich,
Fear m' ainme 's mo charaid,
A fhuair bàs an Aird Rainich, 's b'e m beud e

Agus Connsbunn deas fearail,
A bha uainn air thùs deannail,
Dh' fhag sibh shìos e na laidhe gun éiridh.

Le briathrachas Dheòrsa
Bhristeadh mìltich Chlann Domhnuill,
Chunnaic Crìosda gan leon iad 's an éucoir.

Ge bu chruaidh leam an sgrìob sin,
'S e dh' fhàg truagh mi gu dilinn,
Am fear a fhuair a cheann crìch an Dunéidean.

ORAN DO'N PHIOBAIRE MAC-A-
GHLASRAICH.

Le Mac 'ic Raonuill na Ceapaich.

'S MÒR a bhleid is an ràbhart,
A rinn Blàirein do ghoistidh,
'Cur nan Guinneach an àirdcad,
'S mòr a b' fhearr leam fo 'r cois iad;
Gun tugamaid blàr dhaibh,
An éirig làraichean loisgte,
Chuireadh faobhar nan greidlein,
Gu freasdal an cas iad.

Ach cuid de 'n achuing' a dh' iarruinn,
'S a Chriosda maith dhomhs' e,
Commission o 'n Rìgh dhuinn,
'Se bhi sgrìobhte nar pòca,
A h-uile fear is Caimbialach
'S na bha dh'iarmad air Domhuull,
'Dhol an giuraibh a chéile,
Le géur lannaibh gorma.

'S ge b' e dheanadh an éucoir,
No léughadh a ghealtachd,
Dheth bha shliochd Ghillebhrìd' ann,
Dia 's an rìgh a chur as da;
Ged a tha mi leth-bhreòite,
Mo chuid de 'n chòmhraig cha seachnainn,
No na mheal mi am muineal,
Ris 'n do chuir mi 'n diugh acfhuinn.

'S maith a dh' éireadh ort òran,
'S i do thòn bu mhòr breaghadh
Blàth na brìc' anus an t-sròin ort,
'S iomadh fròg a tha t-aghaidh,
Tha thu chiuncadh nam mealltair,
Nan Cealgan, 's nan Spleaghan,
Chaidh an ceann dheth 'r n àrd thraoitair,
Chum an fhoill treis air adhart.

MURT GHLINNE-COTHANN. Le Iain Lom.

NAM faighinn mar dh' iaruin,
 Air sliochd Dhiarmaid na ròice,
 'Sgrios gun duilleach, gun iarmad,
 Air gach siochair' tha beo dhiubh;
 Gun aon duine 'bhi làthair,
 De na thàinig dheth 'n t-seòrs' ud,
 Gus am biodh an cuid àitibh,
 Aig mo chàirdean, Clann Domhnuill.

'Nam bu mise 'b' fhear òrduigh,
 Air a' mhòran a bh' aca,
 Dh' fhàgann uil' Eraghaidheal,
 Aig Ràghnull na Ceapaich;
 'S na bh' aig Morair Bhreidalbain,
 'Bhi 'm paipairean glaiste,
 Aig Mac 'ic Iain o'n Ionaid
 An déigh gach sgioradh a bh' aca.

Cha bu mhòr leam sud dhàsan,
 Bho 'n ghràisg bha cur as da,
 Rinn am murt ri aon oidhche,
 Leis an fhoill a bha peacach;
 Leam is duilich ri ràdha,
 Gun d' rinn am Bràideach dhuit taice,
 'Nam bu mhise b' fhear binn ort
 Chaill thu cinnteach an craicinn.

Cha'n fhàgar Fear Achatriachatan,
 'N diochainn 's cha b' airidh,
 Chuirinn sìos e do Chòmhal,
 Bhiodh caoirich mhòr ann gu ro-mhath;
 Na bh' aig Mac 'ic Iain Riabhaich,
 Eadar grian agus gealach,
 Bhiodh do chòraichean sgrìobhta,
 'S lamh an Rìgh ris ga cheangal.

Nam faighinn 'ur càradh,
Mar a b' àill leam, san fhearann,
Bhithinn toilicht' am nàdur,
Ged a dh' fhàgte mi falamh;
Ged thigeadh am bàs orm,
A màireach le cabhaig,
Cha 'n iarraim tuilleadh de 'n t-saoghal,
Ach faoilte do m' anam.

ORAN LE GILLEASBUIG NA CEAPAICH
AIR LEABA BHAI.

SGRIOBH le tosaire bile,
'Theid air chois eachd a shireadh dhomh léigh,
Tha mo chorp air a mhilleadh,
Le bàrr broснаich is giorag ro 'n éug.

An àite rosguil is mire,
Tha osnaich ag imeachd mo chléibh,
Chuir na dorsa so shil oirnn,
Reir coslais an giorrad mo ré.

Cràiteach, gle phian-mhor,
So dh' fhàg mi gu h-iargaineach tinn,
Tha còrr is dà bhliadhna,
O na thàrnaich so 'n giallaibh mo chinn.

Tha 'm bàrr s' orm air liathadh,
Chaidh m' àbhaist an diosg orm ro thim,
Leig tharum gach fòbheadh
'S mo m' air' air cuach-Phàdruig 's air im.

'S maith mo dhòigh a Mac Muire,
Thaobh aithreachais chuir orm cràdh,
'S mòr sòlas a' chruinne,
On la dhòirteadh leat t-fhuil air ar sgàth.

Dùisg a t' oircheum, treig mùlad,
'S obair oircheis so dh' fhuiling thaobh gràidh,
On la thòirleum Dia 's duine,
Mar thoircheas am broinne na mnà.

Air m' uilinn, 's mi 'm éigin,
Tha mo mhuineal is m' fheithean 'gam chlaoidh,
'S dlùth a cruinneachadh dhéur mi,
On chaidh m' fhulang thar réusan le caoidh.

Tha Mac Muir' air a chéusadh,
 Cuir do mhuinighin gu tréun ann a chaoidh;
 A thnù dhuine nach léir dhuit,
 Gur fulang maith éifeachdach saoidh?

Ach a dhiorais ana-ceilidh,
 Fan dhìom is grad thréig mi, tog ort;
 Oir neo strìochdam do 'n teugmhail,
 Bhuin cìs dhìom an eirig mo lochd.

Le aithreachas déurach,
 A ghlanadh gach béud a ta 'm' chorp;
 A Chrìosd' ùraich rium réite,
 Tog dhìom do sgiurs ghéur, 's i gle ghòirt.

Ged a chàirear dhomh leaba,
 Cha 'n fhéudar leam cadal no clos;
 'S ann is eigin bhì 'm shuidhe,
 Càradh bhréidein is luibhean ri m' lot.

'Mi leughadh mo chunnairt,
 Chaidh m' éibhneas gu mulad, 's gu sproc,
 Chaidh an t-éug is mi 'n cumasg,
 'S làn chréuchd tha mo mhuineal gle ghòirt.

DEOCH-SLAINTE MHIC 'IC RAONUILL-
COLLA NA CEAPAICH.

Le Aonghus Domhnullach (Mac Alastair Ruaidh).

DEOCH slàinte Mhic 'ic Raonuill,
Cha 'n fhaod mi gun a h-òl ;
Deoch slàinte 'n fhir ghaolaich
Ris an glaothar Coll' Og ;
Ach ma tha thu gu h-iosal,
Druim na rioghachd a'd' thòir,
A Mhic Muire nan gràsan,
Do thigh'nn sàbhailte beò.

Ur mhacan na féile,
Bu ghléusd air an tòir,
An robh misneach is cruadal,
'Nam bualadh nan sròn ;
'Bhi togail gach tìre
'S bochd an linn thainig oirnn,
'S gun thu againn ri fhaotainn,
'S do dhaoin' air an leòn.

Theann Lachlainn ri d' dhiobradh,
'S tu d' fhiar leanabh òg,
Gu 'n do spàrr e thu 'm prìosan,
Air ghaol do dhiobradh o d' chòir ;
Dh'òrduich Dia as a lion thu,
Dh'aindeoin iarbhuid a sheòil
Gun do chum thu ris diorras,
Gus 'n do dh' islich thu shròn.

Leig thu as e gu suairce,
Dh' fheuchainn uaisle 's a mhéin,
Iocnd dha anam gun d' fhuair e,
'S cha b' ann le cruadal a laimh ;
Ach 'nuair fhuair e neart rioghachd,
Feadh do thìre gun dàil,
Fear na Fearsaid, 's Fear Innse,
Thug e ris leis air laimh.

Rìgh! bu neimh-chiontach iadsan,
 'S an t-arbhar mòr béud,
 Rinn sibh glacadh is marbhadh,
 Gu dearbh, oir leibh féin:
 'Liuthad buille mòr claidhimh
 Gun athadh fo 'n ghréin,
 A bhuail sibh 's a choirce,
 'S b' fheàrr an cosnadh ri féum.

'S fad a lean sibh an sgrìob ud,
 Leag sibh mìltean de shluagh,
 Dà la taobh Ghlinne-Spiathain,
 'S da bhial Ghlinne Ruaidh;
 Air fear chosnadh 'ur dùthcha,
 Rinn sibh dioghaltas truagh,
 Ceann na diasaig a ghearradh,
 Air son na fala bha uaibh.

Thairg thu cumha dhomh 's ceannach,
 Thairg thu bannan gu leòr,
 Urras dìonach gu toileach,
 Gun d' thairg thu onoir Mhic Leòid;
 Cha ghabhte uat cìs,
 'Dh' fhaoidte sgrìobhadh le còir,
 Gun a Cheapach thoirt dhàsan,
 Mar ghràinsich gu stòr.

Ach 's fhad o stad ann do shiunsreadh,
 B' e fàth na strithe a bh' ann,
 Tha m' earlaid an Criosda,
 Nach ceann crìch air an t-am;
 Ged a tha thu gu h-ìosal,
 Anns na rioghachdan thall,
 Gun staidhlear a Cheapach,
 Do Mhac Ghilleasbuig nan lann.

Ach mur faic mi gu bràth thu,
 'S gur geàrr mo laithean ro 'n tìm,
 Dia thoirt m' anam gu Pàrras,
 'S Rìgh nan Gràs thoirt dhomh dìon;
 Cuid de 'n achuing' a dh' iarruinn,
 A Thriath is a Chriosd,
 Thusa Cholla na féile,
 Thigh'nn le réite o'n rìgh.

Ged a dheanainn fein gàire,
Rìgh! 's bàit' e measg sluaigh,
Ged a dheanainn féin sùgradh,
O chridhe brùite thig fuaim;
Ged a chàirear dhomh leaba,
Cha 'n fhaigh mi cadal no suain
Gus an cluinn mi do thighinn
A chonnsuinn dhlighich Ghlinnruidh.

LATHA RAONN-RUAIRIDH. 1689.

Le Aonghus Domhnullach (MacAlastair Ruaidh).

'S e do làth'-sa Raoin-Ruairidh,
 Dh' fhag luaineach mo dhùsgadh,
 Mheud 's a thuit de Chlann Domhnuill,
 'S cha leòint a thaobh cùil iad ;
 Toirt a mach an ratréuta,
 Cosnadh céutaidh le diubhail,
 'S ge bu thearnadh gu léir dhaibh,
 Bha bàs Chleabhars ri chunntais.

'N leoghann fulangach rioghail,
 Nach d' rinn an fhirinn a mhùthadh,
 Cha robh fàilling na d' chruadal,
 Chuir thu 'n ruaig air na Dùbhghaill ;
 Cha tugadh òr ort, no eagal,
 Gun seasamh ri d' chumhnant ;
 'S ma thuit thu le onoir
 'S ann do dhonus na cùise.

Og sgiobalta suairc thu,
 Sàr bhuachaill' an tréud thu,
 'Gan cumail a gàbhadh,
 Toirt dhaibh àit' air an réidhlean ;
 'S tu nach cuireadh ri ball' iad,
 A dh' aindeoin no dh' eiginn,
 Dh' innis Latha Dunchaillein,
 Nach robh anam an Cleabhars.

Och ! a Dhomhnuill nan Domhnull,
 'S òg a fhuair thu do dhéuchainn,
 'S iomadh bean umad brònach,
 Eadar Tròtarnis, 's Sleibhte,
 Gu bheil cinneadh mòr t-athar,
 'S iad 'nan luidhe gun éiridh,
 Luchd bhualadh nam buillean,
 Am feadh 's a dh' fhuirich an t-éug uath.

Ach a Chaiptin Chlann Ràghail,
 Ged a tha thu a' d' leanaibh,
 Og maiseach, glan, ùr thu,
 Dol ri dùchas nan seanar ;
 Sud na Domhnullaich thréuna,
 Dha nach d' éirich riamh breamas,
 O ghin o Shomhairl' air tùs iad,
 Cha d' fhuaras diumbadh no sgannal.

A Thighearn Oig Ghlinnegarradh,
 Luidh smal air do shùgradh,
 'S mòr do chall ri Rìgh Seumas,
 Ged a dh' éigheadh a' d' dhiuc thu ;
 Dh' fhag thu Domhnall Gorm gaolach,
 'S fhuil chraobhach a' brùchdadh,
 'S éigin fhulang na thàinig,
 Chaill thu d' bhràthair na ùr ròs.

Fear curanta seolt' e,
 Craobh chòmhraig ro chéud e,
 Fear mòr bu mhaith cumadh,
 Bh' aig gach duine na spéuclair ;
 Ged thug ro mhéud do nàduir,
 Braise, 's àrdan le chéile,
 Ort gun athadh bhi d' phearsa,
 Oigfhir ghasta na féile.

'S truagh gun chomus relibha,
 Thoirt d' ar n-islibh, 's d' ar n-uaislibh,
 Thuit air aghaidh gach duine,
 Nì gun chumadh 's an uair sin ;
 'S ann roimh d' fhraoch a bha 'n cùram,
 Ged bhà diubhail is call ann,
 Fhuair thu earalas cliuiteach,
 Ort a dhùbladh na rancan.

Mo chreach nach robh iad ga d' dhùbladh,
 Do luchd mùirn is do chàirdibh,
 Air an tarruing mu 'n comhair,
 Fir Ghlinnecomhann, 's a Bhràighe ;
 'N tùs an latha ghil sholuis,
 Chit' am folluis gach fàillein,
 'S na bheil beò Shliochd nan Colla,
 'Dhiol pronnadh ar càirdean.

Gur e mbeudaich mo champar,
 A liuthad bantrach tha 'd dhùthaich,
 Agus òganach treubhach,
 Nach d' éigheadh am pùsadh ;
 Thuit le luaidhe 's an am ud,
 Bualadh lann, 's cha bu shùgradh,
 Thoir a mach an adbhansa
 'S cha do shanntuich sibh cùbadh.

Innseam sgéul nan tri truaighean,
 Mo chreach uaislean Chinntìre,
 Tighearn òg sin na Learguinn,
 'S bochd 's is searbh bhi 'ga innse ;
 Chaill thu 'n taoiteir maith fial ann,
 'S bu chuis iargain a chaoidh e,
 'S e air tuiteam 's an dòlum,
 'S bu duin' òg 's an robh brìgh e.

Gun duin' a' bhi t' àite,
 'S gun do bhràthair ach leanabh,
 'S gun neach a' bhi làthair,
 De na thainig o d' sheanair ;
 Sud an tom a bha uasal,
 Do nach d' fhuaras riamh sgannal,
 A bha fiughantach rioghail,
 Air dol sìos mar an rainneach.

Bha Domhnull, 's bha Seumas,
 'S iad gun éirigh on chumasg,
 Mo chreach leir mar a dh' éirich,
 'M fear bu léighe cha d' fhuirich ;
 Dhaibh bu dual a bhi tréubhach,
 Bho 'n athair féin thar gach duine,
 Beirt bu mheasa na chéile,
 Ri leigheas léighe cha d' rinn fuireach.

Clann Domhnuill on Iuras,
 'S iad gu fiughantach gléusda,
 Do 'm bu dual a bhi tapaidh,
 'N am glacadh nan geur-lann ;
 A' bhi dol air 'ur n-adhart,
 Ann an aghaidh nan céndan,
 Thoir a mach na buaidh-làraich,
 Mar bu ghnàth leibh gun éislein.

Thuit mac Dhomhnuill 'ic Ailein,
 'S gu 'm bu bharraiche tìr e,
 'S triuir iar-ogh 'ic Raonuill,
 Air an taobh, 's mòr mo dhiobhail;
 Bha thu dileas mar shaoil leam,
 Do na daoine chaidh sìos leat,
 Fleasgach suairce, caomh, ceaualt,
 B' fhior fhearail na thim e.

C'àite bheil iad 'san rioghachd,
 De fhuil dhileas an ceart uair,
 An taobh-sa Chlann Domhnuill,
 'N Alba 'u Eirinn, no 'n Sasuinn;
 Ach na bheil de Chlann Chamshroin,
 Clann Ghilleoin, is Clann Neachdain,
 Ma' ri Adhol, le dùrachd,
 'S mac Iain Stiubhart na h-Apuinn.

A Shir Eoghainn on Chorpaich,
 'S e do dhochunn nach iarruinn,
 Bha do challa gun bhuinig,
 Càch uile ga t' iargain;
 Mheud 's a bhuilich an Rìgh ort,
 Cha bu nì e nach b' fhiach thu,
 'S ged a gheibheadh tu bàrr air,
 'S daor a phàigh thu e 'm bliadhna.

O'n a thog thu 'n cheud chladheamh,
 Gun athadh, gun fhàiling,
 Bu mhòr do chuid tionnsgail,
 An aghaidh Chrombail is Lambert;
 Chaill thu 'n tìm sin do dhaoine,
 Ann an aobhar Rìgh Tearlach,
 'S mòr am beud do Rìgh Seumas,
 Nach 'eil thu féin mar a bha thu.

'N tra tharruing na Gaidheil,
 Gu h-àrd air a bhruthach,
 'Dol an coinneamh a' nàmhaid,
 Bu neo-sgàthach a bhuidheann;
 Mheud 's a bh' ann aig Mac Cai,
 Luchd a chàil, is a bhrudhaist',
 'Nuair a thòisich an làmhaich,
 Sud am pràbar 'nan siubhal.

Ach Fhir Airde Seile,
 'S mòr do dheireas do 'm feachdaibh,
 Chaill thu bràthair, maith, ciatach,
 Diol Iarla do mhacaibh ;
 Iad féin 's fir a' Bhraighe,
 Bhi 'gam marbhadh ri caisteal,
 Le diobhail deagh cheannard
 'S gun a naimhdean 'ga fhaicinn.

Tha Taoiteir na h-Apuinn,
 Fo airtneal, is bròn air,
 Tha liunn-dubh air, air drùdhadh,
 Fo dhùnadh a chòta ;
 'S e 'g iargain mu bhràithrean,
 'S gu 'm b' iad na h-àilleagain bhòidheach,
 Ged thug ro-mheud an aighir,
 Orra 'n la ud bhi gòrach.

Chaill thu roimhe do dhaoine,
 Ann an aobhar a bhràthar,
 On la thriallar gu Finn thu,
 B' ann an iomairt, 's an àilghios ;
 'S iomadh spealga dhaoin' uasal,
 Làn cruadail, is tabhachd,
 Rachadh sios leat do d' chinneadh,
 O'n la ghineadh gu bàs dhuit.

Fear comhnaidh a mhìrath,
 B' e Mac Ghilleathain a Duairt,
 Air son call mhic 'ic Eoghainn,
 Cha 'n fhoghnadh ach tilleadh ;
 Chuir e ìmpidh air Cannon,
 'S luchd nam machraichean gallda,
 Nach deanta leo tuaireap,
 Dh' fhag sin gruaim air Clann Domhuuill.

'S truagh an sluagh sinn air thalamh,
 Gun bhaile gun bhuachail',
 Siun fein, 's luchd ar mi-run,
 Is sinn cinnteach 'nar cruadal ;
 Chite cò a bhiodh smiorail,
 Ann an iomairt nan Claidhnean,
 Bodaich machair' a' bhuachair,
 No siol uasal nan Garbh-chrioch.

Cha b' ann le iomairt nan Claidhnean,
 Fhuair na Gaidheil an leònadh,
 'S iad nach do chleachd seasamh,
 An taic balla mar chòmhdach;
 Mar rinneadh 'n Dunchailein,
 Thuit na gallain, 's b' e 'm bròn e,
 Bhi 'gan leagadh le luaidhe,
 'S gun tilgeadh buachaillean bhò i.

Rinn Bailechan 's a bhràthair,
 Mòr àr aig Raouruaridh,
 Is an Gall mòr Pitchur,
 Gus an d' aimis an luaidh e;
 Bha uaislean eil' ann bha tapaidh,
 As na machraichean gallda,
 Lean an iorghuill ni b' fhaide,
 'Nan robh Caipitin 's a' champa.

Bha fir Adhol 's an uair sin,
 Gun an uachdaran leotha,
 Bha gach fìnn' air gach taobh dhiubh,
 Air toirt an aont' do Phrionns' Orange;
 Fir na h-Appuin, 's Strathardail,
 Da 'm bu ghnàth a bhi dionach,
 Do 'n fhuil rioghail bu dligheach,
 Na faiceadh iad shios i.

'S mor an galair 's a mulad,
 O cheud thuiteam ar sinnsear,
 Gu bheil an sliochd uile,
 Ach tearc, gun duine dhòibh dileas;
 'Nan do mhothaich na Gaidheil,
 Gun robh 'n fheall anns na Cruinnich,
 Cha robh 'n caidrimh ri coigrich,
 Riamh o thoiseach na strithe.

Tha cleambnas ri coigrich,
 'Na mhòr dhosguinn, 's 'na dhòruinn,
 Mar a chì sinn, 's an an so,
 Ann san fheall ri Prionns' Orange;
 Rinn e gnìomh tha mi-nadurr',
 Air brathair mathar 's athair-céile,
 Nuair ghlac e crùn nan trì rioghachd,
 'S ann air an Rìgh rinn e 'n éucoir.

Cha 'n 'eil e ceadaicht' dhuinn claonadh,
 No 'n rìgh saoghalta mhùchadh,
 'S gur e 'n t-òighre fìor dhligheach,
 O'n a ghineadh o thùs e ;
 Cha 'n fhaod deifir an creidimh,
 No neo-chreidimh ar tàladh,
 'S gun ùghdaras laghail,
 Is gnìomh foilleil dhuinn àicheadh.

Chi sinn mar dh' éirich 'Clann Israel,
 Nuair a thréig iad Rehoboam,
 Ach tréibh Bheniamin, 's Iuda,
 Dhlúthaich ris, mar bu chòir dhoibh ;
 Na deich treubhan rinn àicheadh,
 Dh' àicheidh Dia mar an ceudua,
 Nuair rinn iad rìgh dh' Ieroboam,
 An fog'rach feallsail mac Nebat.

Gur h-oillteil an samhla,
 Do Bhreatuinn, 's do dh' Eirinn,
 Rì linn Chrombail a dhòirt oirnn,
 Moran òrduighean aoraidh ;
 E fein 's a luchd-leanmhuinn,
 'S i gheur-leanmhuinn a leugh iad,
 'S o'n a fhuair sinn ar saorsa,
 Gur nì faoin e gu 'u géill sinn.

Buidheann ghasta a' chruadail,
 Do 'm bu dual a' bhì tréubhach,
 Ann an cogadh Rìgh Tearlach,
 'S auns a bhlar le Rìgh Seumas ;
 Ged a fhuair sibh 'ur dochann,
 'S 'ur plodadh le pràbar,
 'S olc a fhuair eadh fir Adhol,
 Deireadh 'n latha 'ur n-àicheadh.

Ach cha d' rinn iad 'ur n-àicheadh,
 'S cha do thàr iad 'sa bheachd ud,
 Ged a bha iad 's an am-sa,
 Gun chomanndairean aca ;
 Nam biodh an t-Iarla, no bhràthair,
 Mar a b' àbhaist, fo 'm brataich,
 Dheanta scaradh air gàrlaoich,
 'S air luchd nam bàrlagan daite.

Chuir na Gaidheil dhiubh 'm breacain,
 Os cionn geata Raonruairidh,
 Cha robh claidhimh an duille,
 'S cha robh biodag an truaill ann,
 Nach robh smuacadh nan claignean,
 Agus stracadh nan guailleann,
 'Toirt an deatacha feasgair,
 Do luchd nan casagan ruadha.

A Thighearn oig Ghlinnegarradh
 Gu 'm bu bharrach air chàch thu,
 Le do chlaidhimh, maith, leathan,
 'S mairg a dh' fheitheadh ri stràc dheth;
 'S mairg a thàrladh mu'n cuairt duit,
 'Nam tuasaid do laimhe,
 Bho Latha Raonruairidh,
 Cha d' fhuaras do chàirdeas.

Cha lean mi fein air ni 's faide,
 Gun fhios an tuig mi no 'n léir dhomh,
 Mar bu chòir dhomh ath-philleadh,
 Ri mo chinneadh mòr buadhach;
 Ach gur lionmhor ad' srachta,
 Bha mu gheata Raonruairidh,
 Agus Gaidheal, gun bhreacan,
 A ruith fir casaige ruaidhe.

LAOIDH a rinn SILIS NIGHEAN MHIIC RAONUILL
na Ceapaich d'a fear 's da nighean air dhoibh
caochladh.

'S MOR MO MHULAD 'S MI M' AONAR
'S MI M' SHUIDH' ANN A' SEONAR GUN LUaidh,
'S NACH FAIC MI TIGH 'N DHACHaidh
Fear chumail mo chleachdaidh a suas;
Fear a dh' fhadadh mo theine
'S a dh' éigheadh gach deireas a nuas:
O'n chaidh sibh an tasgadh,
'S goirt a chaochlaidh mo chraicinn a shnuadh.

'S tric mo shuilean ri dòrtadh,
O'n a thug iad thu Mhòirehlaich a suas,
'S NACH FAIC MISE 'N T-aiTE
'S 'N DO CHUIR IAD MO GHRàdh-s' ANNS AN UAIGH.
Dh' fhag sibh Ann' aig a' bhaile,
'S BI MISE 'GA GHEARAINN GU CRUaidh;
'Sior amharc a bhad
Aig 'n do chuir iad i falach gu buan.

'S MOR MO MHULAD 'S MO CHÙRAM,
'N uair a shileas mo shùilean gu làr,
Nach 'eil spiorad na h-ùmhlaichd,
Ann a'm' thaice 'g am ghiulan ni 's feàrr;
Gu dol air mo ghlùinean,
'S 'G 'UR LIUBHAIRT DO PHRIONUSA NAN GRàs;
O'n tha sgeula ro chiunteach
Gu bheil sinn uile fo chis aig a' bhàs.

Cha 'n ann gu tighinn a rithisd
Chaidh cuideachd mo chridhe-sa uam,
Gus a ruigear leam iadsan,
Cha 'n fhaicear leam iad gu la luain.
O nach till air 'ur n-ais duibh,
Ach 'ur cnamhan air seachdadh 's an uaigh;
Rìgh dean iochd ris an anan
Gu comunn nan aingeal tha shuas!

'S beag mo ghnothuich ri féilltibh,
 No dh' amharc na réise ri m' bheò;
 No m' aighear ri daoine;
 Chaidh mo chuid-sa dhiubh uile fo 'n fhòd:
 O'n a dh' fhalbh iad le chéile,
 An dithis nach tréigeadh mi beò;
 Rìgh thoir dhomhsa bhi leughadh
 Air an aithreachas gheur a bh' aig Iòb.

'N uair thig latha na Bràth'ch,
 'S bhios na trompaidean àghmhor 'gan seinn,
 'S thig Crìosd as a' chathair,
 Ghabhail cunntais is taiche de chloinn;
 Bi na gobhair 's na caoirich
 An sin air gach taobh dheth 'gan roinn,
 'S maìrg a theid anns an teine
 Nach teirig 's nach dealaich ri 'n druim.

Gheibh na caoirich an deas-lamh,
 'S na gobhair am feasd an lamh chli,
 'S 'nuair bhios Crìosd a' toirt breith,
 "Thigibh dhachaidh a chlaun a rinn sith,
 Gu righeachd 'ur n-Athar,
 Far nach cluinn sibh ach aighear gun strìth;
 Sgriosar sìos a chuid eile,
 Do 'n teine nach teirig a chaoidh."

Gloir thoir do Mhac Muire,
 Thug a ghibht domh gu 'n d' fhuiling mi leòn;
 Thug de bhròn 's de leann-dubh dhomh,
 Gus 'n do theirig de m' fhuil agus m' fheadil,
 Gus an tigeadh mo Shlan'fhear,
 A rithist 'gam' shabhaladh beò:
 Rìgh glac m' anam an là ud,
 'S thoir suas e gu cathair a cheoil!

LAOIDH DAINGNEACHAIDH.

DHE cruthaich mi gun chàileachd,
 Daingnich mo creidimh 's dean làidir;
 Orduich aingeal de 'n tha 'm Pàrras;
 Coinneamh ghabhail a' m' fhàrdaich,
 'G a'm theasraiginn o gach buaireadh,
 Tha droch shluagh a' cur a' m' charaibh;
 Chrìosd a dh' fhuiling do cheusadh
 Caisg na béistean 's bi fein ma' rium.

Cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi fo smaointinn
 'Nam dhomh dol daonnan a' m' leaba,
 Eiridh na clachan 's na caoban,
 Cia mar a gheibh naomh an cadal?
 Bi mi gun fhois no gun sàmhchair;
 Gun chlos no gu tàmh gu maduinn,
 Fhir tha an cathair nan gràsan,
 Faic mo chàramh 's bi d' gheard agam.

Gloir is buidheachas do 'n Athair
 Theasaig o fhathast mi sàbhailt,
 Ged a bhios clachan is maidean
 A' sior bhagairt anns gach am orm.
 Mur biodh d' aingle-sa orm timchioll,
 'Gam dhion bho lionaibh a' mhéirlich,
 'S cinnteach gu 'n cuireadh e orm buaireadh,
 Is nach fuasglainn gun do ghràsan.

Tha mi 'n trath so trom fo imcheist,
 'S iomadh seanachas th' orm 's gach dùthaich;
 Deir pairt dhiubh, " bha e ri eucoir
 'S ann na dheigh fein a tha chùis ud."'
 Na toir breith ach mar is léir dhuit,
 Ged a tha Mac Dhe 'ga m' dhùsgadh;
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios a modha thoill mi,
 Na fear saibhir tha gun chùram.

Ged tha trioblaid anns an am s' orm,
 'S cinnt gu 'm faigh mi paidheadh dùbailt,
 'Nuair a thig orm gairm bho m' Shlàn'fhear
 Gheibh mi blàths is grasan ùra:
 Cha 'n eagal domh tuilleadh bruidhlein
 'Nuair bhios mi shuas ma' ri d' naoimh-sa,
 Fhir tha 'na d' shuidh' air a' chathair,
 Cuidich mo labhairt 's gabh m' urnuigh.

Ach a Dhe dean mise cuimhneach
 Latha 's a dh' oidhche bhi 'g ùrnuigh,
 'G iarraidh maitheanas le caoimhneas,
 Anns na thoill mi air mo ghlùinean.
 Càirich le spiorad na firinn
 Aithreachas glan cinnt am ghrund-sa,
 'Nuair chuireas tu am bàs 'ga m' iarraidh
 Gu 'n gabh Criosda dhìom-sa curam.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH
GHLINNEGARADH.

GUR a fada mi m' chadal,
'S gur a mithich dhomh dùsgadh,
Tha mu chrìch Ghlinnegaradh,
Aobhar ghearain mo chùise;
'S ann an Eaglais Chillfhionain,
Tha lamh dhioladh nan crùintean,
Oighre dleasannach Ile,
'S gur a diobhail da dhùthaich.

A laoch uasail na féile,
Ceannard féisde, 's luchd ealaidh,
Tha do chlàrsach gun rùsgadh,
'S do luchd ciuil air an sgaradh;
Tha t' aitreamh gun chòmhdach,
'S gun seòl air do bhaile,
Cha b'e 'n cladhair sgàthach,
Dalt ud bràthair mo sheauar.

Ach Alastair chluitich,
Bho thùr Ghlinnegaradh!
Cha tug Iarla no Diuca,
Riamh cùis dhìot a dh' aindeoin;
Làmh sgapadh an airgid,
A chuireadh fearg air Mac Cailein,
'S mòr an call do Rìgh Seumas,
Nach d' éirich thu fallain.

'S e 'n cliù a fhuair thu bho thoiseach,
'S cha b' ole e ri innse';
Gur craobh chosgairt 's a' bhlàr thu,
Nach gabh sgàth ro luchd phicean;
No luchd chòtaichean dearga,
Ge b' armailt an rìgh iad,
Le d' lasgaircean fuileach,
Le 'n gunnaichean cinnteach.

'S tu oighre dligheach Mhic Dhomhnuill,
 'Gan robh còir air leth Albainn,
 Lamh bhualladh nam builleann,
 'S tu b' urrainn dha 'n dearbhadh ;
 Cha robh bàrr aig mac duin' ort,
 A thaobh cumaidh no dealbha,
 'S ged a theirinn a thuilleadh,
 'S tu b' urrainn 'ga dhearbhadh.

C'ait' am facas an Albainn,
 Fear àbhaist do bhéusan,
 Air mhaiseachd 's air dhealbhachd,
 Air chàileachd, le treine?
 Fear a sgoltadh gach cùis thu,
 Cha bu mhùgh ort a réiteach,
 'S air bheulthaobh an lagha,
 Gur e do fhradharc bu ghéire.

'S gur a truagh tha do bhràithrean,
 A' dol a'd' chlàrsaid, 's a'd' chlòsaid,
 Mu 'n Alastair phrìseil,
 Chuireadh strìth air Rìgh Seoras ;
 Cha robh diuc ann an Albainn,
 Air nach dearbhadh tu chòmhstri,
 Fhir is àrdanach aigneadh,
 Bu tu Abaid Chlann Domhnuill.

'Nuair bu shuidhe aig bòrd dhuit,
 Cha bu dòlum do léirsinn,
 Bhiodh fuaim seachad air phìosan,
 'S an tùr an tillte na céudan :
 Ceum rioghail air faich' thu,
 Nach robh airceach no éigneach,
 'S gur bochd smuaintean do chinnidh,
 Bhi 'dol 's an ionad an d' éug thu.

'S gu bheil ùrnuigh nan càirdean,
 Leat gu Pàrras, le dùrachd,
 Gur mòr an iondrainn am bliadhna,
 Dhuinn nach iarradh tu cùntas :
 Solus soills' anns a' chathair,
 'Bhi deanamh rathaid, is iuil duit,
 Mo cheud beannachd le t' anam,
 Bho 'n is aingeal 's a' chùirt thu.

'S mi 'dol seachad Cillfhianain,
Gur trom ìntinneach m' aigne,
Mu'n Alastair phrìseil,
Nach do sgrìobh a bhì ainmis;
Cha do sheòl thu gu h-ìosal,
Bhiodh do nì aig luchd-ealaidh;
'S gheibhte onoir air t-uaislean,
An am dhuit gluasad bhò d' bhaile.

CUMHA DO DH' AONGHUS OG GHLINNE
GARADH, a mharbhadh le urchair thubaistich
an deigh Blàr na h-Eaglaise Brice, 1746.
Le Aonghus Domhnullach (Mac Ailein).

'S trom an luchd a th' air m' inntinn,
Ge b'e dha 'n innsinn mo dhòruinn;
An sgéul a fhuair mi dhomh innse,
'S mi 'g òl fiona Didònuich;
'S e chuir mise fo mhìghean,
'Nuair a dh' innsadh nach beò thu,
'Nuair chunnaic mise do lotan,
Air mo roisg thainig deoirean.

A ghnuis na féile 's na glaine!
Gu'm b' ainneamh fear t-aoise,
Ann an céill, 's ann an gliocas,
Bu mhòr do mheas air do dhaoine;
Corp is gile 'nan canach,
Sùilean meall-shuileach 's caoine,
'S mairg a tharladh am féirg riut,
'S nach bu mhéirbh thu 's a chaonnaig.

'S goirt leam càradh dhaoin' uaisle,
'S am buachail' 'g am fàgail,
'Gan robh gliocas is cruadal,
Le uaisle gun àrdan:
Aonghuis Oig Ghlinnegaradh,
Bha mnaì galach ga d' chàradh,
'S cha bu ghearrain mar chaidh,
'Nam faigheadh tu laithean.

Ach do laithean gu 'n iarraim,
'Nam bu riatanas dhomhs' e,
Na b' achanaich choltach,
Bho 'n 's tric a prosnachadh dheòir mi,
Mu'n fhear nach d' fhuair ach aois leanabh,
Rìgh! bu loinneil air blàr thu,
'S dh' innis là Phrestonpana
Nach bu leanabh an càs thu.

Anns gach càs bha thu duineil,
 Bu tu 'n duine, ge b'òg thu,
 Suil bu tlaithe, gun tioma,
 'S nach cireadh an dòbheirt;
 Leat bu mhiannach a cheathairn,
 Bhi 'gan teannadh an òrdugh,
 'S tu 'dol sìos 'nam a' chatha,
 Bu neo-sgathach do chòmhradh.

Sliabh na h-Eaglaise Brice,
 Bu mhòr do mhisneach 's an uair sin,
 Ge do rainig na h-cìch sinn,
 Cha do leasaich iad gruaim dhuit,
 Ge bu sgreadaidh ri fhaicinn,
 Le lannan glas as an truaill iad,
 Gu'm bu churanta t-fhacal,
 Gu cur as ri aon uair dhoibh.

Bu tu 'n curaidh, 's an gaisgeach,
 Fhir nach tais an am cruadail,
 Lamh bhualadh nan speach thu,
 'S e mo chreach na thug uainn thu;
 Gur mi fhortan do d' chinneadh,
 Gu'n do ghiorraicheadh t' uair orr',
 'S e do chur ann an cistidh,
 Turn is miste do thuathcheairn.

Bha do thuathcheairne déurach,
 'S gun an t-oighre a bhi t' àite,
 Cha bu ghearain mar dh' éirich,
 'Nam biodh tu féin aca làthair;
 Gur e thromaich mo mhulad,
 Thu bhi 'n Lunnain an sàs ac',
 'S truagh an fhinc Clann Domhnuill,
 Ma gheibh Rìgh Scorus lamh làidir.

Ach a Thearlaich Oig Stiubhart,
 Gun d' rug diubhail gle mhòr ort,
 Na fiuranan glana,
 Nach mealladh 's a' chòir ort;
 Oighre Chnòideart, 's Ghlinngaradh,
 Bhi 'n tùr aig gallaibh, b' e 'n leòn e,
 'S ma thig béud riut mu t' anam,
 Gur daor a cheannaich sinn t' còlas.

Ach t-eòlas gu'n iarrainn,
Na 'm biodh Dia uime deònach,
'Chors' gun eireadh gach latha,
Leat buaidh chatha, 's buaidh chòmhnuidh;
Fuasgladh grad do m' cheann cinnidh,
'S e sud a shirinn air m' òrdugh,
'S gur e thogadh mo mhulad
Ruaig nan sionnach air Seorus.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH
GHLINNEGARADH.

Gu bheil mise fo sproc,
A h-uile h-o'dheche 's a nochd,
Ma 's e mi-ghean, le frois, a blhuail sibh.

'S gun unhail do chàch,
Bidh mi guidhe gach là,
Leis a bhuidhinn d' an guàth bhi uallach.

Le Clann Domhnuill 'ic Eoin,
Bhur faiciun fallain gun leòn,
'Sibh th' air m' aire gle mhòr 's an uair so.

Bha sibh allail na 'r n' ainm,
Cha robh barrachd lean ann,
Càirdeas fhear o na gleanntaibh cuachach.

Càirdeas Alastair àigh,
Cha bhàn carrach a dh' fhàs,
Ach am barrachd 's a bha na ghruaig air.

Càirdeas Alastair Oig,
A bha fearrail 's an stoirm,
'S a chaidh tamull do 'n Fhraing air bhuanachd.

Càirdeas fine nach fann,
Theid an iomairt nan lann,
'S nach pilleadh an am a chruadail.

Fine ghreadhnach nam pios,
Nam bratach, 's nam pìob,
'S nam feachdanan lionmhor luaineach.

'S mairg a thachradh na d' chòir,
'S fiamh bhrais' ann a' d' shròin,
Neach chuireadh ga dheòin ort gruaman.

Le d' chlaidhimh socair deagh-ghleòis,
Bu neo lapach na d' dhòrn,
Nàile ghearra' tu feòil gu simuais leis.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH GHLINNEGARADH.

DEOCH slàinte mhic 'ic Alastair,
Lion barrach air a chrann,
Air chumhnant thu thigh'n fallain,
Gu Tùr Garranach nan gleann :
Thu dh' inntigin 's an obair sin,
'S e thogadh dhiom a ghreann,
'S tha m' inntiun fhin cho togarrach,
'S nach obainn dol a dhanns'.

A Rìgh gur ait an sgéula sin,
A fhuair mi fein, Di-Luain,
Di-Màirt a rinn mi bruidhinn air,
'S mo chridhe 'g éiridh suas ;
Gun tainig an deagh Alastair,
Gu fhearann mar bu dual,
A Rìgh gu meal thu 'n t-àite sin,
Nach robh do chàirdeas fuar.

'Nuair theid am preas a chàradh,
Anns an àite 'n dean 'e féum,
Aig iochdar sruth nan sàr-bhradan,
Tha buinne làidir tréun :
'S lionmhor fear le fàilligeadh,
Nach tàr an t-àth a léum,
A dh' éireas suas fo d' chàirdeas,
Agus tàrsuinn fo do sgéith.

Gur lionmhor saighdear guinnideach,
Cruaidh, fulangach, gu leòr,
A sheasadh air earr gunna leat,
'S a bhuaileadh spuir ri òrd ;
'S mise féin a chunnaic sin,
Mu dhunaidh Aonghuis Oig,
Cha bu chreach gun diultadh i,
Mur lùbadh i 'nar feòil.

Gur lionmhor macan cùramach,
 Fìor ùiseil thig nar ceann,
 Thig Mac 'ic Ailein Mhùideart leat,
 MacDhùghail thig e nall:
 An cinneadh maith Siol Uisdein sin,
 'S gach fìuran thig nan ceann;
 Gur mairg a thagradh mùiseag ort,
 'Nuair dhùbladh tu do rang.

Tha fìne an taobh eile dhuibh,
 Gle shoilleir thig 'nar ceann;
 Cha ruig mi leas an sloinneadh,
 Cha 'n 'eil fàth an deireis ann;
 Chunnaic mi 's a choinneuh's iad,
 'N àm cìreachdas nan lann,
 B' iad sud am pòr nach obadh,
 Ann an àm bhì sgoltadh cheann.

Ged fhuair am bogha shàruchadh,
 Tha 'n t-sreang na h-àite fein;
 MacIain, 's fìr a Bhraighe leat,
 Gur feaird thu sud ri t' fhéum;
 Nam biodh Dia cho fàbhorach,
 'S gu'm biodh bhur càirdeas réidh,
 Far am b' isle 'n gàradh,
 Cha bu ghnàthach leibh a leum.

'S ged tha mi 'dol a' m' leabaidh,
 Tha 'n t-slat 'sa tigh 'nn a' m' chuimhn',
 De 'n iubhar àluinn ghaganach,
 Do 'n aiteam sin, Siol Chuinn;
 Na mhealla' mi mo chaiseart,
 No 'm breacan s' tha mu m' dhruim,
 Mur meantraigean féin fathasd leat,
 Au ceannabheirt claidheimh luim.

'S ged nach 'eil mo nitheanan,
 Ach trioblaideach gu leòr,
 Tha h-uile h-aon ag innse dhomh,
 Gur misde mi mo dhòigh;
 Gur measa dhomh an niosgaid so,
 Ma bhrìsteas i 'nam fheòil,
 Na ged fhàg i falamh mi,
 'S nach b' fhiach mi dh' earras gròt.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH
GHLINNEGARADH.

Le Aonghus Dòmhnallach (Mac Ailein).

CHA b' e m' fhàgail aig baile,
Fàth mo chràidh, no mo ghearainn cho mòr,
Ach a ghràitin nach mairionn,
An ti dh' àrdaicheadh m' onoir is m' fhonn ;
'Nuair bha càch air a bhanaid,
'S iad gu manranach, geanail, le fonu,
Bha mise pràmhail aig Bealaidh,
'Cur an càs mar bha Alastair rium.

An leoghann fireachail suaice,
Mùirneach, macanta, duaisear ri daimh !
Bha thu miosail air t' uaislean,
Agus iochdmhor ri tuathcheairn 's an am ;
Cha bu mhisd' thu ri d' ghluasad,
"Bonn do mhiosguinn no bhruaidhleinn gun cheann,"
'S dh' fhéumadh e bhí na ghualainn,
Fear sam bith air am fuasgladh tu cainnt.

Bha thu miosail an Albainn,
Ann an Sasunn gun dhearbh thu do chliu,
Bu mhòr t' onoir thar fairge,
Cha bu chuilein gun eanchainn ann thu ;
Fhir bu toirteala calpa,
'S bu deis' ann an dealbharrach shùl :
'Nam bu dhiùbhe le h-airgiod,
Bu niarachd cinneadh dha 'n ainmichear thu.

'S lionmhor fine dha 'm farmad,
An Ceann-cinnidh àrd-ainmeil so th' oirnn,
Cha bu phriobuirneach meanbh e,
Bheireadh bristeadh a meanm an laoigh òig ;
Bu sinn an fhine mhi-shealbhach,
Nach d' fhuair sinn ort aimsir gu leòr,
'S bu lughaid' acain ar 'n earrachail,
'Nam bu mhairionn 's an ams' Aonghus Og.

Aonghuis Oig a chuil àluinn!
 Bha gràdh gach duin' ort a thàrnaich ort iuil;
 'S nach robh e measg Ghaidheal,
 Aon fhear a fhuair bàrr ort an cliù;
 'S tu bu leoghanta sàr-ghlic,
 Gun mhòrchuis, gun àrdan a' d' shùil,
 Dh' fhalbh gach fortan bh' air Tearlach,
 O'n la lotadh an t-àilleagan ùr.

'S fheadar fhulang mar thàinig,
 Mo shian-duilich do chàradh fo 'n fhòd,
 A luath 's na bhuinig an bàs thu,
 Dh' fhàg na chuimaic thu cràiteach fo leòn;
 Gu'm b' e 'n t-uirigleadh pràmhail,
 A bhi tuireadh air t-àbhaist, a sheòid!
 Cò ni taice na t' àite?
 Bho 'n chuir iad thu 'n clàr-chiste bhòrd.

'Nuair a théid mi 'bhun Gharaidh,
 'S tric bhios t-eugaig na m' aire le bròn,
 'S mi bhi leirsinn do thalla,
 Gun fhéusd ann, gun fharraid air ceòl:
 'S mise dh' fhaodadh sud aithris,
 Gur tric caoladh a challa' tigh'nu oirm,
 'Nam bu shaoghal dhuit ma' ruinn,
 Cha bhithinn daonna aig Bealaidh fo bhròn.

'S tric mo chridhe fo throm-ghéan,
 'S gach uair am bi mi gar n' ionradh leam féin,
 Mu fhearaibh òg bha gun dom'las,
 Dha 'm bu dligheach bhi uallach le féil',
 Sibh air slighe gun iomrall,
 'S gun bhi againn ach Dunchadh nar déigh,
 A Mhic Muire, dha 'n iomchuidh,
 Deònaich fortan gun iomrall da réir.

ORAN DO DH' ALASTAIR RUADH
GHLINNEGARADH.

Le Iain Domhnullach, Fear Airdnabidh.

CHA 'n fhaigh mi cadal air chòir
Gun do bharantas beòil,
'Teachd bho charraig nan seòl,
Gur e 'n t-Alastair Og s' th' air m' aire-sa.

Gur a cruaidh leam an uair,
Thig bho chuaradh a chuain,
Agus fuathas nan stuagh,
'S cha phill thu cho luath le maranan.

Planntas laidir mo rùin,
Bho 'n Fhraing a thainig as ùr,
Mar chàirdeas lainndeir ri sùil,
Agus barrantas cùil nan gleannan-sa.

Bith-sa misneachail tréun,
Ardan, 's gliocas, da réir,
Gun chall itich 'na d' sgéith,
Los gu'm measaich iad réim do sheannar dhuit.

'Nan tigeadh cruadal no spàirn,
'S e bu dual dhuit 's a' bhlàr,
Sleaghan cruaidh a' bhi d' laimh,
Le neart ghualla toirt àireamh cheannaibh dhiubh.

'Nan tigeadh Tearlach a nall,
Gu'm bu dearbhte dha 'chlann,
'Thig o gharbh shlios nam beann,
Comhlan fearrdha ro chalma ceannasach.

'S leis a Chnòideartach ùr,
Na fir cholgarr' air thùs,
Gur iad bu torganach sùrd,
'S nial colgarr' air sùil gach gallain diubh.

Iad gu fulangach luath,
 Làidir, curanta, cruaidh,
 Mar ghàir Chuchullain gu buaidh,
 Luchd màdair uile gu truagh 's iad gearaineach.

Luchd lùireach is lann,
 'N am rùsgaidh nach gann,
 Ri gearradh luithein is cheann,
 'S e sud bu dùchas do'n dream bu charraideach.

Thig an còmhail nan laoch,
 Gaisgich uaibhreach nach faoin;
 'N am tharruing suas nan lann caol,
 Bhiodh gagan uallach de 'n fhraoch ri crannagan.

Bhiodh ar dùrachd o'r crìdh,
 G' ar dùthaich 's g' ar rìgh,
 'Chor 's gu 'n rùisgte na gill,
 Gu 'm biodhmaid cliuiteach le spid a Gharranaich.

Mo ghaol-sa 'n t-Alastair Ruadh,
 Bheir buaidh le claidheimh a truaill,
 An tinnseal caithream an t-sluaigh,
 Bhiodh cnuachdan fala gu luath gu talamh leat.

Macan dileas mo ghràidh,
 Ma 's e tìr dhuit no sàl,
 Thu thigh'n dìreach gu t' àit,
 Dh' aindeoin mi-rùn na gràisg gur maireann thu.

ORAN GAOIL.

Le ban-tighearn de theaghlach Shleibhte.

SEISD—Ho nan tigeadh
 Mo Robairneach gaolach,
 Birlinn aig'
 Agus ceatharna dhaoine,
 Dheanainnse mire
 Co theireadh nach faodadh,
 B' aighearrach mise
 'N an tilleadh a ghaoth sibh.

Tha bhirlinn a' tighinn
 Fo h-uidheam an tràth-sa,
 Timchioll an rudh'
 Agus buidheann mo ghràidh innt';
 Fear a' chuil bhuidhe
 'Na shuidh' air a bràighe.
 'S tu dheanadh a stiùireadh
 Ri cùl nan tonn àrda.
 Ho nan tigeadh.

'N am bitheadh sud agad-sa
 Claidheamh is targaid,
 Gunna 'bheoil laghaich
 B' e do roghainn a dh' arm iad,
 Paidhear mhaith phiostal
 Fo chrios nam bann airgid,
 'S tu leannan te oige
 Cho boidheach 's tha 'n Alba.
 Ho nan tigeadh.

Cha b' e mo Robain-se
 Soideanach suarach,
 'S aotrom aighearrach,
 Aigeannach suairc e;
 Snamhaiche linne,
 Fear buidhe chuil dualaich;
 B' aighearrach mise
 Bhi mire mu 'n cuairt ort.
 Ho nan tigeadh.

'Nan tigeadh tu fhathast
 B' e m' aighear 's mo rùn thu,
 Cead bhi 'ga d' choimhead
 Gu 'm b' aighearrach leam e;
 'Nuair dh' eircadh tu d' sheasamh
 Bu deas thu air ùrlar,
 'S leat urram an dannsa,
 'S tu annsachd na cùirte.
 Ho nan tigeadh.

Am baile so romham
 Cha 'n 'eil mi ann colach;
 'S ann a tha m' uirigleadh,
 M' aighear, 's mo shòlas;
 B' fhearr leam e agam,
 Gun airgiod gun stòras,
 Na buaile chrodh ballach
 Le fear bhiodh gun eolas.
 Ho nan tigeadh.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR SEUMAS MACDHOMHNUILL
SHLEIBHTE.

Gur e sgeula ar léiridh,
'S ar sgaraidh le chéile,
Thainig oirnn a Dunéidean,
O 'n chualas gu 'n d' eug e ;
Ceann uighe nan ceudan,
Bha bu h-urramach, céilidh,
'N t-oighre dligheach bh' air Sléibhte ;
Ciod a chreach gun Sir Seumas bhi beo !
Ciod, etc.

Tha Clann Domhnuill an tràth so,
Mar is minic a bhà iad,
Mar uain bhiodh gun mhàthair ;
Chraobh mhullaich a b' àirde
So a bh' orra ri aireamh ;
Chaidh a gearradh gu làr dhiubh :
Och nan och ! rug am bàs ort cho òg.
Och ! etc.

'N am bu namhaid fo 'n adhar
So a dh' fhagadh tu d' luidhe,
Ach toil an àrd Athar,
Feumar geilleadh d'a mhaitheas ;
'S lionmhor Iarl' agus Maithean
A ghlacadh an claidheamb,
'S a dheanadh a chaitheamh gu 'n dorn.
'S a dheanadh, etc.

'Nuair bha oirnn aoibhneas is aiteas
Air duil ri d' thigh 'n dhachaigh,
A dh' ionnsuidh do chaistil,
Làn foghlum is fhasan,
Mar bu duchar a thachairt ;
Sgeula ciuirte 'ta againn
A chiste-luidh air do ghlasadh :
Och nan och ; gur h-i chreach thainig oirnn !
Och, etc.

Bho 'n dh' fhag thu sinne cho cràiteach,
 'S nach urrainn sinn àireamh,
 Gu 'n robh d' anam am Pàrras!
 A' seinn cliu do 'n an Ard Rìgh.
 Gloir do dh' Athair nan gràsan
 Sir Alasdair àluinn
 'Bhi na shuidhe 'na d' àite:
 Dia thoirt gibhtean dha 's gràsan
 Agus gliocas is làithean gu leòir!
 Agus gliocas, etc.

Ach 's truagh a' mhathair gun mhac thu,
 Bhan-ridire ghasda,
 Nighean an Iarla o 'n mhachair,
 So a thainig o 'n chaisteal:
 Tha leann-dubh air a glacadh,
 'S tric deòir air a rasgaibh,
 O'n a chualas gun d' fhaicinn
 Thu bhi 'n tùr air do thasgadh 's an Ròimh.
 Thu bhi, etc.

Mhic Shir Alasdair cheutaich,
 Bha gu h-urramach céillidh:
 Choisinn sith ri cruaidh fheum dhuinn,
 Dh' ùraich so oirnn ar creuchdan,
 'S cha 'n 'eil oirnn ach gur éiginn bhi beo.
 'S cha 'n 'eil, etc.

Ogh' Iarl Eglinton ghasda
 Dhioladh ascaoin am pailteas,
 'G am bheil oighreachd ro fharsuinn
 Thar fir far na machrach,
 Dh' eireadh leatsa ceud gaisgeach
 Ach feum bhi orr' agad
 'N am chur fraoich ri do bhrataichean sròil.
 'N am, &c.

'S mise fein thainig uatha
 A chaidh an snaoin goirt a chruadail,
 Dùisg mairbh as na h-uaighibh
 Dh' iarraidh fiosrachadh uatha,
 Feuch an daoine 'bha buan sibh;
 Fradharc 's claisneachd dh' fhalbh uatha,
 'S éirig leo air a' chruadal,
 Rìgh nan Eilein 'bhi suas mar bu chòir.
 Rìgh, &c.

MARBHRANN UISDEIN A' BHAILESHEAR.

Le Iain MacCodrum.

Mo thruaighe! briseadh Siol Chuinn,
 Mo chreach! 'ur diobhail, 's 'ur sgath,
 Sgeula duilich, 's mòr am beud,
 Ri fhulang gur geur an gath.

Gur geur an gath, gath an aoig,
 'Nar taobh a dh' fhalaich a' ghui,
 'Nuair dh' fhuadaich e uainn na suinn,
 'Sgeul is cruaidh r'a innse 'n diugh.

'Nuair thugadh ar ceann priseil uainn,
 Gur mi-fhortan cruaidh a th' ann;
 Càch a bhi tearnadh cho bras
 'S a thearnadh a chlach leis a' ghleann.

Mu 'n tainig leth-bliadhna slàn,
 Chaill sinn Fear Bhàlaidh 's a mhac,
 Ar sàr chaptain Fear an Uird,
 Gilleasbuig gun dùil ri theachd.

Tha fir 's a chaibeal 'nan tàmh,
 Iain 's am Bàilidh air thùs,
 Bu deagh chreideas iad air tìr,
 Ga seasamh an sìth 's an cliù.

Nach mòr am briseadh oirnn sin,
 Cuide ri 'r briseadh an diugh;
 Na h-urrad de bharanta mòr,
 O bhrollach Chlann Domhnuill na fir.

B' iad sin na fir bu mhòr meas,
 'S an ionad nach do sheas an cas,
 Air an cluinnte 'n t-ìomradh còir,
 'S an àite nach robh eolas ac'.

Cuideachd is mòran 'gan dìth,
 Faodaidh iad 'bhi cruinn air enoc,
 Nach cianail a' nochd a chuir,
 'S ogh' Iarla Dhuntuiln fo bhrot.

Am fìor ghaisgeach air dol fo lù,
 Mu 'n iarganach iomadh neach,
 Sàr churaidh a chaisgeadh tòir,
 'S nach cuireadh " ob òb " air ais.

'Nan tigeadh trioblaid 'nar car,
 Sheasadh fearail air ar ceann;
 Gun " mar bhiodh " ri fhaotainn ann,
 An cridhe no 'n gàirdein no 'n lann.

An duine bu duin' air gach càs,
 Ionadail, càirdeil, gun phleid,
 Ceannard sluaigh gun tuar air sgàth,
 Guala làidir anns an t-streup.

Duine sgairteil, tapaidh, tèoma;
 Duine seadhar anns gach beairt,
 Labhradh an fhirinn le grunn,
 'S cha b' e teanga leam is leat.

Gur mise chunnaic an uair,
 Gu'm b' urramach do shnuagh 's do dhreach;
 Fear fearail bu fhilthail gnùis,
 Amharc nan sùl nach robh tais.

Calpa foinnidh, sliasaid mheamnach,
 Colann dhealbhach bu mhòr neart;
 Am faicinn, 's an gaisge, 'san gnìomh,
 Bu diomhala Iarla do mhac.

Ceannard dùthcha' 'n éiridh chruaidh,
 Ceannard sluaigh an éiridh feachd,
 Ceann-feadhna nach fuilingeadh spid,
 'S a b' urrainn an t-srìth a chasg.

Duine fearail a dh' fhàs cruaidh;
 Duine 'n robh cruadal is smachd;
 Duine 'n robh iochd agus truas,
 Gu fuasgladh air fear 'na air.

Duine 'n robh smior agus sgoinn;
 Duine nach robh foill na bheachd,
 Nach buaileadh a bhuille chùil,
 'S nach gleidheadh mi-rùn do neach.

An aon mhìle 's an seachd ceud,
Tri fichead bliadhna 's a naoi,
Ghabh Uisdein cridhe chead dhinn;
Tri fichead 's a tri b' e aois.

Tha sinn a nis air ar leòn,
An fhinne mhòr bu lionmhor buaidh;
Ma bha sibh riannh 'n 'ur cuis fharmaid,
'S an aimsir so 'n 'ur culaidh thruais.

Craobh a rùisgeadh air gach taobh sinn;
Craobh nach do ghiùlain a meas;
Cha 'n fhan ar luchd aoise beò
'S cha tig ar daoin' òga ris.

Seallamaid a nis ri Dia;
'S cinnteach a chrìoch dhuinn am bàs;
Ruitheamaid an cùrsa réidh,
'S iarramaid Mac Dhé mar gheàrd.

ORAN NA BAINNSE.

Le Gilleasbuig Domhnullach, Gille-na-Ciotaig.

B' e turus gun bhuannachd,
 A ghluais mi 's an am,
 'Nuair chaidh mi gu baile,
 Cha bu charaid dhomh 'n t-am ;
 'Nam lùbadh an òil,
 Chuir a ghòraich mi ann,
 Mu'n do riaghladh ach stòp
 Chaidh an t-òil na mo cheann.

'Nuair thòisich an trioblaid,
 Bha mis' ann au cùil,
 Cha 'n fhaighinn dhol sios,
 Mar a fiachainn ri triuir ;
 Thuirt muileir an t-sadaidh,
 Cha stad mi co dhiu,
 Gus a faic mi do cheann
 'Bhi 'ga stampadh fo m' ghluin.

Thuirt mise, 's mi freagairt,
 Cha deifir dhomh 'n dràst,
 Mur do dh' fhàs thu ni 's treise,
 Cha 'n eagal do 'n bhàrd ;
 'S mi 's meanbha dheth m' dhaoine,
 'S is caoile an cnaimh,
 'S bi chabhruich an iochdar,
 Mu 'n strìochd mi 's a' bhàr.

'Nuair a bhuail mi e thairis,
 Gun dh' ailis mi chàch,
 C' aite nis bheil do chothrom—
 C' ait do bhonnaich an dràst ?
 Ged tha mis' air a Gheannsich *
 Gun annlao air clàr,
 Tha thus' air do thaobh
 Ged tha 'n giornalair làn.

* A kind of potatoes, so called in Uist.

'S iomadh peice beag spiocach,
 A lion thu gu fann,
 'Nuair a bhiodh tu 'ga shioladh,
 Car fiar na do laimh ;
 Bha mise 's gach Criosduidh,
 'Ga iarraidh bha gann ;
 'S an còrr 'bha gun lionadh
 Gun diolar e thall.

Ma theid mi ga innse,
 'S i 'n fhirinn as feàrr ;
 Gu'n robh thu 'na 'd shìneadh,
 An dìg 'ghearraidh chàil ;
 Luchd thogail na moltrach,
 'S an droll ris an làr,
 'S Clann Domhnuill a' chruadail,
 An uair sin gu h-àrd.

Bean nan cnotaichean dearga,
 Chuir fearg air na bh' ann,
 Gun eagal, gun dearmad,
 Gun chearb air a laimh ;
 'S mar biodh a Mhairi
 An càirdeas a bh' ann,
 Gun innsinnse chàch
 Gun robh d' nàire s' air chall.

CO SO BREABADH NA MNATHA ?

Le Gilleasbuig Domhnullach, Gille-na-Ciotaig.

Cò so breabadh na mnatha ?
 Laoch gun tioma, gun athadh,
 Cò so breabadh na mnatha ?

'Nuair ràinig mi dorus Beuluamha,
 Dh' fhosgail mi uinneag an fhuaraidh,
 Bha 'm Fuanhaire 's nighean Mhicuire
 Tarruing spuaic 's a bualadh spleathard.

Mac Fhionnlaidh Ruaidh 's a bhean fein ann,
 'G ionnsachadh bocsa na h-Eirionn ;
 B' fharr lean a bhi 'n Allt-na-beiste
 Na bhi 'g eisdeachd riu' gu latha.

Chuala mi trod nam ban Eigeach,
 Ged a chuala cha do chreid mi ;
 Gu faca mi chailleach bheag
 A tigh'nn a gheadadh fir an tighe.

Rug e air chiabhaig 's air chluais orr',
 'S ghabh e chearrag dhith 'ga bualadh ;
 'S nuair chuir a bodach mu 'n cuairt i,
 Gu'm b' e luath a leaba-luidhe.

Anns a' mhaduinn 'nuair a thill mi,
 Shaoil mi gu 'm faighinn mo dhinneir ;
 Chaidh am brochan feadh na griosaich,
 'S chaidh an t-ìm air feadh an tighe !

ORAN FIR HEISGIR.

Le Raonaid Dhomhnullach. air dhi bhi ri port 's an
Eilein Sgiathanach.

THA Fear Heisgir a' tighinn ;
Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan ciad,
Bu tu ceann-uidhe na cuideachd,
'S cha bu sgrubaire crion ;
'N am ruighinn do bhaile,
Seal mu 'n cromadh a ghrian ;
Bu tu mac an deagh athar,
Bha gu mathasach riamh.

Gur mis' tha fo mhìghean,
'S mi leam fhìn air a chnoc,
Fada, fada, bho m' chàirdean,
Ann an àite ri port ;
Gus am facas do bhàta,
Le siuil àrda ri dos,
Tigh'nn a steach chum na h-Airde
'S mac an àrmuinn air stoc.

Mac an àrmuinn air stiuir,
A tigh'nn a dh' ionnsuidh an Troit ;
Gu bheil an caolas a' beucadh,
'S muir ag éiridh mu slait ;
Tha do lamh-sa cho gleusda,
'S nach do thréig ise neart ;
Ged a thigeadh muir dùbh-ghorm,
Chuireadh sgùradh a steach.

'S ged bhiodh ciosnachadh mar' ann,
'Bhuailleadh barraibh a crann,
'Chuireadh dh' ionnsuidh a slat i,
'S luaithe h-astar na long ;
Bhiodh i gu h-aotrom, aigionnach,
'G éiridh eadar gach gleann,
'S muir a' bualadh mu darach,
'Fuasgladh reangan is lann.

Ged a dh' éigheadh iad abhsadh,
 Cha bu sgraing thigheadh ort ;
 Cha bu bheò thu 'ga tréigsinn,
 'Nuair a dh' éireadh an fhras ;
 Cha chuireadh eagal o'n stiuir thu,
 An càs no 'n cunnart air bith ;
 Ged bhiodh tonnan taobh-naine,
 Fuasgladh fuaghal a slios.

'S ann leat a b' eibhinn a sealladh,
 'S i air bharraibh nan tonn ;
 'S gu bheil an iubhrach cho daingionn,
 'S i air a ceangal cho teann ;
 A sgiobadh féin, 's iad cho ealant',
 'N am 'bhi tarruing a ball,
 Gus am buaileadh i cala,
 Troimh na gleannaibh 'na deann.

Bu tu sgiobair na fairge,
 Bu tu fear falmadair grinn,
 Gur tu b' urrainn a stiuireadh,
 'Nuair a dhiultadh iad i ;
 Ged a bheireadh iad thairis,
 'S iad na luidhe 's an tuim,
 Chumadh tusa i cho gàireach,
 Gus an tàradh i tìr.

Cha 'n 'eil aon rugha cladaich,
 Eadar so 's a Chaoir-dhearg,
 Eadar Lite, 's gach cala,
 'N deanta fantuinn no falbh ;
 Cha 'n 'eil maighstir soithich,
 Chuala feothas do laimh,
 Nach bi faighneachd, 's a' fiosrach',
 C' àite faighte' do bhàt.

Cha bu ghlas o'n a chuan thu,
 Cha bu duaichnidh do dhreach,
 Ged a thigheadh muir tuaireap,
 'Agus stuaghanan cas ;
 Bagraidh reef orr' le soirbheas,
 Ri stoirm is cruaidh fhras ;
 Tha do mhuinghin cho làidir,
 'S tha do lànhan cho maith.

Iurach àluinn, 's i falainn,
'S i ri gabhail a' chuain,
I ruith cho dìreach ri saighead,
'S gaoth na h-aghaidh gu cruaidh;
Ged bhiodh stoirm chlacha'-meallain
Ann, 's an cathadh a tuath,
Ni Fear Heisgir a gabhail
Lamh nach athadh ro 'n stuaigh.

ORAN leis an Raonaid Cheudna air dhith 'bhi air
thurus am measg a càirdean, 'san Eilein Sgiathanach.

Horò mo ghillean sunndach,
Na gillean duallach sunndach,
Horò mo ghillean sunndach.

Gur mise 'ta gu muldach,
Air m' uilinn anns an Dùnan,
'S mi 'g amharc Caolas Uidhist,
'S gun a chridhe 'dhol 'ga ionnsuidh.

'S mi 'g amharc Caolas Uidhist,
'S gun a chridhe 'dhol 'ga ionnsuidh ;
'S gu'm b' fheàrr leam na na chunnaic mi,
Ged 's builleach thug e cùl rium.

'S gu'm b' fheàrr leam na na chunnaic mi,
Ged 's builleach thug e cùl rium,
Gu'n tigeadh eich is coisichean
A steach gu Troid an Dùine.

Gu'n tigeadh eich is coisichean
A steach gu Troid an Dùine ;
Gu srianach, dioltach, stiorapach,
'S an gillean air an cùlaobh.

Na faighinn-sa mo ghuidhe,
Gu'm biodh dithis nach biodh diumbach ;
Bhiodh rathad mòr is glas-cheap air
A steach gu tighean Thrùmpain.

Gun rachadh na h-eich bharr-fhionn,
Ann an sealladh nan each siubhlach ;
'S gun ruiginn Caolas Liubharsaidh,
'S cha b' fhuilear leam an dùsgadh.

Gun ruiginn Caolas Liubharsaidh,
'S cha b' fhuilear leam an dùsgadh ;
Far am biodh na fleasgaichean,
A breabadh air an ùrlar.

Far am biodh na fleasgaichean,
A' breabadh air an ùrlar ;
'S piob mhòr nam feadan bras aca,
Ri caismeachd air gach taobh dhiubh.

Piob mhòr nam feadan leadara,
A' freagairt air gach taobh dhiubh ;
Bidh mnathan òga, 's maighdeanan,
Gu cridheil, coimhneil, faoilidh.

Bidh mnathan òga, 's maighdeanan,
Gu caoimhneil, geanail, cliuiteach ;
Gu caoimhneil, geanail, cliuiteach ;
'S cha choisneadh iad droch ghiulan.

ORAN MOLAI DH DO GHILLEASBUIG OG
HEISGIR,

Le Anna Dhomhnullach, am Baile-Raghuill.

ACH 'Illeasbuig Oig Heisgìr,
Bu tu aoibhneas nan nionag.
Horò ho hùg hòireann ò,
Fallain gun till thu,
Horò ho hùg hòireann ò.

Mo cheist fear a chuil bhuidhe
Ni am bruthach a dhireadh.

Mo ghaol fear a chuil-dualaich
'S nan cuaileanan riomhach.

'Nuair a nochdadh do bhàrca
Chite' deàrsadh far tìr as.

Bu tu sgiobair na fairge,
Ri là gailbheach 's droch shìde.

'S tu gu 'n cumadh i tioram,
'S do chuid ghillean 'nan sìneadh.

Dalta cìche mo mhàthar,
'S iad ag ràdha nach till e.

Their gach neach air am beag e,
Gur e 'm beadradh a mhill e.

Iad 'gad' dhìteadh a' Bhàlaidh,
'S do bhràithrean 's na h-Innsibh.

Tha luchd gabhail do leithsgeil,
Aig an Eaglais 'nan sìneadh.

Luchd sheasamh do chòrach,
'S e mo leòn iad bhi dhith ort.

'S e do thurus 'Illeasbuig,
Thug an leagadh do m' inntinn.

Tha do thighean gan rùsgadh,
Sgeula tìrsach ri innse.

Do chuid eorn' air an achadh,
'S gun teid pailteas a dhìth dheth.

Do chuid mona gun chruachadh,
Sgeula cruaidh leam ri chluinntinn.

Tha do spréidh air an achadh,
'S mòr a chreach leam 'ga d' dhìth iad.

Tha do cheilp air na clachan,
Cha 'n fhaic Sasunn a chaoidh i.

Tha do bhàt' air a tarring,
Air a mhachaire mhìngheal.

Gur e mis' tha fo mhùlad,
'N tir a mhurain 's an t-siòbain.

TALADH ALASTAIR OIG BHALAIDH.

Le Domhnull MacRuairidh 'ic Suainn.

MINEAM, maineam, mineam,
 O mineam air an oig-fhear,
 Mineam, maineam, mineam,
 O mineam air an oig-fhear ;
 Oro mineam, maineam, mineam,
 Mineam air an oig-fhear ;
 Mineam, mineam, mineam e,
 Gur a maith leam beò e.

'N uair 'chaires tu ort éideadh,
 'S iomadh té bhios an tòir ort ;
 'S iomadh maighdean ghlan ghasda,
 Leis am b' ait 'bhi 'ga d' phògadh :
 Le d' ghunna caol, le d' choin air astar,
 'G iarraidh mac na cròichde ;
 Le d' fhùdar bras, le d' luaidhe ghlais,
 Bidh damh nan cabar leòinte.

Sealgair geòidh is ealadh thu,
 Fear faladh air an ròn thu,
 Na circe cruinne, duinne, bhios
 Air ghur air feadh na mòintich ;
 A choillich dhuibh is bòiche guth
 Ri maduinn chiurach, ched'ar,
 Gu h-aotrom, sgiobalt', bòidheach, clisgeant,
 Dh' fhalbhas brisg a' mhòinteach.

Gur càirdeach mo leanabhsa,
 Mhac Alastair nan cornaibh,
 Mar sin 's do Mhac 'ic Alastair,
 D'am bi na fearaibh mòra ;
 Na fir ghasda nach gabh taise,
 'N uair a chaisgt' 'n tòir orr' ;
 Ogha 's iar-ogh' Mhuideartach
 A choisinn cliù air Morthir.

MARBHRANN do Bhean Liandail 's an Eilein
Sgidheanach a dh' eug 's a' bhliadhna, 1818.

Le Aonghus Shaw.

Tha naigheachd chianail
An diugh 's na crìochan,
Gur fheudar innse,
O'n 's fìor an sgeul,
Tha bròn, tha pianadh,
Tha deòir, tha iargain,
Air staid Fir Liandail,
'S gu 'm b' fhiach am béud.
Tha lot na chliathaich
As ùr am bliadhna,
Gun ath-sgeul deanamh
Nach leighis léigh;
Chaidh a bhain-tighearn chiatach
'S a' chiste dhìonaich
An tasgaidh dhìomhair
Fo smachd dha 'n éug.

Tha Liandail dubhach
'S cha 'n 'eil Uidhist subhach,
O'n thuit an ubhal
Gur e cumha 'n ceol;
Gach gruaidh air dubhadh,
'S gach sùil ri sruthadh;
Gach gruag is ciubha
Dol an lughad dlò;
Na h-uaislean suidhicht';
Nis tha gruaim 'nam buidheann,
O'n chaidh ceann na h-uidhe
'N ciste chumhainn bhòrd;
Tha sgrìob na duibhe
Tri fillt air tighinn,
'S an t-éug cho dligheach
'S nach fàg fuigheall beò.

Gur a buan a chreach
 Thainig caoin air ascaoin,
 O'n chaidh Sìne phasgadh
 'N seomar glaist' fo 'n fhòd ;
 Tha an tuath ri acain ;
 Chaidh an sguab a ghaiseadh ;
 Tha luchd cuairt fo aire,
 'S an cùl taic nach beo :
 Tha an Còirneal gasda
 'S a cheann air glasadh,
 O'n chaidh taobh a leapa
 A mach fo 'n t-sròl :
 Cha 'n 'eil bochd no beairteach
 Nach cual an eachdraidh,
 Eadar baile Pheairt
 Is duthaich phailt Mhicleoid.

'N am b' fhiach mo thoirt,
 Gu cur crìoch air focail,
 Cha bhithinn tosdach,
 'S ann dhomh nach nàr ;
 Ri innse coslais
 Na te 'n robh 'n fhoistinn,
 Rinn cliù a chosnadh
 'S 'tha nochd 's a' làr :
 Cha d' fhuairleadh lochd dhuit,
 'S thu d' mhathair ochdnar,
 Chuireadh maise choitchiunn
 Air cnoc do dha ;
 'S e mheudaich dosguinn,
 'S a lughdaich fortan,
 Gu 'n robh 'n uaigh 'ga fosgladh
 Dha d' chorp cho tràth.

B' e creach gun tòrachd
 Rug air Clann Domhnuill,
 Gur a goirt tha 'n Coirneal
 Ri bròn 's an am ;
 Mu chéile pòsda,
 Agus fios nach bèò i,
 'S gu 'n do ghlac thu deònach
 I òg air laimh ;
 Cha do sheas am bròig
 Bean do dhreach 's a' chòmhlán,

An *dress* no 'n comhdach
 Cha robh iad ann ;
 An iochd mar thòisich
 Thug thu bàrr air mòran,
 'S gu 'n d' fhàg thu 'n t-òrdan sin
 Aig do chloinn.

Air trian do bhéusan,
 An cial 's an céutaibh,
 A dh' aindeoin géiread
 Cha léugh mi 'n cainnt,
 Ag innse d' éugaig,
 'S 'ga chur an céill duibh,
 Cha 'n fhaighinn cléireach,
 'S cha mhaireadh peann ;
 Mar ghathan gréine,
 No sneachd air ghéugan,
 Do mhuinneal glé-gheal,
 Gun mheach gun mheang ;
 Bha mìltean déurach
 'G ad' chur fo 'n déile,
 'S bu mhòr am béud dhuinn
 Gu 'n deach' thu ann.

'N am b' fhiach am bàrd mi
 Gu dad a ràitiun,
 Gu 'n innseadh càch dhuibh
 Gu bheil so fìor ;
 'S ann bha do nàdur
 Os cionn gach ban-rìgh,
 Is bean do ghnàth-sa,
 Cha 'n fhacas riamh :
 Ma ni an t-àlach
 A rinn thu fhàgail,
 An diugh 'n ad' aite
 Gach pàirt dhe d' ghnìomh ;
 Gu 'm faigh iad gràsan
 Mar fhuair am màthair,
 'S bi 'n anam sàbhailt,
 Is beannachd Dhia.

ORAN DO'N CHOIRNEAL DHOMHNULLACH,
 Dhalchoisínidh, an Raineach, na dheigh sin an
 Ceann-feadhna Sir Iain Domhnullach.

GED nach bàrd iní, no filidh,
 Fear binne an fhocail,
 Dh' innsinn cuibhrionn de d' bhuadhan,
 Bha thu suairce, neo-lochdail ;
 Aghaidh fhlaithheil, mar mhaigdiunn,
 Ciùin, caoimhneil, neo-ascaoin,
 'S 'n am brosnachadh t' fheirge,
 'S maith thig armachd do 'n ghaisgeach.

'S maith thig armachd do 'n ghaisgeach,
 Ghluais air astar Di-màirt uainn ;
 Claidheamh sgaiteach chinn-Ilich,
 Do dhìleab Ferràra ;
 Sùil cholgarrà chruadail
 Choisinn buaidh anns na blàraibh,
 'S cha b' e gealtachd bu dual duit
 'N am bualadh do nàmhaid.

'N am bualadh do nàmhaid,
 'S mòr d' àrdan, 's beag d' athadh,
 'M Port-nan-gàl fhuair thu deuchainn,
 'S bha thu tréun ri uchd catha ;
 Sior ghiulan an t-suaich'ntais,
 Ri do ghuailibh gach latha,
 'S bha do chreuchdan a dearbhadh
 Nach robh thu cearbach gu sgathadh.

Nach robh thu cearbach gu sgathadh,
 'N am tarruing nan cruaidh-lann ;
 B' e sud cleachdadh do Sheorsa,
 Clann Domhnuill a chruadail,
 Choisinn deas-lamh nam blàraibh
 Dearg nan sgàil 'bhi nan suaich'ntas,
 'S an am cogadh nan rioghachd
 Bha sibh dìleas d' 'ur dualchas.

Bha sibh dìleas d' 'ur dualchas,
 'N am bualadh nam buillean ;
 Bha sibh an am tuasaid,
 'S ri am cruadail ro ghuineach ;
 Cha bhi sgàth oirbh roimh luaidhe,
 No roimh ghruaim-mhala duine ;
 'Dol gu dian an uchd nàmhaid
 'S b' e 'ur n-àbhaist 'bhi fuileach,

B' e 'ur n-àbhaist 'bhi fuileach,
 'S fhuair sibh urram 's gach deuchainn,
 Guidheam cliù is buaidh-làrach
 Dhuit 's gach àite do 'n teid thu ;
 Lean-sa deachdadh do Shinnisir,
 'S coimhead dìreach an céuman ;
 Leoghainn cholgarr, dhearbhte,
 Da maith thig armachd is éideadh.

'S maith thig armachd a Ghaidheil
 Dhuit o d' bhraighe gu d' bhrògaibh,
 Bonaid ghorm is maith cumadh,
 Os cionn a mhullaich is bòiche ;
 Mar sud is breacan an fhéilidh,
 Sàr éideadh na còmhraig,
 Osain ghearr le 'n cuid ghartan,
 'S paidhear dhag an deagh òrdugh.

Paidhear dhag agus biodag,
 'S maith thig sud air do chruachainn ;
 Gunna glaiseach nach diultadh
 Air ùdlaich an fhuarain ;
 Sealgair buic air an doir' thu,
 Marbhaich coilich air luath-sgeith,
 Marcaich sunndach nan steud-each,
 Sàr cheile mhnath-uaisl' thu.

Rìgh ! gur iomadh bean uasal,
 Tha 's an uair so fo bhròn dheth,
 Bho 'n a chaidh thu thar chuantan,
 Fhleasgaich uasail is bòiche ;
 Teanga mhilis a mhairain,
 'N am tàladh nan òg-bhean ;
 Marcaich àrd nan each srianach,
 Leam bu mhiann 'bhi fo 'd òrdugh.

'S iomadh spalparra òg,
 A tha fo 'd òrdugh 's an uair so,
 Feachd thréun Loch-nan-Eala,
 Eadar cheathairn is uaislean ;
 Leam gur duilich 'ur càradh,
 'Nochd air àrd nan tonn uaibhreach ;
 'S bho 'n a chaidh sibh air sàile
 Guidheam sàbhailte suas sibh.

Guidheam sàbhailt thar chuantan,
 Sàr bhuchail' nan ròiseal ;
 'S àrd cheannard air feachd thu,
 B' e sud a cleachd thu o d' òige ;
 'Bhi 'gan stiùireadh le riaghailt,
 'Dol gu dian an uchd còmhraig,
 Le 'r n-airm sgaiteach chruaidh stàillinn,
 Gherradh chnàmhan is feòla.

'S fhad o'n dh' fhiosraich do naimhdean,
 Cruas do lann anus a' chaonaig ;
 'S minig a thanaich thu 'n rang orr',
 'S iad 'nan campan ri d' aodan ;
 Bhiodh ratreut air na Frangaich,
 Cunntas cheann air an raon dhiubh ;
 'S bhiodh buaidh-làrach aig Breatunn
 Far an seasadh do dhaoine.

'S ann is coltach do dhaoine,
 Ri braon theine-deallain,
 No ri spùt dhe 'n an fhaoileach,
 'Nuair is caochlaideach gaillinn ;
 Iad cho bras ri tonn uaibhreach,
 Dian bhualadh air carraig,
 'S mairg a dhùisgeadh bhur fearg,
 'N am dhuibh armach a tharruing.

'N am dhuibh armach a tharruing,
 'N am catha a sgaoileadh,
 'S lionmhor Guimhneach 's gearr frioghan
 Theid air mhire 's a chaonaig ;
 Cha bhiodh ni dh' fharmad ri d' nàmhaid
 Rachadh dàna ri 'r n-eudan ;
 'N am Torc 'dhol an òrdugh
 Fo sheòladh an Leoghainn.

Leoghainn gharg tha neo-thiomach,
'S nach gabh giorrag 'nam cruadail,
Gu ma slàn ni thu philleadh
Thar na linne le d' uaislean ;
Is ma gheibh sibh mo dhùrachd,
Cha teid 'ur ciuradh le luaidhe,
'S cha dean claidheamh 'ur réubadh,
'S cha bhi éis oirbh no smuairean.

Cha bhi smuairean air Gaidheal,
'Dol an gàbhadh no cunnart,
'S beag do leith-sgeul an dràs' air
'S do chuid àrmuinn fo d' stiùireadh :
Is b' e m' iarrtas o'n Ard Rìgh
Thu thigh'nn sàbhailt gu d' dhùthaich,
'S tu 'bhi d' chomhnuidh 'n Dalchoisinn,
Innis thogail nam fiuran.

ORAN GAOIL. Le Aonghus Domhnullach.

SEISD—Mo ghaol a chunnaic mi 'n diugh,
 Gur luath leam a dhealaich sinn ;
 Mo ghràdh a chunnaic mi 'n diugh,
 Gur muladach a ta mi.

Mhairi auns a' Chaolas,
 Gur mòr a thug mi ghaol dhuit ;
 Dh' aindeoin cainnt nan daoine,
 Cha chaochail mi dhuit nàdur.

Gur tric os cinn mo chiste mi
 A' leughadh do chuid litrichean,
 'S an gaol a bha gun fhios againn,
 A nis tha fios aig càch air.

Gur mise tha fo éislein,
 'S a' mhaduinn an am éirigh,
 A' coimhead Druim-na-béisde,
 'Nam eiginn 's mi gun bhàta.

'S e giuthas gun bhuannachd,
 Rinn t' athair dhuit-sa fhuasgladh ;
 Gu'n chum e fada uam thu,
 Fo bhinn nan stuagh a b' àirde.

Gur toilichte bhios m' inntinn
 'Nuair bhios mi seinn na fìdhle,
 'S 'nuair bhios tu 'n ceann an ruidhle
 'S tu ribhinn dhonn nam blàth shul.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheas a chlann oga
 A steach a ghabhail òran,
 Cha 'n fhaigh mi m' inntinn stòlda,
 Gu faigh mi pòg o Mhàiri.

Ged theannainn-sa ri d' dhi-moladh
 Cha b' aithne dhomh cha b' urrainn mi,
 'S ann thug mi fhin an urram dhuit,
 O'n chunnaic mi 'na d' phàisd thu.

Ged thigeadh orm gu'm b' eiginn
 Bhi falbh a dh' iarraidh déirc' dhuit,
 Gu'm b' fhearr leam as do léin' thu
 'Na te 'g am biodh crodh dàrach.

Cha 'n 'eil anns a' chruinneachadh
 De bhoirrionaich 's de dh' fhirionnaich,
 Aon duine do 'n do dh' innis mi
 A nighean thug mi gràdh dh' i.

Gur mise tha gu brònach,
 'S i so a bhliadhna leòn mi ;
 'S an gaol a thug mi òg dhuit,
 'S e dh' fhògair uam mo shlàinte.

Tha thusa shliochd nan uaislean,
 'S tha mise shliochd na tuatha,
 Gu 'n robh mi deanamh suas riut,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair eadh ann a' sàs mi.

ORAN MOLAI DH DO DH' UISDEAN DOMH-
NULLACH, Fear Mhoghustot 's an Eilein
Sgiathanach.

DEOCH-SLAINTE Mhr Uisdean,
Le dùrachd, cuir thairis i ;
Cha sorainn-sa na crùin,
Chur le dùrachd 'ga ceannach dhuit ;
Deoch-slàinte 'n uasail chliuitich,
A dhiult a' bhi aineolach,
Tha eireachdas mac diuca,
'Na d' ghnùis, 'nuair a sheallas tu.

Cha d' sheas e 'm bròig, air talamh fèòir,
Aon fhleasgach òg thug barrachd ort ;
Am blastachd beòil, no maise neòil,
Gun d' sheas thu chòir, 's cha b' annasach ;
Gun d' sheas thu ris an dualchas,
O'n fhuair thu, gun cheannach i ;
O'n chraoibh 's an deach do bhuaibh,
As a' chuaich nach robh mearachdach.

Bu torach stoc na cuaiche,
O'n d' fhuair eadh an sloinneadh ud ;
Domhnullaich a' chruadail,
Do 'm bu dual 'bhi 's na h-eileinean ;
Bidh coltas an fhuathais,
O'n gruaidh as an t-soilleireachd,
'S iad chuireadh aodach ruadh
Cho na ruaige, nan toileadh iad.

Cridhe blàth, bu mheasail fàilt',
O bhrollach àrd nan tighearnan ;
'S cha 'n 'eil àit' san cuir thu fàilt',
Nach canar sàr fhear cinnidh riut :
Coill' an àigh 's an d' rinn thu fàs,
Bhios gu brath fo dhuilleagan ;
Craobh eireachdais a' gharaidh,
Nach gearrta gun mhilleadh i.

'S tu maraiche nan tonn,
 'Stiuireadh long fo cuid chrannagan ;
 'N tuigse bha 'na d' chom,
 B' fhearr na compaist is glaineachan ;
 Gu'n toireadh do chomaund i,
 O ainneart na maranan ;
 Ged bhiodh an stoirm a' tòcadh,
 'S a' sròiceadh a canabhais.

Gheibhte' cluaran air a gualainn,
 'S coltas gruamach, carrach air ;
 Gheibhte' gigean, gheibhte' fraoch ann ;
 Gheibhte' craobh dheth 'n darach ann :
 Dreagan, agus cuilein daor,
 'Ga chumail taobh na mara dhith ;
 Is piob nam feadan caola
 Ro glaothaich 'sa charachadh.

'Nuair rachadh tu do 'n gharbhhlach,
 A shealg air na h-eilidean,
 Le paidhir chon bhiodh earb',
 Air a tearbadh le d' pheileirean ;
 Le gunna bharail airgid,
 A dhearbhadh 's nach ceileadh e ;
 'S do ghillean troma tarbhach,
 Le eallachan 's na doireachan.

Bhiodh mac-an-fheidh, bu ghile béin,
 A' sileadh chreuchd 's na fireachan,
 Mìolchoin sheanga ruith na dhéigh,
 Dheanadh euchd mu 'n tilleadh iad :
 Spàinteach ghleusda 's barrant béus,
 Nach facas éigin tein' orra,
 Bhiodh sithionn agus bein,
 Feadh an t-sléibhe 'gan cruinneachadh.

'Nuair rachadh tu 'nad' dhiallaid,
 'S na ciadan a' fantuinn riut,
 Cha do sheall e 'n grian,
 Aon mhac iar!' bheireadh barrachd ort ;
 Le fàlairidh chinn fhiadhain,
 Air iorcras gu marcachadh ;
 Mar dhealanach na h-iarmailt,
 'Dol sìos do na batalean.

Bhiodh claidheamh òir, an lainh an t-seòid,
An gairdein feòl' nach taisicheadh,
An ealtuinn ghrinn, bu ghuinneach ruinn,
Gu togail chis is chreachanan,
Sgoltadh chruachan agus dhruim,
A pronnadh chinn 's an aslomairt;
Le buillean troma, cinnteach,
'S na miltean gun cairtealan.

MARBHRANN DO SHEUMUS DOMHNUL-
LACH, Fear Bhaile Raghnuill, an Uidhist.
Le Domhnull MacGilleain, an Cairinis.

'S GUR a mise tha duilich,
'S mòr mo mhulad 's an uair so,
O 'n a chuala mi 'n naigheachd
Nach mairionn fear m' fhuasglaidh,
Gur e Fear Bhaile-Ràghaill
Tha mi 'gràdh, an sàr uasal,
E bhi 'na laidhe 's a' chaibeal
Ann an cadal gun ghluasad.

Fear t' eugaisg cha 'n fhaic mi,
Ann am maise 's an uaisle,
Cha robh uireasbhuidh dealbh ort
'S bu neo-chearbach do ghluasad ;
Ann a' sgoltadh a cheartais,
Cò an neach a fhuair buaidh ort
'S mòr an call anns an tìr so,
Thu 'bhi 'na d' shìneadh 's an uair so.

Bu tu bàilidh na tuatha
Nach bu chruaidh an am eigin
Ann an toiseach a' ghanntair,
'S gun neach ann dheanadh feum dhaibh,
Bha do sporran gun chruaidh-shnaim,
'S rinn thu fuasgladh bha feumail,
'S mur biodh tu 's an àite
Gun do bhàsaich na ceudan.

Chuid de 'n t-sluagh a bha tuigseach,
'S a thuigeadh an ceartas,
Thug iadsan mòr speis dhuit,
'S bu tu fein an cul-taice ;
Ach luchd an droch ghiulain
Luchd an spùilidh 's na braide,
Theicheadh iad do na cùilean
Ro' 'n t-suil a bha smachdail.

Tha do mhac ann a d' àite
 'S mòr an gràdh thug thu fein da,
 'S e mo ghuidhe 's mo dhùrachd
 Anns gach cùis e bhi steidheil,
 E bhi rianail 'na chleachdadh
 'S e bhi smachdail mar dh' fheumas,
 Is e chuimhneachadh tràthail
 Gun tàr e 'nad' dheigh-sa.

Tha am bàs ri bhi teachd oirnn
 Le deagh reachd air a steidheadh,
 'S cha 'n fhaodar a sheachnadh
 Le neach tha fo 'n ghrein so;
 'Nuair thig am dhuinn bhi siubhal
 Air slighe na deuchainn,
 Cha dean eolas no tuigse,
 No lighichean, feum dhuinn.

Ciod am fath 'bhi fo mhulad,
 Cha dean tuireadh dad feum dhuinn,
 'S ann 'tha aobhar 'bhi subhach,
 'Nan tuigeamaid fein e,
 B' e dearbh bhairil na muinntir
 A bha dlùth dhuit 'nuair dh' eug thu,
 Gun deach thu chum glòire,
 'S tha mise 'n dòchas nach breug sud.

MARBHRANN DO DH' AONGHAS DOMH-
NULLACH, Fear na Ceapaich. Le Domhnall
Mac-a-Phearsain a bha 'n Inbhernaidh.

'S CIANAIL duilich mi 'n dràs'd',
'S goirt an saighead tha sàs a' m' fheòil ;
Bho 'n a chualas do bhàs,
Fhir a ghabhadh ar pàirt 's a' chòir ;
A sheasadh gramail ri 'r cùl,
'N uair a bhiodh luchd diumb tigh'nn oirnn,
An diugh 'ga d' chàradh 's an ùir,
Ann an ciste chaol dhuinte bhòrd.

'S lionmhor aon de chlann daoin',
A tha aimideach faoin 'nan dòigh,
'S iad am barail gu 'm faod
Iad fantuinn 's an t-saoghal-s' beò ;
Cha 'n 'eil nithean ann daibh
Ach mar bhruadar no boilsge ceò,
Air fhad 's ga 'm bi 'n t-sreang
Gu 'n giorraich an ceann aic' oirnn.

Aonghuis Oig a chùil réidh
Bho Cheapaich nan géug 's nan craobh,
Dh' fhàg thu sinne gu léir
Fo mhùlad 'na d' dhéigh ri caoidh ;
'S bho nach fhaic sinn thu fein
'N ar cuideachd mar b' éibhinn leinn ;
Tha mo dhòchas 'm Mac Dhé
Gun do choisinn do bhéus dhuit sìth.

Sud bu mhiann leat bho thùs,
'N uair a bha thu 'na d' fhiuran òg,
Do ghillean dhuit dlùth
'N am dìreadh nan stùc-bheann mòr ;
Gunna glaic 'thig bho 'n bhùth
Bhi 'na d' achlais nach diult ri òrd ;
'N uair a chaogadh tu 'n t-sùil,
Bhiodh fiadh nan eang dlùth fo leòn.

An Cillechoirill nan céud,
 Chaidh an diubhail fo dhion nam bòrd,
 Anns a chaol anart ghrinn,
 'S nach éirich thu dh' innse sgeòil ;
 'Nan d' thug spionnadh nan daoine
 Thu dh' ionnsuidh an t-saoghail beò,
 'S lionmhor aon le 'n toil fein
 'Rachadh ullamh air ghléus, 's cha bhòsd.

Bha na h-Abraich gun sunnd,
 Gun aighear ach tùrs' is bròn,
 Bho 'n a dh' fhalaich an ùir
 Fear t' aogais, 's b' e 'n diubhail oirnn ;
 Cha 'n fhaicear gu bràth
 Fear bu ghasda 's a b' fhearr 's gach dòigh ;
 Cridhe fialaidh gun fhoill,
 Thug thu dorchna na h-oidhche oirnn.

Dh' fhalbh an Samhradh 's a ghrian,
 Mar chitheadh sibh grian nan speùr,
 'S i dol deiseal an iar,
 'S nach mùch i do shiantan bréun ;
 Fhad 's a bha thu 'n' ar ceann
 Thu 'g ar riaghladh gach am le réit ;
 'S goirt an diugh oirnn ri chainnt
 Nach fhaic sinn thu ann ri 'r féum.

'S ged dh' fhag thu sinne bochd, truagh,
 'Gad' ionndrainn uainn 's gach dòigh ;
 'S goirt leam cridh' do mhna-uaisl'
 A céile thoirt uaith cho òg :
 Bu chuis fharmaid do chàch
 Sibh le cheil' fhad 'sa bha thu beò,
 Ach rinn teachdaire 'bhàis
 Sin a thionndadh an dràs' gu bròn.

'S mòr an gradh thug thu fein da,
 Thainig Geamhradh nan siantan
 Sinn gun fhasgadh, gun dion,
 'S e do bhàs 'chuir an deuchuin oirnn ;

Ach bidh sinn uile gu léir,
A toirt taing do Mhac Dhé na glòir,
Gun d' fhag e 'na dhéigh
Na sheasas an treud 's a' chòir.

Glacaibh misneach an dràs'd',
'S na bithibh fo phràmh, no caoidh,
'S gur e 'm peacadh aig Adhamh
'Choisinn am bàs so dhuinn;
Am fear is faide gheibh dàil,
Ged bhiodh e cho àrd ri rìgh,
Thig crìoch air a' là
Cho cinnteach 's a tha mi 'g inns'.

MARBHRANN DO CHOIRNEAL DOMHNUL-
LACH, Innse. Leis a Ghobha Bhan.

An sgeul a fhuaras bho 'n Bhràighe,
Tha e cruaidh leam ri àireamh,
Gun thu 'lileasbuig bhi làthair ;
'S goirt an call fhuair do chàirdean,
'S lionmhor cridhe tha cràiteach
Bho 'n a chriche naich do laithean 's nach beò.

'S mor an call air an tìr ud,
A chaill Còrneileir Innse,
Fhuair thu cliù thar na mìltean,
Air son naimhdean a chiosnach' ;
'S iad do chàirdean a chi sin,
Bho 'n a chaidh do chorp priseil fo 'n fhòd.

An am togail do lice,
Bu bhochd truagh a bha 'm misneachd,
Bha 'n sùilean cho silteach
'S ged a sgiuirste le cuip iad ;
'S ann bha aobhar an clisgidh
Air a chàradh 's a chistidh fo 'n bhòrd.

Bha do chàirdean làn éibhneis,
'Nuair a fhuair iad an sgeùl ud,
Thu 'bhi a' d' chòirneileir réis'meid,
Ann an Caisteal Dhunéidean ;
Ach, mo chreach ! cha bu léir dhaibh
Gu'n robh teachdair' Mhic Dhé air do thòir.

'S cruaidh an t-òrdugh a fhuair thu,
Ach 'se Dia a chuir uaith e,
Bha t-athair bochd, truagh dheth,
'S nach fac e 's an uair thu,
Ach 'bhi cluinntinn mu d' chruadal,
'S nach b' urrainn dhuit gluasad gu Inns'.

Fhuair thu cliù agus teist'neas,
 Bho àrd-cheannardan Bhreatuinn,
 Air an cùl a' bhi seasamh,
 Anns gach cùis bha thu dleas'nach;
 B' e do dhurachd gun cheisd e
 Bho 'n la thòisich thu 'n leisgeul an rìgh.

Bho 'n thog thu 'n claidheamh an àirde,
 Ann an aghaidh a naimhdean;
 Bu tu rogha 'chomann-dair
 'Chuir as do na Frangaich;
 'S iomadh coinneamh gu 'n call-san
 Thug thu Bhonipart thall anns gach tìr.

Tha do shuaicheantas prìseil,
 Ri fhaicinn an Innse,
 Fhuair thu 'ghibhte bho 'n rìgh e;
 Bha do sheirbheis dha dileas,
 'S tu nach deanadh a dhiobairt:
 Reultan dealrach ro rimbeach de 'n òr.

Le làn òrdugh an caitheamh,
 'Measg uaislean is mhaithean;
 B' e cruadal do lamhan,
 Is a bhuaidh bh' air do chlaidheamh,
 Chuir an duais ud a' d' rathad,
 'S cha bu shuarach an leithid bho 'n rìgh.

Tha Clann Domhnuill a' gearan,
 'S Morair Hundaidh do charaid,
 Tha 's na mìltean a bharrachd,
 An ùir a dhol tharud;
 'S tha mi 'n dòchas nach aithreach,
 Gu'n d' thug Criosda leis t' anam gu sìth.

'S lionmhor caraid tha truagh dheth,
 'Bhi 'ga d' ionndrainn-sa uapa,
 An ti 'n misneach is cruadal;
 Na maireadh tu buan daibh;
 Dheanadh t' fhacal dhaibh fuasgladh,
 'S iomadh fear dhiubh bhiodh duais dha bho 'n rìgh.

'Nuair a dh' fhalbh thu do 'n Eiphit,
 Bha do bhean air a léireadh,
 Chòin! cha b' ioghnadh dhi fein sud
 Ged a thill thu na dheigh sin;
 Ach, mo chreach! bho 'n a dh' eug thu,
 Cha dean i gàir eibhinn a chaoidh.

'S cruaidh 'bhi 'g eisdeachd a gearain,
 'S beag an t-ioghnadh 's i falamb,
 Chaill i roghainn de dh' fhearaibh,
 De na dh' fhagadh air thalamb;
 'Nam bu dual da bhi maireann
 'S e b' uachd'ran air Baile-na-rioghachd!

Cha b' e turus na buannachd,
 Thug air astar a suas thu
 Thaobh Loch-Lagain nam fuar-bheann;
 'S goirt an acaid a bhuail thu,
 Dh' fhag sinn uile fo smuairean
 Chuir a chadal gu buan anns a chill.

An Cillechoirill 's a' Bhràighe,
 Chaidh an diubhail a chàradh,
 An leabaidh gun bhlàs innt';
 Chraobh a b' fhearr a bha fàs dhuinn,
 'Nuair a fhuaras fo bhlàth i
 Chaidh a gearradh 's bu chaillteach sud dhuinn.

Tha mo dhòchas gu làidir,
 Anns an stoc a chaidh fhàgail,
 Gu 'm bheil sprùtais a fàs as,
 Sheasas fathasd do làrach;
 Ma shìnear dhaibh laithean,
 Ghleidheas urram is càirdeas gun dìth.
 Tha mo dhòchas 's an Trianaid
 Thug dhuit cuireadh do 'n t-siorr'achd,
 Gu bheil t' anam an sìochaint,
 Air a ghleidheadh an Criosda:
 Saor bho dhòruinn 's bho phiantan,
 Anns na flaitheas am fiannuis an Rìgh.

ORAN GAOIL.

Leis an Urramach Ruairidh Domhnullach, Ministear
na Hearradh.

'S ANN an Uidhist an eorna
Tha 'n cailinn bòidheach ciuin réidh,
Do'n d' thug mi 'n gaol falaich
'S cha b' aithreach leam e;
Nighean chiallach chiuin shocair
'S i tosdach 'na beus:
O'n is toil leam mo nigh'nag,
'S toil le m' nigh'naig mi féin.

Cha 'n 'eil aogasg mo leannain
Ach ainneamh fo 'n ghréin:
Tha i siobhalta bairidh,
'S cha 'n 'eil meang innt' no beud;
Aghaidh fhathail gun ghruaiméan
Rinn mo bhuaireadh measg cheud:
'S mar is toil leam mo nigh'nag
'S toil le m' nigh'naig mi fein.

Cha 'n e bòidhchead do phearsa
Ged tha i maiseach leam fein,
No ruthadh do ghruadhach
Ged thug i buaidh air gach te,
Ach na ceutainean àluinn
A tha fàs riut 's gach ceum,
Chuir mo chion air a' nigh'naig
Thar gach nigh'naig fo 'n ghrein.

Gur e mis' tha gun cheanal,
Aig a' bhaile leam fein;
Bi mi daonnan fo mhighean
O nach cluinn mi uat sgeul:
Nach faigh mi litir o m' leannan
A chur nan naigheachd an ceill;
'S mar is toil leam an nigh'nag
'S toil le m' nigh'naig mi fein.

Cha 'n e dh' fhàgadh mi brònach,
 A bhi gun stòras gun spréidh ;
 Ach nach faodainn bhi pòsda
 Aig nigh'n òg nan rosg séimh :
 B' anns' bhi 'm bothan an fhasaich,
 Is sinn a' mànran leinn fein,
 Na bhi 'n aitreamh nan rìghrean
 As aonais brìodal do bheil.

Ciod am fath dhomh bhi brònach,
 Is mo dhòchas cho treun,
 Gu 'm bi mi fathast riut pòsda
 Le òrdugh bho 'n chleir :
 Cha teid crìoch air ar sòlas
 Fhad 's is beò sinn le cheil',
 'S bi mi maille ri m' nigh'naig
 'S bi mo nigh'nag leam fein.

ORAN A' CHLO.

Leis an Urramach Ruairidh Domhnallach, Ministear
na Hearradh.

SEISD—A bhean agam fhin
'S maith a chireas i clòimh ;
Ged a tha i gle fhinealt,
'S beag a th' innte dhe 'n phròis.

A bhean a tha 'n Sgarastaidh,
'S i ni 'n t-aodach neo-chearbach ;
Bithidh dubh agus dearg ann,
'S e bhios ainmeal an clò.
A bhean agam fhin, &c.

Cha bhi iasgair no seaigair,
Nach bi 'g iarraidh dneth baragan,
'N am bhi siubhal a' gharbhlaich
'S a' bhi sealg damh nan cròc.
A bhean agam fhin, &c.

Ged a bhiodh iad ag ialladh,
'S a falbh air am blian leis,
Cha tig toll air no riabadh ;
'S maith an sniomh bh' air a' chlà.
A bhean agam fhin, &c.

'Nuair thig geamhradh is fuachd oirnn
Theid mi dh' Uidhist air chuairt leis ;
H-uile h-aon bi 'g radh " Bhuainn e !"
Mr. Ruairidh le chlà.
A bhean agam fhin, &c.

'Nuair thig Samhradh is Céitein
Theid mi mach do Dhuneidean ;
'S 'nuair a chruinnicheas a chléir
Gur mi ni 'n fhéill air a' chlà.
A bhean agam fhin, &c.

'S 'nuair thilleas mi Sgarastaidh,
'S i mo bhean a bhios foirmeil,
Leis gach riomhadh a cheannaichear
Le airgiod a' chlò!
A bhean agam fhin, &c.

ORAN GAOIL. Leis an Urramach Iain Tormad
Domhnullach, Ministear na Hearradh, ann an
ainm Ministear Uidhist a' Chinn-a-Tuath.

ANNS a' Mhaduinn chiuin Cheitein
'S a ghrian ag eirigh le deàrrsadh,
Tilgeadh lainnir 's na speuraibh
'S na neoil a' treigsinn nan àrd-bheann;
'S aoibhneach glinn agus sleibhtean,
Gach aon chreutair ri mànrán,
'S nadur ait 'dol na h-eideadh,
'S i sior ghleusadh a clàrsaich.

Chluinn mi tòrman nan stuadh
A' tigh'n o chuan nan tonn gàireach,
A' luth mhìre 's a' cluaineis,
Air raona luaighte' na tràghad;
Ceol is binne cha chuala,
'S cha chluinn mo chluasan gu bràth e,
Na guth h-ainnir a bhuaire mi,
Sineag uasal nam blàth-shul.

Chluinn mi 'n uiseag bheag cheòlar;
Chluinn mi 'n smeorach le chéile:
Chluinn mi 'n lach air an lònán,
'S na aighean òga ri geumnaich;
Chluinn mi bhanarach bhòidheach,
A muigh ri fògairt na spréidhe,
Gach aon le mìre na h-oige,
A' seinn an orain gun eislein.

Ach cia mar sheinneas mìs' òran,
A'm' shuidhe m' sheomar 's gun bhlàths ann,
Gun mhnaoi gun nighean gun òig-fhear,
Gun leanabh òg gun cheol gàire.
Cha robh riamh o'n a thòisich
Breith is pòsadh is bàs ann,
Fear nach cinneadh dha sòlas
Le rìghinn òig bheireadh gràdh dha.

A Charra-chruim tha thu gòrach
 Threig an òige gu bràth thu ;
 Thuit an aois ort a dh' fhògair
 Gach mais' is eolas is àgh uat :
 C'uim an truaigh' nach do phòs thu
 'Nuair bha thu og ri Beinn Mhàgh'ri ?
 No ri Mairibheal cheòlar
 Le slios an bòidheach 's le blàthan ?

A Charra-Chruim tha thu gòrach,
 'S tha mise gòrach tha làmh riut ;
 Ag amharc sios air Loch Hòstadh
 Le cheile 's brònach ar càradh :
 B' fhearr leam fhein na mo chòta,
 Mo spreidh, mo stòras, is m' àirneis,
 Gu 'n robh mi 'n ceangal a' phòsaidh
 Ri Sìonaig Oig Bhaile-Ràghnuill.

C'aite 'm facas air fòd
 Ag imeachd òg-bhean a's àille,
 Slios mar eal' air an lòn
 Is beul is bòiche ni gàire ;
 Cha robh maise bh' air òigh,
 O'n bha Eubha pòsda ri Adhamh,
 Nach 'eil co-misgte còmhladh
 An Sìonaig Oig Bhaile-Ràghnuill.

Fios gu m' charaid 's m' fhear-eolais,
 Tha 'n diugh na ònar mar b' àbhaist,
 Maighstir Iain MacDhomhnuill,
 Gur mòr a ghòraich 's an t-ànrath,
 Dha fein le cinnt agus dhomhsa,
 Bhi cho fad gun phòsadh 's a tha sinn,
 'S lionmhor tubaist 's droch còdhail,
 Tha lorg ar seorsa 's gach àite.

CUIDEACHADH MHAIGHSTIR UISDEAN.

Leis an Urramach Iain Tormad MacDhomhnuill,
Ministeir na Hearradh.

TAPADH leat a Mhaighstir Uisdean,
'S mòr do bhiùthas, 's maith do chòir air,
Dhùisg thu iongantas 's an dùthaich,
O'n dh' ùraich thu dhuinn an t-òran ;
Meal do chiall, do rian, 's do thùrainn,
Do chruit chiuil, do chliù, 's do mhòrchuis,
Dh' fhàg thu na bàird air do chùlthaobh,
Na chaidh a null, 's na bheil beò dhiubh.

Cha d' iarr thu ban-dia gu beirm,
No gu deagh sheirm a chur ri d' òran,
Dh' fhoghnadh conaltradh an sgairbh leat,
A chuir thu 'na ghairg' air fògradh ;
Dh' fhoghnadh sud no còmhrag tairbh,
'Nuair chuir e 'n riochd mairbh Iain MacDhomhnuill :
Cha d' thùrling Spiorad na seirbh' ort,
Sheinn thu gun cheilg mar bu chòir dhuit.

Laidh an cumhachd mòr ud diamhair,
Fad iomadh bliadhna, ann a' d' eanchain,
Bodhar balbh gu 'm b' fhada shios e,
Gun dùil e theachd a nios ri d' aimsir ;
Shaoil na h-eileinean an Iar,
Nach gluaiste gu siorruidh le tarbh e,
'S nach togte nuas e o'n iochdar ;
Ach tha 'n sgéul ud fìor mar dhearbhar.

Mar a bha rìgh mòr na h-iarmailt,
'A' dol a dh' iasgach na béiste,
Cuairteag an aigeil bha riamh,
'S a chuan a dh' iadh mu 'n chruinne-cé-so :
Ghlac e tarbh nam beannta fiadhaich,
'S a cheann is iallan gu 'n d' réub e,
Thilg e sud 's a' chuan mar bhiathadh,
'S thog e bhiasd a nios air eiginn.

Nuair ghabh thu thugad a chlàrsach,
 O ghéugaibh àrda na craoibhe,
 Ri taobh ùhruth nan gleanntan fàsail,
 Far an d' fhàg na bàird a chaoidh i ;
 Shìn thu téudan òir gu dàna,
 'S ghléus thu ni b' fhearr na clann Fhinn i :
 Chualas a fuaim anns gach àite ;
 Ceòl a b' fhearr gu bràth cha chluinntear.

Chualas a ceòl anns gach cearn,
 'S gun cainte 's gach àite nach b' fhaoin e ;
 'S ann a mach o chladach Bhearnraidh,
 Bu ghile tràigh, 's bu chaoine,
 Dh' éirich an luinneag a b' àille
 Na chual' Adhamh 'measg nan craobh,
 'Nuair sheinn a cheòlraidh bhinn 's a' ghàradh,
 Seal mu 'n do bhàsaich clann daoine.

Sguir gach òrgan, sguir gach clàrsach,
 Sguir gach bàrd, 's gun d' thamh luchd theuda,
 Sguir na h-eòin 's na coilltean fàsail,
 Sguir banarach shàr na spréidhe ;
 Sheas na féidh air bheanntan àrda,
 'S dh' amhaire iad an àird nan spéuran ;
 'S na sgairbh a bha 'n Caolas Sgàire,
 Theann iad na bu dàine dh' éisdeachd.

Shaoil mi féin gu'n robh mi 'n uair sin,
 'S an Eilein Uaine air aoidheachd,
 Far an ciuine 'm bi na cuantan,
 'S an suaimhniche 'm bi na glinntean ;
 Far am bi iarmailtean suairce,
 Gun neòil luasganach, gun ghaoith ann :
 Oige 'dearrsadh air na gruaidhean,
 'S cha bhi caochladh snuadh a chaoidh ann.

'Sitheil na h-achaidh, 's na réidhlich,
 Na coiltean gu léir ri òran,
 Ri taobh nan aimhnichean éibhinn,
 An òigrìdh a léum le sòlas ;
 An talla nan coinnlean céireach,
 Tha fuaim binn nan teudan òrbhuidh ;
 'Nuair 'lionar sligean na féusda,
 Theid gach béul air ghléus gu òran.

Is clann Rìgh Lochlann, na h-òighean,
 Bu bhòiche bha riamh 's an tìr so,
 Bu bhinne 'n ceileireadh sòlais,
 Na aon cheòl bhiodh ann an sìth-bhruth ;
 'Nuair chuireadh iad fonn fo 'n òran,
 Oidhche bhòidheach air Lochbì dhuinn,
 Bhiodh na glinn, 's na tuinn gu h-òrdail,
 Comh-fhreagairt do 'n ceòl fad mhilleatan.

Ge geal air a chuan an éiteag,
 'S an canach sléibhe ge mìn e,
 Ge geal an sneachd' o na spéuran,
 Gur gile 'n léinntean, 's gur mìne ;
 'Nuair a chual' iad fuaim nan téudan,
 Dh' fhàg iad an éididhean rìomhach,
 'S b' àillidh an gnùisean, 's an éugaig,
 Na aon séud thig as na h-Innsean.

B' fhada faire na fir-bhréige,
 Fo thoirm spéur, 's fo mharcach-sìthne,
 Thàrladh a nis an cruth féin dhaibh,
 'S ann aca bha 'n sgéul ri ìnnse ;
 Clach-an-truiseil b' àrd a dh' eigh i,
 Bha guth tréun aca na linnse,
 C' àit' a bheil Clach mhòr a Chéidhe ?
 'S mòr am béud mur 'eil i cluinntinn.

Os cionn an lochain dhuibh dhùdlaidh,
 Bu trom, 's bu tùrsach, 's bu chianail,
 Cadal fada nighean na Bùraich,
 Gun dùil ri dùsgadh gu siorruidh ;
 A leanabh maoth air a cùlthaobh,
 Ged nach fac' a sùil-se riamh e,
 Rinn an ceileir bìnn a dùsgadh,
 O dhùs-neul na mìltean bliadhna.

Na fir a bha air an dùnadh
 An Tomnahiuraich fad lìnntean,
 Fo cheangal, le geasan dùbailt'.
 Dh' fhosgail an suil, dhùisg an innsgin ;
 Chrath iad am falt air an cùlthaobh,
 Dh' fhalbh gach smal, 's gach smùr a chaoidh dhiubh :
 Thilg iad an geimhlean 's na cùlntean,
 'S b' iad féin na fiughantaich aoidheil.

Ach mo chàs! a Mhaighstir Uisdean,
 Thig droch cùmhradh air an rioghachd,
 Ma sguireas do dhàn, o'n dhùisg thu
 Na diùmhlaidh ud air an uinnean;
 Creach, is teine, 's claidhnean rùisgte,
 Colluinnan gun lùths, gun chinn orr',
 Mort, is marbhadh, luaidhe, 's fùdar,
 So an dùthaich a bhios claidhte.

Ach 's ann a bha 'n ùprait, 's am fuathas,
 Os cionn nan stuadhan glas, éitidh,
 An Griminis 'nuair a luaisgeadh,
 An cnoc uaine nuas o'n dh' éirich;
 Clai-ionn Odair làn de spuaicean,
 Le mhalaidhean gruamach, 's le fhéusaig;
 Falt air dhroch cìreadh mu chluasan,
 Bu chulaidh uamhais gu léir e.

Bha dhà shùil mar ghrian ag éiridh,
 O chuan éitidh mhaduinn gheamhraidh,
 Bu gleodha 'nan uaigh a bhéul,
 Le ceathach bréun a tigh'nn le srann as;
 Bha 'n duslach a measg a dhéudaich,
 Ri! bu déistinneach an samhl' e,
 Chlisg an eunlaith anns na spéuran,
 'S theich gach creutair as na dheanuruith.

'Nuair a chrath e 'n ùir as fhiacian,
 A chiabhagan liath, 's as fhéusaig,
 Leig e sgairt as, chrith an iarmailt,
 Chrith an cuan an iar, 's na sleibhtean;
 "Cà' 'eil mo chorp? grad thoir a nios e,
 Mur deach a riasladh as a cheile,
 Ged dh' ithinn, 's ged dh' òlainn gu siorruidh,
 Cha riaraidh sud trian de m' éislein."

Ge tréun an saighdeir tha Bhàlaidh,
 'S anns na blàir ge neothar thaingeil,
 Theich e, 's bu mhòr an càs leinn,
 Nach b' fhearr e na coilleach Frangach;
 Spàrr e cheann fo chòta mhàthar,
 'S chluinnt' a ràin cho fad is Langais;
 'S ged a bha batraidh ceart lamh ris,
 Cha d' fhuiling e tàir' no ainneart.

Bha Fear Scolpaig air a léireadh,
 Ghabh e 'n ratreuta na dheannaibh,
 Cha tugadh e sùil na dhéigh,
 Ged dh' eighte dha Breatunn fo bhannaibh;
 Mar a ni ostrich 'na h-eiginn,
 A ceann a chur fo ghéig a falach,
 Shàth e cheann 's an fheamainn-chéirein,
 'S dh' fhàg e fheamainn féin ri gealaich.

Dh' amhairc an claiginn mu 'n cuairt dha,
 'S mhothaich e 's an uair da choluinn,
 Chaidh e fo thrioblaid, 's fo thuairgneadh,
 'S thuirt e, " Leam a nuas!" gu corrail;
 'S e m' aiteas bhi air do ghuaillean,
 Ach mo thruaighe! chaidh mo ghonadh,
 Tha do mheud air fàs cho suarach,
 'S nach lion do chruachain mo bhonaid.

Chlìsg Fear Scolpaig, leum e suas,
 Le sùrdagan luath thug e 'n tràigh air,
 Le sùil ri dol as o thuasaid,
 Fo chlaidhimh cruaidh Sheumais Bhàlaidh;
 Dh' fhòghnadh sud, an ceann 's na cluasan,
 A bh' air a ghuaillean mar tha leis,
 Bu bheag a thoirt dheth na fuamhairean,
 A fhuair dhiubh còrr is a b' fheairrd iad.

'S maith thu féin, a Mhaighstir Uisdean,
 'S mòr do chliù, 's gur maith do chòir air,
 Tha sinn fo chomain as ùr dhuit,
 O'n dh' éisd sinn ri d' thùchan òrain;
 Gléus gu'n robh air t' ional ciuil,
 Gu bràth na robh tùchadh no bròn air,
 Cha 'n 'eil maighdean òg 's an dùthaich,
 An diugh nach dùraigeadh pòg dhuit.

CUMHA DO MHACLEOID DHUNBHEAGAIN.

Tha mulad mòr, tha mi-ghean orm,
 'S neo-bhinn na bheil mi clàistinn,
 Tha 'n sgeul tha daoine 'g innse dhomh
 Air toirt claidh 'nam shlainte;
 Tha mulad mòr gun teagamh orm,
 An t-sion a chràidh 's a ghreatain mi;
 Gur lionmhor neach do'n leth-trom e
 Dunbheagain 'bhi 'na fhàsach.

Cha teid mi 'm bliadhn' air chéilidh ann,
 'S neo-eibhin leam a tha iad,
 Gun taoiteir ann, gun mhaighstir,
 Ri 'n dean mo chridhe gàire;
 Cha d' fhuair mi ach na ònar e
 Far 'n do chleachd a mhorchuis 'bhi,
 Fuar, falamh, fàs na sheomraichibh,
 An tric 'n do dh' òl mi fàilte.

Ach 's diumbach air an uair-sa mi
 Mu 'n chuairt sin thug am bàs duit,
 Gun tug e 'm furan suairce uam
 Cho uasal 's 'bha 's a' chearn so,
 A mac sin Ruairidh
 A' d' dheigh bha daoine galach, bochd,
 Do cheile mhaith a sgarradh uat,
 'S bha Alastair dheth cràiteach.

Na 'm b' easbhuidh stòir, no feudalach,
 A b' aobhar euslan dhùinne,
 Bu lughaid 'bhithte ag acain deth,
 Bhi t' fhaicinn làn de churam;
 'S e fàth mo bhròin 's bu dligheach e,
 'S a ghoimh iomadh cridhe fìr,
Eadar erard agus lì'chead
Do nighean bhi fo ghiuras.

Gur iomadh crìoch ga thuilleadh sin,
Nach b' ionann dhomh 's do dhùthaich,
Bha daoine am bròn, gun aiteas ann,
Mu 'n mhac sin dh' fhag an crùnair;
Bha deagh Mhac Mhic 'ic Alastair,
Bha 'n caiptean bha 'n Siol Ailein ann;
Bha 'n t-ardan uile maille riuth'
'S bha 'n garrach dubh o'n Ghiubhsaich.

Bha 'nàbuidh mac Sir Domhnull ann,
'S an cinneadh mòr Siol Uisdein,
Gun dearbhainn gu'n robh mulad orr'
'Nuair chuir iad anns an ùir thu;
Mac Fhionaghainn, sgeul bu duilich leam,
Clann Choinnich, mheud 's a chunnaic mi,
Do bhàs mar chall gun bhuinig
Do gach duine riamh ghabh iuil ort.

SATH-GHAL MAIRI NIGH'N ALASDAIR
RUAIDH.

Marbhrann do Mhacleoid agus ma's fhior gun robh
e marbh.

Mo shàth-ghal goirt,
Mar a tà mi nochd,
'S mi gun tàmh gun fhois gun sùnd.

'S mi gun sunnd air stàth,
Gun mo dhùil ri bhi slàn,
Tha mo shùgradh gu bràth air chùl.

'S ann tha Leòdach mo ghaoil,
'S an Ol anart chaol,
'S gun chòmhdach ri thaobh àch bùird.

'S e bhi smaointinn ort,
A chràidh mi a' m' chorp,
'S a chnàmh na roisg bho m' shùil.

Tha Macleoid ata ann,
Fo ghruaimean 's an am ;
'S beag an t-ioghnadh 's e chaill an stiùir.

Chaill e meamhair air féin,
Nach bu chladhair measg cheud ;
'S duine thaghadh na deagh chairt iùil.

Chaill e sealgair na frith,
Nach bu chearbach dha 'n rìgh,
Agus seirbhiseach dileas a chrùn.

Thog na filidh ort sgeul
Air na chunnaic iad féin,
Gu 'n robh eireachdas ceud 'n ad ghnùis.

Gu 'n robh thuigse 'na d' ghnìomh
'S a thlachd 'na d' bhian,
'N a chunnaic mi riamh aig triùir.

LE FEAR CHILLEBHRIDE AIR BAS
CHROMBAIL. 1658.

A Rìgh dhùilich na cruinne!
 Falbhaidh sinn uile mu dheireadh,
 Cha 'n 'eil stàth dhuinn strìth ri fuireach,
 Cha 'n 'eil duin' againn nach teirig;
 Falbhaidh an lag 's an laidir uaibhreach,
 Falbhaidh sud 's an t-usal meannnach;
 Falbhaidh Rìgh nan Coron buadhach
 Is anns an uaigh cia 'n t-usal dealbhach?
 Ge laidir 's ge neartmhor Protector na rioghachd gu leir
 Ceann-uighe nan gaisgeach, 's an taice 's an lòn da reir,
 Ge iomadh tùr chaisteal 's gunna praise nan scal mu chre,
 Cha chumadh sud grabadh air teachdaire mear Mhic Dhe.

MARBHRANN DO MHAC COINNICH, Triath
Ghearrloch, a chaochail anns a bhliadhna 1669.

An diugh do Ghearrloch cha teid mi,
Air chuairt, no air chéilidh,
O'n a chualas gun dh' éug thu,
Fhir thug buaidh air na céudan,
Lamh shuairce na féile :
Fàth mo chruaidhchais nach d' fhéud thu bhì beò.

'N am gluasad air astar dhomh,
Gu bheil smaointinean 'laidh orm,
'S mòr m' ioghnadh ri amharc air ;
Tha 'n tigh gun aighear ann,
Dh' fhalbh an laoch a bha maitheasach,
Tha fear prìseil na laidhe
'N ciste chaoil, 's e gun labhairt, gun treòir.

'N deoch a b' fheàirde sinn againn i,
Do dheoch-slaiente-s' fhir aigionnaich,
Ged a shnamhadh am bradan i ;
'S ann an Gearrloch a b' ait leinn a h-òl :
An tigh mòr a chinn bhaideilich,
Air 'm bu làidir a chlachaireachd òrd.

Chunnacas uair na do fhleasgach thu,
Air cheann sluaigh gu'm bu taitneach thu ;
Bha cùl cuachagach casbhuidh ort,
Do chrios guaille, 's do bhreacan ort,
'Dol a bhualadh nan Sasunnach ;
B' e mo thruaighe na chasadh ort,
'Nuair a bhuaileadh an aisridh do shròn.

Mac an athar nach géilleadh,
Do chùis sgràth, na do dh' éucoir,
Anns gach puing bha thu tréubhach,
'S anns gach cainnt bha thu béurra,
'S tu gun taing do luchd béurla, no chleòc.

Bu tusa 'n t-uachdaran urramach,
 B' fheàrr a chuala no chunnaic mi,
 Do cheann tuath, agus cumanda;
 Do dhaoin' uaisle bha muladach:
 Iarraibh gràsan do 'n duine sin,
 Tha agaibh 'n àite na chunna' sibh falbh.

Rìgh! gu'm b' fhoirmeil am baile sin,
 'Nuair a sheirmeadh do thallachan;
 Bhiodh piob ghleadhrach ga sprangadh aun,
 Séis bhinn nan dos meallach,
 'S a bhrùth dhionach gun aibheis,
 'S am faighte fion, agus onoir, is ceòl.

'S lionmhor òigeir fo iomadan,
 Osna throm far nach cluinnear i,
 Agus sùil tha ri silleadh ann,
 Mu 'n fhear chùramach fhinealta;
 Thug a shùgradh o iomadh fear;
 Thu bhi 'n crùisde, 's nach sirear thu,
 'S e dh' fhàg ciurte do ghillean, a sheòid.

CUMHA IAIN GHAIRBH. Le Phiuthair.

Tha do mhiolchoin air iallan,
 'S cha triall iad do 'n mhunadh,
 Gu fireach na seilge,
 No garbhlach a' Chuilinn.

Séisd—Hi-il iu ro bha hò,
 Hi-il iu ro bha hò,
 Hi-il iu ro bha hò,
 Hi-il ò ro bha éile.

Gu fireach na seilge,
 No garbhlach a Chuillinn,
 Mar ri luchd nan cùl steud-bhuidh',
 'S iad gun ghléus air an gunna.

Mar ri luchd nan cùl steud-bhuidh',
 'S iad gun ghleus air an gunna ;
 'S tha 'n saighdeir MacDhomhnuill
 'Nochd 'na sheòmar fo mhulad.

Tha 'n saighdeir MacDhomhnuill
 'Nochd 'na sheòmar fo mhulad ;
 Gun fhidhill, gun chlàrsaich,
 Gun tàileasg ri iomairt.

Gun fhidhill, gun chlàrsaich,
 Gun tàileasg ri iomairt ;
 MacDhomhnuill nan geur-lann,
 'S lòdach, déurach, an nochd e.

MacDhomhnuill nan geur-lann,
 'S lòdach, déurach, an nochd e ;
 'S mise 'm shuidh' air an fhaòilinn,
 Gun fhaoilte, gun fhurán.

MARBHRANN DO CHAIPTEAN MAC
COINNICH, Suidhe, a mharbhadh an cath
na Maoileruaidhe, 1688. Leis a Bhard
Assinnteach.

Tha mulad tha sgios orn,
Tha mighean, tha gruaim,
Mu 'n a chaidh dheth 'n fhuil dhirich
Ri m' thim anus an uaigh;
Gur i naigheachd so dh' innseadh,
Dh' fhàg mi cinnteach Diluain;
Gu bheil m' àilleagan prìseil
'Gam dhìth air an uair.

Sud an uair is mòr eislein,
Dhuibh féin is do chàch,
'N ti chobh'readh 'nar feum sinn
Thug an t-eug uainn gun dàil;
Soilleir dha 'n leir e
Nach i bhreug tha mi 'g radh,
Dh' fhalbh sgàthan mo shòlais
'S e fo 'n fhòd anns a charn.

Tha mi 'g radh bhrigh m' eòlais,
Ni dh' fhag leòn air mo thaobh,
Do chur fo na bòrdaibh
Dh' fhag mo sheòrs' air an claoith;
'M feadh 's a bha thu na d' bheò-shlaint,
Cha robh bròn oirnn a' d' thaobh;
Bha thu smachdail, le mòrchuis,
Breac eòlach gach taobh.

Cha robh saobh ort an gealtachd,
Fhir ghasda mo rùin,
No cron a dh' fhaoidt' fhaicinn,
Bu mheasa na cliù;
'Nuair a rachadh tu Shasuinn,
'S tu sgapadh na crùin;
Tha do chéile gun aiteas
O'n là thaisg iad thu 'n ùir.

Anns an ùir a tha tuineadh,
 Gach aon duine bha beò ;
 Cha dean tùirse dhuinn buinig,
 Theid sinn uil' air do lorg ;
 A Rìgh, saor sinn o chunnart,
 'S o gach tuil tha tigh'nn oirnn ;
 Cha 'n 'eil an saoghal dhuinn uile
 Ach mar là diomain an ceò.

'S aon cheò dhuinn an saoghal,
 A tha daonan mu 'n cuairt ;
 'S gearr còmhnuidh nan daoine,
 Cha 'n fhaod iad bhi buan ;
 'Nuair a ghairmeas a maor sibh,
 Cha 'n fhaod sibh 'bhi uaith ;
 Dh' aindeoin òige thig aois oirbh
 Glacaidh 'n t-aog sibh gu uaigh.

'S ann 'san uaigh chaidh an caiptean,
 B' fhearr mais' e air sluagh,
 Agus ceannard nam feachdan,
 A b' fhearr bh' ac' 's an Taobh-tuath ;
 'Nuair a racha' tu Shasuinn
 Cha robh aca do luach,
 No 's an Fhraing, ged b' fhad as i,
 Gu 'm bu leat orra buaidh.

Buaidh Chaptein Mhic Choinnich
 Nach sloinnear gu bràth,
 Ann an oifigeachd eile,
 No 'n eireachdas blàir ;
 Cha robh Màidseir, no Caiptean,
 Riamh ac' thug ort bàrr :
 'Laoich threïn a bha gasda,
 'S tu gleacadh an sbàirn.

Cha bu sbàirn ort mar dhuine,
 Aon ni b' urrainn ann càch ;
 Bha do threubhantas uile
 Mar churraidh gun sgàth ;
 'Laoich thréin nan arn guineach
 'S ann leam is duilich do bhàs ;
 'S mòr an call e do 'n rioghachd
 Nach do thill thu o'n bhàr.

'S e do bhàs is mòr iargain
 O'n là thriall thu gu ùir,
 O'n a dh' fhàs thu cho sgiamhach
 'S cho fiachar an cùirt;
 Gun deach' t' ainm as na crìochan,
 Aig 'meud 's fhuair thu chliù,
 Gu la bhràth cha teid di-chuimhn
 Air iarmad mo rùin.

'S tu chrùnadh, 's tu dhearbhadh,
 'S neo-chearbach do chùis,
 Tha do mheas ann an Alba
 Cho ainmeil ri diuc;
 Bu tu ceannard na h-armailt,
 'S mòr do shealbh air a cùl,
 Sguiridh mise dheth t-iomradh,
 Fhir a b' inbhaiche gnùis.

MARBHRANN DO DHUIN' UASAL.

THOIR an t-soiridh no dhà bhuam,
 A null mar a b' àill leam,
 Gu teaghlach an àrmuinn,
 Gu Aird an t-raic;
 Far an robh mi 'n tùs m' òige,
 Ma' ri do mhòrachd,
 'N am shuidhe mu 'n bhòrd,
 Gun leom gun airc;
 Mhic Moire na dàlach,
 Cuir piseach air àlach,
 Le beannachd an Ard-Rìgh
 'G an àrach gun neart:
 'S e sin am meas àluinn,
 'G a chur 's an deagh èarlaid,
 Aig leomhan na h-Airceadh,
 'S e 'g an àrach ma seach.

Mhic an fhìr a bha ceutach,
 'S a fhuair urram bho cheudan;
 Och! och! mo chreach leir,
 'S e 'n t-eug rinn do leòn;
 'Nuair a chaill thu bhean cheutach,
 An robh tuigs' agus reuson,
 Dhe na chunnaic mi fein,
Am measg Ghaidheal no Ghall:
 Bha uaisle gun àrdan,
 Anns an ribhinn a b' àille,
 Bha mais' le fiamh gàire;
 Deud bàn is rosg mall:
 'S e mo chiùrradh an t-aiseag,
 Leis an deach' thu do 'n chlachan,
 Nach d' thainig thu dhachaigh,
 'S nach faicear thu thall.

'S e deireadh gach duine
 Bho 'n a rinneadh ar gineadh,
 'Bhi triall chum na cille
 Le iomadaidh sluaigh;
 Bi an dùlan gu tilleadh
 Ri urlar a' ghlinne,
 'Nuair a thionndas a mhin-shuil,
 'S e ar n-ionad an uaigh;
 Tha an t-eug oirnn cho gionach,
 E daonnan 'g ar sireadh,
 Gur a mòr e gun tiomadh,
 Ri duine, gun truas;
 Ach tha m' earbs' as an Athair,
 Tha shuas air a' chathair,
 Gur e d' àill' agus d' aighear,
 A' bhi 'm Flaitheanas buan.

A chinn uidhe nan deòiridh
 Rìgh na faic mi ort dòlas!
 B' e d' fhasan o d' òige
 A' bhi malairt nan crùn.
 Bha mi lag air do làraich
 Gus 'n do rinn thu mi làidir,
 Rìgh gu'm faic mise d' àlach
 Dol an àirde le cliù:
 Le furan le fàilte,
 Le òl air stuth làidir,
 Gun fhaighneachd co phàigheas,
 Ann an àros a' chiuil:
 Is nighean an àrmuinn
 A' bhi 'n ionad a màthar,
 Mhic Muire dean gràs
 Air na dh' fhàgadh 'na d' luirg!

Gu faic mise Coinneach
 A' suidheachadh fearainn,
 Am bann 's an ceangal
 'S am bail' aige fhéin;
 Mac Iarla no barain,
 A bhi 'g iarraidh gu Anna,
 Bho dhuchas a seanar,
 Air a ceangal o'n chléir;

Bi fir ùr air do bhanais,
Cur an fhùdair 'na dheannamh,
Gun chùmhachadh air drama,
Ach 'ga bhaileachadh siòs;
Bi fonn air luchd ealain
Chi uachdar do thalla
Bi bonn aig a' cheannaich
Bho thalla nan cliar.

MARBHRANN DO DHUIN' UASAL.

GED tha mi dall,
 Gur leir dhomh 'n call
 A rug air mo ghnàth mhuinntir ;
 'S e triall bho thuath,
 A liath mo ghruag,
 'G ad chur ann am bruaich tunga,
 Ann an eaglais nan ceud,
 Far an cruinnich an treud,
 'S e sin an sgeul ùrghlan ;
 Dh' imich e uainn,
 Air imrich an t-sluaigh ;
 Ceann-cinnidh nam buadh cliùiteach.

Ged tha mi a' m' thosd,
 Gur ann de m' olc,
 Mar tha do chorp cràiteach ;
 Gun cheirein léigh,
 A dol gu feum,
 Dha do chre àluinn :
 Is e do cheum
 A b' fhearr gleus
 Air gach gne ànlaimh ;
 Is i do shùil
 A b' fhearr tùr,
 Ann am frith nan stùc àrda.

Chunnaic mi uair
 Bu lùthor luath,
 Do chas air cruas fàsaich ;
 Na tri chaoil,
 Nach robh claon,
 Snaidht' o'n taobh ràmh bhuidh' ;
 Ma' ri meall
 Nach robh gann,
 Mar chailc ann an ceann sgàrlaid
 Gruaidh mar chaor,
 Snuadh mar aol,
 'S uaibhreach craobh àrdain.

'N uair thogadh tu bùth
 'S a leagadh tu siùil,
 Ann an toiseach tùs falbha
 'N uair a shealladh tu suas
 Air an iunnrais mu 'n cuairt,
 Feuch an robh tuar tàmh orr';
 'N am biodh i cho tlàth
 'S gu sgaoilte ràmh,
 'S tu d' shuidh' air cheann tràghad;
 Bu bhinn do dhuann
 A' sior chur suas,
 'S ann leamsa bu chruaidh d' fhàgail.

Bu sgiobair thu 'n am
 Bhristeadh nam ball,
 Bu chlisgeanta lùths d' éirigh,
 Bu chéillidh ciùin
 Do bheum air stiùir,
 Tuarieap o thaobh beic orr':
 Cha shineadh suas,
 An sgòd fo cluais,
 'S tu mhealladh an cuan foilleil
 'N am gabhail gu tìr
 'S na rathaidean-rìgh;
 Mac samhuilt an fhior *ghuide* thu.

Mìne gun cheist,
 Cinnteach an treis,
 Mar rìgh ann an deas mhanutoil;
 Thigeadh gairge gu leòr
 Ann am feirge mhòir,
 'S na h-airm ann an dorn cheannard:
 Thigeadh gunna bheoil chaoil ort,
 Claidheamh faraon,
 Piostal fo sgaoth làmhaich;
 Fo 'n ìsnich gheur chruaidh
 Ghorm liòbhaidh dhe 'n chruaidh,
 Sniomhain is duail mheanbh orr'.

Chunnaic mi uair
 An teas do chuaich,
 Ann am braise luath mheamna,
 A' foghlum sluaigh,

'G an togail suas,
 'S tu gun ghruaim anntlachd ;
 Ma' ri fear an fhuilt réidh
 Dha 'n robh faicinn nan ceud
 Bachlagach, gle amhluidh
 Fàs mar stoc ;
 Maraileach lochd
 'S àillidh am folt camalub.

Tha falt mar theud
 Ort cha bhreug,
 Gaisge cein àrbhuidh :
 Aon Mhac Dhe,
 Chruthaich e,
 Cruth na chre thalmhaidh :
 O Iosa gle
 Dion gun bheud,
 Cis o'n eug mharbhtach.

CUMHA OIG-FHIR 'GAN D'FHUAIR A LEAN-
NAN BAS AIR LA AM BAINNSE.

'S FADA shiubhal mi 'n oidhche
Chum na maighdiune bòidhich,
'S 'nuair a rainig mi 'n baile
Cha robh aighear no ceòl ann.

'S ann bha mnathan ri fuaigheal,
'S cuid de ghruagaichean brònach;
'S ann a bha mo gheug fhion-fhuil
Air a sìneadh fo bhòradibh.

Ann a' leine chaoil anairt,
'S ni 'n cluinneadh mo chòmhradh,
Tha d' fhalt mar an sìoda,
Och mo dhìth bhi cur fòd ort.

Re am cur na h-ùir ort,
Theann mo shuilean ri dòrtadh;
A ghaoir a chaidh o mo leth cheann,
Cha teid i 'm feasda ri m' bheò as.

CUMHA DO DH' FHEARR NAN DRUIMINEAN.

Is ann do m' lochd 'bhi cho fad' am thosd,
 Mo chreach do chorp cràiteach,
 Gun cheirein léigh a dol am feum dhuit
 A chre àluinn.

Is e do cheum a b' fhearr béus,
 Anns gach gné thalnhainn ;
 Sud an t-suil a b' fhearr tùr
 Air feidh nan stùc àrda.

Fhuair mi sgeul mu 'n tìm so 'n de,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi féin bhi 'm thàmh dheth,
 Ailein Oig nach 'eil thu beò,
 Mo chreach an comhlan àluinn.

A Chlann Ghilleoin nam piob 's nan sròl,
 'S nam pios 's nan còrn, 's nan goibleid ;
 A Rìgh nam feart is treuna neart
 Thug uainn gach neach a b' fhearr dhiubh.

An fhinne phriseil, làidir, rioghail,
 'Leagadh sìos bhur meanmna,
 Bha neart dhaoine gar sìor chlaonadh,
 'S gu'n robh 'n t-aog gar cealgadh.

Cha robh leigh a bha fo 'n ghréin
 Dheanadh feum 's an am ud ;
 An ciste dhlùth an deis a dùnadh
 'Ta mo rùn 's an teampull.

'S iomadh tional truagh, gun bhlagh, gun bhuaidh,
 A tha 's an uair so 'n Aros.
 Tha mnai fo bhròn, 's beag ioghnadh dhoibh,
 Gu'n d' chaill iad sògh is slàinte.

Mu dheagh Mhac Eoin a chur fo 'n fhòd,
 An ciste nam bòrd clàrach ;
 Bha mais' is ciataibh, 's moran riaghailt,
 Bha sud riamh a fàs riut.

'S ma tha mi 'n dhall, 's ma 's leir dhomh 'u call,
 A rug air do rann mhuinntir;
 'Ur triall mu thuath so liath mo ghruag
 Ga d' chur fo bhruaich an tunga.

'N an sgaoileadh nan sguab, mu bhìle uam bruach,
 Bh' air fineadh nam buadh cliùteach,
 Flathas gach uair, mathasach buan,
 Flathas bu dual duibhse.

Cha 'n 'eil litir thionail an drasda 'gar sireadh,
 'S dh' fhag sud do chinneadh-sa tùrsach;
 Cha 'n ioghnadh dhaibh, bu mhòr an call,
 Bu mhaith an ceannard dùthch' thu.

A mharcaich ghleusd', bu ghasda ceum,
 An ruith, 's an leum, 's an lùth-chleas;
 Mac-aighe cha robh aig neach ort
 Riamh am facas dhiubh-san.

'S iomadh gruagach, 's sàr bhean uasal,
 Ghread, 's a ghuail, 's a chràidh thu;
 Bu mhòr an dìth do bhàs air tìr
 An am dol sìos gu t-fhàrdaich.

Sùil an fhìreoin, 's bàrr an rìgh-fhuil,
 Snuagh an fhir o'n d' fhàs thu;
 Sud 'ur gnìomh, an ceann gach mìos,
 A bhi 's a chill gar fàgail.

'S mìn leam an treibh, 's cinnteach gun cheist,
 Mar ribhinn nan rosg mall;
 Gheibhte feirge mu d' bhord, 'n am t-fheirge mhòr,
 'Nuair bhiodh t-airm ann a' d' dhorn teann ort.

Claidheamh fo dhorn, 's gunna bheoil chaoil,
 'S piostal mu 'n sgaoil làmhach;
 Slisneach gheur, chruaidh, liomhta o'n ghual,
 'S liomhain o'n stuaidh mheanail.

Bu sgiobair thu nam bristeadh buill,
 Bu chlisgeanta lùs t-eiridh;
 Bu shàmhach ciuin do làmh air stiuir,
 Ga mealladh a lùnn beucaidh.

O sgòid gu cluais, ga mealleadh le cluain,
Caitheadh mu 'n cuairt fàill orra;
Nam gabhail mu thìr, mu ròd an rìgh,
'S b' athail am fìor *ghuide* thu.

'S mairg ribhinn òg a thug ro ghràdh,
Nach d' fhuair ort òrdugh pòsaidh;
Nach d' fhuair a fear mar bu chòir dhith,
'S ann tha bhròn sud dhuinne.

A charaid Ailein, nan steud mearra,
'S nan each ceann-ard cruidheach;
A chaidh a Cholla, a ghlac an loingeas,
A chun a choinneamh air an Rùta.

MARBHRANN FIR THALASGAIR.

Le Eoin MacAilein. 1733.

'S E 'n sgeula bochd truagh so thainig o thuath,
 A mheudaich dhomh fuachd is allaban ;
 Mas a fada no geàrr gun tig e an àird,
 'S i aiceid mo bhàis gu deimhin i.

'S beag mise ri luaidh ann an àireamh nan sluagh,
 Dh' fhag an sgeuls' anns gach cluain gu gearanach,
 'S iomadh cridhe 'ga chràdh aig a bheil mar cheann fàth,
 Gun do bhuinig am bàs Fear Thalasgair.

Gun mhasl' thoirt do chàch, do dh' iosal no àrd,
 'N a shubhailcean gnàths b' fhear ainneamh e ;
 Bha e iosal is àrd, bha e fuar agus blàth,
 Bha e prìseil, gràdhach, carranach.

'S nan eireadh strìth, cha b' e caiseineach crìon,
 'S ann a dhearbhadh e gnìomh le fearralachd ;
 Ach an saoghal bochd truaghs' a tha mealladh an
 t-sluaigh,
 Meud 's a ghabh dheth cuairt 's a dh' aithnich e.

Cha 'n fhac e do fheum ann an anabarr do spréidh,
 Ach a dhicladh gu feum nan ainniseach ;
 'S iomadh bochd ann an càs gheibheadh fuasgladh gun
 dàil,
 'Nuair a thogadh e màl nan *tenandan*.

Ghabh e tlachd agus miann de thigh flathasach fial,
 Am biodh tathaich nan ceud, 's cha b' ainneamh sin,
 Bhiodh bord fosgailt' a chlàir ro uaislibh 's ro dhaimh,
 'S do na h-ìslibh b' e 'n àiridh bheannachd e.

Bu tric meoghail an òil, agus gleadhar nan stòp,
Air aghaigh nam bòrd nach b' ainniseach,
Lamh sgapadh nan crùn air luchd ealain is ciuil
'S e choisin an cliuth 's a b' airidh air.

Thug e 'n ciste nan clàr na gibhtean a b' fheàrr,
O se fein a thug gràdh mar leannan daibh,
Mar bha gliocas is daimh agus féil' agus gràdh,
Cha bu leir dhaibh co chàch ga fanadh iad.

Fada m' fhuireach am péin, ann an talla nan déur,
Cha 'n fhaic mi na dhéigh fear aithris air;
Ged tha so na chall mòr do Thormad MacLeoid,
Cha 'n fhasa leam bròn Shir Alastair.

So a bhràthair 's gach tùrn dheanadh àit' air a chul,
'S nach coisneadh le ghiulan sgainnir dha;
Tha Lobhat na h-Aird gu dubhach mu bhàs,
B' e chompanach gràidh 's a charaid e.

Mheud 's a dh' fhuirich suas do Shliochd Ghilleoin nan
tuagh,
Dh' fhag e àilleachd an gruaidh gu smalanach,
'S truagh Eachann na dheigh o Charpach nan ceud
Dh' fhàg e saighead na chre nach dealaich ris.

Tha cheile fo ghruaim, 's i air caochladh a snuadh,
Rinn i malairt 's an uair 's is aithreach leth;
Thug i iomairt is òl, agus meoghail is ceòl,
Air tùrsa 's air bròn gu gearanach.

Thug i aoibhneas a pòg, ni gle mhor ga sògh,
Bhi gan ionndrain ri beò 's nach faigh i iad:
'S ann air Ruairidh o'n Dùn a chinnich am flùr,
'S chunnaic mise le m' shùilibh ceathrar dhiubh.

Sir Ruairidh bha còir, agus Eoin nan òs,
Ged bu mhaith iad, thug Domhnull barrachd dhiubh;
Gach fàillean is geug a shiòlaich da threibh,
Iad a dìreadh ri beus an aralachd.

Mar sin daibh mar nòs fhad 's a dh' fhanas iad beò
Gu ruig 's an t-Eoin Og-sa 's leanabh dhuinn;
Ma leannas e 'n gnàths bh' aig athair 's gach càs,
Gu deaibh 's duine ta ghnàth so aithnicht' e.

Ma chumhnas e gnàth a ròd, tuil, agus tràigh,
Mar reothart a fàs gu barraicht e;
Mas a ceadaicht an tùrn, tha mi guidhe gu dùr,
Saoghal fada le cliù 's le alla dha.

CUMHA PEATHAR.

Hù òro hù ò,
 Hóro hù o hì ò,
 Hù òro hù ò.

GUR e mis' tha fo mhulad,
 Tha lionn dubh air mo ghruaidh.
 Hù òro.

'S cha b' e cumha mo leannain,
 Ged a dh' fhanadh e bhuam.
 Hù òro.

Ach cumha mo bhràithrean,
 A' cnàmh anns a' chuan.
 Hù òro.

Cumha Eachainn is Lachluinn,
 Dh' fhag tana mo ghruag.
 Hù òro.

'S goirt leam diol ar cùl chlannaich,
 Anns an fheamain 'ga luaidh.
 Hù òro.

'S tric mo shùil air an Rudha,
 Fo 'n a' bhruthach ud shuas.
 Hù òro.

Feuch am faic mi seòl bréid-gheal,
 Latha gréine 's a' chuan.
 Hù òro.

Cha 'n 'eil long thig o'n Rudha,
 Nach toir snidh' air mo ghruaidh.
 Hù òro.

Cha 'n 'eil bàt' thig 's a' chaolas,
 Nach caochail mo shnuadh.
 Hù òro.

Cha dirich mi bruthach,
'S cha shiubhail mi uair.
Hù òro.

Cha dean mi ceum idir,
Gus an d' thig na bheil bhuam.
Hù òro.

Cha chaidil mi stòlda,
A Dhòmhnach no Luain.
Hù òro.

Tha bhur leaba na h-ònar,
Anns an t-seòmar ud shuas.
Hù òro.

'S cha teid mi 'g a càradh
'Sibhse ghràidh cho fad bhuam.
Hù òro.

Gur e mis' tha fo mhulad,
Air an tulaich luim fhuair.
Hù òro.

CUMHA DO MHNISTEIR A CHAIDH A
BHATHADH. Le phiuthair.

Hù òro, hù ò,
Chal o hì o hì ò,
Hù òro, hù ò.

MHUIRE 's mis' tha fo mhulad,
Air an tulaich luim fhuar.

Cha 'n 'eil bàt' thig o'n chaolas,
Nach caochail mi snuagh.

Na eithir fo rudha,
Nach sruthail mo ghruaidh.

'S e mo ghràdh do chùl clannach,
Anns an fheamainn ga luadh.

Cha 'n e cumha mo leannain,
Ged a dh' fhanadh e uam.

Ach cumha mo bhràthar,
Cùl fàineach nan dual.

Cha dìrich mi 'n t-achadh,
Na machaire cruaidh.

Tha do leaba gun dòigh orr',
Anns an t-seomar ud shuas.

Cha teid mi 'g a' càradh,
Tha thu ghràidh cho fad' uam.

Tha do *phresent* 'n am chistidh
Ni bu mhisde mi uam.

CATH CHUILODAIR.

Le Lachlainn Dubh MacLachlainn.

GUR goirt a' naigheachd a fhuair sinn,
 O bhàr dosgaidh na truaighe,
 Mheud 's a thuit ann dheth 'r n' uaislean,
 Thainig trùpa mu'n cuairt oirnn,
 Fhuair le buidseachd bhi 'n uachdar oirnn beò.

Sgeul is cràiteach le m' chridhe,
 Na bheil 's an àrfaich mar shithinn,
 Na cuirp àluinn 'gan ruitheadh,
 'S iad fo ghàirich nam fitheach,
 Gun an càirdean a tighinn,
 'G an càradh gu dligheach,
 'S geard de 'n nàmhaid nan suidhe nan còir.

B' ann diubh 'n Còirneal MacLachlainn,
 Cridhe mòr nach robh gealtach,
 Rìgh bu bhòidheach air each e,
 'Dol an còmhail gach caiptean,
 Thoirt òrdugh mu seach dhòibh,
 Seal mu 'n thòisich am batal,
 Fhuair iad seòl air cur as da, mo leòn !

Lamh sgapadh an airgid,
 Anns na bailteacha margaidh,
 'S cian 's gur fada chaidh ainm ort,
 Eadar Sasunn is Albainn ;
 Nach do phill thu ri d' leanabaibh
 'S gun chùl taic ris an earbar iad beò.

Thuit Dùghall 's an àrfaich,
 Duine misneachail, dàrcheil,
 Bha thu urramach, dàna,
 'Dol an coinneamh an nàmhaid ;
 Ceann ar finne fhuair cràdh nach bu leòr.

'S goirt leam càradh nan Abrach,
Iad nan sìneadh 's na claisean,
Nach dùisg piob iad, no bratach,
No foirm creiche dol seachad ;
'S mu'n caochail sibh aigne
'S mòr mo bharail nach faigh sibh a chòir.

'S iomadh òganach treubhach,
Suundach, aigionnach, eutrom,
Nach bu tais an am feuma,
Thoirt a mach an ratreuta ;
'Nam b' e còthrom na Feinne,
So bhiodh aca le cheile,
Nach tig dhachaidh 'gan eigheach air mòd.

ORAN DO MHACLEOID DHUNBHEAGAIN.

BHA mi m' dhùsgadh 's am chaithris
 Ag iarraidh cùirt dheth d' chuid leinibh;
 'S e do thùr a th' air m' aire,
 'Nuair a spruitas an t-fhaillean;
 Eiridh sùrd air a chaillich:
 Fàth mo thùrsa 's mo ghalair,
 Bha mi 'n cuirt do dhà Sheannar,
 Nach biodh buirt' air mo ghearain,
 Am faic thu chiucharag shalach
 'na tràill.

Sin, 's a bhaintighearna nàrach,
 O chaidrimh na tràghad,
 Rinn duitse na càirdean,
 'S i piuthar nam bràithrean,
 De bhrod uile nan Gaidheal;
 Dh' eug Uilleam air Ghalltachd,
 Mhic na mna thu a Aros
 bu leom.

Càirdeas fear o Ghleanngaradh,
 'S e do mheanmna th' air m' aire,
 A lùb threubhach nan geal-lamh,
 Chaidh an de do na beannaibh,
 Riut a chròic agus eangaibh,
 'S e 'na bhòcan ri langan;
 Gheibh e luaidhe chruinn mheallach
 na deann.

RANN AIR GRIOGAR ODHAR ARD, Mac
Dhonnachaidh nan Gleann, bràthair do Mhac
Ghriogair Ghlinn Sreatha.

AN saoil sibh féin nach foghainnteach,
'S e Griogar Odhar Ard,
Gu'n d' aithnich mi sgairt diùlaich ort
'S tu dìreadh ris an allt ;
Gu'n d' leagadh Mac-an-Aba leat,
Os cionn na glaic ud thall ;
Gu'n robh fear de Chlanna Chamshroin ann,
Is dealg 'na bhrot gu teann ;
Gu'n robh Iain Og Mac Chailein ann,
'S cha b' fhallain e fo d' laimh.
Gu 'n gleidheadh an rìgh o dhòruinn,
Am fear mòr a bhrìst am fang ;
Cha b' ann de Chlanna Chatain thu,
No luchd nam plaide bàn ;
No idir do Chlann Domhnuill thu,
No luchd nan ròiseol àrd ;
Ach Griogarach gu dìreach thu,
Chuir dìth air clann nan Gall.

ORAN DO'N RIDIRE DONNCHADH
CAIMBEUL, ris an cainte Donnachadh Dubh
a' Churraic, le Nighinn dha, nuair a chuir e'n
ceann dheth 'n duin' aice—Griogar Ghlinn
Sreatha.

A RIGH! gur mòr mo chuid m'ulaid,
O'n cheud la thruimich do bhròn mi;
O'n cheud la ghabh mi iuil ort,
Cha dùraiginn pòsadh.

Gun logh an Rìgh sin do m' athair,
Gur caol a sgait e m' fheòil diom;
Thug e bh' uamsa m' fhear-tighe,
Gu'm bu sgafanta roimh thòir e.

'S lionmhor iad de mo chinneach,
De 'n gheàrr thu muineal mu 'n chòta,
Agus Guineach mòr priseil,
Dhe 'n tug thu 'n sìoda 's na bòtan.

Chum thusa 'n cuid aodaich,
Ge bu dìleas iad dhomhsa

.
.

Mar bhi dhomh daingneach a' chaisteil,
'S nan geatachan mòra,
Agus cuingead nan glasan,
Nach fhaighinn seachad gun seòladh.

'S truagh nach robh mi 'nam' fhaoilinn,
No cho caol ris an fheòraig,
'S gun snàmhainn am buinne,
Cha chumadh an t-òr mi.

ORAN.

Le Bean Lusgintir, 's na Hearradh.

Dh' fhalbh na gillean grinn
 Fo 'n cuid armaibh,
 'S ann leam fhin a's bòidheach,
 Thig an còta dearg dhoibh.

Saoil sibh fein nach bòidheach
 H-uile latha Dòmhnach,
 H-uile fear cho spòrsail,
 Ite 's còta dearg air.

Saoil sibh fein nach éibhinn
 H-uile latha féille,
 Osan gearr fo 'n fhéileadh,
 An t-éideadh neo chearbach.

Gur a h-ann an Sasuinn,
 Fhuair iad òrdugh batail,
 Thog na gillean gasda,
 Cas mu seach gu'n d' fhalbh iad.

'S iad a fhuair an t-urram,
 Gillean Rois is Mhuile,
 H-uile fear cho ullamb,
 Le 'n gunnaichean gorma.

'S ann an diugh tha 'm blàr
 Aig saighdearan na Spàinne;
 Bheir beannachd a mhàthar
 As mo ghràdh gun deargadh.

'Nuair dh' fhalbhas a phacaid,
 'S a thilleas i dhachaigh,
 Bi dùil leam ri *parcel*,
 O mo ghasan dealbhach.

M' ulaidh, m' aighear, m' eudail,
 Fear leigheas nan creuchdan,
 Bheireadh do dhil-déirce
 Rud gun fheich gun airgiod.

ORAN MOLAI DH DO DHOMHNUL L MAC-
LEOID, Fear a' Chlaiginn.

Le Domhnul l Macleoid.

Moch 's mi 'g eiridh 's a' mhaduinn,
Ni 'n aidmheil, 's e chòir e,
Mu Dhomhnul l Og, Fear a' Chlaiginn,
Ni luchd aimbeairt a chòmhnadh;
Gu bheil uaisl' anns a' ghille,
Tha de chinneadh nan Leodach,
Ciuin, suairc', ann am bruidhinn,
'S gun d' fhuair thu 'n t-urram thar mhòran,
Mo rùn geal òg.

Pearsa 's deis' theid an còmhdach,
Tigh'nn o mheòirean an tàilleir,
Troidh shocair am bròig thu,
'S ann am bòtainn nan sàiltean;
Cha 'n innis teanga mo bheòil,
A h-uile eòlas a dh' fhàs ort,
'S lionmhor maise th' air Domhnul l,
Ged nach treòraich mo chàils' e,
Mo rùn geal òg.

Ged thigeadh Parlamaid Lunnain,
'S iad uile fo 'n arnailt,
Cha 'n 'eil barr aig mac duin' ort,
Ann an cumadh no 'n dealbhachd;
.
'S gur a rìgh 'nam measg uil' thu,
'S gu'n tug na chunnaic thu 'n t-ainm dhuit,
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tusa 'n laochan 's an la ud,
'Cur a chatha 'na d' aonar,
Sgoilt thu 'n fheill gach aon rathad,
'S tu gu 'n caitheadh le saothair;

Gu bheil dìon air do bhrollach,
 Chuireadh collaid air daoine,
 'S ged chaidh stad air mo labhairt
 Gur mòr dheth fhathasd ri fhaotainn,
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Tha do bhlaiths mar an ceitein,
 Maduinn ghreine a's t-samhradh,
 Tha d' fhoighidean gle mhaith,
 Ge b' e leughadh a ceannsgal;
 Bu tu beannachd gach creutair,
 Gach diol-deire agus bantraich,
 'S i 'n fhuil àrd tha comh-streup riut,
 'S tu nach leughadh an gann daibh,
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'Nuair a racha' tu mharcachd,
 Air each bras nan ceum meanmnach,
 'S e gu sinnteagach, fad-cheumnach,
 Ard bheachdaidh 'na eanachail;
 'S tu nach iarradh a thilleadh,
 'Nuair bu mhire chum falbh e,
 Chite dearrsadh a theine,
 'S e 'cur a spioraid gu ainmein.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

ORAN MHIC NAOIMHEIN.

Le Padruig Mac-a-Phearsoin.

AGHAIDH fhathail na sìthe,
 Ris an can iad Mac Naoimhein,
 Sàr mharcaich each cruideach,
 'S i t' inntinn bhiodh suas.

'N am suidhe 's tigh-thàirne,
 Ann am fochar do chàirdean,
 Cha b' e 'm botul bu ghnàth leat,
 'Cur deoch-slàinte mu 'n cuairt.

Cha b' e 'm botul ach gallain,
 'Gan lionadh gu h-ealamb,
 Anns na cupaichean geala,
 Bu ghlan sealladh is snuadh.

'S iad do chàirdean bhiodh sunndach,
 'S cha b' urr' iad 'gan drùghadh;
 Gheibhte 'n sin it' an t-sùlair,
 'S dheanta 'n cumhnanta suas.

'S ciod am feum dhuinn 'bhi gearain,
 Air gainnead an fhearainn,
 'S an cumhradh cho fallainn,
 Gu dealachadh uaibh.

'Nuair a chi sinn air fàireadh,
 Long mhòr nan crann àrda,
 'S i gabhail mu thamh,
 Far an samhaich 'm bi cuan.

'S ann a b' airidh Mac Naoimhein,
 Air *pension* mòr bhar na rioghachd;
 Aig 'na chuir e gu ìre,
 De dhaoine gun fheum.

Gun airgiod, gun aodach,
'Freasdal bheathaichean caola,
'S iomadh neach a bha smaointinn,
Gun caochladh tu beus.

Tha Pàdruig 's a chàirdean,
A cheile, 's a phàisdean,
Eadar athair is màthair,
'Dol gu sàile gu luath.

Gu dùthaich an àigh,
Far 'eil coiltichean àrda,
'S bidh Pàdruig gun dàil,
Le beagan àisig ga 'm buain.

ORAN GAOLL.

AIR leaba chaoin chléithe ri m' shlios,
 Cha chaidil mi oidhche gu là,
 A' cumhadh an fhleasgaich chaoin ùir,
 A dh' fhag le thriall mi dlùth do 'n bhàs.

Is dorn-gheal mo leannan a muigh;
 Is bòidheach 's is caoingheal a chruth;
 Sùil ghorm fo chaol mhala chorruih;
 Gur ro-mhaith a shnuadh 's cha diombuain.

Is binn a ghuth is grunn a mheòir;
 Is aluinn a shlios taobh ri taobh:
 Cha mhise thug fuath do mo ghràdh,
 Ach nach b' àill leis tighinn do m' ghaol.

A nighean òg a' chuil dhrinneich;
 D' fhalt mar an lion thig a Flanras;
 Do shlios mar shneachda air aonach,
 'S e folaichte fo shioda àilleach.

Is ann 's an Fhearrachan so shios,
 Tha bhean is meachair mìn cruth,
 Deud mar a chailc 'na beul;
 Is binne na teud ciuil a guth.

Is luaineach mo chadal a nochd:
 Ge beò mi cha bheò mi le tlachd;
 Mo chridhe air sgaradh 'nam uchd,
 Mar ghuailin air dubhadh gu beachd.

Ur shlat àill mar fhaillean fann;
 Do bhàrr tha mar aiteal de 'n òr:
 Tha do ghruaidh mar an caoran dearg,
 Is air lasadh air dhealbh nan ròs.

Beul dait' ort mar dhreach nan sùgh;
 Ruisg éibhinn air gorm-shuilean glan:
 Is ionmhuinn mo sheud tha gun smal
 Donn mhala chaol 's i gun chron.

D' uchd geal tha mar shneachd air a' gheig ;
Tha blas na meala air do phòg :
Gu'n d' fhuair an t-urram air cheudaibh,
An seud is neo-inheamnaich glòir.

Mar ghrainean mullaich na deise ;
Mar chruinneachd an deigh bhi 'g a fhàsg' ;
Mar a ghrian a' folach nan reul ;
Cha leir dhomh bean eil' air do sgàth.

Cha dirich mi bruthach no gleann,
Tha mo cheann air lagadh gu mòr ;
Mo chridh' air a lot le d' ghràdh ;
Is truime no bàs air mo chùl.

ORAN GAOIL.

'S BINN an smeorach air na crannaibh ;
 'S binn an eala air an lòn ;
 'S binne na sin beul mo leannainn,
 'Nuair a theannadh i ri ceòl.

'Nuair a theid thu do 'n a bhuaile,
 'S ann gu buaidheach theid thu ann,
 Buarach 's gogan air do ghuallainn,
 'S d' fhalt na dhualaibh air do cheann.

Ged a bhithinn anns a leabaidh,
 O chionn seachduinn 's mi fo phràmh,
 'N an tigeadh tu dh' ionnsuidh mo leapa,
 Dh' eirinn suas is bhithinn slàn.

'Nuair a theid thu dhan an t-sithean,
 'S ann gu riomhach theid thu ann,
 Bi do leadan air a chireadh,
 'S do shùil mhiògach ann a d' cheann.

'S geal an tarmaich air an leachduinn ;
 'S geal an sneachda air an t-sliabh,
 'S gile na sin lag a bràghad,
 'S ciochan bàna air a cliamh.

'S e 'm ball seirce tha 'n clàr d' aodainn,
 Dh' fhàg na fir an gaol ort riamh ;
 Mheud 's a thug mi fein de m' ghaol duit,
 Dh' fhàg cho aotrom mi 'nam chial.

ORAN GAOIL eadar fear agus a leannan.

Èsan.

MISE 'n so 's mi 'nam luidhe
 'N ciste chumhainn chaoil chlàraich ;
 Tha mo cheann air a lionadh
 Le fiabhras mi ghnàthaicht' ;
 Cha 'n fhuachd e 's cha teas e,
 'S cha 'n 'eil fhios ciod is fàth dha,
 Ach 's e thog dhomh mo ghalair
 Gaol na h-ainnir a dh' fhag mi.

Ged a bha mi 's an leabaidh
 Cha 'n e cadal bu tàmh dhomh,
 Ach a' smaointinn mu 'n ainnir,
 Bean 'nam meal-shuilean blàtha :
 'Nam dhomh tighinn dh' an t-seòlaid,
 Làn sòlais mar b' àbhaist,
 'S e naigheachd do phòsaidh,
 A leòn chon a' bhàis mi.

Gur e mis' tha gu brònach
 Mu mhnaoi òig a' chuil duinn ;
 'S tu gu 'n deanadh dhomh slàinte,
 Ged a bha mi gu tinn :
 Tha do ghruaidh mar na caoran ;
 Do shlios mar fhaoilinn air tuinn ;
 'S e bhi ag amharc a' d' aodann
 Gnìomh a b' aobhaiche leam.

'S truagh gun mise 's mo leannan
 An lagan falaich an uaigneas ;
 'Sinn a muigh 's a bhad coille
 Far an goireadh na cuachan,
 Thu bhi lùbte 'na m' bhreacan,
 Dlùth taisgte mu 'n cuairt oirnn ;
 'S gu faighinn do phògan
 Le deoin, 's leam nach b' fhuathach !

Ise.

Tha mo chion air an fhleasgach,
 Dhonn, leadanach, bhòidheach ;
 Thu dhe 'n fhinne nach striòcadh,
Tha thu dh' fhior fhuil Chlann Dòmhuill :
 'S ann a ghabh mi mo chead dhiot,
Aig an eaglais Di-Dòmhuach ;
 'S ged nach d' fhuair mi bhi cainnt riut,
 Gu 'n robh shannt ni bu do orom.

Ged a chaidh mi a phòsadh,
 Cha bu deònach mi féin air,
 'Nuair a sheall mi 'nam dheaghaidh
 'S e mo roghainn a thréig mi,
Fiuran ùr a' chuil chleachdaich ;
 Bu tu mo thlachd air son céile ;
 'S truagh a Rìgh ! 's gun mi ma' riut
Fo sparradh na deile.

ORAN GAOIL a rinn te d' a leannan.

Rìgh gur mòr mo chuid mulaid,
 'S mi air uilinn an fhuarain ;
 Mi ag amharc na coille,
 Os cionn Dair' a' Bhuig luachraich,
 'S mi a' faicinn nan reultan,
 'S nan eun beaga mu 'n cuairt domh :
 Tha mulad air m' inntinn,
 'S cha 'n innsinn air luach e.

Tha gruaim air mo chridhe
 'Dh' fhag snidh air mo ghruaidhean,
 Mu do dheaghainn a fhleasgaich,
 Ghabh do chead moch di-Luain dhìom ;
 Gur gil' thu fo d' anart
 Na 'n eal' air na cuantaibh ;
 Suil ghorm fo d' chaol mhala ;
 Beul nach aithriseadh gruaimèan.

Beul o'n tairise mànran,
 Fiamh a' ghàir anns gach uair ort,
 Sgeul nach misd' thu ri chlàistinn
 Tha mi ' ràitinn 's an uair so :
 'N am gabhail air aghaidh,
 'S leat taghadh a' chruadail ;
 Uasal, àrdanach, ascoir,
 Lamh nach tais ann am bualadh.

Tha do shlios mar dhreach cailce,
 No mar shneachd air bharr géige,
 No mar chanach a' chaire,
 Bhios a' fàs anns a' chéitein :
 Troidh chruinn am broig chumhainn,
 Dhìreadh bruthach gu h-eutrom ;
 'S maith thig dag nam ball airgid,
 Air slios àrmuinn nan geur lann.

Claidheamh cuil a' chinn aisnich,
 Sgiath bhreac an t-sar chòmhdaich,
 Air an ògan ghlan chliùiteach
 Lùb ùr an fhuilt bhòidhich :
 'S e mheud 's a thug mi dhe m' rùn duit,
 Chuir mo shùgradh gu fòirneart ;
 'Nuair a thionndaidh mo chùl riut,
 Chaidh mo shùilean gu dòrtadh.

'Nuair thig am dol ri bruthach,
 Bu ghlan rudha do ghruadhach,
 Le do bhreacan caol daite,
 'M feileadh preasach mu 'n cuairt duit ;
Ma' ri d' ghunna bheoil thana,
 Nach mearachdach bualadh ;
 'Nuair a chaogadh tu 'n t-sùil ris,
 Bhiodh fuil air ùlaich an fhuarain.

Beairt is misd' mi ri luaidh rium
 A mheud 's a fhuair mi de m' àilghios ;
Mheud 's a thug mi de m' rùn duit
 'S nach innsinn do chàch e :
 'S truagh nach robh mi an Eirinn
Mu 'n do thréig mi mo chàirdean,
Mu 'n do ghabh mi cheud eòlas.
 Air an òganach dhàicheil.

AM BUACHAILE BAN.

A BHUACHAILLE Bhàin, ma 's àill leat labhairt air thùs,
 Gur leatsa gun dàil mo làmh, ma thig thu le mùirn ;
 Gur truagh mar a ta nach do thàrladh mis' agus thu,
 Ann an eilein gun tràigh, gun ràmh, gun choite, gun stiuir.

Ma theid thu air sàil, a ghràidh biodh ginidh a'd' phòc',
 Is òl mo dbeoch slàint' gach àit' an suidh thu mu'n bhòrd,
 Le d' chridhe geal, eutrom, eibhneach, aighearach, òg ;
 Gur toil leam am beul o 'm binn a thigeadh an ceòl.

Gur toigh leam an deud, 's an beul nach labhradh le sgraing,
 Bhi sinnte ri m' thaobh, a ghaoil nan tigeadh tu ann ;
 Mur bhiodh luchd nam breug bha m' eudail 's mise gun taing
 Le òrdugh na cléir le cheile 'n ceangal gu teann.

A Mhuire 's a Rìgh ! gur tinn an galair an gràdh,
 Cha bhi neach air am bi nach saoil gur seachdain gach là ;
 Gu 'n bhrìst e mo chridh', 's gu 'n sgaoil e cuisle mo làmh,
 Bhi 'g ambarc a' d' dhéigh, a ghéug, a bhrollaich ghil, bhàin.

'Nam faiceadh sibh 'ghéug, 's i 'g eiridh maduinn chiuin cheò,
 'S a pearsa da réir a mhealladh nan ceudan slòigh ;
 Gur binne do bheul na fiodhal nan téud ri ceòl ;
 Nach truagh leat mi 'd' dhéigh air chnocan leam féin ri bròn.

Do chùl donn, dualach, cuachach, bachlagach, bàigh,
 Dh' fhàg mise fo ghruaim gu buan gu latha mo bhàis ;
 Nan tigeadh tu nuas air chuairt do 'n bhaile-sa thamh,
 Ged thuiteadh mo ghruag a ris bu dual di fàs.

Oganaich uasail o'n d' fhuaras masl' agus guth,
 O mhaduinn Diluain nach truagh leat mise 's mi gul,
 Mo chairdean a luaidh nach buan do chomunn-sa dhomh :
 Gus an teid mi 's an uaigh na gluaisibh mis' as a' so.

ORAN GAOIL le Og mhnaoil uasail.

SLAN gu 'n till na chaidh o'n bhaile ;
 Fhir chuil dualaich nan sùl meallach ;
 'S goirid o'n chaochail thu barail,
 Mar a leannan dhomhs' thu.

Haoiri ri o raill ò,
 Raill ò ho raill ò,
 Haoiri ri o raill ò,
 'S e 'n gille donn is bòidheche.

Dh' eirich mi gu moch Di-r-daoin,
 Chuir mi m' aghaidh air a' chaol ;
 Co chunnaic mi ach mo ghaol,
 A' tigh'n bho thaobh nam mòr bheann.

Gur e mise tha gu tinn ;
 Cha d' fhuair mi 'n cadal an raoir ;
 Bha mi smaointeachadh fo m' shuim,
 'Na fhuair mi loinn an òig-fhir.

Oganaich a dh' fhalbh an dé,
 'S aotrom a ghearras tu leum ;
 'S mor bha riut dhe 'n uaisle streup,
 'S cha 'n 'eil do bheusan gòrach.

'S boidheach sgiobalt' thu measg chàich ;
 Do shlios mar eal' air an t-snàmh ;
 'Suil chorrach ghorm 's aghaidh bhlàth ;
 Gu 'n d' thug mi gràdh 's mi òg dhuit.

Fhuair mi litir tràth Diluain,
 Thainig thugam far a chuain ;
 Prine brollaich bho mo luaidh,
 Is failbheag chluais de 'n òr air.

ORAN GAOIL.

Hil-o-ro ro bha ho,
 Hu ru rithill iu riu-a-ro hi rithill iu,
 Rithill-o ro-a-ro hi rithill ith'll-o,
 Hithill-an beag cha la o hithill iu ro bho.

THUG mi gaol dhuit, thug mi gradh dhuit,
 Hithill-an beag, &c.

Nach tug piuthar rianh da bràthair,
 Hu ru rithill, &c.

Nach tug bean da ciochran tàlaidh,
 Hithill-an beag, &c.

Nach tug bò da laogh air àiridh,
 Hu ru rithill, &c.

An gaol a thug mi do shaor an t-sàbhaidh,
 Hithill-an beag, &c.

Saor nan lochdrach 's nan òrd àrda,
 Hu ru rithill, &c.

'S truagh nach mise 's tusa ghràidhein,
 Hithill-an beag, &c.

Bh' air eilein mara nach dean tràghadh,
 Hu ru rithill, &c.

Nach d' readh curaidh ann no bàta,
 Hithill-an beag, &c.

Ach coite bheag is da ràmh orr',
 Hu ru rithill, &c.

Sinn a gheibheadh an cadal sàmhach,
 Hithill-an beag, &c.

Cùl do chinn air bac mo laimhe,
Hu ru rithill, &c.

Gus an eireadh grian a màireach,
Hithill-an beag, &c.

IORRAM le te d' a leannan 's e'n deigh te eile
phosadh.

'S E mo rùn do chùl bòidheach,
Leam bu deonach bhì t-fhaicinn.

Cas a dhìreadh a' munadh,
Is do ghunna fo t' achlais.

Bhiodh am boc as an fhìreach,
Air do ghille tigh'nn dachaidh.

Bhiodh an ruadhag 's a ghlaodhaich,
Aig mo ghaol-sa fo bhreacan.

'S maith thig boineid mhaith dhubh-ghorm,
Dhuit air cùl an fhuilt chleachdaich.

Gur a maith thig dhuit leine,
Fo dheagh fheile de 'n bhreacan.

Is bròg bhilleach gun chuaig,
'S cha bu shuarach a baltan.

Agus gartanan riomhach,
B' e mo mhiann 'bhi ga 'm pasgadh.

'S i do ghruaidh bu ghlan ruthadh,
Dearg mar ubhal na slaite.

'S e do dheud a b' fhearr snaidheadh,
Bu mhac-samhuilt de 'n chaile i.

Bha do chàirdeas gu dìreach
Ris na rìghrean 'bha 'n Sasunn.

An fhine rioghail, Clann Domhnuill,
Luchd nan ròiseal 's nam bratach.

'S tha do chàirdeas ri MacDhughail,
Da bheil tùr nan clach snaighte.

Tha do chàirdeas ri MacCoinnich,
Bho na h-eileinean farsuing.

Sguiridh mise dheth d' sloinneadh,
Leam is coma mar thachair.

Bho 'n la sheachainn thu 'n fhaodhail,
'S nach do thaghail thu 'm fhaicinn.

Bho 'n la chuir thu do chùl rium,
Tha fuil bhrùite fo 'm aisne.

Bho 'n la chuir thu snaim rithinn
Gur tric snigh' air mo rasgaibh.

'S e mo rùn do chùl bòidheach
Leam bu deònach bhi t' fhaicinn.

ORAN GAOIL.

Tha cùl tiugh 's e dualach,
 Tha trom, trom, dualach ;
 Tha cùl tiugh 's e dualach,
 Mu ghuailean mo leannain-sa.

GUR mis' tha 'n diugh fo ghruaman,
 'S mi dìreadh uchd a chrualach,
 Mo smaointean air a ghruagaich,
 A bhuair mi le geanalachd.

Dh' aithnichinn a measg cheud thu,
 Do dhreach, do mhais, is t' eugais,
 Gruaidh mar lasair cheireach,
 Ceum eutrom neo-aideonach.

M' ulaidh is mo chiall thu,
 M' aighear is mo rian thu ;
 Rinn thu le d' ghaol mo lionadh,
 Mo dhiobhail ! mur faigh mi thu.

B' anns a 'bhi 'ga' d' eisdeachd
 Na smeoraichean an t-sléibhe,
 An doire dhlùth nan géugan
 Toirt sgéula mu 'n chamhanaich.

Ged nach inns' mi chàch e,
 'S e riarachaidh mo chàileachd,
 Mo nighean donn nam blàth-shul,
 A ghnàth a bhi maille rium.

'S na labhradh tu rium caoimhneil,
 Cha bhithiuns' ann a foill dhuit ;
 'S gu 'n siubhlainn fein an oidhche
 Troimh choilltean a bharraich leat.

Gun siubhlainn fad' a' d' chodhail,
 Ged bhiodh an oidhche reòta ;
 Nan dùraigeadh tu dhomhsa
 Do phòg anns an dealachadh.

Tha mise 'dol do dh' Eirinn,
'S tha thusa 'dol do Shleibhte :
Gur fada sinn o cheile ;
Ach 's feudar dhuinn dealachadh.

'N cuimhneach leatsa Dhomhnuill,
'Nuair thug thu gealladh dhomhsa,
Nach treigeadh tu ri d' bheò
Dha do dheòin no dha d' aindeoin mi.

ORAN A MHARAICHE.

Hò 's ann tha mo rùnsa thall,
 Fo dhubhar nan craobh 's nam beann ;
 Sgiobair thu air luing nam ball,
 'S ann tha m' annsachd air a' mbaraich'.

'S E mo cheist au gille donn,
 Theid do chrannagaibh nan long ;
 Dh' fhag thu mo chridhe-sa trom
 Mar chloich ann an gleann nach caraich.

Mo cheist air sealgair a gheòidh,
 'S na h-eala an cois an lòin ;
 'S mi nach iarradh leat an stòr,
 Ged a bhiodh mo phòca falaibh.

Cha 'n iarruinn airgid no spréidh,
 No ni eile tha fo 'n ghréin,
 Ach mi dh' fhaighinn mo thoil fein ;
 Shiubhlainn réidh le m' chéile-falaich.

Mo cheist air sgiobair a chuain,
 Cheangladh *reefe* 's an la fhuar ;
 'S tu gu 'n stiùireadh i 'n an-uair,
 Ged a bhiodh an cuan 'na ghleannan.

Gur a mise bhios fo ghruain,
 'Nuair chi mi chlann-nighean uam ;
 Cnot de ribein air an gruaig,
 'S mise cumail suas a bharrain.

Dì-Dònuich a gheall thu ghaoil,
 Mo choinneachadh anns an fhraoch ;
 'S ann dhomhsa bha 'n gealladh ud faoin,
 Thug thu 'n gaol 's cha 'n anu do dh' Anna.

Gur a mise tha gu tinn,
 Gach oidhche luidhe leam fhin ;
 Tha do leth-trom fo mo chich,
 Is mi gabhail sgios 'ga fhalach.

Cha ghabhainn sgios dheth gu bràth,
'Ga ghiulan raithe no dhà;
Gus an tig mo chrìos an àird,
Gus an toireadh càch an aire.

Cha do chreid mi fein an raoir,
Gu'n robh thu dhomh ann am foill;
'S mi gun siubhladh leat tro' 'n choill,
Gun a dhol a dh' fhaighneachd caraid.

Cha do chreid mi mar a h-aon,
Gu'n robh t' aigne dhomh cho faoin,
No gu 'n tilgeadh tu mi thaobh,
Mar gu 'n tilgeadh craobh a barrach.

ORAN GAOIL.

E o nighean, ao o nighean,
 E o nighean, rinn thu m' fhàgail,
 'S duilich leam gu'n d' thug iad uam thu,
 'S càch a bhi 'ga d' luaidh gach là rium.

DH' EIRICH mi moch maduinn cheitein,
 S thug mi ceum ri braighe 'n fhàsaich ;
 'S cò thachair rium ach mo leannan,
 'S cha b' ann 'g am leantuinn a bha i.

'S mairg a bheireadh feairt air nighinn,
 Ged bhiodh i 'na suidhe laimh riut ;
 Ged a bhiodh a beul 'ga d' bhuaireadh,
 Bhiodh a cridhe fuar 'ga d' fhàgail.

'Nuair a dh' fhalbhas uainn an Samhradh,
 Thig an Geamhradh am nam bàiltean ;
 Bidh fear eile le mo ghruagaich,
 'S mis' air bhàrr nan cuantan àrda.

Faodaidh iad a bhi gu h-uallach,
 Air feadh thighean luaigh is bhàiltean ;
 Bidh mise thall a buinig òir,
 No bi mi 'giulan còta màdair.

Beul na firinn labhradh sìobhalt,
 Dà shuil mhiogach, 's iad gle nàrach ;
 Gruaidh mar chaoirean, slìos mar fhaoilean,
 Malla chaol fo 'n aodan àluinn.

'S iomadh là bheagan cùrainn,
 Ghabh mi null ri lagan Arneal,
 Far an robh na fir 's a' bhrùchda,
 'S a muir dubh-ghorm 's a ghàirich.

Ged a leughte dhomh gach cruadal,
A fhuair mi o bha m' phàisde ;
Air leam fhin gur leòr a chruaidhead,
Gaoil thoirt uam is fuath 'ga phàigheadh.

Ach a nighean thog an alla,
Bha ga ailis anns gach àite.
'S a Rìgh ! nar chluinntear do bhanaid,
Gu 'm bi do leanabh a rànaich.

ORAN GAOIL.

'S toigh leam cruinneag dhonn nam bò,
 Shiubhlainn leat tro' choill nan cnò,
 'S toigh leam cruinneag dhonn nam bò.

'S TOIGH leam cruinneag dhonn nan caorach,
 Mala chaol mar ite 'n eoin.

'S toigh leam cruinneag dhonn na buaile,
 Aig am bi bhuarach na dorn.

Cruinneag a bhleothnadh am bainne,
 Dh' fhaodadh an rìgh bloigh dheth òl.

'S toigh leam cruinneag dhonn an t-sùgraidh,
 B' e mo dhùrachd bhì 'na còir.

'S toigh leam cruinneag Bhailelocha,
 Maigdean shocair 's i ro chòir.

'S toigh leam nighean na deagh mhàthar,
 Aig a bheil a' nàdur còir.

'S toigh leam cruinneag dhonn na beirte,
 Chuireadh i snas air a chlà.

'S toigh leam cruinneag an tigh-sheinnse,
 Do 'n tug mi mo loinn 's mi òg.

Ged a bhiodh iad oirnn a bruidhinn,
 Dheanainn suidhe leat mu 'n bhòrd.

Faodaidh iadsan a bhi bruidhinn,
 'S cumaidh sinn' ar cridhe beò.

Tha mo chàirdean riom an gruaim,
 A chionn 'bhi suas ri cruinneig òig.

ORAN GAOIL.

Hù òro hù ò,
 Ro o hì o hì ò,
 Hù òro hù ò.

Gu bheil mise gu brònach,
 'S tric na deòir air mo ghruaidh.

'S mi 'g ionndrainn na cailinn,
 Baididh, ceanalta, suaire'.

Gur a h-òg thug mi rùn,
 Do 'n te 's ùr-ghile snuadh.

Le ro mheud 's thug mi rùn dith,
 Tha mi tùrsach 's an uair.

Gur e mheud 's thug mi ghràdh dhith,
 A dh' fhàg mi fo ghruaim.

Fhir a thaoghas an Sollas,
 Thoir mo shoiridh gu 'm' luaidh.

Thoir mo shoiridh gu 'm' chailinn,
 'S thoir mo bheannachd dhith uam.

Thoir mo bheannachd do nìonaig,
 Rinn mo chridh'-sa ghoid uam.

Ged a dh' fhàg thu mi brònach,
 Chaidh cha toir mi dhuit fuath.

Gur tu dheanainn a thaghadh,
 'S tu mo roghainn, 's mo luaidh.

'S bòidheach t' fhiamhachd, 's do chruthachd,
 'S bòidheach ruthadh do ghruaidh.

Gur a bòidheach a dh' fhas
 Do chùl fàinneach na dhuail.

Ach ma chuir thu do chùl rium,
Faigh fear ùr bheir dhuit luaidh.

Faigh a nis dhuit do roghainn,
'S dean a thaghadh gu luath.

Ged a tha thu gun diù dhiom,
Bidh mo rùnsa dhuit buan.

CRUINNEAG NA BUAILE.

BHO 'n dhealaich mi 'n de riut
 Tha mi fein fo throm uallach ;
 'S e bhi tric ort a meòrach
 Dh' fhàg na deòir air mo ghruaidhean.

Thug mi gaol air bheag eòlais,
 Do nionaig òig a chuil-dualaich,
 Nach fannaich 's nach dibir
 Chaoidh gu 'n sinnear 's an uaigh mi.

Air leam 'n raoir air mo leabaidh,
 Gu'n robh mi 'n caidribh na gruagaich ;
 Anns a mhaduinn 'nuair dhùisg mi
 Cha robh 'nam shùgradh ach brудар.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo nionag,
 An gleann leinn fhin air bheag uallaich ;
 'S mi gun lùbadh fo 'm achlais
 Thu 'nam bhreacan glas gualaie.

Chuir nàdur le aoibhneas,
 Mòr loinn air do bhudhan ;
 Aghaidh fhathail, chiuin, shiobhalt,
 Foinnidh, finealt, gun ghruaman.

Gruaidh dhearg mar an caoireau,
 Muineal caoin-gheal, glau, suaice,
 Slios mar chanach an aonaich,
 Mar shneachd' aon-oidhch' nam fuar-bheann.

Ge binn an uiseag 's an smeòrach,
 'N doire cheòthar nam bruachan ;
 'S mòr gur binne 's gur caoine
 Guth-gaoil, ciuin, na gruagaich.

Beul meachair nach mùthach,
Anail chùbhraidh gun truailleadh;
B' annsa leam 'bhi 'ga 'd' phògadh
Na fion 'ga òl as na cuachan.

Thoir mo shoiridh le dùrachd
Bhuam a dh' ionnsuidh na gruagaich,
Agus aithris mo sgeula
Nach toir mi fein a chaoidh fuath dhith.

ORAN GAOIL.

Hù hòro hù ò,
 Gur tu mo nigh'n donn bhòidheach,
 Hù hòro hù ò.

'S MISE ta gu muladach,
 Air m' uilean anns an t-seòmar.

Chuala mi o dh' éirich mi,
 An sgéula nach do chòrd rium.

Sgéula nach bu mhaith leam,
 Air mo leannan a' bhì pòsadh.

Mise muigh air chùl na tota,
 'S tusa stigh a còrdadh.

'G eisdeachd ris na diucanan,
 A cur do chliù an òrdugh.

'G eisdeachd ris na h-iarlachan,
 Ag iarraidh cho 'n do phòsaidh.

'G eisdeachd ris na tighearnan,
 'G iarraidh ceart is còir ort.

Nighean bhàn is àille dreach,
 Mo chreach mur faigh mi còir ort.

Shiubhlainn leat an saoghal,
 A ghaoil, na 'm biodh tu deònach.

Shiubhlainn leat an ear 's an iar,
 Gun each, gun strìan, gun bhòtuinn.

Shiubhlainn a Dhuncidean leat,
 Gu sràid nan céuman còmhnard.

'S rachainn leat a dh' Eirinn,
 'Nam biodh tu fein leam deònach.

Rachainn leat a dh' Uidhist,
Far am buidhe 'm bi an t-eòrna.

Rachainn leat do Shleibhte,
'S ge b' eadar e do 'n Olaint,

Rachainn fada, fada, leat,
Cho fad' 's a rachadh m' eòlas.

'S bochd an sgeul a fhuair mi ort,
Diluain an deigh Didonuich.

MO CHAILINN DONN OG.

Mo chailinn donn òg, 's mo nighean donn thogarrach,
Thogainn ort fonn, 's neo-throm gu'n togainn ;
Mo chailinn deas, dileas, gu'n innsinu, 's cha 'n obainn,
Mar mheall thu os iosal mo chridh'-sa gu h-obann.

Tha mise leam fhin gu neo-aoibhinn 's an talla,
Ri sgriobhadh, 's ri leughadh, 's mo reusan ga sgaradh ;
Tha gach ni orm a dh' éis, 's mi as eugnais na cailinn,
Chuireadh fonn fo mo chéill, agus gleusadh air m' ealdhain.

'Nam biodh agam long ghleusda, le h' eideadh mar chanach,
Gu h-aigionnach eutrom, dol a reubadh na mara ;
Na tonnaibh gorm beucach gun geilleadh fo darach,
'S gu'n stiuirinn a ceuman a reir Poll-na-h-Eala.

Bu bhinne do sgeul leam na teuda fo ealdhain,
Bu ghile do dheud leam na leudag a chanaich ;
Do shùil mar an reul, no mar sheud bu ghlan sealladh,
'S b' e sòlas ri m' ré leam mo bheul 'bhi ri t' anail.

Tha thu bairidh 'na d' cheum, 's tu steidheil a' d' bhallaibh,
Tha thu milis a' d' bheul, 's tu gle-ghlan a' d' shealladh ;
Gu bheil mais' ann a' d' eudan mar fhiath grein ri la earraich,
'S mar fhiadh dheanainn leum 'nam b' leam fein do cheann-
falaich.

Mo chadal neo-eibhinn, mo leirsinn 'ga dalladh,
A ghrian anns na speuran a treigsinn mo sheallaidh ;
A ghealach 's na reultan, cha leur dhomh 's cha 'n aithne,
'S do ghaol air mo leireadh 's nach geill thu dhomh gealladh.

Tha mi m' luidhe, 's cha 'n eirich ged a b' eibhinn leam
tarruing,
Gu iomachd an t-sleibh' ri la greine no gaillinn ;
Gur e gaol na te leir mi bheireadh reidh mi o m' eallach,
Chuireadh oiteag fo m' sgeith chum 's gun leumainn o'n
talamh.

Bu chùirteir air feill thu, bu reul a measg bhan thu,
Bu lionmhor do cheutaibh, rinn na ceudan a mhealladh;
Cò 'n ainnir fo 'n ghrein dhuit nach geilleadh a maise?
Cò riamh a fhuair beum dhuit, gun bhreig a fhuair aithn' ort?

Fhir astair a sheòlas gu m' eòlas 's na beannaibh,
Far am binne 'm bi ceòl o bheul òighean 's an talla;
Thoir mo sgeul chum na h-òigh, nighean òg a's glan sealladh,
Gaoil nach caochail gun sòradh fhad is beò mi air thalamh.

ORAN GAOIL.

Horò mo nigh'n donn bhòidheach,
 Ho ri mo nigh'n donn bhòidheach,
 Mo chaileag laghach, bhòidheach,
 Cha phòs mi ach thu.

'S gur i mo ghaol a ghruagach,
 'Ghabh aiseag moch Diluain uainn,
 Gur gann nach dean mi duanag,
 Chur suas orra cliù.

Mo chàirdean dhomh ag innse,
 Gu 'm faigh iad tè 's an tìr dhomh;
 Ach b' annsa leam a' nionag,
 Do 'n innsinn mo rùn.

Tha stoc an iomadh àite,
 Is crois na suidhe laimh ris,
 Mo raghainn, thaghainn, 's dh' fhàgairn,
 Te dh' àireadh na crùn.

Cha tugainn gaol do nionaig,
 Ged chunnte dhith na mìltean,
 Mur taghadh i mi-fhin,
 Ged nach diobrainn dhith crùn.

Do nàdur leam cho dearbha,
 Do phearsa leam cho dealbhach;
 'S gun siubhlainn fad' air falbh leat,
 Gun fharmad ri diuc.

Do mhuineal mìn cho àille,
 'S an sìod' air ann an càramh;
 Gur buidhe dh' fhear tha 'n dàn,
 A bhi laimh ri mo rùn.

Mi dìreadh ris na beanntan
'S mi tearnadh ris na gleanntan;
'S mo smaointinn fein air m' annsachd
'N te mhalld' 'n chuir mi ùidh.

Gu bheil mo ghaol cho buan dhuit,
Ri bùrn a ruith a fuaran,
'S gun d' rinn thu mise bhuaireadh
Le suaircead do shùl.

IORRAM.

Nochd gur trom a ta m' eire,
'S mi 'n eilein a chaoil.

'S truagh nach mise bha thall ud,
'N gleannan falaich mo ghaoil.

Far an d' fhàg mi 'n t-òg uasal,
'S e na shuainn air an fhraoch.

Ri! nach cluinninn deagh sgeul ort,
Do thigh'nn air eigin o 'n aog.

Do thigh'nn gu fearann Mhic Ailein,
No gu talla 'n fhir ghaoil.

'S truagh ma bhios do chorp gle-gheal
Fo dhlùth-reubadh nan daol.

Bu tu sealgair na h-eala,
Bhiodh neul fal' air a taobh.

Agus sealgair a chathain
Theid 's an athar le sgoim.

Nàmhaid òg thu 'n ròin mheillich
Thig o sgeirean a chaoil.

Bu tu sealgair an fhìr-eoin
'S eoin chrìon nan sgiath caol.

Bu tu sealgair a choilich,
'S moch a ghaireadh air craoibh.

Is na circeige duinne
Bheireadh gur as an fhraoch.

Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,
'Nuair a roinne' tu ghaoth.

Mar sud 's a bhruic bhioraich,
Thig bho fhireach nan craobh.

Ri! gur iomadh bean bheul-dheirg,
Bhios gu deurach mu d' ghaol.

Eadar Ile nan stuaghan,
Mach o'n chuan, gus an caol.

Agus Uidhist bheag riabhach,
'M bi na biataichean saor.

ORAN GAOIL.

Hò mo leannan, hè mo leannau,
 'S e mo leannan am fear ùr,
 Hò mo leannan, hè mo leannan.

DH' EIRICH mise 'm beul an latha,
 Srath-na-h-amhuinn ghabh mi null.

Cò chunnaic mi ach mo leannan,
 Oganach gun smal, gun smùr.

'S e mo leannan am fear bòidheach,
 Cainnt a bheòil a chòrdadh rium.

'S e mo leannan-sa 'm fear laghach,
 A bheir taghal air an liunn.

Marbhaich a choilich 's an fhàsach,
 'S na h-eala bhain a shnàmhas bùrn.

Marbhaich a choilich 's an fhàsach,
 'S an eala bhàn a shnàmhas bùrn.

'S diumbach mis' air bean an leadain,
 A thug uam do bheadradh ciuin.

Dh' fhalbh an gaol is threig an comunn,
 'S tha mise coma co-dhiu.

Faodaidh mise sin 'chur suarach,
 Cha robh mi 'n uaigneas as tu.

Thilgeil aotrom bhar mo ghuaille,
 O na fhuair mi leannan ùr.

Air fheabhas gan cuirear suas thu,
 Cha taobh mac duin' uasail thu.

Ach 's e thuiteas ort mù dheireadh
 Fear beag geinneach theid 'na bhrùchd.

ORAN GAOIL. Le Mac-a-Lighich.

NA faighinn gille gun dàil,
 Phàighinn dha bàids' as mo phòc',
 Ghiulaineadh mo bheannachd tràth,
 Dh' ionusuidh Mairi Bhàn Nic Leoid;
 Caileag a fhuair meas thar chach,
 Do 'n tug mi mo ghràdh 's mi òg;
 'S cha cheil mi air aon gu bràth
 Nach tu b' fhearr leam a tha beò.

Bheir mi teisteanas no dhà
 Dhiubh air Mairi mar bu chòir;
 Suidhichte, le cridhe blàth,
 Mar a dh' fhàs o aois a h-òig;
 Calpa cruinn fo 'n stocain bhàn
 Nach cuir car le sàil 's a bhròig;
 'S mi gu 'n cuireadh ort mo làmh,
 Ged a ghearra dhìom an dòrn.

'S diachaineach an rud an gaol,
 Thig e air daoine gun fhios;
 Mhealladh mise leis cho faoin,
 'S gur luasganach mo smaointinn tric;
 Cha 'n 'eil mo chadal ach faoin,
 'S coltach mi ri aon neo-ghlic;
 'S mur a faigh mi 'n ribhinn òg
 Càirear mi le bròn fo 'n lic.

Rìghinn is clannaiche cùl,
 Dha 'n tug mi mo rùn thar cheud;
 Dh' fhàs gu baindidh, banail, ciuin,
 Gun àrdan, gun smùr, gun bheum;
 'S leat urram an cainnt, 's an cliù,
 Fhuair thu chùirt sin thar gach te;
 'S gus an cuirear mi 'san ùir
 Bidh mo dhùrachd dhuit 's gach ceum.

Dh' innsinn dhuibh a h-ainm gu beachd,
 A dealbh, a dreach, 's a maise neòil ;
 Geal is dearg a dol mu seach,
 Do bhian mar chaile 's mar shneachd' an lòn ;
 Sùil ghorm air nach luaineach rasg,
 Tha do ghruaidh le mais' mar ròs ;
 Tha gach buaidh ort fein mu seach
 Gu buadhuan do ghlac 's do dhòrn.

'S tu mo roghainn as gach sealg,
 Bha riamh an garbhach nam beann ;
 Thaghainn thu a iasg na fairg',
 'S as gach ian tha falbh 's a choill ;
 'S e do mhacnus nach biodh searbh,
 Bhiodh do ghruaim a falbh le loinn ;
 'S mar a faigh mi 'n ribhinn òg
 'S feudar dhomh 'bhi beò na marbh.

'S ged bu chauptin mi air luing,
 Le tri chroinn, 's le fichead seòl ;
 Ged a dh' eighte mi 'nam rìgh,
 'S ged a gheibhinn crùn Rìgh Deòrs'.
 Cha diobrainn thusa mar mhnaoi,
 'S bhiodh mo smaointinn ort gach lò ;
 'S 'nuair threigsinn an cinne-daon',
 'S tusa bhiodh ri 'm thaobh mu'n bhòrd.

ORAN LE SEOLADAIR.

Dheanainn sùgradh ris an nigh'nn duibh,
 Agus eiridh moch 's a mhaduinn;
 Dheanainn sùgradh ris a nigh'nn duibh.

DHEANAINN sùgradh ri Catriona,
 Leam bu mhiannach i bhi agam.

'S bòidheach leam cumadh do chalpa,
 'S bòidhche na sin t' fhalbh is t' astar.

Gu 'm bi ball nach feum a *splìceadh*,
 Ri mo mhaighdinn-sa tigh'nn dachaidh.

Dheanainn sùgradh, mire, 's mùirn,
 An am na siuil a bhi 'gam pasgadh.

Dheanainn sùgradh air bheag gruamain,
 Ri nigh'nn donn a chuailein chleachdaich.

Dheanainn sùgradh ris a mhaighdinn,
 'N am nan coinnlean 'bhi 'g a' lasadh.

Gur bòidheach leam thu fo 'd' eideadh,
 Gaoth a seideadh 's an la frasach.

Dheanainn sùgradh ri Catriona,
 Treis mu 'm fiachainn an cadal.

Reef 's a *ghaf*, is *reef* 's an *fhòrsaìl*,
 'S ceann a *bhòm* an deigh a *shlashadh*.

ORAN A BHATA.

Moch Diluain ghabh i 'n cuan,
Te bhòidheach nan guaillean geala
Moch Diluain ghabh i 'n cuan.

Moch Diluain a rinn i seòladh,
A moch gu Sòaidh a bharraich.

Moch Diluain a dh' fhalbh am bàta,
Dimàirt cha d' rainig i calla.

Moch Diluain a dh' fhalbh a bhirlinn,
Thog i h-aodach ri cruinn gheala.

Tha mo " Lily " fhin cho bòidheach,
Ri Bantighearn Og Mhic 'ic Ailein.

'Nuair chaidh 'n " Lily Bhàn " fo h-eideadh,
Chuir i 'n rudha reidh gun ghainne.

Bha dithis no triuir ghillean òga,
Sparradh a cuid seòl ri crannaibh.

'Nuair a chuir iad rithe h-aodach,
Chìte 'n caol na chaoirean geala.

'Nuair a chuir iad i an òrdugh,
Mar mhaighdinn òig falbh o'n bhaile.

A dol seachad Eilein Diarmain,
Bha i 'n iar le tràghadh mara.

'S a dol timchioll Eilein Diura
Thainig smùid le clachan-meallain.

ORAN GAOIL.

A FHLEASGAICH òig as ceanalta,
 'S tu leannan nan deas ghruagach ;
 Do ghaol a rinn mo shàruchadh,
 'S tha bhlàth sud air mo ghruaidh-sa.

Gur e mo ghaol-s' an t-Alastair,
 Nach ainneamh leam a luaidh rium,
 Dha 'm bheil braigh a Gharaidh dùthchasach,
 Ged thog e chùrsa uaithe.

Dh' fhàginn-sa mo dhaoine leat,
 Air long 's a h-aodach suas rith' ;
 Cho fad 's gan seòl a ghaoth sinn,
 Rachainn leat, a ghaoil, thar chuantan.

B' fhearr leam as do leine thu,
 Bho 'n thug mi fein mo luaidh dhuit,
 Na fear, cha ghabhainn ceud dhiubh,
 Ged a bhiodh a spréidh air bhualtean.

Cha phòiteir, 's cha'n fhear-daoraich thu,
 Tha doannan a measg buairidh,
 Sàr chompanach mu 'n bhotul thu,
 'S cha 'n fhaicear sprochd, no gruaim ort.

Gur tric a leag an Domhnullach,
 Deas òigeir a chuil duallaich,
 An damh fiadhaich, stròineasach,
 Nach tig an còir na buaile.

Sgiobair air a bhàt' thu,
 Ga tearnadh o gach cruadal,
 'S tu bheir gu cala sàbhailt' i,
 Bho ghàirich nan tonn uaine.

ORAN GAOIL.

Hithilein u, hillein ì,
 Hithilein u, hillein ì,
 Fàill il eile hòro hì,
 Gur truagh tha mi 's nach faigh mi thu.

'S E mo cheist an gille donn,
 Theid do chrannagaibh nan long,
 Phòsainn thu gun ni gun fhonn,
 A' d' leine lom gun gabhainn thu.

'S e mo cheist an gille bàn,
 Nach leigeadh a leannan le càch :
 Teann a nall is far do làmh,
 'S cha leig sinn dàil nis fhaide dha.

Alastair, o'n tha thu òg,
 Dean thusa mar rinn do sheòrs' ;
 'S cha chan duine ri do bheò
 Gun robh thu gòrach, aimideach.

Cha'n e airgiod, 's cha'n e òr,
 Cha 'n e sin a rinn mo leòn ;
 Ach mo ghaol 'cur suas nan seòl,
 'S a chaoidh ri 'm bheò nach faic mi e.

Cha ghabh mi gobha, no saor,
 Na idir fear fearainn shaoir ;
 'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam mo ghaol,
 Le triubhsair caol de 'n *chanavas*.

Tha mi 'n so mar dhruid an crann,
 An deigh a cuid eun a chall ;
 Seacharan air dol a' m' cheann,
 'S nuair thig an t-am cha chaidil mi.

Gur e mise tha fo sprochd,
 'S tric mi ghaoil a smaointinn ort ;
 'S e thu bhi sud is mi bhi so
 A dh' fhag a nochd gun aighear mi.

Nis o'n chuir thu mi o fheum,
'S nach gabh fear eile mi a' d' dheigh;
Tha mi 'n dùil gun toir thu fein
A mach dheth feill nan aighean mi.

Ach ma chuir thu rium do chùl,
Tha mise coma co-dhiu;
'S iomadh iasg a tha 's a' ghrund,
'S bi dùil agam ri fear-eigin.

ORAN AN T-SEALGAIR.

Air fàilirinn ìlirinn ochirinn ù,
 Air fàilirinn ìlirinn ù horò hì o,
 Air fàilirinn ìlirinn ochirinn ù.

'S TROM mo cheum 's gun mi fallainn,
 O thoiseach an Earraich ;
 'S na bha shùgradh air m' aire,
 Chaidh e tamull air chùl.

Tha mo cheist air an t-sealgair,
 Dh' fhalbhas moch 's a thig anamoch,
 Leis a ghunna chaol ghorm,
 'S do lamh dhearbht' air a chùl.

'S deas a dhire' tu 'm bearradh,
 'S a thearnadh tu 'n gleannan ;
 Mac-an-fheidh cha teid fallainn
 O shealladh do shùl.

'S deas a dhireas tu 'n cruadhlach,
 'S do ghunn' air do ghuallainn ;
 Feile-beag ann an cuaich ort,
 'S ciudhe duallach, trom, dluth.

Fhir a shiubhlas an garbhlach,
 'S a thig dhachaidh 's an anamoch ;
 'S boidheach, deas, tha mo shealgair,
 Domh'll MacFhearchair air thùs.

Tha mo cheist air a ghréidheir,
 Fear is moiche nì eiridh ;
 Theid a dh' amharc na spreidhe,
 Maduinn cheitein ri driuchd.

Fhir nan calpanan troma,
 'S na miog-shuilean donna,
 'S tric a chum mi riut coinneamh,
 'S cha b' aindeoineach leam.

'S mi gun aighear, gun sòlas;
 Gur a mise tha brònach,
 'S mi 'g a' d' fhaicinn tro' 'n chòmhlaidh
 Toirt an òir bhar a bhùird.

'S truagh a Ri nach b' i nochd i,
 'N oidhche laithamaid socair;
 'S mi gu 'n ceannaicheadh am botul,
 Ged a chosgadh e crùn.

'S truagh a Ri nach b' e màireach,
 Ged nach faicinn gu bràth thu;
 Ragma ceile 'bhi làimh riut,
 An te bhàn far an Dùin.

ORAN LUAIDH.

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Ho ao 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Bean a chuailein, chuachaich, chlannaich.

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Bean nan sulghorm 's nan rosg mealla.

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 C'àite am faigh mi 's tìr dhuit leannan?

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Mur gabh thu Macleoid na Hearnradh.

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Mur gabh thu MacNìl a Barraidh.

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Aon Mhac Nigh'n Raonuill 'ic Ailein.

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Bho 'n sann aig tha 'n caisteal daingionn.

Hò 'si mo ghaol an Anna,
 Le chruachan, 's le thighean gealla.

Hò 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
 Ho ao 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
 Hò 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
 'Se mo ghaol air fhios 's gun fhios thu.

Hò 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
 Ho ao 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
 Hò 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
 Dh' fhalbh mo ghaol do Ionnnarnis uam.

Hò 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
 Ceannaichideir mo stiòm, 's mo chrios thu.

Hò 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
A' sporrain dhuinn nan iallan liosach.

Hò 'se mo ghaol a nis thu,
Cha bhi mi slàn gus an tig thu.

Hò 'se mo chion 's mo ghràdh thu,
Hò ao 'se mo chion 's mo ghràdh thu,
Hò 'se mo chion 's mo ghràdh thu,
'S ann a' Chlann Dombhnuill a tha thu.

Hò 'se mo chion 's mo ghràdh thu,
Mo rùn lamh stiuradh a bhàta.

Hò 'se mo chion 's mo ghràdh thu,
'S deas air each thu 's deas air làr thu.

Hò 'se mo chion 's mo ghràdh thu,
Air each cruideach nan ceum stàtail.

Hò 'se mo luaidh 's mo roghainn thu,
Ho ao 'se mo luaidh 's mo roghainn thu,
Hò 'se mo luaidh 's mo roghainn thu,
Theid thu 'na bheinn am bi 'n fhaoghaide.

Hò 'se mo luaidh 's mo roghainn thu,
Bheir thu fiadh far thùs na greighe.

Hò 'se mo luaidh 's mo roghainn thu,
Le gunna caol a bheoil as laghaiche.

Hò 'se mo luaidh 's mo roghainn thu,
Le gille 's le cù 'n 'd dheigh.

Hò 'se mo chion an cùrteir,
Ho ao 'se mo chion an cùrteir,
Hò 'se mo chion an cùrteir,
Theid 'na bheinn 's am bi smùdan.

Hò 'se mo chion an cùrteir,
Leagar fiadh nan cabar dlùth leat.

Hò 'se mo chion an cùirteir,
'S an ròn liath o bheul na tìùrra.

Hò 'se mo chion an cùirteir,
'S earba bheag nan casan lùthmhor.

Hò 'se mo chion an cùirteir,
'S eala bhàn is binne tùchan.

A SPAIDAIREACHD BHARRACH.

Faill ù otho,
 Faill ù otho,
 Moire 's e mo,

Faill ù otho,
 Ghràdhsa 'n gille,

O hì ri abho, i ibho hu abho,
 Faill ù otho,
 Ghràdhsa 'n gille,

Faill ù otho,
 Dha 'm bheil deirge,

O hì ri abho, etc.,
 Dha 'm bheil deirge,

Faill ù otho.
 Gille dhoinead,

O hì ri ibho,
 Gille dhoinead,

Faill ù otho.
 Theid thu 'n tigh mhòr,

O hì ri ibho, etc.,
 Theid thu 'n tigh mhòr,

Faill thu otho ;
 'S do 'n a' chitsin,

O hì ri ibho, etc.,
 'S do 'n a' chitsin,

Faill ù otho.
 Dalta nan dàn,

- O hì ri ibho, etc.,
Dalta nan dàn,
- Faill ù otho ;
Is nam filidh thu,
- O hì ri ibho, etc.,
Is na filidh thu,
- Faill ù otho ;
Bheireadh air,
- O hì ri ibho, etc.,
Bheireadh air,
- Faill ù otho,
'N togsaid sileadh,
- O hì ri ibho, etc.,
'N togsaid sileadh,
- Faill ù otho ;
Cha 'n ann le bùrn,
- O hì ri ibho, etc.,
Cha 'n ann le bùrn,
- Faill ù otho,
Fuar na linne,
- O hì ri ibho, etc.,
Fuar na linne,
- Faill ù otho.
Le fion théidear,
- Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,
Le fion théidear,
- Faill ù otho,
Cian ga iarraidh,
- Ho hi ri ibho, etc.,
Cian 'ga shireadh,

Faill ù otho.

Cìod a nì mis',

O hì ri ibho, etc.,

Cìod a nì mis',

Faill ù otho.

C' àit' an d' fhag thu,

Hi ri ibho, etc.,

C' àit' an d' fhag thu,

Faill ù otho.

Ruairidh 'n tartair,

Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Ruairidh 'n tartair,

Faill ù otho,

As Nial Glun-dubh,

Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Is Nial Glun-dubh,

Faill ù otho,

Is Nial Frasach,

Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Is Nial Frasach,

Faill ù otho ;

Gilleoghanan,

Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Mòr an gaisgeach.

Faill ù otho ;

Bheireadh am fion,

Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Do na h-eachaibh,

Faill ù otho ;

Air ghaol uisge,

- Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,
Lòin a sheachnadh,
- Faill ù otho ;
Chuireadh am flùr,
- Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,
Anns an fhraisaich,
- Faill ù otho ;
Chuireadh cruidhean,
- Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,
Oir fo 'n casan,
- Faill ù otho ;
Chuireadh srianan,
- Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,
'N airgid ghlais riu,
- Faill ù otho.
(A bhean eile a freagairt)
- Faill ù otho,
Faill ù otho,
- Bhradag dhubh bheag,
Faill ù otho,
- Bhris na glasan,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.
- Bhris na glasan,
Faill ù otho.
- Fàgamaidh mi ort,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,
- Fàgamaidh mi ort,
Faill ù otho.
- 'S tu 'n dubh chapull,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

'S tu 'n dubh chapull,
Faill ù otho.

'S tu 'n dubh chaile,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

'S tu 'n dubh chaile,
Faill ù otho ;

Nach d' fhuaras riamh,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Nach d' fhuaras riamh,
Faill ù otho ;

Staoileadh agaibh,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Staoileadh agaibh,
Faill ù otho ;

Ach Barraidh bheag,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Ach Barraidh bheag,
Faill ù otho,

Chrion-dubh, chlachach,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Chrion-dubh, chlachach,
Faill ù otho,

Eilein fiadhaich,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Eilein fiadhaich,
Faill ù otho ;

'M bi na fachaich,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

'M bi na fachaich,
Faill ù otho ;

'S e air fleòdradh,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

'S e air fleòdradh,
Faill ù otho ;

Leis na sgaitibh,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Leis na sgaitibh,
Faill ù otho ;

Déirc' a fhuair sibh,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Déirc' a fhuair sibh,
Faill ù otho,

Bh' uainn a nasgaidh,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

Bh' uainn a nasgaidh,
Faill ù otho.

'Nuair a chunnaic,
Hi ri ri ibho, etc.,

'Nuair a chunnaic,
Faill ù otho,

Dia n' ur n' airc sibh,
O hì ri ibho, i ibho hu abho,
Faill ù otho.

ORAN LUaidH.

Hòireann, hòireann, hòireann, hòireann,
Hogi hò na hòro hù o.

'S MI 'm aonar air rudha 'n aisig,
Snigh' air mo rasgaibh a' dòrtadh.

'S nach faic mi bàta, no curaidh,
O thìr a' mhurain a seòladh.

O dhùthaich nan daoine fialaidh,
'S lionmhor biatach innte 's pòiteir.

Fir ùra le 'm breacain dhaite,
Rachadh na chlachan Didònuich.

Mo rùn mo chomhalta priseil,
Fear finealta 'labhradh eòlach.

Ann an cruinneachadh na tìre,
'S nach tigeadh air iomas còmhraidh.

Ann an cruineachadh na tìre,
B' ursann a dhìth tigh a mhòid thu.

Bhiodh gach fear a suidhe laimh riut,
'S tusa a phaigheadh, càch a dh' òladh.

Cha 'n ioghnadh leam sud a thachairt,
'S nach tu 'm breac a bh' air an lònán.

Fiuran a uisge na frithe,
'S lionmhor tìr am bi do thrògbhail.

Gur maith thig an targaid bhreac ort,
Claidheamh geur, sgaiteach, de 'n t-seorsa.

Huile taobh an dean thu tionndadh,
Air do dhùbladh an Clann Domhnuill.

'S càirdeach thu Mhac Raonuill 'ic Ailein,
A bha thallad air a Mhòrthir.

'S càirdeach thu Mhac Iain 'ic Sheumais,
Lamh bu tréin' an déigh na tòrachd.

'S càirdeach thu Mhac Iain o'n Iuraich,
Ged a rùisgeadh anns a chòir e.

Cha chan mi breugan a rithist,
'S càirdeach thu Thighearna Chnòideart.

'S aotrom a dh' fhalbhas an t-sailtheach,
'S tric a shealg thu i na h-ònar.

Cha mhinic a chinnich fiadhach,
Le fear gun mhiolchu, gun stòras.

ORAN LU AidH.

E ho libh ò, rò hoireann ò,
E ho libhò, hòro ghealladh.

Tha mulad, tha fadachd, tha cnàmh, orm,
Cha mhire tha 'n dràs d' air m' aire.

Mo banarach na buaile,
Leam nach b' fhuathach a bhi mar riut.

Banarach a chruidh, 's gan uallach,
'S gan cur suas a bhraigh a ghleannain.

'S tric a rinn mi 'n cadal samhach,
Leat am bàthach a chruidh-bhaine.

'S tric a rinn mi 'n cadal diamhair,
Le òigeir na' miogshùl meallach.

Rinn mi 'n cadal beag a raoir leat,
B' e sud an caoimhneas bu mhaith leam.

Mo lamh fo d' cheann, 's mi riut sinnte,
'S an t' éil' air do chiochaibh gealla.

Ghabh thu seachad orm Didònuich,
'S chuir sud dòltrumachd air m' aire.

Shaoil leam nach robh thu cho gòrach,
'S gun creideadh tu còmhradh falaich.

Cha tug is cha toir mi fuath dhuit,
Gus a fuaighear m' i's an anart.

Gu'n cuirear 's a chiste chaoil mi,
'N deigh na saoir a bhi ga barradh.

Gu'n cuirear a null air sàl mi,
Bi siuil bhàna ri croinn gheala.

Gus am bi na fir gam ghiulan,
Gu eaglais nan tùraibh geala.

Ciamar a ni mi an t-òran,
'S gun mi eòlach mu d' dha sheannair?

Bha thu 'd charaid do Chlann Domhnuill,
Ràinig thu Macleòid 's na Hearnadh.

Dh' éireadh MacCoinnich o Thuath leat,
Le chòmhlán dhaoín' uaisle mar ris.

Dh' éireadh MacIain o'n Chléith leat,
'S ann leis a dh' éireadh na fearaibh.

Calpa solta, socair, cómhnhard,
Troidh shocair am bròig bhuinn thana.

Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutrom,
Cha lùbadh tu fein an gaineamh.

ORAN LUAIDH.

Hì rì ri rì hò,
Rò hò hao hò.

Tha mulad, tha mulad,
Gu bheil mulad orm fein.

'Tha mi-ghean air m' aire,
Ni nach aidich mo bheul.

'N rud nach innsinn da m' phiuthair,
Meud mo chumh' as do dheigh.

Na do 'n mhàthair a rug mi,
Chuir sud cudthrom nam cheum.

'G eisdeachd piob air a binnead,
Bidh mi sileadh nan deur.

'S e mo ghaol-sa mo leannan,
'N t-òg nach aineolach béus.

Ort a dh' fhàs an cùl duallach,
'S e na chuachanan réidh.

'S e sios mu d' dha shlinnein,
Mar inneal nan teud.

'S e mo ghràdh an t-òg uasal,
A chaidh suas an so 'n dé.

Le ghunn' air a ghuallain,
'Dol gu buaile Mhic Neil.

'Dol a dh' iarraidh na h-inghinn,
'S gaol a cridh' aice féin.

'Dol a dh' iarraidh na gruagaich,
Leis am buannaich thu spréidh.

Gur a mairg a thug gealladh,
Dh' aon fhear tha fo 'n ghréin.

Bhiodh a phòg mar bhlas mealla,
Blas a ghabhaidh 'na déigh.

Bhiodh a phòg mar bhlas siucair,
Buinidh cùise dhaibh féin.

Tha mulad, tha mulad,
Tha mulad orm féin.

ORAN LU AidH.

A hì otho nàillibh,
'S na hò hò lail ò.

'S MULADACH mi 'n diugh 's mi 'g éiridh.

Ni Mhic Ailein na bi 'n éud rium.

Cha 'n 'eil mi 'n tòir air do chéile.

Tha mi teisteil air na dhéigh sin.

Rachainn leat tro' chuan na h-Eirionn.

Far an seòladh luingeas ghleusda.

'S far am biodh muir àrd ag éiridh.

Mucan, is turcan, is béistean.

'S creagan a freagairt a chéile.

Rachainn leat air cùl tigh chùmhnaidh.

Far a faighinn modh is mùirn ann.

'S daoine' uaisle mu bhordaibh dùmhail.

Ruidhle gu tric air an ùrlar.

Le piob mhòr nam feadan siubhlach.

'S le fiodhal bhinn nan teudan ciuine.

Rachainn leat do 'n Chaisteal Thioram.

Far am bi 'n togsaid a sileadh.

Ochan nan och! mar tha sinne.

Tha ar dùthaich gun cheann fine.

'Freasdal làn an dùirn de ghiollan.
Mhnathan, nach tog sibh le m' éubha.
Cha tog mise, togaibh féin i.
'S ann domh féin bu chòir a h-éigheach.
A mhnathan a chruidh, 'n crodh a géumnaich.
Gaoir nan creach gan cur o chéile,
'S tìm dhuinn a ghaoil a bhi tilleadh.
Chaidh na Leathanaich tro' 'n linnidh.
Camarenaich o'n ghormin bhioraich.
'S Domhnullach nach leugh an giorag.
Chuireadh Siol Leoid air an uillinn.
Nan druideadh gach eun ri fhine.
Dh' éireadh na Domhnullaich leinne.
B' eòl dhomh féin a chùirt a leanainn.
Cùirt a Ghruamaich, cùirt a Ghallaich.
Cùirt an Domhnuill Ghuirm nach mairionn.

ORAN LUAIDH.

1 'N RAOIR a chunnaic mi 'n aisling,
 Hò iri ri hò,
 Hò cìleadh hò rotho,
 Hò iri ri hò.

2 'N am dusgadh cha b 'cheart i,
 Hò iri, etc.

Thusa ghràidh a thigh 'n dhachaigh,
 Hò iri, etc.

A Sheumais na brataich,
 Hò iri, etc.

'S tu bhi eadar mo ghlacaibh;
 Hò iri, etc.

Rinn mi m' ahanaich feasgar,
 Hò iri, etc.

Gaoth an Iar a thigh 'n deiseal,
 Hò iri, etc.

Gu'n tigeadh na fleasgaich,
 Hò iri, etc.

Is boidhche 'nan deise,
 Hò iri, etc.

Di-Domhnaich 's an eaglais;
 Hò iri, etc.

'S gu'n tigeadh na h-àrmuinn,
 Hò iri, etc.

Fear Bhorraidh 's fear Bhàlaidh,
 Hò iri, etc.

- 'S fear Ghriminis làmh riu,
Hò iri, etc.
- Fear Bhannta cha 'n fhàg mi,
Hò iri, etc.
- Fir òg Thigh-a-Gheàrraidh,
Hò iri, etc.
- Fear Heiscer an t-sàile,
Hò iri, etc.
- Agus fear Bhaile-Ràghail ;
Hò iri, etc.
- 'S ma 's e deireadh mo dhàin thu,
Hò iri, etc.
- Cha bu dheireach air chàch thu :
Hò iri, etc.
- 'S e do bhuideal nach tràghadh,
Hò iri, etc.
- Togsaid mhor air a h-eàrradh ;
Hò iri, etc.
- Fir Uidhist a mach leat ;
Hò iri, etc.
- Fir Throtairneis dhachaigh.
Hò iri, etc.

ORAN LUAIDH.

'CHAILIN Oig an stiuir thu mi ?

'Chailin Oig, o hurabhotho.

Latha dhomh 's mi falbh na sràide,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

Thachair orm an donn bhean dàna,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

Thug i do 'n eaglais air laimh mi,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

'S thug i mionan mòr an là sin,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

Nach gabhadh i fear na'm' àite,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

Laidh mis' anns an fhiabhirus ghràineil,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

Thug mi bliadhna mhòr is raith' ann,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

'S thainig an cailin donn, dàna,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

'S dhìrich i 'n uinneag a b' àirde,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

'Ille sin shuas, Ciamar tha thu ?

'Chailin Oig, etc.

Olc le m' charaid, 's maith le m' nàmhaid,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

Dh' eirich mise la 'r-na-mhàireach,

'Chailin Oig, etc.

'S ghabh mi ceum beag cho na sràide,
'Chailin Oig, etc.

Chuir mi leth na cluic air Manus,
'Chailin Oig, etc.

'S an leth eil' air Rìgh na Spàine,
'Chailin Oig, etc.

Chailin cuimhnich buachaile linn' thu,
'Chailin Oig, etc.

'S feairde banachaig buachail' aice,
'Chailin Oig, etc.

Chuireadh an crodh laoigh gu fàsgadh,
'Chailin Oig, etc.

ORAN LUaidH.

Cùm na ghealladh e,
 Gheall e dhomhs' e,
 Cùm na ghealladh e.

GHEALL mo leannan dhomh	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Fàine de 'n òr	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Còta de 'n t-sròl	Cùm na ghealladh e,
'Mhealladh na seòid	Cùm na ghealladh e, Gheall e dhomhs' e, Cùm na ghealladh e,
'S e nach gealladh e?	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Ni nach cumadh e?	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Chumadh e, ghearradh e	Cùm na ghealladh e, Gheall e dhomhs' e, Cùm na ghealladh e,
'Nighean ud thall	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Bi na 'd fhaireachadh	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Seall a mach	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Bheil a ghealach ann?	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Na bheil a ghaoth	Cùm na ghealladh e,
'N iar a carachadh?	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Faod a bhirlinn	Cùm na ghealladh e,
'S buill 'gan teannachadh	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Chum 's gun tarruing siun	Cùm na ghealladh e,
Gu tìr aineolach	Cùm na ghealladh e,
'S an gealladh a choimlionadh	Gheall e dhomhs' e,

ORAN LUaidH.

'S a Mhairi Bhàn a bhroillich ghle-ghil,
Hi ri ri ri ri ibhò.

'S muladach mi 's a Chaol-Rònach.
Hò rò ohi oho,
Urabhi uo rotho.

Cha 'n iognadh e 's gun mi fallain,
Hi ri, etc.

M'eudail mhòr Macleoid na Hearradh,
Hò rò, etc.

'S breugach mo bheul, tha mi mearachd,
Hi ri, etc.

'S e m'eudail mhòr Mac 'ic Ailein.
Hò rò, etc.

Ged a chuir thu mi as m' fhearann.
Hi ri, etc.

Thug thu fearann saor dha m' sheannair.
Hò rò, etc.

B' fhearr dhuit mi no Nic a Bhanich.
Hi ri, etc.

Na tha beò de shliochd a seannar.
Hò rò, etc.

Siol na brùide mòire, mosaich.
Hi ri, etc.

Eisd! a chaile, sguir dheth d' sgeòdail,
Hò rò, etc.

'N cuimhneach leat gur a beò mi?
Hi ri, etc.

Am chrùbadaid ri cùl na còmhlaid,
Hò rò, etc.

Tha mo theanga fallain còmhnard.
Hi ri, etc.

Chaidh i ri cloich air a bhò-raoir,
Hò rò, etc.

Tha trì ruinn is faobhar glèis orr'.
Hi ri, etc.

A bhradag nan obag 's nan òthan,
Hò rò, etc.

A bheireadh air na luingeas seòladh.
Hi ri, etc.

Air aodan nam beanntan mòra.
Hò rò, etc.

A chuireadh na cuirp mharbha' chòmhrag.
Hi ri, etc.

'S muladach mi 's mi air aineoil.
Hò rò, etc.

A coimhead uam air cuan na Hearradh.
Hi ri, etc.

Cha 'n fhaic mi tighinn mo leannan.
Hò rò, etc.

Geugaire ciuin, foinnidh, fearail.
Hi ri, etc.

Gruaidh mar chaorrunn 's caoine sealladh.
Hò rò, etc.

Breagha, bàn, mar bhàrr a chanaich.
Hi ri, etc.

Fiacail bhàn fo 'n bheul nach streamach.
Hò rò, etc.

'Nam faighinn-sa sud air m' ordugh.

Hi ri, etc.

An Tighearn Og a bhi 's an fheamainn,

Hò rò, etc.

Baintighearna bhi aig a' sgallaig,

Hi ri, etc.

'S Domhnull Gorm gu bruich an arain.

Hò rò, etc.

Raonull mòr a leigeadh leanna.

Hi ri, etc.

'S iosal an inbh' thug thu Dhomhnull.

Hò rò, etc.

Cha 'n e béus mo Thighearn' Og e.

Hi ri, etc.

'S ann bhitheadh e air ceann a mhòr shluaigh.

Hò rò, etc.

A cur nan saighdeirean an òrdugh.

Hi ri, etc.

Eobhainn Dhuinn 'ic Eoin 'ic Ailein.

Hò rò, etc.

Dhomhsa b' aithne béus do thalla.

Hi ri, etc.

'S an fheasgar fhuar, fhaoillich Earraich.

Hò rò, etc.

Muc 'g a sgrìobadh, mart 'g a feannadh.

Hi ri, etc.

Tuailtean air bhòrdaibh gealla.

Hò rò, etc.

Fiamh na maighdein air a chaillich.

Hi ri, etc.

Fiamh an duin' òig air an t-seann-duin'.

Hò rò, etc.

ORAN LUATHAIDH.

Faill-ill òro hù-a-hò,
 Ill-ù ill-ò hòro éile,
 Faill-ill òro hù-a-hò.

Cò sud thall air sràid na meala ?

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Cò ach clann Mhic Neill a Barraidh,

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Saoil sibh de sud air an aire ?

Faill-ill òro, etc.

'G iarraidh gu leasachadh fearainn :

Faill-ill òro, etc.

'Nam bithinn-se roinn an fhearainn,

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Cha b' e ar cuid-sa bu ghainne ;

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Bu leat Rùm is Eig is Canaidh ;

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Trotarnais fo chaoirich gheala ;

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Sléibhte riabhach fo chrodh baine ;

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Uidhist bheag gu leigeadh leanana ;

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Uidhist mhòr gu deanamh arain ;

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Caisteal air gach cnoc an Eirinn ;

Faill-ill òro, etc.

Muillionn air gach sruthan sléibhe.

Faill-ill òro, etc.

ORAN LU AidH.

Hòro ghealladh i,
 Ho i otho;
 Hòro ghealladh i,
 Ho i otho.

'ILLE sin shios, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

Bheil thu 'd' fhaireachadh, ho i ibho.
 Hòro, etc.

Seall a mach, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

A bheil a ghealach ann, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

Na bheil a ghaoth, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

'N iar gun charachadh, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

Na faod mo ghaol, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

'Bhirlinn 'charachadh, ho hi ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

'S a taobh theannadh, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

Ri muir dùdaidh, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

Dorcha, salach, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

H-aghaidh a mhuir, ho i ibho,
 Hòro, etc.

Cùl a dh' fhearann, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

A bhean a chuir, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Orm an ailis, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Cha ghuidh mise, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Sgrios dha t-anam, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Ach 'bhi agad, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Fios mo ghalair, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Do chioch 'bhi làn, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

'S do ghluinn falamh, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Chuir mi cuignear, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Anns an talamh, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Una 's Sìne, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Mòr is Alasair, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Ailein a chùil, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Rinn mo sgaradh, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

'S fada 's cian, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Chi mi sealladh, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Chi mi Rùm, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Eige 's Canaidh, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Eilein na' Muc, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Tìr Mhic Alastair, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Gu ta cha 'n fhaic, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Mi na Hearradh, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Far an d' fhuair mi, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Gu h-òg m' aran, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Mùirneach, meaghrach, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Uallach, arralach, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

'Raonuill, a rùin, ho i ibho.
Hòro, etc.

Cum do ghealladh rium, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Lean an dùchus, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

'Bh' aig do sheannair, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Tog do thigh air, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Ceann an rathaid, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Far an deanadh, ho i ibho.
Hòro, etc.

Uaislean tathaich, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Taghlaidh Macleoid, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Mac 'ic Alastair, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

'S m'eudail mhòr, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Mac 'ic Ailein, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

'S cha b' e na càird, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Na na gallain, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Togsaidean làn, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Air an ceannaibh, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

'S mar dh' òladh cach, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

Phaigheadh Ailein, ho i ibho,
Hòro, etc.

ORAN LUaidH.

Ceud soraidh bhuam,
Huthil horò,

Dha na Hearradh,
Ho hi ibhò,

Gu Iain Caimbeul,
Huthil horò,

Donn, mo leannan,
Och òirinn ò.

Gur tric a laidh,
Huthil horò,

Mi fo 'd' earradh,
Ho hi ibhò,

Ma laidh, cha b' ann,
Huthil horò,

Aig a bhaile,
Och òirinn ò.

An lagan uaigneach,
Huthil horò,

An cluain a bharrach,
Ho hi ibhò,

'S tu firionach,
Huthil horò,

Leam is docha,
Och òirinn ò.

Choisich air feur,
Huthil horò,

Na air fochunn,
Ho hi ibhò,

A chuir a chas,
Huthil horò,

'M bròig no stocain
Och òirinn ò.

Reiteach a nochd,
Huthil horò,

'S a bhail' uachdrach,
Ho hi ibhò,

Ma dh' fhaodas mi,
Huthil horò,

Ni mi bhuannachd,
Och òirinn ò.

Nan cluinninn te,
Huthil horò,

Eile luaidh riut,
Ho hi ibhò,

Spionainn bun is,
Huthil horò,

Barr a cuailein,
Och òirinn ò.

Leumadh mo shròn,
Huthil horò,

'N àird na stuaighe,
Ho hi ibhò,

'S gu falbhadh m' fheòil
Huthil horò,

Na ceò uaine,
Och òirinn ò.

'S mise bhean bhochd,
Huthil horò,

Th' air mo sgarradh,
Ho hi ibhò,

Air mo ghualladh,
Huthil horò,

'S air mo ghearradh,
Och òirinn ò.

Mo fhleasgach donn,
Huthil horò,

Aig a bhaile,
Ho hi ibhò,

Cha teid smal air,
Huthil horò,

Choinnle geala,
Och òirinn ò.

Gun teid ùir air,
Huthil horò,

Sùil mo leannain,
Ho hi ibhò,

Gun tug Clann Neill,
Huthil horò,

Druim a chuain orr',
Och òirinn ò.

Le longanan,
Huthil horò,

Loma, luatha,
Ho hi ibhò,

'S le 'm brataichean,
Huthil horò,

Gorm is uaine,
Och òirinn ò.

ORAN LUaidH.

Hò horo hùthil otho,
 Hùlein beag hùthil ò,
 Hò horo hùthil otho.

DH' EIRICH mi gu moch ro 'n latha,
 Hò horo, etc.

Choimhid air cuid eorna m' athar,
 Hò horo, etc.

Chunnaic mi 'n crodh mòr nan laidhe,
 Hò horo, etc.

'S cha 'n fhaca mi an t-agh caisinn,
 Hò horo, etc.

Ghabh mi sios air tràigh na h-amhuinn,
 Hò horo, etc.

'S chuala mi torghan 's an t-sabhal,
 Hò horo, etc.

Mar gu 'm biodh cliath-luaidh fo mhnathan,
 Hò horo, etc.

No banntrach, 's e 'g iarraidh mnatha,
 Hò horo, etc.

Na fear òg an deigh a faighinn,
 Hò horo, etc.

Ghabh mi stigh air feadh an tighe,
 Hò horo, etc.

Bheannaich mi gu ciuin dha m' athair,
 Hò horo, etc.

'S co fhreagradh ach bean an tighe,
 Hò horo, etc.

Dean suidhe, 's gur e do bheatha,
Hò horo, etc.

Gheibh thu biadh, ma nì thu ghabhail,
Hò horo, etc.

'S gheibh thu deoch, ma tha ort paghadh,
Hò horo, etc.

Beòir, na fion, no uisge-beatha,
Hò horo, etc.

No leann làidir thig o'n dabhach.
Hò horo, etc.

ORAN LUAIDH.

EILE 's na hurabh otho.

'S fiuch an oidhche,
O hu otho.

Nochd, 's gur fuar i,
Eile, etc.

Thug an iubhrach,
O hu otho.

'N diugh an cuan orr',
Eile, etc.

Gu ma slàn,
O hu otho.

An lamh a dh' fhuaigh i,
Eile, etc.

Dh' fhag gu luchdmhor,
O hu otho.

Laidir, luath i,
Eile, etc.

Aigionnach, a' siubhal cuain i,
O hu otho.

'S iomadh sgeir dhubh,
Eile, etc.

Ris 'n do shuath i,
O hu otho.

Agus duilleasg donn a bhuaìn i,
Eile, etc.

Agus bàirlinn 'ruith ro' guailleàn,
O hu otho.

Agus bàirneach ghlas a ghluais i,
Eile, etc.

'S cha 'n 'eil cùram,
O hu otho.

Orm na buana,
Eile, etc.

Na cùram chruidh,
O hu otho.

'Bhi ri 'n uallach,
Eile, etc.

Ach do chùram,
O hu otho.

'Rùin a Ruairidh,
Eile, etc.

'N cuimhneach leatsa,
O hu otho.

'N oidhche bha sinn,
Eile, etc.

Air a bhàta,
O hu otho.

'N Coire-bhreacain,
Eile, etc.

B' fheadar dhuinne,
O hu otho.

Na siuil bheagadh,
Eile, etc.

'S na siuil mbòra,
O hu otho.

'Chur ri crannaibh,
Eile, etc.

ORAN LUaidH.

Hillin o hi ri horo,
Na hiullin iro,
Hìri horotho.

ALASTAIR Oig 'ic Neacail,
Hillin, etc.

B' fhearr leam fhin gu 'm beirinn mac dhuit,
Hillin, etc.

Cuignear, no seisear, no seachdnar,
Hillin, etc.

Bheirinn cioc is glùn dha nasgaidh,
Hillin, etc.

'S thogainn suas air bharruibh bas iad,
Hillin, etc.

Air mo ghuallainn, far am faicht' iad,
Hillin, etc.

Dh' òlta fion air bòrd am baistidh,
Hillin, etc.

Dh' òlta fion dearg, is fion daithte,
Hillin, etc.

'S bheirinn ceaird an laimh gach mac dhiubh,
Hillin, etc.

Fear na dhiuc dhiubh, 's fear na chaiptin,
Hillin, etc.

Fear air an luing mhòir an Sasuinn,
Hillin, etc.

'S fear na cheannard air na gaisgich,
Hillin, etc.

'S gheibhte dròbhair mòr na' mart dhiubh,
Hillin, etc.

ORAN LUaidH.

Hi ri ri ri ri ù.

Mile marbhphaisg air a ghaol.

Hò hi uo hò ibhò,
Ho hi uo hò hi ù,
Haori uo ho ibhò.

Asam fhin a thug e chlaoidh,
Hi ri, etc.

Sgoilt e mo chridhe 'nam chom,
Hò hi, etc.

Dh' fhuasgail e 'm falt far mo chinn,
Hi ri, etc.

Mu 'n fhear a dh' fhalbh 's nach do thill,
Hò hi, etc.

'S truagh nach mise bh' air an luing,
Hi ri, etc.

'Dol a dh' America null,
Hò hi, etc.

Chuirinn a *mate* far na stiuir,
Hi ri, etc.

'S chuirinn an sgiobair do 'n ghrunnnd,
Hò hi, etc.

'S bithinn fhin 's mo ghaol fo rùm,
Hi ri, etc.

Cha teid mi gu mac a' mhaoir,
Hò hi, etc.

Na idir gu mac an t-saoir.
Hi ri, etc.

Cha teid mise, cha teid mi,
Hò hi, etc.

Cha teid mi gu gin 's an tìr,
Hi ri, etc.

Gus an tig mo leannan fhin,
Hò hi, etc.

Giamanach a ghunna chaoil,
Hi ri, etc.

'Leagas an eal' air a taobh,
Hò hi, etc.

'S earba bheag nan gearra-chas caol
Hi ri, etc.

An coilleach dubh air bharr an fhraoich.
Hò hi, etc.

ORAN LUaidH.

Hi otho hi ua,
Hil ò hòg ù.

GUR e mise tha fo ghruaim,
Hil ò, etc.

H-uile latha 's Diluain,
Hi otho, etc.

'S mi ri caoidh na dh' fhalbh uam,
Hil ò, etc.

Cha 'n fhear dubh, cha 'n fhear ruadh,
Hi otho, etc.

Ach fear buidhe gun ghruaim,
Hil ò, etc.

Fear dha maith do 'n tig sguaid,
Hi otho, etc.

Feile beag ann an cuaich,
Hil ò, etc.

'S bròg bhileach gun chuaig,
Hi otho, etc.

Sgiath bhreac nam ball dual,
Hil ò, etc.

Air do shlinnein gun uaill,
Hi otho, etc.

'S bu tu maraiche' chuain,
Hil ò, etc.

Ged a sheideadh i cruaidh,
Hi otho, etc.

Le cloich mheallain o 'n Tuath,
Hil ò, etc.

'S tu gun cuireadh i suas,
Hi otho, etc.

Ro Chaol Mhuile 'na ruaig.
Hil ò, etc.

ORAN LUÀIDH.

Hilin ò rò bha hò.

'S MULADACH mì 's mì air m' aineoil.

E ho hao ri horo
Hòg ibhò,
Hilin ò rò bha hò.

'S mì 'm aonar 's an cilein mhara,
Hilin ò, etc.

'S mì chuideachd air dithis leanabh,
E ho hao, etc.

Catriona Bheag agus Anna,
Hilin ò, etc.

Gur a he mo rùn na gillean,
E ho hao, etc.

Bha 'n raoir an Eilean-na-Cille,
Hilin ò, etc.

Dh' iomradh ràmh 's a dh' eigheadh iorram
E ho hao, etc.

Chuireadh i gu calla tioram,
Hilin ò, etc.

Gu acarsaid Challuim Chille,
E ho hao, etc.

'S gur a he mo rùn na seòid,
Hilin ò, etc.

Bh' agam an raoir mu 'n a bhòrd,
E ho hao, etc.

Bha Mac Coinnich ann, 's MacLeoid,
Hilin ò, etc.

Mac 'ic Alastair o'n chrò,

E ho hao, etc.

'S MacFhionghainn o Shrath nam bò,

Hilin ò, etc.

'S Mac 'ic Ailein nach 'eil beò,

E ho hao, etc.

Na geoidh fhiadhaich a dol seachad,

Hilin ò, etc.

Faodaidh iad sud 's a bhi fallain,

E ho hao, etc.

Chaidh na sealgairean gu baile,

Hilin ò, etc.

ORAN LUaidH.

Hi ri ri ri ri ibhò,
 Hoireann ho hu otho eile,
 Hi ri ri ri ri ibhò.

'MHAIRI ùr a shùgh mo cheile,

Hi ri, etc.

Mhairi bhàn a bhrollaich gle-ghil ;
 Mhairi mheachair bhoidheach bheul-dearg ;
 Mhairi nach freagair thu m' eithe ;
 Cha dùisg fiodhal thu 'ga gleusadh,
 No piob-mhor nam feadan eibhinn ;
 Cha dùisg glaodh do mhàthar fein thu,
 Mhairi am freagair thu idir,
 Cha fhreagair mo thruaighe mise ;
 'S lionmhor òuine nochd a' d' bhaile,
 Ma tha cha 'n ann chum do bhanaid,
 Gus do chur an ùir am falach,
 Far nach cluinn thu glaodh do charaid.
 Mhairi nach freagair thu idir,
 Cha fhreagair mo thruaighe mise ;
 Bha mi 'n raoir aig bruaich do lice,
 Ma bha cha b' fheairde mo mhisneachd ;
 B' fhurasda dhomh falbh gun fhios duit.
 'S mise tha 'n diugh air mo chlisgeadh ;
 Mo chridhe trom 's mo shuil silteach ;
 Anart 'ga shròiceadh 's ga bhristeadh ;
 'S na saoir a' sàbhadh do chiste.

ORAN LUAIDH.

NIGHEAN chruinn donn dhuit is eibhinn,
 E ho hi hug hoireann horo,
 Na bric 's na bradain a' leum riut,
 E ho hi na hiri O,
 Na haoi-ri-ri hug hoireann horo.

Na fir gheal' air thi do theumadh,
 Air bhruaich do leapadh ag eiridh,
 Tha maraiche air thi do bhuannachd,
 Cha mharaich e ach duin' uasal,
 B' aithne dhomh fhin na chum uam thu,
 Meud mo ghaoil ort lughad m' fhuath dhuit,
 M' athair a' bhi marbh 's an fhuar-lic,
 'S mo mhathair a bhi sinte suas ris;
 Tained mo chrodh laoigh air bhuailtibh;
 Gun a h-aon ann, dubh no ruadh dhiubh,
 Gun mhart idir air 'n teid buarach,
 Aighean druim-fhionn croidhean guaillfhionn,
 Gun mo chaoirich mhaol air bruachan,
 Gun mo ghearrain anns an luachair.
 Mhic an fhir o'n Lagan lasrach,
 Mharcaich an steud a bha 'n Sasuinn,
 Bha seachd bliadhn' air stapull glaiste,
 Gun talamh gun adhar fhaicinn;
 Thug thu fion dhi mar dheoch maidne;
 Chuir thu cruithneachd bàn na prasaich;
 Chuir thu cruithean òir fo casan;
 Chuir thu srian dhe 'n airgiod ghlas ri;
 'Nuair a leig thu sin a mach i,
 Chuir i muir is tìr fo casan;
 Leum i geata nan seachd glasan,
 'S an geata mòr a bha faisg air.
 Dh' fhaighneachd an Rìgh co fear tapaidh;
 Domhnall Og o'n Lagan lasrach,
 O thaobh Lochiall is Loch Airneig,

Thug an Rìgh dha làn na h-aide,
Dhe 'n òr a chùineadh an Sasuinn,
Sgar e sud air feadh an achaidh ;
Cha 'n ann le tàir no le magadh,
Eagal thoirt do Alba masla.

ORAN LUaidH.

Gur a mise, héman dubh,
Rinn an t-sochair, héman dubh.

'N oidhche bha mi, hao ri horò,
'N còir an lochain, héman dubh.
Hao ri horò.
Héman dubh hò rò.

'Nuair a dhiult mi,
Hao ri hò ro,

Fear a phoca,
Héman dubh hò rò.
Héman dubh hò rò.

Air a dhinneadh,
'S air a stopadh.

'S air a cheangal
Gu cruaidh cnoiseach.

Le min mhìnghil,
Chaoinghil, chorca.

C'àite 'm facas,
Fear do choltais.

Nach ann agam
Bha do thoiseach!

Bho nach facas,
Fionn no Ossian.

No Diarmad Donn
Mac Rìgh Lochlann.

Tha dùil Cholla
'Nochd an Eirinn.

Bidh e 'n ath-oidhch'
'S an Aird-Shleibhteach.

'S an treas oidhche
'N tùr na b'iste.

Ni e pronnadh,
'S ni e reubadh.

Teachdaireachd o'n
Rìgh 'ga iarraidh.

Gille 's litir,
Each is diollaid.

Fallairidh dhonn,
Spuir is srian ri.

Nam bu mhise
Gille biadhte.

Bheirinn seagall,
Bheirinn siol di.

Bheirinn cruithneachd,
Bheirinn fion di.

Bheirinn gaoth nan
Cnoc 's nan sliabh dhi.

Nan eisdeadh sibh
Rium, a mhnathan.

Dh' innsinn mo sgeul
Dhuibh air m' athair.

Gu 'n deachaidh an làn
Mòr 's an fhaoghail.

'S nach faodainn mo
Ghaol a thaghal.

Nam bithinn-sa
An riochd na lachann.

An riochd na faolinn,
Caoile glaise.

Shnàmhainn an cuan
Air a tharsuinn.

Leumainn gu h-àrd
Bàrr a chaisteil.

'S bheirinn a mach
Mor nighean Lachlainn.

Bean a chuailein,
Chuachaich, chleachdaich.

Bean nan sùl gorm
Mar an dearcag.

'S bean nan gruaidh-dhearg
Mar a chorcuir.

Gur a mise, héman dubh,
Rinn an t-sochair, etc.

MOR NIGHEAN A GHIOBARLAIN.

Air fàil il o,
 Agus ò rò 's eagal leam,
 Air fàil il o,
 Agus hò rò 's eagal leam,
 Fàil il o,
 Agus hò rò 's eagal leam ;
 Gu 'n d' rinn fear eile foill
 Air a' chaoimhneas a bh' eadarainn.

'NAM bithinn air an àiridh,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 Gun deanain suidhe lainh riut,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 Rachainn fhìn cho dàn ort,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 'S a chaidh t-athair air do mhàthair,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain.

Ciod a thug a Shleibht' thu,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ?
 A thathaich air Sir Seumas,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ?
 Tha iomad fear an déigh ort,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 Nach fòghnadh a bhean fein leis,
 Mo Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain.

Cò nis is boiche
 Na Mòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ?
 Bidh stocainean is brògan,
 Air Mòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 Cota ribeach, ròineach,
 Air Mòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 'S cha 'n fhaighear bean is bòiche
 Na Mòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain.

'S mòr an gaol th' aig t' athair ort,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 Bheir e crodh is aighean dhuit,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 Tigh aig taobh an rathaid dhuit,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 'S bidh daoine uaisl' a tathaich ort,
 A Mhòr Nighean a Ghiobarlain.

'S maith a thig an gùn dhuit,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 Pleatadh air a chùlthaobh,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 Currachd an dà chrùin ort,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 'S coltach ri ceann rùd' thu,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain.

'Nuair nithear an gùn bainnse,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 Cha bhi dad a mheang air,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
 Sash a shioda Frangach,
 Air Mòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 Gus a chumail teann ort,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain.

'S ann a tha na neonagan,
 Aig Iain Mac a Ghiobarlain,
 Mòrag is laghach i,
 O nighean sgiobalta ;
 Cha 'n 'eil gas aig tàilleir,
 A ghràdhag nach tigeadh dhuit ;
 'S maith thig cota-gearr dhuit,
 'S cha chearr thig a bhriogais dhuit.

Chunnaic mise brúadar,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 Thu bhi air mo chluasaig,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 'Nuair dhuig mi as an t-suain sin,
 A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
 Cha robh ann ach tuaileas.

Cha 'n e bòichead t-aodain,
A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain.
A thromaich mo ghaol ort,
A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain,
O nach diubh thu 'n t-saothair,
A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain ;
Sguiridh mi dheth t' aoireadh,
A Mhòr Nigh'n a Ghiobarlain.

AIR CALL A CHRAINN CIUIL.

Le Ruairidh Moireastan, an Clarsair Dall.

A RIGH gur cruaidh mo sgeul,
 Mo chràdh geur, mo chreach, mo chall,
 O laidh air m' inntinn sac
 'S a laidh air m' aigne meall,
 'S a dh' imich uam mo chraun,
 'S nach faigh mi shamhla 's tìr,
 Gur aobhar mulaid leam
 Mo chraun a bhi 'g am dhìth.

'S an caidrimh nam ban òga
 D' am dheòin cha teid mi ann,
 Cha 'n ialaidh mi nan còir
 'S nach eisdear leò mo chainnt;
 'S ged dh' éireadh dhomh dol ann,
 Cha 'n fhaighinn ann de chùirt,
 Ach fhaighneachd dhiom 's gach am,
 'N tu chaill do chraun 's an smùr.

'N sin thubhairt Baintighearna Mhic Leoid,
 " Cha chreach gun tòir 'rug ort,
 Ma tha do chraun ga d' dhìth,
 Cha 'n ioghn' thu bhi fo sproc;
 Ach air n' àile dheanainn aircheas
 O'n dh' éirich dhuit a chall,
 'S na faight' a shamhl' air féill
 Gun ceannaichean féin dhuit cranm."

" Beannachd dhuibhse 's buaidh,
 O'n sibh thuigeadh uam mar tha,
 Ag amharc air mo thruaigh
 O'n tha mi cruaidh an càs;
 Air eagal mi dhol bàs
 Cuiribh sgiobadh 's bàt' air tuinn,
 'S gu'm faigh sinn barrachd chraun
 Ged bheir sinn geall da chionn."

Tha agamsa na ni t' fheum,
 Nach leig eislein anns an tòir,
 Bàta gnìomhach gléusda,
 Agus sgiobadh tréun do-lèon ;
 Inghinne Mhic Leoid,
 'S Nic Neacail mhòir nan saoi,
 'S nighean a ghaill ghlais,
 'Dhol a mharsantachd a chruinn.

Bi Nic Ghillemuir' air stiuir
 'S Nigh'n Uisdein anns a bheirt,
 Nic Fhearghuis anns an scòd,
 'S an stagh aig Seonaid Bhreac ;
 Nigh'n Andra Chaoil na drip,
 'S i 'n taice ris an aoir,
 'S i trusadh leatha suas
 Mar bu luime luath a ghaoth.

'S bi Nic an Fhleisdeir air chul siuil,
 'S i 'g inns' an iuil gu grinn ;
 Nigh'n Domhnuill Ruaidh 's an truis,
 Seonaid Fhriscalach 's an tuim,
 Nic-a-Phearsoin gu trom tinn,
 'S i cur os a cinn a luchd ;
 'S bi an abhsa ealamh réidh
 Aig Nigh'n Tormaid Léith nam muc.

'S ma dh' fhalbh am bàta uainn,
 Air a chuan cha d' rinn i tàmh ;
 Am Barraidh chaidh i air tìr
 Ann an Cisamal Mhic Neill ;
 'N sin ghabh na seoid mu thamh,
 'S chuir iad dhiubh pàirt dhe 'n sgios,
 Leig iad fios a tuath 's a deas
 An robh croinn ra 'n reic 's an tìr.

'N sin nuair a sgaoil an sgeul,
 Feadh tìr Mhic Neill air fad,
 Chruinnich iad uile r'a cheil'
 Eadar tréun agus lag :
 Eadar gach te liath is cailleag,
 'S iad an gradaig gu dol ann,
 Bha gach te le iomadh bréid
 'S i na ruith gu féill nan crann.

Gur a truime leam nam bàs
Iomradh ràmh nam ban,
Ma chi iad fear gun chrann,
'S e 'na shuidhe thall 's an t-sreath,
Caogaidh ise le sùil
Ris an neach an " iùl ud thall,"
Chaidh t' iunstramaid o ghléus
O'n chaill thu fein do chrann.

RANNAN BREIGE.

Tha chuthag is gug gùg aice,
 Gug gùc aice, gug gùc aice,
 Tha chuthag is gug gùg aice,
 'S i piocadh sùl nan caorach.

Fhuair mi nead na liath-chirce,
 Air bharr nan tonnan fiadhaich ;
 An coileach anns a' chliabadaich,
 Is cliabh air bac a ghaoirdein.

Chunna mi gu m' fhiosrachadh,
 Na roin a' falbh le litrichean,
 Mäileid is *pelisse* orra,
 Is iad cho glic ri daoine.

Chunna mi na partanan
 A' danns' air urlar charpatan ;
 A chorra ghridheach 's bat' aice,
 'S i cur a steach nan caorach.

Chunna mi na tàrmaichean
 Air talamh toll 's an àrd-dhorus ;
 An dreathan-down 's da ràmh aige
 'Cur bàt' an aghaidh gaoithe.

Chunna mi na cudaigean,
 A' sniomh air an cuid chuigealan ;
 An iolair mhor is buideal air,
 A' falbh an cuideachd dhaoine.

Chunna mi na siolagan
 A' seoladh anns an iarmailte ;
 'S an leobag chearr is srian rithe,
 'S i 'g iarraidh chon an aonaich.

Chunna mi na donnagan
 Is cuala mòr de chonadh orr',
 An fhaochag bheag 's an donnalaich
 A' falbh is dronnag fhraoich orr'.

SEANN ORAN LEODHASACH.

ODRO oichinn, ichinn, oichinn,
 Taobh na lurgan air a losgadh,
 Odro oichinn, ichinn, oichinn,
 Taobh na lurga luatha.

Am fasan a bh' ac' ann an Uige,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi riamh na m' dhùhaich :
 Gabhail de 'n bhat' air mo chùlthaobh,
 Smùid as a chliabh-luatha.

Na faiceadh tu Mòr is Callum,
 Sud far an robh frum farum,
 Mheud 'sa dh' òladh iad dheth 'n drama
 Shracadh iad na cuairein.

Ulaidh ! na faiceadh tu Uisdean,
 Na sheasamh a danns' air urlar,
 Theicheadh tu roimh anns na cùltean
 Le mhùsg-shùilean ruadha !

HORO BHODACHAIN HORO.

'S ANN agam-sa bha 'm bodach brògach,
Hòro bhodachain hòrò,

Ra'dh seice 'n tairbh mhòir na bhrògan,"
Ubh, ubh, ubh, ubhan, h-ubhi,
Hao ri, ri ri, ri ri, ri-ibh-ag,
Hao ri ho hi,
Horo bhodachain hòrò.

Ra'dh peice na bhonnach èrna,
Hòro, etc.

'Nuair thig mo bhodach-sa dhachaidh,
Hòro, etc.

Bheir e huricum, haraicium, harnd,
Ubh, ubh, etc.

Ciod e lag ud anns an luathaidh?
Hòro, etc.

C'àit 'eil ubh na circe maoile?
Ubh, ubh, etc.

'S an rud beag ime bh' air an truinnseir?
Hòro, etc.

'S ann agam-sa bha 'm bodach miothar,
Ubh, ubh, etc.

Dh' ithcadh e fuighleach a naoidhein,
Hòro, etc.

'S na thigeadh a ùgh na bà maoile,
Ubh, ubh, etc.

'S truagh nach robh bodaich an domhain,
Hòro, etc.

Air an tràigh 's an làn gan togail,
Ubh, ubh, etc.

'S truagh nach robh bodaich an t-saoghail,
Hòro, etc.

'N taobh a muigh de shruth na Maoile,
Ubh, ubh, etc.

Gun choite, gun ràmh, gun taoman,
Hòro, etc.

'S mo bhodach-sa 'bhi na aonar,
Ubh, ubh, etc.

BODACHAN A GHARAIDH.

BODACHAN a ghàraidh,
 Gur friogant' e, gur frogant' e;
 Bodachan a ghàraidh,
 Cho frioganta 's a bha e riamh.

'S ann an Tigh-a-gheàrraidh,
 A rugadh mi 's a thogadh mi;
 'S ann an Tigh-a-gheàrraidh,
 A rugadh mi 's a bha mi riamh.

Bodach nan tri òrdag
 A thug a bhean o'n othanaich;
 Bodach nan tri òrdag,
 A fhuair a bhean anns an robh ciall.

O gu'n robh nighean aige,
 E gu'n robh nighean aige;
 O gu'n robh nighean aige,
 Air an robh Catriona Liath.

Gu'n gabhadh i snaoisein,
 'Na itichean, 's na osnaichean:
 Gu'n gabhadh i snaoisein,
 As a bhocsachan dhubh chiar.

O gu'n robh banais aice,
 E gu'n robh banais aice,
 O gu'n robh banais aice
 Nach facas a leithid riamh.

Bha buntata mòr ann,
 Bioraichean is langaichean;
 Bha buntata mòr ann,
 'S a chearc bhreac a bh' air a chliabh.

O gu'n robh uibhean aice,
 E gu'n robh uibhean aice,
 O gu'n robh uibhean aice,
 Sud na h-uibhean 's an robh 'm biadh.

ORAN DO DHROCH BHAILIDH.

A CHOTAIN duibh, o hillein,
'S a thriusair ghlais, ho raill o.

A nuair a thig an t-eug ort,
'S ann leam fein gur maith, ho raill o.

Cuiridh iad air còmhlaidh thu,
Le d' leine bhreac, ho raill o.

Togaidh sinn air còmhlaidh thu,
Is comhlan leat, ho raill o.

Togaidh sinn gu h-uallach thu,
Air guailibh fhear, ho raill o.

Cuiridh sinn 's an uaigh thu,
'S a chlach bhudhach leat, ho raill o.

'S nuair theid spaid de 'n àir ort,
Gu'm bi 'n dùthaich glan, ho raill o.

Cha teid ni air t-uachdar-sa,
Ach buachar mhart, ho raill o.

'S a chaoidh cha chin a neòinein ort,
No 'm feòirnein glan, ho raill o.

Ach cinnidh foth'an 's feantag
Air do chramhlaich ghlais, ho raill o.

Cha bhi gal nam pàistean ann,
No gàirich bhan, ho raill o.

Cha bhi bantrach, 's truaghain ann,
A bhualadh bhas, ho raill o.

ORAN NAN TAILLEIREAN.

Le Iain MacCodrum, Bard MhicDhomhnuill.

MISE 'n so 'n am ònaran,
 'S mi còmhuidh anns na bàghanan,
 Aodaichean air chòrn agam,
 'S cha chum iad deò dheth 'n àileadh dhion;
 Gun do rug an Samhradh orm
 Le gealltanas nan tàilleirean,
 'S gu'n aonan anns an dùthaich
 Aig a bheil ri chunntais fàirdean orm.

Saoil sibh fein nach neònach e,
 An leòm a tha 's na tàilleirean,
 Mu 's ann o fhuil na Mìlidh
 Thainig tinnsgéaladh an àrdain ud;
 Cha bhi crodh air buailidh aca,
 Cha bhi uallach àitich orr',
 Ach ciotag, mhosach, phròiseil,
 'S gur a dòlum air a sàilibh iad.

C'àit' a faic sibh òganaich
 Cho spòrsail ris na tàilleirean?
 Fire! faire; co bhiodh ann,
 'Na foghnadh danns' is gàireachdaich:
 Ma bheireas dragh no trilleach orra,
 Drip le mnaoi no pàisdean,
 'S ann a chithear feadh na tìre iad,
 Nan acidheachaich 's nan ànrachdaich.

C'àite faca sibh Mac-Samhuil
 Na' mnathan aig na tàilleirean?
 'Nuair dh' eireas iad 's a' mhaduinn
 Cha bhidh srad ac' ni 'm blàthachadh,
 H-uile dad dhe 'n riatanas
 'Ga iarraidh air na nàbaidean,
 'S an té bheir ultach mòine dhaibh
 'S e Dia na glòir bheir pàigheadh dhi.

Labhair mi ris a chiad fhear dhiubh
 Le rian ged a bha 'n t-Sabaid ann,
 'S ann thuirt e rium gu'm b' fhaide leis
 Mac-Raibeart 'bhi gun tàilleireachd ;
 'S e meud do gheall air òsdairean
 A dh' fhàg do phòca fàs agad,
 A dh' fhàg an t-aodach tan' agad,
 'S cha chuir a bhean na àite dhuit.

Labhair mi ri Mac-an-t-Saoir,
 Do ghealladh saobh a shàruich mi,
 Gheall thu 'm bliadhna, gheall thu 'n uiridh,
 Dh' uirich thu 's cha d' thàinig thu ;
 Cha bu duine breagach mi,
 'S cha robh dad riamh ri àireamh orm,
 'S mairg nach do rinn griasaich dhìot
 'S gu 'm biodh na briagan nàdurra.

Labhair mi Mac Aonghais Ghlais—
 “ An tig thu mach a màireach dhomh ? ”
 Thuirt e, “ 'S ann is neònach leam
 'S tu eòlach air an fhàilingeadh ;
 Nach fhaic thu fein bean òg agam
 Nach leig 'g a deòin air fàth-chul mi,
 'S ged dh' fhalbhainnse cha choisichinn,
 'S cha bhi mi nochd an Càirinis. ”

Labhair mi ri Mac-a-Phiocair,
 E dheanamh iochd is càirdeas rium ;
 B' eòl dhomh agus b' aithne dhomh
 Thaobh athar agus màthar e ;
 Cha ruig thu leas bhi smaointeachadh
 Gur duine faoin an Gàidhlig mi ;
 Mholainn agus dh' aoirinn thu
 Cho maith ri aon 's a' Ghàidhealtachd.

Am fear a ghoid na bréidean oirnn,
 'S a rinn e fein dhiubh àilleagan ;
 'Nuair dh' fhalbh e leis a bhrataich ud,
 Ga taisbaineadh dha 'n Abharsair,
 Chuir e suas ri crann i,
 Agus thog e cheaun gu h-àrdanach ;
 'Nuair chaidh an rathad shealltuinn da,
 B' e bheatha thall nuair ràinig e.

DIMOLADH PIOB DHOMHNUILL BHAIN

Le Iain MacCodrum, Bard MhicDhomhnuill.

A' CHAINNT a thuir Iain
 Gu'n d' labhair e ceàrr i,
 'S 'eudar dhuinn àicheadh
 'S a phàigheadh d' a chinn.
 Dh' fhag e MacCruimein
 Conduillidh is Tearlach ;
 Is Domhnullan Bàn
 A tharruing gu prìs.
 Orm is beag mòran sgeig,
 Agus bleid chòmhraidh,
 Thu labhairt na h-urrad
 'S nach b' urrainn thu chòmhdach,
 Ach pilleadh gu stolda
 Far 'n do thòisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cia 'n t-urram
 An taobh-sa de Lunnain ?
 Air na piobairean uile
 B' e MacCruimein an rìgh ;
 Le pongannan àluinn
 A b' fhonn-mhoire fàilte,
 Tharr'neadh 'an càileachd
 Gu slàinte fear tinn.
 Caismeachd bhinn 's i bras dian,
 Ni tais is fiamh fhògradh,
 Gaisg' agus cruadal,
 Tha buaidh air an òinsich,
 Muim' uasal nan Leòdach,
 'Ga spreotadh le spid.

A bhàirisgeach spòrsail
 Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pògadh,
 An t-àilleagan cèdmhor,
 Is bòidhche guth cinn.

Tha na Gàidheil cho deigheil
 Air a mhànan aic' eisdeachd,
 'S na bheil an Duneideann
 De luchd Beurl' air a tì.

Breac nan dual 's neartmhor fuaim,
 Bàs an ruaig nàmhaid,
 Leis 'm bu cheòl leadurra,
 Fead nan Spàinteach,
 Luchd dheiseachan màduir
 Bhi craidht' air droch dhiol.

'Nan cluinnt' ann am Muile
 Mar dh' fhag thu Conduillidh,
 Cha b' fhuilear leo d' fhuil
 Bhi air mullach do chinn.
 'S i bu ghreadanta dealachainn
 Air deas-lainh na h-armachd;
 A breabadh nan garbh-phort,
 Bu shearbh a dol sìos.

Creach nach gann, sibh gun cheann,
 Fo bhruid theann Sheòrais,
 Luchd nam beul fiara
 'G 'ur pianadh 's 'g ur fògradh;
 Rinn iad le fòirneart
 Bhur còir a bhuin dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir
 Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich,
 Mach o Fhear Bhàlaidh
 Bhi ghnath air a thì;
 Mhol thu chorra ghliogach
 Nach dligheadh de bhàids',
 Ach deannan beag gràin,
 No màm de dhroch shiol.

Sheid thu suas maoin gun ghruaim
 Craobh nam buadh ceòlmhor,
 Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
 Le breabadaich mheoirean;
 'S nach fuilingeadh odròchain
 A thogail a chinn!

Cha 'n fhaigh a' chuis-bhùirte
 Talla 'm bi mùirn,
 Ach àtha 'ga mhùchadh
 Le dùdan 's le sùith.
 Cha bhi seathar aig Dòmhnall,
 'S cha 'n cirich e còmhnard,
 Ach suidh' air an t-sòrn
 Agus sopag ri dhrum.

Plàigh bhloigh phort, gàir dhroch dhos,
 Fàileadh cuirp bhreòite,
 Ceol tha cho sgreadaidh
 Ri sgreadail nan ròcais,
 No iseanan òga
 Bhiodh leòinte chin bìdh.

Nach gasda chuis-bhùirte,
 A' bhi cneatraich air ùrlar,
 Gun phrannadh air lùtha,
 Gun siubhlaichean grinn;
 A' sparradh odraochain,
 An earbal odròchain,
 A' sparradh odròchain,
 An tòn odrobhì.

Màl caol, cam, le thaosg raun,
 Gaoth mar ghreann reòta,
 Troimh na tuill fhiara,
 Nach dìonaich na meoirca;
 'S nach tuigear air dòigh,
 Ach oth-heoin is oth-hì!

Diùdhaidh nam fùdhaidh,
 Bha i aig Tubal Càin,
 'Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghàidhlig,
 'S a dh' àlaich e phiob.
 Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
 'Nuair dhruideadh an àirce,
 Thachair gu 'n chnàmh i
 Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith.

Thainig smug agus dus,
 As na duis bhreòite,
 Iomadadh drochaid
 'Ga stopadh na sgòrnan,
 Dh' fhag i le crònau
 Odròchain gun bhrìgh.

Bha i seal uair
 Aig Maolruainidh O'Dornan,
 Chuireadh mi-dhòigheil
 Thar òrdugh na fuinn,
 Bha i greis aig Mac Bheatruis
 A sheinneadh na dàin ;
 'Nuair theirig a' chlàrsach
 'S a dh' fhàiling a prìs.
 Sheid Balàan na màl
 Osna chnàmh chrionaidh,
 Shearg i le tabhann
 Seachd cathan nam fiantan,
 'S i lagaich a chiad uair
 Neart Dhiarmaid is Ghuill.

Turraraich an dòlais,
 Bha greis aig Iain Og dhi ;
 Chosg i 'ribheidean còulaich
 'Na chòmhnadh le ni :
 Bha i còrr is seachd bliadhna
 'Na h-atharais-bhialain
 Aig Mac Eachainn 'ga riasladh,
 Air Sliabh Chnocanlìn.
 Am fhiùdhaidh shean nach duisg gean,
 Guùis nach glan còmhdach :
 'S mairg dha 'm bu leannan
 A chrannalach dhòinidh,
 Chàite gràn eòrna
 Leis na dh' fhòghnadh dhi ghaoith.

Mu 'n cuirear fo h-inneal
 Corra bhinneach na glaothaich,
 'S inneadh air aodach
 Na dh' fheumas i 'shnàth.
 Cha bheag a' chùis déistinn
 A bhi 'g éisdeachd a gaoirich ;
 Dheanadh i aognaidh
 An taobh a bhiodh blàth.
 Riasladh phort, sgrìachail dhos,
 Fhir an droch shaothair,
 Bheir i chiad eubha
 'N am séideadh a gaothair,
 Mar ròmhann ba caoile
 'S i faotainn a' bhàis.

Bidh an ionnsramaid ghlagach
 Air a lùbadh an craicinn ;
 Cha 'n fhuirich i 'n altan
 Gun chearcaill 'g a tàth ;
 'S seirbh i na 'n gabhaun
 Rì tabhann a chrùnluath,
 Trùmpaid a dhùisgeadh
 Gach ùmhaidh fhuair bàs.

Mar chom gearraich 'g a chràdh
 'S am màl làn gaoithe ;
 Turraraich nach urrainn mi
 Tiunnail dheth innseadh,
 Ach rodain a sgiamhail
 No sianail laoigh òig.

Com caithte na curra
 Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
 Meoir traiste gun fhuras
 'Cur triullain nan dàn ;
 'S tu dheanadh a bhròlaich
 Rì solus an eòlain,
 Ruidhle gun òrdugh
 An comhnuidh air làr.

Aognaidh lom, gaoth troimh tholl,
 Gaoir gun fhonn còmhraig,
 A thaisicheadh cruadal,
 'S a luathaicheadh stòldachd ;
 Gu beachdail don-dòchais
 Mu 'n t-sorn am bi ghràisg.

Bi'dh gaoth a' mhàil ghroid ud
 Cur gaoir anns na dosaibh,
 I daonan 'na trotan
 Rì propadh " odrà."'
 Bi'dh seannsair caol crochta
 Fo chaonaig aig ochdnar,
 Sruth staonaig 'ga stopadh
 Cur droch ceòl na thàmh.

Fuaim mar chlag fhuadach each,
 Duan chur as frithe ;
 Cha 'n abair mi tuilleadh
 Mu dhiomaladh phioban,
 Ach leigidh mi 'chluinntinn
 Gu'n d' thill mi Macphàil.

LEINE LACHDUNN RUAIRIDH RUAIDH.

LEINE lachduinn Ruairidh Ruaidh,
 Gur mòr tha dhreach na luatha orra ;
 Leine lachdunn Ruairidh Ruaidh,
 Gur olc an *dress* duin' uasail i.

'S iomadh tàire fhuair an leine,
 Mu 'n d' fhuair esan riamh dha fhein i,
 Dhomhsa b' aithne sud a steineadh,
 Na 'n eireadh i shuas orm.

Bha i feumail 's an tigh-dhanusa,
 Mu 'n do dh' fhag am fallus dall iad ;
 'S lionmhor fear a thig a nall,
 Gu lamh 's a cheann a shuadhadh innt'.

An cuala sibse 'n leine phòsaidh,
 Rinneadh a dh' fhear a Chlann Domhnuill ;
 'S i bu ribeir air a bhòrd
 Anns an tigh-òsda shuas againn.

Cha robh truinnseir, cha robh stòp ann,
 Cha robh potea 'bha 's an t-seomar,
 Nach do rìbigeadh le sgòd dhith,
 'S am brògan a shuathadh innt'.

Mar tha 'n seann-fhacal ag radh,
 Ma bhios bean-thorrach ri meirle,
 Leanaidh rudaigin de nàdur,
 Ris an àl thig uaithe-se.

A' fear a ghoid leine 'n t-seardsair,
 Fhuair e cothrom air a mheirle,
 'S cinnteach gu'n dh' fhoghlum e trath i,
 'M broinn a mhathar uaireigin.

ORAN AN TAILLEIR.

Le Domhmull Mac 'Illeathain, 's a Chamairt.

Esan:—'S BOCHD duine mar tha mi,
Chleachd gach uile bhiadh làidir,
'S gun agam an dràsda
Ach buntàt' as a bhùrn.

Ise:—Tha mi sgèth dheth do ghlaigeal,
Is bi falbh anns a mhaduinn,
'S gheibh mi tàilleir a Peabull
Bhios cho fada ri triuir.

Esan:—Ma 's e tàilleir na càbhruch,
A bha agad 's a Gheamhradh,
'S mi gu fuaigheadh an t-abhras
'S a cheann fo mo ghluinn.

Ise:—'S tric a chuala mi 'n seangan,
Bhi 'cur braim as a ghearran;
Fear t-cughmhais bhi bagairt
Air fear sealladh a shùl.

An cuala no fac' thu
Mu 'n Dròbhair Mac Asguill?
Thug e uamsa na seachd ud
Gu 'n aon rap air an cionn.

Esan:—Ged a bheireadh e ceud dhuit,
Gun a' faicinn gu siorruidh;
'Nuair a theid e 'g am riaghladh
Bheir e biadh dhomh 'm bi sùgh.

Ise:—Ach na bithinn-s' mar b' àbhaist,
Làn im' agus càise,
'S mi nach leigeadh le tàilleir
A bhi càineadh mo bhùird.

'S na bha agam a dh' annlan,
Dhith na gillean e 's t-Samhradh,
Mar ri dilleachdain banntaich,
'S chuir iad ceann air a chùis.

ORAN LORAIG.

Le Domhnull na Camairt.

Gu 'm b' e 'n turus gun bhuaannachd,
 So ghluais mi air a bho 'n de,
 Dh' iarraidh mo chuid nollaig
 'N dùil gun solairinn brògan.

Ghabh mi stigh gun fhiamh, gun nàire,
 Gus 'n do ràinig mi Ath-Leodair;
 Cò choinnich mi ach an Lothrag,
 'S b' i ceann na mollachd air fògradh.

Bheannaich mi dhi 'n àrd-rathad,
 Mar b' àbhaist dhomh 'n am fòirneart;
 Thuirt mi gu 'm bithinn 'na fàbhar
 Gu bràth na fàgadh i beò mi.

Labhair ise, " Dh' fhalbh mo thàbhachd
 Is mo làidireachd comhladh;
 Mhill am Bard Ruadh ann a Bhàlaidh,
 'S Domhnull grannda Mac Neill Oig mi."

An sin 'nuair leum a ghiorag,
 Cha robh duine na mo chòmhdhail,
 Cha robh urad 'n am fhàbhar
 'S gu'n robh tràigh ann gu tigh Dhomhnuill.

Cha leig sinn thu do na bàigh,
 Is sinn 'g ar sàruchadh le bòcain,
 Te cha diochd dhuinn Cailleach Thillam
 Bhi 'n ar cul-cinn an còmhnuidh.

Ise 'g am amharc le grùigeis
 'S a dà shùil mar thrinnseir feòdair;
 'S ged a gheibhinn fichead *guinea*
 Cha dreagh minidh na mo thòin-sa!

ORAN NA BA.

Le Aonghus Caimbeul, am Bard Sgallach.

O! b' e spriolag a chuir na mo lion thu,
 Chuireadh tu eagal air seisear nam fiannuis,
 Diuidh na tàine gu faca mi riamh thu,
 Sgrogag gun cireachdas, goireal na blianaich.

Dh' fhalbh mi air turus am meadhoin a Gheamhraidh,
 A dh' iarraidh mart tuaighe air uaislean gun ghanntar;
 Thug iad dhomh seis chuir gun cheist orm anntlachd,
 Diuidh na tàine a bh' Pàdruig as t-Samhradh.

An *topmaster* gasda 'ga molladh a mheall mi,
 'G radh nach tilleadh i idir as t-Samhradh,
 'S nach faigheadh Fear Shuardail air luach i mu Bhealtuinn,
 'S i falbh air a glùinean ag ionnsachadh dannsa.

'S iomadh mart sgiobalta bh' eadar so 's Tolorum,
 Ged a thug mise Nic Griogail a Borgh leam,
 Cha chuir i fo ghillean bonn mire no foirme,
 A draghadh a feithean, 's a geilligean monognach.

'S ann agad tha 'n amhaich a rachadh ro 'n fhàine,
 Iosgaidean caola fo 'n chaoltrum is gràinnde;
 Do shlinnein 's do chruachan mar chruaidh air an ràsair,
 Do thàinidh 's do bhòthan mar chòsan na fàsag.

Bu shuarach air Baron am bancanan lionmhor,
 Ged dheanadh i tuiteam an glutaidh gun fhiachan,
 Seach a toirt dhomhsa na feòlach am bliadhna,
 Bheathachadh ghillean do 'n fhinne nach striochdadh.

'Nuair a dh' fhosgladh a bheist ud gu'm b'èitidh na com i,
 Bha i oilteil ri faicinn, b' iad na h-asnaichean lom iad;
 Thuirt mi fhin ris na daoine nach slaod sibh gu poll i,
 Mu 'm faicear a' màireach aig a grainndead bu donn i.

IAIN MAC 'IC FHIONGHAINN.

Iain Mac 'ic Fhionghainn,
 Fhuair e 'n t-urram air na bh' ann ;
 Dhannsadh e, leumadh e,
 Dh' eireadh e, fhuair e 'n t-urram,
 Shiutadh e, sheatadh e,
 Fhuair e 'n t-urram air na bh' ann.

THEID thu as a' ruidhle,
 Cho dìreach ri gin an Lunnain ;
 Modhannan sgoil-dhannsa
 Gun aimhreit a' tigh'nn a' d' cheann.

'S neo-sgrubail 's an tigh-sheinns' thu,
 Gle fhaighneachdach air cloinn-nighean ;
 Cha 'n fhognadh an stòp leat
 Ach botul air sgornan a' d' laimh.

Bheir do leannan gaol dhuit,
 Cha taobh i ri aon fhear tuilleadh ;
 Beul ghabhail nan òran,
 Gur bòidheach an guth tha d' cheann.

Drumeir agus fìdhleir thu,
 Piobaire nam port cuimir,
 Le d' fheadanan siubhlach
 Tha tùchan do chiuil a' 'm cheann.

Saighdeir foinneamh, finealta,
 Cruinn-chas a dhìreas am bruthach ;
 Marcaich an eich chruidhich,
 'S a chuinleinean a' toirt srann.

O linn Banrigh'n Mairi,
 'S am blàr a bha 'n Sliabh-an-t-Sioraim,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi saighdeir,
 A dh' fhaighnichte romhad thall.

Sgiobair air an fhairg' thu,
 Na 's ainmeil' na aon dheth d' chinne;
 Deas laimh air an stiuir thu,
 Nach curamach am fear crom.

'N am reefadh 's a chaonnaig,
 'S a h-aodach a chumail tioram;
 Cha bhiodh tu a' d' bhall-toirmisg,
 Gu'n glacadh tu 'n ailm ann a' d' laimh.

Ceannard air an t-sluagh thu,
 Gur luath thu gu dol a' d' uidheam;
 'S ma thig oirne cruadal,
 Gu 'n gluais sinn gu dol do 'n Fhraing.

Faighnichidh Bony thu,
 Faighnichidh O'Counel thu;
 'S cha shaoilinn fein a dhonasain,
 Gu fàsadh tu 'na d' chorrán-crom.

ORAN NAN COILLEACH.

Le Aonghus Og Mac-a-phearsain, am Beinabhaoghla.

DI-LUAIN is moch a dhùisgeadh,
 An t-sùil a bha na 'm' cheann,
 Le dithis air an ùrlar,
 'S bu chùirteasach an cainnt;
 Iad a seinn a chiuil dhuinn,
 'S bu bhòidheach leam an greann,
 Gur e thogadh suund orm
 Bhi 'g innse 'u ùine bh' ann.

Bha 'n coilleach dubh mar fheucaig
 Ag éigheach gu ro thràth;
 'S bha m' aigne anns an léumnaich
 Ag éisdeachd ri ghuth tlàth;
 'S beag ioghnadh thu bhi leòmach
 'S ann ort tha 'n còta 's fearr,
 'S do naipicin an òrdugh
 Mar neòinein, buidhe, bàn.

Bha coilleach nan ciamh plantrach,
 'S gach ball deth mar an t-òr;
 Goic air muineal cam aige,
 'S e gamhlanach gu leòr;
 'S tu gu 'n togadh innsinn
 Air duine tinn gu spòrs;
 Am fuaim a thig o' d' chibhlean
 Thog m' inntinn cho 'n mo bheòil.

Gu'n d' thuir an coilleach ruadh rium,
 'S e togail suas gu feum,
 " 'S ann dhomh fhin bu dual
 A bhi cruadalach, deas, treun;
 Gu 'n cuirinn fiughair bhudhach,
 Fo dhuin' o shuain gu feum;
 A nuair a thogainn gruag orm
 'S a bhuailinn mo dhà sgéith.

Tapadh leat a Dhomhnuill,
 'S tu dh' òrduich dhomhsa ghibht,
 Liuthad sgoileir òg
 Le 'm bu deònach a thoirt leis,
 Le 'm bu bhriatha 'n spòrs
 Leis na dhòirte leis a dh' fhuil ;
 'S maireg a bhuaileadh sgian ort
 'Nuair a thuit an cliabh o'n chirc."

" Cha toir mise bh' uam thu,
 'S tu buachaile mo chearc ;
 'S onorach an céil' thu,
 Ort fein a dh' fhàs an tlachd ;
 Saoil sibh nach b' e 'n stéud e,
 Gu foinnidh, euchdach, bras ;
 Ged thachradh nighean an rìgh ris
 Cha toir i chaoidh as feachd."

Bha 'n coilleach dubh gu spòrsail,
 'S e tòiseachadh gu ciuin,
 'Cur a ghuth an òrdugh
 Gu freagairt comhladh dhùinn ;
 "' Nam bithinn leat 's an t-seòmar
 Gu faighinn òr ga chionn,
 Cha chualas riamh ni 's bòiche
 'Non ceòl a sheinneas tu.

'Nuair theid thu na do chòmhdach,
 Gu spòrsail air a bhlàr,
 'S e 'n dath a th' air do chòta
 Chuir mais' o 'd' shròin gu d' earr ;
 Tha lannir uaine tòchdadh
 'S an ian is bòidhche blàth ;
 Tha mòran itean cuachach
 O t-earbull suas a fàs."

Cha toir mise tàmailt
 Gu bràth do 'n choilleach dhearg ;
 'S gun ort ach smachd na h-òige,
 'S tu 'n comhnuidh a fàs calm' ;
 Tha thu gu taiceil, dùmhail,
 Le d' chùl-spuir 's le d' dhà chalp ;
 'S gun fitheach anns an dùthaich
 Nach spùill thu—'s tu tha garg.

'Nan cuirte tuigse nàduir
 An ian an àit' air bith,
 Gur anns a' choileach dhàicheil
 A thog a chàil ri meas;
 A ni dhomh ceann na càrnaid,
 'S gu h-àraid 'sguabadh tigh;
 'S a ghleidheadh am buntàta
 Na b' àbhaist fhàgail ris.

Tha mi air mo phianadh,
 'S nach mol mi trian de 'r gnàths;
 Sguiridh mi dheth 'm bliadhna
 Mu 'm bi mo sgeula cearr;
 Eoin gun sgreadh, gun sgriachail,
 Mar thogas fiannuis chàich,
 Gu ballach, ruiteach, sgiamhach,
 Gu loinneach, lionta, làn.

ORAN NA CLIATHLUAIDH.

Leis an Aonghus Og Cheudna.

THA Aonghus Bàn gu muladach,
 'S e 'n cunnart dhol 's an uaigh ;
 Tha e 'n deigh tùchadh air
 Ag iondrainn na cleith luaidh ;
 Gu bheil corn air maid' aige
 Gun aon slat dheth luaidht' ;
 Saoil nach b' aobhar smaointinn e
 'S a ghaoth air tigh'nn a tuath.

'S i Mairi nighean Ailein so,
 'Ghabh ri d' ghearain càs ;
 Thubhairt i riut gu carthannach
 Thu dh' fhantuinn aig a bhlàs :
 Thu dh' fhaighinn fiach do chosgais
 O Challum Toisgeul cearr ;
 Ma labhair thu theid éirig air
 Tha d' fheum air dol an dréibh.

Beannachd is buaidh-làrach,
 Gu'n robh oirbhse Bhàilidh chòir,
 O nach sibh is coireach
 Ri aon deireas thainig oirnn ;
 Gu bheil call no dhà ann,
 Ge b' e thuigeadh fàth mo sgeòil ;
 A chabhruich rinn mo mhàthair
 A bhi 'n diugh aig càch 'ga h-òl.

Gur a h-iomadh dosgaidh
 A chuir an rosad oirnn ;
 Ged nach smaointich Callum air,
 Gu'n d' cheannaich mi chuid clò ;
 'Nuair thug e chliath o'n àrd-dorus
 'Ga cur na bhàt' air bòrd ;
 Dh' fhalbh i, 's tha chead aice, bh' uat,
 'S cha 'n fhaic thu i ri d' bheò.

Ma 's a mise Callum,
 'S tìm dhomh tarruing ris an tràigh;
 Tha mo shuilean galach,
 'S mi ri aithris mar a bha,
 Chaill mi ball nach cearbach
 Ris a chreig 'bha dearbhta sàs:
 'S mise bha 's an aimlisg
 'Nuair a fhuair mi laimhrig fàs.

Gu 'n ionndraineadh Diuca,
 An diubhail a bha uam;
 Bàta làidir ùr a bh' ann,
 Gun sgar no sùgh ri call;
 Cha d' lubadh 's cha do dhubhadh iad,
 Bùird an Innsegall
 A b' fhearr feum 's an dùthaich
 Na 'n iurach a th' air chall.

Bu darach, dìreach, daingean,
 Bha 'na saithean 's 'na cuid chluas,
 Druim is fiuch-bhord bhìt a bh' innt
 Bu bhreagh a sgrìob air chuan;
 Bu ghiuthas dearg Lochlannach
 A corp mar chaidh e suas;
 Cha robh cron ri inns' orra
 Gu'n d' fhuaradh innt' cliath-luaidh.

'S mise 'bha gu h-aimideach,
 A carachadh Di-Lauin,
 'Dol a dh' ionnsuidh baile leat
 A tharruing na cliath-luaidh;
 Tha mi 'n deigh mo nàrachadh,
 Is clòintean chàich gun luadh;
 Ach Eobhainn, dean a dh' fhàbhar rium
 Na ghabhas pàirt dheth uam.

Ged a gheibhinn dhachaidh e,
 Gun bhreacag dheth bhi uam;
 Saoil nach diamhain dhomhsa sud,
 Seach còmhnadh na cliath-luaidh;
 Biodh e ann no as agad,
 Faic dhachaidh e bho luan,
 Air a chliath gu sàbhailte,
 'S gur fearr leam e na luach.

'Nuair a chuala mise sud,
 Gun tug mi mach gu luath ;
 Thog mi ri na h-oirichean,
 'S gu'n d' nochd mi ris a chuan ;
 Tharruing mi mo *phrospic*
 Gu bhi sealltuinn fada uam,
 'S chunnacas aig a bhreabadair
 Ball deas air tigh'nn a nuadh.

'Nuair ràinig mise 'n t-àilleagan,
 'S an àit' na thàr i stad,
 Gu 'n dh' aiseig na luathragain,
 Dh' fhàg sud buaidh na beirt ;
 Gu'n robh cliath 's an t-Sithein
 Gus 'n do luaidh i mìle slat ;
 'S ghreas iad cho na tràghad
 A chur a bhàta mach.

'Nuair dh' fhalbh mi gu dol dhachaidh leat,
 Gu'm b' aigionnach do cheum ;
 Cha 'n fhaiceadh fear na faire thu,
 Gun stiuir, gun ràmh, gun bhréid ;
 Sheachnadh tu na boghanan,
 'S iad fodha h-uile ceum ;
 Min iarradach air seòlaid i,
 'S i 's eòlaich tha fo 'n ghréin.

Tigh'nn timchioll air a ghuallainn,
 Gu'n robh gaath-a-tuath mu sròin,
 'S bòidheach a fhuaras tu,
 'S tu tigh'nn mu 'n cuairt 'ga d' dheòin ;
 Cha 'n aithnicht' barrachd luasgain orr'
 Ri sauibhreas cruaidh seach bròn,
 Marcachd nan tonn gruamach
 'S i 's luaithe na na h-eòin.

'N cuala sibhse chomhairle,
 Thug Sgeir-a-Chomhar oirun ?
 " Fan a mach o'n earr agam,
 'S e 's fearr na tigh'nn a' m' chòir ;
 Ruith air Sròn-na-Circe,
 Far 'eil port nach bris thu bòrd,
 Gu'n cuir thu chliath a shàruich thu
 Do dh' ath Mhic Dhombhnuill Oig."

Gu'n robh mòran ùprait ort,
Mu 'n chléith 's nach b' fhiu i taing;
Fhuair i barrachd ionnsachaidh,
A chionn i dhol air chall;
Ach 's lughaide mo chùram sud,
O'n fhuair mi toirt a nall:
Sud i air an ùrlar agad,
Cliath a mh... 's na br...

AOIR A RINNEADH le Piobaire Mor Dhruimear-
bhfinn air Iagan Beag a' Chotain bhàin,
Ministear dhe'n Eaglais Easbuigeach, a bha
comharraichte air son na geòcaireachd.

Bho 'n fhuair a Ministear Beag mac-làthaich,
Bho 'n fhuair a ministear am beathach grànnda;
Bho 'n fhuair a ministear am beathach i'ngach,
Gur mi tha cinnteach gu 'n d' ith e shàth dheth.

An am na Faoiltich, 's na h-aimsir fhiadhaich,
'S an fhairg' air bhoil le stoirm 's le dian-ghaoith;
Gu 'n d' fhàg an làn air a' chladach shios ud,
Mac-làthaich iargalt', 's gu fìor bu ghrànnd e.

Bha bhial cho farsuinn 's gu 'n teachdadh cliabh ann,
'S mar bhioran stàiliun bha ràthan fhiacal,
'S nuair chaidh a thionndadh dhuinn air a chliathaich,
Cìod 'sgeith a bhial ach cù riabhach Mairi!

Bha a bhéist cho mòr, cho tròm, 's cho dùmhail,
Air paidhir charbad 's ann dh' fheumt' a ghiulan,
Is dol ri bruthach bha spàirn is pùcadh,
Is fallus cùirneach air gnùis nan àrnuinn.

'N sin leig iad sìos aig an dorus chùil e,
'S bha botul làn aig na fearaibh cùirteil,
'S an deigh an spàirn gu 'n d' òl iad drùthag
Dhe 'n tarrainn dhùbailt rinn Domh'll an Tàileir.

Feuch! anns a mhaduinn, an deigh dha éiridh,
'S a fhuair e 'n fhaodail a bha dha feumail,
Ri bean-an-tighe gu 'n d' rinn e éigheach,
“ Bi sgairteil, is greidh gu grad dhomh pàirt dheth.”

'S e Eobhann Ciobair a bha 'na éiginn,
'Nuair dh' fheum e chutadh 's a chur o cheile;
Bha dheth droch fhàileadh a bha ro éitidh,
'S gur duine treubhach a dh' fhanadh laimh ris.

Tha 'n t-iasg ud neòghlan, cha 'n ithear mìr dheth,
 Bha e toirmisgte le Maois 's a Bhiobul,
 Cha robh lann air, an àird' no 'n iosal,
 Ach ballach, grìsfhionn mar a mhial-mhàgain.

Bho 'n bha 'n t-iasg neòghlan mu d' bhòrd 'ga riasladh,
 Cha mheal thu 'n còta, 's ann bheirear dhìot e;
 'S fo ghlais a'm prìosan no 'm brangas iarruinn,
 Cha chluinnear Iagan a leughadh Gàidhlig.

Cha d' fhuair do shearbhant aon chrioman riamh dheth,
 Cha d' rinn an créutair urrad 's fhiachainn;
 Ghabh thusa sgian dha gu lonach, ciocrach,
 'S cha b' e rud crìon dheth chaidh sìos a' d' mhàileid.

Tha 'n t-am a nis dhomh a bhì comh-dhùnadh,
 Cha 'n 'eil stà ann 'bhi caitheamh ùine;
 Ach guidheam slàinte nan gaisgeach lùthmhor
 A chuir an t-ùruisg gu dhearbh bhràthair.

ORAN AN T-SAOIR.

Le Aonghus Mac-a-phearsain (MacChalluim'ic Iain)
am Beinnabhaoghla.

Seisd:—'S na ho hi horò,
Gur mis' tha fo mhulad,
Cha léir dhomh le m' shùilean,
'Nuair dhùinear an uinneag;
Gun chomas air gluasad,
Ach cruadal 'ga fhulang,
Mi 'n dùil ri mo shlàinte,
'S gu'n d' fhàg i mi buileach.

B' e so geamhradh gun sòlas,
Thainig fòirneart 'nar caramh,
Gun lochdradh, gun sàbhadh,
Ach cràdh gar cur thairis;
Tha cainnt Mhr. Seumas
'Gam theumadh a dh' aindeoin:
Mar sguir mi de 'n òl
Nach bi tròcair aig m' anam.

Tha mo bheans' air a marbhadh,
A falbh feadh an fhearainn,
A ceannach 's ag iarraidh,
Gach sion a bhiodh maith dhomh;
An deigh a pianadh
'S a riasladh le caithris;
'S a dh' aindeoin a saothair
Tha 'n saor gu bhi thairis.

Chuir mi fios air an t-sagart
A th' aca 's an Iochdar,
O'n tha e na dhotair
Gu socair rium fhiachainn;
'Nuair thainig e nall
Bha mo cheann-sa san fhiabhrus,
'S ann thubhairt e, "Tha 'm bàs ort,
'S cha 'n fhàg e thu 'n di-chuimhn'."

Sagart an Uiridh,
 Tha mi diumbach dheth 'n dràsta,
 Chuir mi fios air gus m' eisdeachd,
 'S ge b' fheumach cha d' thainig ;
 Mo pheacaidh 'nan tòrr,
 Bha mi deònach an àireamh
 'S mu 'n rachainn do 'n t-siurr'achd
 Na fiachan a phàigheadh.

Siosalaich, Griogalaich,
 Tric ga mo bhòtadh,
 Iad trom orm uile,
 'S mi umhail gu leòr dhaibh ;
 Air son siochaire botuil
 A chosg 's an tigh-òsda,
 'S mi fhin bhi 'g a chosnadh
 Le locradh 's le gròbadh.

'S ma gheibh mi mo shùilean
 Bheir mi 'n ionnsuidh so fhathasd,
 Mo bheannachd le dùrachd
 Gu d' ionnsuidh a Bharraidh ;
 Sar cheannard na cléire,
 Nach leughadh a ghainne,
 'S beag ioghnadh do threud
 Gun dol ceum ann am mearachd.

Gur tric bhios mi smaointinn
 Air na daoine nach mairionn,
 A dh' òladh, 's a dh' iarraidh,
 'S a riaraidheadh drama ;
 Ma tha iad 's an t-siurr'achd,
 Is pian aig an anam,
 'S e 'n obair nach fhiach
 A bhi deanamh an drama,
 Na idir ga òl !

ORAN NA MNATHA.

Leis an Ughdar Cheudna.

Air fàill illirinn otho,
 Hùg is othoro éile ;
 Air fàill illirinn otho,
 Hùg is othoro éile ;
 Air fàill illirinn otho,
 Hùg is othoro éile ;
 Ged a dh' òlainn-sa botul,
 C'arson bhiodh sprochd ort mu dhéighinn ?

Isc:—Ged a dh' òladh tu beagan,
 Cha b' e do dheifir e làthair ;
 Ach c'uim' nach ceannaiche' tu *tea* dhomh,
 'Nuair bhithinn tinn 's gu'n mi m' shlàinte ;
 'S gu 'm bu mhaith mi gu fuaghal
 Aig mnathan uaisl' anns gach àite ;
 'S an deigh gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,
 'S olc an duais dhomh mo chàineadh.

E'san:—'S e sin am fasan a mhil thu,
 Bha fiosam fhin air do nàdur ;
 Coire 's teine 's e gaoirich,
 Gun dad a smaointinn air àiteach ;
 'S tric a cheannaich mi punnd dhuit,
 'S an toirt ga d' ionnsuidh a dhà dhiubh ;
 'S a nis o'n theirig mo stòras,
 'S ann tha thu deònach air m' fhàgail.

Ise:—'Nuair a bha mi 'n am òige
 Bha fir an còmhnuidh 'g am iarraidh,
 Ged bha thusa cho ròideil
 'Gam chur an dòchas le breagan ;
 Bha mi aimideach gòrach,
 A' creidsinn glòir duine dhiamhain ;
 An diugh is soilleir do sheòl dhomh,
 Dh' fhàg an t-òl thu d' mhaol-ciarain.

Esan:—Ma 's e falbh a th' air t' aire,
 'S nach dean thu fantuinn air m' àruinn,
 Ruig an t-à' 'eil Mr. Cailin,
 'S dean do ghearan a màireach ;
 Cuimhnich fan aig an fhirinn,
 'S na bi ga 'm chìopadh a làthair ;
 'S ged tha 'n dochair ga' d' bhuaireadh,
 'S e fuireach buannachd a b' fhearr dhuit.

Ach saoil nach faighinn-sa 'n uair sin,
 Te le buaile mhaith spréidhe,
 Ged tha thusa 'g am bhuaireadh,
 Tha mi suarach mu 'd dhéighinn ;
 'S ann a chuireas mi uam thu,
 'S gheibh mi gruagach bhios spéiseil,
 O nach faod mi bli suas riut
 Le trod mu thruaighe ! gun reusan.

ORAN A BHATA DO 'M B'AINM
"STRUILEAG."

Leis an Ughdar Cheudna.

DH' EIRICH mi 's a' mhaduinn,
'S chaidh mi mach le sunnd,
Chunnaic mise 'm *prize*
Anns a ghàradh lom ;
" Struileag " air a càradh
'S i bhi slàn gun toll ;
'S ma gheibh mi mo shlàinte,
Cha bhi dàil aic' ann.

Bàta luchdmhor, tlachdmhor,
Acuinneach gu gnìomh ;
Nach dean daoine dhochann,
Iomradh socair, dian,
Raimh a ghiubhas Lochlann,
Locair air a liadh ;
'S i dìonach mar bhotul
Am biodh *corle* na bheal.

'S tha i dìonach, socair,
O toiseach gu sàil,
Rancan air a cliathaich,
Nach deach riamh an sàs ;
Tha i air a dlùthadh
'Chor 's nach drùigh orr' sàl,
Giubhas a Lochiall
A ghabhadh snìomh gun spàirn.

Cha bhi bàta dòigheil,
'S còcaire ga dìth ;
'S ann bhios againn Domh'ull,
Oganach deas, grinn ;
Gille cridheil, tapaidh,
Phaisgeas na siuil chinn,
'S a bheir greis air stiùireadh
Ged a rùisgte cruinn.

'S thug thu leat gu baile,
Do charaide fein,
Gu lochradh a daraich,
'S e gu sleamhuinn réidh;
Tha i nise làidir
Aisigeach gu feum:
Far a nall am botul,
'S luaithe deoch na sgeul.

Buill is stagh, is tarruing,
.
Cruinn nach lùb ri gaillionn
Racanan nach leum;
Falmadair maith daraich,
'S e gu sleamhuinn réidh;
Stiùir air chumadh camain,
'S aigionnach a ceum.

MARBHRANN NIGHEAN DOMH'UILL OG
IC IGAIN.

'N CUALA sibhse mar thachair
Do 'n te dh' fhalbh air a phacaid mu 'n cuairt ;
Gun deach a bàthadh, no tachdadh,
Am poll-mònadh a Bhaternis shuas ;
Sgeula cràiteach ri eisdeachd
Gu'n d' éug i, 's gu'n dh' fhàs i cho cruaidh ;
Bha dà shùil aig an fharspaig
Agus faoileag a cac air a cluais.

Tha do chàirdean fo mhi-ghean,
Nighean Domh'uill Oig 'dhol a dhìth, b' e sgeul cruaidh,
'Bhi 'n Cladh-Chòmhain 'na sìneadh,
An te dh' òladh an *tea*, 's cha b' ann fuar ;
I fein 's Rìgh Lochlann nan cìsean,
Tòn ri tòn is iad sìnnte 's an uaigh !
Rìgh mòr, meannach nam piosan,
Is Nic Igain shiobhalta, shuaire !

Sud an tòradh bha cosgail,
Bha maithibh 'cur mholt ann is ghiadh ;
H-uile h-aon fad' is farsuinn
'Triall ga ionnsuidh air astar le biadh ;
Chuir a Bhantighearna Chatach,
Dusan ràcan is cearc thugainn ann,
Sgriobh i t-ainm agus t-fhasan
Air a chloich a bha 'n taice ri d' cheann.

'S e sud an tiotal a sgrìobh i,
" 'S ann an so tha bhean shiobhalta, shuaire,
'S maith a dh' òladh i *tea*
Ged a tha i na sìneadh 's an uaigh ;
Gu 'm b' e suaicheantas cìnnteach
Cup' is sàsair, is pios, agus cuach,
Is Stuth-na-Tòiseachd 'bhi innte,
'S a phoit-tea 's an t-ìm 'thoirt a nuas."

Cha 'n 'eil àit' anns na Hearradh,
 Eadar sin agus Barraidh Mhic Neill,
 Tigh-Iain-Ghròt ann an Gallaobh,
 Nach do dh' fhalbh thu, a Mhaili air sgrìobh;
 Air fàithe cloimhe do " Shatshaig "

'S gun ròine de sheacaid mu dhruim:
 Gille gòrach, bochd, falamh,
 'S e gun eirbheirt, gun aithne, gun suim.

'Nuair a dh' fhalbh thu a Sealtuinn,
 Bha do phlàt' air a calcadh gu teann;
 Ghabh thu braighe nam bailtean,
 Feuch an tàra' tu phacaid na am;
 Bha thu làidir gu tarruing

'S " Dischearga " gu daingeann na d' laimh,
 Gus an d' thainig an gaisgeach
 Nach dean fàbhur ri neach a ta ann.

ORAN AONGHUIS RU AidH.

'S MISE ta fo mhighèan mu 'n ghille,
 Leis an fheusaig ruaidh,
 Tha nuas le fuaim do chithil ;
 'S mise ta fo mhi-ghean mu 'n ghille.

Ged tha 'n t-side fiadhaich,
 'S feudar falbh ga 'd iarraidh ;
 'S cha 'n 'eil fhios o Dhia
 'N e sliabh a ni thu tighinn !

Chunnacas air a bhò-raoir,
 Do dhreag aig Cnoc-Sornain,
 'S cha chluinntir an seòmar
 Fuaim do mheòir air fiodhuill.

Gur mise bhios cràiteach,
 'S a' mhaduinn a màireach,
 Ma gheibhear an sàs thu,
 'S gun thu blàth 'g ad' ruigheadh.

Cuiridh sinn fios le Pàdruig,
 Gu d' athair 's gu d' mhàthair,
 Gun fuireach ri tràigh,
 Ma 's urrainn bàta tighinn.

Cruinnichidh sinn iad còmhladh,
 A dh' ionnsuidh do thòraidh,
 Eobhann Maor gu òl,
 'S Bean Thormaid Oig gu bruidhinn.

ORAN NAN EIRIONNACH AN GLASCHO.

Le Alastair Moireastan, a' Rucaidh, an
Uidhist-a-tuath.

INNSIDH mise sgeula
Mu na h-Eirionnaich an dràsda dhuibh,
Cho fad' 's a ni mo leirsinn dhomb,
Gur creutairean mi-ghnàthaicht' iad ;
O'n thainig iad do 'n dùthaich so,
Gur beag tha chliù ri àireamh orr' ;
'S e 'n t-arm a bhios mar sgiath orra
Droch sgian anns am bi bearnachan.

'Nuair thig iad do 'n a' bhaile so
Bi ad is briogais bhàn orra ;
Bi 'n còtaichean cho fada
'S gu'm bi slat dheth fo 'na mhàs aca ;
'Nuair theid iad do 'n tigh-òsda
Gu 'm bi stòp de 'n fhear as fearr aca ;
Bi *Paddy* agus *Roger* orr',
'S gach seorsa dh' ainm mi-ghnàthaichte.

Gu'n d' chuartaich iad an dùthaich so,
Cha 'n fhaighear grunn'd 's an càirear iad,
Cha chluinntear ach 'nan trùillich iad
A spùilleadh cuid a' nàbuidhean ;
'S ged rachadh iad do 'n phrìosan
Gu 'm bi 'n inntinn mar is àbhaist dhith ;
'S gur truagh nach ra'dh au ruaig orra
Do 'n chuan gu 'n ra'dh am bàthadh ann.

'S e daoine tha ro thruaillidh iad,
Tha 'n sluagh a deanamh tàir' orra ;
Cha chluinn thu anns gach tuairisgeul,
Ach fear an Cluaidh ga bhàthadh dhiubh ;
'S ged cheannaicheadh iad an t-aodach
Bi e daonnan anns a' *phaun* aca,
'S cha stad iad gus an òl iad e,
'S gu faic thu 'n tòn gun snàil' orra !

Cha chuideachd le daoin' uaisle iad,
 'S cha chruaidh leotha ged bhàsaicheadh
 Gach neach a tha 's an rioghachd dhiubh,
 'S mi fhìn a dheanadh gàire ris ;
 Gu 'm falbhainn agus taod agam
 De ghaoisid an eich bhàin riutha ;
 'S gun rachainn chum na féille leo,
 'S iad sud an spréidh nach àrdaichear.

Ged bhitheas sinn' ga 'n eisgeadh,
 Gur a feumail dhuinn air uairibh iad,
 Gu cairteadh nan dùn innearach,
 'S gu cruinneachadh na luathadh dhuinn ;
 'S maith gu glanadh shràidean iad,
 Cha 'n fhàg iad fiu is buachar orr' ;
 Tha 'n stamagan cho làidir
 'S nach cuir fàileadh dad a bhruaillean orr'.

'S fheudar dhomh nis inuse dhuibh
 An inntinn a th' aig pàirt aca,
 Ged bhiodh iad mar an sioda riut
 Tha 'n inntinn cho droch nàdurach ;
 Ma tha thu na do Phròstanach
 Cha sòradh iad an làmhag ort,
 'S na faigheadh iad an cùil thu,
 Cha bu chùis dhuit a bhi sàbhailte.

Cha 'n 'eil àite 'n cuala sinn,
 Nach cluinntear fuaim an cànalach,
 Tha moran dhiubh 's an t-saighdeareachd,
 'S tha roinn dhiubh anns a' Phàrlamaid ;
 Ged rachadh tu do 'n Eiphit
 Gu bheil Eirionnaich 's an àite sin,
 'S an Eachdraidh a Phrionnsa
 Gu'n robh grunn dhiubh leis gu'n bhàsaich e.

Cha bhi mi ris a chòrr dheth,
 Ach bu trècaireach do dh' Alba nis,
 Gu 'm biodh iad air am fògradh as
 Gach Ròmanach tha falbh innte ;
 Gu'n eireadh Grian na Fireantachd
 Air inntinn luchd nan Garbh-chrìochan.
 'S cha bhiodh iad air an sàrachadh
 Mar tha iad aig na falbhanaich.

BLAR HOGH.

Leis an Urramach Ruairidh MacDhomhnuill,
Ministear Uidhist-a-deas.

Fonn—Dh' fhalbh na gillean grinn
Fo 'n cuid armaibh,
Gur boidheach leam fhin
Thig an t-aodach dearg dhoibh.

AN cuala sibhse 'n dràsda,
'N trod a bh' aig na h-àrmuinn,
Air an Iolain-Aird
'Nuair theabas pàirt dhiubh mharbhadh.

Sud far an robh 'n ùprait
Nach robh riamh 's an dùthaich;
Bha gach claidheamh rùisgt'
'Nuair chruinnich cùirt nan cailleachan.

Sud far an robh 'n iomairt,
Coslas Sliabh-an-t-Siorraim;
Bha mi fhin an cunnart
Nach urrainn dhomh sheannachas.

Dh' eirich na fir mhòra
'Chur a chath an òrdugh;
'S mu 'n do sguir a chòmhstri
Gu 'n d' leònadh Mac Fhearghuis.

Thainig Mac-a-Bhànaich,
Ag iomachd gu stràiceil;
'S nuair a dh' fhairtlich càch air
Thug e lamh air Fearchar.

Thainig fear na h-ùprait,
Marcaich air each siubhlach,
Fear le ceithir sùilean
'S bu diulnach gu dearbh e.

'Nuair thòisich an tuasaid,
 Ghabh Mac-Phàdruig fuathas;
 'S nuair sheall e mu 'n cuairt air
 Bu ghruamach a mhalaidhean.

Cò sud thall is stùic air!
 'N euala sibh a' bhuireich?
 Teichibh do na cùilean
 Mu 'n tionndaidh an tarbh ribh.

Ach 'nuair chunnacas Tearlach,
 A nochdadh air fàire;
 Theich iad anns gach àite
 Dh' iarraidh àite tearmaid.

Raonull Bàn nan duanag,
 'S gamhainn glas air chluais aig',
 Fiach co fear bu luaithe
 Suas gu mullach Haracaidh.

Theich na Baolaich dhachaidh,
 Surd orra ri astar;
 'S an còtaichean fada
 Bas-bhualadh mu 'n earbuill.

Fhuaras fear 'na shìneadh,
 Bodach glas nan cìlean;
 Dh' fhàg iad anns an dìg e,
 'S rinn mi fhin dha marbhrann.

Thainig bodach liath-ghlas,
 'S pòc aig air gach slìosaid,
 Agus peann de dh' iarunn
 Gu cur sìos na mharbhte.

TALADH.

Bà, bà, bà, mo leanabh,
 Bà, mo leanabh, bà ;
 Bà, ho i o, mo leanabh,
 Cha 'n 'eil thu ach bà.

Is iomadh oidhche fiuch is tioram,
 Side nan seachd sian,
 A chuir Griogal ormsa fasgadh,
 A chumadh orm dion.

'S buidhe mhnathan òga 'bhaile,
 Fhuair an cadal seimh ;
 Mise so air bruaich do leapa
 'Bualadh mo dha làmh.

Ged tha mi gun ùbhlan agam,
 'S m' ùbhlan uil' aig càch,
 'S ann tha m' ulaidh, cùbhraidh, caineal,
 'S cùl a chinn ri làr.

Fheudail a dh' fhearaibh an domhain,
 Dhòirt iad t' fhuil an de ;
 Chuir iad do cheann air stob daraich,
 Tacan beag uam fein.

Dhìrich mi 'bheinn mhòr gun anail,
 Mu 'n do ghlas an là,
 Chuir mi gruag mo chinn ri talamh
 'S craicionn mo dha làmh.

'S truagh nach robh m' athair 's an teasaich,
 'S Iarl Adhull an laimh ;
 Griogal cridhe nam bas gealla
 Eadar mo dha laimh.

B' annsa 'bhi aig Griogal cridhe,
 'G iomain chruidh 's a ghleann,
 Na aig Baran crionda, gallach,
 'S sioda dubh mu m' cheann.

TALADH.

CHUIRINN fhin mo leanabh gu làr,
 Mo leanabh gu làr, mo leanabh gu làr ;
 Chuirinn fhin mo leanabh gu làr,
 'S cha bhanaltrum dha mi fhin.

Chuirinn fhin mo ghamhna dheoghal,
 Na gamhna dheoghal, na gamhna dheoghal ;
 Chuirinn fhin na gamhna dheoghal,
 'S nach banachaig bleodhainn dhaibh mi.

Och ! mar tha mo chiochan làn,
 M' achlais fàs, mo chiochan làn,
 Och ! mar tha mo chiochan làn,
 'S mo shùil an deigh mo chùrachain.

Shiubhail mi bheinn o cheann gu ceann,
 O bheann gu beann, o cheann gu ceann ;
 Shiubhail mi bheinn o cheann gu ceann,
 Ciod tha cha d' fhuair mi 'n cùrachan.

Fhuair mi lorg an fheidh 's a' bheinn,
 An fheidh 's a bheinn, an fheidh 's a bheinn ;
 Fhuair mi lorg an fheidh 's a bheinn,
 Ciod tha cha d' fhuair mi 'n cùrachan.

Fhuair mi lorg a bhric air an allt,
 A bhric air an allt, a bhric air an allt ;
 Fhuair mi lorg a bhric air an allt,
 Ciod tha cha d' fhuair mi 'n cùrachan.

Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
 Na h-eal' air an t-snàmh, na h-eal' air an t-snàmh ;
 Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh ;
 'S cha d' fhuair mi lorg a chùrachain.

Fhuair mi lorg na bà 's a laoigh,
 Na bà 's a laoigh, na bà 's a laoigh ;
 Fhuair mi lorg na bà 's a laoigh,
 Ciod tha cha d' fhuair mi 'n cùrachan.

Fhuair mi chas 's cha d' fhuair mi 'n ceann,
Tha mi sgìth a siubhal bheann ;
Fhuair mi chas 's cha d' fhuair mi 'n ceann,
Cha d' fhuair mi ceann mo chùrachain.

Tha bò mhaol dhonn a dìreadh bheann,
Tha bò mhaol dhonn a tearnadh bheann,
O thaobh a ghlinn gu bruaich nan allt,
Tha ise sgìth 's a laogh air chall.

TALADH.

CHA tig Mòr, mo bhean, dhachaidh,
 Cha tig Mòr, mo bhean ghaoil;
 Cha tig màthair mo leanabh,
 'S cha laidh i ri 'n' thaobh.

Eisd! a leanabh gu samhach,
 Cuimhnich thusa mar tha;
 Tha do mhathair fo leacau,
 'S tha m' achlais-sa fàs.

Tha 'n crodh anns an eadradh,
 'S iad a freagairt nan laogh;
 Tha mo Mhòr-sa 'n Dunbheagain,
 'S cha fhreagair i 'n glaoth.

Ged a gheibhinns' air m' òrdugh,
 Stoc is stòras an rìgh;
 B' annsa Mòr a thigh'nu dhachaidh
 Gu laidhe ri 'n thaobh.

Fàsaidh bàrr air an iubhar,
 Fàsaidh duilleach air craoibh;
 Fàsaidh fras air an luachair,
 Ged nach d' fhuair mo bhean-s' aois.

Ged a dheanainn fhin posadh,
 Mar bu chòir dhomh 'n a' d' dheigh;
 O cha togadh mo chridhe
 Ri fìdhioll nan teud.

LUIÑNEAG BHLEOGHAIN NA BANACHAIG.

C' àite 'n cualas, hò hò,
 Geum bu chruaidhe, hò hò,
 Na do gheum-sa, ho ho, bha-ho,
 An druim-fhionn uasal, hò hò.

Na do gheumsa, hò hò,
 An druimfhionn uasal, hò hò,
 T' fhaotainn a' m' laimh, ho ho, bha-ho,
 'S mi 'ga 'd' ruagadh, hò hò.

T' fhaotainn a' m' laimh, hò hò,
 'S mi 'ga 'd' ruagadh, hò hò,
 Sios 's a nios, ho ho, bha-ho.
 Feadh na buaile, hò hò.

Sios 's a nios, hò hò,
 Feadh na buaile, hò hò,
 Is tusa 'g ionndrainn, ho ho, bha-ho,
 Na bha bh' uamsa, hò hò.

Is tusa 'g ionndrainn, hò hò,
 Na bha bh' uamsa, hò hò,
 Cha 'n ioghuadh mise, ho ho, bha-ho,
 'Bhi fo ghruaman, hò hò.

Cha 'n ioghnadh mise, hò hò,
 'Bhi fo ghruaman, hò hò,
 Cha mhàthair mise, ho ho, bha-ho,
 Gun mo leanabh, hò hò.

Cha mhàthair mise, hò hò,
 Gun mo leanabh, hò hò,
 Bò air deasgach, ho ho, bha-ho,
 Dh' fhalbh am bainne, hò hò.

Bò air deasgach, hò hò,
 Dh' fhalbh am bainne, hò hò,
 Tha 'n tobar tràighte, ho ho, bha-ho,
 Dh' fhalbh am fìor-uisg', hò hò.

Tha 'n tobar tràighte, hò hò,
 Dh' fhalbh am fìor-uisg, hò hò,
 Cha b' ann, a ghaoil, ho ho, bha-ho,
 Ris na gillean, hò hò.

Cha b' ann, a ghaoil, hò hò,
 Ris na gillean, hò hò,
 Bhiodh tu mire, ho ho, bha-ho,
 Ach ri m' ghruagaich, hò hò.

Cha b' ann ri gillean, hò hò,
 Bhiodh tu mire, hò hò,
 Ach ri m' ghruagaich, ho ho, bha-ho,
 Ri m' gheal ghruagaich, hò hò.

ORAN SITHE.

O PHIUTHRAG olc, O phiuthrag!
 'S mairg a dh' innseadh dhuit a' rùn;
 'S mòr bu luaithe thigeadh sgeul,
 Troimh do bheul na troimh do ghluinn.

Thug mo leannan dhomhsa cìr,
 Thug e crios dhomh agus stiòm,
 Air son coinneamh dheanamh ris,
 'M bun a phris mu 'n eireadh grian.

Chi mi mo thriuir bhràithrean donna,
 Air na h-eachaibh loma, luath,
 Saighead gu'n robh 'm bun an cléibh
 'S fuil an cré a' sileadh uath'.

B' fhearr leam na uil' òr na cruinne,
 No feudail an domhain gu léir,
 Thusa ghràidh thigh'nn o'n chnoc-uaine,
 'Dol do 'n uaigneas 's sinn leinn fein.

Buaidh chnoc, buaidh gu moch;
 Buaidh gun lochd gu bràth bhi ort,
 Luaidh-gheal o stuaigh eitidh,
 Solus an là, aoibhneas is àdh, réidh dhuit.

NA TRI EOIN CHRUIÑNE-GHEALA DHONN.

Na tri eoin chruinne-gheala dhonn,
 Chruinne-gheala dhonn, chruinne-gheala dhonn ;
 Na tri eoin chruinne-gheala dhonn,
 'S b' iad sud na tri eoin.

Is dubh am fionn sin, 's dubh am fionn,
 Chaidh mi butarscionn 's mo bhean ;
 Ma their mise 's dubh am fitheach,
 Their is' gu bheil am fitheach geal.

Tha bean agam mar an fheanntag,
 Bean a's crainnte na tom druis ;
 Bean is teodha na seachd teinntean,
 Bean chruaidh, chrainntidh, mharbh i mis'.

Thogain tigh air làrach lom,
 Chuirinn bonn ri maide cas,
 Thigeadh ise 's car na ceann,
 " 'S mairg a rachadh ann a steach."

Dheanainn treabhadh, dheanainn buain,
 Dheanainn cruach mar fhear a chàch,
 Theireadh i mar bha i beò,
 Nach robh ann ach tòrr air làr.

Dheanainn iasgach leis an dorgh,
 Mharbhainn langa, mharbhainn sgait ;
 Chuireadh ise 'lamh na cliabh
 'S dh' iarradh i sud thoirt do 'n chat.

Dheanainn cuman air fiodh cruaidh,
 A shuidheadh gu buan air an làr ;
 Chuireadh i h-anam an geall,
 Gu 'n robh e 'call air a mhàs.

Teine 'ga fhadadh mu loch,
Gu tiormachadh cloich an cuan,
Comhairle 'g a toirt do mhnaoi bhuirb
Mar bhuil' ùird air iarrunn fuar.

Cha truimid an loch an lach,
Cha truimid an t-each a shrian,
Cha truimid a' chaor' a h-olann,
'S cha truimid a' choluinn ciall.

ORAN NA BRÀTH.

Bràth, bràth, bleith, O, bràth, bràth, bleith,
 Beil a chailleach a' bhràth,
 Beil i mar is àill leinne.
 Cha bheil, cha bheil, cha bheil, cha bheil,
 Gu de 's feairrde mi sin?
 Faoilteachd an aodaich, is càirdeas 'n ar maithibh,
 Is e do bheatha-sa 'nam measg.
 Gu de 's feairrde mi siu?
 Beil a chailleach a bhràth,
 'S gheibh thu 'm bonnach brathan uam,
 Cha mhor bàigh dheanaim ris,
 Sùgradh dha d' chàirein le blàth-bhain o'n bhanairaich,
 'S cha b' e droch cheannachd a bhi ris.
 Bràth, bràth, bleith, O, bràth, bràth, bleith,
 Cha bheil, cha bheil, cha bheil, cha bheil.
 Beil a chailleach a bhràth,
 'S gheibh thu fear an tìghe bh' uam.
 Cò rianh a dheanadh sin?
 Siubhladh e 'n t-àrd dhuit,
 'S cha bhi blàths air a mhalaidh riut,
 'S cha bhi thu smalanach mar ris.
 Bràth, bràth, bleith, O, bràth, bràth, bleith,
 Cha bheil, cha bheil, cha bheil, cha bheil.
 Beil a chailleach a bhrà 's fear a tigh'nn 'ga'd iarraidh.
 Gu de 'n t-aodach a th' air?
 Lùireach is barlag is seann chraiciunn brathain,
 Is maide brathain air son claidheamh air a leas.
 Bràth, bràth, bleith, O, bràth, bràth, bleith,
 Beilidh mi gu dìongant' i, gu dìongant' i, gu dìongant' i,
 Chi mi fada bh' uam thu,
 Mo luaidh ort 's mo rath,
 Hem bò ruagamaid, hem bò hath,
 'G amharc air a bhuar,
 A ta cluainn air an t-srath.
 Tha mo luran ort, a ghaoil,
 Tha mo chuilein ort, a ghràidh,
 Hem bò ruagamaid, hem bò hath.

Thogadh tu mo smùr dhìom,
 'S tu mùirnein nam flath.
 Tha sealladh aig mo shùilean,
 Thog eallach dhìom is dùiseal;
 'S tha m' aire nis air sùgradh
 Le cùirteir nam flath.
 'S docha leam an dùbhradh
 Na mo thriuir mhac,
 Hem bò ruagamaid, hem bò hath.
 Tha m' fhaireachadh air dùsgadh,
 Cha chailleach ach bean ùr mi;
 Mo ghean air aiseag lùis dhomh,
 'S mo rùn air an t-srath.
 Tha m' ulaidh air an fhiuran,
 Na mullaichean a shiubhladh:
 Tha m' fhuil a deanamh ciuil dhomh
 'S mo dhiul'ach 's an t-srath.
 Gu'n leigin le mo chuailein,
 'Bhi mire ri mo ghuailllean
 A dannsa le mo luaidh
 Chi mi uam air an t-srath.
 Ag amharc air a' bhuar
 Tha 'm fear-fearail, geanail, suairc',
 Air a bheil a h-uile buaidh
 Bhiodh air uasal no flàth.

CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH.

Och nan och ! leagadh thu,
 Och nan och ! leagadh thu,
 Och nan och ! leagadh thu,
 'M bealach a ghàraidh.

Leag an t-each ceannfhionn thu,
 Leag an t-each ceannfhionn thu,
 Leag an t-each ceannfhionn thu,
 'N ionad a ghàraidh.

Gur mise 'bhean-mhulaid,
 A giulan a churraic ;
 O'n a chuala gach duine
 Gur ann 'na mhullach 'bha 'm fàbhar.

Is mi mhaigdean ro-dhubhach,
 Nach faighnichear tuilleadh ;
 O'n taca so 'n uiridh
 'Nuair a chuireadh orm fàinne.

Is mis' tha gu tùrsach,
 'S tric snith' air mo shùilean,
 'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhiurain,
 Marcaich ùr nan steud àluinn.

An leann a thog iad gu d' bhanais,
 An leann a thog iad gu d' bhanais,
 An leann a thog iad gu d' bhanais,
 'S ann gu t-fhalairidh bha e.

Eoghainn Oig o'n tùr allail,
 Anns an ùir ann am falach ;
 Gur a mise bha gallach
 'N am nan gallan a thràghadh.

Gur a mise bha deurach,
 Tionndadh uchdan an t-sleibhe ;
 Luidh smal air mo leirsinn,
 'S trom mo cheum 's mi air t' fhàgail.

Gur a mise bha tùrsach,
 'Nuair a chuir iad 's na bùird thu ;
 Thoir mo shoiridh le dùrachd,
 Dh' ionnsuidh tùr nan clach àrda.

Cha robh cron ort ri fhaotainn,
 'S mòr a mhais' a bha t' aodan ;
 Cha 'n iarrainn dheth 'n t-saoghal
 Ach thu ghaoil a bhi làn h rium.

Cha teid mi gu banais,
 Gu féill no gu faidhir ;
 Gur ann toiseach an Earraich
 Fhuair mi 'n saighead a chràidh mi.

Mo cheist air mo leannan,
 Fiuran òg a chùil chlannaich ;
 Gu'm bu chùraidh 'nan caineal,
 Leam anail do bhràghad.

Dhannsadh tu còmhnard,
 Nan seinneadh iad ceòl dhuit ;
 'S cha lùbadh tu 'm feòirnein
 Fo shròin do bhròg àrda.

Bu shealgair an fheidh thu,
 'S a bhuic bhinnich a leumadh,
 A choilich dhuibh air bhàrr géige ;
 'S gu'n reubt an t-eun bàn leat.

Tha mo cheist air do phiuthair,
 Bean òg a chuil bhuidhe ;
 Gur a maith thig dhuit ruthadh
 Tigh'nn o shiubhal an fhàsaich.

Marcaich an eich leumnaich dhuibh,
 Bharr-fhionn duibh, leumnaich dhuibh,
 Marcaich an eich leumnaich dhuibh,
 Leag an t-each bàn thu.

'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S bheirinn air laimh ort.

Och! ochan! mo leiradh!
Nach do fhreagair thu 'n éibhe,
Bha thusa 'na d' eiginn
'S mi eudail teachd làmh riut.

Eoghainn Oig, leagadh thu,
Eoghainn Oig, thogadh thu,
Ochan, a laoigh! leagadh thu,
'N eabar a ghàraidh.

RANNAN DO MHNAOI UASAIL, leis an
Easbuig Carsuel, Earrghael.

TREIG t' uaisle 's na bi ruinn
A bhean an fhuilt fhinn nan lub ;
Gur fiannuiseach sinn a ghnàth
Bhi ag ràdh gur uasal thu.
'S mùinte dhuit a bhi nad thosd
A bhean an fhuilt chochulluich chruinn ;
Ma bha thusa shliochd Chairbre chais
Ta mise shliochd Art Mhic Cuinn.

Sliochd Bhriain Bhoirbh ma ta thu,
Taimse shliochd Neill nan naodh Ghiall ;
Ge dubh leat do mhala chaol,
Is duibhe na sin lì an lòn.
Ge dearg leat do leaca thaobh,
'S leoir deirgead nan caora con ;
'S ge geal leat do bhràghad bàn,
'S geal an sneachda 's beag a luach.

Ta 'm buaghalan buidhe fàs
Ma 's buidhe 'nan t-òr do ghruag ;
Ma 's e 's gu 'n cuireadh tu gréis
Sgriobhainn le peann geòigh gu luath ;
Ma 's e 's gu 'n gabhadh tu dàn,
Chuirinn le sgeul càch 'nan suain.

BIODH AN DEOCHS' AIR LAIMH MO RUIN.

Biodh an deoch-s' air laimh mo rùin,
 Deoch-slàinte do Fhear an Tùir,
 Biodh an deoch s' air laimh mo rùin.

Leigidh mi as an t-seisreach,
 'S an feasgar a leagadh driuchd.

Sguiridh mi threabhadh an fhiadhair,
 Gus a fiadhaichear mi 'n Dùn.

Dh' òlainn deoch-slainte mo thighearna,
 'S tu gu riarachadh na crùn.

Oladh no na òladh càch i,
 Bidh mo chàirt-sa 'n ceann a bhùird.

Oladh mi deoch-slainte rithis
 Air oighre dligheach Dhuntuilm.

Deoch-slainte Dhomh'll Ghuirm Shleibhtich,
 'S ceann-feadhna ro' d' mhuinntir thu.

Gur a h-e mo rùn an gasan
 Chaidh air each 's a' chnocan chruinn.

Dhirich a mach guala Bhocaich,
 Fhir as cleachdaiche gruag chùil.

Dh' fhalbh thu seachdain ro' Fheill-Brìde,
 Dia na dhèidin dhuit 's gach cùis.

Thig thu seachduin ro' Fheill-Padruig,
 'S bidh Dia làidir air do chùil.

Chaidh thu phòsadh a Dhuneidean,
 Sheumais Oig 'ic Dhomh'll Ghuirm,

Ri nighean Mhic Leoid nam bratach,
Glac gheal a mhalairt nan crùn.

'S i Bantighearna Chaisteil-thioram
Craobh as ion'aiche 'bha dhiubh.

C' àit' 'n do shuidh i air a còta,
No a sgaoil i foidhpe gùn?

Aon a thug orr' bàrr an glaine
'N tùr, a maise is a mùirn.

Mo rùn air nuime na' macaibh,
Bhiodh 'ga 'n altrum air a glùin.

Ach 'nan gabhadh iad an t-seòlaid,
Bu mhaith an còmhaill a nùll.

Bhiodh beannachd nan daoine bochda,
'N ceann na drochaid air an cionn.

'S ogha mise do 'n aosdàna,
Bheannaich an long bhàn air tùs.

Bheannaich a càbla 's a h-acfhuinn,
A buill-bheirte, 's a cairt-iuil.

'S lionmhor orr' fear sgeithe gile
Togsaid a sileadh fo rùm.

'S ged nach 'eil gunnaichean againn,
'S iomadh clach dheth 'n tug sinn rùsg.

ORAN MULAID A PHRIOSANAICH AN DUN-
RAONUILL, an Uidhist-a-deas.

Le Brian MacMhuirich.

'S BOCHD an naigheachd so
Rug oirnn thar chuan,
Mi claidht' an bhallaibh,
'S mi tamull an iarrunn fuar.
A Rìgh nan gealladh!
Nach mealladh tu féin an uair,
Is dioghail m' fhallus is m' fheannadh,
'S mo theannadh 's a bhreig so fhuair.

Mhic Mhuire na gréine!
Do 'n léir uile gach cuis
A dh' fhulaing a chéusadh
'S a reubadh gu dlùth.
Airson siol Eubha,
Nach eisdeadh uile ri d' chùis;
'S air son nan bréugan
'S nach léir a dhuine cia thu.

Ma tha nàire nam cholainn
No ann am postaibh mo chuirp,
Liuthad greis fhuair m' aodann,
'S mi caochladh ro m' chuid;
Fhir thug gairm air a choileach,
Bha air ghoil anns a' phoit,
O sholus do choinneil,
Measg coill' agus shlochd.

'S truagh nach mise bha Belfast,
No ann an Achadachàr,
No ann am bun na Buasaidh,
Mu 'n gluaiseadh duine gu feachd;
No ann an Carraigh Iarl Unndrum,
Far 'm bu dùchas dhomh stad;
No ann an Coille Ghlinn-arm,
Far 'm bu dealbhach m' fhiurain air fad.

'S truagh nach robh mis' air Cnoc-Lèidit,
Far 'm bi cnò air a chrann,
No ann am bun na Banna,
Far nach b' ainneamh gun uaisl' bhi ann ;
No ann an glacaibh Dhunacha,
Far an aigionnach uaisle ghall ;
No ann an Iorachd fhir Chachainn
Far 'm bu mhaiseach buaidh 's gach ball.

Mhic Dhomhnuill, Shir Seumas,
Ma bha agad reum b' e àidh,
Mu 'n tig deireadh an latha,
Chluinntear fhathasd mar tha ;
Moch 's a mhaduinn 's mi 'g éiridh,
'S nach leir dhomh mo stà,
Mhic Muire na gréine ;
Chi thu féin mar a tha.

UAIGH MHIC CALLDUINN—ORAN
IONNDRAINN.

GÈD tha mise 'n so 'n chrùban,
Cha 'n 'eil sùgradh air m' aire.

Mi ri ionndrainn na gruagaich,
A dh' fhalbh uam o chionn tamuill.

Do 'n robh muineal, geal, lionta,
Sùil mhiogach, ghorm, mheallach.

'S truagh nach faicinn do chòmhail,
A togail ceò air na beannaibh.

'S mi gu 'n cuireadh a " Chromach,"
Ann an coinneamh mo leannain.

Gu 'n cuirinn am bàta,
'S sia raimh orr' ga sparradh.

Gun tugainn ruaig oidhche
Mach gu druim a chuain Chanaich.

Bhithinn oidhch' ann an Rònaidh,
'S an Caisteal-Ròchainn cha 'n fhanainn.

Bhithinn oidhch' air an Leideig,
'S cha taobhainn Leitir a bharrach.

Dh' fhàgainn m' eithear an Crodhlain,
'S dh' fhàgainn Eobhann 'ga h-aire.

Gu 'm faicinn mo leannan,
A cheart aindeoin nam feara'.

AN EUCAG.

CEUD soraidh do 'n eucaig,
 'S i 'g eiridh na h-ònar ;
 Gu 'n tugainn cion falaich,
 Do 'n ainnir is boidhche ;
 'S i bean nan gruaidh daite,
 Chuil bhachlagaich òrbhuidh,
 D' an chamlubaich rasguidh,
 Bhuidh chleachdaich na h-òighe.

Bhi 'g ad' amharc 's a' sgàthan,
 Gu 'm b' àlluinn bean t' eugais ;
 O mhaldag nan suil ghorm,
 Gur cliuiteach do bheusan ;
 Gheibhte sud aig an ribhinn,
 Ceòl is milse na smeòrach ;
 Moch mhaduinn 's i 'g éiridh,
 Gu 'n éisdeadh na h-eòin ri.

Gur dosach, 's gur dualach,
 Barr cuaiche na h-òighe,
 Min shuil thar gach leannan
 'S tu 'n ainnir is boidhche ;
 Tha mais anns an eucaig,
 Mar gréin 's i cur neòil di :
 Rasg gorm fo d' chaol mhala,
 Beul tana 's teud còmhnard.

A ta i gle stàtoil,
 Gun àilghios, gun uamhar,
 Gu bheil i gle dhàicheil,
 'S i mo ghràdh nach tug fuath dhomh ;
 Ged tha i binn gu malda grinn,
 Meòir fo 'n grinn fuathal,
 Basa bàn, rosga tlàth,
 Do chorp mar bhàrr fuadain.

ORAN MU 'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

Moch 's mi 'g éiridh air bleag éislein
 Maduinn Chéitein Dhòmhnuch,
 Bha coin an t-sleibhe gairm gu h-eutrom,
 'S grian nan speur cur ròs dheth;
 'N tùs moch mhaduinn is mi m' eideadh,
 Ghabh mi sìos gu sràid na feille,
 Choinnich na càirdean r'a cheile,
 'S dh' fhalbh mi fein 'nan còmhdhail.

Dh' fhalbh mi fein is fear no dhà dhiubbh
 Ghabhail sràide còmhlath;
 Smaointich sinn, 's an latha fuar,
 Ruaig thoirt do 'n tigh òsda;
 Chunnaic mi fear gàireach ruadh
 A tigh 'n a' nall le làn na cuaich;
 Bha glacadh lamh againn mu 'n cuairt
 Le gloinne chruaidh 'ga pògadh.

Bha mi fhein a' fuirich balbh
 'S mi togairt falbh am ònar,
 Eagal agam roimh 'n fhear ghar, g,
 Is airgiod 'na mo phòcaid;
 Ach thuirt mi ged tha 'n leann ud searbh
 Nach milleadh e mo chliu no m' ainm,
 'S ged chosgainn crùn nach daisgte' m' fhearg,
 O'n bha mi dearbht' am phòitear.

Sin 'nuair labhair am fear liath,
 'S e tarruing dhìomsa comhstri,
 A smaointeachadh air cainnt nach b' fhiach,
 'Ga cur an gnìomh 's an òrdugh;
 " 'S iomadh àrmunn làidir tréun,
 A chreach mi tràth 's a dh' fhad mi 'crion,
 A chuir mi failingeadh 'na chliabh,
 'S a chuir mi chiall air fògradh."

.

Nach mairg a dh' iarradh spionnadh duirn,
 Air fear gun laimh, gun cheann, gun sùil,
 Gun sròn, gun bheul, gun bhian, gun rùsg,
 Gun dad ach bùird mar chòmhdach."

" Bho 'n tha thu labhairt cho cas,
 Thoir dhomhsa beachd air t' eòlas,
 Innis c' aite 'n d' rinn thu 'n gnìomh,
 An ear no 'n iar 's an Eorpa ;
 Ma tha thu gun bhaisteadh riamh,
 Is t' ainm cho ceart 's tha t' fhacal fiar,
 Innis t' eachdraidh mar is fhiach
 'N do ghlac thu ciall as t' òige."

" De, ge tana leat mo ghnùis,
 Gur iomadh Diuc bheir pòg dhomh,
 Dh' fhiadhaicheas mi steach dha rùm,
 'S a bheir dhomh cuirte na sheòmar ;
 Cha 'n 'eil rìgh, no oighre crùin,
 No ceannard airm a falbh le trùp,
 Nach bi 'gam ghairm le foirm 's le mùirn
 Gu cur luchd ciuìl an òrdugh.

Dh' innsinnse dhuit m' ainm gu beachd,
 Ma tha thu teachd 'ga fheadrach ;
 Tha mi shìol an t-sìlein ghlais,
 An graineann 's pailt dhe 'n eorna,
 Chuisle bhrioghor, bhrachan phailt,
 Is fearr a chinnich riamh an gart,
 Gur lionmhor aon a dh' fheuch a bhlas,
 O'n fhuair e neart 's an Tòiseachd."

ORAN MU 'N EIDEADH GHAIÐHEALACH.

Le Mrs Stevenson.

THAINIG achd ro chruaidh oirnn
 A nuas a Sasuinn,
 Muigheadh air ar n' éideadh,
 Cha 'n 'eil e tlachdmhor ;
 Cìod e chuir na daoine
 Gun airm ach bata,
 Is nach d' thug iad caonnag
 No aobhar bagraidh.

Theid e Latha Liunasdal
 Ann an cleachdadh,
 Eideadh Chlann nan Gaidheal
 A chur am fasan ;
 Fògradh agus prìosan
 Ma chithear ac' e ;
 'S o chrùnadh Rìgh Fearghus
 Bha 'n Alba breacan.

'S gur neonach a' muigheadh e,
 Ann an gradadh,
 Ghiorrad 's o'n bha 'm Pìonnsa,
 Gach diuc, is baran,
 A' caitheamh an fheilidh,
 Le sgeith 's le claidheamh,
 'S nan do mhair an t-sreup ud
 Bha feum air fathasd.

Bidh an ad ro lionmhor,
 'S an cota farsuinn ;
 Diolaid agus bòtunn
 Air seorsa gearrain ;
 An t-òganach seolta,
 O'n mhùgh e earradh,
 Cha toir maighdean pòg dha,
 Cha dean i aithn' air.

Trùp as gach dùthaich
 A dol air faidhir,
 'S ainneamh a bhios cùirt
 Aig na fearaibh tighe ;
 Gun uidheam ach lùireach
 A bha 's an fhasan,
 Bheir na mnathan cùl riu,
 Cha 'n fhiu leo 'n caidreamh.

Cha 'n eireachdas Dòmhnuaich e
 'Dol do 'n chlachan,
 Casag odhar, ròineach,
 Do 'n chlàlan lachdunn ;
 Airtneulach ri giulan i,
 'Dol air astar ;
 'S iomadh duine còir,
 Tha gun seol air marcachd.

Sud an sgeul tha tùrsach,
 Le iomadh fleasgach,
 Nach faicear a ghlùinean,
 No bac na h-iosgaid ;
 Osain fhada chuarain
 'Gan cumail seasgair,
 'S cota glas na lùids'
 Air an cùl a cleideis.

Tha call aig an Rìgh ann,
 Ma 's fiach mo bharail ;
 Tha 'n cusmun a dhith air,
 Gun phrìs air dathan ;
 Marsantan na rioghachd,
 A caoidh gun aran ;
 'S na measadh a chùirt e,
 Thig mùthadh fhathasd.

ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEIR.

Tha mo bhreacan-s' fo 'n dile,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi innse mar tha e,
 Tha mo bhreacan-sa fo 'n dile.

Tha mo bhreachan-s' air a mhilleadh,
 Aig na gillean anns a bhàta.

Tha mo bhreacan-sa fiuch, fuaraidh;
 Cha 'n fhaod mi chur suas a màireach.

Tha mo bhreacan-sa fiuch, salach,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi fantuinn ri fhàsgadh.

Tha mi màireach 'dol a sheòladh,
 'S cha 'n ann gu m' eòlas air sàile.

'Dol a dh' eilein nan ian riabhach,
 Far nach robh gin riamh a tàmhachd.

'Dol a dh' eilein nan ian fiadhaich,
 Cha tainig gin riamh as sàbhailt.

Thoir mo shoiridh-sa 'Ghleann Urchaidh,
 Dh' ionnsuidh nan tulchainnean àluinn.

Far am bi na féidh 's an fhireach,
 Bric air linne, fir a' mànran.

Far am bi nionagan bòidheach,
 'G iomain bhò o dhorus àiridh.

Tha na h-ionagan an gruaim rium,
 O'n la chuir mi suas a fàbhar.

O'n chuir mi suas am feileadh cuachach,
 Claidheamh is crios guailne sgàrlaid.

Bonaid ghorm an fhichead sgillinn,
 Slat a ribein ri mar fhàbhar.

ORAN NA BANTRAICH.

Hò roho hùg ò,
Falbh ò horò nàilìbh.

GUR a mis' tha fo mhulad,
'S mi air tulaich na h-àiridh.

'S mi 'g amharc nan gillean,
Air an linnidh 'gam bàthadh.

'S mi 'g amharc na mara,
A' cur thairis a bhàta.

Mo thriuir bhràithrean ann 's m' athair,
Fear mo thighe 's e chràidh mi.

Bhi 'gan togail o'n tiura,
Far 'n do bhrùchd a' mur làn iad.

Bàs Aonghuis á Barraidh,
A sgar mi 's a chràidh mi.

'Bhi 'ga ghiulan aig fearaibh
Gu baile na tràghad.

Gu Eaglais na Trianaid,
Far an lionmhor do chàirdean.

Chuireadh leine dhe 'n anart,
Gun bhannadh mu d' bhraighe.

Ann an ciste chaoil chumhaing,
Air a dubhadh 's a tàirneadh.

Och nan och! mar tha mise,
Bean gun mhisnich gu bràth mi.

Te gun mhac, gun fhear tighe,
Te gun aighear, gun slàinte.

Tha do thighean 'gan rùsgadh,
Feur 'gan cùmhdach 's a Chàrnaich.

Tha do chàirdean 'gam spùilleadh,
'S nach tionndaidh thu ghràidh rium.

'S ann air latha Fhéill-Bride,
Fhuair mi 'n dinneir a chràidh mi.

Ged bu shùntach dhomh 'n Nollaig,
Bu neo-thoilicht a' Chàisg dhomh.

Bi mi nis a triall romham,
'S cha ghabh comhaltan bàigh rium.

FAILTE DO 'N CHLEIR.

Le Iain MacCodrum, Bard MhicDhombnuill.

FAILT oirbh, failt oirbh, failt oirbh uile gu léir,
 Failt air na bheil ann uile,
 Failt is furan air a' chléir :
 'S binn an t-àite bhi 'n'ur fochar
 Far an cluinntear focal Dhé,
 Dia 'g 'ur stiùireadh an deagh chomhairl'
 Chum an gnothuch chur gu feum.
 Ged a chaidh an t-athair seachad,
 'S maith am mac a bhi na dhéigh :
 Fhuair sibh trioblaid air ar sgàth,
 'S fada sibh bho 'r n-àite féin.
 'S e ni duilich leam ri innse,
 An droch shìde bhi 'n 'ur déigh.
 'N am dhuibh falbh le cliu 's le ciatamh,
 Beannachd Dhe dhuibh far an téid ;
 Cha 'n fhaod mi fuireach ri *moshion*
 'S eiginn dhomhsa dol na bheinn.

RANN AIR BAS NEILL MHIC GHILLEA-
THAINN, Chearsabha.

Le Iain MacCodrum, Bard MhicDhomhnuill.

A BHLIADHNA tri fichead 's a naoi,
'S goirt a ghaoir a tha 's na bàigh ;
A fear mòr anns 'n do chinnich an ciall
Is e air triall bh' uainn leis a bhàs.
Dh' fhalbh thu bh' uainn a Mhr. Niall,
'S iomadh fear fiannuis bh' ort 's gach càs ;
Bu tu 'm breitheamh air a chùirt,
Fear dùthchadh 's an t-Samhradh chruaidh :
Fhir gun leth-trom, gun chainnt chùil,
Cha bu tu 'n teanga leam is uam.

ORAN DI-MOLAIDH DO "RUDDLE"
AIRD-NA-MURCHAN.

Seisd—Horo ollelo, oll il orro hi, etc., etc.,
Cha mhor nach coma leam cogadh no sìth.

'S a' mhaduinn chiuin Chéitein
'S mi 'g éiridh gu gnìomh,
Bhiodh smeòrach air ghéig
'S i 'g a bheusadh gu diòn ;
B' e sud an ceòl éibhinn,
Ris an éireadh mo mhiann ;
Agus greis thoirt 'ga éisdeachd,
Mu 'n éireadh a ghrian.

'S ann a nis is beag m' fheum
Ged a dh' eireas mi moch,
Le m' chaib as mo léine,
Dol a reubadh nan cnoc ;
Cha choisinn mi 'n déirce
Dhomh fhéin no do 'n bhochd,
'S tri màil rium ag éigheach
Aig an eucorach olc.

So chomhachag aosmhor
Tha 'n Creag-Aodainn so shios :
Tha i 'guidhe 's a' glaothaich
" Droch sgaoileadh 'n 'ur gnìomh. "
Clann Chamshroin Strath-Lòchaidh
Thogadh sròl ris gach crann
Bheir an Ruidleach an t-òr
As am pòcaibh le cainnt.

Ged a dh' fhalbh ar cinn fheachda,,
Gur peacach an tùrn,
Ma leigear ar creachadh,
Fo mheachain a' chrùin,
Le maigh'stiribh tuatha ;
Nach buainticheadh cliù,
'S le balach gun chéireadh
Nach éighear na dhiùc.

A CHALLUINN.

'S e gillean mo rùin
 A thogadh oirnn sùnd;
 'S e so a bhliadhn' ùr thog sòlas dhuinn.
 'S e gillean mo rùin a thogadh oirnn sùnd.

'S e gillean mo chridhe
 A sheinneadh an fhidheall;
 B' e miann na cloinn nighean bhi còmhlaith ruibh.

'S e gillean mo chomuinn,
 A thainig mu Challuinn,
 Do Lagan na Comraich 's mi m' ònar ann.

Air m' uilinn 's a' leabaidh,
 An am dol a chadal,
 Chuala mi Challuinn 's gu 'n chòrd i rium.

Chuala mi 'n duan
 Bho bhriathran nam buadh,
 Faidh botul a nuas dhe 'n Tòiseachd dhuinn.

Cuir a nuas bean an tighe,
 'S gu faigheadh i naigheachd,
 Gu 'n deanadh i aighear 's bu chòir dhi sin.

Bha iad ceatharnaich ann
 Chuireadh cridh' am fear faun,
 'S bha caman an laimh gach seòid aca.

'S e gillean mo ghràidh,
 A thainig bho 'n bhlàr,
 Le 'n cotaichean sgàrlaid 's bòidheach iad.

Bha fear dhiubh 's an Spàinn,
 Am batal 's am blàr,
 Gu 'n tainig e slàn, 's bu neonach e.

'Nuair ra'maid 'nar treud
Gu tigh Bhaile-Seun,
Bhiodh siol' againn 's dh' éibhte 'n t-òran leinn.

'S aighearrach mì,
Bho 'n rinneadh an t-sìth,
'S mo bheannachd do 'n rìgh thug fòrladh dhuibh.

'S ged bhithinn gu bràth,
Dol dh' ionnsuidh na sràid,
Cha 'n fhaic mi cho àillidh còmhlath ruibh.

'S ged bhithinn gun dàil
Dol dh' ionnsuidh a' bhàis,
Gu faighinn mo shlàinte còmhlath ruibh.

ORAN NAN CALLUINNEAN.

Gun ann latha na bannaig
 A thòisich a ghaillionn,
 Gaoth-a-tuath le cruaidh earrainn
 'Cur fuachd anns an talamh,
 'S aobhar ghruamain do Fhear Chnocnamona.

'S ann tha 'n tuath air an fhearann,
 Mar mheanglan a bharrach,
 Gun a dhuilleach ri crannaibh,
 'S nach toir céitein an Earraich
 Air a crionaich gu falaich e còineach.

'S ionan sud 's a bhi 'm baile,
 Air bheagan de dh' fhearann,
 Am fodar air ghainn' oirnn,
 O nach d' fhuair sinn an talamh,
 Gu bheil coltas 'bhi falamh oirnn còmhladh.

Tha mo mhulad air tachairt,
 Tha mo sgeul air a ghlasadh,
 'S trom éisleineach m' aigne,
 Bho 'n thainig an gaiseadh,
 'S gun mo chorrán bhi 'n ghart a bhuainn eòrna.

Tha m' iolainn na fàsaich,
 Tha mo chuile gun ghràn innt' ;
 Cha 'n fhaic muileir mo phlàta,
 'S ge b' e 's coireach ri m' fhàilling
 Bidh air eagal an lathair na còrach.

'S biodh 'ur 'n eagal 'n 'ur cuimhne,
 Far nach faigh sibh fear muinntir,
 Far an éighear le trùmpaid
 H-uile duine gu cùnntais
 'S cha bhi gobhrag 'ga muigheadh air srònaibh.

Chunnaic mise le m' shùilean,
 Na fir riamh a toirt cùl riut,
 Mar gu 'n sguabadh a smùrach
 O bheul mosgaid an fhùdair,
 'S iad ag àileis gur diudhaidh do chòmhradh.

'S i so an Nollaig a leir mi,
 'S a chuir maill' air mo léirsinn,
 Fuaim nan cliathan ri chéile,
 'S gun mo challuig air sgeula,
 Ach nan creideadh sibh féin, tha mi brònach.

Le duain cheolmhor tha blasda,
 Bheireadh fuasgladh air chlachaibh,
 Cridhe 's cruaidhe 'na 'n caitein,
 Aig am bi e ri sheachnadh,
 Nach cumadh an cleachdadh, 's bu chòir e.

'S ann a dh' éirich an tartail,
 'Dhroine gun aiceid,
 Luaidhe laidir gun ghaiseadh,
 Tharladh ri tachdsa,
 Ann an àite nach tagairear còir air.

Ach a nàbuidhean gasda,
 Leibh a dh' òlainn mo chreachan,
 Leam bu deonach 'ur faicinn,
 Cridheil, càirdeil, gun airceas,
 Dhuibh a b' àbhaist bhi macnachas ceolmhor.

ORAN BAINNSE.

Le Domhnull na Camairt.

CHOINNICH mi Gilleasbuig,
 Anns an fheasgar so bha ann,
 'N duil gu faighinn fiadhachadh ;
 Cha b' fhiach leis mo thoirt ann ;
 Ach bha sinn uair dheth 'r saoghal
 Bhiomaid aoufhilt' ann an cainnt ;
 Bho 'n fhuair thu bhi 'n a' d' thighearna
 Chaidh cridhealas air chall.

'S ann bha bhanais eireachdail,
 San eilein aca 'n raoir ;
 Bha biadh is annlan pailt aca,
 Gun acras air am broinn,
 Dh' fhag sud mi 'na m' ònar,
 Cha robh còir agam air roinn ;
 'S ann a tha mo dhaoine-sa
 An taobh ud thall de 'n bheinn.

Cha bu duine miothar mi,
 A dhiobradh daoine còir,
 'S idir cha bu mhisde sibh
 Na dh' ithinn aig a bhòrd ;
 Cha 'n fhacas riamh 'na 'm' shineadh mi,
 'S mo dhìobhuirt fo mo shròin,
 Ged dh' fhag sibh mi 's mo ghillean
 Na 'r ceann inneidh air a chlà.

'Nuair ràinig mise Chàrnaich,
 Cha robh 'n làn a tigh'nn a' 'm' chòir ;
 Bha Raoghal is an gobha 'n sud
 'S iad bodhar mu'n a bhòrd ;
 Bheannaich mi le faiteachas,
 'S mo bhata na mo dhòrn :
 Thuirt a bhean gu falaidh,
 " Teann a nios a dhuine chòir."

Dh' eirich i gu h-ealamh,
 'S thug i glaine dhomh nam dhorn ;
 O'n a bha mi falamh
 Cha robh maill' orm 'ga h-òl :
 Air slàinte na deagh chuideachd ud,
 Tha 'n diugh a dol fo sheòl,
 Le crann nach lùb an soirbheas,
 'S deagh fhalmadair 'na dhòrn.

Dh' eirich i gu socair,
 'S as a phoit gun tug i 'm bòrd ;
 'S o nach deanainn fuireach
 Thug i tunnag dhomh air spòig ;
 Dh' fhalbh mi air an turus sin
 'S a mhuir agam mu 'n tòin ;
 'S nuair fhuair mi àite suidhe
 Thug mi 'n t-sithionn far an eoin.

Dhomhnuill, gabh mo chomhairle,
 Ciod e do ghnòthuch ann ;
 Canar riut mar ailis ort
 Nach aithne dhuit an t-am ;
 'Giulain do bh . . d mhuladaich
 'S gun churac air a cheann ;
 Is tu falbh a màireach
 Leis a bhàta cho 'n an fhaing.

'S iomadh fleasgach spàg-chasach
 Chaidh sios air tràigh a nochd,
 Air a bheil na gagan
 'S aig a bheil na sàilean gort ;
 'S nan tachradh gille Mhàrtuinn riuth'
 'N am tàrladh dhaibh ri port,
 'S eagal leam 'nuair ràinig iad
 Gun tàirneadh e chuid chore.

CAILIN DONN A CHUAILEIN REIDH.

A CHAILIN duinn a chuailein reidh,
 O hu, o hò, mar tha mi 'd' dheigh,
 A ghruagach dhonn tha ris an spreidh,
 O threig thu mi tha mulad orm.

A ghruagach dhonn a leadain bhòidhich,
 'S e do ghaol a rinn mo leòdnadh ;
 'S gil' thu na sneachda na mòintich,
 'Nuair is bòiche a chuirear e.

'Chailin duinn a chuailein bhòidhich,
 Bha mi uair a bha mi 'n tòir ort ;
 Ach nan gealladh tu mo phòsadh,
 Dheanainn seol air fuireach riut.

'Chailin duinn a chuailein riomhaich,
 Shiubhlainn Alba leat is Ile ;
 'S ged tha mi air bheagan sgrìobhaidh
 Rachainn sgrìob do Lunainn leat.

Ma 's ann dhomhsa bha thu ainmeil,
 Cha 'n ann dhomh a bha thu sealbhach,
 Bu tric a bha mi 's tu seanachas,
 Com nan cealg 's nan cuireadan.

'S gur e mise tha gu cianail,
 H-uile latha fad na bliadhna ;
 'S mi ri cuimhneachadh do bhriathran
 Gus 'n do liath a mulad mi.

Sguiridh gillean 'thigh'nn 'ga 'm' iarraidh,
 Tha mi dol a phòsadh iasgair ;
 B' fhearr leam sin na bhi 'ga m' phianadh
 'M baile crìon ri curaidheachd.

ORAN A BHOTUIL.

A BHEAN an tighe ghaoil an fhortain,
 Aisig a nuas dhuinn am botul ;
 Olaidh sinn gu sunndach deoch dheth,
 'Chur na bochdainn as ar cuimhn'.

A bhean an tighe ghaoil an àidh riut,
 Na biodh cùram ort mu phàigheadh ;
 Mar a tachair e 's a laimh riut,
 Gheibh thu seice bà 'san t-suim.

O thoir a nall a' botul,
 He thoir a nall a' botul ;
 'Nuair a thogadh e oirnn sogan,
 'S e 'm botul a b' annsa leinn.

Bio'maid cridheil, bio'maid còirteil,
 Labhradh gach aon mar is còir dha,
 As a bheagan cinnichidh mòran,
 Tuilleadh 'sa dh' fhoghnas a chaoidh.

'S maith an tochradh dreach na h-òige,
 Pearsa dhireach, gruaidhean bòidheach,
 'S a bhi 'n càirdeas dhaoine còire,
 Ged bhiodh i gun òr a chaoidh.

Anns a mhaduinn an am eiridh,
 Chi mi dearrsadh dearg na greine ;
 Do 'n tigh-sheinnse 's ann a theid sinn
 'Ghabhail sgeula ciod ni sinn.

'S iomadh fine a ta beartach,
 'S caonnag air an duine thapaiddh,
 Fear a chridhe fhialaidh fharsuinn
 A th' aig mac an duine chrion.

'S beag mo ghnothach-sa gu àiridh,
 Choimhead air mo chuid greidh àluinn ;
 Gun mhaoin agam dhiubh ach cnàmhan,
 'S iad gu mhaoin, gun dàir, gun laoigh.

ORAN UIDHISTEACH.

Hi uraibh i, hoireann, hoireann,
 Hi uraibh i, hoireann à ;
 Hi uraibh i, hùg is eile,
 Leam a b' éibhinn t' fhaicinn slàn.

Mu 'n do dh' fhag thu tir do dhùchais,
 Thug mi cion dhuit agus gràdh ;
 B' fhearr leam nach faca mi riamh thu,
 Dh' fhag thu ann am chliabh am bàs.

Ged nach 'cil thu àrd o'n talamh,
 Tha thu pearsant air an làr ;
 Tha thu bòidheach, dìreach, dualach,
 Mar an luachair suas a' fàs.

'S gil' thu na faoileag a chladaich,
 'S gil' thu na 'n eal' air an t-snàmh ;
 'S gil' thu na cobhar na tuinne,
 'Nuair a thilleas a mhuir-làn.

A' dìreadh beanntan na h-Earradh,
 A cromadh le fearann mo ghràidh ;
 'S e fear òg tha tigh'nn fo 'm' aire,
 'S gaol mo leannan-s' air dol bàs.

'Nam biodh agam coite bhiorach,
 'S seisear ghillean air chul ràmh,
 Rachainn a null thar na linne,
 Fiach a bheil an gille slàn.

ORAN IRTEACH.

Mo ghaol òigeir a chuil duinn,
 Dha 'n tug mi mo loinn 's mi òg ;
 Dhùraiginn dhuit pòg 's an anamoch,
 Ged bhiodh càch ga sheanachas oirnn.

Domhnull duallach Mac Ghilliosa,
 Bha mi uair a bha mi strìth riut ;
 'S o'n thainig an Tighearn a Ile
 Sguiridh mi dheth d' bhrìodail bèoil.

Ged a gheibhinn do chuid uile,
 Cha bhiodh aun ach ni gun bhuinig ;
 B' annsa giomanach a ghunna,
 Bheireadh fuil air fear nan cròc.

Mo cheist air iasgair na h-amhuinn,
 Cha tric a thainig thu falamh,
 'S cha bu mhios thu 'm beinn a cheathaich,
 Gu fear an langain a leòn.

Gur a mise 'th' air mo sgaradh,
 Direadh 's a' teanadh a ghleannain,
 'S mi ri cuimhneachadh mo leannain,
 'S cha robh car an cainnt do bhedil.

'S gur a mise tha gu h-uallach,
 O la thainig an duin' uasal,
 'S do chuid ribinnean mu 'n cuairt dhomh,
 'S cumaidh iad mo ghruag air dòigh.

Thog iad ormsa mar sgeula,
 Gu 'n robh mo chriosan ag eiridh ;
 Giulainidh mise sud eutrom,
 O nach dean e eucoir oirnn.

Ach nam bithinnse cho finealt,
'S gu 'n deanainn an *line* a sgrìobhadh,
Chuirinn litir gu ruig Ile
Nach i 'n fhirinn chuir iad oirnn.

Sguiridh mi 'shugradh ri gillean,
Ged bu mhaith leam a bhi mire ;
O'n tha 'n Caimbeulach 'ga 'm' shireadh,
Cha teid mi tuilleadh nan còir.

DUANAG DO'N GHAOITH.

Leis an Ollamh Mhoireastan.

'S i t' osna ro' chrannaibh
 A bharraich, an t-seis,
 A ghiulaineadh m' aire-sa
 Thairis an céin ;
 'S a dh' uraicheadh meòrachadh
 Aigne na h-òige,
 'S na h-aimsirean sònruicht',
 A thréig, a thréig.

O 's taitneach 's an t-Samhradh
 Do mhall osag réidh,
 Ag iathadh mu 'n bhearradh
 'S a' sanais mu 'n fheur ;
 'S nuair thig thu troimh 'n àilean
 'S an cinnich na blàthan,
 Mar chungaidhean slàinte
 Bi 'n àileadh fo d' sgéith.

Gur binne do chaithreim
 Na aithris nan teud,
 Air achadh an eorna
 'S e òg anns an déis ;
 'S e 'g aomadh fo d' anail
 'Na ghlinn 's 'na mheallan,
 A's luainiche faileas
 Is lannir ri gréin.

An aimsir an fhoghair
 B' e roghainn gach gnìomh,
 Le gunna 's le gaohair
 'Bhi faoghaid nam fiadh ;
 'S 'bhi siubhal nad' chomhdhail
 Feadh ghlaicean is chòmhnard,
 Is liath-cheo do chòmhdhaich
 Gu h-oidhearca mu 'n t-sliabh.

'Nuair thuiteas an oidhche
 Air beinn agus cluain,
 'S bhios duin' agus ainmhidh
 Gu balbh ann an suain;
 Bi' tusa le d' chlàrsaich
 'S na doireachan fàsail,
 'S gun fhreagradh dha d' mhànan
 Ach gàireich a' chuain.

'Nuair thig thu le gaillionn
 Bho bhealach nan àrd,
 Bi' t' onfha 's na gleannan
 Mar fharum a bhlàir;
 Bi' ghiubhsach 's an darag
 Ga lubadh ri talamh,
 'S tu rùsgadh a bharraich
 Mar chathadh bho 'm bàrr.

'S tu 'n teachdaire gaisgeil
 A marcachd bho 'n tuath,
 'S tu 'giulan na gaillinn
 Mar fhalluinn do ghruaim;
 Bi' 'n cuan anns a bhùireich
 Le clisgeadh do dhiumbaidh,
 'S na sgòthan dubh-shiubhlach
 'Gan sgiursadh fo d' sguuib.

Sud aimsir bu mhiann leam
 Bhi 'g ianach a gheoidh,
 No 'g iarraidh na muraig
 Ri tuiune na cròic;
 Is caismeachd nan stuadhan
 Toirt claisneachd nan cluas bhuam,
 'S nach fhaicinn air fuaradh
 Le duathar a cheò.

Mar reisimeid eachraidh
 Dol cas anns an ruaig,
 No sruthan an reothairt
 A fàgail a chuain;
 Tha seideag dhe 'd' anail
 'S tu riaghladh nad' cheannard,
 'S an iarmailt, air thalamh,
 'S air bharraibh nan stuadh.

SEANN ORAN.

Dh' fhalbh m' inntinn, thriall mo cheanail,
 Guilear leam ge faoin neo-fhearail ;
 Osna mo chinn bhrùchd air m' anail,
 'S cha chluinn léigh mo chléibh mo ghearain.

'S doirbh an smuain a th' air mo ghiulan,
 Ann am aisling, ann am dhùsgadh,
 Ciod so reub mo chridhe ciuirte ?
 Cha 'n fhaobhar geur, 's cha bhuil ùird e.

Peathraichean mo ghaoil ag éisdeachd,
 Ri nuallan nan tonnaibh beucach ;
 Dh' fhag sud tric mo shùilibh deurach,
 Nach feud mi bhi siubhal réidh leibh.

Dòirtidh aoibhneas orm le tioma,
 'N tra thig òran o 'r ciuin bhilibh ;
 Mar cho-sheirm gach ciuil is grinne,
 Thig o chléith nan teud is binne.

Ge binn, ceolmhor, eoin an t-sléibhe,
 Seinn gun sgios air bhàrr nan geugan.
 'S binne guth mo ghaoil ag éiridh
 Ri taobh nan sruth ri la gréine.

Bhithinn ait le m' bhuidhinn ghaolaich,
 Ann am badanaibh an aonaich ;
 'S ged a thuiteadh stuirt an fhaoilich
 Dh' eireadh mo chridhe le faoilteachd.

'S cruaidh an sgeul a ta mi seanachas,
 Sòlas dluth 's nach faod mi leanmhuinn,
 An eilein mu 'n iadh tuiltean feargach,
 'S ceothail t' iarmailt, 's siochail t' aimsir.

ORAN LE UIDHISTEACH AN AMERICA.

MUINNTEIR Uidhist 'rinn an eucoir
 Uile gu leir nuair a ghluais iad,
 Thug iad an cuid do Mhac Naoimhein
 Gus an cur a thìr an fluachda ;
 Cha 'n 'eil gnothach aig duin' aosd ann,
 Duine faoin cha dean e buannachd,
 Ach luchd airgid, 's gillean òga,
 'S iad is dòcha deanamh suas ann.

Thug a' Muileach an car buileach,
 As a h-uile gin a spùill e,
 Bha e fo 'n aois bha air liathadh
 Le bhriagan a tigh'nn do 'n dùthaich ;
 Gur maith a dh' fhaodadh am Bàilidh
 Fàbbur a dheanamh dhùinne ;
 Mur biodh gun d' rinn iad suas ris
 Gus ar fuadach as an dùthaich.

So an geamhradh a tha fada,
 'S fhada dh' fhairich mi am bliadhn' e,
 Eadar Samhuinn agus Bealtuinn,
 'S a h-uile rud gann ga iarraidh ;
 'S e bhi cruinneachadh bhuntàta
 Ni a shàruich mi 's a riaslaich ;
 So an geamhradh a tha fada,
 Dh' fhag e mi gu falamh, fiachach.

'S fhaide na sin fuachd na h-oidhche,
 'N am ar sìneadh anus a leabaidh ;
 Cianar dh' fhaodas sinn 'bhi blàth ann,
 'S coig troidhean a dh' àird a shneachd' ann ;
 Cha dean aodach uachdair feum ann,
 'S feudar eiridh cho 'n an teine :
 Taobh mu seach, sinn fad na h-oidhche
 Bhi ga thionndadh ris an teallach.

Fhuair mis' ann an toiseach còmhdaich,
Mòguisean a chur mu m' chasan ;
Cha 'n 'eil duine chuir orm eòlas
Nach bu mhaith an spòrs leis m' fhaicinn :
Casan mòra, fada pliathach,
'S iad 'gan riasladh feadh an t-sneachda,
Làn chloutan gan cur sìos annt',
'Gan druideadh le iallan craicinn.

SEANN ORAN.

FHIR a shiubhlas mu 'n cuairt,
 Thoir an soiridh so uam thar chaol,
 Gu bean an fhuilt dhuinn
 'Nan tilleadh i rium mar aol.

Bidh m' air' ort gach uair,
 Le comunn tha buan, 's le gaol;
 'Nighean ciod e 'm fàth
 'Nuair chuir thu mo ghràdh air chùl.

Gun chuimhn' air na bha,
 'Nuair ghlac thu air laimh fear ùr;
 C'uim' a dh' iobair thu 'n gaol
 A bh' agam mar aon is tu?

Gur mairg a bheir spéis,
 No gealladh 'na 'd' dheigh a chaoidh;
 Mar caochail thu beus,
 'Na d' fhaotainn cha teid mi 'n strìth.

Gu bheil ruthadh a' d' ghruaidh,
 Mar ubhl' ga buainn air géig;
 Blas na meal' air do phòig,
 Beul tairis nach deonaich breug.

'S e dh' àrduich do chliu,
 Mar chàireadh cho dlùth do sheud;
 Ach Ard Rìgh nan Dùl!
 Cha 'n àicheidhinn thu, mo léigh.

Cha 'n 'eil e air léigh,
 Na leighis mo chreuchdan slàn,
 Ach an gealladh o thùs,
 'S an comunn as ùr mar bha.

'S e briodail do bheòil,
 Is t' fhaotainn, 'bhi pòsda, b' fherr;
 Mìle beannachd a' d' dheigh,
 'S òg leannan dhomh fein thu, ghràidh.

Och, ochan, mo thruaigh' !
Mo ghaol 'bhi cho buan is tu ;
B' e m' aighear, 's mo mhiann,
'S a chomunn cheudn' 'bhi dhuit.

'S mairg a shamhluich mi fein,
Ri slaodaire breun de dh' fhear ;
'Nan lùbadh tu leam,
Gun dùraigin suidh' 'nad' char.

Ma chuir thu rium cùl
Gu mu lughaid mo dhiu, 's mo chàil,
Na 'm b' fhear air deagh chliu,
A thigeadh as ùr 'n am àit'.

Na 'm b' òganach treun e,
Cheannsaicheadh streup na sbàirn,
Ach sùgradh mo ghaoil
Aig breabadair maol nan spàl.

MARBHRANN CHAIPTIN FEARGHUSTAN.

Le Iain MacCodrum, Bard MhicDhomhnuill.

THAINIG naigheachd oirnn o'n lear,
 Le gaoith an ear o Chuan-Sgith ;
 Na thill an naigheachd air ais,
 Na thig an t-ath-sgeul a ris.

Caipin Fearghustan 's a long,
 Fo ainmein nan tonn gu dian ;
 H-uile neach do 'n aobhar thùrs'
 Bior na shùil gu cùl a chinn.

Thuirt Ruaidhabhal le guth àrd,
 Ma rinn e 'n tearnadh cho cas ;
 Ma tha e 'm broinn muice no ròin,
 Cha tig e mar Iona as.

'S iomadh tìr 'n do thog e smùid,
 Talla mùirneach chuir e dhìth ;
 Gu 'm b' aotrom leam clach-mhuilinn mhòr
 Mar acaire 'ga chumail shios.

An torc nimh' nach tugadh bàigh,
 'Nochd a lamh an àr 's a murt ;
 'S ait leam claban do chinn mhaoil,
 Ga chagnadh fo chraos na muic.

Far an cuidhtichear an t-ole,
 Ris gach droch dhuin' theid a null,
 An tomhas stràic a thug thu uat
 Gheibh thu 'n tomhas suas a nall.

'S aoibhinn leo 's an tìr ud thall,
 O thug thu do cheann fo 'n mhuir ;
 Gu'm b' eutrom leo Cruachan-beann
 Fhaicinn na mheall air do mhuin.

Thuirt Ebhal mhor a cheò,
 Cha b' e sin an sòlas leam ;
 'S àirde t-eanraich na t-fheoil
 O la thòirleum thu 's a ghrùnnd.

Thuirt Teach-an-triubhais gu fiadhaich,
 'Chrotach chrom nam fiadh 's nam molt,
 'S buileach a dh' fhag thu do chiall,
 'S fada do cheann liath ri olc.

Sin 'nuair thubhairt Lì-ro-dheas,
 Eas'uidh ort ! a bhean gun chéil ;
 Cha 'n 'eil aon bheinn air an t-saoghal
 Bhios ga chaoineadh ach thu féin.

Sin nuair a thuirt Beinn-Mhic-Mhuirich,
 Cluinneam ga thuiream a nis thu ;
 Cha 'n ionann caoineadh is càineadh,
 Caoineadh iadsan 's càinidh mis' e.

'S ann shios ud a bha 'nan tamh
 Luchd dheanamh nan dân gu binn ;
 'Nan sith-sheimh fhuair iad bàs,
 Cha robh phlàigh ud ann ri 'n linn.

Gu 'm b' aithne dhomhsa Niall Mòr,
 Domhnull Gearr, 's Niall còir, a mhac ;
 O Dhomhnull eile gu Niall
 D' 'ur fianntachd a ghabh mi tlachd.

BEANNACHDH TIGHE FIR BHAGHASDAIL.

Le Iain MacCodrum, Bard MhicDhomhnuill.

Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia an tùr is àilne,
 Gus an d' thàinig mi 'm beul oidhche,
 Gearr o'n làrach an robh 'u t-àrmunn
 Bu cheann-tànach ro' na h-aoidhean.

An robh 'n curaidh, an robh 'n gaisgeach,
 An sàr chaptin ro' na miltean ;
 An robh 'n duine bu thearc samhuilt
 Bha ri fhaighinn anns na crìochan.

'S e sàr mhac mòr Mhic 'ic Ailein,
 Fhuair an alla 's cha bu mhi-chliu ;
 Cha bu dùchanan thug cliu air,
 Fada shiubh'lte feadh gach righeachd.

.

 Dh' aindeoin na labhair iad uile,
 Cha d' fhuair e 'n t-urram a b' fhiach e.

Gu 'm beannaicheadh Dia an tùr allail,
 Is glan sealladh, 's e tùr Chailein ;
 Tùr is ainmeil feadh gach talmhuinn,
 Tùr air laimhrig Chaolas-Bharraidh.

'S e tùr nan cliar, an tùr falaidh,
 An tùr an riaraichear gun ghainne ;
 An tùr ceolmhor am bi mhòrchuis,
 Fion is beoir air bord gun cheannach.

Tùr an fhortain, cliuiteach, cosgail,
 Am fag na daoine bochd am beannachd ;
 Tùr an t-sonais 's am bi 'n onoir,
 Ge b'e mholadh e mar b' airidh.

'S àluinn, eibhinn, dearrsadh grein air,
 'N am bhi 'g eiridh maduinn Earraich :
 Sòlas inntinn fir na tìre,
 Laindeir oidhche do luchd mara.

Ionad reulaidh dh' fhear na eigin,
 'N am bhi steidheachadh air calla ;
 Nì e soillse mar an daoimean,
 Solus coinnle 's uinneag ghloine.

Ro mhaith 'sgliatadh, ro mhaith aoladh,
 Ro mhaith 'n t-saothair th' air a' bhalla ;
 'S ro mhaith 'ghiubhas air a dhlùthadh,
 Air son ùirneis bheir e barrachd.

An tigh is fearr tha measg nan Gaidheal,
 Cò 'n duin' ann is fearr na Cailein ?
 Duine gasda, cneasda, diadhuidh,
 Cliu dha iar-ogh', 's cliu dha sheanair.

An tigh 's an duin' a reir a cheile,
 Mar fhuair Eamunn an t-each barr-fhionn ;
 Gu 'n gleidheadh thu o neart nàmhaid,
 O neart teine 's o neart mara.

Gun gleidheadh Dia 'm fear chuir suas e,
 Saoghal buan san dualchas arroil,
 E fein is a shliochd na dheigh
 Dhol air adhart an deagh ghnothuch,
 Sud mo roghainn.

ORAN ARRABHAIG.

LA leathag O hò,
Mhairearad chridhe O hò,
La leathag O hò.

Nighean an Leòdaich O hò,
Falt buidhe, O hò, àc,
Dhath an òir ort,
'S cian a bhliadhna,
Leam o phòs thu,
'S mi 'nam shuidh'
Air Caolas Rònaidh,
M' aghaidh air Uidhist,
Nan eun mòra ;
Thainig bleidean ;
Bleideil bòsdail,
Le bhilibhet
Le spuir 's le bhòtain,
'S gu'n d' fhaighneachd e dhiom
Le chail chòmhraidh,
Ciod e b' fhasan
Do Chlann Dòmhnuaill,
Dhomhsa b' aithne
Beus bu chòir dhoibh,
Fion ga leigeadh,
Beoir 'ga òl ac ;
An treas tarruing,
'Ga chur a stòpa.
Cha b' ionnan dhoibh
'S siol nan Leòdach,
Siol a' chapuill
Bhacaich spògaich,
Bheathaicheadh air
Moll is fòlach,
Air dudan dubh,
'S air gulam eòrna ;
Air uisge bog
A phuill mhònaidh ;

Cha ghoirear orr'
 Ach " pruth sèoi,"
 Taod mu 'n claigeann
 'S goid mu 'n dòrnaibh.

Freagairt—Thugaibh teicheadh
 Phrasgain ghealtaich,
 No 'n cuimhne leibh
 Latha Ghleann-Shealtainn ;
 Sheas sibh 'san fhraoch
 Mar na cearcau,
 Cha' sibh 's a' loch
 Mar na lachain,
 Chaidh sibh 's a' chuan
 Mar na farspuig,
 Co i 'n long
 Tigh 'n stigh air eirthir ?

Ban Domhnullach—Do 'n buaidh ort
 Lom-lan eilein,
 Tha long Dhomhnuill
 Ghuirm an eilein ;
 Dh' fhag i 'n rudh ud
 'S an rudh eile,
 Chuir i bord
 Far long Mhic Coinnich,
 'S dh' fhag i long
 Mhic Leoid air deireadh.
 He la-le Hò e Hò,
 He, &c.

Nic Leod—La leathag O hò,
 Mar bitheadh
 Mo chridhe dhiobradh,
 'S mo ghuth lag
 Air bheagan spideadh,
 'S mi gu'n seinneadh
 An tuireadh chinnteach,
 Dha na fearaibh
 An taobh shios dhiom,
 An Dunbheagain
 Nan long lionmhor

'S ann aig Ruairi
Tha long fhada
Theid a dh' Ile,
Theid a dh' Arrain;
Fir òg ag òl
Air a sarguinn.

ORAN MU BHREACAN an fheilidh a bhi air a
thoirt air ais do na Gaidheil.

FHUARAS naigheachd, 's fhiach a labhairt,
'Nam bu mhaith am bard mi ;
Dheanainn oran air Rìgh Deorsa
'S bheirinn moran taing dha ;
Bho 'n thug e 'n oighreachd do na daoine
'S mor a thoill e 'n cairdeas,
Cuimhnichidh gu brath an cloinn e
'S bi iad caoimhneal dhasan.

Cha chuala mi riamh an seanachas
· Mar tha Alba 'u tràth-sa ;
Na bheil ann air fas cho dileas,
Do 'n Rìgh ri aon bhràthair ;
'Nuair theid gach neach an eideadh ceart
Gu 'n cluinnear fad' an làmhach,
Mar lasair dhealanaich le farum,
Fuaim nam fear le claimh'nean.

Thig Morair Armadail le armailt
'S garbh an tus a' bhlàir e ;
Thig Mac 'Ic Alasdair le farum
O Gharraidh nan sruth làidir ;
Thig Mac 'Ic Ailein oirbh a Muideart,
Dublaidh e na rancan ;
Thig Mac Dhughaill o Dhun Olla,
'S maith gu pronnadh chnàmh sibh.

Eirigh gaisgich thig o'n Cheapaich ;
Fìr ladurna dhàna,
Mac 'Ic Raonuill 's a chuid dhaoine
Bhuineadh faobh 'g a naimhdean,
Stric a choisinn sibh buaidh làrach,
'S gach àit' am biodh ainneart,
Gu sgiath guineach ealamh ullamb,
Fuileachdach gu namhaid.

Thig Clann Ghilleathain nall le claidheamh,
 'S maith gu sgathadh cheann iad ;
 Is Clann Lachlainn na fir thapaidh,
 Nach robh tais 's an aimhreit ;
 Thig Clann Iain o Ghleann Comhann,
 'S coimheach iad ri naimhdibh ;
 Gu breac tapaidh leum mar ghaisgich,
 Dar ghlacadh iad Spainnteach.

Eirigh Alasdair Diuc Gordon,
 Le chonspuinnibh laidir ;
 An ceannard luath is fearr a chualas
 Mu 'n cuairt ann an Alba ;
 Dh' fhalbh thu roimh do dhaoine uaisle,
 'S bu shuaire air an ceann thu,
 Togaidh tu corr is coig mile
 Ma thig strith an Alba.

Thig fir Lochiall leat 's garbh gu gnìomh iad,
 'Nam dol sìos 's na blàraibh,
 Le brataich shailmnic, laidir, mbeamnaich,
 Fearr-ghleusach air naimhdean,
 Thig Clann Ionmhuinn bharr an t-Sratha,
 Gun atha, gun naire,
 Thig Mac Phadruig anns a' choinneamh,
 'S feairde comunn chàich e.

Thig Mac Shimidh nall le chinneadh
 Cha b' iongantach dhà sin ;
 Fhuair e sòlas bho Rìgh Deòrsa,
 Toiseach còir thoirt dhasan ;
 Thig Clann Fhionnlaidh a Braigh Mâr oirbh,
 'S feairde sibh 's a champ iad ;
 Thig Clann Ghriogair nall le misnich,
 Sgiobalta fo 'n armaibh.

Thig fear Chluainidh le dhaoin' naisle,
 'S maith gu bualadh laun iad,
 Thighearn Ruan nall o'n Ghiubhsaich
 'Nam dhusgadh na h-aimhreit ;
 Le 'n lannaibh cuil an laimh gach fiurain,
 Ghearradh smuis is chnamhau ;
 Thig Mac-an-Ab a nall le phrasgan,
 Tartarach, gun chearb air.

Tha sinn uile deonach, falbh le Deòrsa,
 O'n a chòrd sinn aon uair ;
 Ged a bha sinn greis ri gòraich
 An toiseach na h-aimhreit,
 O'n a gheall sinn a' bhi dileas,
 Bi sinn cinnteach dhàsan ;
 'S cha 'n 'eil neart anns an Roinn Eorpa,
 A bheir comhraig là dhuinn.

Deas ar faicinn sìos 's a bhatal
 'N aghaidh neart na Frainge,
 Cluinntear tartraich luchd nam breacan
 'Sgathadh chas is cheann diubh ;
 Ged a dh' eireas leis a Spainnteach,
 'S na bheil thall am Flanras,
 Cha teid a h-aon gu brath'ch dhiubh dhachaigh,
 Le tapadh nan Gaidheal.

Ma thig fòirneart air Rìgh Deòrsa
 Tha mi 'n dochas làidear,
 'Nuair dh' eireas na Gaidheil còmhlaith,
 Gu 'm bi coir an airde ;
 Bi srol ri crannaibh fuaim nan lannaibh
 Deannadh ris na Frangaich,
 Cha 'n 'eil a dh' airm anns an Roinn Eorpa
 Na bheir aodann dhaibhsan.

Bi piob is bratach suas gu spalpadh,
 Buin chaismeachd nan Gaidheal ;
 C'aite 'n d' fhuair iad riamh bonn maslaidh,
 Luchd nam breacan sgarlaid ;
 'Nuair theid iad uile 'nan armailt

Air gach namhaid th' aig an Rìgh
 Gu 'n strìochd iad sìos gu shailibh.

Deoch slainte Mharcuis ghleidh na breacain
 Chleachd bhi aig na Gaidheil,
 Ged bhiodh sneachd ann 's mi air astar
 Bhiodh mo phearsa sàbhailt ;
 Ged thig an oidhch' orm anns an aonach
 Bhithinn caoimhneil blàth ann,
 Is 'nuair a dh' eirinn anns a' mhaduinn
 B' aigeannach a' falbh mi.

Guidheam sòlas do Mhontros
 Rinn e choir 's bha shannt air,
 Ged a bha sinn treis fo airtneul
 Caitheamh chasag Gallda ;
 Ghleidh e dhuinn ar n-airm 's ar n-aodach,
 Leumaidh sinn ni 's airde,
 O'n a chuir sinn dhinn a bhriogais
 Nach tigeadh ri 'r nadur.

Ma thig feum ort, airc no éiginn
 'S feumail dhuit na Gaidheil
 Le na lannaibh daingean du-ghorm,
 Bhuaileadh smearail laidir ;
 Ghearradh chnuac 's a sgoltadh chluas,
 'S a chur na ruaig na teann ruith,
 Gu toil inntinn thoirt do 'n Mharcus,
 Dia chur as d' a naimhdean.

Bi cota cath-dath 's peiteag thartain,
 Teann mu phearsa Ghaidheil ;
 Bi feileadh gasda de bhreacan maiseach,
 Sud is dag bhall airgid :
 Claidheamh an crios air do chruachan,
 Gu bualadh do namhaid,
 Gunna 's biodag ort gu sgiobalt,
 Co chuireadh ris a Ghaidheal ?

DO MHAC DHOMHNUILL ILA,
Ard-fhlath Innsegall.

Mor in feym freggirt
 Ni wyag hic fane sheacht
 An drong gus in deggit
 Go oyflach er gi laa
 Nach za ne nairrad bead
 Ga aywflych sheach gach fer
 Owyle zar chur dwn
 In dyffris gwss a weg
 Beggane di lonych ni
 Wyagh slonensich dewf
 Nor thiggit fir ny
 Fyagh zyach chrwe
 Beid gow mein cardol
 Cayfynch mar is dlewe
 As noar chuirrir ead
 Er chardis caynach tug
 Gawit meezan rewayn
 Zarfy agis rwde
 Cromid knoffyd a mallin
 Mwn er mwn
 Go braa noch cha charra
 Kanghnaa sin na guth
 Seygh ni waa raan weas
 A nam agny tugga mee
 Gai zolk a waddin noir
 Is leyr na ga maa
 Di neid erry ghrad
 Go ra ghrad ree ny' raa
 Cantir loo cho linn
 Nac arrych ir dosk feyne
 Ffeir gi sanbrearta
 Dasky am bea speis
 Racht ny' drocht charrit
 Er astir hig in ganee
 Errymsi in sen er skav

Nar is bo zna' wryde
 Is di wear rwme zoyve
 Lane no layve dim chwdch
 Cannit rwmsi la zan
 Gair ra mayn voge
 Er in dail is mor
 Ym bray huggi dute
 Hean ve sawlla ag makaan
 Noch chin nwle
 Beggane di lonffa
 Ni wyag slonffae maa
 Mek e hwlych m^c e
 Ammych ead in gayn
 Mek e woth caryth
 Faa sawryt zeyris grayne
 Mek e hirryt mek e hantyt
 Ead gyt leyr
 Tugfeid mna zeif zyag
 Chearit orm fane sach
 Gow tonoyt sanctyt
 Sheiryt hit gi banna
 Gwn deillit essit
 Eissur arri hacha
 Wearre sheirryt na zaa
 Heirryt laa mir nert
 Agis gil weass
 Fo hedyt din tress far
 Agis innile di ne deyn
 Dych er gi nach
 Is mor awyd fygh cheirryt
 Woyme lay gan
 Di nead bagryt
 Agus freichach gi' wei beg
 Say anma bagra in daa
 Herrach faa fedda
 Tigfeit fyigh zeive
 Re choggir drut gi dean
 Ga heach is far hag in no
 Bew see dir shead
 Cinnis a zerris ay sin
 Tossych keid a each

Mean leam zillissyt
 Re wroskill comyn clayr
 Gach each znissis ay
 Re hottil zeyf mir weas
 Errir orm si halli
 Heggisk haal nor dyi
 Iy tein each boosly
 Zeachew di weit er zryeg
 Beg nach fygh vek
 Is aythir e mir sin
 Creddi in nis a zantir
 Aggin vimny sin
 Ruggidir ar baa
 Is er gabphil as ir dy
 Is keal is farri aid
 Ta aggin tryle ra gossi
 Gow fynta coyc is far
 Agcwng re dol er tosk
 Gw tei oyne V^c Donil
 Dawyt chorkis rynn
 Zyg er in nar lymkir
 Lawyc rachoyd synn
 Gi neit tuggomor gi
 Strasta commo lynn
 Ma say m^c ayne in nolt
 Aynvog zeikis rinn
 Gai cart camm lat a rei
 Barnis ny' narm nocht
 Aytheig ni fyg nach
 Dirnis a chur ort
 Sweach mee er
 A zalwoss a hort zawf
 Did in wulterse mek
 Earghis huggis cryif
 Mintir dut ni fyag
 Awfly a olt fear
 A franguss sheachad shear
 Canni ay red zanwss
 Zerg zlyn is mach neaf
 Mintir miss zoyne og
 Arne aggi weame

Annit zwt o mhwri
 Gow monni dya za deiyn
 Gomme tow zawis
 In sollich dley eiak
 Gin g' deikis kinda
 Dirnit er a gann
 Canny rwinsi in swle ghorm
 San wog ag oil wann
 Ayttheikny fyag nach
 Dirnis hekkir leamm
 Dy zoywir woyme egi
 Horlow na neiss far
 Ni baa is na cappil
 Di skeillis as di heyg
 Mir a beg lat vome zeineach
 Boo er o wow
 Arrych slaywin sangwoir
 Seiach er ri zryeg
 Dearninsi neiss royag
 Molta did znoyss ree
 As tow is croy in gness
 Chrotda ca' fec mea
 As tow is bugga wronna
 Longa radha lynn feyn
 As tow is far faa toir
 Is fa tynnnows di cloun chlwnn
 Noch cha wo ort na wske
 Inlit di wossi chwri
 Ffar noynit is fir derk
 Re imlit drwm er zrwn
 As tow is croy ag cossnow
 Teirri nach bee id telf
 Bee id tyghe a re eillyc
 Mor in feym.

UGHDAR DE SO DEADHAN CHNOIDEART.

A CHINN Diarmaid O'Chairbre,
 Ge leòr d' airc agus d' thuaitheal ;
 Cha mhòr leam meud do dhochair,
 Ge ta thu crocht' ri cuaille ;
 Cha truagh leam feadh ghruaig ghreannaich
 Na gaoith' gleannaich 'ga srannadh ;
 Cha truagh leam gad a' d' ghialaibh
 A chinn Diarmaid O'Chairbre.
 Mairg ! a smaoin bhi a'm bràghad,
 Nach b'e nàmhad do chàirdeas.
 Och ! is mairg nior shaoil teachdadh,
 A chinn Diarmaid O'Chairbre.
 Do mhilleadh leat Rìgh Ila,
 Fear iomairt fhion' is airgid
 Dha té na drills' ùir iarnaigh,
 A chinn Diarmaid O'Chairbre.
 Rìgh Ila nan còrn cò-h-òil
 A chuir onoir air chàirdean,
 Mairg a chreuchd a chneas niamh-gheal,
 A chinn Diarmaid O'Chairbre.
 Ionmhuinn leam a bhas mhòraicht'
 A dhioladh òr no airgid,
 'S le 'm b' annsachd fleagh is fiadhach,
 A chinn Diarmaid O'Chairbre.
 Iarram air Rìgh nan ostal,
 An ti fosglas latha pnàimh
 D'a fhurt'adh feasd bho phianaibh,
 A chinn Diarmaid O'Chairbre.

BUAN AN LEUNSA AIR LETH CHUINN.

BUAN an leunsa air leth Chuinn,
Lomhnur dhuinn aig dortadh deur.
An bhas dar uorghaid do ghnath,
Och ! mo chradh as goirt an sgeul.

Och ! mo chradh as goirt an sgeul,
An sgeulsa as gear an ghreis,
Air ccrann cubhra air bhfiogradh aird,
Do bhem an bas fa sech leis.

Gach ndechadh dhinn as aille gne,
As fem meinn sas uaisle gniomh,
An sealgure as docha snuadh,
Gadaidh uainnma dol uainh aigh chaul.

Conn Ceud-Chathach, Art, is Nial,
Rìghag temhra dar ghell gach tìr,
Do gadadh as lar na ceud,
Is gadaid gan bheig ler gadadh iad.

Ga attainic uaith a nuas,
Fedhna nar ghabh cuas re cleir,
Bileidh baraghlas fa liuire blath,
Aig so nait sni bfid fein.

Feuch leat cad rinne ane,
An cleasadh cle as dorcha delbha,
Ruaidhraidh ai air geig bhan,
Do ghad mur chach ar sluag na marbh.

No chreach dheigh ionadh anois go nuadh,
Caidremh na sluadh ai air gheg bhan,
Maise rioghbbhan as maighdin og,
Do cheanchadh ceol is deisdeadh dan.

Daltan fire fola Neill,
Seregudh feine boinne deis,
An feidar go leigfadh cach,
A beth mur so alan leis.

Iongnn go bhedfán an bas,
 An pheist ghranna as gaibhtae gren,
 An taibhse ciordhubh thecht go cron,
 Fa fioghradh trom a cuil tais.

As ionghnadh go bfedfadh an bas,
 Ni meisda liom ana dha nis,
 A bheul dubh ghonn as cairtadh gne,
 Bheith ag uigh beilin tais.

As ionghnadh deadh an cruitin crom
 A thaobh lom as dorcha gne,
 San tasan cam air dat a daol,
 Do uineadh uis air leabadh le.

As ionghnadh cionnas do fuair,
 An stuaidh nimhe nach aluinn gne,
 A bhanfhuil cham chrosach chlaon,
 No chrop mhur dhaol do theannadh le.

An ionghnadh go bhfeadfeadh an bas,
 An cridhe cradh nach fuaire cloch,
 Idir an do ghil mur gheis,
 Go iuneadh se achaoiche achpan.

Cosmhuil acht giodh granda an tliadh,
 Gur mor aspeis aceol sa greann,
 Bhuime anoileambna ar aon,
 Taobh air thaobh is eisin thall.

An cealgaire crion crotach crom,
 Struagh gan achom an mo ghlaic,
 Ni sgarfadh caoidhche as mo laimh,
 Go bhfaghainn mo ghradh ris air ais.

Rosg suamhnach sul ghorm saor,
 Iomnhon taobh fan leic a ta,
 Gruadh lioghlán on dealrionn glán,
 Do mhearaidh mo chiall leis na mna.

Ceol is caomhas is comhradh binn,
 Cuisle ghrinn an tire thuath,
 Uch linne ghiodh hólé ata,
 Le ai ar gheg bhán a nocht san uaigh.

CLARSAIR MHIC DHOMHNUILL AN EIRINN.

'S GUR mise tha brònach,
'S mi nam ònar an Eirinn.

'S mi tarruing na clàrsaich,
Le pràmh bhar nan geugan.

'S cha sheinn i dhomh òran,
Ach crònna 'g am léireadh.

Ach cumha is crònna,
A toirt deòir air mo léirsinn.

'S cha sheinn i ceol mu aighear,
No caithream nam feusdan.

'S ann a tha i a' caoineadh
Luchd gaoil a chaidh eug uainn.

An luchd gaoil tha 'nan sìneadh
'S a' chill is nach éirich.

'S nach dùisgear le sòlas,
Le ceol bho a teudan.

'S nach dùisgear le dàn iad
Gu manran no éibhneas.

DI-MOLADH NAM BAN.

CHUNNAIC mise, 's cian o'n uair,
 Bean fìor shuairc' a' triall le daoì ;
 B'e sud iomlanachd gun ghràs,
 'S mairg a bheireadh gràdh do mhnaoi.

Bean is dà chridhe na cliabh,
 Nar leig 'an Triath mi na dàil,
 Cridhe rium ri comhradh ciùin,
 'S crìdh' eil' air mo chùl 'g am chràdh.

Mar fhadadh teine fo loch,
 Mar chogar ri cloich an cuan,
 Comhairl' a thoirt air mnaoi bhuirb,
 Mar bhuill' ùird air iarunn fuar.

Ach 'nam faiceadh sibh an daor,
 Na sheasamh ri taobh air làr ;
 Mar ghreim air eascainn air sruth
 Geill a thoirt do ghuth nam mnà.

'S iomlan leam aignidh nam mnaoi,
 Bidh iad mar sin gu bràth buan ;
 Di-Dònuich ged d' robh i 'd' reir,
 Ni i d' threigsinn air Di-Luain.

Ach ma chi i miann a sùl,
 Oigeir ùr a' tigh'nn o'n tràigh ;
 Cha bu ruith leath' sud ach leum,
 Cha 'n 'eil féile air na mnà.

'Nuair a dh' fhàsaicheas do nead,
 Thig an t-snàg o'n aird-an-iar ;
 Fuadaichidh i 'n druid san t-sliabh,
 Mar nach fhacas i riamh 's a' chrann.

'S mise 'n druid o'n innidh fhuair,
 'S gur e 'n duin' ud shuas an t-snàg ;
 'S i 'n innidh bean a chuill duinn,
 Cha mhisde leam ge do thuig.

Tuigibh gur a mise 'n t-ian,
 Aig a bheil fios inntinn na mnà ;
 Ged nach labhran ri le m' bheul,
 'S ann aice fein tha fios mar tha.

Bu leat m' airgiod, bu leat m' òr,
 Bu leat mo shiod' 's mo shròl gu tiugh,
 A bhean a tholl mo chridh' le gaol
 Cha'n amhaire i orm ach faoin an diugh.

Thachair ainnir orm 's an dùn,
 Anns an dùn tha siar fo dheas ;
 Labhair i rium le comhradh borb
 Gu'n robh mi 'm chorra ghiollan glas.

'S glas an claidheamh tha 's an truail,
 'S glas an tuagh ata sa chois ;
 Ma bhios am faobhar tana geur,
 Cha mhisd' a ghne dad bhi glas.

COMUNN NAN GAIDHEAL.

AN diugh aig Drochaid-a-Bhanna,
 Tha srannraich nam bratach sìoda ;
 Gaidheil a tional gu tart'rach
 Ri àrd-chaismeachd na pioba ;
 An fhuil nam pòran air mhìre,
 Mar bu dual dith bhi bho 'n sinnsir :
 Na fir mhòra, chròdha, làidir,
 Anns an àraich riamh nach pillte.

Tha Gaidheil na h-Alba gu h-uabhrach
 An diugh a' gluasad gu streupa,
 'S a' seasamh ri 'n taobh gu gaisgeil
 Tha Gaidheil ghasda na h-Eirionn ;
 Thoinn iad an cluaran 's an t-seamarag,
 'S thoinn na Cuimrich leo an léicis ;
 'S tha Clann nan Gaidheal mar bu dualach,
 An diugh an guaillibh a cheile.

Tha fuil nan gaisgeach air mhìre,
 'S iad a sireadh chum na h-àrfhaich,
 A chogadh gun fhoill gun ainneart
 Ris na naimhdean a thug tàir' dhaibh ;
 Cogadh gun bhuillean, gun tuasaid,
 Gun fhùdar, gun luaith', gun stàilinn ;
 Cha tairngear claidheamh a truail leo,
 'S cha chluinnear fuaim an cuid làmhaich.

Ach chluinnear àrd-ghuth nam mac geala,
 Am briathran fearail, calma,
 Guthan a labhras gu dileas,
 An aobhar na firinn dhearbhta ;
 A togail an t-slogain uaibhrich,
 A chleachd bhi aig na h-uaislean meanmnach :
 Tròcair o'n làidir do 'n laigse
 'S ceart an aghaidh neart 's gach aimsir.

Gu mu beannaicht' a' choinneamh,
'S an deachaidh a thoinneamh le cheile,
Cluaran uaisle na h-Alba,
Is seamrag ainmeil na h-Eirionn ;
'S an do thoinn na Cuimrich mheanmnach,
Le lamhan calma na léicis ;
'S ma shecas an triuir ud còmhladh,
Cò an còmhlan chuireas éis orr' ?

ORAN NAN LOTAICHEAN.

Le Domhnull MacRuairidh (MacIain 'ic Aonghuis,
Tolorum.

B' e so an dùthaich chianail,
Tha luchd riaghlaidh tuilleadh 's mòr innte,
H-uile fear na dheannaibh dhiubh,
Is eallach aige 'n còmhnuidh dhuinn ;
Cha bhean iad fein le mearan dha,
Ach iarraidh iad gu mòrchuisseach
An sac a chur mu 'd' mhuineal :
Dean a chumail oir neo fògrar thu.

Tha 'n Geamhradh nis air tighinn,
'S bidh mi 'm' shuidhe treis an comhlanan,
Cha chluinn mi dad a bhruthinn
Ach an suidheachadh, 's e 's còmhradh dhaibh,
A Shàbaid is de sheachdain
'S e bhios acasan mar stòireanan,
Ciamar nithear gàradh
Ann an àite gun aon dòirneag ann.

Cha chluinn mi guth air diadhaireachd,
Am bliadhna chaidh a fògradh uainn,
Le mheud 's a tha do riaghailtean
A nios o Bhean a Ghòrdanaich ;
Tha lotaichean gan gearradh,
'S theid am fearann chur an ordugh dhaibh ;
Bidh iomadh fear a gearain
'S gu 'm bi eallach air gu leor aca.

Bidh tighean breagha, geal, aca,
'S cha seiliseir is còmhdach dhaibh ;
Ach sgliait a thig da 'n ionnsuidh-san
Air cunntais Bean a Ghòrdanaich ;
Theid liosan chur mu 'n cuairt orra,
Chluinntear fuaim aig eoin annta ;
Bidh craobhan ubhl' a fàs annta,
'S buntàta, 's càl, is greòsaidean.

Nach mòr an t-aobhar smaointinn
 Do sheann daoin' a dh' fhalbh an treòir asda,
 Bhi teannadh ris na gàrachan,
 'S ri pàirceanan 'cur feòir annta ;
 Ged gheibhinn aois Mhetusela,
 Cha dean i chuis, bidh còrr aca,
 Bidh eallach ùr 'ga theannachadh
 Gu daingean mu 'n an sgòrnan orr'.

Ma theid an tuath a chùmhlachadh,
 Cha bhi duil ri beo-shlaint' ac' ;
 Ma nithear cruitean ùra dhaibh,
 Theid cuid co dhiu dhiubh fhògairt asd' ;
 Am fear a gheibhear lapach dhiubh
 Bidh smachd aig luchd an stòrais air,
 Bidh esan fo na casan ac'
 Gun neach a nochdas tròcair dha.

Tha bàilidh agus maoir againn,
 'S cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh tròcaireach ;
 Cha tagair iad ar cùisean,
 Ach ar sgiursadh, sud a chòrdadh riuth' ;
 Cha chluinn mi guth de riaghailt
 Ach ag iarraidh fhiach an còmhnuidh oirnn ;
 'S bu mhaith a màl na cùisean
 Air an tìr gun dad a chòrr bhi ann.

'S mith'ch a nis da 'n tuathcheathairn,
 Bhi gluasad as an clò-chadal,
 Le piocaid air an gualainn
 'Dol do'n *chuarry*, 's aobhar bhròin dhaibh sud ;
 Bidh siumpairean 'ga 'n geurachadh,
 Is mòran feum air ordairean ;
 Bidh fùdar gorm na lasair,
 'S theid na clachan 'chur nan òirnean leis.

'S am fear tha freasdal phàisdean,
 Gu 'm bi sàruchadh an còmhnuidh aig ;
 Cha bhuail a bhean an lamh-ord dha,
 'S cha tig a nàbuidh còmhla' ris ;

Bidh esan 's e na riaslaiche,
 'S a h-uile sian a òrdugh aig;
 'S ann theid cus do 'n t-siorr'achd,
 Leis a mhiapadh a gheibh mòran dhiubh.

Cha 'n 'eil clach 's an dùthaich,
 Tha mi 'n dùil' nach teid a chòcaireachd,
 Mu 'n deanar gàradh ùr
 A chur 'sa chùis a tha air òrduchadh;
 Bidh ceithir troidhean 'dh' àird annta
 Mu 'n càirichear an còp orra,
 'S mur a dean iad passigeadh,
 Gu 'n cartar as do 'n mhòintich sinn.

Ach bheirinn combairl' chàirdeil,
 Air na h-ann 's an àite dh' òganaich,
 An cùl a chur gu h-ealamh,
 Ris an talamh nach toir beo-shlaint dhaibh,
 'S a dhol a null do Shrallia,
 Tha fearann aig a Ghòbherment;
 'S an uair ni sibh a cheannach
 Gheibh sibh bannan fhad is beò sibh air.

Nach seall sibh cor na tìre,
 Bha ur sinnsir greis a còmhnuidh innt';
 Tha sibh an diugh na 'r diobaraich,
 'S cha d' fhàg iad dìleab mhòr agaibh,
 Cho cinnteach 's 'tha mi 'g innse dhuibh,
 Bidh gach ni mar dh' òrduicheadh:
 Nach cluinn sibh fàisneachd Choinnich,
 Gur e 's deireadh dha so geòidh 'bhi ann.

ORAN A BHATA AIR CUAN-AN-IAR
UIDHIST.

Le Aonghus Caimbeul, am Bard Sgallach.

*

CHA b' e sgeul' an t-sòlais e,
Dha m' mhnaoi phòsda 's dha mo phàisdean,
Mi dhol a chuan nam biorach,
Theab nach tillinn ged a thainig mi ;
Le dà ràmh gun chraicinn
Cha bu ghlagairean a dh' fhàilingeadh,
Na bheireadh a mach rudha :
Bha sinn subhach nuair a ràinig sinn.

'Illean nach b' e bòcan e,
'Nuair thòisich e ri eiridh oirnn ;
Tigh'nn a steach air a taobh-toisich,
Toirt copan mu na sleisnean aic' ;
Gu 'n cumamaid a cliathaich ris,
Fhad 's a mhaireas iall ri cheile dhith :
Am fear bhios air an stiuir againn,
Bu mhaith an cùis na h-eigin e.

Labhair Domhnull Og gu spracail,
" Bithibh tapaidh, fuasgailteach,
B' fhearr leam gu 'm faicinn an dràst,
A ghàir a th' air na stuaghanan ;
Bheirinn ruith dhith agus gleidheadh
Is eithear a ni buannachd i ;
Dh' fhàg na saoir gu làidir, treun, i,
Gur geur a dh' ionnsuidh fuaraidh i."

Dh' òrduich am Breabadair Bàn,
A h-uile snàile 'n aodach thoirt dhith,
Còta 's bata Dhomhnuill Oig,
Chur air dòigh na faodamaid ;

Chaidh am bata mach le guallainn,
 'Nuair bu chruaidh a chaonnag oirn,
 Cheart cho luath 's a chaidh e suas
 Gun d' leag e nuas an t-aodach ud.

“ Cuimhnichibh a nis am bàs,
 'S gach càs san robh sibh eucorach ;
 Thoiribh maitheanas d' 'ur naimhdean,
 Na biodh feall no foill annaibh ;
 Ma gheibh còrr is sinne dàil,
 'S e 'n t-Ard Rìgh a bhios oircheasach,
 O'n se smachdaicheas an stoirm,
 'S an colg tha orra, 's oillteil e.”

Dh' òrduich am Breabadair Bàn
 An t-each a thairneadh mòine dha,
 Sud a thoirt do na bochdan,
 Bhiodh ri osnaich thròcaireach ;
 Ged a bha e 'n tinneas cléibh
 Bu mhaith gu feum air clòintean e ;
 “ Dh' fhighinn sin is anart caol
 A dh' fhaoidte dhol an còmhdach leis.”

Dh' òrduich Domhnull Ard tri bolla
 A thoirt dha na feumaichibh,
 Le deagh thomhas agus annlan ;
 'S maith an ceann diol-déirce sud :
 Leth-bholla 'Nighean Challuim Bhàin,
 Nan tigeadh càs no eigin orr' ;
 Urrad eile do Nic Leoid,
 Gun sòradh air na dh' fheumas rud.

Alastair Moireastan, dh' eirich e,
 Is e gu gleusda, luath-lamhach ;
 Thug e tarruing air an taoman,
 Anns a chaonaig chruadalaich ;
 Fhad 's a dh' fhanas i o'n ghrunnd,
 An iubhrach nuair ghluaiseas i,
 Cumar tioram i gun taing,
 Gach ranc dhith gus am buanaich i.

Nach b' e 'm bàta tapaidh i,
Thug dhachaidh sinn gu sàbhailte;
Ghleidh sinn Caolas-rotha-sgeir,
Bu choraisge 'n t-aite leinn;
'Nuair thugadh ann an ceann i,
'S a chaisgeadh sgraing na bàirlinn dhith,
Thàirneadh san Lag Nogh i:
Fhuair sinn sgoil a shàruich sinn.

ORAN CLACHAN LIONACLEIT.

Leis an ughdar Cheudna.

Fàill ill o, 's na hòro hùo,
 Hùrabh o, 's na hòro hùo,
 Fàill ill o, 's na hòro hùo,
 Dh' eireadh fonn neo-throm le sunnd oirnn.

Clachan Lionacleit na shineadh,
 Fhuair e thogail suas o 'n dilionn ;
 Leag Mac Mhàruis steighe dhìleas,
 Ged bhiodh bàirlinn àrd ga dhireadh.

Thagh thu fein na gillean dìleas,
 Bheireadh clachan as an dilionn ;
 Fuaim le fùdar, smuid gu h-ìosal,
 Dha na speuran leum na piosan.

Cha bu sgailm dhomh fhin a ràdha,
 'S obair bhuan i 'n deigh do laimhe ;
 Leag Mac Mhàruis steidhe làidir,
 Gach clach-shnìomha 's cinnteach sàs orr'.

Riuneadh o 'n t-Sròm rathad dìreach,
 Gheibh a Bhanrigh sràid da rìreadh ;
 Thig i comhlath ris an Rìgh ann ;
 'S gheibh thu duais bhios buan do d' shìnnsear.

'Nuair thig Raonull Og nam bratach,
 Marcaich nan each cruidheach, seanga ;
 Gheibh e rathad rìgh fo chasan
 Troimh 'n dubh-mhòintich stròm cha 'n fhaic e.

Dannsair grinn air urlar farsuing,
 'Dol san ruidhle 's *spring* na chasan,
 'Nam biodh beus is teudan ceart ann,
 Bàrr do bhròig cha leòn an dealta.

Urram spionnaidh dha 'n fhear ghasda
 Is deis' air sràid, air blàr, 's air faiche,
 Ruairidh donn b'e com na maise,
 Smiorail, foirmeil, calma, sgairteil.

Pòitear fiona 's an tigh-òsd' thu,
 'Nam na bòileich stòp cha 'n fhaighnich:
 Copan làn, cha smàlar coinnlean,
 Thuiteadh càch 's tu slàn o'n oidhche.

B' fhearr leam fhin gu'm faicinn pòsd' thu,
 Rì te ghrinn nach mìl do stòras,
 Ceile leapa chleachd bhì fòghlum,
 Modhail, sìobhalt', ribhinn bhòidheach.

DUAN CALLUIG.

Le Eachunn Macleoid, a' Bard Uidhisteach.

GED 's tric fhuair mi fialachd 'n 'ur talla
 Cha d' thainig mi gus am bliadhn'
 Ann riamh air challaig.
 Tha mi 'n duil gu faigh mi 'm bliadhua
 Riarachadh mar is maith leam,
 O'n tha mo ghillean fo fhiasaig
 Gu faigh iad fiach airson an caithris ;
 Cha sàruich sin boirionnach fialaidh,
 Air son spiocaire de bhannaig.
 Gabhaidh sinn buaidh stuth na Tòiseachd,
 O se 's dòcha thogail gean oirnn ;
 O se 's tlachdmhoire ri riaghladh,
 'S e 's lionmhoire ri cheannach ;
 'S bho na dh' fhiaghaich sibh mo nàbuidh
 Cha leig sibh a làmh leis falamh ;
 Dh' fhag e bhean 's a choignear phàistean,
 A rànaich a steach mu 'n teallach,
 An dùil gu robh buinig 'sa cheairdsa
 Gu sàbhaladh dhuinn an arain ;
 'S thogair mise falbh na phàirt
 O'n bha e fein gun dàn, gun ealdhain,
 Thagh sinn an tigh-sa mar àraidh
 O'n shàbhail sibh 'ur cuid barra,
 'S gu 'n robh a bhean a th' ann cho bàigheil,
 'S gu'n tuigeadh i càs na gainne ;
 Ma shineas i idir a làmh dha,
 Gheibh e chuid is fearr dheth eallach ;
 'S ge b'e air bith na bheir sibh dhàsan,
 Thugaibh dha 'n aosdàna drama.

DUAN CALLUIG.

DU' EIRICH mise moch 's a' mhaduinn,
 Ràinig mi starsach a bhrochain,
 Ràinig mi Iain is Fionnladh,
 Bha mi 'n dùil gu faighinn fosgladh ;
 Labhair am bodach gu fiadhaich
 “ Mo riaghair, cha mhi do dhorsair,
 Ach ma bhristeas tusa chòmhla,
 Dioghlaidh Maighstir Domhnull orts' e.”

DUAN CALLUIG.

MISE nochd a' dol air challuig,
 'G inns' a mhnathan a bhaile
 Gur e màireach Latha Nolluig ;
 Gillean bochda 'dol a dholaidh
 Gun ìm, gun chàise, gun aran,
 Freasdal cuapan de 'n buntàta,
 'S droch càl an deigh a phrannadh ;
 'S còir a' miosgan a ghearradh,
 'S còir a' miosgan a ghearradh,
 'S mar a gearrar air chòir e,
 Theid òrdag air sgòrnan na caillich.

DUAN CALLUIG.

MISE nochd a' dol air challuig,
 Gille beag nan casan rùisgte,
 Ma bhios mi beo ni mi diulnach,
 Coisnidh mi biadh agus aodach,
 Ma gheibh mi saoghal agus ùine ;
 Ach ge b' e bheir dhomhsa challuig
 Gu ma maith theid a bhliadhn' ùr leis.

AOIR NA LUCHANN.

CHA 'n 'eil luch a tha 'sa ghleann,
 Eadar an taobh thall 's a bhos,
 Nach d' chuir an clachair fios gan iarraidh,
 Bha e dioghailt air a son.

“ Deanaibh 'ur nid na chuid eorna,
 'S bithibh an còmhnuidh anns an fhiar ;
 'S ged a dh' fhàgadh sibh am fodar,
 Deanaibh cogarlach de 'n t-siol.”

Chiad te fhuair an clachair na innean
 Bha i cìnnteach anns an riasladh ;
 Chuir e chomhairle ri Seònaid,
 Gu de 'n aon ni 's còir a dheanamh,
 Thuirt a bhean bhochd, is i freagairt :

“ Nach spàrr thu chore bheag na cliathaich.”

“ Chaidh a chore bheag sin air chall,
 Thig a nall 's gu faigh thu fein i.”

'Nuair a chual' a bhean an iorram,
 Bu sgiobalt' a bha i 'g eiridh ;
 Thug i leatha minidh teine,
 Bha 'ga dhinneadh anns na h-eibhlean,
 'S an àite chur anns an luchainn,
 'S ann a chuir i ann fhein i.

Thuirt an clachair, “ Gu de 'n Riabhach !
 Chuir an t-iarrunu 'n cùl mo laimhe.
 Tha mi 'n dùil gur bean gun chiall thu,
 O'n a riab thu leis gu cnaimh mi.
 Dhioghail an tigh air a bhruideadh,
 O'n rinn an luch orm tàrtail
 'S nach foir dhi an toll no 'n taobhaidh
 Gus an ith a bhaobh na dh' fhàg i.”

EOLAS A BHEUM-SHULA.

OBA rinn Muire gheal,
 Chuir gu Brid' e null air muir,
 Air fiacail coin ghearr,
 Air lion leathar làir'.
 Ge b'e rinn an t-sùil,
 Gun tuit i air fein,,
 Air a chuid, no air a chloinn.
 Clobha mi 'n t-sùil,
 Sogha mi 'n t-sùil,
 Iargag mi 'n t-sùil ;
 Tri peagh an adha
 A theang' an domblais,
 Tri maighdionan beaga
 Rugadh anns an aon oidhche ri Criosd' ;
 Mu 's a slàn iad sin,
 Gu ma slàn a bhios tusa.

RANN MAISTRIDH.

MAISTREADH a rinn Muire,
 Air ùrlar a ghlinne,
 Mheudachadh an ime,
 Riarachadh a bhaine,
 Roinn na muinntir uile.
 Thig a chuinneag, thig,
 Thig a chuinneag, thig,
 Thig a stòrach, thig a stòrach,
 Blàthach gu 'm' dhorn,
 'S ìm gu 'm uilinn.

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