

Orain agus Dain.

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Reb Donn Mac-Aoidh.





(11)

16/6

ORAIN AGUS DAIN.







ROB DONN'S MONUMENT IN BALNACEILL CHURCHYARD, DURNES.



# ORAIN AGUS DAIN

LE

ROB DONN MAC-AOIDH.

---

*Fo churam*

AN URRAMAICH ADHAMH GUINNE, M.A., DIÙRANAIS

AGUS

CHALUIM MHIC-PHÀRLAIN

(Ceann-suidhe Comuinn Ghàidhlig Ghlascho).

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GLASCHO : IAIN MAC-AOIDH.

1899.



# SONGS AND POEMS

BY

ROB DONN MACKAY.

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*New Edition.*

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Containing several original and hitherto unpublished melodies collected in the Reay Country; sketch of the bard and his times; dissertation on the Reay Country dialect; a full glossary of uncommon words; and a supplementary chapter on the bard's surname.

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Edited by

REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS

AND

MALCOLM MAC FARLANE

(President, Gaelic Society of Glasgow).

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*ILLUSTRATED.*

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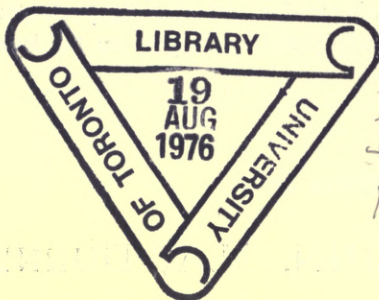
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# DEDICATION.



TO JOHN MACKAY, ESQ., C.E., J.P.,  
HEREFORD.

9 BLYTHSWOOD DRIVE,  
Glasgow, June, 1899.

DEAR CLANSMAN,

The men who are capable of distinguishing practical from impractical objects, and who are the more active in making them practicable for others, are, in my opinion, most deserving of honour. Pre-eminent amongst these it is my privilege to place you, and I esteem it an honour to be able to make even this slight acknowledgment of your patriotic and noble example. Without your keen appreciation of what is most useful in advancing the prosperity and prestige of the Gael, and without your incentive and never failing support, influences which at the present time are active in this direction would, no doubt, be dormant. Who is deserving of honour as a true and loyal Highlander if you are not? You have been zealous in promoting a Gaelic culture, especially in your native county, you have done a similar good service to our clan, and your loyal devotion has had a beneficial effect upon the whole Gaelic race. Our Celtic kinsmen across the waters have frequently and gratefully acknowledged your generous help. Even in the publication of this volume your stimulus was not wanting. It was undertaken chiefly through your incentive and advice, and it was the desire to gain your commendation which caused it to be carried out in a style in which no other Gaelic bard's works have ever been issued. It is my esteemed privilege to dedicate to you, the clansman of our gifted Sutherland bard, this edition of his works. I do so with feelings of respect and gratitude; feelings which are universally shared, I believe, by Gaels of every class, creed, and clan, who have the cause of their country, race, and language at heart.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN MACKAY.



## PREFACE.

---

THE poetical works of Rob Donn have already been published in three editions, the first in 1829, the second in 1870, and the third so recent as last year. These several editions agree in so far as they include such of the bard's compositions as are worthy of preservation, much that is not, and probably some pieces which were not his work at all. The first and third editions have each glossaries, which are by no means complete. Generally speaking, the later editions adhere to the text and orthography of the first, which, having been rendered according to the literary usage of the time, gives an impression of defective rhyme and rhythm. The only aim of the editors seems to have been the rendering of the bard's meaning. The present edition has other important claims on the reader's interest. The text has been revised and made to conform, as nearly as can be advantageously done, to the bard's own native dialect. By this change the ordinary reader loses nothing, while the student gains much. A full and carefully compiled glossary of all the local words, and dialectic forms of words used by the bard, as well as many which do not occur in his works, with their meanings in the English language, and their etymologies, where these can be given, together with a treatise on the Reay Country pronunciation of Gaelic, is appended, and will be found of great value.

The melodies of about fifty pieces, taken principally from a manuscript collection of airs of Rob Donn's songs noted down in the Reay Country by the late John Munro, a native of the district, and printed in both notations, further enhance the work. The surname of the bard has of late given rise to a good deal of controversy, in view of which the chapter treating of that subject will doubtless be read with more than ordinary interest.

It is doubtful if the inclusion of every composition alleged to have been made by Rob Donn has tended to increase the bard's reputation as such. Keeping this in view only the principal compositions, and such of the minor pieces as were necessary to display the style and range of subject which were his, are reproduced.

This volume is unique in many ways. We do not know that the works and music of any Gaelic bard have ever been published in this form before; indeed, we doubt if it would be possible to give fifty of the songs of any other Gaelic bard set to the original melodies. It is to the credit of Sutherland people that they have preserved so well the old songs and the old music, of which we believe a great deal could yet be taken down from the natives of the county.

It has often been stated that Rob Donn has been fortunate above all other Gaelic bards in having so many editions of his works published, and so much prominence given to them by writers of distinction, such as Mr. J. G. Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and others. However that may be, we have endeavoured in this instance to present his songs and poems to our countrymen in as pleasing a form as possible, with such additional matter as we believe would add to their interest.

ADAM GUNN,  
MALCOLM MAC FARLANE,  
*Joint-Editors.*





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BALNACEILL CHURCHYARD, DURNESS.

(The tombstone, with inscription, in the left foreground, marks the bard's grave.)



ANCIENT TOMBSTONE IN BALNACEILL CHURCH.

# ORAIN AGUS DÀIN.



## S E DO BHÀS, MHR. MHORCHaidH.

Marbhrann do Mhr. Murchadh Dòmhnallach Ministear Sgìre Dhiuranais an Dùthaich Mhìc-Aoidh. B' ann 's an Sgìre so a rugadh 's a thogadh am bàrd, 's a bha e 'chòmhnuidh; bha Mr. Dòmhnallach so 'n a dhuine urramach, ainmeil, measail; treun ann an teagasg, diadhuidh 'n a ghiùlan; agus 's e iomradh gach òrach, nach robh cliù a b' fhlrinniche na tha am bàrd a' toirt dà an so.

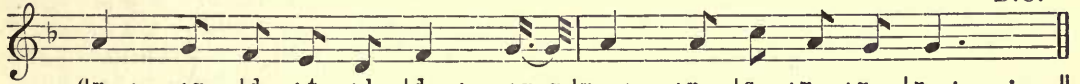
*Gu trom, muladach.*

From "Munro's Collection."



GLEUS F. { m :- :r | d :t, :l, | d :- :r.,r | m :- :m | s :m :r | r :- :s }  
 'S e do bhàs, Mhàlghstir Mhorchaidh, A rinn na h-àitean so dhorch - nadh;  
 Na'm biodh a' Chrìosdaidheachd ionlan Cha rachadh dìochulmhn' air t'iomradh

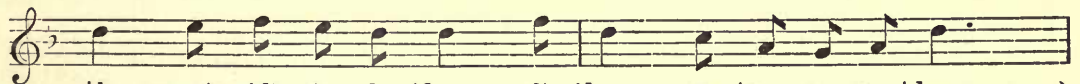
D.C.



{ m :- :r | d :t, :l, | d :- :r.,r | m :- :m | s :m :r | r :- :- ||  
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbhrann, Labhraidh balbhachd ri céill.  
 No do ghlomharan iomlaid, Ach leanteadh t'iomchan-s' gu léir.



{ d :- :m | s :l :s | s :- :s | m :- :s | s :l :s | s :- :s }  
 Gur e chràdh mi 'nam mheanmnadh 'S do luchd gràidh agus leanmhainn



{ l :- :t | d' :t :l | l :- :d' | l :- :s | m :r :m | l :- :- }  
 Meud do shaothrach nu's d'fhalbh thu, 'S lugh'd a luirg as do dhéigh.



{ d' :- :t | l :s :f | m :- :m | l :- :r | r :d :r | m :- :s }  
 Bheir cuid leasanau buadhach O bhruaich fhàs - an - ta t' uaghach



{ l :- :l | s :m :r | d :- :r | m :- :m | s :m :r | r :- :- }  
 Nach d' thug daiseachan suarach As na chual iad uat féin.

Fìor mhasgull 'chionn pàidhidh,  
 No stad gealtach le gàbhadh,  
 'Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an dànaibh,  
 'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn :  
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no stà dhuit  
 Ann a t' alladh 'chur os àird dhuit,  
 Cò na mis' do 'm bu chàra,  
 'S cò a b' fheàrr na thu thoill?  
 'Bhuidheann mholtach-s' a dh' fhàg sinn,  
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,  
 'S còir bhi 'g aithris am pàirtean  
 Gun fhàbhor 's gun fhoill ;  
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir bàrda  
 Air deagh bhuadhannaibh nàduir,  
 Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh' fhàg iad,  
 Is còmhstri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa làidir,  
 Air am measgadh le gràsaibh  
 Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,  
 Lom-làn de na chèill ;  
 An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,  
 An toil a b' 'easgaidh' gu maitheadh,  
 'S na h-uile h-aigeadh cho fhathail  
 Fad do bheatha gu léir.  
 Bhiodh do chomhairl' an còmhnuidh,  
 Le do chobhair 's do chòmhnadh,  
 Do luchd-gabhail na còrach  
 Réir 's mar sheòladh tu féin ;  
 Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach,  
 Is an t-aineolach eòlach ;  
 'S b' e fìor shonas do bheòshlaint'  
 Bhi 'toirt a' chòrr dhaibh de léirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumnach ;  
 Bha thu saor ri fear reusont' ;  
 Bha thu aodannach, geurach ;  
 Mar chloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh.  
 Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoinneach ;  
 Bu tu 'n labhairteach saoitreach ;  
 Bu tu 'n comhairleach tiomail,  
 'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath.  
 Tha e 'n a ladarnas gàbhaidh  
 Bhi le h-eagal ag àicheadh  
 Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh  
 Ni an àird na chaidh uainn ;  
 Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's is ioghnadh,  
 No 'n ni a 's faisge do mhìorbhuil,  
 Am beàrn so th' againn a lìonadh  
 Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Lìom is beag tha air fhaighneachd  
 Mu na thubhairt 's na rinn thu,  
 'S mu na chliù sin a thoill thu  
 O 'n là chaill sinn thu féin ;  
 Ach mòran tartair is straightlich  
 Air son féich agus oighreachd,  
 Fàgaidh beartaich mar phaimhn'  
 Àir an clainn as an déigh ;

'S e ni a 's minic a chì mi,  
 Dh' aindeoin diombuanachd tioma,  
 Gu bheil gionaich 'n an daoine  
 'Tarruig claonaidh 'n an céill ;  
 Ach cha 'n 'eil iomairt no dòighean  
 Anns na freasdail so dhòmhsa  
 Nach toir earail 'n am chòmhdhail  
 Le seann *nòt* o do bheul.

Taigheach, faicilleach, fiamhach,  
 Smuainteach, facalach, gnìomhach  
 Ann do ghnothuchaibh diomhair,  
 Gun bhi diomhain aon uair ;  
 Chaith thu t' ainisir gu saoitreach,  
 Air son sonas nan daoine ;  
 'S cha b' e truailidheachd shaoghalt  
 No aon ni 'chur suas.  
 'N uair tha nitheana taitneach  
 'Dul am mùgha 'chion cleachdaidh,  
 B' e 'chùis fharmaid fear t' fhasain,  
 'S cha b' e beartas is uails',  
 A' dul o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe  
 Tre na cathaibh bu ghairbhe  
 Dh' ionnsuidh Fhlaitheas na foirfeachd  
 Gu buan-shealbhachadh duais.

Gu bheil cealgaireachd chràbhaidh  
 Air a dearbhadh gu gàbhaidh,  
 Tha 'n a gairistinn r' a clàistinn,  
 Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh :  
 'N uair a thuit thu le bàs uainn,  
 Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,  
 Dhùisg na h-uile sin a b' àbhaist,  
 A bhi 'n nàdur an t-sluaigh ;  
 Gu bheil cath aig an Ard Rìgh  
 Gu bhi gabhail nam pàirtean  
 Anns na chruthaich e gràsan,  
 Thug air adhairt gach buaidh ;  
 Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsaich  
 Anns an talamh-s' an trà so,  
 So a' bharail th' aig pàirt diubh,  
 Tric 'g a leàghadh air t' uaigh.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut  
 Ann an guth 's ann an cluasaibh,  
 Cha 'n fhacas riamh is cha chualas,  
 Is 's e mo smuaintean nach cluinn :  
 Ged bu bheartach do chràbhadh,  
 Bha do mheas air gach tàlann ;  
 'S tu a thuigeadh na dàinte  
 'S am fear a dheanadh na rainn :  
 A' chuid a b' àirde 's a' bhuaidh sin,  
 Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,  
 Ach na daiseachan suarach  
 A tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn :  
 'N uair a cheilear a' ghrian orr',  
 Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biasdan,  
 Caillich-oidhch' agus srianaich  
 An coilltibh fadhaich 's an glinn.

'S eòl dhomh daoine 's an aimsir-s'  
 Dh' fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,  
 'Tigh'nn air nitheanaibh talmhaidh  
 Ann an gearrabhaireachd gheur ;  
 Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n làr iad  
 Gus na nithibh a 's àirde,  
 'S ann a chluinneas tu pàirt diubh,  
 Mar na pàisdean gun chéill :  
 Fhuair mi car ann do rianaibh-s'  
 Le do ghibhtean bu fhialaidh,  
 Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fìor dhomh,  
 An aon neach riamh ach thu féin :—  
 Càil gach cuideachd a lìonadh  
 Leis na theireadh tu dìomhain,  
 'S crìoch do sheanchais gun fhiaradh  
 'Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd thréin.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoileadh  
 Gu bhì cuideachadh dhaoine ;  
 'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,  
 'S tu nach faodadh bhì pàidht' ;  
 'Chuid bu taitnich' 'n an ìomchain,  
 Cha 'n 'eil facal mu 'n timchioll ;  
 Cha bhì ceartas mu 'n ìomradh,  
 Ach le 'n ìrmich 'n am bàs ;—  
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn  
 Thaobh nan ciontan a rinn sinn—  
 Bhì sìor ghearradh ar gaibhlean,  
 'S ar cuid theaghlaichean fàs ;  
 Gun cheann làidir gu 'fhaighneachd  
 Co ni 'n àirde na chaill sinn ;  
 Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidhche  
 Nach tig t' oighre 'na t' àit'.

## SORAIDH NA FRIDHE,

Mar gu 'm b' ann le fear Bhiogais, air dha àit' 'Athar fhàgail agus dol gu àite taimh eile fhuair e dha féin, nach robh cho maith air son seilge ris an àit' a dh'fhàg e.

Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd  
 Gu ceann aile na dùthcha  
 Far an robh mi gu sunndach,  
 Eadar Tunga 's an Parbh ;  
 'N àm dìreadh na h-ochdaich,  
 Ged a chanadh fear, Ochain,  
 'S ann liom-sa bu shocrach  
 Bhì an soc nam meall garbh,  
 Far am faicteadh 'm fear buidhe,  
 'S e 'n a chaoir-ruith le bruthaich,  
 Agus miol-choin 'n an sìubhal,  
 'S iad a' cluiche r' a chalg,  
 Air faobhar a' chadha,  
 'N déigh clàistinn an spreadhaidh,  
 'S gu 'm bu phàirt sud de m' aighear  
 Mac na h-aighe bhì marbh.

Ach a Mhaighstir Mhìogh Rath,  
 Gu bheil aighear aig t' inntinn,  
 Aig feabhas do mhuintir,  
 Is a' bheinn ann ad chòir,  
 O dharus do rùma  
 Fa chomhair do shùla,  
 Na tha eadar an Dùnan  
 Agus cnùicean Meall-Shòirn.  
 'S e mo smuaintean gach maduinn,  
 An uair sin a bh' againn  
 Dhul uaibhse cho fada,  
 A chuir fadalachd orm,  
 B'e mo dhùrachd bhì faicinn  
 An ùdlaich a' feachdadh,  
 Agus fùdar a' lasadh  
 Eadar clach agus òrd.

Beir mo shoraidh gu càirdeach  
 A dh'ionnsuidh mo bhràthar,  
 'S gun luaidh air do chàirdeas  
 Gu 'm bu nàbuidh dhuit mi ;  
 Ged a thearbadh air fuinn sinn,  
 Bu tric anns a' bheinn sinn,  
 'S gur h-ainmic le m' inntinn  
 Bhì cùit' agus i.  
 Tha t' àit-sa mar thachair,  
 'N a bhràighe 's 'n a mhachair,  
 'N a àite cho tlachdmhor  
 'S a chuir tlachd air do thìr ;  
 'S na tha dh' anabarr air t' aitreabh,  
 'S mòr m' fharmaid ri t' fhasan,  
 Gur soirbh dhuit gach seachduin,  
 'S tu bhì faicinn na fridh'.

Beir mo shoraidh a rithisd  
 Gu pàidhear na dibhe,  
 'S làmh dheanamh na sithinn,  
 'S gu cridhe gun fhiamh ;  
 Far am bheil Ian Mac Eachuinn,  
 'S mi tamull gun 'fhaicinn ;  
 Mo dheagh chòmhlán deas, duineil,  
 Bu tu eascaraid fhìadh ;  
 'N àm nan cuilean a' chasgadh,  
 G'an cumail 's g'an glacadh,  
 Na b' fheàrr a thoirt faicail  
 Cha 'n fhaca mi riamh ;  
 Bu shealbhach ar taghal  
 Air sealgach nan aighean ;  
 Bu tu 'sgaoileadh an fhaghaid  
 'S a chuireadh gadhair gu gnìomh.

Beir mo shoraidh-sa còmhluath  
 Gu Dòmhnall mac Dhòmhnall,  
 Sàr chompanach còmhnard  
 O 'm faighteadh còmhradh gun sgìos;  
 'S gus na h-uailsean do 'm b' àbhaist  
 Bhì aig fuaran a' bhàird leinn,  
 Chumadh coinneamh ri 'n càirdean  
 Aig do thàbhairn gach mìos:  
 Bhiodh geanachas grothuinn  
 Aig na fir fa do chomhair,  
 'S 'n uair a b' àill leo, bu domhain  
 Air thomhas nam pìos;  
 'S tric m' inntinn fo luasgan  
 Mu gach pung bha 's an uair sin,  
 'S cha bu mhìorun do 'n t-sluagh sin  
 A chuir air ruathar mi sìos.

Beir an t-soraidh so suas uam  
 Far bheil càch de na h-uailsean,  
 Agus h-aon diu gu luath  
 Gu Naoghas Ruadh mac Mhic Aoidh;  
 Bha e 'n uiridh chaidh seachad,  
 'S e mar-rium am Fais-bheinn,  
 'S ged thréig mis' am fasan,  
 Tha an cleachdadh air m' uigh;  
 Gu 'm bu chàs sud air m' airtneal  
 Bhì 'm measg nam fear tapaidh,  
 Agus uisge mu m' chasan  
 'Tighinn dachaidh á beinn;  
 Bu lughad mo mhulad  
 Bhì greis am Beinn-spionnaidh,  
 Agus tamull a' fuireach  
 Mu bhun Càrn-an-rìgh.

Gu 'm bu dòrn sud air mhaladh  
 Do 'n òganach ealamh  
 A dheònaicheadh fanadh  
 Ri talamh 's ri gaoith;  
 'S ged bu chinnteach á 'chuid e,  
 'N uair thigeadh e thugainn,  
 'S e nach milleadh an ubair  
 Air cuideachd a chaoidh;  
 Bha a làmh is a fhradharc  
 Air an deanamh 'n aon adhairt,  
 'N uair a shìubhladh na h-aighean  
 A stigh air a' bheinn;  
 Le cuilbhear na sraide  
 'S làmh chuimseach na graide  
 Nach iomrallaicheadh eadar  
 A claioginn 's a cuing.

B'e ar fasan car grothuinn  
 Gu 'm bu phrosbaig dhuinn t' amharc,  
 Mu 'n cuairt duinn is romhainn,  
 'S tu 'coimhead 's a' falbh;  
 'S ged bhiodh iad 'n an seasamh  
 Air luimead na creachainn,  
 'S nach b'urrainn duinn fhaicinn  
 Ach aiteal de 'n calg;

'S e sud theireadh Naoghais—  
 Ge deacair an ruigheachd,  
 'S leòir fhad 's a tha sinne  
 Gun sithionn, gun sealg;  
 Theid sinne gu socrach  
 Air ionnsuidh nam procach,  
 'S o neamhnuid ar 'n-acfuinn,  
 Bithidh 'n asnaichean dearg.

Beir m' iomcharag còmhnard  
 Gu Dòmhnall mac Sheòrais,  
 'S ged thréig mise 'n t-eòlas,  
 'S ann leis bu deòin liom a bhì;  
 Ri aithris, mar 's còir dhuinn,  
 'S duine tairis gu leòir e,  
 'S 'n uair a thogas a shròn air,  
 Ris nach còir a bhì strì;  
 'Nuair bhiodh a' ghaoth oirnn a' teannadh,  
 'S a' mhaoiseach 'n a teann-ruith,  
 'N àm sgaoilidh nan con-taod,  
 Bu chall 'bhi 'g ad dhìth.  
 Gu dìreadh nam fear bheann  
 Leis na sàr cheumaibh buadhach,  
 'Chuireadh 'n céill gu neò-uaibhreach,  
 Nach bu shuarach do chli.

'N t-soraidh chliùiteach-s' air falbh uam  
 Gu mac Hùistein do 'n Bhoralaidh,  
 Tha do chùisean duit sealbhach,  
 Is gu dearbh cha 'n 'eil càs;  
 'S e mo bharaile air t-uailse  
 Nach fear masguill no fuaim thu;  
 Gheobhar cunbhalach, buan, thu,  
 Gus an uair 'n tig do bhàs;  
 Pòitear inntinneach, measail,  
 Os ceann fheara do stuidh thu;  
 'S a riamh cha b' àirde bhiodh misg ort  
 Na bhiodh do ghliocas a' fàs;  
 Bheireadh t' inntinn ort eirmseachd  
 Air an fhìrinn d' a seirbhead,  
 'S cha bhiodh strì ri do thoirmeasg  
 Gus an teirgeadh do bhlàths.

'S ann an rudhachaibh Sheannabhad  
 Tha 'n Sutharach ainmeil  
 Gus an leiginn m' iomcharag  
 Iomachar a suas;  
 'S ri innseadh mar 's cubhaidh,  
 'S fìor gheanail 'n a shuidhe  
 'M fear tighearnail, cridheil  
 'S ceann-uighe dhaoine uails';  
 Sàr ghiomanach gunna,  
 Làmh bhìadhadh nan cuilean,  
 Agus iarraiche tunna,  
 Ann an cumadh gun chruas;  
 Dhuinn a b' àbhaist bhì tathaich  
 Mu na h-abhaich 'n àm laidhe,  
 'S ged dh' fhàg mise a' chaithir,  
 Liom is deacair a luaths.



## HÉ, HOIRIONNAN Ò',

Oran le nighin d' a leannan, agus air son 'athar bhì'n aghaidh dha a pòsadh, an duin' òg a' bagradh falbh thun na mara.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS A. B. { d : - : r | f : s : f | m : - : - | d : - : | d : - : r | f : s : f | m : - : - | - : - : }

Rann. { Sgeàl a thàinig o chlad - ach 'Mheudaich fadalachd bìrn,

{ s : - : r | m : r : d | r : - : - | l, : - : | d : - : r | m : s, : l, | d : - : - | - : - : ||

{ Ma tha'n triall aig mo leann - an Gu luing chrannag nam bòrd.

Séisid. { m : - : - | r : d : l, | d : - : - | - : - : | m : - : - | r : d : l, | d : - : - | - : - : }

{ Hè hoirionnan ò, Hè hoirionnan ò, }

{ s : - : r | m : r : d | r : - : - | l, : - : | d : - : r | m : s, : l, | d : - : - | - : - : ||

{ Ma tha'n triall aig mo leann - an Gu luing chrannag nam bòrd.

B' fhèarr gu'n cluinnt' e mu Bhealltuinn  
'N uair bha 'ghealltanais òg',  
Mu 'n do chùlaich mi 'n t-airgead  
'S nach do shealbhaich mi 'n t-òr.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

Mu 'n do chùlaich mi, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabh mi féin buachail'  
No fear ruagaidh nam bò.  
C' uime 'n gabhainn do leithid  
Dh' aindeoin feabhais do sheòrs'?

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

C' uime 'n gabhainn, &c.

Tha fear aile 'g am iarraidh  
B' fhèarr na ciad de Mhac-Dheòrs'.  
'S olc a fhuair mi an gearran,  
'S am ball geal air a shròin.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

'S olc a fhuair mi, &c.

Dh' iomchair britheamh gun reuson  
Do chur éis air a' chòir.  
'S math am bargan a mhill e,  
Luaths 's a phill e o 'n dròbh.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

'S math am bargan, &c.

Ach ma tha do phost leathann  
An dràs air eithear fo sheòl.  
Eadar Dun-Gasbaith 'n Gallaibh

Is tir allail Mhic-Leòid.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

Eadar Dun-Gasbaith 'n Gallaibh, &c.

'S ma 's a maraiche dearbht' thu,  
Cum an fhaig' air a stròin.  
Ionnsaich stiùradh na stuaidhe  
'S tarraig suas air an sgòid.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

Ionnsaich stiùradh, &c.

Seachad ruinn Rudha-bhuachail', &c.

'S cum an cuan thun an Stòir.

Mothaich Parbh, agus Pùiteig,

'S biodh do shùil air a' Chlò.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

Mothaich Parbh, &c.

Seachad ruinn Sgeir-an-Daoimein,

'S am muir a' straghligh r' a stròin.

Is ma gheobh mi mo dhùrachd,

Chaidh cha chiùrrar i fòdhp'.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

Is ma gheibh mi, &c.

'S 'n uair gheobh thu foghlum is beartas,

Thu 'thighinn dachaidh le deòin.

Ach na sparradh 'ghaoth tuath thu

Gu taobh shuas Tom-an-eòin.

Hé, hoirionnan ò, &c.

Ach na sparradh, &c.

## MARBHRANN DO DHOMHNUL, AM MORAIR MAC-AOIDH.

'S i so 'n Nullaig a 's cianail'  
 A chunnacas riamh le mo shùil ;  
 'S soilleir easbhuidh ar Triath oirnn,  
 An àm do 'n bhliadhna tigh'nn ùr ;  
 Ceann na cuideachd 's na tàbhairn,  
 Luchd nan dàn is a' chiùil,  
 'N a laidhe an eaglais Cheann-tàile,  
 'S an rùm a 's fhàine fo 'n ùir.

'S iomadh buille bha cràiteach  
 A rinn am bàs a thoirt dhuinn,  
 Air chosd gheugan do theaghlach,  
 Gun athadh bonn do na cinn ;  
 Ach cha deach' uiread de thròcair  
 A chur fo 'n fhòid ri mo linn,  
 'S a chaidh chàradh 's an tòma  
 Le Morair Dòmhnul Mac-Aoidh.

Bu lìonmhor buaidh bh' ann do nàdur  
 Nach urrainn bàrd 'chur an céill ;  
 Cha d' at do mhoraireachd t' àrdan,  
 'S cha d' leag càirdeas do spéis ;  
 B' fhiù do chòirean an sgaoileadh  
 Air feadh an t-saoghail gu léir ;  
 Gu robh do mhaitheanas ealamh  
 Do 'n neach a mhealladh thu 'n dé.

'N uair thigeadh àm na Féill-Màrtuinn,  
 Is cunntadh màil thugad féin,  
 Bhiodh do shùil ris gach pàpàir  
 A chuireadh 'n clàr as a dhéigh ;  
 S math a dh' aithnicheadh tu 'n t-àirdh,  
 'S an neach a thàrladh 's an fheum ;  
 'S e do pheann a bhiodh èasgaidh  
 Gu dubhadh mach an cuid féich.

'S tric a dh' innis do ghnìomhan  
 Nach robh crìonachd 'n ad rùn ;  
 'S tu thug feart air an dìomh'nas  
 Bha aig crìoch luchd nan dùn ;  
 Chuireadh buileachadh t' fhàbhoir  
 Uiread fàilt' ann do ghnùis  
 'S a bhithheadh aig na fir ghionaich  
 An àm cur sgillinn ri crùn.

Cha dean mo mhaladh-s' na 's àird' thu,  
 'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n dràsda 'n a fheum ;  
 Sgaoil do bhuanan am pailteas,  
 'S cha 'n 'eil thu 'n airc 'chur an céill ;  
 Ach 'n uair their mi 'n dàn bròin so  
 Do dhaoinibh mòr' as do dhéigh,  
 Mur bi 'leithid r' a inns' orr',  
 Cha bheag an aoir e dhaibh féin.

Gheobhar cron dha do sgaoilteachd,  
 Nach do chaomhain thu 'n còrr,  
 leis an fhear tha 'n a ghlutair,  
 Gu deanamh upainn de 'n òr,  
 A dh' iarras fois thoirt d' a anam,  
 'N uair chì e mar-ris na 's leòir ;  
 'S e 'n neach sin féin ris an canar  
 Le Dia, an t-amadan mòr.

Seallaibh eachdraidh a' Bhiobuill  
 Chum na crìche o thòs,  
 'S gheobh sibh olc nach robh 'n aoraibh  
 Nam fìor eucoireach mòr',  
 Agus starraidhnean mìofair  
 Anns na Crìosdaidhibh còir ;  
 Ach an crìon pheacadh biasdail,  
 Cha d' fheud e riamh bhì 's an t-seòrs'.

Ge math eòlas na firinn,  
 Ni mòran bruidheann gun stuaim ;  
 Ach 's soilleir comharr' 'n deadh Chrìosduidh  
 Do 'n nòs bhì gnìomhach gun fhuaim ;  
 Seallaigh Athair na caomhachd  
 Air fear na daonnachd gun ghruaim,  
 'N uair a their e ri crìon-fhear  
 " Bidh-s' gu sìorruidh dul uam."

Gaol do Dhia 's dha do nàbuidh,  
 Sùim nan àithntean gu léir ;  
 'S their a' mhuinntir gun chràbhadh  
 Gu bheil an nàdur-s' d' an réir ;  
 Ach iads' tha beartach gun charthann  
 Riuth-s' a thàrlas 'n a fheum,  
 Tha na Sgrìobtuir 'g an sàradh  
 O luchd na dàimh' ri Dia féin.

Labhraidh buidheann gun chreidimh,  
 Le mòran glaigis 'n an ceann ;  
 Ach 'n uair thig iad gu cleachdadh,  
 Cha 'n fhaigh thu facal ach gann ;  
 An teis-meadhon am pailteis,  
 Mar 's an airc bidh iad gann ;  
 'S 'n uair is toirmnich' am farum,  
 Gur h-e corp gun anam a th' ann.

Abram, athair nan creidmheach—  
 O 's e gun teagamh a bh' ann—  
 Dhiùlt e beartas Rìgh Shòdoim,  
 Ged bu mhath a chòir air 's an àm ;  
 Bhiadh e ainglean gun fhios da  
 Le blàths is iochd nach robh gann ;  
 Cia mar 's dàna le fionaisg  
 A ràdh gur h-aon e d' a chlann.

'S tusa tharruig gu tiomail  
 O chleachdadh dhaoine 's am beus,  
 Gu 'n robh 'n caitheamh 's an t-anabarr  
 'N a ni a dh' fhalbhadh gun fheum ;  
 'S uiread beartais 's a dh' fhàg thu  
 G' a rainn aig càch as do dhéigh ;  
 Ach bha thu 'cunntadh do dhaonnachd  
 Mar stoc a shaor thu dhuit féin.

Na 'm bitheadh gionaich 'n ad nàdur,  
 C' uim' nach deanadh tu tòrr  
 Leis na thogteadh de mhàl dhuit,  
 'S le do *phension* d' a chòrr :  
 'N uair a gheobhadh tu 'm meall ud,  
 'S ann leat a b' annsa gu mòr  
 Iomhaigh Dhé air bochd aoidheil  
 Na iomhaigh 'n Rìgh air an òr.

Cha b' ionann dòigh an robh gaol dhuit  
 'S do mhòran daoine tha beò,  
 A bhios luchd-masguill a' séideadh  
 'N uair ni iad eucoir no còir,

Air egal uilc tha 'n an nàdur,  
 O 'n tha iad nàimhdeil gu tòir,  
 No bhi 'g earbsadh á 'n nàdur  
 Am math nach dean iad d' an deòin.

Bha daoine àrda de d' shinnsear  
 An cliù, an inntinn 's an céill,  
 Bha 'g an giùlan mar rìghribh  
 A thaobh an innleachdan féin :  
 Cha d' thàinig duine dhiubh 'n àird' riut  
 Ann am blàths ri luchd feum ;  
 'S fhasa 'dhùrachd na 'earbsadh  
 Gu 'n tig na 's fearr ann ad dhéigh.

'S tric le flidhibh dhaoine  
 Thigh'nn air an fhìrinn ro theann ;  
 Ach 's tearc againn an t-àireamh  
 A sheasas t' àit dhuinn 's an àm :  
 Ach o nach 'eil mi m' fhìor fhàidh,  
 'S e 'n neach a b' fheàrr leam thigh'nn ann  
 Fear nam buadhan, ni t' fhàgail,  
 'S a dheanadh breugach mo rann.

## RANN A' PHRACADAIR.

Uair a thachair do Mhr. Murchadh Dòmhnallach, Fear an t-Strathain, agus Rob Donn, bhi ann an cuideachd le chéile, có a thàinig 'n an ceann ach am Pracadair, ag iarraidh a' phrac air Fear an t-Strathain, agus air Rob Donn ; ag ràdh nach bu rud a bhuineadh dha féin a bh' ann, ach màl a bhuineadh do 'n Chruithfhear ; agus e ag ràdh ris a' bhàrd mar an ceudna, gu 'n cuireadh e comain air—nach iarradh e am prac as a chuid meann air a' bhliadhna sin. Thubhairt Rob Donn:

Tha mi nis a' faicinn  
 Rud nach d' thug mi feart air riamh,  
 A' cluinntinn gur h-e 'm Pracadair  
 A 's Facadair do Dhia ;  
 'N uair a bha ar Slànuighear  
 A mhàn am measg nan ciad,  
 B' e 'm fear bu mhaighstir-sporain aig'  
 Aon donas 'n dà fhear dhiag.

Rinn thu rud nach b' àbhaist duit,  
 Cha d' àir thu mo chuid meann ;  
 Cha b' mhisde mis' a phàigheadh,  
 Cha bu mhò na dhà dhiubh bh' ann ;  
 'S cinnteach nach deagh nàdur  
 'Thug ort am fàgail 's a' cheart àm,  
 Ach stic de pheacadh 'n àrdain  
 Bhi toirt bàis do pheacadh 'n t-sannt.

## ORAN DO DHITHIS GHILLEAN BHA AIR FOGRADH,

Agus uachdaran na dùthcha air tòir an glacaidh, g' an cur do 'n arm d' an aindeoin.

Cha 'n 'eil dad de mhùthadh cleachdaidh  
 Eadar Eachann 's an cù ruadh,  
 Cadal 'n uair bhios latha soills' ann,  
 'S bhi fad na h-oidhch' air an tuath.  
 Mo ghillean dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn,  
 Mo ghillean dubh, thogainn sibh ;  
 Mo ghillean dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn,  
 Thogainn, c' uim nach togainn sibh.

Ged tha Eachann is Iain Gòrdan  
 Anns an ròig a' fulag fuachd,  
 Ciod fhios na 'm faigheadh iad mnathan,  
 Nach bitheadh iad fathast 'n an tuath.  
 Mo ghillean dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn, &c.

Gur sibh féin is luchd bhur glacaidh  
 Aig 'bheil a' choimeas gun chliù,  
 Sibhse mar shionnaichean falchaidh,  
 'S iads' air bhur larg mar chù.

Mo ghillean dubh, sibh gu 'n togainn, &c.

## IS TROM LEAM AN ÀIRIDH.

Oran gaoil a rinn am bàrd d' a leannan, Anna Morastan, nighean òg ro chliùiteach, agus d' an tug am bàrd a cheud gaol. Bha e fada 'g a h-iarraidh, agus ise car leam-leat, gun bhi 'g a dhiùltadh no 'g a ghabhail; ach turus a thug e thun na h-àiridh far an robh i aig an àm, 's ann dhearc e oirre an cuideachd an t-saoir bhàin, d' am b' ainm Iain Moraidd, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a chur cùl ris féin. Phòs i an saor bàin an déigh so, agus ma 's fìor aithris an t-sluaigh—cha robh i riamh toilichte gu 'n do chuir i cùl ri Rob Donn; agus cha mhò a dhearbha an saor bàin e féin 'n a chéile ro thaitneach.

*Gu trom.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUSG. { d : l<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | d : l<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | m : m .,r | m : m .s | l : l .d' | l : s .m | s : m .r | d : - . }

{ .s<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | d : d .r | m : s .m | r : d .r | m : - .s | m .m : l<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | d : m .r | d : l<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - }

{ d : l<sub>1</sub>.l<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> : - | m : s | l : - .d' | s : m .r | d : m .r | d : l<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - }

Shiubhail mis' a' bhuaile, 's a suas feadh nan craobh,  
'S gach àit anns an b' àbhaist bhi pàgadh mo ghaoil;  
'N uair chunnaic mi 'm fear bàin ud, 's e mànrnan r' a mhnaoi,  
B' fheàrr leam nach tiginn idir làmh riu no 'n gaoith.  
'S e mar a bha, air mo chinn,  
A dh' fhàg mi cho cràiteach, 's nach stà dhomh bhi 'g inns'.

O 'n chualas gu'n ghluaisheadh tu bhuan leis an t-saoir,  
Tha mo shuain air a buaireadh le buadraichean gaoil;  
De 'n chàirdeas a bha sud cha 'n fhàir mi bhi saor,  
Gun bhàrnaigeadh làmh riut, tha 'n gràdh dhomh 'n a mhaor,  
Air gach tràth, 's mi an strì  
A' feuchainn r' a àicheadh, 's e fàs rium mar chraoibh.

Ach Anna bhuidhe Dhòmhnuill, na 'm b' eòl duit mo nì,  
'S e do ghràdh gun bhi pàidht' leag a mhàn uam mo chli;

Tha e dhomh á t' fhianuis cho gnìomhach 's 'n uair chì,—  
Diogalladh 's a' smùsach, gur ciùrtach mo chridh'.  
Nis, ma tha mi 'g ad dhith,  
Gu 'm b' fheàirde mi pàg uait mu's fàgann an tìr.

Ach labhair i gu fàiteagach, àilghiosach rium :  
Cha 'n fhàir thu bhi làmh rium do chàradh mo chinn ;

Tha siathnar 'g am iarraidh o bhliadhna de thiom,  
'S cha b' àraidh le càch thu 'thoirt bàrr os an cinn.  
Ha, ha, ha ! an d' fhàs thu tinn !  
'N e 'n gaol-s' a bheir bàs ort ! gu 'm pàidh thu d' a chinn !

Ach cionnus bheir mi fuath dhuit, ged dh' fhuar-  
aich thu rium,  
'N uair 's feargaich' mo sheanchas mu t' ainm air do chùl,  
Thig t' ìomhaigh le h-annsachd 'n a shamhladh 'n am ùigh,  
Saoilidh mi an sin gu'n dean an gaol sin an tùrn.  
'S théid air a ràth gu h-as-ùr,  
Is fàsaidh e 'n tràth sin cho àrda ri tìr.

## ORAN NAN CASAGA DUBHA,

A rinn am bàrd 'n uair chuala e gu 'n do bhacadh an t-éideadh Gaidhealach le lagh na rìoghachd; agus muinntir a dhùthcha féin bhì uile air taobh Rìgh Deòrsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745.

Làmh Dhé leinne, dhaoine,  
C' uime chaochail sibh fasan:  
'S nach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa  
Fiù an aodaich a chleachd sibh;  
'S i mo bharail mu 'n éibhe  
Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh is osan,  
Gu bheil caraaid aig Teàrlach,  
Ann am Pàrlamaid Shasuinn.

Faire, faire! Rìgh Deòrsa,  
'N ann a' spòrs air do dhilsean,  
'Deanamh achdachan ùra  
Gu bhì dùblachadh 'n daorsa;  
Ach o 's balaich gun uails' iad,  
'S feàrr am bualadh no 'n caomhnadh,  
'S bidh na 's lugha 'g ad fheitheamh  
'N uair thig a leithid a ris oirnn.

Ma gheobh do nàmhaid 's do charaid  
An aon pheanas an Albainn,  
'S iad a dh' éirich 'n ad aghaidh  
'Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhiubh;  
Oir tha caraaid math cùil ac'  
A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,  
'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhrainc leis,  
Fhuair iad *pension* 'n uair dh' fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gàidhealach,  
Eadar seàirdsean is còirneil,  
Nach do chaill a *chomission*  
'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le fòirneart;  
A' mheud 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,  
Ged bu diombuan r' a 'òl e,  
Bheir sibh 'm bliadhn' air ath-philleadh  
Air son uinneagan leòsain.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so  
Neach a sheasadh mar sgoilear,  
Gun *chomission* Rìgh Breatainn,  
Gu bhì 'n a chaiptein air onoir;  
Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh  
Nach do leasaich sud dolar,  
Ach an sgiùrsaigeadh dhachaidh  
Mar chù a dh' easbhuidh a choilear.

Ach ma dh' aontaich sibh rìreadh  
Ri bhur sìor dhol am mugha,  
Ged a bha sibh cho rìoghail,  
Chaidh bhur cìsean am mughad;  
'S math an airidh gu 'm faicteadh  
Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha  
Bhì tilgeadh dhibh bhur cuid bhreacan  
'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och, mo thruaighe sin Albainn!  
'S tur a dhearbhb sibh bhur reuson;  
Gur i 'n rainn bh' ann bhur n-inntinn  
'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh;  
Leugh an gobharmad sannt  
Anns gach neach a theanntaidh ris féin dhibh,  
'S thug iad baoint do bhur gionaich,  
Gu 'r cur fo mhionach a chéile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fàth oirbh  
Gus bhur fàgail na 's laige,  
Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur cunntadh  
'N ur luchd-còmh-stri na b' fhaide;  
Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh' easbhuidh  
Bhur n-airm, 's bhur n-acfhuinnean sraide,  
Gheobh sibh sèarsaigeadh mionaich,  
Is bidh bhur peanas na 's graide.

Tha mi 'faicinn bhur truaighe,  
Mar ni nach cualas a shamhuil;  
A' chuid a 's feàrr de bhur seabh'gan,  
Bhì air slabhruidh aig clamhan;  
Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leòmhann,  
Pillibh 'n dòghruinn-s' 'n a teamhair,  
'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,  
Mu's téid ur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid  
Gus an àit anns do phill e,  
'S ann bu mhath leam, a chàirdean,  
Sibh bhì 'n àireamh na buidhne  
D' am biodh spiorad cho Gàidhealach  
'S gu 'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,  
Gus bhur pilleadh 's an amhainn,  
Oir tha i raimhibh na 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thèarlaich òig Stiubhaird,  
Riut tha dùil aig gach fine,  
Chaidh a chothachadh crùn dhuit,  
'S a leig an dùthaich 'n a teine;  
Tha mar nathraichean falaicht',  
A chaill an earradh an uiridh,  
Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan  
Gu éirigh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidheadh  
Ri do thighinn, a Thèarlaich,  
Gus an éireadh na cuinghean  
Dhe na bhuidheann tha 'n éiginn;  
A tha 'cantuinn 'n an cridhe,  
Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,  
"Làn do bheatha gu t' fhaicinn,  
A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn is Eirinn."

'S iomadh òganach aimsicht'  
Tha 's an àm so 'n a chadal,  
Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh  
Agus bruachan Loch-Abair  
Rachadh 'n cùisibh mhic t' athar,  
'S a chrùn, 's a chaithir r' an tgradh,  
'S a dh' ath-philleadh na ceathairn  
A dhioladh latha Chul-odair.

Ach a chàirdean na cùirte,  
Nach 'eil a' chùis a' cur feirg oirbh;  
No 'n do dh' fhosgail bhur sùilean  
Gus a' chùis a bhi searbh dhuibh;  
Bidh bhur duais mar a' ghobhair  
A théid a bhleoghainn gu tarbhach,  
'S a bhith'r a' fuadach 's an fhoghair,  
Is ruaig nan gadhar r' a h-earball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's mugh  
'S còir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh:  
Nach e Seumas an seachdamh  
Dhearbh bhi seasmhach 'n a inntinn?  
C' uim' an dìteadh sibh 'n onoir,  
Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoideachd?  
'S gur h-e dh'lùitheachd d' a chreidimh  
A thug do choigrich an rìoghachd.

Fhuair sinn Rìgh à Hanòbhar:  
Sparradh oirne le h-achd e;  
Tha againn Prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,  
Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh:  
O Bhith tha h-urad 'n ad bhritheamh,  
Gun chron 's an dithis nach fac thu,—  
Mur h-e a th' ann, cuir air adhairt  
An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi 'pheacadh.

### HEI 'M FEAR DUBH,

Oran air fear faoin, salach, neo-mheasail, agus a bha ro ghionach, glamhairach.

Am brochan bhios aig Dòmhnall,  
Cha neònach esan bhi salach,  
Oir bithidh e le 'chrògaibh  
An còmhnuidh 'toirt dheth na barraig.  
Hei 'm fear dubh, hó 'm fear dubh,  
Hei 'm fear dubh feadh a' bhaile;  
Hei 'm fear dubh, hó 'm fear dubh,  
Hei 'm fear dubh feadh a' bhaile.

Sùilean mar an cù aig',  
Is lùthan mar bhios air searrach;  
Co nach gabhadh daoich  
Roimh an aogas a th' air a' bhalach.  
Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

Cha 'n fhaca mise riamh e,  
Cat fiadhaich no gadhar baile,  
Bu sgaitiche fiacaill  
Na 'n cìaran dubh leis a' bhearras.  
Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

Ged a bhiodh e riabhach,  
Ciar-dhubh, dubh agus tarr-fhionn,  
Odhar, glas no dù-ghlas,  
Cha diùltainn-se dhul 'n a charaibh.  
Hei 'm fear dubh, &c.

### RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN,

Sean long bheag, bha air a càradh le ceannaiche, bha 'n a sheann duine, agus a bhris roimhe sin. Chàirich e an long so le spruilleach luinge chaidh bhriseadh ri stoirm geomhraidh air tràigh fagus do Ruspuinn; bha 'n ceannaiche pòsd' ri seann nighean, goirid roimh 'n àm sin, 's iad gun chloinn. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luath rainich mar luchd chaidh e leatha air a' cheud siubhal.

Seana mharaidh, seana cheannaich,  
Le seana chaileig, 's iad gun sliochd;  
Gun tuar connaich air a' chual chrannuich,  
Is luath rainich air a ceud luchd.  
Bha seann acair, gun aon taic innt',  
Air seann bhacan, ri seann tigh;  
Leig an seann tobha gun aon chobhair  
An seann eithear air seana chloich.  
Bha triùir ghaisgeach gun neach coisrigt',  
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith  
Gu long Ruspuinn nach pàidh cuspuinn,  
An t-seana chupuill nam plàigh rith'.

'S mòr an éis e do fhear *pension*  
Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,  
Bhi air chùl fraighneach air stiùir Sìne\*  
Gun dùil sineadh ri deagh chluich.  
Bha 'n t-sean chlasach de 'n t-sean spreisneach,  
Dh' fhàg seana chòrsair, de 'n t-seana bhrac,  
Bha seana chompaisd gun aon teannadach,  
An seana chrumpa de bhràth thombac;  
Seana ghlagach an t-seana chladaich;  
An t-seann rodach ris gach seann tobt,  
Seann sgrogag an t-sean bhodaich,  
Gun aon sodal aig tonn riut.

\* Ainm na luinge.

## AN GILLE DUBH CIAR-DHUBH.

Oran air sean fhleasgach agus seana mhaighdean, mu'n robh sgeul iad bhi dol a phòsadh.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS C f. s | m' : r' . d' | d' : m . f | s : s . l | l : s . s | m' : r' . d' | d' : m . f | s : s . l | l : s . }

Rann. {Tha maighdean 'san àite - s' Tha àireamh de bhliadhnaibh, Is shaoil leam nach pòsadh Neach beò i chion briaghad; }

{ . s | s : m . s | d' : t . l | s : d' . r' | m' : r' . d' | d' . l : d' | s : d . r | m : r | d' : - . }

{Ach 's garbh-dheante, calg-fhionnach, Calbhar r'a bhliadhadh An gille dubh ciar-dhubh Tha 'triall 'na gaoith. }

{ . m | s . m : s | d' : l | s : d' | m' : r' . d' | d' . l : d' | s : d . r | m : r | d' : - . }

Séisd. {An gille dubh ciar - dhubh, ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh, An gille dubh ciar-dhubh tha 'triall 'na gaoith. }

A Mhairread, cha chòir dhuit  
Bhi gòrach no fiata;  
Tha mairist na 's leòir dhuit  
An còmhnuidh 'g ad iarraidh;  
Na 's gràinde cha 'n eòl domh,  
'S na 's bòidheche cha b' fhiach thu  
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh  
Tha triall 'n ad gaoith.  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha ministear còir ann,  
Is mòran de chiall aig',  
'N a thaoitear do 'n inghean,  
Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh;  
Is b' fheàrr leis an òigh  
Bhi gun phòsadh seachd bliadhna  
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh  
Bhi triall 'n a gaoith.  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaid  
De dh' òr na th' aig Iarla,  
Bu mhòr a' chùis bhròin e  
Do 'n òigh tha e 'g iarraidh  
Sùilean is stròn  
Agus feòsag is faclan  
A' ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh  
Tha triall 'n a gaoith.  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S olc an leannan òinid  
An t-òlach-s' 'n a fhìonaig,  
'N a laidhe 'n a chòta,  
'N a rògaire mìlofoir;

A shàiltean 'n a thòn  
Is a shròn ris a' ghriosaich—  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh  
Tha triall 'n a gaoith.  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chàileachd  
'Thug bàrr air na ciadan;  
Tha 'aogas ro ghrànda,  
'S e air fàile an t-srianaich;  
'N uair bha e an Grùididh,  
Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruinn  
Leis an gille dhubh chiar-dhubh  
Bhi triall 'n an gaoith.  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daochain,  
Is aogas cho fiadhaich,  
Bithidh feum air 's an tìr so  
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,  
A thoirt ghabhraibh air mheann,  
'S a chur chlann dheth na cìochan—  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh  
Tha triall 'n a gaoith.  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'N uair a bha sinn cruinn  
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,  
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sàs  
Anns an t-sauce-pan, is biadh ann;  
Bhiodh eagal ar bàis oirnn,  
Gu 'n cnàmhadh tu bian oirnn,  
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,  
Tha triall 'n a gaoith.  
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

## MARBHRANN DO CHOINNEACH SUTHARLAN,

## FEAR CHEALLDAIL.

'S e do bhàs, Choinnich Sutharlain,  
 Dh' fhàg na h-àitean so dubhach gu leòr,  
 'S a chuir caoidh agus mulad  
 Air gach mnaoi agus duine d' am b' eòl ;  
 Fhir gun mhearachd, gun fhoill-bheart,  
 Fhir nach dubhairt, 's nach d' rinn ach a' chòir :  
 Bu shluagh borb sinn gun bhreitheanas  
 'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu, mursgathadh sin oirn.

Ged a chuir sin fo dhion thu  
 Ann an talla na dì-chuimhn' le bròn ;  
 Mar tha do chaluinn a' crìonadh,  
 Tha na 's muga de d' ghnìomhraibh tigh'nn  
 bèò ;  
 Fhir bha beartach gun àrdan,  
 Fhir bha caithteach 's a theàruinn gu leòr ;  
 Fhir thug feart air a' chràbhadh,  
 'S fhir bu bhlaiste na àireamh gu spòrs.

Bu chùis-fharmaid do bheusan,  
 Oir b' annas an leithid 's an fhonn ;  
 Bhiodh do chùisean air thoiseach,  
 Thaobh an t-saoghail a bhos agus thall ;  
 Cha 'n fhacas 's cha chualas  
 Fear do dhreuchd air nach buannaicht' leat  
 geall ;  
 Rinn thu mòran a thional,  
 'S do neach bèò cha d' rinn sgillinn de chall.

Gu do bhàs o do thoiseach,  
 Ann do ghnàths cha robh car far 'm bu léir ;  
 'S tu bha tuigsinn nan uailsean,  
 'S tu bha teàrnadh na tuath' anns gach feum :  
 'N uair bhiodh diubhair 'n an cùisean,  
 'S tus' a ghleidheadh gach taobh le do chèill ;  
 Cha robh geilt thu bhì caillt' ort,  
 'S cha robh airc ort gu *bribe* dhuit féin.

'M fear a dh' innseadh do bheusan  
 'S mòr a dh' fheumadh e 'ghéire 's a chainnt ;  
 'S iomadh neach bhios 'g ad iondrainn  
 An àm togail is cunntaidh an raint :

Bhiodh do thiodhlacan dìomhair ;  
 'S tu nach séideadh do ghnìomh le do  
 chainnt ;  
 'S tu nach maoidheadh air feumnach ;  
 'S tu nach iarradh dhuit féin bonn de 'n taing.

'S iomadh neach a bheir tairgse  
 Air do leantuinn an airgead 's an spréidh ;  
 Ach an ceartas 's an tròcair  
 Nach toir feart air do ròidean gu léir :  
 'S mise féin a bha eòlach  
 Gu 'n robh annadsa còrr air cùig ceud  
 Ann am fialaidheachd mhòire,  
 'S gun thu 'g iarruidh na glòire dhuit féin.

Fhir a theagaisgeadh ùmaidh,  
 Gun a lag-bheart a rùsgadh le tannt ;  
 Ach chuireadh beagan de thùr ann  
 Leis gach comhairl' a chùinneadh do cheann ;  
 Eadar dithis 's an t-saoghal,  
 Mar am briteamh, cha b' fhiù leat bhì meallt' ;  
 Cò nach earbadh a chùis riut,  
 Oir bha e dearbhta gu 'n chùlaich thu sannt.

Mac an athar bha glic thu,  
 'S bu tu athair a' mhic a rinn cliù ;  
 'S na 'm biodh roghainn o 'n bhàs dhuinn,  
 Cha robh fhios co a dh' fhàg'maid de 'n trìuir ;  
 'S e rinn ionlan ar bròn dhuinn,  
 Mu 's do thiormaich na deòir o ar sùil,  
 Gun na lotan sin slàn,  
 A' bhuille 's goirte bhì 'n dràs d' againn ùr.

Ged tha dàimh ann do thalla,  
 Tha e 'n a fhàsach do shealladh mo shùl ;  
 Rinn thu beàrn dhomh 's gach comunn,  
 Ann an cràbhadh no 'm folluiseachd cùirt' ;  
 Ged tha cuimhneachain call' ann,  
 'N uair nach fhàir mi ort comain na 's mù  
 Bidh mi 'feuchainn mo chomais  
 Gu bhì 'g iomradh air d' alladh 's do chliù.

## RANN DO LEANABH MIC.

A bha aig "Dòmhnall nan cluas," d' an d' rinn e òran eile. Bha e so pòsd' aig nighin do Iain Mac Eachuinn ; agus air do 'n bhàrd thigheinn a stigh, 's a' bhan-altrum aig iarruidh air sealltuinn ris an leanabh agus e 'gul aig an àm, 's e thuirt am bàrd.

Gnùig, is mùig, is stùic, is leth-taobh,  
 An àm an fheasgair, 's olc air 'aoidh ;  
 Ged nach ogh' e do Iain Mac-Eachuinn,  
 'S mac ceart e do Dhòmhl' Mac-Aoidh ;

Cha lìon e chaoidh còt' a sheanair,  
 Oir 's bean a th' air a thaobh 's a' chlè ;  
 'S ann r' a athair a chaidh a dhùthchas :  
 'S iar-ogh' do nighean Hùistein è.



## 'S E MO BHEACHD ORT, A BHÀIS,

Marbhrann do dhithis dhaoine ro ainmeil 'n an dùthaich, Mr. Iain Munró, Ministear Sgìre Eadara-chaolais, agus Mr. Dòmhnall Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile Sgìre Fair.

From "Munro's Collection."

D.C.

*Gu mall.*

GLEUS A. { s<sub>1</sub>.s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - .l : d | r : - : f | s : - .m : d | r : - : s | m : - .r : d | l<sub>1</sub> : - : f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : - | d : - : }

{ 'Semo bheachd ort, a Bhàis, Gur brais thu ri pàirt, 'S gur teachdaire làidir, treun thu; }  
 An cogadh no'm blàr Cha toirear do shàr, 'S aon duine cha'n fhàir do thréigsinn.

{ m | f : - .m : f | s : - : s | l : - .s : m | r : - : m | f : - .m : f | s : - : f | m : - : - | s : - : }

{ s | l : - .s : m | s : - : m | r : - .m : d | r : - : s | m : - .r : d | l<sub>1</sub> : - : f<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - : - | d : - : }

{ Is fharasd dhomh 'ràdh Gur goirid do dhàil 'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'nar Cléir thu. }

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,  
 Mu 'n dithis so dh' fhalbh,  
 'N uair ruith thu air larg a chéil' iad ;  
 C' uime nach d' fhàg thu  
 Bhuidheann a b' àirde,  
 A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail ;  
 A' bhruidheann a b' fheàrr  
 A' tighinn o 'm beàl,  
 'S an cridheachan làn de reusont ;  
 Chaidh gibhteachan gràis  
 A mheasgadh 'n an gnàths,  
 'S bha 'n cneasdachd a' fàs d' a réir sin.

Dithis bha 'n geall  
 Air gearradh á bonn  
 Gach ain-ìochd, gach feall, 's gach eucoir ;  
 Dà shalus a dh' fhalbh  
 A earrannaibh garbh',  
 Dh' fhàg an talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin ;  
 Ged tha e ro chruaidh  
 Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,  
 Tha cuid a gheobh buaidh is feum dheth ;  
 Mar ris gach aon nì  
 Dh' aithris iad dhuinn,  
 Chaidh 'n gearradh á tiom an leughaidh.

Dithis a bh' ann,  
 Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann  
 Do phobull fhuair àm g' an éisdeachd ;  
 Dithis, bha 'm bàs  
 'N a bhriseadh do chàch,  
 Gidheadh gu 'm b' e 'm fàbhor féin e ;

Cha ladurn gu dearbh,  
 Dhuinn 'chreidsinn 'n uair dh' fhalbh,  
 Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu léir iad ;  
 A dh' aindeoin an aoig,  
 B' e 'n caraide gaoil,  
 'N uair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeala r' a h-inns'  
 Mu dhéighinn an dith's,  
 A 's feumail' a bhios na ceudan ;  
 Feudaidh mi ràdh,  
 Ge teumnach am bàs,  
 Nach tug e ach pàirt d' a bheum uainn.  
 Ged thug e le tinn  
 An corpa do 'n chill,  
 Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr' ;  
 Is iomadh beàl cinn  
 Ag aithris 's gach linn  
 Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làthair,  
 Tuig'mid an t-stràc-s' ;  
 Is cleachdamaid tràth ar reusont ;  
 Nach faic sibh o 'n bhà  
 An lathaichean-s' gearr,  
 Gu 'n ruith iad na b' fheàrr an réis ud ;  
 'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,  
 Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd,  
 Anns na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant' ;  
 Na earb'maid gu bràth,  
 Gu 'n ruig sinn an àit-s'  
 Mur lean sinn ri pàirt d' an ceumaibh.

Tha 'n teachdair-s' air tòir  
 Gach neach a tha beò,  
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n eucoir ;  
 Na gheobh e 'n a dhòrn,  
 Cha reic e air òir ;  
 Rì gul, no ri deòir cha 'n èisd e :  
 Chi mì gur fiù  
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,  
 Gu fear th' ann an clùd mar éideadh ;  
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,  
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn  
 Aon mhionaid de ùin s an eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,  
 Cha rachadh cho luath,  
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an éiric ;  
 Cha leig' mid 'n an dith's  
 Iad as 's an aon mhios,  
 Na 'm b' urra dhuinn 'n diol le seudaibh ;  
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhàn'  
 Thu, tighinn os àird,  
 Buailidh tu stàtaibh 's déircean ;  
 Cha bhacar le 'phris  
 Air t' ais thu a ris,  
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu 'chloinn  
 A mach o na bhroinn  
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éiginn ;  
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh  
 'Dul an coinnimh an òig,  
 Mu 'm feudar am pòsadh éibheachd.

Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,  
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,  
 Ma 's cleachdadh dhuinn còir no eucoir ;  
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,  
 Is anail 'n ar stròin,  
 Cuirear uile sinn fò na féich ud.

Tha 'm bàs os ar cinn  
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,  
 'S le fradhrac ar cinn cha léir e :  
 Ach tha glaoth aig' cho cruaidh  
 'S gu 'm feudadh an sluagh  
 A chluinntinn le cluasaibh reusoin :  
 Nach dearc sibh a chùl,  
 Is fear aig' fo iùl,  
 'S e sealltuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;  
 An diugh ciod am fàth,  
 Nach biodh'maid air gheàrd,  
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nàbuidh an dé uainn.

A chumhachd a thà  
 'Cur thugainn a' bhàis,  
 Gun teagamh nach pàidhear 'fhéich dha ;  
 Tha misneachd is bonn  
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall  
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul dha ;  
 Oir 's athair do chlann  
 A dh' fheitheas air teann,  
 'S fear-tighe do 'n bhantraich féin e ;  
 Is cruithifhear th' ann  
 A bheir gu neo-ghann  
 Ma chreideas sinn ann 'n ar feumais.

#### RANN DO FHEAR TIGH BHIOGAIS IS IAIN MAC-EACHAINN,

Da dhuin' uasal a bha a' reiceadh spréidhe air féill na h-Eaglaise Brice, agus Rob Donn 'n an cuideachd 'S ann le fearas-chuideachd thubhairt e riutha :

Fear tigh Bhiogais 's Iain Mac-Eachainn,  
 'N dà phearsa 'n robh an fhoill,  
 Leis na beòil nach feudtadh sheachnadh,  
 Ged a chreachadh iad thu 'n raoir ;

Gu bheil an coguis air a tachdadh,  
 'Reic nam marta ris na Gaill ;  
 Ach sgrìobaidh Dia le faobhar ceartais  
 'M beartas sin de an clainn.

#### RANN AIR DEISE ÙIR,

A rinn am bàrd do dhuine uasal àraidh aig an robh uachdranachd na dùthcha 's an àm, agus d' an robh ainm gu robh e tuilleadh 's cruaidh air an tuath. Fhuair e deise ùr, agus cha chuireadh e uime an deise gus am biodh Rob Donn 's an làthair, 's gu 'u deanadh e rann dhi. Ach fhuair e mach nach robh maiteachas aig a' bhàrd do dh' àirde no dh' ilse : agus cha mhò a dhi-chuimhnich e riamh do 'n bhàrd cho cruaidh 's a bhuin e ris anns an rann so.

'S math a tha i air do chùlaobh,  
 'S tha i na 's ro ùraicht' air t' uchd ;  
 Bu chaomh leam i bhi leathann, trom,  
 Mur deanadh i call no lochd ;  
 Ach cha 'n 'eil butan innt', no toll  
 Nach do chost bonn do dhuine bochd.

## ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

Much 's mi 'g éirigh 's a' mhaduinn,  
 'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,  
 Ann an lagan beag monaidh,  
 Ri maduinn ro ghoimeant',  
 'S ann a' chuala mi 'n lonan  
 Chuir an loinid o sheinn,  
 Is am pigidh ag éibheachd  
 Ris na speuraibh, 's cha bhinn.

Bidh gach doire dubh uaigneach  
 'N dùil fuasgladh o bhlàth;  
 Bithidh an snodhachd a' traoghadh  
 Gus an fhreumh as na shìn e;  
 Crupaidh 'chairt ris gu dìonach,  
 Gus an crìon i gu làr;  
 An lon-dubh 's a' mhaduinn,  
 Stor sgreadail 'chion blàths.

Bithidh am beithe crìon, crotach  
 'Stor stopadh o 'fhàs;  
 Mar-ri gaoith ghairbh shéididh,  
 Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éirigh,  
 Cròcan barraich a' géilleadh—  
 Mios éigneach an àil;  
 A' mhìos chneatanach, fhuachdaidh,  
 Choimheach, ghruamach, gun tlàths.

Mhìos chaiseanach, ghreannach,  
 Chianail, chainneanach, ghearrt',  
 'S igu clachanach, currach,  
 Cruaidhteach, sgealpanach, puinneach,  
 Sneachdach, caochlaideach, frasach,  
 Reòtach, reasgach, gu sàr;  
 'S e na chaoirneinean craidhneach  
 Fad na h-oidhche air làr.

Mhìos dheitheasach, chaoile,  
 Choimheach, ghaothach, gun bhlàths,  
 Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd  
 Anns gach badan bu dualaich',  
 Dhòirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar  
 Air gach bruach nam beann àrd';  
 'S an àm teichidh na gréine,  
 Caillidh Phœbus a bhlàths.

'S ann bhios Phœbus 'n a reòtachd  
 An ceap nam mòr chnoc 's nan gleann;  
 Bidh 's an uair sin mar 's nedinich',  
 Gach eun gearra-ghobach gòineach  
 'Spioladh iomall an òraich,  
 'Cur a shròin anns an dàim;  
 Còmhradh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,  
 Le bròn is sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair  
 Cha bhi an acaras gann;  
 Ni iad còmhnuidh 's gach callaid,  
 Buileach anfhann is callaidh,  
 'Sgriobadh ùir as na ballaibh—  
 Mìos chur doiniann nan gleann—  
 'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,  
 'S cha bhi 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Am bradan caol 'bhàrr an fhìor-uisg',  
 Fliuch, slaod-earballach, fuar,  
 'S e gu tàrr-ghlogach, ronnach,  
 Clambach, geàrr-bhallach, lannach;  
 Soills' na meirg' air 'n a earradh,  
 Fiamh na gainn' air 's gach tuar,  
 'S e gu crom-cheannach, burrach,  
 Dul le puinne 'n a chuach.

Ach nach dao-chail 's a' gheamhradh  
 Fann gheum gamhna chion feòir,  
 Gnùgach, caol-dromach, fèarsnach,  
 Tioram, tàrr-ghreannach, àsruidh,  
 Biorach, sgreamhanach, fuachdaidh,  
 Siltean fuairidh r' a shròin,  
 'S e gu sgrog-ladhrach gàgach,  
 Fulag sàrach' an reòt.

An t-samhuin bhagarach, fhiadhaich,  
 Dhubharach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlàths,  
 Ghuineach, ana-bhliochdach, fhuachdaidh,  
 Shruthach, steallanach, fhuaimneach,  
 Thuilteach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,  
 Gun dad measach ach càl;  
 Bithidh gach deat is gach mìnneach,  
 'Glacadh aogais a' bhàis.

Bidh gach creutair d' a threisead  
 'G iarraidh fasgaidh 's a' choill,  
 Bidh na h-ùrlaichean cabrach,  
 Gnùsdach, airtnealach, laga  
 'Gabhail geilt de na mhaduinn,  
 Le guth a' chneatain 'n an cinn;  
 Is na h-aighean fo euslaint'  
 Air son gu'n thréig iad a' bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,  
 Is bu shalaiche seinn,  
 Ghabhadh m' inntinn riamh eagal  
 Roimh bhur sgreadail 's a' mhaduinn,  
 'N àm a' chruidh bhi air ghadaibh,  
 'S an cuid fadar 'g a rainn,  
 'S iad 'n am badainibh binniceach,  
 Gu h-àsruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

## ACH MA NI THU BARGAN,

Oran do fhear a thachair ann an cuideachd a' dannsadh an tigh a' bhàird, agus nach gabhadh nighean eile gu dannsadh leatha, ach té de nigheanaibh a' bhàird féin, agus e 'n a choigreach 's an tigh, ged bha aobhar fuath aca dha, thaobh an droch dhreach a chunnaic iad air an òlach. Chunnaic am bàrd gu robh e mi-oileanach, ladurna, agus rinn e an t-òran mar chronachadh dha.

From "Munro's Collection."

D.C.

*Gu beothail.*

GLEUS Bv. { d ., s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | d . d . - : t<sub>1</sub> . d | r ., t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | r : d . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : m . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - ||  
 Rann. { Ach ma ni thu | bargan, Gu'n cuir an Sealbh do'n tìr | thu; Fal al dal al dar | à Fal da | rà là | rà. ||  
 Ach an toir mi urra dhuit 'S na's urrainn mi de'n t-saoghal. Fal al dal al dar | à Fal da | rà là | rà.



{ s . m : d . m | s . s . - : s . m | r . t<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | r : d . r | m . d : r . t<sub>1</sub> | d . t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . }  
 { Ach an toir mi | urra dhuit 'S na's urrainn mi de'n t-saoghal Na'm faicheadh tu 'm fear | crasg-shuileach, }



{ . t<sub>1</sub> | d ., t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | m : r . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : m . r | d : t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - ||  
 { B' e tasgallach Ri - Mhìchidh. Fal al dal al dar | à Fal da | rà là | rà.

Na 'm faicheadh tu 'm fear crasg-shuileach,  
 B' e tasgallach Ri-Mhìchidh.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Leis na bh' air de sgreadaidheachd,  
 Gu 'n bhreac a chasan caola.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Tha spuaicean is tha sgealpan air  
 Le tachas is le sgrìobadh;  
 Gur leath' iad air 'ghàirdeanan  
 Na bàrnaich air Leac-Fhlirim.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Tha 'n duine sin r' a mhiosrachadh  
 Na 's miosa na mar shaoil leam.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil àit' an suidheadh e,  
 Aon nighean nach gabh daoch dheth.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil àit an suidheadh e,  
 Aon nighean nach gabh daoch dheth;  
 Cha chreid thu leis an tuar a th' air  
 Gu 'n d' fhuair e riamh ach faochagan.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Tha 'n fhèdsag aig 'n a greidheanaibh,  
 Is snidhean air gach gaoisdeag.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Am folt garrach aig air caitheamh  
 Mar gu 'n dathadh tu le fraoch e.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

'S iomadh beathach b' fhèarr na e  
 A bhàsaich leis a' chaoile;  
 Brògan dubh' gun iallan air,  
 'S na miallan air a chaol-druim.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Ach ma ni e pòsadh,  
 Bidh mòran leis de dhaoineibh;  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

Oir cha b' uilear sèathnar dha  
 Gu deanamh teachd-an-tìr dha.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

'S gu dearbh cha b' uilear dithis da  
 G' a nigheadh is g' a sgrìobadh;  
 'S gu 'm bu bheag dha deichnear dhiubh  
 Gu fagadh a chuid aodaich.  
 Fal al dal al, &c.

## MARBHRANN DO BHEATI SUTHARLAN,

Bean Mhr. Bhàtair Gré, a choisinn mórán cliù.

A Bheati Sutharlan, ma dh' eug thu,  
S àrd a dh' éirich cliù leat;  
'S e bròn do dhaoine is call do thìr'  
Nach d' fhuair iad tiom bu mhù dhìot:  
Ged thàrladh tric am bàs gun iochd,  
'S e'n t-Ard Rìgh glic tha' stiùradh,  
'S e dh' abaich riamh do chainnt 's do ghnìomh  
Air chinn na crìch' bha rùn air.

Cha 'n fhàir mi ceartas 'thoirt na 's leòir  
Do 'n t-sàr-mhnaoi òig-s' bha ainmeil;  
Aig meud gach buaidh bha oirr' r' a luaidh,  
'S a lugh'd 's a fhuair i dh' aimsir:  
Do phàirtean breith 's do chleachdan beath',  
Gach puinc fa leth 'g ad leanmhuinn;  
Do chliùthan àrd bheir dùbhlhan bàird,  
G' a ghiùlan slàn mar sheanchas.

Chaidh do bhreith thar chàch gu léir  
Anns na rinneadh 'n tòs leat;  
Cia lìonmhor faighneachd bh' ort 'n ad mhaigh-  
deann,  
Thagh thu 'n deagh fhear pòsda;  
Cha b' chruaidh a' chàs 'n uair fhuair thu'm bàs,  
Gu 'n robh e pàidht' gu leòir ann;  
Thug beagan bhliadhnan sìth dha dhìot  
Nach tugadh ciad tha beò dha.

Cha 'n ann gun chuimhneachan a dh' fhalbh  
Am pearsa dealbhach stuama;  
Do shliochd 's do chliù, le tuigse dhùint',  
Gun fhios co dhiubh bha 'n uachdar;  
Do chlann a' fàs ri athair dàimheil,  
Geall'nach àrd air buaidh iad;  
Bidh iad ag ràdh nach cinn gu bràth leo  
Gnìomh a 's feàrr na 's dual daibh.

Na théid an rannachd dhuit no 'm fonn,  
Cha dean e bonn na 's àird' thu;  
'S math a b' fhiù e 'chur an céill,  
Na 'm bitheadh feum do chàch ann;  
Bu chòir do ghnìomh, do chainnt 's do chiall  
A sgrìobhadh sìos air pàpair,  
'S a chur an seòmar gach mnath' òig,  
Gu bhì fa 'n còir mar phàtran.

Cha cheist 's an tìr, co leis an t-aon  
Mu 'm beilear 'g inns' na cainnt' so;  
Bhean àluinn ghaoil, bh' aig Bhàtair Raoin,  
Ged thàir an t-aog fo chuing i;

'S e cainnt gach beòil mu ni cho mòr,  
Nach d' fheud gu leòir bhì taingeil;  
An cridhe fial 'n do shuidh a' chiall,  
'S i nighean Thighearna Laingeil.

Gun luaidh air càirdibh fala 's feòla,  
Rinn thu 'n còrr mu 'n cuairt dhuit;  
Thog thu aoibhneas do gach aon neach  
'Bha an cleamhnas fuaight' riut:  
O 'n bha mi ann, cha 'n fhacas liom  
Aon neach rinn rium cho luath riut;  
Tha gaol gach saoi gun cheilg do 'n mhnaoi,  
'S cha b' eòl dhomh aon thug fuath dhi.

Rinn t' oilean iriosal thu sìobhalt  
An cuideachd iosail Ghàidhealt';  
Rinn t' fhoghlum beartach thu 'nad bhall  
De 'n chuideachd Ghallda b' àirde;  
Dheanadh tu iomhcair mhath le t' uails',  
An cuideachd—fuar no blàth iad;  
'S ann dh' aithnichteadh t' fhaoilt ri neach a  
chit',  
Air am faighteadh saoil 'a chràbhaidh.

Cha ruig mi leas ni ràdh mu 'pears',  
An dealbh, an dreach, no 'n àillteachd;  
Cha ruig mi 'm feasd air innseadh ceart  
Cia meud a beachd 's a tàbhachd;  
Ged bu chruaidh an sgeul gu 'n bhuaill an t-eug,  
An uair sin féin a dh' fhàs thu,  
'S e bròn nan ciad da 'm b' eòl do rian,  
Gu 'm bu chuspunn riamh do 'n bhàs thu.

Cha 'n fhac' 's cha chualas 's an Taobh-tuath  
Aon bhean an uails' thug bàrr ort;  
Do bheusan stium' an leughar buaidh,  
Gach teaghlaich sluaigh o 'n d' fhàs thu;  
Do làmhnan gleust', 's do thuigse gheur,  
Far 'n do chòmhlaidh foghlum nàdur,  
Mar aon an ciad bha faoilidh, fial,  
'S nach d' aontaich riamh ri àrdan.

Cha 'n fhàir mi comain chur gu dearbh,  
'S ann air a' mharbh 'n uair théid e;  
Ach gun an cliù a leigeadh bàs  
Cho luath 's a dh' fhàg iad féin sinn;  
Cuiream an dàn-s' do Chataobh mhàn,  
Is 'n uair ni Bhàtair éisdeachd,  
Bithidh na rainn-s' 'n a bheall 'g an seinn  
Mar chuimhneachan as déigh oirr'.

## CUMHA DO MHR. MORCHADH,

A rinn am bàrd an ceann bliadhna an déigh bàis an duin' uasail sin, air iartras a mhic, Mr. Padruig Mac Dhòmhnuill, ministear Sgìre Chille-Moire 's an Earra-Ghaidheal, air dha 'thighinn do 'n dùthaich, agus a bhì ag àm àraidh an cuideachd a' bhàird.

*Gu muldach.*

From "Munro's Collection."



GLEUS B. { S<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : m . m | f : m . r | d : l<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : m . m | f : m . r | r : d . }

Séisd. Is cianail, is cianail, O's cianail a tà mi; An ceann na bliadhna O's cianail a tà mi;

Rann. A Chridhe na féille anns' bheil an tàbhachd; A cheann na céille 'San fhoghlaim chràbhaidh;



{ m | m : r . d | r : d . l<sub>1</sub> | d : S<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> | d : S<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - . S<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> | d : S<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | r<sub>1</sub> : d<sub>1</sub> ||

A Mhaighstir Mhorchaidh, is tu air m' fhàgail | 'S mairg sinn, is truagh sinn nach d' fhuair linn no dhà dhìot. ||

An làmh bha gun ghanntair anns an tàbhairn, 'N uachdar a' bhàird a' ghnùis na fàilte.

Tha mise 'n so 'n am aonar, mar aon ann am fàsach;

'S nì gun fheum dhomh aobhar ghàire,  
Cuims' ann an cainnt, ann an rann no sgeala,  
Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann g' an clàistinn.  
'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan o chioslaich am bàs thu;  
Cha 'n 'eil mios am bliadhna air ciall no air cràbhadh;  
Theandaidh na biasdan gu riasradh gràineil;  
Leò-san leig Dia srian o 'n là sin.  
'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn fa chòir do bhàis-sa;  
Ach ghabh iad sgìos ann am mìos no dhà dheth;

Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan riarachd' cho trà dheth,—

An ceann na bliadhna 's cianail a tha mi.  
'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh liom an teaghlach 's a' chlann sin a dh' fhàg thu;  
'S caomh liom na fuinn bhidhteadh seinn ann ad fhàrdoich;  
'S caomh liom bhì 'g ùrachadh 'chliù nach d' thug bàs dhìot;  
'S caomh liom an ùir th' air do thaobh-s' de na bhàghan!  
'S cianail, &c.

## ORAN DO DH' UACHDARAIN NA DUTHCHA,

'N uair a bha iad a' cur ROB DHUINN as an fhearann air son bhì 'marbhadh nam fiadh, agus cuid de na h-uaislean bhì air a thaobh, agus cuid eile dhìu 'n a aghaidh.

*Luinneag.*—'S cian fada, 's cian fada,  
'S cian fada gu leòir  
O'n a bha mi air acair,  
'S mi 'g iarraidh fasgaidh fo sgòid;  
Nis ma 's éiginn dhomh teicheadh,  
'S nach 'eil lethsgheil a' m' chòir,  
C' uime 'n caomhnainn bhur sgobadh,  
'N duigh 's mi 'togail nan seòl.

Iain 'Ic Naoghais 'Ic Uilleim  
A dhòirt iomadaidh fala,  
C' uime 'm biodh tu ga 'm fhàsgadh,  
An duigh aig beàlaobh a' bharraidh?  
'S e mo bharail gu 'm b' fheàrr dhuit

Sineadh an argumaid aile,  
Oir bhathas 'g am marbhadh,  
O 'n là dh' fhalbhadh tu 'm baile.  
'S cian fada, &c.

Ach ma 's ubair mi-dhiadhaidh  
Bhì 'marbhadh fhiadh anns na gleannaibh,  
'S iomadh laoch dhe do theaghlach  
A thuit gu trom anns a' mhealladh;  
Bu daoine fuilteach o 'n d' fhàs thu,  
'S cha b' fheàrr càirdean do leannain;  
'S ma 's peacadh sud tha gun mhaithneas,  
Bithidh tus is Mathanaich damant'.  
'S cian fada, &c.

Gu bheil tinneas na bliadhna  
Dul na 's piantaich' 's na 's cràitich';  
Ach ni sinn faighidinn chiallach;  
Thig an riaghladh na 's feàrr oirnn;  
Thig an cumant gu socair  
'N uair theid stopadh air Ahab;  
'S bidh sinn feuchainn ar lotan,  
Air beàlaobh Dhoctair Bohàbhairn.\*  
'S cian fada, &c.

Ach a Dhoctair Bohàbhairn,  
Thug mi dàn duit nach tuig iad;  
O 'n tha mis' air bheag airgid,  
Buinidh aircheas do t' ubair;  
Tha mo dhùil ri do phlàstair,  
'N uair tha càch 'g a mo bhioradh;  
'S mar a 's faid' thu 'g a chàradh  
'S ann a 's feàrr e 'n uair thig e.  
'S cian fada, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachainn 'Ic-Iain,  
'S tu thiorc mi m' meadhon mo dhragha,  
A thug teist gu mo chliù orm  
Air mo chùlaobh 's ri m' aghaidh,  
Le do chomhairlean rùnach,

Bheireadh dùbhlán luchd-lagha;  
Bha do chuid 'g a mo chobhair,  
'S cha b' i do chomhairl' bu lugha.  
'S cian fada, &c.

Uilleam Mheilinis, thair leam  
Nach seas càirdeas air aon-chois;  
'S math a chumadh tu làmh rium  
Gus 'n do thàir thu mi 'm plundar;  
'N uair a chunnaic thu 'n sàs mi  
Fo àrd smachd an Tigh Thunga,  
Dh' fhàs thu trom-chluasach bodhar,  
'S cha do chobhair thu 'n cunntair.  
'S cian fada, &c.

Ma chaidh mo chàirdeas am fuair ead  
Ri daoine' uailse na dùthch'-sa,  
'S éiginn nis dul a dh' iarraidh  
Rathad fiar nach robh dùil a'm;  
Far 'm beil seann Dòmhnall Thapaidh,  
'Leàghadh charaids' an Sgùdaig,  
Dh' fheuch am préisg e 's na geataibh-s',  
A' chùigeamh athchuing' de 'n ùrnuigh—  
"Maith dhuinn ar ciont."  
'S cian fada, &c.

### MARBHRANN DO IAIN MAC-AOIDH,

Ris an abradh iad Iain Mac Raibeirt, duin' uasal thug barrachd air móran ann am feabhas cliutha.

Thug an t-aog uainn 'n ar n-amharc,  
Mach á dithreabh Strath-namhuir,  
'N t-aon fhear nach d' fhàg samhail 'n a dhéigh.  
Thug an t-aog uainn, &c.

Cùis àrdain nan Abrach,†  
Làmh làidir nach bagradh,  
Iain fàilteach Mac Raibeirt 'Ic-Néill.  
Cùis àrdain, &c.

Corpa calma bha fearail,  
Inntinn earbsach làn air,  
Làmh a dhearbhadh na chanadh am beul.  
Corp calma, &c.

Bu tu 'n companach deala,  
'S bu tu ceannard na clainne,  
Bha thu 'n t-aon rud dh' fhear aile's duit féin.  
Bu tu 'n companach, &c.

Bu tu 'm fialaidh neo-bhòsdail,  
Agus biadhtach na pòcaid,  
Ceanna cliar agus còmhnuidh luchd-feum.  
Bu tu 'm fialaidh, &c.

C' àit' an cual' sibh a' tighinn  
Aon cho buadhach am bruidheann,  
Air nach d' fhuaras ni bhitheadh 'n a éis.  
C' àit' an cual' sibh, &c.

'N am biodh iomlaineachd agam  
Gus an tiom-chràdh-s' chur stad air,  
B' e mo dhùrachd thu fada o 'n eug.  
'N am biodh iomlaineachd, &c.

Na 'm bu ni àraidh bhi bòsdail  
As na gairdeanaibh feòla,  
'S tus an t-aon a b' fheàrr còir air cur tréis.  
Na 'm bu ni, &c.

'N uair is lìonmhoire cumhachd,  
'S ann is dì-chuimhnich' cumha  
Na 'n uair 's dìobhailich' pudhar an éig.  
'N uair is lìonmhoire, &c.

Is mur fìor domh na thubhairt  
Mu na Chrìosdaidh bu mhugha,  
Leigean 'fhianuis air Muthadal féin.  
Is mur fìor domh, &c.

\* Bha Dr. Bohàbhairn (Boerhave) 'na lighiche ainmeil aig an àm so, agus tha am bàrd a' samhachadh Fear Bhiogais ris-san.

† Tha dream àraidh de chlann Mhic-Aoidh, dha 'n leas-sloinneadh Abrach, chionn gur ann an Loch-abair a dh' àraicheadh an Ceann-tighe o shean, agus gur bean de mhuintir na tìre sin bu mhàthair dha; bu daoine ro fhiughanta, ainmeil iad 's a' chinneadh, fhad 's a bha feum agus meas air daoine' uailse 's air gaisgich.


## SALI GRANND.

Maighdean òg, bha ann an Inbhirnis, 'n uair bha ceud Reisimid an Iarla Chataich air a cois, agus iad 's a' bhaile sin: agus na 'm b' fhlòr do 'n bhàrd gu robh Oifigich na Reisimid uile ri còmh-stri cò a bhuanraich-eadh i.

From "Munro's Collection."

D.C.

*Gu h-aotrom.*



GLEUS G. { r | r : r . m | s : s . m | r : m . r | d : l, | s, : s, | l, : d | m : m | r : - . }

{ Tha Deòrs' air a' mhàidsear Ro dhàn' ann an cainnt, An ribhinn, àluinn, éibhinn, òg.  
Slor chur an céill gu'n robh esan fo staint, An ribhinn, àluinn, éibhinn, òg.



{ r | r . r : r . m | s : s . s | l : s . f | m : d | d . d : d . m | s : s . m | r : m . r | d : l, . }

{ Ach 'nuaira theid an t-òsd Mu na bhòrd ann an rancaibh, Olaidh e gu càirdeach deoch slàinte na baintigh 'n; }



{ f . l | l, l . - : s . f | s : f . s | l : r . m | d : l, , l, | s, : s, | l, : d | m : m | r : - . }

{ Bidh h-uile fear de chàch Mach o Shàli 'toirt taing dha, An ribhinn, àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Mu 'm faca mo shùil thu,  
'S e 'n cliù ort a fhuair mi,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg,  
Gur ann mar bhan-dé,  
A ghéilleadh an sluagh dhuit,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
Shaoil leam nach bu bhòsd,  
Bu chòir a bhi luaidh sud,  
Ach na shìn an ceòl,  
'S gu 'n d' thug iad a suas mi,  
'S chreid mi h-uile drann dheth,  
'S an danns' 'n uair a ghluais  
An ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Shuidh mi ann an cùil  
Mar gu 'n dùisgteadh á tranns mi,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
Is labhair an triùir ud  
Le 'n sùilean 's le 'n samhlauchd,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
Do réir mar a dh' fhaodainns'  
An aodnan a rannsach,  
Dhùraiceadh Sàli,  
Am Màidsear 'n a bhantraich :  
Tha aoibhneas air Deòrs'  
Mu 'n bhòrd bh' air a' Ghranndach,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Cha 'n eil a h-aon  
'S a' Bhatàillean d' an eòl thu,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg,  
Nach 'eil 'n am brudraichibh,  
Fuasgail' is pòsda,  
Mu 'n ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
Ach gu ruigeas Teàrlach,

Am Màidsear a b'òige ;  
Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm  
Ann an àrmait Rìgh Deòrsa,  
Chaoch'leadh e faobhar  
Le gaol fa do chòir-sa,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,  
Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
'S ann is cruaidhe 'chàs  
Ach am pàidhear a dhuais dha,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
Fuiligidh mi sùil,  
No fuiligidh mi cluas dhìom,  
Ma tha aon de 'n triùir,  
Ge tric iad 'g a do luaidh-se,  
Cho tinn le do ghaol  
Ris an aon fhear a 's fuath leis  
An ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach dùraicinn  
Sàli do 'n Chòirneil,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
Oir gu 'm bitheadh càch  
Ann an naimhdeas r' a bhèd dha,  
An ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.  
Creutair cho briagh' i,  
Is creutair cho bòidheach,  
Rì ! bu mhòr am beud  
Gu 'n cailleadh i d' a deòin iad,  
Suiridhich an t-saoghail,  
Le aon fhear a phòsadh,  
An ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.



## PORT NI' MHIC NEILL 'IC EOIN AGUS AN T-IASGAIR,

Caraid aosda bha 'dol a phòsadh, 's iad le chéile crùbach.

Cho luath 's a thig an geamhradh,  
Bithidh danns' againn is ceòl ;  
Cò a 's àirde leumas  
Na céile Nì'e Néill-'ic-Eòin ;  
Gur mise chuireadh pàirt  
Anns a' bhaidse, ged b' ann de 'n òr,  
Much an là 'r na mhaireach  
'N déigh màrsail nan casan mòr'.

'N saoil thu fhéin nach duaineil  
An sluagh ud 'dul air stòl,  
Ise leis a' chuaran,  
'S an t-uachdar aige-sa á 'bhròig ;  
'N uair leigeas sinn uainn iad  
'S an uair ud, an déigh bhi pòsd',  
Cha dean iad ceum réidh,  
Ach a' beiceadaich  
'S a' leum air an leth-chasaibh  
Dheth 'n taobh air am bheil an leòn ;  
Cha 'n 'eil neach bhiodh làmh riu  
'N tràth ud, nach faigheadh spòrs.

Shaoil mi air mo bhriathar,  
'S an t-iasgach a' dul air chùl,  
Gu 'n tigeadh am fear liath ud  
Am bliadhna 'dheanadh a' chùis ;  
O 'n dheanadh i a bhìadhadh  
Gu rianail 'n a laidhe 'n cuil,  
Ciod an rathad àraich  
A b' fheàrr na sud ann mo dhùil.

Gheobh e pailteas aodaich  
Gun dith, gun uireasbhuidh lòn,  
O 'n tha a' bhean ag innseadh  
Bhi gealltanach air na's leòir ;  
'S ann a bhios a' ghiùrnaich  
Air dùrn Nì-'ic-Néill-'ic-Eòin,  
Is i 'n a gurraidh air a ceàl,  
A' càradh nan sopannan  
'S a sgaoileadh nam pocannan,  
'S i 'g éideadh a chois le clò ;  
'S math an rathad àraich  
Sud dhà-san ri fad a bhed.

## ORAN DO HUISTEAN MAC DHOMHNUILL MHIC IAIN,

Air do 'n Mhorair Mac-Aoidh a chur do bhaile na b' fhaide o 'n fhrìdh, chionn e bhì ro dhlobhaltach air na féidh.

Chualas naidheachd o na Chlàr  
A chuireas cràdh air Hùistean ;  
'S e bhì 'g a fhògradh as an àite  
Rinn a chàil a chiùrradh ;  
'M frithear làmh ris air gach làmh,  
'S cha cothrom dhà-s' a' chùis ud,  
Fo pheanas bàis, le peann a mhàn,  
Nach loisg e gràinne fùdair.

Am bi sinn tlàth ri fear a ghnàths,  
Nach caisg a làmh le bùiteach,  
'S a liuthad cothrom thug sinn da,  
Ged phàidh e 'm màl ud dùbailt' ?  
Cha chreidinn càil a chaoidh gu bràth  
Air fear a nàduir ùigeant' ;  
Ged gheobhainn làir, cha téid mi 'n ràthan  
Cupall tràth air Hùistean.

Tha Hùistean feumail anns an fhrìdh,  
Ged 's tric Mac-Aoidh 'g a theannadh ;  
Gheobht' e treun, le òrdugh féin,  
A' marbhadh fhéidh 's an t-samhradh ;  
Ged chuir sibh 'm bliadhn' e dheth na crìochan,  
Ghabh sibh rian bha meallt' air,  
Le cluich nan cealg 'chur as an t-sealg  
Air fichead marg do Mhalldaich.

Cha d' rinn sinn sud le cluich nan lùb,  
Ach beag ri taobh na thoill e ;  
S b' fhasan dà bhì anns gach àit'  
A' feitheal fàth le foill orr' :  
Dh' innseadh Sàbhail 's Creag-nan-Ràth'g  
Liuthad sàr a rinn e ;  
Is tha gach càrn an sin ag ràdh  
Gu robh e 'tàmh air oidhch' ann.

Ged b' fhada bha e air an sgàth,  
Cha b' iad na càirn a réidhlean ;  
'S am fear a ruigeadh 'n ceann an tràth,  
Gu 'm faight' aig àite féin e :  
Ma tha Sàbhal, 's Creag-nan-Ràth'g,  
'Togail sgeala bréig' air,  
Cha 'n 'eil mi 'g ràdh, mu 'm faigh e bàs,  
Nach bi iad pàidht' le chéile.

Cha b' aobhar diombaidh bh' againn ris,  
Mur biodh e tric 'g ar sàradh,  
Agus spuilleadh dhinn nam fiadh  
Bha taghal riamh 'n ar bràighibh ;  
Bha 'Ghlais-fhèith 'g éibeach riumsa 'n dé  
Gu 'n d' thàg i h-éiric bhàis air ;  
'S tha Meall-a'-chléirich fad an éis  
Nach ruig e féin Ceann-tàile.

## CUMHA DO HUISTEIN MAC-AOIDH,

Mac Fhir Bhiogais, a dh' eug, agus e 'n a fhleasgach òg ro mheasail.

*Gu muldach.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS G. { .l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | d : - .m : r .,r | m : - .r : d .,l<sub>1</sub> | d : - .r : l<sub>1</sub> .,d | s<sub>1</sub> : - . }

{ Nach truagh an | sgeul a fhuair mi féin Mu'n àm so'n dé, o'n dh' fhalbh mi uaibh; }

{ .l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | d : - .m : r .,m | r : - .d : r .,m | s : - .l : m .,s | r : - . }

{ Gu'n bhual an | t-eug an t-uasal treun Le cuartach gheur, 's gu'n mharbh sud e. }

{ .m : l .,l | s : - .f : m .,s | r : - .l<sub>1</sub> : d .,r | m : - .r : d .,l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - . }

{ B'ann de Mhac Aoidh, 'thaobh duine 's mnaoi, An gasan aoidh - eil dealbhach ud- }

{ .l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> .l<sub>1</sub> | d : - .m : r .,m | r : - .m : s .,d | s : - .f : m .,r | r : - . }

{ Mo chreach! 'ga lnnas' gu'n deach gun aois Mac - oighre tìr Strath Hala - dail. }

Nach cruaidh an guth so th' aig an t-sluagh,  
O 'n deach' thu luath's a dh' earb iad riut;  
Tha 'ghaoir cho coitcheinn aig daoin' uails',  
Aig mathaibh, aig tuath 's aig searbhantaibh;  
Cha 'n 'eil o 'n Tòrr gu ruig an Stòir  
Aon duine beò o 'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,  
A 's urra còmhraidh mu na bhòrd.  
Ach tuirseach, brònach, marbh-rannach.

Cha 'n ann mu chall an codach féin  
Tha 'n sluagh gu léir cho càsmhorach;  
Ach aon thoirt uath', gun aon fhear-fuath,  
'S an robh gach buaidh cho fàs-mhorach:  
A phears' gu léir, a dhreach 's a chéill,  
Anns nach bu léir dhuinn fàilligeadh,  
Mach o 'n eug bhi 'cur an céill  
Nach 'eil gach cré ach bàsmhorach.

Tha do chàirdean fala 's feòla  
'S do luchd-eòlais cianalach  
Air son do ghearradh as an t-saoghal  
Mu 'n robh aon diubh riaracht' dhiot;  
'S e cùis am bròin nach d' fhàg thu beò dhuinn  
Fear cho òg 's cho ciallach riut;  
Ma sgrìobhar cliù do bheath' air t' uaigh,  
Gur líonmhoir' buaidh na bliadhnachan.

Ged bhiodh do ghnùis air duine bàth,  
Cha bhiodh a bhàs neo-thuirseach dhuinn;  
'S dheanadh do thoimhsean is do chàil  
Am fear bu ghràist' cho ciùrrtach dhuinn;

An tuisge gheur a thogail sgeàl,  
'S a' ghibht a b' fheàrr g' an cuimsèachadh;  
'S tu 'n seud bu làin', tigh'n'n thuig gach là,  
'S an t-slige b' àillte cumtidheachd.

'S lìonmhor cridhe thuit a mhàn  
Mu 'n cuairt, air là do thiodhlacaidh,  
Bha 'g earbsadh cinnteach ri do linn  
Bhi suidhicht' an inntinn shìor-bheartaich  
Bha iomadh ceud de t' fhine féin  
A' deanamh feum mar ìomhaigh dhiot;  
Ach dhearbh am beam so dhuinn gu léir  
Nach 'eil fo 'n ghréin ach dìomhanas.

Có an duine thug ort bàrr  
Am breith, am pàirt, 's an ionnsachadh!  
No có an t-aon a sheasas t' àit  
Dhe 'n th' air an cràdh 'g ad ionndradhainn!  
Gach beag is mòr, gach sean is òg,  
Le gul is deòir 'g an cionnsachadh;  
Ged 's tric le bròn bhi tuisleach oirn,  
Cha tig an còrr le aon duin' dheth.

Tha sinn uil' an iomadh tras,  
Na bha mu 'n cuairt do theaghlach-sa,  
Bhi gun aon am measg an t-sluaigh  
A dheanadh suas do chall-sa dhuinn:  
Do thomult mòr, do chomunn còir,  
Do chomas dednach, gealltanach,  
'Chuir buille bhròin 's na h-uile pòit,  
'S a chuir gach ceòl mu Bhealltuinn uainn.

## FAILTE CHAILEIN OIG BHIOGAIS,

'N uair a rugadh e, agus cronachadh dhoibhsan a bha deanamh òran brosgail da, 'n uair nach robh e ach air iomachuinn a mhàthar.

A' Chailein òig, deagh lathach' dhuit  
A shealbhachadh còir t' athar dhuit;  
Ach aois dhà-s' mu 'n caithear e,  
Ma 's toil leis an Rìgh fhathail e;  
Gu 'm beir do chiall-sa fathast air;  
Iarramaid gun athadh  
Thu bhì math o 'n tha thu mòr.  
Iarramaid gun athadh, &c.

Rugadh mar do bhràthair thu,  
Is rinneadh de 'n aon nàdur sibh;  
Na's gealltainnich' cha tàir thu bhì;  
'S oighr' thu air na dh' fhàg e dhuit;  
Mar sin na biodhmaid àrdanach,  
Oir buinidh cheart cho càra dhuit  
Dhul bàs 's a tha thu beò.  
Oir buinidh cheart, &c.

Mu 'n d' rinn a' bhroinn do thearbadh uaip',  
'S mu 'n d' thàinig dùrd de sheanachas duit,  
Gu 'n d' chaisg thu iomadh argumaid,  
'S gu 'n d' thog thu sùil fir Haladail;  
Tha mise 'n dùil, is earbaidh mi,  
'N uair thig dhuit lùths is calmachd,  
Gu dearbh gu 'n dean thu 'n còrr.  
'N uair thig dhuit lùths, &c.

Na dàinte cuagach cabantach  
A rinn an sluagh gu lag-bheartach,  
Tha lethseul usal agam dhaibh,  
'Bhrìgh 's gu 'm bu bhrudair cadail iad;  
Oir saoilidh fear gur h-eaglais  
Tìgh beag 'n uair bhios e 'n ceò.  
Oir saoilidh fear, &c.

Tha mise cho math dùrachd dhuit  
Ri luchd nan ranntan dùsalach;  
Ach 's ann tha mi 'g a dùrachd dhuit,  
O nach fàidhe ùrraic mi,  
Air dhomh bhì ann mo dhùisg,  
'S an cuspair ùr-s' thighinn oirn.  
Air dhomh bhì, &c.

Buinidh dhuinn bhì balaisteach  
Mu 's gabh sinn greim gu h-amaideach;  
'N ni ghearrar uainn ge h-ainid leinn,  
Sith bhì leis na ghearrar dhinn;  
'S a taingeachadh na dh' fhanas ruinn,  
'S e 'ni ar n-aoibhneas maireannach  
Fìor choimeasgadh le bròn.  
'S e ni ar n-aoibhneas, &c.

Buinidh dhuinn bhì 'leasachadh  
Gach crìosdaidh còir gun bheartas aig,  
Fear lomnochd is fear acarach,  
Fear dall is fear gun chasan aig—  
Cìod fhios nach brìgh an athchuing-san  
A chuir am mac so oirn?  
Cìod fhios nach, &c.

Chuirinn geall, 's cha 'n fhàilnichinn,  
Nach robh e 'Ghall no 'Ghàidheal ann,  
'Chlann Mhic-Aoidh no 'Bhàillidhich,  
No aon duin' aile dh' àirmheas mi,  
Nach òladh deoch 's nach pàidheadh i  
Air slàinte Chailein òig.  
Nach h-òladh deoch, &c.

## RANN AIR BANAIS AN FHIR LEITH,

A rinn am bàrd 'n uair bha e 'n a bhalachan fìor òg, agus e ri buachailleachd nan laogh, an tìgh Iain Mhic-Eachuinn; bha banais gu bhì 'n an coimhearsnachd, agus 's e "Am fear liath," an leas-ainm a b' àbhaist bhì aca air fear na bainnse. Bha dùil aig a' bhàrd gu faigheadh e 'thead dol a dh' ionnsuidh na bainnse; ach 'n uair thàinig e dhachaidh 's an fheasgair, 's a dh' fhoighnich e an d' fhalbh iad thun na bainnse, 's a dh' innis iad da gu 'n d' fhalbh—ghabh e tàmailt gu deachaidh e féin fhàgail, agus rinn e an rann so mu'n deachaidh e a chadal.

'N uair shuidh iad gu biadh,  
'S 'n uair thaingich iad Dia,  
Bha 'n duin' òg ac' cho liath  
'S ged' b'iar-ogh' do Adhamh e;  
Bha 'm muillear mòr liath ann  
Le 'churrac mhòr liath,  
'S a' chailleach mhòr liath bu mhàthair dha;  
Bha 'm bodach mòr liath a' sgeàlachd dhaibh;  
'S bha 'chailleach mhòr liath ag èarlachadh,  
'S bha 'm ministear liath a' cràbhadh dhaibh;  
Bha Seòrasan liath, 's a cheann anns a' chliabh,

Agus Guinnich bheag liath á Ardachadh;  
Na h-uile fear liath, o 'n ear gus an iar,  
Eadar Bealach-nam-Fiann is Càrnachadh;  
Bha h-uile fear liath d' an càirdean anu;  
Gach duine bha liath an Arnaball;  
'S na h-uile fear liath a thogair ann triall,  
'S Mac-Neill mòr liath 'g am bàrnaigeadh;  
Bha bioran mòr iarunn mar b' àbhaist ann;  
Bha teana le biadh 'g a èarlachadh;  
Bha mòine dhe 'n t-sliabh air a tarruig le cliabh  
Mar ri cuilìonn mòr liath nan Ardachan.

## GLEANN-GALLAIDH, AIG CEANN LOCH-EIREABUILL.

*Gu trom, tiamhaidh.*

GLEUS F. { f : d . r | m : m : m . s | m : r : m . s | l : l : s . m | r : - }  
 Séisd. { Gleanna - Gall - aith, Gleanna - Gall - aith, Gleanna - Gall - aith nan craobh; }  
 FINE.

{ m . s | l : - . s : m . d | s . l . l : d : d . r | m : f . m : r . d | d : - }  
 { C ó a chl e nach mal e, Gleanna - Gall - aith nan craobh ! } ||

{ f : d . r | m : m : m . s | m : r : m . s | l : s : s . m | r : - }  
 Rann. { Rl faic - inn crìoch àrd - ain 'Ga mo bhreàgadh gu taobh, }  
 D.C.

{ m . s | l : - . s : m . d | s . l . l : d : d . r | m : f . m : r . d | d : - }  
 { S anna smuain - ich mì fau - adh An Gleann - Gall - aith nan craobh. } ||

Cha 'n àill leam bhur n-airgead ;  
 'S ri bhur n-airm cha bhi mi ;  
 Cha diùlt mi bhur drama,  
 Ach ri tuilleadh cha bhi.  
 Gleanna-Gallaidh, &c.

Ged a gheobhainn gu m' àilghios  
 Ceann-tàile Mhic-Aoidh,  
 'S mòr a b' annsa leam fanadh

An Gleann-Gallaidh nan craobh.  
 Gleanna-Gallaidh, &c.

Fonn diasach, 's mòr a b' fhiach e  
 Gu fiadhach 's gu mì ;  
 Aite sìobhalt' ri doinionn,  
 Is nach crìothnaich a' ghaoth.  
 Gleanna-Gallaidh, &c.

## ORAN NA CLEIRE.

Fhuair sinn fir mar luchd préisgidh  
 Tha oil-bheumach 'n an cleachdadh,  
 'S nach 'eil crìoch ac' na 's àirde  
 Na uiread 'chràbhaidh 's a phasas ;  
 O 'n tha 'n teagasg neo-spéiseil,  
 Chaill luchd-éisdeachd gach feart orr' ;  
 'S e mìos Ministear sgìreachd  
 A bhi 'n a Chrìosdaidh mar fhasan.

Falbh 'n an cuideachd 's 'n an còmhradh,  
 Is gheobh thu mòran de 'n phac ud  
 'Dheanadh ceannaich no seòl'dair,  
 'Dheanadh dròbhair no factoir,  
 'Dheanadh tuathanach sunndach,  
 'Dheanadh stiùbhard neo-chaithteach,  
 'S mach o 'n cheàird air 'n do mhionnaich iad,  
 Tha na h-uile ni gasd' ac'.

Cha 'n ann liomsa is iognadh  
 Ged robh lionmhoireachd mhòr ann,  
 'S e 'n a bhacadh 'n an cuideachd  
 Gu bhi 'g aidmheil na còrach ;  
 Ged nach 'eil e mar lethsgèul  
 Dhuinn droch eisimpleir òlach ;  
 Cò a dh' itheadh gu sunndach  
 Am biadh a dhiùltadh an còcair ?

Ach mur 'eil eisimpleir agaibh  
 Cha 'n 'eil bhur teagasg r' a chunntadh  
 Ach mar neach a' toirt comhairl'  
 Is coma gabhail no diùltadh ;  
 'N uair a theagasg ar Slànùighear  
 Gaol bràthaireil bhi aon-fhillt',  
 Gu 'dhilseachd féin dhuinn a dhearbhadh  
 Rinn e 'shearbhantan ionnlad.

Tha fear teagaisg a' sinedh  
 Air son g'lob agus stipein,  
 Mar leisg leanabh gu cràbhadh  
 A bhios a phàrant a' griosadh ;  
 Ach mu 'n cailleadh e 'bhraiceas,  
 Gu cur casg air a chlocras,  
 Theireadh e 'n t-altachadh aithghearr  
 An lag fhacalaibh iosal.

Ach ma ghabhas sinn beachd orr'  
 Do réir an cleachdaidhean sanntach,  
 'S ann tha tomult luchd-teagaisg  
 A thachair againn 's an àm so  
 Mar tha sligean na caislinn  
 Bhith'r a' casnadh 's an t-samhradh :  
 Gheobh thu fichead dhiubh falamh  
 Mu 'n aon anns am bi neamhnuid.

Gheobhar fear dhiubh, là Sàbaid,  
 Their gur Slànuighear Crìosd dhuinn ;  
 'S their e seachdain o 'n là sin  
 Nach 'eil stà ach an gnìomhraibh ;  
 Bheir e iteagan àrda  
 'S ni e màgaran iosal ;  
 'S o nach eun e 's nach luchag,  
 Ni e trusdair de dh' ialtag.

'S ann tha 'n tomult an còmhnuidh  
 A' cur an clòdh do na daoineibh  
 Gur fear-millidh tha fialaidh  
 Is gur diadhair a chaomhnas ;  
 Tha iad uile ro dheònach  
 Air Maighstir Seòras a dhiteadh ;  
 Tha e ciontach an sgapadh :  
 Sin am peacadh nach caomh leo.

Ma bheir thu 'n aire do 'n eunlaith  
 Dul 'n am paidhricibh cuideachd,  
 Ni iad nid anns an fhàsach  
 'S leughar gràdh ann an uibribh ;  
 'N uair tha duine gun reusont  
 A' cur a chéile gu h-udal,  
 Nach labhrach eunlaith an adhair  
 A' cur na h-aithis air Fudaidh.

Ach c' uime 'm bithinnse dh'easbhuidh  
 Aon ni 'm feasd a bhiodh dh'fheum orm ;  
 Gheobh mi 'n Ruibigill modhalachd,  
 Is gheobh mi 'm Meilinnis reusont ;  
 Air son sùgraidh is aighir,  
 Gheobh mi 'n Sgobhairidh féin iad ;  
 'S mur 'eil uam ach an gionach,  
 Gheobh mi 'm mionach na Cléir' e.

### MARBHRANN UILLEIM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'n uair 's a chaidh Uilleam do 'n ùir,  
 Gur tearc againn sùil tha gun deur,  
 De mhuillear, de bhrach'dair no 'chòcair,  
 No 'mhnathan da 'm b' nòs bhi ri spréidh ;  
 Cha mhugha na clamhain is gadhair  
 Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dhéigh ;  
 Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne  
 Gach ubh is gach eireag dhaibh féin.

'S glan a tha 'n talamh-s' 'n a fhàsach  
 O 'n uair chaidh thu bàs o cheann mios ;  
 Ge maiseach na macain so dh' fhàg thu,  
 Cha seas iad dhuinn t' àit-se 'n an dìth's ;  
 'S ann a tha acfhuinn do cheàirde  
 Mar rud chaidh 'n an clàraibh 's 'n an dìosg ;  
 An t-òrd is am balg ris an teine,  
 An rusp, an t-innein, 's an t-ìosp.

'S giorra mo sgil na mo dhùrachd  
 Gu innseadh do chliù mar bu chòir ;  
 'S minic a dhearc mi do chruinn-leum  
 Do 'n àite 'm bu chinntich' do lòn ;  
 Sgiathan do chòta fo t'achlais,

Is neal an tombac' air do shròin ;  
 Bhiodh gaoir aig na coin 'g a do ruith,  
 Agus mìr air dhroch bhrùich ann do dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a théid cliù ort a leantuinn,  
 Cha 'n urrainn mi 'chantainn gu leòir ;  
 'S tu dh' fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chriathr-  
 adh,

'S tu dh' itheadh 's a dh' iarradh an còrr ;  
 'S tu rachadh do 'n t-sruthaig do chlisgeadh  
 'N uair ghabhadh na h-uisgeach' gu lòn :  
 Bu choltach ri rapas nan seilcheag  
 An easgann mu thimchioll do bheòil.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh neach feadh na talmh-  
 ainn-s',  
 A choiteir, a shearbhant, no 'thuath  
 Nach ionndrainneadh Uilleam as aodann,  
 Oir shiùbhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair ;  
 Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,  
 Tha rud-eigin smal air daoin' uails'  
 Air son nach 'eil neach ac' 's a' mhachair  
 A ni nach fhaodar a luaidh.

## MARBHRANN DHOCTAIR GORDAIN,

Duin uasal ro chliùiteach, a chaochail ann an eilean Sheimeuca.

'S ann do Shiorraidheachd Chataoibh,  
Thàinig naidheachd á Sasunn tha cruaidh ;  
Gur e bàs Dhoctair Gordain,  
'S fada deas a chaidh 'eòlas, is tuath ;  
Bha e 'n a annas ri innseadh,  
Ged a ghearraich an t-aog e cho luath,  
Fear am buanas a shaoghail,  
'S nach cualas aon neach thug dha fuath.

Fuath cha b' urra dha fhaotainn,  
O 'n a tharruig e 'n gaol thuige féin,  
Bha le 'chuid is le 'dhaoiné  
'S le chomhairlean tlomail gu feum ;  
Bha 'n a ghaisgeach 'n àm strì dhaibh,  
Is 'n a shoisgeul 'n àm sìth dhaibh le chéil' ;  
'S cha 'n 'eil creideamh aig daoine  
Gu do leithid-sa fhaotainn a'd dhéigh.

O 'n latha 'ghluais thu 'n ad dhuine  
Bha thu buadhach air muir is air tìr ;  
Rinn do ghliocas thu ainmeil  
Ann do gnothuchaibh garbha is mìn ;  
Bu tu 'n cosannach tarbhach ;  
Bu tu 'n léigh a bha sealbhadh 's tu saor ;  
Bu tu fear-casgaidh na feirge,  
'S bu tu cuspair an fharmaid 's a' ghaoil.

Am measg sluaigh ann ar n-amharc  
Bha e cruaidh gu robh samhail duit ann ;  
Ged rinn fortan duit fàbhar  
'S ann bha 'm beartas a b' fheàrr ann do cheann ;  
Fear nach deanadh dha nàimhdean,  
Is a bheireadh do chàirdean bhiodh gann ;  
Bha 'n a chompanach dàimheil,  
'S cha robh athair thug bàrr air do chlann.

'N déigh na labhair mi 'bhuanhan,  
Tha rud fathast ri luaidh riut a 's mù ;  
'S tearc a mhalar mar thail thu,  
Nach bi cuid air an rainn as gach taobh ;  
Na 'm bu dàn' liom a chantainn,  
Ma bha duine gun smal air, bu tù ;  
Thaobh na mèine bha d' chridhe,  
Bheireadh nàmhaid 'n a bhritheamh dhuit cliù.

Ann an Sasunn 's an Alba,  
'S mòr tha faicinn gu 'n d' fhalbh thu cho luath ;  
Ann an eilean Sheimeuca,  
'S ann a 's mù tha mu d' dhéighinn na tuath ;  
Ged robh buidheann gu deurach  
'N uair a mheangas an t-eug iad le cruas.  
B' olc an airidh do sheirbhís  
Bhi cho fada o 'n fhoirfeachd tha shuas.

Bha do chomhairl' is t-eisimpleir  
'Fàgail ghnòthaichean deiseil aig càch ;  
Bha do sporan an tarruig  
Mu 's biodh feumach no caraid an sàs :  
Dh' aindeoin féil' agus caithteachas  
Bha thu féin ann do bheartas a' fàs ;  
'S chaidh do 'n ùir leis an duine  
Uiread bhuanhan 's a b' urrainn dhul bàs

Ceartas thabhairt 's an t-slàn duit  
Cha ghabhadh filidh no bàrd sin air féin ;  
Ach cha 'n fhaodar dhul mearachd  
'N uair bhithear a' maladh do bheus ;  
Gu do bhuanhan-sa àireamh  
O do bhreith gus an d' ràinig thu 'n t-eug  
B' fhasa fichead dhiu fhàgail  
Na aon fhacal a ràdh bhiodh 'n a bhréig.

## RANN D'A MHNAOI FHÉIN,

A rinn am bàrd le fearas-chuideachd feasgar 'n a thigh féin, an déigh dha thighinn dachaidh as an Réisimid Chataich, agus e 'n a chabhaig 'dol a dh' iasgach an cuideachd a choimhearsnaich.

Feuch am faigh mi iochdair,  
No riachlaid de chòta,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg,  
Ma 's a bi an t-iasg,  
A' biastadh na pròis orm,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg,

'S a liuthad maighdeann àluinn,  
Is Sàil air thòs orra,  
Bheireadh dhomh an làmhan,  
Is pàirt 'g a mo phògadh,  
Ged a tha mi 'n dràs  
'N a mo thràill an tigh Seònaid,  
A ribhinn àluinn, aoibhinn, òg.

\* Am Morair Mac-Aoidh air faotainn anns an àm sin dà reithe mhaol a Eirinn, agus dà tharbha mhaol a Siorrachd Ionar-àire.

## GUR MULADACH MI 'N COMHNUIDH,

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS Eb. (f. d' l | s ., m : r . m | l<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m . m : s . l | r : d ., r | m ., m : r . m | l<sub>1</sub> )  
 Gur muladach mi 'n còmhnuidh Measg cuideachd 's mi am ònar; 'S ged 'bheir mi greis air spòrs,

{ d ., r | m : s | l : - . | m | l ., l : d' . r' | t : m . m | d' . l : s . l }  
 Bidh mi trom, trom, trom. || Air son ciod 'eil mi glomhach Mu'n nì mu'm beil mi }

{ r : d ., r | m . m : r . m | l<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m : s | l : - . }  
 miann - ach, Gi - dheadh nach 'eil mo chrìoch - an 'Dol liom, liom, liom.

Gach seachduin dhomh mi-fhaoilteach,  
 Gach là a' deanamh saothrach,  
 'S gach oidhche laidhe m' aonar  
 An rùm, rùm, rùm.

Di-sathuirn bidh mi gruamach,  
 'S di-dòmhnach bidh mi smuainteach,  
 'S air moch-a-thràth di-luain  
 Théid mi null, null, null.

Ged ruigeas mi gu h-anmoch,  
 'S ged fhairich mi mo mheanmainn,  
 Cha 'n fhaigh mi cainnt á Barabra  
 Ach gann, gann, gann.

Le iomadaidh luchd m'òruin  
 'Cur bacadh air ar miannaibh,  
 'S 'g a falach-sa á m' fhianuis,  
 Gu teann, teann, teann.

Sin 'n uair labhair Bàbi—  
 Tha roghainn diubh a b' fheàrr liom  
 Na 'm faighinn sud gu m' àilghios  
 'S an àm, àm, àm.

O athair, na biodh fearg ort,  
 Tha 'n roghainn ud neo-chearbach ;  
 Am fear a 's fhaid' bha 'g earbsadh,  
 Leig liom, liom, liom.

Mo bharail air do runsachd,  
 Is t' fhanadh anns an aon stagh,  
 Nach 'eil thu 'g a mo chunntadh  
 Ach gann, gann, gann.

Do dh' innseadh dhuit nach fìor sud,  
 Thoir dhomhsa pears' an lion-anart,  
 Is gleidh do chuid is t' iomhaigh  
 Gu àm, àm, àm.

## ORAN DO MHAC GOBHAINN,

A thòisich a bhi 'n a shealgair-sionnach air feadh na dùthcha, agus d' an robh ainm e bhi measail 'n a bheachd féin, agus a bha smuaineachadh gu robh nigheana na dùthcha 's gach àit an déigh air.

Tha mac a' gho bhainn Cheandalaich  
 'S an àm-s' a' triall do Dhiùranais,  
 'S i 'cheist air cuid gu h-uaignidheach—  
 An cualas cia meud cù tha aig' ?  
 B' e 'bheath do dh' ionnsuidh ghruagaichean,  
 Na 'm fuadaicheadh e 'n lùis iad uait ;  
 Oir 's biastan dàna, fuaimneach iad  
 Do thabhairt suas nan rùintean ac'.

Tha dòchas air an oighreachd so  
 Aig maighdeannan nach ainmich mi ;  
 Thig naidheachd thun na h-inntinn  
 Troimh na chuinnean 'n uair bhios meanmainn  
 orr' ;

Ged cheil iad oirn gu rùnach e,  
 Bidh dùil am beal an anmoich ris,  
 Mu 's faic iad leus le 'n suilibh dheth  
 Air a' chùigeadh cù gu 'n aithnichear e.

Bidh cona mòra blobhdail ann,  
 'N uair cheanglar iad ri caillbheachan ;  
 Bidh *Uhh! Uhh!* fiadhaich ac'  
 Nach ruig iad biadh nan searbhanach ;  
 Bidh *Fithmh, Fethmh!* dranndanach  
 Aig abhgan beaga gearrtaich ann—  
 Their mnathan tuine, pronnataich,  
 "Ciad contrachd orr', nach calbhar iad!"

Ach 's mòr is misd an t-suiridh aig'  
An uirghill tha 'g a leanmhuinn diubh ;  
'N uair thig na gadhair luaineach ud  
Na 's luaithe na na sealgairean ;  
Bidh caithris shìos is shuas aca,  
'S iad suaiteachan le 'n earballaibh ;  
Ma bheanar dhaibh, gur buarant' iad,  
'S ma bhuailear iad, bidh sgalgail ann.

Bidh 'n sealgair féin glé chùramach,  
Ma chiùrrar fear an iomrall dhiubh ;  
Bidh 'n liagh a' togail uachdair aig',  
'S e suathadh sud ri 'n lurgainnibh ;  
Cha chum na naisg an spréidh againn  
'N àm éisdeachd ris an uirghill ud ;  
Bidh sgiotadh luath' is éibhlean ann,  
'S na biasdan féin 'g a imlich dhiubh.

Bidh 'bheanag shubhach, shùgach ann ;  
'S bidh 'bheanag dhiùltach, fheargach ann ;  
Cha toir i cisd no cùlaisd oirr'  
Gun chupull chù 'g a leanmhuinn ann :  
Gur tric i 'cur an céill daibh 'n sin  
Na dh' ith iad féin 's na seirbhisich ;  
Ach faighnichidh na gruagaichean,  
"Cia meud cu ruadh a mharbh thu leo?"

Thig maighdeann thun an fhleasgaich ud  
'N déigh deasachadh 'cuid chearban oirr',  
'S e dh' fhaighnich's iad gu canach ris,  
"An d' fhuair na coin sin marbhan uait?"

Nach fhaic sibh bian an t-sionnaich,  
Is nach fhoghainn sin d' a dhearbhadh dhuibh?  
Mu 's deach' a' bhiasd a chothachadh  
Bha "*Fitheam, Fotham!*" searbh an sud.

B' fheàrra dhuit a bhi 'goibhneachd  
Na bhi gadharanachd 's a' sealgairachd ;  
Ged mhaladh mnathan *fine* sud,  
Is maighdeannan le 'n cealgaireachd ;  
Le t' abhgan dana glàmhadach,  
'S gach dàrna h-oidhch' gun deargadh leo,  
'S e their gach tè fo 's isosal diubh,  
"Droch dhìol air a chuid bhalgairean!"

Cha 'n fhàir mi 'chur an céill duibh  
Cia mar dh' éibh's e orr' 'n uair dh' fhalbhas e ;  
Mur lean iad sin gu léir e,  
Bidh 'fhead cho geur 's gur searbh leibh i ;  
Bidh 'dheamhas féin 's a chonn-taod aig,  
'S e 'teannadhadh riu 's 'gan ainmeachadh ;  
Bidh *Oscar! Bus-dubh! Gairmidh!* ann,  
Bidh *Gairgean!* ann, 's bidh *Feargaidh!* ann.

Tha suiridhich air fàs bòsdail,  
'S tha 'n còrr 's a' mhuinntir ruadha dhiubh ;  
'S e mo bharail air an t-seòrsa sin  
Gur bòsdail á 'n cuid ghruagan iad ;  
Tha sean-fhacal 's an fhòd-s' againn,  
Gur neònach liom mur cual sibh e ;  
"Cha 'n 'eil gach buidhe 'n a òr,"  
'S na 'm bitheadh 's mòr bu shuarich e.

### ORAN, MAR GU 'M B' ANN LE SEANA MHAIGHDINN,

A' caoidh, chionn i bhi taithreach air fir, 'n uair bha iad 'g a h-iarraidh, 's a nis iad a bhi air a toirt thairis.

Bha mi uair 's cha chuirinn spéis  
Ann am fear gun leabhar 'n a dhòrn ;  
B' fheàrr an diugh na 'm fear a 's foghlumt'  
Fear idir céillidh thigh'nn 'n am chòir.  
So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi faoilt  
is aighear ;  
'N uair gheobhadh, cha ghabhadh is tha  
mi fo bhròn ;  
So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi faoilt  
is aighear ;  
'N uair gheobhadh, cha ghabhadh-is tha  
mi fo bhròn.

Cha bu luach liom e mar chéile  
Fear gun leughadh thoirt domh pòig ;  
Ach a nis 's ann orm a thàinig  
Claoidheadh nàduir ann am fheadil.  
So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Am fear bu tàire bha de naoinear  
Bha 'g an liobhan fa mo chòir,

Chionn gu 'n tigeadh e 'n diugh am thairge,  
Bheirinn tùs mo mhairbheist dò.  
So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Chaill mi trian nan uile bhudhan  
Leis am buannaichinn duin' òg ;  
Trian de m' aimsir 's trian de m' àillteachd,  
Dà thrian m' àrdain agus còrr.  
So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Chaill mi tùs de n' h-uile mairbheist ;  
Dhiùlt mi tairgsean na bu leòir ;  
Chaill mi 'chuid a b' fheàrr de m' airgead ;  
A' cumhadh mar rinn chaill mi deòir.  
So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.

Mo chomh-mhaighdeannan air crìonadh,  
Chaill iad trian de bhlàth na h-òig :  
Tha iad nis air dul na 's saoire,  
'S geàrr an tiom nach fhiach iad gròt.  
So guidheam gu 'm faigheadh mi, &c.



## FAOLAN,

Oran do ghille-muinntir bha aig a' bhàrd, air an robh Faolan aca mar leas-ainm. Cha robh Faolan ach 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b' àbhaist do nigheanaibh a' bhàird bhi 'g a mhaoidheadh air a chèile mar leannan. Tha 'm bàrd a' togail orra 's an òran, gur ann bha iad uile an déigh air Faolan, agus mór nheas aca air, agus aig móran a thuilleadh orra.

*Gu h-èutrom, aighearach.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS A. { f : d | r : m : r | f : m : f | s : s : f | m : - : d | r : m : r | f : - : l | s : - : - | d : - : }

Rann. { Thig | Ealasaid | Mhòraidh 'nuair | 'chromas a' ghrian O'n | eilthir a nìos do'n | dìthreabh; }

{ f : d | r : m : r | f : m : r | s : f : m | f : - : r | d : l : l | d : - : r | m : - : - | r : - : }

{ Oir chual i 'na chagaraich | bheaga aig càch An | t-urram bha 'ghnàth aig | Faolan. }

S

{ m : r | d : l : l | l : - : r | d : s : s | s : - : r | d : l : l | d : - : r | m : - : - | r : - : }

Séisd. { Gu'n | neartaich an | Sealbh, 'S gu'n | leasaich an | Sealbh an | t-abhagan marbh ud, | Faolan; }  
 { Gu'n | neartaich an | Sealbh, 'S gu'n | leasaich an | Sealbh an | t-abhagan marbh ud, | Faolan. }

Thàinig oirnn Iain le naidheachd a nuas—  
 Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgrì e—  
 Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Cursti le briosgadh do  
 Chlùrraig  
 Air eagal bhi dlùth air Faolan.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Tha Cursti is Deònaidh, is Céiti nigh'n Deòrsa,  
 Is Màiri bhuidh' òg nan caorach  
 'G an deasachadh mòr gu leasachadh pròis,  
 A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pòs iad Faolan.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Tha Cursti bheag dhonn, 's a cridhe ro throm  
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;  
 Tha Màiri ag ràdh nach buin i féin dà,  
 Nach 'eil e na 's feàrr na slaodair!  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Tha Deònaidh mhòr spàinneach an dùil ri ar  
 fàgail,  
 'S i 'dul air sàil do Char'lina;  
 'S ann ghabh i mòr ghràin ri ainm Iain Bhàin  
 O 'n thàinig a' phlàigh do sgrìob' air.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Gu bheil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri làr,  
 'S i 'g acainn gu bràth a caol-druim;  
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh a' mhin air a'  
 bhùrn,  
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-tigh' againne leth-cheud de  
 bhliadhnaibh,  
 'S tha i cho liath ri caora;  
 Is ged nach 'eil fiacaill idir 'n a ceann,  
 Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

An uair a fhuair Céiti sealladh dheth éisd,  
 'S e thubhairt i féin is faoilte oir'—  
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhaicinn cho sgiobalt ri  
 pàirt,  
 Tha e beagan na 's feàrr na shaoil mi.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean no bean air an  
 fhòd  
 A bheireadh d' an deòin an gaol da,  
 O 'n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh:  
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, ach laos-boc,  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean no bean am bheil  
 uails'  
 A ghabhadh bonn truais ri Faolan;  
 Oir tha e 'n a ghàrlaoch ghrànda gun bhìadh,  
 Gun fhàbhor o Dhia no dhaoimibh.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh thu mu na bhun-tàt',  
 'S cha robh thu cho pàidht' 's a shaoil leat;  
 Na 'n tigeadh an danas do 'n bhaile-s' 'n a  
 dheann,  
 Gu 'n tugainn air cheann da Faolan.  
 Gu 'n neartaich an Sealbh, &c.

## ORAN DO MHAIGHDINN OIG,

Agus mòran fhear 'ga h-iarraidh, 's gun i taobhachadh ri fear idir.

Gu bheil Seònaid bòidheach, greannair ;  
Cò nach dùraigeadh bhi 'n gleann leath'!  
Faileas fithich air a ceann-dubh,  
Bràghad feann a 's gile na 'n gruth.

Dheanainn sùgradh, sùgradh, sùgradh,  
Dheanainn sùgradh ri do cheann dubh ;  
Dheanainn sùgradh, sùgradh, sùgradh,  
Mìre 's sùgradh ri do cheann dubh.

Cha 'n 'eil suiridheach òg no càdaidh  
Eadar Huilleum is Carn-àgadh,  
Nach bi 'ruith na h-ighne bàine  
Air feadh a' Bhàird, 's cha 'n fhuirich i riu.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Faileas dubh am bàrr a gruaige,  
Is dreach an ubhaill air a gruaidhean,  
Maladh chaol is i gun ghruaimean,  
'G an tarruig suas, gar 'n deòin leath' bhi riu.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Cuiribh faghaid mu na bràighibh ;  
Cuiribh ceathrar air na h-àthaibh ;  
Sgaoilibh faghailt 's a Choir-fhearna ;  
Sparraibh an sàs i anns a' Bhlàr-dhubh.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh féin nach mòr an spòrs e ;  
'S ann tha 'chòmh-stri air na h-òig-fhìr ;

An tarbh donn 's an tarbh steòcach,  
'S tric iad a' cròic ris an tarbh dhubbh.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Gu bheil Uilleam mòr cho sanntach  
'S nach 'eil feum bhi deanamh rann da ;  
'S o 'n a loisg iad oidhche Shamhn' e,  
'S ubair theann a chumail an cruth.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh féin nach mòr an sùsdal  
Bhi 'cur phrìneach' anns na giùntibh ;  
A dà làimh bhi anns na sgùrdaibh  
'S a ceann rùisgte mhàn ris an t-sruth.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'S mairg a chreideadh briathran beòil uait  
'N déigh mar bhailich thu mac Sheòrais ;  
'N uair a shaoil leis a bhi pòsd' riut  
Thog thu do shròn an aghaidh an t-sruth.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Bha mi uair air bharail bargain,  
'S tha mi nis air call na dh' earb mi ;  
Tha mi féin a' gabhail farfhais  
Gur e dath dearg a's feàrr na dath dubh.  
Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

## ORAN SUIRIDH EADAR IAIN DONN AGUS CAITRÌONA NIGHEAN PHAIL.

B' fheàrr leam gu 'm pòsadh  
An t-òganach grinn ;  
Gheobhainn banais òlar  
Is ceòl a bhiodh binn ;  
Tha sliochd ud gun deanamh,  
'S tha cràdh orm d' a chinn,  
Oir 's ionndrainn á bàghan  
Pàl mac Iain Duinn.

Dana sin a Phàileig,  
Ma chaidh Iain Donn  
Dh' iarraidh nan àilleagan  
Dh' fhàg e air chall ;  
Gur miosa mar dh' éirich,  
Chaidh 'n fhéill thar a bonn  
Le tinneas a leum air,  
Dh' fhàg a ghéillinnean lom.

'S e 'n leigheas bu shaoire  
'Chaidh 'shaoithreachadh dhà,  
Bùrn de na bhith,  
No de 'n aol, na 'm b' e b' fheàrr ;  
B' e deireadh na cuise  
Bhi 'g a sgrùdadh le sàl  
Bha 'g a gabhail le sùileig  
A sgùird nighin Phàil.

Tha 'chasan 's a làmhan  
Gu cràicinneach, cruinn ;  
Amhach am bheil òirleach,  
Smiot shròin os a cinn ;  
Tha cromadh 'n a shléisibh,  
Is réis ann a dhrum ;  
'S a' chuid nach cuir mi 'n céill dheth,  
Do réir na chaidh sheinn.

## MARBHRANN EOGHAINN.

Bha Eòghann so 'n a sheann duine ro bhoichd, air caitheadh as leis an luathas-analach, 's e 'n a chòmhnuidh leis féin ann an tigh bochd, ann an àite bochd, aonaranach, lom, fuar, fàsachail, am Polladh, aig ceann Loch-Eireabuill. Thachair do 'n bhàrd dol latha do 'n bheinn-sheilg; agus air dha gun dol leis air an là sin, thàinig e ré na h-oidhche do 'n Pholladh, air chor 's gu 'm b' fhaisge e do 'n bheinn air chionn na h-ath mhaidne. Bha Eòghann bochd 'n a luidhe sinte air droch leabaidh an oisinn an tìghe, agus e ro choltach ris gu 'n robh an uair dheireannach aige. Chual am bàrd mu 'n d' thàinig e o 'n bhaile an là sin, sgeul air bàs Mhr. Pelham, àrd-Fhear-Comhairle na Rìoghachd; agus bhuaill air 'inntinn na smuaintean a chithear 's an óran. Bha am bàrd a' gabhail an òrain dha féin an déigh e bhì deanta, a' cur seachad na h-oidhche; agus 'n uair thàinig e gu crìch an rainn dheireannaich,—lag-bheartach mar bha Eòghann. 'n uair chual e an t-ìomradh a thug am bàrd air féin, 's ann a ghrad-rug e air bata, agus thug e an oidhirp a b' fheàrr a dh' fheadadh e air a' bhàrd a bhualadh.

Gu muldach.

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS E. {r ., r : f, s, f | m : r | l ., l : t, l, s | s : m | r ., m : s, l, s }  
 {s tric thu, Bhàis, 'cur an céill dhuinn | Bhi sior éigheachd ar còbhrach; / 'S tham 'm barall mus }  
 {l : s, s | l ., l : s, m, r | r : d | d ., d : s, l, m | s : s }  
 {stad thu Gu'n toir thu'm beag is am mòr leat; / 'S ann o mheadhon an fhoghair }  
 {l ., l : l, s, m | l : s | l ., l : s, m, r | r : d | r ., r : f, s, f | m : r }  
 {Fhuair sinn fraghaidh a dh' fhòghnadh, | Le do leum as na cùirtibh | Do na chùileig 'm beil Eòghann. }

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,  
 Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dolladh,  
 'S nach 'eil h-aon de shliochd Adhaimh  
 Air an tàmailt leat cromadh;  
 'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,  
 Gur àrd 's gur ìosal do shealladh;  
 Thug thu Pelham á mòrachd,  
 'S fhuair thu Eòghann 's a' Pholladh.

Tha thu 'tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud  
 Mu 'm bheil bròn dhaoine mòra;  
 'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir  
 Mu nach cluinntear bhi 'còineadh;  
 Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,  
 Tha saor fathast o dhòghruinn,  
 Do nach buin a bhi caithriseach,  
 Eadar Pelham is Eòghann.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,  
 Mar gu 'm buailt' iad do pheilear;  
 Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so  
 Ann ar cluasaibh mar fharum;  
 Fhir a 's lugha meag mòrain,  
 An cual thu Eòghann fo ghalər?  
 Fhir a 's mù anns na h-àiteach-s',  
 An cual thu bàs Mhr. Pelham?

Ach a chuideachd mo chridhe,  
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh!  
 Sinn mar chainneal an lanntarn,  
 'S an dà cheann a' sior chaitheamh.  
 C' àit an robh anns an t-saoghal  
 Neach a b' ils' na mac t' athar-s' ?  
 'S cha robh aon os a cheann-san  
 Ach an Rìgh bh' air a' chathair.

## RANN DO OIFIGEACH ANNS AN REISIMID CHATAICH,

A chuir geall nach deanadh am bàrd rann da, fhad 's a bhiodh e féin a' ruith timchioll a' bhùird, 's an t-seòmar anns an robh buidheann dhiubh cruinn aig an àm. Choisinn am bàrd an geall.

CALUM liath nan sùilean gaibhre,  
 Tha e caoimhneil, 's tha e còir;  
 Ach cha 'n fhaca mi riamh a leithid  
 Gu mionnan is aighear is òl.

## ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

Gu smearail.

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS F. { r | r : - : d | l, : - : d | r : - : d | l, : - : r | r : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : l, | s, : - }

{ An | dlugh, an dlugh, gur reus - on - tach Dhunn éirigh ann an sannt - ach - as }

{ s, | l, : - : l, | d : - : d | r : - : d | l, : - : d | r : - : f | m : - : r | d : - : r | l, : - }

{ An | tritheamh là air crìochnachadh De dhara mlos a' gheamhraidh dhuinn; }

{ : l, | l, : - : l | l : - : s | f : - : s | l : - : l | f : - : m | l : - : r | d : - : l, | s, : - }

{ 'Sgu'n | deanmaid comunn fàilteach riut gu bruidhneach, gàireach, amhr - an - ach, }

{ : s, | l, : - : l, | d : - : d | r : - : d | l, : - : l | l : - : s | f : - : s | m : - : r | r : - }

{ Gu | bot - 'lach, cop - ach stòp - an - ach, Le cruft, le ceòl 'sle dannsairreachd. }

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach  
Ris an là thug thun an t-saoghail thu;  
Olamaid deoch-slàinte nis  
An t-Seumais òig o 'n d' inntig thu;  
Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas  
Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhàthair lobhraigeadh  
Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàidheil  
Mar bha Dà'idh do chlainn Israeil.

Tha cupall bhliadhn' is ràidhe  
O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so;  
'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n tràth bha sin  
An fhàilte 'chuir an aimsir oirn.  
Bha daoine miosail, miadhail oirn;  
'S bha àrach nì a' sealbhach' oirn;  
Bha barran troma tìr' againn;  
Bha toradh frìdh is fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne liom  
Air pung nach còir a dhearmad ort,  
Mu bhreith a' Phrionnsa rioghail so,  
Dhe 'n teaghlach dhìrich Albannaich;  
Togamaid suas ar sùlean ris  
Le ùrnuigh dhlùth gun chealgairachd;  
Ar làmhan na 'm biodh feum orra,  
Le toil, le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm is meanmhadh ris,  
Is aithnichear air ar dùrachd sinn,  
Le latha chumail sunndach leinn  
As leth a' Phrionnsa Stiùbhartach;

Gur cal' an àm na h-éiginn e,  
Ar carraig threun gu stiùradh air;  
Thug bàr air chiad am buadhannaibh,  
'S tha cridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dlúthadh ris.

Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear  
An dualchas o 'n d' thàinig e;  
'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlumte,  
Gun bhonn de dh' éis 'n a nàdur dheth;  
Mar Sholamh 'n cleachdadh reusanta,  
Mar Shamson treun an làmhan e,  
Mar Absalom gur sgiamhach e,  
Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chàrdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh féin an spéis  
A ghabh na speuran gu bhì 'g ùmhladh dha,  
'N uair sheas an ronnag shoillseach  
Anns an *line* an robhteadh stiùradh leis;  
An combarr' bh' aig ar Slànuighear  
Roimh 'Theàrlach thigh'nno do 'n dùthaich so,  
'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud  
G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlaich Stiùbhairt,  
Na 'm biodh 'n crùn a th' air Rìgh Sèdras ort,  
Bu lìonmhor againn cùirtearan  
Bhiodh teannadhadh ghùn is chleòcaichean:  
Tha m' athchuing ris an Tì sin  
Aig bheil gach nì ri òrduchadh,  
Gu 'n teàrnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,  
'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

## ORAN DO MHAC-CULACH,

'S do nighin a rinn sabaid air banais mhic Iain òig, mar gheall am bàrd ann an òran eile, agus iad a nis air pòsadh.

Fàilte dhuit a Sheumais,  
'N déigh cur nan snaimean trom';  
O 'n 's leat do bhean 's do mhàthair,  
Cum an raidhle\* air a bonn.  
'N déigh gach comhairl' stopaidh  
Bha t' aghaidh bhos is thall;  
Gur a tapaidh fhuaradh tu  
'N uair bhuanach thu do chall.

Tha mis a nis 'g ad mhaladh  
Le dànaibh milis, ciùin,  
'S thusa 'g a mo dhi-maladh-s'  
Do dh' iomadh, air mo chùil;  
'S e their gach britheamh 's àirde ruinn,  
Da 'm b' eól ar ceàird 's a' chùis,  
Gu bheil sinn anns an àite so,  
Cho breàgach air gach taobh.

Thàinig mise mar aon ghnòthuch  
'Thabhairt comhairl' ort o 'n t-Srath;  
Tha cuid. o 'n rinn thu 'n ceangal-s',  
'Cur an amharus do rath;  
Cuir do stoc fo thaoitearachd,  
'S tu 'g inntreachdainn 's a' chath,  
'S leat féin gach ni a dh' fhàsas ort,  
Ma tharlas duit gu math.

Bheir mi fathast seòladh dhuit  
A 's neònaich' leat gu léir,  
'S a 's durra dhuit a mhothachadh,  
'S a 's mogha tha thu 'm feum;  
Feuch an toir thu 'chreidsinn  
Air do nàdur laigseach féin  
Nach 'eil t' aobhar eudaich-s'  
Ri créutair tha fo 'n ghréin.

'N uair a shineas mulad ort  
'S nach urrainn thu do dhìon,  
'S ged robh thu 'sileadh tuirseach  
Gus am fàs do shùilean blian,  
Thoir t' aghaidh 'n àird air flaitheanas,  
Iarr maitheanas gu dian  
Do gach neach riamh bu chaireach  
Ri do tharruig anns an lion.

Ged nach urrainn t' innleachd  
A toirt a dh' aon leum gus a' chòir,  
Faiceam-sa gu 'n glac thu i  
'N a tarsantas cho mòr;

Ged dhean i 'ceann a chrathadh riut  
Le spreaghadh, mar ni bò,  
Na fuilig breug no eitheach dhi,  
'S an latha, mach o chóig.

Nach fhaic thu fear Port-chamuill  
'G a do chrnachadh o leisg;  
Uailsean a' toirt misnich duit,  
Ged nach téid mis' na 's faisg';  
Ged robh na ciadan turraban  
Ad chulaidh 's i air faist,  
'S ann ortsa thig na pàisteachan  
Gu pàigheadh 'n airgid-bhaist.

'S ann diubhsan tha am Fairbeiseach  
'Thug tairgse gu do leòn,  
'N uair fhuair thu rian air cioslachadh  
Gach miann a bh' ann gun chòir,  
'N uair dheanadh e protestigeadh  
Gu t' fhaicinn-sa bhi pòst',  
Air chor 's gu 'm biodh tu 'd aparann  
Aig peacaich an tigh mhòir.

'S h-aon eile dhiubh a' bhana-Mhorair,  
'S e dearbhtha gur h-i rinn,  
'S a' chuideachd gu do ghlacadh  
Ann ad lapachas le foill;  
Bean thòimheil, thapaidh, thàbhachdail  
A rug 's a dh' àraich clann,  
Gu 'm b' fheumail dha do chéile-s' i  
Gu bréid 'chur air a ceann.

Nach fhaic thu 'm baiteal Tòmasach †  
Air fòghnadh thoirt do chus;  
Cha 'n fheàrr am baiteal Tormaideach  
Gu bristeadh arbh' is lus;  
Feuch gu 'n cleachd thu argumaid  
A dhearbhas air a bus  
Nach robh i riamh an comunn  
Ris na 's comasaich' na thus.

'Chaile chrosta, ghròcach, chraosach,  
Ann an trod 's an gaortachd beòil;  
Breugach, briste, gearsanta  
Do gach neach a dh' fhalbhas fòd;  
'S tu 'n urra choimheach, mhi-rùnach  
Thug dùlan grid gach seòrs,  
'N uair mhùch thu 'n t-at le glùineagan  
Air aisinn brù Nic-Leòid.

\* Rìoghall figheadair, oir 's ann do 'n cheàird sin bha esan.

† Tòmas agus Tormaid, dithis fhear bha ainm eadar iadsan agus a' bhean òg so roimhe.

## ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

From "A' Choisir Chùil."

FINE.

*Moderato.*

GLEUS Bb. { l<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m : s<sub>1</sub> | m : m ., r | r, d . - : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., d | r : r . r | m : m . r . d | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . }

Séisd. { Héil, tha mo rùn duit; Héil, tha mo rùn duit; Héil, tha mo rùn duit, A rùn ghil na tréig mi. }

D.C.

Rann. { m | m : m ., r | r . d : l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | d : d ., r | m : s<sub>1</sub> . d | d ., t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., d : r ., r | m : m . r . d | l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> }

Gur { Tha dìth's anns an dùthaich-s' Tha triall 'dhol a phùsadh; Gur beagant-aodach 'ùr a ni dhaibh gùn agus léine. }

Dithis a tha òg iad ;  
Dithis a tha bòidheach ;  
Dithis tha gun òrleach  
A chòrr air a chéile.  
Hei, tha mo rùn duit, &c

Ma bhios macan buan ac'  
'S gu 'n téid e ris an dualchas,  
Cuiridh e gu luath

An cù ruadh as an t-saobhaidh.  
Hei, tha mo rùn duit, &c.

Ach ma théid a chrùsach  
Sgaoilt' air feadh na dùthcha,  
Théid prospaic ris na sùilean,  
Tha dùil a 'm, mu 's léir iad.  
Hei, tha mo rùn duit, &c.

## ORAN, ANN AM FREAGRADH DO IAIN THAPAI DH.

Much 's a' mhaduinn, 's mi làn airtneil,  
Tha mi 'g acain aon rud ;  
Tha trian mo stuic am fiachan cip  
Aig aon a sgiot a chùinneadh ;  
Cha làmh fir ceàird a rinn an dàn,  
Ge glan a dh' fheuch e 'dhùrachd ;  
Bithidh 'n t-òlach pàidht' air son a ràidh,  
Gu robh Balàam 'ùr ann.\*

Cha b' fhiach do ghnòthuch chur an leabhar  
A dh' iarradh cobhair cuilbheirt ;  
Gu 'm faic a' chléir gu 'n chuir iad féin thu  
Anns a cheum nach b' fhìu thu ; †  
'N uair chì thu meall de shaothair rann,  
Ma ni do choinnseas dùsgadh,  
Cha 'n ionann beath' do dh' fhear do bhreith  
'S do 'n tì chaidh 'bhrath le Iùdas.

Fhìr a shaothraich 'dheanamh aoire,  
Cha robh saoil fir céill' ort,  
Coimeas t'aoire ris na daoine  
Bh' anns an t-saoghal leughant' ;  
Dean-sa t' fhirinn do na Bhiobull,  
Is cuir ri aodann cléir' e ;  
'S cha 'n e do thuigse 'mhill do laigs',  
Ach meud do chreidimh féin duit.

Mo bharail riamh nach robh do chiall  
Cho math ri trian na h-aois duit ;  
Do réir mo bheachd air fear do chleachdaidh,  
Cha b' ann ceart a shìn thu ;  
'S i cainnt do bheòil a dhearbhadh do ghòir  
'S an àit nach b' eòl do dhaoine' thu ;  
Culaidh-bhùird na h-uile dùthaich  
Nach fuilig sùgradh inns' duit.

## ORAN DO IAIN THAPAI DH.

Ach a fhleasgaich, mhill iad t' alladh ;  
Chuir am braman fìd ort,  
'N uair chaidh do chiùrradh anns a' bhathais  
Le gunna ghlas an Leòdaich ;  
'N uair thig thu 'n capull anns a' bheinn  
Do réir cleachdaidhean a' ghille,  
Tha e coltach bhì mi-chinnicht',  
Thug thu gunna leat gun teine,  
'S an damh ceannfhionn chur gu cinn.

Tapadh leat, a Mhargaid laghach,  
Is tu roghadh còmhnaidh,  
Tha mi 'n dùil gu 'm faigh mi cothrom  
Ort am fearann Dòmhnùil :  
Tuiteam cha b' fhuathach leinn,  
Ma tha 'n dàn dhomh dol dachaidh ;  
'S leat mo chàirdeas le mo bheartas,  
'S fearr duit sin na Iain Thapaidh,  
'S e cho lapach anns an teinn.

\* Iain Thapaidh bhì a' coimeas Rob Dhuinn ri Balaam. 'n a òran féin.

† 'S e bu mhaighstir-sgoile Sglre, agus bu chléireach Seisein, agus a bha 'cur a mach nan Salm dhoibh.

## ORAN DO IAIN THAPaidH.

Gu 'n d' thig Margaid chum an annoich,  
'S gu 'm biodh am bargan ud aic' do steall,  
Nì sibh bargan a bhios ro shealbhach  
Ri macan tarbhach nach feudt' a chall ;  
Tha i 'n trà-s' a' dul an ràdh air,  
'S cha 'n 'eil mi, 'g ràdh nach dean i call  
Ri fleasgach dealbhach, is casag gharm air,  
A' seinn nan salm anns a' bhail' ud thall.

Gu bheil an sluagh ud a' togail buairidh,  
Gur culaidh-thruais liom a' bhì 'g an inns',  
Air son òigrìdh nan daoine còire  
Bhì dul a phòsadh air bheagan nì ;  
Their a' chiad fhear a bha 'ga h-iarraidh,  
Bheir mi mo bhriathar nach gabh mis' i ;  
Is their an sluagh ud, le 'n caomh a' ghruagach,  
Nach biodh a buannachd dheth car na b' ils'.

Fhuair thu 'm primeir ud nis o 'n chòibair,  
'S gur gasda dìreach a thilg thu 'n gràn ;  
Chuir thu dùbailt innt' urchair fhùdair,  
Air chor 's gu 'n giùlaineadh i thar sàl ;  
Chaill thu 'n geall bh' agad ris a' ghrìobha,  
'S a leud a chaolais a thug do shàr ;  
'N uair thilg thu 'n fhaoileag bha 'm Port-na-  
craoibhe,  
Gur h-ann a sgaoil i m' a tarruig mhàis.

'S mòr am pian duit an gunna briagha  
A thug thu 'n iasad á tigh Mhic-Lèid ;  
Thubhairt càch riut gu 'n d' fhuair thu slàn i,  
Ach bha i sgàinte gu ruig an t-òrd ;  
An gunna Spàinteach a rinn thu chàradh,  
'S e chuir a' ghràin ort na mnathan òg',  
'S e dhearbha a chùis duit gu 'n d' fhàg i brùit  
thu  
Le cairteal fùdair is furaist clòdh.

## ORAN NAN TRI SEONaid.

'N uair bha am bàrd air thigheadas am Baile-na-cille, an déigh bàis Mhorair Mhic-Aoidh, agus a thàinig Còirneal Mac-Aoidh, mac Iain 'Ic Eachainn, dachaidh, 's a ghabh e Baile-na-cille, cha robh am bàrd ro thoilichte, le boirionnach d' am b' ainm Seònaid 'bhi aig a' Chòirneal 'n a ban-stiubhard, agus eagal air gu 'n robh iad tuilleadh is measail aig a chéile. B' e Seònaid ainm a mhnà féin, agus ged tha muinntir eile air an ainmeachadh, 's ann 'toirt beum do 'n Chòirneal, 's 'g a chronachadh, a tha am bàrd.

*Luinneag.*—Seònaid agad, Seònaid agam,  
Seònaid againn uile gu léir ;  
Seònaid agad, Seònaid agam,  
Seònaid againn uile gu léir.

Thug Seumas mac Iain 'Ic Dhòmhnuille  
Tè do 'n fhòd-s' nach robh 'n a fheum ;  
Cha robh duine 'n so 'n a chòmhnuidh  
Gun droch Sheònaid aige féin.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Cho fad 's a ghleidheas sinn triùir dhiubh,  
Cha bhì rùn gun chur an céill ;  
An sgeala bheir Seònaid do Sheònaid,  
Innsidh Seònaid d' a fear féin.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Ach 's i 'chrois mu 'm bi duin' eòlach  
'N nì a 's sòlasaich' fo 'n ghréin ;  
'S am fear a dheanadh iomlaid Seònaid,  
Na mheall eis' a Sheònaid féin.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Mach o 'n ghreubhair air bheil Dòmhnulle,  
Tha againn Seònaidean gu léir ;  
'S ged nach 'eil a bhean-s' 'n a Seònaid,  
Tha i 'n a h-òinid gun chéill.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Tha Seònaid Nic Iain òig ann,  
Air a' bhòrd le 'cuideachd féin ;  
'S ged nach 'eil a fear a làthair,

Tha mic àluinn aic' 'n a dhéigh.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Seònaid Nic Sheumais 'Ic Thòmais,  
Tè aig am bheil mòran spréidh,  
Cha bhac ise Rob o 'mhiannaibh,  
'S cha bhac eis' a crìondachd féin.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Fhuair Seònaid Nic Iain 'Ic Dhòmhnuille  
Maitheas mòr r' a chur an céill ;  
Duine gnìomhach, dìonach, toigheach,  
'S e 'n a shoitheach làn de chéill.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Theanndaidh breitheanas gu tràcair  
Do mhac Ailein Rògaich féin,  
Oir tha 'Sheònaid-s' eòlach, starach,  
Nì i caraidheachd nach léir.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Tha Seònaid Nic-Aoidh, 's an Dùrainn,  
'S cha chuir sinn a cliù an céill ;  
Cha 'n fhaic sinn i chaoidh 's an tàbhairn,  
'S cha ruig sinn a fàrdoch féin.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

Shaoil liom 'n uair thigeadh an Còirneal,  
Nach biodh an còrr r' a chur an céill ;  
'S e chuir a' chorc anns gach òrdugh  
An droch Sheònaid bh' aige féin.  
Seònaid agad, &c.

## ORAN DO IAIN THAPAIDH,

Agus e air ciùrradh a' bhrachadair ann an caonnaig ris.

Tha 'm brachadair a' rànaid gu tric, tric, tric,  
O ! c' àit, an deach' do chràbhadh bha glic, glic,  
glic ?

Gu'n do sgrìob thu le t-ingnean mo liop, liop,  
liop,  
Mar bhreun chlamhan ag éirigh ri circ, circ, circ.

'S ann am bàghan Cheann-tàile tha 'chluig,  
chluig, chluig ;

Chaidh an t-òlach do Dhòrnach le 'chuid, 'chuid,  
'chuid ;

Gu 'n d' fhàg thu an t-àgadh air rud, rud, rud ;  
Nàirich an làir ud thu ; ud, ud, ud !

Dh' fheòraich a mhàthair 'n do reic, reic, reic ?  
Thàinig e làmh rith' le peic, peic, peic ;

B' fheàrr gu 'm bitheadh Margaid 'n a t' airc,  
t' airc, t' airc,

'S gu'n tàireadh tu a ghràdhaich bhi aic, aic,  
aic.

'N uair thàir thu an làir, a bha rag, rag, rag,  
Dh' fheuch thu le càirdeas i ; dh' ob, dh' ob,  
dh' ob ;

Gus 'n do shàth thu's a' bhàl i bha bog, bog,  
bog,

'N uair ghlac thu le stràc i, le hob, hob, hob !

## GU BHEIL MIS' AIR MO PHIANADH.

Oran do bhantrach duin' uasail àraidh, aig an robh am Bàrd car geamhraidh 'n a ghille-muinntir, 'n uair nach robh e ach òg, 's e bhi mi-thoilichte le cho cruaidh 's a bha a bhan-mhaighstir air.

Gu bheil mis air mo phianadh

Fad na bliadh'n anns an t-sobhull :  
Tha gach rud a' tigh'nn teann orm,  
'S tha 'n teine-feann fa mo chomhair ;

'N uair a shìneas mi crann dhi,  
Gun ghin ann gu mo chobhair,  
Cha dean Alastair puinc dhomh,  
Le sior chòmh-stri a' gho bhainn.

'N uair théid am fadar thoirt dachaidh

Is a steach thun na spréidhe,  
Gu 'm bi ise 'g a shireadh  
Aig a' mhionaid 's d' an léir dhi ;

Ma bhios bad ann gun bhualadh  
Ann am buaireadh gu 'n leum i,  
'S gu 'm bi sud ann mo choinneamh-s'  
Mur dean na bollachan éirigh.

Ma théid gràine dheth 'n diuchaidh,  
No ma bheir luchag de 'n chailbhe,  
Canaidh ise le as-caoin

Gu bheil rud as d' a cuid arbhair ;  
Bidh mi féin is mo chaiptean  
Ann an tarsunnachd shearbha ;  
'S ged nach fhaighinn ach fórlach,  
Bhithinn deònach air falbh uaith'.

'N uair a chunntas i suas dhomh

Na h-uile suaineach is teadhair,  
'S mise dh' fheumas bhi cuimhneach  
Mu na buill sin a ghleidheil ;

'N uair a shìn i le ruathar,  
Is mì shuas ann an cathair,  
Ghabh mi aithreachas gàbhaidh,  
'S ann a dh' fhàg mi a gleadhar.

Ach na 'n tigeadh am faghair,  
Cha bhiodh draghais na suist orm,  
Cha bhiodh cùram á ceannach,  
Ged nach biodh bannach 's an duthaich ;

Cha bhiodh eadar a Ghlais-bheinn  
Agus Eas-coire-Dhùghail  
Ceum nach fhaodainn-s' a shireadh  
Mar-ri Uilleam Mac-Hùistein.

Guidheam soraidh dhuit, Uilleim,  
Gu siubhal beinne do dhùthcha ;  
Bhithinn cinnteach á sealg

'N uair bhiodh tu 'falbh air do ghlùinean ;  
'N uair a chluinnteadh do theine,  
Dh' fhaodtadh sgìonan a rùsgadh ;  
Chaill an cròcach a sheasamh  
Ann an lasadh an fhùdair.

Agus Iain Mac Naoghais,  
Duine suidhichte, teann e,  
Cha bu bhreàgach m' a thimchioll,  
Ged a thiomsaichinn rann da ;  
Duine foghainteach, sliosmhor,  
'S deas thig crios agus lann da ;  
Sùil chinnteach ri gunna  
Do luchd-tuinidh nam beanntan.

'N uair thig deireadh na bliadhna,  
B' e mo mhiann bhi 'n a chuideachd,  
'S a bhi mar-ris na h-òganaich  
'Ghabhadh spòrs dhe na h-ìongaich ;  
'S iomadh eilid luath, lomsgarr,  
A chuir do chuimse o shiubhal,  
Agus damh le do luaithe  
Chaidh 'n a chuachaibh le bruthach.



## BRIOGAIS MHIC RUAIRIDH.

Rinneadh an t-òran so leis a' bhàrd aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh," nighean Iain 'Ic Eachuinn, air dhi bhi pòsda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Sutharlain. Bha cruinneachadh anabarrach sluaigh air a' bhanais de uaislibh na dùthcha; ach air do Iain Mac Eachuinn agus am bàrd cur a mach air a chèile goirid roimh 'n àm sin, cha d' fhuair am bàrd gairm chun na bainne, ged bha e 'chòmhnuidh ann an àit' fagus air laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlan, athair fir na bainne, thighinn air an ath mhaduinn an déigh a' phosaidh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac Eachuinn, gu 'm b' fhèarr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bhàrd 'n a thràth, na gu 'n cluinnteadh sgeula mu 'n bhanais fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bàrd air 'ailghios-sa, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm féin, fios air, agus mur tigeadh e leis an teachdaireachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad féin uile g' a shireadh. Thàinig Rob Donn gu toil-each; oir bha mòr spéis aige do Iain Mac Eachuinn, 's d' a theaghlach, ged thàinig eadar iad aig an àm sin. Air an t-slighe dh' ionnsuidh tigh na bainne, dh' fhoighnich Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thàinig d' a shireadh, An do thachair ni amhuilteach 's am bith 'n am measg o thòisich a' bhanais? Thuirt an teachdaire nach cual esan ach aon rud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruaraidh beag," gille thàinig an cois fir na bainne, a bhriogais. Bu leòir so leis a' bhàrd, agus mu 'n d' ràinig e tigh na bainne, ged nach robh ann ach astar dha mhile, bha 'n t-òran deanta; agus cho luath 's a shuidh e, thòisich e air a ghabhail.

Gu h-aighearach.

From "Gunn's Collection of Pipe Tunes."

GLEUS D. f: l | s : m : s | d : d : d | m : r : m | d : - : l | s : m : d | r : m : s | l : - : r | r : }

Séisid. { An d' fhidir no 'n d' fhairich no 'n cuala sibh Co idir thug briogais Mhic Ruairidh leis? }

FINE.

f: l | s : m : s | d : d : d | m : r : m | d : d : m | r : m : f | m : f : s | l : - : r | r : ||

{ Bha 'bhriogais ud againn an àm dol a chadal, 'S 'nuair thàinig a' mhaduinn cha d' fhuair-eas i! }

f: l | d' : r' : d' | d' : t : l | l : t : d' | r' : t : s | d' : r' : d' | d' : t : l | r' : - : l | l : }

Rann. Chaidh 'bhriogais a stampadh am meadhon na cannaich, 'S chaidh Hùistean a dhanns leis na gruag - aichibh; }

D.C.

f: l | d' : r' : d' | d' : t : l | l : t : d' | r' : d' : l | d' : t : l | s : m : s | l : - : r | r : ||

{ Nuair dh' fhag a chuid mhig e gu 'n d' thug e 'n sin briogadh A dh' iarraidh na briogais, 's cha d' fhuair e l. }

Na 'm bitheadh tu làmh ris,  
Gu 'n deanadh tu gàire,  
Ged a bhiodh siàtaig  
'S a' chruachan agad,  
Na 'm faiceadh tu 'dhronnag  
'N uair dh' ionndrainn e 'pheallag,  
'S e coimhead 's gach collaid  
'S a' suaiteachan.  
An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,  
Ma 's tusa thug leat i,  
'Chur grabadh air peacadh  
'S air buaireadh leath';

Ma 's tu a thug leat i,  
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e:  
Chaidh t' uair-sa seachad  
Mu 's d' fhuair thu i.  
An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Chaitrìona Ni'n Uilleim,\*  
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,  
'S na cumadh sud sgillinn  
A 'thuarasdal;  
Cìod am fios nach e t' athair  
Thug leis i g' a caitheamh:  
Bha feum air a leithid,  
'S bha uair dhe sin.  
An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairi ch, &c.

\* Bean Iain Mhic Eachuinn.

Briogais a' chanais  
 Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,  
 Bu liutha fear fanoid  
 Na fuaighil oirr':  
 Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac Dhòmhnuaill  
 Gu pocan do 'n òr i,  
 Cha robh an Us-mhòine  
 Na luaidheadh i.  
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac Dhòmhnuaill,  
 Gu pocan do 'n òr i,  
 Cha robh an Us-mhòine  
 Na ghluaiseadh i.  
 Mu Uilleam Mac Phàdrùig,  
 Cha deanadh i stà dha,  
 Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird  
 Air a' chruachan dha.  
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Tha duine 's Us-mhòine  
 D' an ainm Iain Mac Sheòrais,  
 'S gur iongantach dhòmhsa  
 Ma ghluais e i;

Bha i cho cumhang,  
 Mur cuir e i 'm mugh,  
 Nach dean i na 's mugh  
 Na buarach dha.  
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Na leigibh ri bràigh' e  
 'M feadh bhios e mar thà e  
 Air eagal gu 'n sàraich  
 An luachair e:  
 Na leigibh o bhail' e  
 Do mhòinteach nan caileach,  
 Mu 's tig an labhallan  
 'S gu 'm buail i e.  
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic Choinnich,\*  
 'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,  
 Ged 's mòr a bha dhonadas  
 Sluaigh an so;  
 'N uair bha thu cho sgiobalt  
 'S nach do chaill thu dad idir,  
 'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais  
 A bhuannaich thu!  
 An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, &c.

### ORAN DO DH' IAIN MAC-AOIDH,

Ris an abradh iad Iain Mac Dhòmhnuaill Sgeiridh, no Iain Mac Dhòmhnuaill.

Ged fhuair thu a' mhàilid  
 Leis an d' thàinig O'Brian,  
 Cha bu mhisde do nàmhad,  
 Ach 's mòr a b' fheàrde do Thriath;  
 'N uair a théid thu gu cràbhadh  
 'N déigh cur t' fhàdoich air rian,  
 Feuch an cuimhnich thu Teàrlach  
 Gus an tàinig an cliabh.†

Thàinig ionmhas am fuadach  
 Thar a' chuan anns an luing;  
 Ged tha pàirt de na fhuair e  
 Nach bi buaidh air a chaoidh,  
 Cha 'n 'eil dha-s' ann ach bruadar  
 Dh' fhalbh am fuaim ud le gaoith;  
 Mach o 'fhàgail am buaireadh,  
 'S ann thuit a' bhuidh le Mac-Aoidh.

'S i mo bharail ort, Iain,  
 Nach d' rinn thu eitheach ro mhòr;  
 Ged a' mhionnaich thu 'n Tunga  
 Nach do chunnt thu an t-òr;

Seall air t' ais air na tìoman  
 'N robh teachd-an-tìr anns na clòir.‡  
 'S feuch 'n do ghleidh thu de 'n chrabhach,  
 Na cheannaicheas dabhach an Stòir.

B' fharasd Iain a riarachadh  
 Ann an cliamhain do 'n òigh,  
 Gus 'n do sgiùrsaig O'Brian air  
 Làn cliabhain de dh' òr;  
 'S dearbh nach tugadh e 'n dràs  
 Do mhac tàilleir tha beò;  
 'S cha dùraiceadh 'màthair i  
 Do mhac Neill 'Ic Dho'uill òig.

Ged a bhiodh sibh 'g a riaghladh  
 Còrr is bliadhna de dh' aois,  
 Ged théid a nighean na 's ciallach'  
 Théid an cliabhan na 's ils';  
 Ach na 'n deònaicheadh Iain  
 Màm á meadhon na maois'  
 A thoirt do dhuine, cia òg i,  
 Cha chaill i ròinnean d' a pris.

\* Fear na bainnse.

† 'N uair a ruaig Caiplean O'Brian a stigh do chaolas Cheanntàile, an soitheach Frangach thàinig le airm s le a'rgiod dh' ionnsuidh a' Phrionnsa, fhuair Iain Mac-Aoidh so làn na laimhe dheth; ach 'n uair a bha e deanamh meudmhoir as a' bheartas so, thugadh an aire gu 'n robh an t-òr aige, agus thug am Morair Mac-Aoidh uaith uile gu leir e.

‡ Bha e 'n a chùbair.

MARBHRANN FIR ALLDANAIDH,  
AN ASAINNT.

*Gu muladach.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS D. { f: d' . t | l : s : d' | r' : d' : t . l | l : s . l : d' . l | s : m }  
Sgeùla bàis 'tighinn 'na chaoir oirnn o gach ceàrn an séid gaoth oirnn; }

{ f: r . d | r : s : d' | s : m : r | d : - : t . d | r : s : d' | r' : d' : l | s : - ||  
Fhuair mi naigheachd 's bu daor liom i'n dé— Fhuair mi naigheachd 's bu daor liom i'n dé.

Nios o Alldanaidh 'n Asainnt,  
'N robh mo thriall o cheann seachduin,  
'S e mo chràdh o nach deachaidh 's nach d' téid.  
'S e mo chràdh, &c.

Iain òig, mhic an Taoitir,  
C' àit' an cualas no 'n cluinntear  
Sgeal a 's cruaidh' air do mhuintir na t' eug.  
Sgeul a 's cruaidh, &c.

'S ann an cuideachdaibh diomhair  
Gheobhteadh dealbh an fhìor Chrìosdaidh  
Ort, an smuaintibh, an gnìomhraibh 's am beus.  
Ort, an smuaintibh, &c.

Fear fathail 's fear faoilidh,  
Fear-tionail 's fear-sgaoilidh,  
Tha 'n a laidhe 's an Fhaoilinn, 's bu bheud.  
Tha 'n a laidhe, &c.

Ged nach tàir mi do bhudhan  
Réir 's mar b' àill leam a luaidh riut,  
Gur tu 'n neach do nach cualas riamh beud.  
Gur tu neach, &c.

C' àit an cualas riamh aon neach  
Dh' earb riut, 's a dh' fhalbh diombach;  
Bha do chomhairl' is t' iompaidd gu feum.  
Bha do chomhairl', &c.

Bu mhòr do dhàimh ris na daoinibh;  
'S tearc do nàmhaid 's an t-saoghal;  
'Soilleir beàrn Chlainn Mhic-Aoidh as do dhéigh.  
'Soilleir beàrn Chlainn Mhic-Aoidh, &c.

Gasan gealltanach faidhreil,  
Gnìomh gaisgich 's gnùis maighdinn;  
'S mairg a phlanndaich 's a choill thu, 's thu 'd  
ghéig.  
'S mairg a phlanndaich, &c.

Clann t' athar bha buadhach,  
Mheud 's a thàmh 's a chaidh uainn diubh;  
So an treas tarraig chruaidh orr' le eug.  
So an treas tarraig, &c.

Bàs Iain 's an àm fso,  
Buille ùr 's an dà sheann lot;  
Dh' fhalbh Hùistean, dh' fhalbh Sanndi 's dh'  
fhalbh éis.

Dh' fhalbh Hùistean, &c.

'S e do chomunn 'bhi aoibhneach  
Dh' fhàg do dhealachadh nimhneach  
Dha do mhnaoi, dha do chlainn 's dhuinn féin.  
Dha do mhnaoi, &c.

Na 'm biodh comas aig daoinibh  
Neach a chumail bu chaomh leo,  
'S tusa 'm fear a b' fhaid' aois an coig ceud.  
'S tusa 'm fear, &c.

Cìod an stà dhuinn bhi brònach,  
Ged nach tàir sinn bhi deònach,  
Gheobh sinn bàs, na tha beò dhinn, gu léir.  
Gheobh sinn bàs, &c.

Ach a Sheòrais\* na h-Airde,  
O 'n tha òig' is gibht bàird agad,  
'S ann is còir dhomh 'chùis fhàgail duit féin.  
'S ann is còir dhomh, &c.

Mu 'n duine-s' fhuair bàs uainn  
B' fhiach 'iomradh a chlàistinn,  
Uiread 's a dh' fhaod' maid a ràdh ris le chéil'.  
Uiread 's a dh' fhaod' maid, &c.

Ann an dreach pearsa talmhaidh,  
Ann am beartas pàirt anama,  
An diugh cha 'n eòl domh 'fhìor dhealbh fo na  
ghréin.

An diugh cha 'n eòl domh, &c.

Tha do bhàs 'tighinn a' m' chluasan,  
'S cha 'n 'eil fàth faotainn buaidh air,  
Mo chomh-ghràdh, gu 'm bu chruaidh liom an  
sgeul.

Mo chomh-ghràdh, &c.

\* Seòras Morastan, na h-Airde-bige, air an robh mòr mheas aig Rob Donn, mar dhuin' uasal aig an robh fìor thìodhlaic na bàrdachd. Aig àm bàis Rob Dhuinn, rinneadh Marbhrann dha le Deòrsa Morastan, agus dh' fhàg e iomadh òran-eile, a thaisbein gu 'm bu chothromach a' bhàrtaid a bha aig Rob Donn uime. Chaidh a bhàthadh, 's e 'n a dhuine-òg.

## ORAN AN AINM IAIN MHIC EACHAINN,

Agus e nis air cinninn aosda, agus an dròbhaireachd a leigeil dheth ann an tomhas, 's a bhi 'g a h-earbsadh ri Fear Bhiogais, bha nis air seasamh 'n a àite-san thaobh na dreuchd sin, agus e bhi nis a muigh air féill, agus Iain Mac Eachainn aig a' bhaile, mar nach do chleachd e, an àm féille.

*Gu muldach.* From "Munro's Collection." D.C.

GLEUS D.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{d} : - : \text{d} \mid \text{d} : - : \text{r} \mid \text{m} : - : \text{s} \mid \text{m} : - : \text{r} \mid \text{d} : - : \text{d} \mid \text{d} : - : \text{l} \mid \text{s} : - : \text{m} \mid \text{r} : \text{d} : - : \\ \text{'S aon - ar - ach a tha mi 'm bliadhna, 'S tha mi cianail air a shon - a,} \\ \text{'Tionail achaidhn - ean air braigheach, 'S féidh air fasach bhàrr na bh' orra.} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{d}' : - : \text{d}' \mid \text{l} : - : \text{s} \mid \text{d}' : - : \text{m}' \mid \text{r}' : - : \text{m}' \mid \text{d}' : - : \text{d}' \mid \text{l} : - : \text{s} \mid \text{d}' : - : \text{m}' \mid \text{r}' : \text{d}' : - : \\ \text{'S gàbhaidh 'n roinn-s' tha 'm buill an anma Pàirt diubh leanmhunn air gach cor - a,} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{t} : \text{l} : \text{s} \mid \text{d}' : - : \text{m} \mid \text{s} : - : \text{m} \mid \text{r} : - : \text{m} \mid \text{d} : - : \text{d}' \mid \text{l} : - : \text{s} \mid \text{s} : - : \text{m} \mid \text{r} : \text{d} : - : \\ \text{Lean mo thuig - se sìonn ri m' fheum, Is thàir an fhéill dhi féin a toil - e.} \end{array} \right\}$

'S luaineach, mion-chorrach mo dhùsgadh,  
'G iarruidh naidheachd ùir gach fir-e;  
Suain cha 'n fhaigh mi air an rian so,  
Deoch no biadh, cha 'n iarr 's cha sir mi;  
'S gann gu 'n cluinn mi 'phàirt tha làmh rium,  
'N uair is àirde 'n gàir 's an gean-a,  
'Cuimhneachadh bhì òg air féilltibh,  
Sealltuinn as mo dhéigh, 's mi sean-a.

Ach, Hùistein, cluich a réir do chéille,  
Dean-sa t' fheur ri gréin 'n a teas-a,  
'S cuimhnich nach 'eil nach an daoinibh  
Nach toir beagan tiom air ais uath':  
Cuimhnich orm-sa là Féill-Micheil,  
'M bùthan dìthreibh fo bhun phreasa,  
'S m' aigneadh féin cho trom ri luaidhe  
Air son bhì tuath 'n uair tha thu deas-a.

Ach tha thu 'n cùirtibh mar bu chòir dhuit,  
Ged tha mis' fo cheò 's fo smalan;  
'S tha thu 'deanamh 'n àirde t' eolais  
Ris gach duine mòr is mean diubh;

Tha thu 'n nochd a' triall a shealltuinn  
Air Barr-callduinn 's air a bhean-a;  
'S ged a dh' fhàs mo chasan mall,  
Cha tric' mo smuaintean sìonn na sean-a.

Ach saoilidh mi gu bheil mi ann,  
Is glacaidh mi gu teann mo chuilce;  
Is saoilidh mi anns a' cheart àm  
Nach 'eil 'n am cheann ach samhldh uilc-e;  
Saoilidh mi gu 'm faic mi t' aodann,  
Do làmh threun 's an t-sréun 's a' chuip innt';  
'S tha do dhealbh aig sùilibh m' inntinn  
Mar tha 'bheinn-s' aig sùil mo chuirp-e.

'Deanamh aithne ris gach dròbhair  
Chaith mi iomadh bòta 's spuir-e,  
Rinn mi 'n àirde cliù do nì  
Greis de thiom mu 's d' rinn mi sgru dhiubh;  
'S caraid thu—cha chall na fhuair thu—  
'S tu tha 'buain na bha mi 'cur-a;  
'S ait leam thu bhì 'n tùs na pris,  
Ged tha mi 'm bliadhn' 'n am aonar tur-a.

## BEANNACHADH BÀIRD,

Do Chòirneal Hùistein Mac-Aoidh, mac a' Mhorair Mhic-Aoidh Seòras

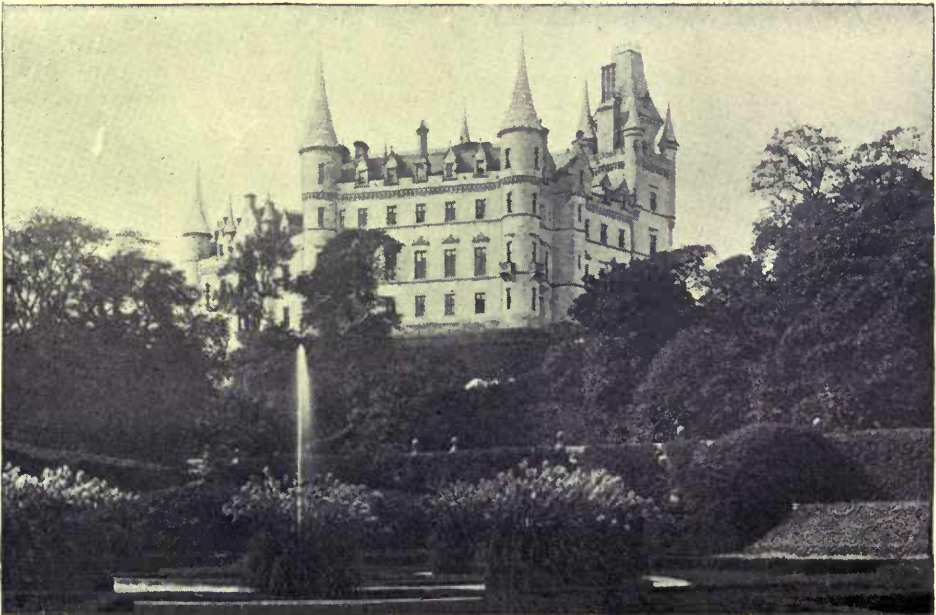
*Good morrow* ort a Hùistein,  
Do 'm bu dùthchas a bhì rathail;  
Na biodh t' inntinn daormannach,  
Is gu bheil t' aodann flathail;

Na bi mar Rehòdam,  
'N uair shuidh e 'n tòs air a' chathair:  
Bu truum' air càch a lùdagan  
Na bun an dùirn aig 'athair.





TONGUE HOUSE, ANCIENT SEAT OF THE LORDS OF REAY.



DUNKROBIN CASTLE, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

## MARBHRANN DO IAIN MAC EACHAINN,

An duin' uasal ceudna, aig an do thogadh am bàrd, 'n a theaghlaich, o 'n bha e 'n a bhalachan òg; agus duin' uasal a choisinn a leithid a chliù, o a luchd-eòlais air fad, 's gu 'n d' aidich iad uile, gu 'n robh am marbhrann so gun mhearachd, agus gu h-araidh na briathran mu dheireadh dheth, 's gu 'n abradh gach neach iad mar an ceudna a chluinneadh am marbhrann, agus d' am b' eòl Iain Mac Eachainn.

Iain Mhic Eachainn, o 'n dh' eug thu,

C' àit' an téid sinn a dh' fhaotainn

Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine

An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh?

'S ni tha cinnt' gur beart-chunnairt

Nach dean duine tha aosd' e;

'S ged a thogt' o 'n àl òg e,

'S tearc tha beò duine chì e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha

'S do fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,

'Thionail airgid is fearainn,

'S bidh buidheann aile 'g an sgaoileadh;

'Bhitheas féin air an gearradh,

Gun ghuth an caraid 'g an caoineadh,

Air nach ruig dad de mhaladh,

Ach "Seall sibh fearann a shaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu lit'reil,

'S tha iad 'n an deibhtearan geura;

Is iad a' pàidheadh gu maltach

Na bhios ac' air a chéile;

Ach an còrr, théid a thasgaidh,

Ged 's cruaidh a cheiltinn o 'n fhéile,

Is tha an sporan 's an sùilean

Cheart cho dùint' air an fheumnach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s'

Tha na ciadan dhiubh faomadh,

Leis an fheàrr bhi am fiachaibh

Fad aig Dia na aig daoineibh;

Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,

'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dìteadh—

"C' uim nach d' thug sibh do na bochdaibh

Am biadh, an deoch is an t-aodach?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhùraicinn

Do chliu-s' chur an òrdugh

Ann an litrichibh soilleir,

Air chor 's gu 'm beir na daoine òg' air;

Oir tha t' iomradh-s' cho feumail

Do 'n neach a théid ann ad ròidibh

'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,

Do 'n neach bu ghainne 'n a stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,

Ma 's àill leat olladh tha fiùghail,

So an tìom mu do choinneamh

An còir dhuit greimeachadh dlùth ris;

Tha thu 'm baiteal a' bhàis,

A thug an t-àrmunn-s' do 'n ùir uainn;

Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,

'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich e cliù dhuibh,

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaint

Air an neach a tha fialaidh,

'S i mo bharrail-s' gu h-achdaidh

Bu chòir an athchuing so iarruidh—

Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean

Ni chuid a 's sine dhinn ciallach,

Nach dean sinn lobairt do bhith-bhuantachd

Air son trì fichead de bhliadhnaich'.

'S lìonmhor neach bha gun sochair

A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,

Agus bàth-ghiollan gòrach

'Thionail eòlas le d' éisdeachd;

Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach

Mach o ùmaidhean spréidhe,

Nach 'eil an inntinn fo chudthrom

Air son do chuid no do chéile.

Fhir nach d' ith mìr le taitneas

Na 'm b' eòl duit acrach 's an t-saoghal;

No a chitheadh am feumnach

Gun an éibh aig' a chluinntinn;

B' fheàrr leat punnd as do chuid uait

Na unnsa cudthruim air t' inntinn;

Thilg thu t' aran air uisgeach',

'S gheobh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chì mi 'n t-aimbeartach uasal,

'S e làn gruamain 's fo airtneul,

'S e gun airgid 'n a phòcaid,

Air an tigh-òsda 'dul seachd;

Chì mi 'bhantrach bhochd, dheurach,

Chì mi 'n déirceach làn acrais,

Chì mi 'n dilleachdan dearg-ruisgt',

Is e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chì mi 'n ceòl-fhear gun mheas air,

'Call a ghibht' do chion cleachdaidh;

Chì mi feumnach na comhairl'

A' call a ghnòthuich 's a thapaidh.

Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhìarachd

Cìod is ciall do 'n mhòr acain-s',

'S e their iad uile gu léir rium,

"Och! nach d' eug Iain Mac Eachainn!"

Chì mi 'n t-iomadaidh sluaigh so  
 'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beò thu;  
 'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n uachdar,  
 Chì mi buannachd nan òlach;  
 O 'n a thaisbein dhomh 'm bliadhna  
 Iomadh biadhtach nach b' eòl domh,  
 Mar na ronnagan rialta  
 An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhul fòdh' orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannaibh maltach  
 A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',  
 Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill  
 Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a dhrùchdaibh;  
 Ach ged bhith'nn-s' air mo mhionnan  
 Do 'n Ti tha 'cumail nan dùl rium,  
 Cha do luaidh mi mu 'n duine-s'  
 Ach buaidh a chunnaic mo shùil air.

### MO NIGHEAN DUBH, 'S TU GU'N TOGAINN,

Oran do fhleasgach, agus do mhaighdinn uasal àraidh, a rinn suas r' a chèile gu pòsadh; ach thug a ghnòthuch esan air falbh do Iamaica, mu 'n d' fhuair iad dol cuideachd.

'N rud sin chunnaic thus' am bruarad  
 Chum thu gu stuaim' e a'd rùn;  
 Gabhaidh tu 'm màireach a leisgeul  
 Nach tàir e na 's fhaisge dhuinn.  
 Mo nighean dubh, 's tu gu'n togainn,  
 Mo nighean dubh, thogainn thu;  
 Mo nighean dubh, 's tu gu'n togainn,  
 'N uair thig fear a thogas tu.

B' fheàrr leam na cupull reidhneach  
 Gu 'm biodh t' oighre air mo ghùn.  
 Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Dearbhaidh mise gur h-e 's feàrr dhuibh  
 Sibh a thearbadh na bhi dlùth,  
 Oir cha 'n 'eil duine gun fhalbhan,  
 Ach mar chuirean gun mharbhan ùr.  
 Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Gar bheil aisling 'g a dhearbhadh,  
 Gabh thus' a dhealbh ann ad rùn,  
 Is subhaiche bhios tu a'd chadal,  
 Gu fada, na bhi a'd dhùisg.  
 Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Tha a dhuinealas 'n a bhuannachd,  
 'S tha do stuamachd-s' cosnadh cliù;  
 'S ged a dh' iomsgar an cuan sibh,  
 Gu bheil a' bhuaidh air gach taobh.  
 Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh seachd oidhche thun an latha,  
 'S dileas a laidhinn ri do thaobh;

### ORAN LEANNANACHD.

Thog na suiridhich buailteirean,  
 Och, faillin ó,  
 Is bha iad 'bristeadh bhualaidhnean,  
 Och, faillin ó.  
 Ged bhiodh an amhainn 'n a caoir,  
 Is Allt-a-chraois bu shuarach e,  
 Cha bhiodh iad saor 's a' ghruagach ud,  
 Och, faillin ó.

Thàinig mi-sta maslaidh orr',  
 Och, faillin ó,  
 'Dhul a sios 's nach fhac iad i,  
 Och, faillin ó.  
 'N uair thàinig an oidhche dhorcha,  
 Cha robh falbh nan casan aic,  
 Aig leathad Allt-an-Fhaslaghairt,  
 Och, faillin ó.

A chléirich, na bi fàchainteach,  
 Och, faillin ó,  
 'S mise 's miosa càradh dheth,  
 Och, faillin ó.

'N t-àit an d' rinn an inghean tuiteam,  
 Chaill mi cupall làiridhnean,  
 'S feumaidh tusa 'm pàigheadh dhomh,  
 Och, faillin ó.

'S mòr am mealladh òigheannan,  
 Och, faillin ó,  
 'M fear nach cum a bhòidean riu,  
 Och, faillin ó.  
 'S e mo bheachd nach fheud mi earbsa  
 Ann an cealgair òganaich  
 Cho math ri balgair òcraich,  
 Och, faillin ó.

Fhuair mi mach do chealgaireachd,  
 Och, faillin ó,  
 Ann an deireadh bargain riut,  
 Och, faillin ó.  
 'N uair ràinig mi 'n t-àite coinidh,  
 Dh' fhàs an duine feargach rium,  
 Ach thog an cuilean earball ruinn,  
 Och, faillin ó.



## MARBHRANN ROB GHRÉ, ROGHAIRD,

Agus e air caochladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaidh do Chataobh.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection." D.C.

GLEUS F. f : r | r : - . m : r | r : - . d : l, | f : - : f . f | f : - . s : l | s : - . f : m | r : - ||

{ Tha ròg - air - ean airt - nealach trom, Taobh bhos agus thall de na Chrasg,  
O'n chual iad mu'n cuairt an Ceann - cinnidh Gu'n'd'eug e an Siorraidheachd Pheairt;

{ r | r : l : l | l : - . t : s | l : - : r . r | f : - . s : f | l : s : f | m : - } ||

{ A dh'aindeoin a dhreachdan 'sa chiall, Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart }

{ m | f : m : r | r : - . d : l, | f : - : f | f : s : l | s : f : m | r : - ||

{ Aon smid thàinig mach as a bheil, 'S cha mhù chreid e féin Rìgh nam feart. }

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni cho làidir  
'S an t-saoghal-s' ri bàs gu toirt teum ;  
'N t-stràc thug e an dràs'd' oirnn air adhairt,  
Gu'n do mharbh e fear Roghaird do leum.  
Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n iognadh  
Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha féin,  
Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeàl aig'  
Fear a sheasas dha 'àite 'n a dhéigh.

'S fad o na chunnacas 's a chualas  
Gur teachdaire gruamach am bàs ;  
Gidheadh gu bheil cuid ann an daoch ris  
'Thug rud-eigin gaoil da an dràs'd :  
Tha dùil ac' an Cataobh 's an Galladh  
Nach urr' iad a mhaladh gu bràth,  
Air son gur h-e féin thug a' chiad char  
A fear thug cùig ciad car á càch.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mean,  
Sibhse tha sean agus òg,  
Thugaibh 'cheart air' air a' bhàs  
'N uair is beartaich' 's is làine bhur cròg ;  
Oir thig e mar mheàirleach 's an oidhch',  
Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd ;  
'S cha 'n fheadar a mhealladh le foill,  
'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhan is trìucairean talmhaidh  
*Election* mu chealgair bhiodh treun,  
Co bu staraich', bu charaich' 's bu chlicich',  
'S a b' fheàrr 'chuireadh lith air a' bhréig ;  
B' e Sàtan am britheamh bu shine,  
Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin  
'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaighteadh a leithid  
Mur robh e 's na Gréadhaich iad féin.

Bu mhath liom an ciontach a bhualadh,  
'S cha b' àill leam duin' uasal a shealg ;  
'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,  
Cha ghabh an duin' onorach fearg ;  
Tha Captean Rob Gré air a dhiùltadh  
Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg ;  
Rinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh  
Gu uails' agus duinealas garg.

Tha breugan is cuir air am fàgail  
Do 'n fhear a 's feàrr tàlann g' an inns' ;  
Cha cheadaich a' chùis e do Bhàtair,  
Tha onoir is àrdan 'n a ghrìd ;  
Ge comasach Iain a bhràthair,  
Cha 'n fhaigh e an dràs'd i 'chion aois ;  
Ach an sin gheobh e ubair an t-Sàtain  
Ceart comh-luath 's is bàs do fhear Chraoich.

## RANN MU 'N GHAOL,

An ainm an duin' òig d' an rinneadh an t-òran "Gur muladach mi 'n Còmhnuidh."

Gaol le truas, tha 'dhuais mu choinnimh,  
Losgadh 'm pàirt cho blath ri connadh ;  
Ach cainnt cha 'n fhaod sinn inns' gu folluin  
Pian a' ghaoil gun strì ri comain.

Na 'n deanainn ùrnuigh dhlùth do m' anam,  
Bhiodh innt' mòt air tòs na chanainn,  
Mi bhi tigh'n le triall gun fhanadh  
Mhàn Càrn-agadh, 's Bàbi mar-riam.

## ORAN DO IAIN THAPaidH,

Ann an éiric bráin a rinn esan a' tilleadh Marbhrainn Iain Ghré, air son duais a fhuair e ó fhear Chraoich.

'Chiad fhear a shiùbhlas do Chataobh,  
Thoir fios gu Iain Thapaidh nan rann  
Nach bòidheach 's nach dealbhach a chaluinn  
'S gur mi-thapaidh an t-anam a th' ann ;  
Mhal bladaidh nan glog-shùilean m'foir,  
Bha tur air a' lìonadh le sannt,  
An sgròg-thoineach, cab-phliadhach, griamach,  
'S bu dearbhta do chiad e bhì meallt'.

'S e chanas gach brìtheamh a 's àirde  
Gu 'n robh an fhìor bhreàg ann do bhus ;  
'N uair a shaoil leat a thogail mar chraoibh,  
'S ann a rinn thu a chrìonadh mar lus ;  
Cluinnear 's gach àite m' ur timchioll,  
Ur n-alladh 's ur n-iomradh aig cus,  
Cha mhal duin' ac' thus' mach o esan,  
'S cha chreid duin' ac' esan ach thus'.

Bu bhaoth dhuit a bhì 'ga mo leantuinn,  
'S nach robh ann ad chantainn ach craos ;  
Bha thu 'n toiseach 'n ad spleadhaid air cailte,  
'S a nis 'n ad sheann ghloic leis an aois ;  
Am barail gach brìtheimh tha fìghail,  
'S e chuireas mo chliù-s' ann am prìs,  
Gu 'n robh 'm fear a bheum mi le spealadh  
Cho bhreugach 's gun mhal e fear Chraoich.

Nis, a Rob Ghré, ma phòs thu,  
'S e Iain t' aon òglach 's an àm ;  
'S e 's urrainn thoirt mios air do bheusan  
Le 'mhìodal, le 'théis is le 'rann ;

Ni e Sagart do dhuine gun chràbhadh,  
'S ni e deagh chlàrc do fhear meallt' ;  
Ni e stiùbhard do theaghlach gun iochd,  
Is fear-foghlum do 'n t-sliochd nach bì ann.

Ged a leig sinn ar pearsanna taitneach  
Ann am pòsadh gu leabasda leibh,  
Na saoilibh 'n uair thoilleas sibh masladh  
Gu 'n coisinn sud maiteachas duibh ;  
Is ni e tha cinnt mu ar càirdean,  
Ged a rinn iad ar fàgail a thaoibh,  
Nach tig iad a chaoidh fo ar cliù-sa,  
'S nach mù ni iad sibhse na 's naoimh'.

Rinn sinn do sgiùrsadh mar thrasg,  
Mach thar a' Chrasg leis a' ghaoith ;  
Ach stiùireadh le d' mhaighstir féin thu  
Gu àit anns an séideadh tu 'n daoi ;  
Cha 'n fhaighear fear fileanta facail  
An Cataobh, no 'n Ros, no 'n dùthaich  
'C-Aoidh,

Ach Iain, gu maladh Rob Gréadha—  
'S ann 's còir dha do ghleidheadh a chaoidh.

Cha 'n fhaighear do leithid de shiomlaich,  
Ged a dh' amhaircteadh timchioll a' *ghlobe*,  
Ma leanas tu 'n còmhnuidh ri t' eucoir,  
Masgull is breugan nach ob,  
An uair a théid t' anam gun reusont  
Mach a dh' aon leum air do ghob,  
Bidh tus' anns a' chuideachd an còir dhuit,  
An Donas is Ròghard is Rob.

## 'S ANN A BHUAIL AN IORGHUILL,

Oran do fhear chaidh a chòrdadh ri nighin òig, ach cha bhiodh e toilichte mu 'n tocharadh, mur tugadh iad dha gamhuinn eile 'bharrachd air na bha iad toileach thoirt da ; agus air so a dhiùltadh dha, thréig e a leannan.

'S ann a bhuaill an iorghuill  
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shìos ;  
Chuir e 'uigh air céile,  
'S gu 'n do réitich iad 'n an dìos ;  
Shaoil mi féin 'n uair thòisich iad  
Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgìos ;  
Ach chum àsruidh beag de ghamhuinn iad  
Gun cheangal còrr is mìos.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mhaighdeann,  
Nach faighnich sibh rium fìor,  
Is innsidh mi a rìreadh  
Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian ;  
Gu robh e cheart cho deònach  
Ri duin' òg a chualas riamh ;  
'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e buair dhiom  
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Chaidh e sin air adhairt,  
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tùs ;  
Chuir iad fios 'n a dheaghaidh  
Thigh 'nn air aghaidh anns a' chùis ;  
'S e roghnaich eis' an tàillearachd—  
'S i b' fheàrr leis na bhì pùsd'—  
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn àsruidh,  
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bàs de 'n spùt.

Dh' aithnich mi 's an amharc ort  
Gu robh do thombas gann ;  
Chunnaic mi air t' iomchuinn  
Gu robh 'n iom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann ;  
'S nach robh do spiorad dìomhair  
'G a do ghrìosadh 's a' cheart àm,  
'N uair b' fheàrr leat gamhuinn caoil  
Na do bhean 's do ghaol 's do chlann.

H-uile fear a chì thu  
 'G a do dhiteadh air do chùl ;  
 Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgiod dhuit  
 Mu cheithir mharg 's na 's mù,  
 'S e their gach filidh facail riut,  
 Gu smal 'chur air do chliù,  
 Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacainn  
 Do *chon-tract* a chur air cùl.

'S mis' a fhuair mo charadh  
 Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh ;  
 A' mheud 's a bha 'g am iarraidh dhiubh,  
 'S nach b' fhiach liom duin' ach thu ;  
 Shaoil mi féin 's an fhoghar,  
 'N uair a thagh mi thu á triùir,  
 Nach fanadh tu cho fada uam,  
 Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

## HILLINN ORO, A MHARGAIDH BHAN.

Am Bàrd 's am Fleasgach a' còmhradh.

*Luinneag.*—Hillinn ò ro, a Mhargaidh bhàn,  
 Hillinn ò ro, gur tu mo ghràdh ;  
 Hillinn ò ro, ho roch ò ro,  
 'S hillinn ò ro, a Mhargaidh bhàn.

Tha fleasgach òg an so gu tinn,  
 'S a dh' iarraidh 'shlàinte chaidh e do 'n bheinn,  
 Cobhair àraidh a dheanadh stà dha,  
 'S cha 'n 'eil e 'm fàsaichean no 'n glinn.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Chuir iad léigh 'n sin os a chinn ;  
 Cha d' fhuair e sgeal, ach gu robh e tinn ;  
 Galar caithteach gun chron ri fhaicinn,  
 A dh' fhàg mi-thaitneach dha muir is beinn.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

'S galar dùthchasach do dhuin' òg  
 Saighead Cupid a bhì 'g a leòn ;  
 Ma tha do shùil-sa ri maighdinn chliùitich,  
 Faigh air do thaobh i 's bidh tu beò.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil àicheadh na tha thu 'g ràdh ;  
 Faodaidh m' aodann sud inns' do chàch ;  
 Tha mi 'n gaol is cha bhì mi saor is e,  
 Ged a shaoileadh e dhomh am bàs.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Gabh-sa 'n riaghailt th' aig ciad de chàch ;  
 Is e a 's ciallach' gu dhul 'n a dàil ;  
 An t-sùil a's luainich' mu thaobh na buaile,  
 Is cead do 'n ghruagaich bhì dubh no bàn.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Ged 'eil an rian sin air tigh'nn fos àird,  
 Bheir mi mo bhriathar nach 'eil mi dhà ;  
 'N uair bhios mi suiridh, 's mo chion do dh'  
 inghean,  
 'S e bhì 'g an iomlaid mo ghalar bàis.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil thu 'n àit' sin, mór phàirt tha beò,  
 Thug do 'n t-saoghal an gaol a's mò ;  
 Pears is pàirtean, dreach is nàdur,  
 Cha 'n 'eil e dhaibh ach mar bhàrr an fheòir.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil mo bhuaireadh-s' am buaile chruidh  
 No ann am *beauty* 's mi 'sealltainn rith' ;  
 Cha 'n ann an dìleab a tha mo shìth-s',  
 Ach an tè a's caomh liom gun ni 's am bith.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Air son nì, cia b' e mhill a bhlas,  
 Innsidh tìom dha nach 'eil e ceart ;  
 'N uair dh' fhalbhas 'eudail, bidh 'ghaol a' réis  
 air,  
 Is c' àit' fo 'n ghréin bheil a réisd a thlachd.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil do bhròn air an fhòd so tric ;  
 Suiridh air grugaich gun bhuar, cha ghlic ;  
 Tha bith air éibheachd le cuid tha feumail,  
 Nach toir fear eud ach do réir a stuic.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Cha 'n e mar tha thu a's feàrr a bhì,  
 Ged fhaigh thu pàirt ris am bi do shìth ;  
 'S e 'n gaol a's àirde sin o 'n tig an t-eudach,  
 Is leis na dhà sin gu 'm fàg e 'chli.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

Fheara òga tha 'n ear 's an iar,  
 Bithibh bunntumach ann bhur ciall ;  
 Seallaibh 'n àirde ri pears is pàirtean  
 Mu's dean sibh làmh a chur 's a' chliabh.  
 Hillinn ò ro, &c.

## AM BRUADAR.

Oran anns am bheil am bàrd a' toirt achmhasain do chaochladh neach air feadh na dùthcha, air nach ruigeadh e gu socrach air mhodh eile.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS F. { . l<sub>1</sub> t<sub>1</sub> | d ., t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., l | l ., s : m . m | s ., m : r ., d | t<sub>1</sub> : - . l<sub>1</sub> t<sub>1</sub> | d ., t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., l }

O chunnaic mise bruadar: Fhìrnach cuala, thig is chuinn. Ma's breisleach e, cuir

{ l ., s : m . s | l ., t : d' ., t | l : - . l , t | d' ., l : s ., m | d ., r : r . s }

casg air, 'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'ga sheinn. Na 'm b'fhìor dhomh féin gu 'm faca mi Am }

{ m ., l<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | t<sub>1</sub> : - . d | m ., s : l ., t | d' ., t : l ., l | s ., r : m ., s | l : - . }

Freasdal, 's e air beinn; Gach nì is neach 'na amharc, Is e 'coimhead os an cinn. ||

Chunnaic mi gach seòrsa 'n sin  
A' tigh'nn 'n an cròthaibh cruinn;  
'S na 'm b' fhìor dhomh gu 'n robh mòran diubh  
A b' eòl domh ri mo linn.  
Ach cò a bha air thòs dhiubh  
Ach na daoine pòsd' air streing;  
'S a' chiad fhear riamh thuirt facal diubh  
'Cruaidh-chasaid air a mhnaoi.

Labhair glagair àraidh ris—  
'S tu leig mo nàimhdeas liom  
'N uair phòs mi 'ghobach àrdanach,  
Nach obadh cnàmhan rium;  
'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dhi,  
An uair is pailte rium,  
Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheinneach,  
" 'S an droch-uair, teann a null."

Their i ris gu h-ain-méinneach,  
'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n a stròin,  
Gu 'm b' olc mi ann an argumaid,  
'S nach b' fheàrr mi thogail sgeòil,—  
" Cha b' ionann duit 's do c'ainmeadach,  
'S deagh sheanachaidh e 's tigh-òsd'—  
O ! 's buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaidh e :  
B' e féin am fleasgach còir."

'N uair chlosas mis' ag smuaineachadh  
Gach truaighe thug mo shàr;  
Their i, sgeigeil, beumnach rium  
Gur ro mhath dh' éisdinn sgeàl;  
Is their i ris na labhras mi  
Gu 'n canadh clann na b' fheàrr;  
Aon ghlomh no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,  
Nach di-mal i le 'beàl.

Thubhairt i gu 'm b' eudach sud,  
'S gu 'n robh e breugach, meallt';  
Is thug i air mar b' àbhaist di,  
Nach abradh 'bheàl-sa drann;  
Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, éitidh,  
Ach o 'n 's éiginn di bhi ann,  
O ! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n càra dhi  
Bhi 'fàs na air a' cheann.

Thubhairt fear de 'n àireamh ud  
Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann—  
A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fàbhor rium  
Am pàirt 'n uair thug thu clann;  
Ged thug thu bean mar mhàthair dhaibh  
Nach dean gach dàrna h-àm  
Ach h-uile ghlomh a 's tarsuinne  
Mar a thachaireas 'n a ceann.

Fhregair Freasdal reusonta—  
'S e 's feumail dhuit bhi stuaim',  
'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,  
Is tu 'n ad éiginn chruaidh;  
Mu 'n d' chumadh còt no léine dhuit  
Bha 'n céile sin riut fuaight',  
Is ciod iad nis na fàthan  
Air am b' àill leat a cur uait ?

Nach bochd dhomh, 'n uair thig strainnsearan  
Bhios ceòlmhor, cainnteach, binn,  
'N uair 's math liom a bhi falaidh riuth',  
'S ann bhios i fiata ruinn.  
'N uair dh' òlas mi gu cùrteil leath',  
'S e gheobh mi cùl a cinn,  
'S bidh mise 'n sin 'n am bhreàgadair  
Ag ràdh gu 'm bheil i tinn.

Cha tàmh i 'm baile dithreibh liom ;  
 Cha toigh leath' gaoth nam beann,—  
 An t-àite musach, fàsachail,  
 Am bheil an cràbhadh gann ;  
 'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,  
 Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—  
 An t-àite dana, tàbhurnach :  
 Bidh sluagh cur neàl 'n a ceann.

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdal ris,  
 " 'S e thig do 'n neach ni 'chòir ;  
 A bhì na 's dlùith' r' a dhleasdanas  
 Mar 's truime crois 'g a leòn ;  
 Ged a shaoileadh tu gu 'm maithteadh dhuit  
 Na pheacaich thu gu h-òg ;  
 Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh crannchur thu  
 Fhad 's bhios a' chamachail-s' beò.

" Cha 'n fhac thu féin o rugadh tu  
 Aon cheum de m' ubair-s' fiar ;  
 Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu  
 Do dhreachdan is do chiall ;  
 Cia h-iomadh tric gu beartas  
 Bh' air an ditheadh steach 'n ad chliabh :  
 Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhìot  
 A chum air ais sud riamh.

" Aidich féin an fhirinn,  
 Agus chì thu 'n sin mar bhà,  
 A' mheud 's a ghabh mi 'shaothair rith'  
 Gus an caoch'leadh i na b' fheàrr ;  
 Dh' fheuch bochdas agus beartas dhi,  
 Is euslaint agus slàint' ;  
 Is thàinig mi cho fagus dhi,  
 'S a bagairt leis a' bhàs.

" 'N uair a dh' fheuch mi bochdas dhi,  
 'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm fàt ;  
 'S cha mhù a rinn an t-socair i  
 Na b' fhosgarraich' ri càch ;  
 Le h-euslaint', 'n uair a bhuin mi rith',  
 'S ann frionasach a dh' fhàs ;  
 An t-slàinte uam cha 'n aidich i,  
 'S cha chreid i uam am bàs."

Cò sin a chithinn tighinn,  
 'Dul a bhruidheann ris gu teann,  
 Ach duine bha cruaidh chasaid  
 Air a' mhnaoi bu ghasd' a bh' ann ;  
 'S e 'g ràdh, " 'N uair théid mi 'n taice rith'  
 'S ann bhios oir' gart is greann ;  
 'S 'n uair their mi chainnt a's deala rith',  
 Gu 'n cuir i car 'n a ceann.

" Gur h-e trian mo dhithidh oir'  
 Nach bì i faoilidh rium ;  
 Nì i sgeig is cnead orm  
 Gun ghàir' a' tigh'nn á cuim ;  
 'N uair bhitheas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran  
 Bidh 'cainnt 's a h-aogas trom ;  
 Ach 'n uair thig na fir, gu fuirmeil  
 Gheobh sinn òl is cuirm is fonn.

" A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,  
 'S ann orm a chuir thu 'chuing ;  
 'S gu 'm b' eòl duit gu 'n robh m' aimsir  
 Is mo mheanmhadh air an claidh ;  
 B' fharasd' duit 's na bliadhnaibh ud  
 Mo riarachadh le mnaoi  
 Bhiodh ùmhailt, càirdeil, rianail dhomh,  
 'S a riarachinn a chaoidh."

" Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh  
 Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g ràdh ;  
 Ach 's aonan as a' chiad dhiubh  
 Bheireadh riarachadh dhuit ràidh ;  
 An tè de 'n nàdur neònach ud,  
 'S nach toireadh pòg gu bràth,  
 Aon dràm no deoch cha 'n òlar leath',  
 'S cha deònaich i do chàch."

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,  
 'N déigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,  
 Chunnaic mi na daoine sin  
 A' sgoileadh mach mu 'n cuairt ;  
 'S na h-uile bean bha pùsda sin  
 A' dul 'n an dùnaibh suas ;  
 Ach 's aonan as an fhichead dhiubh  
 Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bhean ionnsuicht' dhiubh,  
 Bu mhugha rùm na càch,  
 Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaichean  
 Cha 'n fhaodainn bhì na 's sàthaicht' :  
 Ach gu m' fhàgail trom, neo-shunndach  
 Cha 'n eòl domh punc a 's dàch'  
 Na gealltanas mo thoileachadh  
 Gun choimhlionadh gu bràth.

An duine sin tha mar rium,  
 Tha slòr ghearan air mo shunnd,  
 Dhearbhainn féin air 'fhiacaill,  
 Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiùlt ;  
 Bidh mòran dhiubh mi-reusonta,  
 'N uair gheobh thu 'n sgeul gu grund,  
 Tha dùil ac' gu 'n gluais mireag riu  
 An spiorad nach 'eil unnt'.

'S neònach liom an dràsda 'n so  
 Sìor àbhaist nam fear pòsd',  
 Their gu ladarn' dàna  
 Nach do thoirmisg àithne pòg;  
 Cia mòr an diùbhras beusan  
 Th' eadar eucoir agus còir,  
 Cha 'n eòl domh àite-seasaimh  
 Gun a chos air aon diubh dhò.

Chuireadh e neàl 'n am eanchainn-s'  
 A bhi 'g ainmeachadh le cainnt  
 A' mheud 's a bh' ann de dh' argumaid  
 'S de chomunn gearrta, greann';  
 Bha na ciadan pears' an sud,  
 'N an seasamh ann an ranc,  
 'S bha casaidean aig mòran diubh  
 M 'n aon neach bha toirt taing.

### THA 'N GILLE MATH RUADH, 'S E LAIDIR, LUATH,

Oran do fhear bha suiridh air nighin òig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt uaithe; bha mathair na h-ighne (a tha labhairt 's a' cheud rann) 'n a ban aireach aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus esan 'n a bhuachaille; agus am fear 'bha toirt na h-ighne uaithe 'n a fhigheadair.

#### *Luinneag.*

Tha 'n gille math ruadh, 's e làidir, luath,  
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas 's nach d' fhuair e i;  
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, 's e làidir, luath,  
 Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas, 's nach d' fhuair e i.

Fhleasgaich tha 'g imeachd an aghaidh na  
 gaoith',

Gun dùil aig mo nighin thu thighinn a chaoidh,  
 Gu 'm b' fheàrr a bhi shuas leat am buaile  
 Mhic-Aoidh

Na fleasgach na fighe le fichead bò laoigh.  
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Cha 'n urra mi 'dhearbhadh mar chearb air  
 bhur clann

Gur ann anns na càirdean tha mheàirl' air am  
 fonn;

'N uair théid gach mearachd a chronachadh  
 thall,

Bidh fuighleach an innich 's an ime cho trom.  
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach 'n a dhuine 'm bheil  
 spéis,

Tha onoir o 'leanabas 'g a dhearbhadh 'n a  
 bheus;

Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s' gun chal ach an  
 spréidh,

Tha e 'n uidheam na goide na 's faide no éis.  
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Comhairl' ort, a nighean, 's na suidhich do  
 bhonn

Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas 's 'n a mhearachd  
 dhuit thall;

Tha dùil agad achdaidh ri beartas 'n a steall  
 Le fuighleach an innich, 's cha chinnich e ball.  
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Na 'm faicheadh sibh 'm fleasgaichean tapaidh a  
 th' againn,

Ag iomart nan casan mu seach air na maidean,  
 Le iteachan innich a' tilleadh 's a' glagartaich,  
 Cnap aig a' mhùidh, 's an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.  
 Tha 'n gille math, &c.

### RANN A RINN AM BARD AN TUNGA,

Air oidhche nollaig, agus air do Sheòras Mac-Leòid bhi ri plobaireachd, fhad 's a bha na h-uaislean r' an dinneir, leig iad di-chuimhne 'n uair sguir e, fios a chur air a stigh do'n tigh. Ghabh e fearg ri so, agus thug e an tigh òsd air: 'n uair chuireadh fios air a' bhàrd a stigh far an robh na h-uaislean, 's e so an rann a ghabh e dhoibh.

Theid mise an déigh Sheòrais,  
 Oir is còir dhomh bhi am fagus da;  
 Oir 's bràithrean ann an ceòl sinn,  
 An còmhradh beòil 's am feadaireachd;  
 Oir is duine ciallach e  
 D' am bi luchd-fiarais freagarrach;  
 'S tha dùil agam gu 'n tàir mi e  
 'S an tigh tha mhàn o 'n eaglais.

A' chùirt bha ann an Tung againn,  
 Gur fada 's cuimhne 'n cleachdaidhnean;  
 Bha briteamh agus cléireach ann  
 Gun reusont no gun cheartas ac';  
 Bha 'm Foirbeasach le 'lùban ann;  
 Bha Hùistean ann 's an Sasunnach;  
 Gur dana an aon trìuir tha 'n sud  
 Na h-uile taobh an tachair iad.

## THA GRUAGACH ARAIDH SHUAS AN AIRIDH,

Oran do Anna Morastan 'n nair bha cho iomadh 'g a h-iarruidh, agus am bàrd féin a measg chaich, mu 'n tug i an diúltadh mu dheireadh dha.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS D. f: s | d' : - : s | m : - : s | d' : - : s | m : - : s | l : - : s | d' : - : l | s : - : m | r : - : m }  
 Rann. { Tha gruagach araidh | Shuas an àiridh; | 'S mór thug gràdh dhi, | 'S maing nach fhàir i }

Sélsd. { | r : - : d | d' : - : r' | m' : - : r' | d' : - : - | s : - : l | d' : - : r' | d' : - : t | l : - : ||  
 | Hi im agus | hi im ó, | Hi im agus | hi im ó. ||

An tùs na bliadhna dùn 'g a h-iarruidh,  
 Triùir a' tigh'nn diubh 's triùir a' triall diubh.  
 Hi-im, agus, &c.

Fear goirid leathann, fear eadar-mheadhonach,  
 Fear dubh, fear donn, fear crom, fear dìreach.  
 Hi-im, agus, &c.

Tha Guinnich chionalt, chinneant, chàirdeach,  
 Ghniomhach, bheartach, neartmhor, làmhant'.  
 Hi-im, agus, &c.

Raibeart Abrach, tapaidh, treubhach,  
 Gnlomhach, greigheach, màgach, spréidheach.  
 Hi-im, agus, &c.

Tha pàirt de 'n t-sluagh, 's an uair-s' r' an  
 innseadh,  
 Muillear, tuairnear, tuath, is grìobhair.  
 Hi-im, agus, &c.

Cha liutha litir anns na bradaibh  
 Na daoine 'òg' an tòir cho fad oirr'.  
 Hi-im, agus, &c.

Bha I, N, D, bha E, dà Angus,  
 U, R, O, gu *polygamos*.  
 Hi-im, agus, &c.

## FEAR A DHANNSAS, FEAR A CHLUICHEAS,

Oran do Shàli Grandd.

*Luinneag.*—Fear a dhannsas, fear a chluicheas,  
 Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas,  
 Fear a dh' éisdeas, no ni bruidheann,  
 Bidh 'n cridheach' aig Sàli.

Shiubhail mi dùthchan fada, leathann,  
 'G amharc inghean agus mhnathan;  
 Eadar Tunga 's Abair-Eadhoin,  
 Cha robh leithid Sàli,  
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

An Dunéidinn 's an Dun-didhe,  
 'S a h-uile ceum a rinn mi dh' uighe,  
 Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe:  
 Bean mo chridhe Sàli.  
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S math a clàistinn, 's math a fradharc,  
 Blasd' a càil agus na their i,  
 'S math do 'n fhear a thàireadh 'n gaire  
 Do dhoireachan Sàli.  
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

'S math a muigh, 's is math a stigh i,  
 'S math 'n a guth i, 's math 'n a dath i;  
 'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na streath' i,  
 'S math 'n a breith 's na h-àrach.  
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,  
 'S fear nach iarr i a chion aghaidh,  
 Cha robh fhios a'm có an roghainn  
 Thaghainn as na dhà sin.  
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Caipteann treun nan *Grenadeers*,  
 'S àirde leumas, 's fear a ruitheas,  
 Cha 'n 'eil àit an dean i suidhe  
 Nach bi esan làmh rith'.  
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

Na 'n d' rachadh 'dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,  
 Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,  
 Bhiodhmaid marbh mu 'n leigtheadh as i,  
 Ged thigeadh neart a' Phàp oirnn.  
 Fear a dhannsas, &c.

## IORRAM AIR TURUS DHAIBHIDH DO DH' ARCADH.\*

Nach cruaidh, cràiteach an t-aiseag  
A fhuair Da'ìdh do dh' Arcadh ;  
Dh' fhalbh an càise, a' cheilp is e féin.  
Nach cruaidh, cràiteach, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhàs 'dheanamh cinnteach  
Shuas mu bhràighe Loch Uinnseard,  
Gu 'm bu ghàireach guth minn as a dhéigh.  
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'll 'Ic Fhionnlaidh  
Ris an t-Siorramh neo-shunndach—  
“Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n éis.”  
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear iompaiddh,  
Chaill mise m' fhear aon-tigh ;  
Cò nis is fear punndaidh do 'n spréidh ?  
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nàbaidhnean taigheach  
Anns gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,  
'S leis a' chràdh orr' cha 'n fhaigheadh iad deur.  
Bha do nàbaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu' thilleadh  
O na cuantaibh gun mhilleadh,  
Shìn an sluagh ud air sileadh gu léir.  
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraidh thràilleil  
Bhios a' streup mu do cheàirde,  
Cha bhì creutair 'g a chràdh as do dhéigh.  
Mach o acaraidh, &c.

Ach ma 's bàs duit an Kirkwall,  
'S ann bhios deuchainn a' ghliocais  
Aig a' chlàrc bhios 'cur lic ort le spéis.  
Ach ma 's bàs, &c.

Sgrìobhar sios air a braighe—  
“So am ball am bheil Da'ìdh ;  
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bàs oirbh gu léir.”  
Sgrìobhar sios, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dha'ìdh—  
Ceann gaibhre is càbag,  
Rotach gleadrach is fàladair geur.  
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann grìomach a' bhagair,  
Sùil mhìogach nam praban,  
Beàl biogach nan cagar 's nam breug.  
Ceann grìomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdaireachd ghàbhaidh  
Nis mu aiseirigh Dha'ìdh,  
'S e 'tighinn dachaidh 'n a stàirneanach treun.  
'S ann tha 'n eachdaireachd, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,  
Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,  
'S ann is fearr e 'n a phearsa mar cheud.  
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh' fhàs e stailceineach, puinnseach ;  
'S ann is treis' air gach puinc e—  
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mhnaoi aige féin.  
Dh' fhàs e, &c.

Tha mnathan uails' anns a' mhachair,  
O na chual iad mar thachair,  
'Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am beus,  
Tha mnathan uails', &c.

A bhiodh deònach gu 'n tachradh  
Gnothuch còir anns na cairtean  
Bheireadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcadh gu léir.  
A bhiodh deònach, &c.

Gu bheil stròic air bean Bharalaidh,  
'S air bean chòir Shanndi Charraig,  
'S cha 'n 'eil Seumas is Margaid cho réidh.  
Gu bheil stròic, &c.

Ged tha Màiri gle bhanail,  
Tha i 'g ràdh ris na fearaibh  
Gur mòr a b' fhèird iad an anail gu léir.  
Ged tha Mairi, &c.

Tha bean òg aig a' mhinistear,  
'S na 'm biodh bhòt aic' 's an t-Sinoid,  
'S ann an Arcadh a chruinnicheadh 'Chléir.  
Tha bean òg, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam idir,  
Ged nach cuala sinn diog dheth,  
Nach 'eil fearg air bean Ribigill féin.  
Cha 'n 'eil fhios, &c.

\*Bha Daibhidh so 'n a bhuachaille, agus 'n a aireach, aig duin' uasal àraidh, ann am bail' eile, beagan mhiltean o 'àite féin ; agus 'n uair a bha Daibhidh dol dachaidh leis an im agus leis a' chàise, thun a mhaighstir, fhuair e air long cheilpe bha dol an rathad ; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an stoirm iad air tìr ann an Arcadh ; 's ged a b' ann 's a' ghrund a rachadh Daibhidh, cha deanadh na nàbaidhnean móran caoidh air a shon.



MARBHRANN DO CHLOINN FHIR TIGH RUSPUINN,

Dithis sheana-ghillean, a rugadh an ceann bliadhna d' a chéile, a thogadh cuideachd, 's a ghabh còmhnuidh cuideachd, 's an aon tigh, gun neach sluaigh aca 'n an teaghlach, ach aon bhoirionnach mar bhean-mhuinntir: bha ainm dhoibh gu robh iad beartach, agus iad ro mhìodhoir 'n an cleachdaibh beatha. Seachduin o 'n là air an do chaochail a' cheud neach dhiubh, (agus chaochail iad 'n an triuir 's an aos seachduin,) thàinig neach bochd ag iarraidh deirce am beul an anmoich a dh' ionnsuidh an tighe, agus chaidh a chur air falbh falamh o 'n dorus.

*Gu muldach.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS D. {  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{r}$  |  $\underline{m} \cdot \underline{s} : \underline{m} \cdot \underline{r}$  |  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{r} : \underline{m} \cdot \underline{m}$  |  $\underline{m} \cdot \underline{s} : \underline{d} \cdot \underline{t}$  |  $\underline{l} : - \cdot \underline{l} \cdot \underline{t}$  |  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{m} : \underline{s} \cdot \underline{l}$  }

{  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{t} : \underline{d} \cdot \underline{l}$  |  $\underline{s} \cdot \underline{m} : \underline{r} \cdot \underline{m}$  |  $\underline{d} : - \cdot \underline{s}$  |  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{r} : \underline{m} \cdot \underline{r}$  |  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{l} : \underline{s} \cdot \underline{l}$  }

{  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{r} : \underline{d} \cdot \underline{t}$  |  $\underline{l} : - \cdot \underline{d}$  |  $\underline{s} \cdot \underline{m} : \underline{s} \cdot \underline{l}$  |  $\underline{d} \cdot \underline{t} : \underline{d} \cdot \underline{l}$  |  $\underline{s} \cdot \underline{m} : \underline{r} \cdot \underline{m}$  |  $\underline{d} : - \cdot$  }

Am bliadhna 'thiom bha dithis diubh  
Air tighinn o 'n aon bhroinn;  
Bha iad 'n an dà chomrad  
O choinnich iad 'n an cloinn;  
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,  
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,  
Ach gheàrr e snàthainn na beath-s' ac'  
Gun dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

Aon duine 's bean o 'n d' thàinig iad,  
Na bràithrean so a chuaidh,  
Bha an aon bheatha thìomail ac',  
'S bha 'n aodach d' an aon chluaimh;  
Mu 'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,  
'S bha 'n nàdur d' an aon bhuaidh;  
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,  
'S chaidh 'n sìneadh 's an aon uaigh.

Daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,  
'S e fiosrachail do chàch;  
'S cha mhù a rinn iad aon dad  
Ris an can an saoghal gràs;  
Ach ghineadh iad is rugadh iad  
Is thogadh iad is dh' fhàs;  
Chaidh stràc de'n t-saoghal thairis orr',  
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bàs.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach  
Ris gach aon neach againn beò;  
Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoin'  
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phòsd';

Nach gabh na tha 'n a dhleasdanas,  
A dheasachadh, no 'lòn,  
Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhaibh,  
'S a' falach an cuid òir.

Cha chaith iad féin na rinn iad,  
Agus oighreachan cha dèan;  
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac'  
Bhios a' biadhadh chon is eun;  
Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh  
Fo nach robh 's nach bì mi fhéin;  
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-òr ac'  
Na 'n uair bha e 'n tòs 's a mhéinn.

Barail ghlic an Ard Rìgh—  
Dh' fhàg e pàirt de 'bhuidhinn gann  
Gu feuchainn iochd is oileanachd  
D' an dream d' an d' thug e meall;  
C' ar son nach d' thugteadh pòrsan  
Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach àm  
Do bhochdannaibh a dheònaicheadh  
An còr a chur 'n a cheann?

An déigh na rinn mi rùsgadh dhuibh.  
Tha dùil agam gun lochd,  
'S a liuthad facal firinneach  
A dhìrich mi 'n ur nochd  
Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh  
Gu bhì feumail do na bhochd  
Na 's mù na rinn na fleasgaich ud  
A sheachduin gu an nochd.

## MARBHRANN HUISTEIN MHIC-AOIDH, MAC AN TAOITEIR,

Duin' uasa a chaochail 'n a òige.

*Gu muladach.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS D: { m ., m : s, m, r | d : d | d', r' : m', r', d' | d' : l | l ., l : d', l, s | s : m | r ., m : s, l, s | l : s }

{ Hùistein, soraidh le t'iomradh, O'n chaidh t'iomhar air fàradh; Hùistein òig sin mhic Reabairt, Tha do leabaidh's na clàraibh;

{ s ., s : l, s, l | r' : d' | t ., d' : l, s, m | l : s | t ., d' : l, s, m | s : s | d ., r : m, s, m | r : d }

{ Anns an dearbh bhàrail againn | Cha b' ann abufha a bha thu; Ach 's e brìtheamh nan uile | 'Ghlaic 's a chumadh a b' fhearr thu.

Có an nàbaidh no 'n caraid  
A chuir aithn' air do bheusaibh,  
Do nach b' aobhar gu osnaich  
A luaith'd 's a choisinn an t-eug thu;  
Fhir bha 'gealltainn le d' chomas  
Bhì do 'n fholluiseachd feumail;  
Bha thu treun ann am pearsa,  
'S na bu treis' ann an reusont.

A bhì 'g innseadh do chliù-sa,  
Thug sud dùbhlán do m' gheurad  
Lughad àireamh de laithean,  
Agus feabhas de bheusan;  
Fhuair thu comain o 'n Ard-Rìgh  
Air nach d' ràinig na ceudan;  
O 'n là dh'fheuch iad am brad duit,  
Cha robh stad ann ad fhoghlum.

O 'n uair 's an d' thàinig am fleasgach  
Gu àm cleachdaidh a thuigse,  
Cha do shuidh e mu bhòrd,  
Nach tugadh 'fhoghlum gu mìos e;  
Bha e 'n a ghaisgeach neo-spòrsail  
Is 'n a phòitear neo-mhisgeach;  
Cìod a' chuideachd a chunntar  
As nach ionndrainnear nis e!

Fhir nach d'fhuair sinn ach ias'd dhìot  
Ann am bliadhnachaibh goirid;  
Fhir a thiorcadh na dh' earbadh,  
'S fhir a dhearbhadh na theireadh;  
Fhir bu mhiosa do d' nàmhaid,  
'S fhir a b' fheàrr do charaid,  
Tha do chliù-sa cho làidir  
'S nach do bhàsaich e mar riut.

'S beag a dh' fhoghnadh mo chainnt liom  
Gu do rann dheanamh soilleir;  
Oir cha d' rugadh o 'n uair sin  
Duin' a b' uailse na 'chailleadh;  
Bha thu mach air an tritheamh  
O Mhac-Aoidh ri do shloinneadh,  
'S o thaobh eile do dhaoine  
De fhuil dhìrich Mhic-Coinnich.

Gabham leithsgeul an cumha  
A lion 's a liuth' rinn thu fhàgail;  
Ged a bhiodh tu 'n an caidreamh  
Uin' a b' fhaide na bhà thu;  
'S mairg a chunnaic do leithid  
Air cho beag làithean 's a dh'fhàg thu,  
Gun do mhac no do nighean  
Gu bhì 'n an suidh' air do làraich.

Buinidh dhuinne bhì umhailt  
Ri bhì cumhadh na chaill sinn,  
Agus labhairt gu tairis  
Air a' ghalair a chraidhn sinn;  
Gun bhì 'casaid gun reusont  
Air an eug a thug uainn thu;  
'S an àm taghaidh nan daoine  
Cò nach sìneadh mar rinn e!

'S goirt an naidheachd so thàinig  
Chum na dh'fhàg thu 's an dùthaich;  
Air mìos deiridh a' gheamhraidh  
Cha bu ghann duinn ar ciùrradh;  
'S iomadh combarradh cianail  
Bh' air a bhliadhn' an d' fhalbh Hùistein,  
Air dà fhichead 's a sia dhiubh,  
Thar seachd ciad agus sùsdan.

ORAN DO DH' IAIN MAC NAOGHAIS 'IC UILLEIM,

A th' air 'ainmeachadh ann an òran roimhe so. Bha e féin 's am Bàrd an uair sin, 'n an càirdean ro mhór aig a chéile; ach air dhà-san bhí air faotainn o 'n Mhorair Mac-Aoidh cùram na frithe, agus am Bàrd bhí ro-throm air marbhadh nam fiadh, rinn e casaid air a' Bhàrd, agus thugadh gu mòd e.

*Moderato.* From "Munro's Collection." D.C.

GLEUS A. { d d ., l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | d ., r : m ., m | s ., m : r, d. - | d ., r : m | s<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | d, m. - : r | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> ., ||  
 { An taobha stigh de thìom gearr 'S minnach creideadh an sgeàl Gur tu thogadh ged bhiodh bàs féidh orm; ||  
 Na'm bitheadh barrant air mo chùl No caraid agam anns a' chùirt, 'Si mo bharail gu'm bu tu féin e.

{ , m | f ., m : r ., m | f ., s : l | s ., m : r, d. - | d ., r : m | f ., m : r ., m | f ., s : l | s : r }  
 { Ach dh' fhàsan comunn sin cho searbh 'S nach robh fhios a'm | e a dh' fhalbh; | Tha mi cinnteach | gu'n d' rinn Sealbh feum dhomh; }

{ f ., f : m ., r | r ., m : l | s ., m : r, d. - | d ., r : m | s<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | d, m. - : r | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> ., ||  
 { Freasdal fradharc- ach teann | A dh' fhag goirid | agus gann | H-uile h-adharc | air gach ceann beumnach. }

Dhuine chridhe, glac fios,  
 Dh' aindeoin urram agus mios,  
 Nach 'eil romhad ach greis bhliadhnach';  
 Faodaidh fàillinn bhí an dràs  
 Fo do bhreitheanas air clàr,  
 Thàirngeas fathast anns an t-sàs chiadn' thu;  
 Chuir thu chuige le do chruas  
 Daoine urramach, uails'  
 Nach do loisg am fùdar-cluais riamh orr';  
 Is cha 'n 'eil mionnan mu 'n bheinn  
 Nach tig mallachd ort do 'n cinn:  
 'S mòr am peanas sin, mur pill Dia e.

Pàirt de t' alladh gun bhreug,  
 'S faide mhaireas na do chré,  
 Réir do chomais bha thu glé nàimhdeil;  
 Chuir thu chuige le beum  
 Na bu liutha na thu féin;  
 Cha 'n 'eil samhail duit an ceud nàbuidh.  
 An lagh a rinn thu gu geur,  
 Nis a bhuineas riut féin,  
 'S ann is coslach e ri céill Hàmain;  
 Bi-s' gu saothreach ré seal,—  
 Ri bhí saor is an t-sail,  
 Sin 'n uair chì thu gur smal caimean.

THEID MI CUIDE RIUT DO 'N BHAIL' UD THALL,

Oran a' toirt comhairle do dhuin' òg, dol a shuiridh air bantrach aig an robh fearann agus deagh chumail spréidhe, 's gu 'n rachadh am bàrd féin cuide ris, g' a chuideachadh.

*Luinneag.*—Théid mi cuda riut do 'n bhail' ud thall,

'S ní sinn rud-eiginn mu's tig sinn a nall;  
 Théid mi cuda riut do 'n bhail' ud thall,  
 'S ní sinn rud-eiginn mu's tig sinn a nall.

'S duine sona, saoghalt' thu.  
 Mu 's e 's gu'n dean i taobh riut,  
 Cha bhí dad de shaothair ort  
 Ach sineadh ris 'n a àm.

Théid mi cuda riut, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil clach á gàradh agad,  
 'S cha bhí tigh r' a bhàradh agad;  
 Faodaidh tu 'chiad ràidh an sin  
 Do làmhan 'chur mu d' cheann.

Théid mi cuda riut, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil leac no dòrnag uait,  
 No croman théid 's an òcrach uait.  
 No pait a dh' easbhuidh clòsaigeadh,  
 No bòrd a théid 'n a ceann.  
 Théid mi cuda riut, &c.

Oir tha sibh làidir, foghainteach;  
 'S gu 'n dean na càirdean cobhair ribh;  
 Gu 'm b' fheàrr liom anns an t-sobhuil sibh  
 Na gobhair agus meann.

Théid mi cuda riut, &c.

'S fèarr dhuit té a dh' uibriceas  
 Gnìomh na tuath' mar thigeadh dhi  
 Na òinseach ghòineach, spidealach,  
 'S dos rioban air a ceann.

Théid mi cuda riut, &c.

## MARBHRANN DO 'N IARLA CHATACH.

*Gu muladach.*

From "Munro's Collection."




Chrìoch mi sgur de na dàintibh  
 Chionn mo thàlann bhì 'gèilleadh ;  
 Ach cha 'n fhuilgeadh mo nàdur  
 Dhomh bhì 'n am thàmh air an aobhar-s',—  
 Ceannard Teaghlaich Dhun-Ròbain  
 'N a laidhe 'n Abaid Dhun-éideann  
 Gun aon fhacal aig filidh  
 Dèant' 'n a shiorraidheachd féin da.

Anns a' chaisteal so chianamh,  
 'S an rùm diota an teaghlaich,  
 Chunnas iomhaigh a' chòigear,  
 'S iad 'n am mòr-dhaoine treubhach.  
 Am fear mu dheireadh bha bèd dhiubh ;—  
 'S bu mhath a b' eòl dhomh mu 's d' eug e—  
 Fhuair mi 'dhealbh air mo leth-taobh  
 'N a sheasamh 'm breacan an fhéilidh.

Bha dealbh aile gu h-uasal  
 Air chur suas aig a dheas-laimh ;  
 'S ann liomsa nach neònach  
 An sluagh bhì brònach an Cataobh  
 O na chaill iad an làn  
 Bha mìn, mòrdhalach, maiseach,  
 Iarla Uilleam an Còirneal  
 'S a chéil' òg, Màiri Macsual.

'N uair chaidh a' chàraid so 'cheangal,  
 Bu tearc an samhail an Alba ;  
 'S fhad 's a dh' fhan iad 's an fhearann-s',  
 Cha b' fheàrr dhiubh barail na dhearbh iad ;  
 'S dlùth a ghléidh iad na bòidean  
 Fhad bu bheò gus 'm bu mharbh iad,  
 Le gaol seasmhach a' phòsaidh ;  
 'S ann ceart còmhlath a dh' fhalbh iad.

Ged bu bhòidheach r' a fhaicinn  
 Dealbh nam pearsa 's an rùm ud,  
 Dhearcadh inntinnean gnìomhach  
 Air dealbh bu sgiamhaich' r' a chunntadh ;  
 Sgiath nan ainglean a' clapadh,  
 'S iad 'g an glacadh d' an ionnsuidh ;  
 Sùil gach anam gu deurach  
 Ris na speuraibh 'g an ionndrainn.

Ged tha 'n naidheachd ud brònach,  
 Cha 'n 'eil e neònach mar dh' éirich ;  
 Oir 's e 'm Britheamh a chruthaich iad  
 Thug gu cumhachdach éibh orr'.  
 Ged a gheallteadh dhaibh saoghal  
 'S gach aon staid aoibhneach fo 'n ghréin so,  
 Aon uair cha b' urr' iad an gleidheil,  
 O 'n dh' éibh am Flaitheas dha féin orr'.

Gu 'n robh 'n ciad Mhorair Uilleam  
 'N a dhuine cionalta meagrach ;  
 Morair Uilleam a dhà dhiubh,  
 Ghleidh e 'chàirdean is 'oighreachd ;  
 Ach 's e Uilleam an tritheamh  
 A dhul á tìom a dh' aon bhoillsgeadh  
 Rinn gach briseadh nis ùrachadh  
 Do na dùthchaibh a chaill e.

Sud an teaghlach bha òrdail,  
 'Gheobhteadh mòr gun bhì uaibhreach ;  
 Sud an teaghlach bha ceòlmhor,  
 'Gheobht' ag òl gun bhì buaireant' ;  
 Sud an teaghlach d' am b' àbhaist  
 A bhì 'n a thàbhairn aig uaislibh ;  
 A' sìor leasach' an fhearainn,  
 Gun bhonn gearain aig tuath orr'.

Sud an teaghlach d' am beanadh  
 Cliù a' b' ainneamh r' a innseadh,  
 Chumadh 'n uaisle gu stàtail  
 'S a bhiodh blàth ris na h-ìslibh ;  
 'S nach do thog leis an eucoir  
 Bonn le h-éiginn air aon diubh ;  
 Bha gach còir aca cinneachadh,  
 Mach o dhiombuanachd dhaoine.

Bha mi 'coimeas nan àrmunn  
 Ri deagh àmhainn bha feumail,  
 An déigh a teine a bhàthadh,  
 'S gun bhì làthair ach éibhleag ;  
 Ach tha mi fathast an earbsa,  
 Am beagan aimsir an déigh so,  
 Gu 'm bi 'n t-sradag ud, Beati,  
 'N a teine lasarach éibhinn.

'N uair a bha thu 'n ad leanabh,  
 'S tu a dh'uireasbhuidh aimsir,  
 Thòisich fàbhor is fortan  
 Ri cur cosg air luchd t' ainmeinn ;  
 Bha do thaoitearan tapaidh,  
 'S cobhair Freasdail 'g an leanmhuinn ;  
 Chaill do naimhdean am barail ;  
 Ghleidh thu t' fhearann is t' ainmean.

Bidh mi dùnadh an dàin so,  
 Oir tha e àrd air son m' inntinn ;  
 Le aon athchuing do 'n òigh so  
 Dh' fhuireach beò mar aon chuimhne ;  
 Tha mi 'g earbsa ri Freasdal—  
 'S a ri ! gu 'm faic is gu 'n cluinn mi  
 Thu bhi pòsda ri gaisgeach  
 A leanas cleachdan do shinnsir.

## ORAN DHOMHNUL NAN CLUAS,

Cliamhuinn do 'n duin' uasal, Iain Mac Eachainn, aig an robh am bàrd 'n a bhuachaille, agus e 'n a ghille òg. Reic an duine so mart le 'athair-céile, ri coimhearsnach, os iosail; 's 'n uair a dh' fhiosraich Iain Mac Eachainn m' a deighinn, 's e thuir a chliamhuinn, "Dh' fheudtadh gu 'n do reic Rob Donn i;" ach goirid an déigh so, fhuaradh am mart, agus an da chluas air am bearradh dhi. Ged ghuidh Iain Mac Eachainn air Rob Donn gun ghuth a thoirt air a' ghnothuch, cha b' urra e bhi sàmhach, agus e neo-chiontach. Lean an t-ainm "Dòmhnul nan cluas" air an duine, an lorg an òrain so.

Bha mi greis de m' lathachan  
 Air feadh an t-Strath ud shuas ;  
 'S ann a bha mò thàimhteachd  
 Ann am fàrdoch nan daoin' uails' ;  
 B' fhada leibhse bhà mi,  
 Is le càch a thàmh mi uath',  
 'S cha 'n fhacas leus de Mhàiri  
 Le mo ghràin do Dhò'll nan cluas.

'S bochd dhomh fhéin mo nàbaidh.  
 Nach biodh nàdur ann a b' uails' ;  
 Shaoil leam le mo thosdachd ris  
 Gu robh mi 'cosnadh duais ;  
 Ged bha mis' cho fàbhorach  
 'S nach d' thug mi iàds' a suas,  
 B' fheàrr leam a dhà adharc  
 A bhi goirid na 'dhà chluas.

O nach fhaod mi dhearbhadh nis  
 A' cheilg sin bh' air do thì,  
 Ni mi do chuid adharcan  
 Cho goirid ris na laoigh ;  
 Is 'n uair a ni mi cnùcach thu,  
 Bidh dùil agam a chaoidh,  
 Ged robh e féin am fuairad rium,  
 Gu 'm faigh mi duais o 'mhnaoi.

'S ann a phòs an t-amadan,  
 'N a cheannaich' 's e'n a chaoir ;  
 Cha tuit d' a bheartas unnsa uaith  
 Nach caill e punnd d' a ghaol ;  
 Dh' fhàg sud na cluasan leogach aig'  
 'S an adharc sgrogach, caol ;  
 Ghlac Màiri strì na ciotaireachd  
 G' a fhàgail smiotach, maol.

'S math an tarbh chaidh phronnadh oirn,\*  
 'S a chomas thoirt a mhàn ;  
 Leig fear na Crannaich fada  
 An tagradh ud mu làr ;  
 'N uair shiùbhlas lagh is reusont air,  
 Mu 's éirich lagh o 'n chlàr,  
 Cha dlighich' rann de 'n fhearann dhaibh  
 Na tòrradh Nigh'n Uilleim Bhàin.

An t-ainmhìdh coimheach, ceannairceach,  
 'N a chanas measg na tuath',  
 Faodaidh eis' a dhiobhlachadh  
 Na 's muga prìs na luach ;  
 Ach glacaidh duine reusont e  
 A bhàr na spréidh' 's an uair ;  
 Is thugar cis d' a adharc  
 Air cosd ailean a dhà chluas.

'N duine tha 'n a bhrìtheamh  
 Gus gach diubhair 'thoirt a suas,  
 B' eòlach e mu 'n adharcan  
 Mu 'n d' fhairich e 'n ciad bhruan ;  
 Ged tha eis' 'g a cheiltinn  
 'S 'g a gheiltrigeadh le stuaim,  
 Gur iomadh sgeàl bu duillich leis  
 A dh'fhuilig a dhà chluas.

'N uair théid an t-amhran cluasach so  
 A suas air feadh na tìr',  
 Bidh e aig na buachaillean  
 A' cuartachadh 'n cuid nì ;  
 Bidh e 'm beàl nam buanaichean  
 A' gearradh suas gach raoin ;  
 Cha 'n 'eil guth nach bi fuaimneach dha,  
 'S cha chluinn e cluas nach claon.

\* Duine àraidh, céile Nighin Uilleim Bhàin, air faotainn ciùrradh maslach ann an caonnag ri Dòmhnul nan cluas.

## ILLEACHAN, AN TIG THU IDIR,

Oran mu ghille agus nighin òig bha 'dol a phòsadh; an nighean bhi maol gun fhalt, agus i leasg, sgodach.

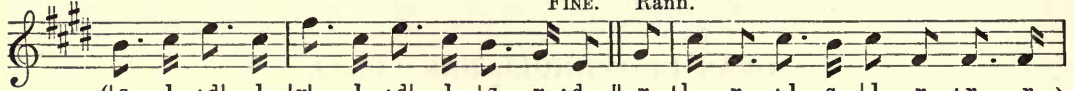
*Gu sunndach.*

From the "Gesto Collection."



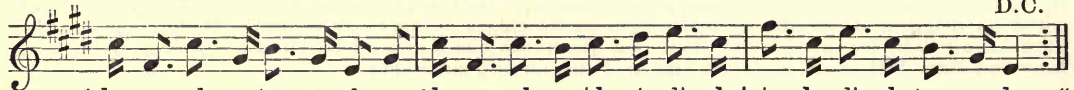
GLEUS E. { r , r . - : r , m | l , r : r . s | r , r . - : r , m | s , m : d , f | r . r : r , m }  
Séisd. { Illeach - an an tig thu id - ir; Illeach - an an tig thu 'choidheche, Illeach - an an }

FINE. Rann.



{ s , l : d' , l | r' , l : d' , l | s , m : d . || m | l , r . - : l , s | l . r : r , r }  
{ tig thu 'm bliadhna No'n tu cliamhainn Rob 'ic Aoidh? | Cha'n fhaca mis' o làithibh m' òige }

D.C.



{ l , r . - : l , m | s , m : d . m | l , r . - : l , s | l , t : d' , l | r' , l : d' , l | s , m d }  
{ Leith 'd de phòsadh 'n Duth' ch'ic Aoidh; An nigh'n a's òig' aig Rob nan goibhnean Pòst' aig oighre Glog na gaoidh' . }

Fhuair i ciùrradh ann a cnàmhaibh  
A dh' fhàg i trì ràidheach' gu tinn;  
Uilleam, 'n uair theid i gu fiaras,  
Cum an t-slias'd ud os a cinn.  
Illeachan, an tig thu, &c.

Gur h-e Naoghas mac Iain 'Ic Hùistein  
'N duine 's lùthmhoir' tha 's an tìr;  
'S éiginn eis' a chur r' a h-earball  
O nach tearbar i gun taod.  
Illeachan, an tig thu, &c.

An saoil sibh péin nach math an stàbull  
Fhuair an làir aig Rob Mac-Aoidh;  
Cia b' e 's am bith a tha 'n a h-eanchainn,  
"Am fear ud" calg tha oirr' de mhuing.  
Illeachan, an tig thu, &c.

## 'S MEAR A NI EÒRI MIRE RI DEORSA,

Oran do ghille muilinn bha aig bantrach àraidh, agus e leasganach, a' falbh air treosdan. Bha e a' suiridh air bean-mhuinntir 'bha aig taghadair a' Mhorair Mhic-Aoidh, d' am b' ainm Eòri.

*Luinneag.*

'S mear a ni Eòri mire ri Deòrsa,  
'S mear a ni Deòrs' ri Eòri;  
'S mear a ni Eòri mire ri Deòrsa,  
'S mear a ni Deòrs' ri Eòri.

'S gasd' air a dheasachadh, m' fheasgar na  
Sàbaid,  
Dul do na bhà-theach mhòr o,  
Le 'chòta math fasanach, Sasunnach, garm air,  
'S bata d' an ainm Am Pònaidh.  
'S mear a ni, &c.

'S toiseach air fortan dì taghadh fir ceàirde  
Choisneas gu bràth na 's leòir dhi;  
Gleidhidh e iomall na mine 's a' ghràin di,  
Ged nach can Màiri "Fóghnaidh."  
'S mear a ni, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh tu 'n inghean 'n a suidh' air an  
àiridh,  
B' aobhar gu gàire mòr i;  
Casan an fhleasgaich mar shlachdan ri èanaidh  
A' tastar ri marachan Eòri.  
'S mear a ni, &c.

Tha 'n gille math sgiobalt le acfhuinn ro  
dhearbhata,  
'S cha 'n 'eil e gun ainm aig móran;  
Clachan is claban a' mhuilinn 'n an airm dha  
'Feitheamh air seirbhis còbhrach.  
'S mear a ni, &c.

Na cuiribh an inghean gu bruidheann no fiaras  
Air son i bhi 'g iarraidh sòlais;  
Bheir Mac-Ille-Mhoire dhuibh buille de 'n lorg  
Ma chuireas sibh fearg air Eòri.  
'S mear a ni, &c.



ROGART.



LOCH NAVER, OPPOSITE ACHNESS.





## GUR BUIDHEACH MI DO ISEABAIL,

Oran do phàistean a' bhàird féin, 's do phàistean coimhearsnaich a bh' aige; cùigear ghillean bhi aig a choimhearsnach, agus cùigear nighean aige féin. Bha 'n duin' eile 'n a bhreabadair.

Gu h-èutrom.

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS D. { f : d' | l :- : l | r :- : r | l :- : s | s :- : d' | l :- : l | r :- : r | s :- : m | d :- : }

Séisd. { Hi | ri | choll o | bhi h-ìur - aibh o, | Hi | ri | choll o | bhi h-ìur - aibh o, }

Rann. Gur buidh - each mi | do Is - eab - ail, | Ged dh' fhalbh i'n dé | gun fhios domh uam, }

D.C.

{ f : m | r :- : r | f :- : f | d' :- : d' | l :- : d' | r' :- : r' | r' :- : d' | l :- : s | s :- : }

Hi | ri | choll o | bhi h-ìur - aibh o, | A | Thóm - ais, bi 'cur | t' ùil - as oirn. ||

Thug Barbra Muill - ear mis - neach dhì, | 'S tha dùil a'm féin nach misd' i sud. ||

Dearbh cha b' aobhar-còinidh dhuit  
Ged chaidh thu 'dheanamh còbhrach rith',  
Gu 'n chuir i anns na gobhraibh thu—  
Ciod fhios nach toir i Tòmas duit,  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Tha m' inghnean-sa gun ionmhas ac'  
Ri gnìomh na tuath 'g an ionnsachadh;  
Ma tha do mhic-s' 'g an sanntachadh  
Thoir leat iad fhad 's a chunntar iad.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Gach cupull mar bhios dìongmhalt' diubh,  
Na caithear tìom an dìomhanas;  
'S fearr an cur do shìolachadh  
Na olc 'sam bith a ghnìomhrachadh.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Tha mis' a' faicinn fìor-mhaltach  
Nam fleasgach ud a mhiannaich sibh;  
Cha chuir luchd-cèairde mìothlachd oirbh,  
Oir fighidh iad na shnìomhas sibh.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Gur fortanach mo phàisteachan-s';  
Bidh Seòras leis na spàlan aic';  
Bidh crodh is eich air àiridh aic';  
Bidh biadh math prais is làgan aic'.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Bidh 'n fhuin' aig Beati Sutharlan,  
'S bidh Barb'ra 'deanamh bruthais duinn;  
'S bidh Seumas a' cur subhaich' oirn'  
Ri feala-dhà mar dubhairt iad.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Tha suiridhich 'cur ri briosgantaich,  
Na th' eadar so is Riospuinn diubh;  
'S e 'm fear a thig gu piseach dhiubh  
'M fear a 's breagha siosacot'.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Ge tapaidh 'n suiridheach eileanach,  
Le Peitidh dubh na Canainich,  
Gu 'm faigh i fear 's a' bhaile-sa  
Air bheil fhad 's a leud de bhealbhaid.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Cha 'n iognadh dhi bhi eagalach  
'N uair thig na suiridhich fagus di,  
Seumas gliongach, cnag-shuileach,  
Is Uilleam puinnseach, rag-bheartach.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Cha toir mi stocan fada dhuit;  
'S lughad an àireamh th' agam dhiubh;  
Tha fortan gu bhi fagus duit  
'N uair gheobh thu Seòras Breabadair.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Ged chaillinn féin an t-àl tha 'n sud,  
Dearbh cha bu mhòr an càs liom e;  
Na 'm biodh rian do chàch agam,  
Gu 'n gabhainn fear do Mhàiri dhiubh.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

Is fleasgaich thapaidh, sheanagar iad,  
Is goididh iad am meanbh-chrodh di;  
Na 'n tugainn òrd no teanachair di  
Gu 'n spadadh Màiri 'n eanachainn asd'.  
Hi ri choll o bhi h-ìuraibh o, &c.

## MARBHRANN AIR MAIDSEAR MAC 'ILL-EATHAIN,

A chaidh mharbhadh anns a' Ghearmailt.

*Gu muladach.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS A. { r ., r : d , l<sub>1</sub> , d | m : r | d ., l<sub>1</sub> : d , r , d | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | r ., m : s , m , r }

{ r : d | r ., r : f , s , f | s : r | r ., m : s , m , r | r : d ., r }

{ m ., r : d , l<sub>1</sub> , d | m : r . m | f ., s : r , l<sub>1</sub> , d | m : r . d | d ., l<sub>1</sub> : d , r , d | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> }

{ chail sinn fleasgach 'sa Ghearmailt, Am | Maidsear òg Mac 'Ill - Eathain: Bu | tearc a leithid 'san àrmait. }

Ma ghabhas mis' orm a' dh' aodann  
'Dhul a shìneadh mar chiad fhear,  
'S e aon aideachadh nì nì,  
Gur beag a chì mi de 'm b' fhiach thu ;  
Fhir fhuair comasan inntinn  
Gu gnothuch cinnt' o na ciochaibh,  
Nach fhaic sibh 'leith'd a rithid  
Air ochd thar fhichead de bhliadhnaibh.

Gur h-e 'n t-aobhar mu 'n d' shìn mi  
Ri bhì 'g innseadh do bheusan,  
A chur beagan 's a' Ghàidhlig  
De n' chuir càch anns a' Bheurla,  
Air chor 's gu 'n cluinneadh ar n-àlach,  
Am measg an àraichear treun fhir,  
An cliù acaineach àrd sin  
'Thug Prionns Ferdinand féin ort.

Gu bheil t' athair 's do mhàthair  
Gu ro chràiteach 'g ad ionndrainn ;  
Tha do phiuthair 's do bhràthair,  
'S cha 'n e mhàin ach na prionnsan ;  
C' àit' an cuala sibh sgeòil  
Tha cho neònach r' an cluinntinn  
Ri aobhar cumh' agus àrdain  
Bhì aig càrdean mu 'n aon fear.

Bha na h-uile nì maltach  
Dh'fheudtadh chantuinn mu d' dhéighinn ;  
Bha do mhàthair is t' athair  
An àirde breith 's an foghlum ;

Bha thu 'bhrad Chlann 'Ill-Eathain,  
'S bu chinneadh leathann bha treun iad ;  
Ach thog do chleachdaidhean beatha  
Os cioun an leithid gu léir thu.

'S iomadh neach do nach b' eòl thu,  
Tha ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n ioghnadh,  
Mu aon gun samhul an catha  
Gu do thalcuis a dhioladh ;  
Mar chraoibh a dh'fhàs ann an starradh,  
'S a chaidh 'ghearradh gun chrionadh ;  
Meanglan òg ann an laithibh.  
'S gaisgeach catha an gnìomh thu.

Gu bheil eachdraidh an àrmuinn  
'Dul na 's àirde na m' eòlas ;  
Bha 'n a onoir do dh' Alba,  
Ged a dh' fhalbh e 'n a òige ;  
'N uair a bhithear a' leàghadh  
Sgeàl do bhàis is do bheò-sa,  
Ciod a 's faisge d' a chéile  
Na aobhar gàire is bròine.

'S tus', a bhàis, nach eil dlomhain  
A' deanamh dìobhail 'n ad bhoillsibh ;  
'S gann gur urrainn do nàimhdeas  
Dul na 's àirde na rinn e ;  
Cuiridh bith-bhuantachd irmich  
An saoghal cuirmigeach cailte  
Mu 'n tuit leat ach tearc leithid  
Mhic 'Ill-eathain de shaighdear.

## GED A THUIT MI 'N CAR IOMRAILL,

Oran do fhear a chòrd ri nighin g' a pòsadh. ach air chomhairle Ban-Mhorair Mhic-Aoidh, chùlaich e i, agus bha e 'dol a pòsadh te eile bha 'n a seirbhiseach aig a Bhan-Mhorair, agus ise air iarraidh air a' bhàrd, a bhi cinnteach gun òran 's am bith 'dheanamh mu 'n ghnòthuch.

Ged a thuit mi 'n car iomraill,

'N uair a shaoil leat gu 'n iomrainn mo ràmh ;  
Na gabh barail no giorag  
Gu 'n do lagaich mo sgil no mo làmh ;  
'S mairg a thachair 's an t-saoghal-s',  
Gus an d' fhuair e 'n droch mhir so r' a  
chnàmh,  
Bhi toirt spéis do 'n fhear mhearachd  
'S bhi 'cur beul an fhir-chranaich 'n a thàmh.

Le geur àithn' agus comhairl'

'S ann am cheann-s' chaidh an glomhar mar  
dhealg,

Thaobh na crois' tha r' a h-innseadh

Nach bu choltach ri gaol, ach ri sealg ;

Ma ta, 's truagh liom an dithis

Nach faod uair a bhi cridheil gun chealg,

Ach mu thimchioll bhur sonais—

Ri ! gu 'n cluinn mi mo thoil ; cha 'n e m'  
earbs'.

An t-ainm uasal thug iomadh

De na buannachdan gionach a' sealbh,

Thug air gruagaichean cionalt'

'Dhul le duairceachan firionn air falbh ;

Ach gun luaidh air am pilleadh,

H-uile buaidh a tha sinne an earbs',

Tha e dualach gu 'n gin iad

Mar na buailtean a mhilleas droch tharbh.

'N uair a bheirear an t-isean,

Gu bheil dùil a'm gu 'n clisg iad le greann

Do thaobh dualachas gnàthaicht' :

Ann am buadhaibh bidh nàdur ris gann ;

Leis gach briteamh tha aithnicht'

Tha e dearbht' nach robh 'n seanair-s' ach  
fann,

'S ma tha mac air bith fodha,

Ciod an seòrsa de dh' ogha bhios ann ?

Cha b' e t' fhàbhor no t' eagal

Bheireadh orms' bhi cho fada gun triall,

A' toirt umhailtis àraidh

Do 'n neach a 's mugh a 's àirde 's an  
riaghl' ;

Mur b' e sin, dheanainn ìnneadh

Gur h-e 'choisinn duit nì, 's cha 'n e ciall,

Gu bheil irios' 's an àrdan

'N uair a b' innis leis tàmh ann ad chliabh.

'S i mo bharail ort, àrdain,

Gu bheil caraidheachd ghàbhaidh 'n ad bheus ;

Liuthad caochladh ro choslach

Leis 'n do chrìoch thu ri t' olc 'chur an céill ;

'N uair bhios pearsachan fiùghail,

'S iad 'g ad chartadh á 'm buthailtean féin,

Bidh tu cinnteach á cosnadh

Anns na h-inntinnibh bochda gun chéill.

## RANN COMHAIRLE DO BHUACHAILLE MHC-AOIDH,

Agus spréidh nan nàbaidhnean bhi tighinn tric air an fheur.

Nis a Dhòmhl' 'Ic Hùistein,

Na smùisich rud searbh ;

Feuch a bheil de thùr annad

Ciùineas thòirt á starm ;

Ach gur beag an càs

Ged nach teàrnadh tu o 'n arm,

Ma reiceas tu an càrdeas

Air sgàth nan ochd marg.\*

Am fear a tha 'n a éiginn,

Na déilig ris mar Ghall ;

Oir tha iomadh fàt

Gu do chàrdeas 'chur an call ;

'S gu 'm faodadh fear an dràs,

As am fàisgeadh tu geall,

Bhi fuadach do bhàis

O na ghàradh ud thall.

An diugh tabhair sgeal daibh,

'S am màireach tog geall ;

'S gur mearachd ma tha

Cuid no pàirtidh ort 'n a throm;

Ma 's biadh, no ma 's fiacail

Leis an dean iad do chall,

Leag fiach air a' phrìomh fhear

'S na caomhain iad bonn.

*Good morrow* ort, a Dhòmhl' 'Ic Thormaid,

'S duilich sgeal a dhearbhadh ort,

Rinn mi rann duit bha fìor

'N uair a shin thu ri do phost ;

Gabh do roghainn á dà ghìomhachd,

'S tha gach aon diubh beag an toirt,

Thu bhi dh'uireasbhuidh do dhuais,

No nì na tuath' dhul bàs de 'n ghoirt.

\* An tuarisdal bha dha.

## ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.

*Moderato.*

From "Am Filidh."

GLEUS F. { .s<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : s . m : r . d | l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : s . m : r . d | d : - . }

Fheara òg leis am miannach pòs - adh, Nach 'eil na sgeòil so 'gur fàgall trom? }

{ .s<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : s . m : r . r | d : l<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> , d - | l : s . m : r . d | d : - . }

A' chuid a's dìomhair tha 'cur an lhn diubh, Cha'n'eil aon trian diubh a' ruigheachd fonn. }

{ .m : s . l | s : m . m : m . r | m : m ., m : d' . t | l : s . m : r . m | l : - . }

Tha chuid a's faldhreach - ail air an oighreachd-s' O'm bheil am prize ud a' dol air chall }

{ .l : d' . t | l : s . m : r . r | m : l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : s . m : r . d | d : - . }

Mar choirean làid - ir 'cur moill' air pàirt - idh: Tha barail chàirdean is gràdh gun bhonn. }

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inghin,  
 Gun bharaill iomraill nach dean e tùrn;  
 Bha i uair 's bu chumha buairidh  
 A ghuth d' a cluais is a dhreach d' a sùil.  
 An seann ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsear,  
 Nach d' fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na dùthch',  
 Nach glan a dhearbh i gu'n deach' a mharbhadh,  
 'N uair ni i bargan 's 'n uair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,  
 'S cha chan an fhìrinn nach 'eil e crosd';  
 Na h-uile maighdeann a ni mar rinn i,  
 Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feasd.  
 An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,  
 A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e féin 'g a chosg;  
 'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athar dhòlum  
 'G a deanamh deònach le tòic 's le trosg.

O 'n tha 'n gaol ac' air fàs mar Fhaoilleach,  
 Na bitheadh strì agaibh ri bhi pòsd';  
 A seasmhachd inntinn cha'n 'eil thu cinnteach  
 Ré fad na h-aoin oidhch' gu teachd an lò;  
 An tè a phàirticheas riut a càirdeas,  
 Ged 'eil i 'g ràdh sud le cainnt a beòil,  
 Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleasgaich,  
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dhith rè do bheò.

Ach 's mòr an nàire bhi 'g an sàrach',  
 Oir tha pàirt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stòld',  
 Mach o phàrantan agus chàirdean  
 Bhi milleadh 'ghràidh sin tha fàs gu h-òg;

Mur toir i àicheadh do 'n fhear a 's feàrr leath',  
 Ged robh sud cràiteach dhi fad a beò,  
 Nì h-athair feargach a beatha searbh dhi,  
 'S gur feàrr leis marbh i na 'faicinn pòsd'.

Faodaidh reusont a bhi gu tréigeadh  
 An fhir a 's beusaich' a théid 'n a triall;  
 Ged tha e càirdeach, mur 'eil e pàgach,  
 Ud ! millidh pràcais na th' air a mhian;  
 Tha 'n duine suairce, le barrachd stuamachd  
 A' call a bhuanachd ri tè gun chiall;  
 'S fear aile 'g éirigh, gun stic ach léine,  
 'S e 'cosnadh géill dhith mu 'n stad e trian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,  
 Och ! ciod a' bhuaidh air am bheil a geall?  
 Nach mòr an neònachas fear an dòchais so  
 Gun bhì cnòdach na 's mugha bonn;  
 Fear aile sineadh le mire 's taosnadh,  
 Le comunn faoilteach no aigneadh trom;  
 'S cia math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,  
 Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pàgach, ma tha e sgàthach,  
 Ma tha e nàireach, ma tha e mear;  
 Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greannair,  
 Ma tha e cainnteach, is e gun chran;  
 Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seòlta,  
 Ma tha e còmhnard, ma tha e glan;  
 Ma tha e dìomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,  
 Ud, ud ! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sean !

Ma tha e pàgach, tha e gun nàire ;  
 'S ma tha e sgàthach, cha bheag a' chrois ;  
 Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora ;  
 'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a thros ;  
 Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha 'n  
 fhiach e,  
 "Tha 'm fear ud mìofair, 's e sud a chron ;"  
 'S ma tha e failligeach ann an àiteachadh,  
 Cha bhì bàrr aig', is bidh e bochd.

Có an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail  
 A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e tùrn ;  
 'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh  
 Nach 'eil 'n a dhiteadh dha air a chùl.

An duine meanmnach, 's e toimhseil, ainmeil,  
 Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun diù ;  
 'S nach fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh reusoint,  
 Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille 's cliù.

Tha fear fòs ann, a dh' aindeoin dòchais,  
 A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char,  
 Na 'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh' aithnich riamh  
 uir'd  
 'S gu 'n d' éirich grian anns an àirde 'n ear ;  
 Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,  
 Thoir baile 's buar dha is treabhair gheal,  
 Leig labhairt uair da ri athair gruagaich,  
 'S bheir mi mo chluas dhuit gu 'm faigh e bean.

## PILLEADH A' MHOLAIDH MHASGULLAICH.

Gu bheil cuid de na bàrdaibh  
 Aig am mìosa tha 'cheàird na 'n scalbh ;  
 Cuid nach eirmis air firinn,  
 Agus cuid dhiubh a dh' innseas i searbh ;  
 'Maladh bheartaich tha làthair  
 Is a' cuimhneachadh chàirdean tha maibh ;  
 'S luaithe 'n teanga na 'm maistreadh  
 A' cur faobhar a' mhasguill air falbh.

Mac comh-dhalta a' Chòirneil,  
 Thubhairt Alastair sò-ghradhach riut,  
 Thug e 'n tiodal mar b' eòl da,  
 O nach b' aithne dha 'n còrr a thoirt duit ;  
 Ach 'n uair rinn e do shéideadh,  
 Bha do sheubh r' a dheudaich-s' 'n a phut ;  
 Ciod 's am bìth rud is fhiach thu,  
 Gheobh thu mach gur e 's crìoch dha an glut.

Tha mise féin 'dul air m' uilinn,  
 Ged 'eil na ciadan a' cumail rium taic ;  
 Ged a shéidinn fear t' anoir-s',  
 Tha mi geur ann am barail nach peac' ;  
 Bidh mo cheàird dhuit na 's daoire  
 Na bha 'm bàrd ud, ged 's caomh leis tombac ;  
 Ach dheanainn maladh nach b' fhiach thu,  
 Chionn 's gu 'm maitheadh tu 'm bliadhna  
 dhomh 'm prac.

Bharabra nighean Iain, cia àrd thu,  
 Cha do shaoil leam gu 'n d' fhàs thu cho  
 baoth  
 'S gu 'm biodh bleidireachd mhalaidh  
 Togail t' aigne o 'n talamh le gaoith ;  
 Cha deach' maitheas ort àireamh  
 Mach o t' fheabhas gu bàraigeadh bidh ;—  
 Feudaidh buadhan cho maltach  
 Bhì 's an aon nach 'eil beartach 's nach bì.

Cia math biadhtaidheachd teallaich,  
 'S iomadh gnìomh th' ann ar comas a 's mù ;  
 Is buaidh a 's minic a dh' eirmis  
 Air bhì 'n cuideachdas farmaid is tnuèth' :

Iads' bhios beartach de stàrnaibh,  
 Nì iad falaidheachd àrdanach, ùr ;  
 Gheobh iad cus a bheir rùm dhaibh.  
 'S bidh gach glutair 'n a thrumpa d' an cliù.

'N uair a mhal e do bhràthair,  
 Cha robh diog mu na dh' fhàg e de chlann ;  
 Ach o 's tus' a bha làmh ris,  
 Is do bhuthailtean làn 's a' cheart àm,  
 'G ràdh gu 'n d' ràinig e 'n t-Ard-Rìgh—  
 Dearbh, cha chreidinn an sgeàl ud á 'cheann—  
 Fear nach robh anns an àite,  
 'S nach 'eil cinnteach gu bràth a dhul ann.

'S beag orm féin am fear-dàna  
 Bhiodh 'g am shéideadh 'n uair dh' fhàsadh  
 mo staid,

No sìor-mhaladh mo shinnsir,  
 Ged bhiodh pàirt diubh r' an linn 'cur ri goid ;  
 Ach far 'm bì eutroman eanchainn,  
 Ged robh 'aodann cho seanchair ri creig  
 As an stoc cha tig unnsa  
 Nach bì leantuinn ris punnd de na bhleid

'S iomadh glaic-chlaigeann falamh  
 Th' air a chuibhrigeadh geal anns gach pac  
 Agus treun phearsa fiùghail  
 Tha air éideadh le lùireach nan rac ;  
 Iads' tha bunntumach, ciallach,  
 Ge do thàir iad na ciadan 'n an glaic,  
 Leis gach britheamh tha ionnsuicht',  
 'S mù am mìos air na th' unnta na th' ac'.

'S i mo bhàrail-s' ort, àrdain,  
 Gu bheil cuid ann an gràdh air do bheus  
 'S lionmhor cruth anns an tàir thu  
 A chum uabhar a chàradh 'n an cré ;  
 'N uair bhios pearsachan fiùghail  
 'G ad chartadh o 'm bùthanaibh féin,  
 Bidh tu cinnteach à còmhnuidh  
 Anns na h-inntinnibh gòrach gun chéill.

## ORAN MAR GU'M B'ANN LE DROBHAIR ARAID D' A LEANNAN.

Ged is socrach mo leabaidh,  
 Cha 'n e 'n cadal bh' air m' uigh ;  
 'S tric mo smuaintean a' gluasad  
 Do 'n taobh tuath leis a' ghaoith ;  
 'S mòr a b' annsa bhi mar-riut  
 Ann an gleannan nan laogh  
 Na bhi 'cunntadh nan Tàileach  
 Ann am pàirceachan Chraoibh.

'S mòr mo cheist air an inghin  
 A gheobhteadh cridheil 's a' spòrs,  
 I gun fhiaras gun àrdan,  
 'S i gun bhàith is gun phròis ;  
 Ged a bhithinn air feallachd,  
 Is leth-chiad fear air mo thòir,  
 Gheobhainn dìon ann ad chùl-tigh  
 'N uair bu dlùith' iad teachd oirnn.

Bidh mi nis a' dul dachaidh  
 Dh' fheuch am faic mi bean t-àillt' ;  
 Liomsa b' aoibhinn bhi 'm fagus  
 Do 'n euchdaig leadanaich, bhàin ;  
 B' e mo roghainn-s' gu fiadhach  
 A' chreag riabhach 's an t-Sàil,  
 'S an àm an fheasgair 'g an slaodadh,  
 Le Càrn-a'-phìobair a mhàn.

'S toigh liom càradh na fridhe,  
 Ged tha mi 'n Craoibh air bhòrd lom,  
 Eadar Badaidh nan caorach  
 Agus aonach nan tom ;

Is na h-Ursannan riabhach,  
 'N tùs na bliadh'n am bi 'chlann,  
 'S a bhi fo spicean nan creagan,  
 Bu shaor mo leabaidh dhomh ann.

'S mòr mo cheist air a' ghruagaich  
 A tha 'n taobh shuas de na Bhàrd,  
 Gheobht' gu h-annoch 's a' bhuaile  
 'N uair thigeadh 'm buar as gach àird ;  
 'S mise féin nach tug fuath dhuit,  
 Ge fada uait tha mi 'n dràs'd' ;  
 S tric a chaill mi mo shuain riut,  
 'S bu mòr mo bhuanachd do phàg.

Mhic-ic-Uilleim, o 'n uair sin,  
 Fhuair thu uaigneas gu leòir,  
 'S thu mu thimchioll na gruagaich,  
 'S i 'n a buanaiche feòir ;  
 Ged a gheobht' thu 'n a caidreamh,  
 Cha b' e t' eagal bhiodh oirnn,  
 O na dh' fhàs thu cho suairce,  
 'Snach cluinnteadh bruaillan do bheòil.

Fhleasgaich òig tha dul dachaidh,  
 'S tu nach acain mo chall,  
 Ged a dh' thanainn 's a' bhàile-s'  
 Gu àm tarruig nan crann ;  
 Naoghais òig Mhic 'Ic Alastair,  
 Dean-sa fanadh a nall,  
 'S na cuir éis air ar comunn  
 An déigh gach geallaidh a bh' ann

## ORAN DO MHAIRI NIC-AOIDH, NIGHEAN FEAR BHIOGAIS,

Air dhi Uilleam Bàillidh, Fear na h-Airde-mòire, an Siorramachd Rois, a phòsadh.

Cho fad 's a tha cliù nan reul tuath'  
 Thar gach ronnag tha shuas a' toirt car,  
 Cha lugha tha Màiri Nic-Aoidh  
 'Toirt urraim os ceann Màiri Carr.

Cha 'n ann ged tha 'sùilean mar innleachd  
 Gu smùsachadh inntinn nam fear,  
 Air chor 's gu 'n robh mòran 'g a h-iarraidh  
 O dheas is o 'n iar is o 'n ear.

Ach o 'n a tha feartan 'n a h-aodann  
 Mar tha anns a' ghréin, 's i 'n a teas ;  
 Mu 'n aon fhear a sheallas gu dùr oirr',  
 Bheir ciadan an sùil' air an ais.

Cha mhù tha de neart anns a' *chanon*  
 A chur ghaisgeach le 'anail air falbh,  
 Na 'n cumhachd th' aig Màiri gu 'n tarruig  
 Le 'seallaidhnibh banaile, balbh'.

'S ann tha luchd-oifig is beathach'  
 Is àireamh d' an leithidibh sean  
 A' ruith ann an cùisibh a 's dàcha  
 Bhi fiùghail air Màiri mar bhean.

'S caomh leis a' Chaiptean an oifig.  
 Cha 'n ann air son gnothuich an Rìgh,  
 Ach gus am bi 'onoir na 's àirde,  
 'S gu 'm buinig e Màiri Nic-Aoidh.

Buinidh do 'n Bhàillidh mòr-cheartas  
 A thoirt do gach neach thig 'n a ghaoith ;  
 Ach cluichidh e *tric* air a nàbaidh  
 G' a philleadh o Mhàiri Nic-Aoidh.

Am fear-s' tha cho sona 'n a phòsadh  
 'S gu 'n chothaich e 'n òigh-s' thoirt a mach,  
 'S e beath' na tha ris-sa am farmad :  
 Tha esan gun fharmad ri neach.

An Caipcean a dhearbhadh leis na sheinn e  
Gu robh e gu tinn ri car seal,  
Dh' fhòghnadh dha sealladh d' a h-aodann  
Gu 'leigheas o ghaol Màiri Carr.

Ged chuireadh fortan ciad fàilt' air  
'N a stòras, 'n a chàirdean's 'n a mhios;  
Cha 'n urra mi 'mhaladh na 's cruaidhe  
Na innseadh gu'n bhuannaich e is'.

Ach ged a tha Màiri cho cliùiteach,  
'S e 'n ni a chuir crùn air a sealbh,  
An cothachadh treun rinn Gleann-Iubhair  
'N uair thug e a piuthar air falbh.

Oir tha i cho fiùghail air dànaibh  
'S a bheireadh r' a dheanamh do *Phope*;  
Tha i nis bliadhna 'n a màthair,  
'S e sud a dh' fhàg Màiri 'n a *top*.

## MARBHRANN DO DHOMHNUL MAC-AOIDH,

Fear Chlais-nan-each.

'S ann o bhliadhna na tìom-sa  
Laidh a' ghrian air an sgrì' so,  
An déigh dhuinn triùir a bhi dhìth oirnn;  
'S bu chùis iargain a h-aon diubh  
Chuir sinn ìosal 's an dìle—  
'M fear bu chiallaich', bu mhaoinich', 's bu  
chliùitich'.

'S ann, &amp;c.

Bu neo-bhrosgullach dhòmhsa  
Bhi sìor acain an còmhnuidh  
Bàs nan topachan lòmhair'  
'Bha 'n am propachan còmhdhail;  
Chuir sin toimhsean gach còrach  
Mar ri corp Dhòmhl' ic Dhòmhnuidh do 'n ùir  
oirnn.

Bu neo-bhrosgullach, &amp;c.

An t-uasal iriosal, rianail,  
Faoilteach, furanach, fialaidh;  
An ceannard sonnasaich, clìarach  
Ris nach dealaichteadh leinn miannach,  
Thaobh 's gu 'n d' fhan thu cho ciallach,  
Ged a mhaireadh do bhliadhnan gu sùsdan.  
An t-uasal, &c.

Bha cùrsa fiosrach do thìom-sa  
Fo chliù miosail gun aomadh;  
Do rùn iochdmhor do dhaoineibh,  
'S do dhlùth ghibhteachan mine;  
Do thaobh tuigse na frinn,  
Bidh do shliochd feadh na tìre le cnùsachd.  
Bha cùrsa, &c.

'Chuid bu tarsuinn 'n am beusaibh,  
Na 'm biodh maltachd fo 'n ghréin annt',  
Chuireadh t' fhacal an céill e,  
Na 's lugh' na dh' fhàgadh e reusont;  
Cha bu tìlachd leat bhi 'g éiseachd  
Fear de olcas a bheusan, le cuilbheart.  
Chuid bu tarsuinn, &c.

Cha robh t' eachdraidh ri fhaighneachd;  
Bheannaich Freasdal gu saibhir  
An cuid, am pearsa 's an clainn thu,

'S ann 's a phòsadh a rinn thu;  
'S thug e mach dhuit mac aighre  
Tha 'n a mhaise 's 'n a shailse d' a dhùthaich.  
Cha robh, &c.

'S dùbhlán facail fir-dàna  
A tharruingeas lomhaigh do nàduir;  
Gach cùis shocrach a' fàs dhuit,  
Do mhùirn fhosgailte, phàirteil,  
Aois is toimhsean nach d' fhàilig,  
Gun aon spot thun do bhàis ann do ghiùlan.  
'S dùbhlán, &c.

Bha buaidh thaitneach no dhà ort  
Tha ro thearc anns na h-àitibh-s';  
Bha thu blas' an cùis ghàire,  
Gun phuinc dleasdanais àicheadh;  
An gnìomh, am facal 's an àbhaist,  
Bha do chleachdadh cho cràbhach ri t' ùrnuigh.  
Bha buaidh, &c.

Mu do choinneamh gu cinnteach  
Lìon thu teaghlach do mhuintir,  
Gu cainnt fhollain a chluinntinn  
O mhòr chomasaibh t' inntinn,  
Bhiodh an comain do chuimhne,  
Air son foillseachadh rìoghachd is dhùthchan.  
Mu do choinneamh, &c.

Ann an sealan beag tìoma,  
'N uidhe a 's giorra na mìle,  
Chaill sinn ceathrar de dhaoine;  
Ach so an starradh da rìradh  
'Chuir am falach ar faoilt oirnn  
Mar a' ghealach, is dìle de bhùrn oirr'.  
Ann an sealladh, &c.

Ged a lìonteadh na beàrnas-s',  
Cha bhi ni oirnn ach càradh;  
Bidh e dlomhain dha 'n àireamh  
Nach leig air dìochuimhn na dh' fhàg iad;  
Ged robh an gnìomh-ran na 's tàire,  
'S ann bhios miagh air an àlach a 's iùire.  
Ged a lìonteadh, &c.

## AGUS O SHEANN DUINE,

Oran air bean aig an robh a fear air falbh uaithe car uine mhóir, 's gun fhios e bhi beò ; agus an déigh dhi fear eile phòsadh, sgeul bhi air feadh na tìre gu 'n robh a' cheud fhear a' tighinn dachaidh.

*Gu beothail.*

From "Gunn's Pipe Music."

GLEUS C. 

D.C.

Ged bhiodh fiachan, 's ged bhiodh reasd orm,  
'S ged nach pàidhinn leth nan clachan,\*  
Chionn 's gu 'n cluinninn e thigh'nn dachaidh  
Bheirinn lach do dh' Iain Mac-Leòid.  
Agus ó sheann duine, &c.

Dheanainn òl, 's dheanainn caithris  
'Chionn gu 'm faicinn Iain mar-riut,  
Alastair an cùl an daruis,  
'S e 'n a chanas bochd fo sglèd.  
Agus ó sheann duine, &c.

Gur i Eòri bha gun athadh  
Dhul a chumail tigh le h-athair;  
Fhuair i Alastair gu brath air  
'N uair a chaith i Iain Mac-Leòid.  
Agus ó sheann duine, &c.

Ach a dhearbhadh gu robh teas oirr',  
Cha robh sagart 's cha robh parson  
Nach d' ràinig i air a casan,  
Eadar Craspull 's cùl Tigh-Leòid.  
Agus ó sheann duine, &c.

## ORAN MU CHARAID ARAIDH,

Air do 'n bhoirionnach bhi fo fhìor dhroch cliù, agus i leth-tromach, 'n uair a dh' iarr i pòsadh, b' àill leis a bhana-Mhorair 'thoirt air a' mhinistear am pòsadh a dheanamh gun éibheach-eaglais, gun dàil 's am bith eile. Dhiùlt am ministear (Mr. Murchadh Mac-Dhòmhnuill) so a dheanamh air a h-àilgheas, gus an tugadh am boirionnach suas athair na cloinne, 's gu 'n cronaichteadh i an lathair a' choimhthionail 's an eaglais. An sin chuir a' bhana-Mhorair fios air Siorram na dùthcha (Mr. Foirbeis), gu eagal a chur air a' mhinistear le bagraibh lagha. Chuir am ministear suarach esan mar an ceudna; agus thug e air a' bhoirionnach, mu 'n d' rinn e am pòsadh, seasamh an lathair a' choimhthionail; 'n uair a chronaich e gu geur araoon ise, agus na h-uachdarain a bha 'g a dion. Anns an òran so, tha 'm bàrd a' seasamh gu daingeann air taobh na còrach, agus a' toirt geur-chronachaidh do na h-uachdarain a bha 'dion na h-eucorach.

Gu bheil mulad air m' inntinn,  
Ged nach urrainn mi 'innseadh,  
Mu 'n naidheachd so chluinntear di-dòmhaich.  
Gu bheil mulad, &c.

'S olc leam propachan dùthcha  
Bhi 'n am proctairean ùra,  
Cumail stoc tha do-lùbaidh o stòladh.  
'S olc leam propachan, &c.

Feumaidh 'm parson bhi dlùthadh  
Ris gach freasdal a 's ùire,  
Na 's lugh na stopas an fhiùchd-s' air an t-eòlas.  
Feumaidh 'm parson, &c.

Ach ma stopas an fhiùchd sin  
Air gach freasdal a 's ùire,  
Canaidh 'n reachd-fhear nach fiù e a chòta.  
Ach ma stopas, &c.

\*Am bàrd féin bhi 'n a thaghadair, agus àireamh sònruichte chlachan lme is càise bhi r' an deanamh suas aige fad na bliadhna.



'N uair bhios facalan cùbaidh  
Trom air lochdan na cùirte,  
'M fear nach rachadh g' a ùrnuigh, bhiodh nòt  
aig'.  
'N uair bhios facalan, &c.

'N uair ni buachaillean sabaid,  
Bidh deagh uair aig a' mhadadh  
Gus na h-uain a chur fada o 'n cròtibh.  
'N uair ni buachaillean, &c.

'N uair bhios an lagh is an riaghladh  
'Leum an aghaidh na cliara,  
'S e sin roghainn luchd-fiaraidh na còrach.  
'N uair bhios an lagh, &c.

'N uair bhios neart an lagh' shlobhailt  
'Cumail sheiseanan dlomhain,  
Bidh gach dara neach dlolain 's bhios pòsd' ann.  
'N uair bhios neart, &c.

'N uair bhios goibhlean na teaghlaich  
Gun an cinn bhi r' a chéile,  
Tuitidh mill orra féin a ni breòit iad.  
'N uair bhios goibhlean, &c.

'S e na rifidean fuasgailt'  
Is na dōsachan buarant'  
Ni 'n guth critheanach, fuaimneach, neo-  
cheòlmhor.  
'S e na rifidean, &c.

Mar is faide 'g an sgaoil sibh  
Le bhur n-aignidh neo-aontail,  
Ni sibh aideachadh dileas de 'n neòghloin'.  
Mar is faide, &c.

'Chuid a 's glaine de 'n fhaobhar  
Gheur, chanalach, chaoiniach,  
B' olc an airidh am maoladh 's an òcrach.  
Chuid a 's glaine, &c.

'N uair bhios an amhainn a' fàs ruinn,  
An struth ag at anns na h-àthan,  
Théid an trostanach làidir 'n a ònar.  
'N uair bhios an amhainn, &c.

A luchd ar teagaisg 's ar riaghlaidh,  
Fanaibh ceart ann bhur ciallaibh,  
'S nach 'eil neach ann fo Dhia gu bhur seòladh.  
A luchd ar teagaisg, &c.

## IORRAM,

Do Rùpard Mac-Aoidh, mac an Taoiteir, a dol do h-Iameuca.

Slàn is maireann do 'n Rùpard  
Chaidh air 'aineol gun chùram  
Air bhàrr mara fo shiùil air na clàraibh.  
Slàn is maireann do 'n Rùpard, &c.

'S mòr a' chrois air na dùthchaibh-s'  
Gu bheil tearc duine fùghail  
'Thuiteas feasd ann' air cùis mach o 'n àireach.  
'S mòr a' chrois air na dùthchaibh-s', &c.

Cha bu triall duit mur b' fhìor sud :  
Thaobh do bhlas is do mhiannaibh,  
Cha bu cheàird duit bhi dlomhain 's na  
h-àitibh-s'.  
Cha bu triall duit mur b' fhìor sud, &c.

Cruaidh, duineil, gun dochair,  
Stuama, siothchail, gun sochair,  
Caitheadh cuimir gun bhochdas gun bhàithe.  
Cruaidh, duineil gun dochair, &c.

Smachd is mios gun bhi feargach,  
Cuimse ghlic gun bhi cealgach,  
Uaile phailt air a tearbadh o 'n àrdan.  
Smachd is mios gun bhi feargach, &c.

Réir 's mar chunnaic mi fhín thu,  
No mar b' urra mi innseadh,

Bha e ainneamh fear t' aois is do thàbhachd.  
Réir 's mar chunnaic mi fhín thu, &c.

Soirbheas sona air cuan duit,  
Taghadh cala gun fhuadach  
O na marannan gluasadach, gàireach.  
Soirbheas sona air cuan duit, &c.

Na robh feartan aig fuachd ort,  
Na thog teas thu 'n ad chuartaich,  
Na bu treise luchd t' fhuath na luchd t' fhàbhoir.  
Na robh feartan aig fuachd ort, &c.

Ann do dhùisg, no 'n ad chadal,  
H-uile cùis 'g ad dheagh fhreagairt,  
Dhuitse, Rùpaird Mhic Reabairt 'Ic Theàrlaich  
Ann do dhùisg, no 'n ad chadal, &c.

Na 'm b' e gibhtean mo chinn-sa  
'Chuireadh fonn dhomh air m' inntinn,  
'S iomadh iomradh a dh' innsinn a dh' fhàg mi.  
Na 'm b' e gibhtean mo chinn-sa, &c.

An earbsadh naidheachd a chluinntinn  
Thogas aighear do mhuinntir,  
Iomadh soraidh le mìle ciad fàilt duit.  
An earbsadh naidheachd a chluinntinn, &c.

## SIUBHAL MAR RI SEORAS DUINN,

Oran air taisdeal chaidh am bàrd thairis do Leòdhas, mar-ri Seòras Mac-Aoidh, fear Eilein Shannda, agus stoirm mhór air éirigh, nach d' fhuair iad dhol a stigh do Loch-an-ionbhair, gu fear-iùil thoirt leotha.

*Gu h-eutrom.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS B. { d . l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | d . l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - | s<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d ., r }

{ 'Siubhal mar - ri Seòras duinn Do | Steòrna - bhagh air chuan, | Fad na h-oidhch' a' }

{ m ., r : d . s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d ., d | r : - . m | s ., m : m ., r | r ., d : d ., r }

{ seòladh dhuinn Gu Rudha 'n Stòir ud shuas; Bu bhliadhach, deochach 'bhirlinn ud, 'Si }

{ m ., r : d . l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : - f | m ., r : m ., l<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> . s<sub>1</sub> | m<sub>1</sub> ., m<sub>1</sub> . r<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> ., s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : - }

{ luchdar, dlànach luath; Gu stiùrach, crannach, ròp - an - ach Gu rath - an - ach seòlta fuaight' . }

Air maol gob an Rudha dhuinn,  
An dubharachd na h-oidhch',  
Suas gu Loch-an-Ionbhair sinn,  
'G iomramh gun bhonn soills';  
Shin gaoth an ear ri séideadh oirnn,  
'N uair dh' éirich là o 'n oidhch';  
Air port 's am bith cha lùbteadh i,  
Eadar Pùitig is Loch-Aills.

'S a' mhaduinn 's ann a b' éiginn duinn,  
'N uair dh' éirich gaoth gu searbh,  
Ar cùlaobh thoirt do 'n tir  
'S ar ceart aodann thoirt do 'n fhaing';  
Fo steallaidhnean 's fo thunnsghaidhnean  
Nan tonnan mòra, borb,  
Cnocach, copach, gleannach, sideach,  
Glupach, llobach, gorm.

'N uair chaidh i air a h-adhairt,  
'S a h-aghaidh air a h-iùil,  
Bu chuimseach gleusd' na Leòdaich  
Mu na sgòidean aig na siùil;  
Bu taigheach, cuimhneach, làidir  
Bha Pàdruig air an stiùir,  
'S bha Seòras ruadh na Tairbirt ann,  
Le uiread seirbhis ri triùir.

Bha 'n sgiob ud air a coimeasgadh  
Le fearalas is fiamh;  
Chìteadh fiamh a' ghàir' orr',  
Ged a dh'fhàg iad clach is sliabh;

Le duinealas gun aibeantas,  
Gun saidealtas 'n an gnìomh,  
'S gun fhear air bith de 'n chòignear ud  
Bhi stigh an Leòdhas riamh.

Ach sheall an t-iùil-fhear tràcaireach,  
'S ann oirnn' an sin 'na thìom,  
'N uair nach feudteadh bòsd  
A chur á seòldairean no saoir;  
O dhruim na mara mòr-chleasaich,  
'S i seòladh stigh 'n a caoir,  
'S dhe bàrr nan tonnan stròthanach  
Gu 'n bhuail a stròn ri tìr.

'N uair ràinig sinn an t-àite sin,  
Bha 'chuideachd fàilteach ruinn;  
Fhuair sinn taghadh fàrdoch  
Nach robh àicheadh os a chinn,  
Gu ballach, aolach, sglèatach,  
Réidhleach, lobhtach, gléidhteach, grinn,  
Aig àrmunn fial de dh' Iomhaireach,  
Air nighin Triath Chill-duinn.

Bha Caiptean oirnn 's an àite sin,  
'S ann as a dheanainn bòsd;  
Cha tigeadh gloin' gu clàr ann  
Nach b' i 'shlàint-se rachadh òl;  
Seana mhnathan a' briathrachas  
Nach fhac iad riamh na 's bòidhch'.  
Is cagar mhaighdeann fiarachdainn—  
"O chiall! am bheil e pòsd'?"

'N uair chuir e 'aodach aisig dheth  
'S a dheasaich e e féin,  
Shaoil mi nach bu bhrasgull domh  
A ràdh gu 'm b' ghasd a cheum ;  
B' e cainnt nan daoine' bha eòlach air,  
'S e falbh 'n an còir air streud,  
Tha e sud gun mhnaoi a chobhras e,  
'S a ri ! bu mhòr am beud.

So mo dhùrachd chinnteach dhuit,  
'S i 'n fhìrinn tha mi 'g ràdh :  
Bi cuimhneach air do *phìlot*,  
Is cha chaill thu air gu bràth ;  
Saoghal sona 'n deagh bheath' dhuit,  
'S deagh oighreachan bhì 'd àit,  
Is uiread aile dh' ionndrainn orr'  
'S an àm am faigh iad bàs.

## AONGHAIS, BI TREUN.

Tha mo spiorad fo chuing,  
'S bidh mi fo mhulad a chaoidh,  
Air son nach 'eil mar rium de chothrom  
Na cheannaicheadh Anna mar mhnaoi.  
Tha mo spiorad fo chuing, &c.

Tha mo nì cho tana  
'S nach urrainn mi aran thoirt di ;  
Tha mo ghaol cho deala  
'S nach tàir mi bhì sana d' a dìth ;  
Tha mo dhaoine a' fantainn  
Cho dreamach le corruich 's le strì,  
Cha 'n aithne dhomh duine nach canadh  
Gu 'm b' ainid leis aona dhiubh trì.  
Tha mo spiorad fo chuing, &c.

'S neònach liom t' athair bhì 'gealltuinn  
Gu 'n cumadh e 'chlann air aon spréidh ;  
Oir is fear esan bha 'fulag  
Mu'n d' fhuair e na bhuinnig e féin ;  
Shuidhich e 'anam an geall oirr'  
Ged chailleadh e 'theaghlach gu léir ;  
'S cha chreid mi nach aidich an saoghal  
Gur mise 's mù aobhar na éis'.

O ! cha taigh liom gu bràth  
A' mhuinntir a 's subhaich' 's a 's sàthaich',  
Dh' aindeoin an cothrom 's am buinnig,  
Mur dean iad comh-fhulag ri càch.  
O ! cha taigh liom gu bràth, &c.

Bha mi an teaghlach ministir  
A chronaich na h-uile nì bàth ;  
Dh' iarradh droch smuaintean a bhacadh,  
Gun pheacadh a chleachdadh no ràdh ;  
Ged b' e sud pàirt d' a ghnòthuch  
'Bhì tabhairt na comhairle b' fheàrr,—  
Chaidh 'n stic so na 's fhaide 'n am aigne  
Na 's urra mi aideachadh dhà.

'S iad do cheisteachan teann  
Dh' fhàg mo lethsgéulan fann,

Air son nach 'eil romham a bhacadh  
A' chomhairl' a ghlacadh mo cheann.  
'S iad do cheisteachan teann, &c.

Ged nach biodh bò r' a bhleoghann,  
Caora no gobhair ach gann,  
Ged nach biodh sguab 's an t-sobhull,  
Bidh dùil ri cobhair nam beann ;  
Cha 'n eòl domh seòl a 's taitnich'  
Air beartas 'n uair thachradh e gann,  
Na daoine bhì innealt gu cleachdadh  
Fasan na h-acfuinn a th' ann.

O ! nach téid sinn air ghleus,  
'S c' uime nach cuir sinn an céill  
Nach ann an socair no 'm beartas  
Tha 'n earrann a 's treise d' ar spéis?  
O ! nach téid sinn air ghleus, &c.

Cuir-sa gu gnìomhach, duineil  
Do lion 's do ghunna air seòl ;  
Marbh dhuinn fiadh gu sithionn,  
Iasg, is uibhean is eòin ;  
Falbhamaid dh' ionnsuidh a' pharsoin,  
Is deanamaid seasamh 'n a chòir ;  
Pilleam, is suidheam, is guidheam  
Air uidheam gu faighinn an còrr.

Och ! a Naoghais, bi treun !  
Is cum do ghealladh rium féin ;  
Cho liutha 's tha 'tabhairt ort combairl'  
Bhì 'g amharc mu 'n tobhairt thu leum.  
Och ! a Naoghais, bi treun !

Théid mi gu cliceach, carach  
Mu 'n cuairt a mhealladh an fhéidh ;  
Is théid mi air uairibh eile  
Gu bruachan eilthir an éisg ;  
'S ged robh mo dhilsean a' trod rium,  
An grabadh no 'm magadh cha 'n éisd,  
Ach cùmhnant, is éibheach na h-eaglais,  
Pòsadh gun eagal gun éis.

## BINN SIN UAIREIGINN, SEARBH SIN OG,

Oran do dhuine uasal àraidh, Doctair Morastan, bha car ùine fhada an teaghlach a' Mhorair Mhic-Aoidh, agus e ro mhiaghail aca; ach mu dheireadh thàinig eadar e féin 's an teaghlach gu geur; agus dh' fhalbh e, air bheag rabhadh a thoirt. Tha am bàrd a' togail an òrain air a' ghnath-fhacal, "Is sleamhainn an leac a tha aig dorus an tigh' mhóir."

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS Eb.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} |l : - : m | s : - : d . r | m : - : r | d : - : - | s : - : l | d' : - : r' . d' | t : - : l | s : - : - \end{array} \right\}$   
 Séisd.  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Binn sin uair - eiginn, | Searbh sin òg; | Binn sin uair - eiginn, | Searbh sin òg; } \end{array} \right\}$

FINE.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} |s : - : l | d' : - : m . m | s : m : r | m : - : r : d | f : f : s | l : d' : l | s : r : m | s : - : - \end{array} \right\}$   
 Binn sin uair - eiginn, 'N comunn so dh' fhuairich: Bha earball gle dhuaineil 'S bu ghanach a shròn.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} |s : - : s | l : s : m | s : - : - | d : - : d | d : - : r | m : r : d | m : r : d | d : - : - \end{array} \right\}$   
 Rann. Am a' bhliadhna na Call - uinn-s Bu gheur am faobhar a ghearradh an taod

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} |s : - : s | l : s : l | d' : - : - | d' : - : | d' : - : d' | l : s : l | d' : t : l | s : - : \end{array} \right\}$   
 Bh' ead - ar Dòmhnall 's am Mor - air, 'S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol;

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} |s : s : l | t : l : s | d' : - : - | m : - : | m : - : m | s : m : r | m : r : d | d : - : \end{array} \right\}$   
 Ach cia b'e 'n ni bha 'sna cairt - ean Chaidh e feargach oirmn seachad an dé;

D.C.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} |f : - : s | l : d' : l | s : - : - | m : - : m | r : - : m | s : l : s | s : r : m | s : - : - \end{array} \right\}$   
 'S có a's dàcha bhí coir - each Na'm fear a dh' fhàgas am baile leis féin?

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu  
 'Bhliadhna ghabh Sìne Ghòrdan an t-at,  
 'S cha chuireadh tu t' aodann  
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat;  
 Ach 'n uair shaoil leat do shorchan  
 Bhi cho làidir ri tulchainn a' gheat',  
 Shliob na bonna-chasa reamhar  
 Dhe na loma-leacaibh sleamhainn gun taic!  
 Binn sin uair-eiginn, &c.

Dearbh! cha ghabhainn-sa iognadh  
 As an leac so 'chuir mìltean a muigh,  
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich bhriosgach,  
 Aig am faicteadh 'n dà iosgaid air chrith;

Ach an trostanach treubhach  
 Chuireadh neart a dhà shléide 'n an sìth,  
 Ma thuit eis' aig an darus,  
 Cia mar sheasas fear aile 's am bith?  
 Binn sin uair-eiginn, &c.

'S ann tha ceumannan Freasdail  
 'Toirt nan ciadan de leasanan duinn,  
 'Deanamh iobairt de bheagan  
 Gu 'm biodh càch air an teagasg r' an linn;  
 Ach ma thuiteas fear aithghearr  
 Le bhi sealltuinn ro bhras os a chinn,  
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, aca  
 Co a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn.  
 Binn sin uair-eiginn, &c.

Tha mise féin ann an eagal  
 'G iarraidh fásaich no eag do mo shàil,  
 Is mi 'falbh air na leacaibh  
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasmhach an sàr ;  
 Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart  
 Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile 'bhi slàn,—  
 Oir ged a thàrladh dhcmh clibeadh,  
 Cha 'n 'eil àird' aig mo smigead o 'n làr.  
 Binn sin uair-eiginn, &c.

An duin' òg-s' tha 'n a léigh  
 Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á 'dhéigh,  
 Fhuair e leasan o dhithis  
 Chum gu 'n siùbhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum ;

Ach mu 'n chùis tha d' a leantainn,  
 Cuiream cùl ri bhi cantainn na 's léir ;  
 Ach na 'm biodh brìgh ann mo chomhairl',  
 So an t-àm am bheil Somhairl' 'n a feum.  
 Binn sin uair-eiginn, &c.

Iain Mhic Uilleim 's an t-Strathan,  
 Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhi searbh ;  
 Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sìtheil  
 'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phrìs air an tarbh ;  
 Chaidh luchd-fàbhoir a bhriseadh,  
 Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar Riospunn 's am Parbh ;  
 Am fear a thig le mòr anoir,  
 Gheobh e ciad mìle mallachd 's an fhalbh.  
 Binn sin uair-eiginn, &c.

### ORAN DO ALASTAIR CORMAIG,

Air son òrain a rinn esan do chloinn nàbaidh eile, bha ann an dòigh measail, cinnichte, an cuid 's an eireachdas, agus Alastair Cormaig farmadach ri duine air bith eile a chinnicheadh, agus e féin an déigh a chuid de 'n t-saoghal a chall le stròdhalachd agus mi-chéill. Chuir e féin agus am bàrd a mach air a chéile gu searbh roimh an àm so.

Shanndí, cha 'n 'eil spéis agam  
 Do ghamhlas ris a' Chléireach ud.  
 Ach 's teann liom bhi 'g ad éisdeachd  
 O 'n a thug thu beum air clann.  
 Shanndí, cha 'n 'eil, &c.

Ged ni fear gair' 'n ad fhianuis riut  
 Gu t' àireach ann do dhìomhanas,  
 Canaidh iad gu dìomhair  
 Nach robh facal fìor 'n ad cheann.  
 Ged ni fear, &c.

Eisdidh iad gu tosdail riut  
 Air eagal t' fhearg a bhrosnachadh,  
 Oir tha iad faicinn coslais ort  
 Gu 'n d' fhàs do thoimhsean gann.  
 Eisdidh iad, &c.

Bidh iad ciotach, cealgach, riut,  
 Mar bhios fear glic ri balgaire,  
 'N uair bhios a làmh 'n a charbad  
 Is an cuthach dearg 'n a cheann.  
 Bidh iad ciotach, &c.

Thuit thu le droch thrì rudan,  
 Eudach, òl, is aotramas ;  
 'N uair a dh' fhàs thu baoth leo sud,  
 Cha b' e 'n tiom dhuit dheanamh rann.  
 Thuit thu le, &c.

An rùidhtear dana mhilleas rud,  
 Bidh caoidh, is gainne 's tinneas air ;  
 Bidh farmad agus iomas air,  
 Ma bhios fear cinnicht' ann.  
 An rùidhtear dana, &c.

Cha b' iognadh liom ged b' olc leat  
 Bhi 'toirt airgid o na bochdaibh ud,  
 Tha féin gun latha cosnaidh, is  
 Do stoc air dol 'n a dheann.  
 Cha b' iognadh liom, &c.

Ma leanas tu ri d' éisgealachd,  
 'N ad laidhe sin 's nach éirich thu,  
 Cha 'n fhada nach thu féin am bochd  
 Cho feumail 's a bhios ann.  
 Ma leanas tu, &c.

Ciod a' bhuint' bha agad-sa  
 Ri seisein no ri eaglaisibh ?  
 'S nach robh thu riu ach teadalach.  
 'S nach b' fhada dh' fhan thu ann.  
 Ciod a' bhuint', &c.

Shaoil liom gu 'm bu nàire dhuit  
 An t-aideachadh a mhàbadh,  
 'S gur tu féin a theich gu dàna  
 'N déigh do làmh chur ris a' chrann.  
 Shaoil mi, &c.

Ach ged b' olc na stòpannan  
 'G an tomhas air na bòrdaibh ac',  
 Bha Sanndi riamh ag òl orr'  
 Gus an d' fhàs a phòcaid gann.  
 Ach ged b' olc, &c.

Tha gnàth-fhacal a' Ghail againn,  
 Tha 'buintinn ri do ghloicearachd :  
 " *Once mad, never wise,*"  
 Leig uainn an subseig fann.  
 Tha gnàth-fhacal, &c.

## NIGHEANAG A' CHÒTA BHUIDHE.

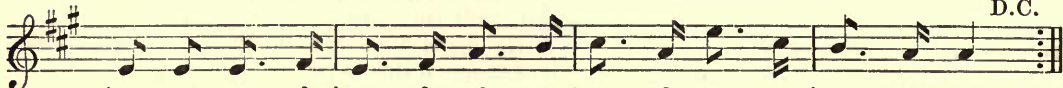
Gu h-eutrom.

From "Celtic Monthly."



GLEUS A. { S<sub>1</sub> . S<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m ., d : f ., m | r ., d : l<sub>1</sub> ., d }  
 Séisd. Nighean - ag a' chòt - a bhuidhe, | Chòt - a bhuidhe, | chòt - a bhuidhe, |  
 Rann. Chl ml thall an sud 'na suidh' A' chail - in leis a' chòt - a bhuidhe;

D.C.



{ S<sub>1</sub> . S<sub>1</sub> : S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> | S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d ., r | m ., d : s ., m | r ., d : d }  
 Nighean - ag a' chòt - a bhuidhe, | Dean do shuidhe | cud - a rium.  
 'S ged a bhiodh an anh - ainn fo ligh - e, | 'S ann mar rith - e bhith - inn thall.

Ged a bhithinn 'n am sgiobair luinge,  
 Cha 'n iarrainn gu àilghios mo chridhe  
 Ach cùl do chinn air bac mo righe  
 'S do chòta buidhe bhi fo m' cheann.  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Na 'm faighinn òrdugh na cléire,  
 'N déigh cur dhìot do chòta féille,  
 'S dìleas laidhinn leat 'n ad léine,  
 'S gu dearbh cha 'n éireamaid ach mall.  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c

Na'm bithinnse a' dul 's a' tighinn,  
 'S a' faicinn seallaidh de mo nighean,  
 'S e bu shùgradh do mo chridhe,  
 'N còta buidhe bhi dhomh teann,  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Trian de m' chadal 's da thrian bidhe,  
 'S e bhi mànan riut 's a' bruidheann,  
 'S ann ort féin 's do chòta buidh'  
 Tha cion mo chridhe air faighinn rùm.  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Mur b' e dhòmhsa eagal t' athar  
 Is do mhàthair bhi 'g ad ghleidheadh,  
 'N déigh cur dhìot do chòta dhaithte,  
 'S ann liom a b' ait thu laidhe liom.  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Ged bu liom-sa Leòdhas is Uithist,  
 Bheirinn seachad iad a rithist  
 Do chionn tè a' chòta bhuidhe  
 Bhi 'n a suidh' an taice rium.  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Nighean donn a' chòta bhuidhe,  
 Da 'n tug mi trom ghràdh mo chridhe,  
 B' e mo thaitneas féin an nighean  
 A bhi tric a' bruidheann rium.  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

Ged bhithinn air bòrd 'n am shuidhe  
 Far am bitheadh ceòl is bruidheann  
 B' annsa na clàrsach is fiodhull  
 'N còta buidhe maille rium,  
 A nigheanag a' chòta bhuidhe, &c.

## AN DUINE SANNTACH AGUS AN SAOGHAL,

A' gearan air a chéile.

'S mi-chomaineach thusa, Shaoghail, 's b' àbhaist  
 duit ;  
 'S olc a leanadh tu ri daoineibh a leanadh riut ;  
 Am fear a cheangail streing gu teann riut leis a'  
 ghlut,  
 'N uair tharruig gach fear a cheann féin di 's eis'  
 a thuit.

Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine, 's b' àbhaist  
 duibh ;  
 'S olc a leanadh sibh ri saoghal a leanadh ribh ;  
 Ged chuir mise sorchan fodhaibh 's air gach  
 taobh,  
 Is sibh péin tha 'gabhail teichidh: soraidh leibh !


O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghail, bhith-  
 inn dha do réir,  
 Oir tha na h-uile ni a 's taigh liom fo na  
 ghréin ;  
 C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dìlinn mi gu péin,  
 'S nach 'eil flaitheanas cho priseil dhomh riut  
 féin.

'S ann bu chòir dhuit bhi 'cur t'èolais ni bu  
 deis'  
 Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas ni bu treis',  
 Ged ni mis' an t-ùmaidh àrach ri car greis,  
 'N uair a thogras e mis' fhàgail, leigeam leis.

## THA SINN FO MHULAD 'S A' COIMHEAD A CHEILE.

Oran mar gu 'm biodh am bàrd agus a bhan-choimhearsnach a' gabhail fadail aig an tigh 'n an aonar. Bha bean a' bhàird 's an àm, 'n a ban-altruim ann an tigh Chòirneal Mhic-Aoidh, an Tunga; agus bha fear-tighe a bhan-choimhearsnach, agus e 'n a cheannaich, air dol gu féill. Bha mar an ceudna aig an àm, duin' uasal urramach, foghlumte, 's an Eilean-Sgitheanach, Dr. Mac-a' Phearsóin, ministear Shléibhte, a' cur fios gu Còirneal Mac-Aoidh, agus gu Mr. Murchadh Mac-Dhòmhnuill, ministear na sgrìreachd, gu 'n cuireadh iad a nall a Shléibhte, 's gu 'n cuireadh iad eòlas air a chéile. Tha 'm bàrd agus a bhan-choimhearsnach, ma 's fiòr, anns an òran, a' dol feadh na dùthcha ri gearan, am bàrd air a mhnaoi, agus a bhan-choimhearsnach mu 'fear. Ach 's ann tha 'n t-òran a' toirt cronachaidh do chuid, agus a' deanamh spòrs ri cuid eile. Dhiult Còirneal Mac-Aoidh bean a' bhàird a leigeil dachaidh, 'n uair dh' fhalbh e féin do 'n Eilean-Sgitheanach; agus 's ann 'n uair bha e a' falbh rinn e an t-òran.

*Gu trom.* From "Knockie's Collection." D.C.



GLEUS E. { s<sub>1</sub> : -l : d | d : m | r : m : d | l<sub>1</sub> : -s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : -t<sub>1</sub> : d | m : s : d<sup>1</sup> | m : - : r | d : - }

Tha sinn fo mhulad 's a' coimhead a chéil - e; Tha mi 'nam chadal, na dùisg - ear mi;

Tha Niall anns an tàbhurn a' tàmh ris na féilltibh; Tha mi 'nam chadal, na dùisg - ear mi;

*f. A.*



{ s<sub>1</sub> : r : m | f : -l : s | m : -f : s | r : m : l | s : m : r | f : l : s | m : -f : s | r : -d : l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : m<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> }

Tha Niall air an fhéill agus Céiti fo anshocair, 'S mise fo euslaint's mo chéil - e 'na banaltruim;

*E. t.*



{ s<sup>d</sup> : t : l | s : -f : m | r : -m : r | d : l<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> : -t<sub>1</sub> : d | m : d<sup>1</sup> : s : f | m : - : r | d : - }

'S ged tha sinn sàmhach, tha 'n càs - sa ro ain - id dhuinn; Tha mi 'nam chadal, na dùisgear mi.

Tha mi 'n am chadal air leabaidh chaol chlàra ;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
Tha 'n làn-s' air tigh'nn grad orm, 's cha 'n fhada nach tràigh e ;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
Théid mise do Thunga, 's bidh 'n ionnsuidh ud aibeant' domh ;  
'S bheir mi garbh thionnsgadh do 'n rùm anns an coidil i ;  
'S milis am bùrn as a' chùp 'n uair a ghoidear e,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
Thug mi 'n sin ionnsuidh do Thunga, a dh' fhiarachd,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
An cumadh e 'n stad-s' orm cho fada ri bliadhna ;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
Tha e 'g am sgiùrsadh do dhùthaich nan Sgitheanach,  
'S a' cuimhneachadh Dhà'idh, 'cur gràin orm mu 'n uighe sin ;  
Is eagal mo bhàis orm gu 'n dean e Uriah dhiom,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Sheumais 'Ic-Culaich, nach duilich leat m' ire,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
Gun bhìadh math bhi làmh rium, 's mi laidhe 'n am aonar ;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
'N saoil thu nach làn mi de nàdur a' mhait-eachais,  
Ma ni mi chaoidh sith ris a' mhnaoi ud thug seachad mi ;  
'S gann domh, ged thill i nach cuimhnich mi 'm balc ud dhi,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
An sin 's e thuirte Seumas—Mo nàire 'g ad éisdeachd ;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
Cha d' rinn i ort briseadh cho tric ri mo chéile-s' ;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.  
Gur minic a thriall i, làn fiarais gun fhathamas, 'S a' dh'inneadh dhuit 'n fhirinn, 's gur saor mi gu maithneas ;  
Dhùraiceadh m' inntinn do 'n mhnaoi sin bhi 'm flaitheanas.  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Chaidh mi air m' adhairt do thigh Iain 'Ic-  
Dhòmhnuill,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

'S dh' fhaighnich e bras rium, am faca mi  
Sèdraid;

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Ged fhan i uait bliadhna, cha 'n fhiach duit bhi  
'g acain sud;

Ma thigh i gu rianail, neo-fhiarasach dhachaidh  
thugh'd

'S gu 'n cum i deagh shìth ris a' mhnaoi sin tha  
'n taice riut,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An sin 's e thuir mise ri Is'beil nigh'n Dà'idh,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Cionnus tha 'm fleasgach-s' 'n a thlachd do  
mhnaoi t' àbhaist,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Innis domh 'n fhirinn, 's bi saor ann ad fhacal,  
'N e do nàdur a chrìon no do chiall a chuir  
bacadh ort?

Na cionnus a tha thu, o 'n dh' fhàg Iain Thap-  
aidh thu?

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An sin 's e thuir Is'beal, tha mise ro shìthte,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Ghabhainn a lethsgèul aig seisean na sgìre,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Ged bha iad ag ràdh ris gur nàir da bhi fanadh  
uam,

Tha agam de dhà shiubhal àl a tha ainid domh.  
Sèdìs is Bàbì, Bhàtair is Anabal,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Bha bean Mhaighstir Mhorchaidh gu folchaidh  
'n a teaghlaich;

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

'S e 'thurus do Mhoraidh 'chuir deireadh is call  
oirr';

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha 'm Morair mar b' àbhaist air 'fhàgail 'n a  
shuidheachan;

'S e rinn droch ainm dha, gu 'n d' earb iad an  
dìthis ris,

Tè dhiubh bhi diombach 's gun tè dhiubh bhi  
buidheach dheth,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Thuir Céiti, 's i tilleadh 's a' filleadh a  
h-odaich,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Théid mi do Mhusal gu m' uile sgeàl innseadh;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Oir tha bean chòir ann do 'n eòl m' aobhar  
chasaidean;

Innsidh mi dhìse 'n tul-fhìrinn mar thachair  
dhomh;

'S cruaidh leath' mo chàs, ged nach fhàir i mo  
leasachadh,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Chaidh i air adhairt gu bean Dhòmhnuill  
Fairbeis;

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Fhreagair i starach, oir b' fhearas di eirmseachd;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha iad 'falbh uainn gu ràitheach, ach tàmhaidh  
iad seachduineach;

Cha 'n ioghnadh 's a' chùis sin ged dhùraic sinn  
dachaidh iad;

'S an latha bhios cùirt ann bidh sùil aig' ri  
achmhasan,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Dh' fhalbh i le sracadh, 's i 'pasgadh a còitein,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Is rinn i a casaid ri bean Dhòmh'Il 'Ic-Sheòrais;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

'Chéiti bi sàmhach, oir 's nàir dhuit bhi  
casaideach,

Ged bhithheadh t' fhear féin air an fhéill uait  
ochd seachduinean,

Na 'm biodh tu stuama, cha luaidheadh tu facal  
dheth,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Thuir Anna nigh'n Uilleim, tha iomas 'n ad  
nàdur;

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

'S tha sin ann an iomadh nach innis do chàch e;  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha mise cho deònach air Dòmhnall thigh'n  
dachaidh

'S nach robh mi a' cunntadh air aon dad a  
thachair domh;

'S bu shubhach mi'n oidhch' sin gu'n d' fhaigh-  
nich e maitheanas,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

An cuala sibh comhairl' a labhair an Taoitear,  
Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Tha fuireach air deireadh 's cur thairis cho  
millteach,

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.

Innsidh mi dòigh dhuibh nach còir dhuibh a  
sheachnadh,

Gun bhi fad as an dùthaich no dùr aig bhur  
dachaidhean,

Cha 'n ainmeil slor chairbheist 's cha seirbhis na  
stracaidhnean.

Tha mi 'n am chadal, &c.



## ORAN DO MHAIGHDINN OIG,

Agus móran fhear 'ga h-iarraidh, 's gun i taobhachadh ri fear idir.

*Gu h-éutrom.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS C. { : m . m | d' . , d' : t . t | l . , s : m . m | d' . , d' : r' . r' | m' . , s' : m' . , r' }  
 Rann. { Gu'm bheil | Seón - aid bbidheach, greannair; Cò nach | dùr - aigeadh bh'n gleann leath'! Faileas }  
 Séisd.  
 { d' . , t : l . t | l . , s : m . m | m . , r : m r m | l || s . f | m . , r : d . r }  
 { fith - ich air a ceann dubh, Braghaid | feann a's gile na 'n gruth. || Dheanainn | sùgradh, sùgradh, }  
 { m . , d' : t . t | l . , s : m r m | l : s . f | m . , r : d . r | m . , d' : t . t | l . , s : m r m | l ||  
 { sùgradh Dheanainn | sùgradh ri do cheann dubh Dheanainn | sùgradh, sùgradh, sùgradh, Mire 's | sùgradh ri do cheann dubh. }

Cha 'n 'eil suiridheach òg no càdaidh  
 Eadar Huilleum is Carn-àgadh,  
 Nach bi 'ruith na h-ighne bàine  
 Air feadh a' Bhàird, 's cha 'n fhuirich i riu.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Faileas dubh am bàrr a gruaige,  
 Is dreach an ubhaill air a gruaidhean,  
 Maladh chaol is i gun ghruaimean,  
 'Gan tarraig suas, gar 'n deòin leath' bhì riu.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Cuiribh faghaid mu na bràighibh;  
 Cuiribh ceathrar air na h-àthaibh;  
 Sgaoilibh faghailt 's a Choir-fhearna;  
 Sparraibh an sàs i anns a' Bhlàr-dhubh.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh péin nach mòr an spòrs e;  
 'S ann tha 'chòmh-stri air na h-òig-fhir;  
 An tarbh donn 's an tarbh stedcach,  
 'S tric iad a' cròic ris an tarbh dubh.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Gu bheil Uilleam mòr cho sanntach  
 'S nach 'eil feum bhì deanamh rann da;  
 'S o 'n a loisg iad oidhche Shamhn' e,  
 'S ubair theann a chumail an cruth.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'N saoil sibh péin nach mòr an sùsdal  
 Bhi 'cur phrineach' anns na gùintibh;  
 A dà làimh bhì anns na sgùrdaibh  
 'S a ceann rùisgte mhàn ris an t-sruth.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

'S mairg a chreideadh briathran beòil uait  
 'N déigh mar bhailich thu mac Sheðrais;  
 'N uair a shaoil leis a bhì pòsd' riut  
 Thog thu do shròn an aghaidh an t-sruth.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

Bha mi uair air bharaill bargain,  
 'S tha mi nis air call na dh' earb mi;  
 Tha mi féin a' gabhail farfhais  
 Gur e dath dearg a's feàrr na dath dubh.  
 Dheanainn sùgradh, &c.

## RANN THEARLAICH RIABHAICH.

Failt' ort féin, a Thèarlaich Riabhaich,  
 Cha 'n fhaca mi ort riamh ach gnùig;  
 Anam anns a' chorp mhi-chiallach  
 Aig am bheil dà thrian de 'n bhrùid;  
 Goile madaidh, làmhan lapach,  
 Tàrr lachdunn 's muineal ciarr,  
 Casan grànda, cama, crupach,  
 Aig Tèarlach smugach nam mial;  
 'Mheud do chàirdeis ris na madaidh  
 Dh' fhanadh anns na creagaidh rè oidhch',

Chuir thu mearachd air an t-sluagh,  
 Ghabh iad romhad fuathas oillt';  
 Ged bha sinne mar bha sinn,  
 'S beag an càs ged bhiodh an fheòil's a' mhin  
 Agus mo dhà chàbag  
 Fad nassàbaid air do mhuin;  
 'S iomadh tè fhuair mac air éiginn  
 Nach d' rinn feum: 's bu neach diubh sin  
 Nighean Mhic-Amhlaidh  
 'N uair rug i 'n t-amhlair dubh.

## CIA B'E DHEANADH MAR RINN MIS',

Oran an ainm dithis de nigheanaibh Iain Mhic Eachainn; té dhiubh air tighinn dachaidh o sgoil, agus gun spéis aice nis, na 'm b' fhuir, do 'n dùthaich; agus an té eile, nach robh o 'n bhaile, a' moladh na dùthcha.

Moderato.

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS B. { S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . m | r ., d : l<sub>1</sub> ., d | S<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> .- : r<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- | S<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d . d }

{ Cla b'e dheanadh mar rinn mis', Bu mhised e e gu bràth: 'Dhul do'n bheinn an }

{ d ., r : m . s | r . d : d ., r | m :- | s ., m : m . d | d . t<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub> , s<sub>1</sub> .- }

{ aghaidh m'inntinn, Mhill e orm mo shlàint'; Fàirt de m' acain bràigheach Mhearcinn: }

{ l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> : d . t<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> :- . d | s<sub>1</sub> . m<sub>1</sub> : r<sub>1</sub> , d<sub>1</sub> .- | d . r : m , s .- | r . d : l<sub>1</sub> . t<sub>1</sub> | d :- ||

{ 'S àit' gun mharcaid à, Ach spàin is copraich, 's bà-theach fosgailt', 'S gràinne shop ri làr. ||

Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Bhreatainn  
'S taitnich' liom na 'n Càrn;  
Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghruagaich,  
'S ni e fuaim 'n uair 's àill;  
Fèar is coille, blàth is duille,  
'S iad fo iomadh neal;  
Is' is *écho*, mar na teudan  
'Seirm gach téis a 's feàrr.

Cha b' àite còmhnuidh liom air Dòmhnach  
A bhi 'n ròig no 'n càrn;  
Oir, mur robh strianach ann air bhliadhna,  
Cha robh riamh na b' fheàrr;  
Fuaim na beinne 's gruaim a' ghlinne,  
'S fuathach leinn a' ghàir;  
O! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,  
An t-àit an tighe 'm feàrr.

Ciod am fàth mu 'n d' thug thu fuath,  
'S ann do na bruachaibh àrd' ?  
Nach fhaic thu féin, 'n uair thig an spréidh,  
Gur feumail iad le 'n àl ?  
Cha chràdh cridhe air làrach shuidhe  
Fuaim na lighe làin  
Do 'n gnàth bhi cladhach roimh a h-aghaidh,  
Is fèar an déigh a' fàs.

Na bha firinneach de t' amhran,  
'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blàth,  
Rinn e teannadh oidhche-Shamhna,  
'S bheir an geamhradh 'shàr;  
Duille shuidhicht' bàrr an fhiodha,  
Dh' fhàs i buidhe-bhàn,  
'S tha *beauty* 'n t-srath' air call a dhath  
Le steall de chathadh-làir.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun an t-samhraidh,  
Sin a chrann e 'n dràs,  
Beith is calltuinn, latha-Bealltuinn,  
Gealltanach air fàs;  
Bidh gruth is crathadh air na strathaibh,  
'S teirgidh 'n caithheadh-làir;  
Nach binn an sealladh glinn an stealladh,  
Laoigh is bainne 's bàrr!

'S barail liomsa gu 'n do chaill sibh  
Air na rinn sibh 'chàis;  
Dhul do shliabh gun chur gun chliathadh,  
'S nach robh biadh a' fàs;  
B' fheàrr bhi follaiseach an Golladh  
Na bhi 'n comunn ghràisg,  
Le deathach connaidh air mo dholladh,  
Làmh ri bolla fàil.

## 'S OLC A DH' FHAG AN UIRIDH MI.

Oran an ainm Chursti Brodi do Chòirneal Mac-aoidh, a rinn am bàrd, an ath bhliadhna an déigh do 'n Chòirneal dol a h-Iamaica, agus e air oidhche an tigh a màthar.

*Luinneag.*—'S olc a dh' fhàg an uiridh mi,  
An uiridh, 'n uiridh, 'n uiridh mi;  
'S olc a dh' fhàg an uiridh mi,  
An uiridh dh' fhalbh an gille uam.

Cheart cho luath 's a dh' imich thu,  
'S an tìr shuas gu 'n d' innis iad;  
'S ged bha do ghaol mar theine dhomh,  
Cha 'n fhaiceadh càch mi 'sileadh leis.  
'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

'S e thug dhòmhs' sud iomrachadh  
Eagal mo chliù a mhilleadh leis;  
'S ged bheirinn éibh a chluinneadh tu  
Gu 'm faiceadh càch nach pilleadh tu.  
'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

Tha mi 'g athchuing ort bhi tigh'n  
Mu 'n dean a' ghrian milleadh ort,  
Mu 'm faigh thu biadh ni tinneas duit,  
'S mu 'm faic thu òigh ni mire riut.  
'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

Nis o 'n chaidh thu as an tìr,  
'S iad do dhaoin' a 's fine liom;  
Gur h-e do ghaol is tinne dhomh,  
'S do chliù o chàch a 's binne liom.  
'S olc a dh' fhag, &c.

### CUMHA NAN INGHEAN AS DEIGH AN LEANNAN,

Agus gillean na dùthcha uile air falbh anns a' cheud Réisimid Chataich, ach aon dithis; fear faoin, leibideach, da 'm bu leas-ainm Ceann-òrdaig; agus fear eile b' fhoghaintiche na sin, de mhuintir Siorrachd Earra-Ghaidheal, a bha 'n a fhear bàta, do 'm b' ainm Niall Mac-Aoidh.

*Luinneag.*—Chi mi thall ud aig na caoirich  
Nighean dubh ghaolach churaisdeach;  
'N saoil sibh péin nach truagh a' chùis  
A dh' fhàg an trìuir cho muladach.

Cha robh a h-aon diu so mu Bhealltuinn  
Gun bhi gealltuinn duine dhi;  
'S e th' ac' uil' mu oidhch' Fhéill-Màrtuinn,  
Niall dubh, màsach, plumaideach.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Thug iad thairis air na cuaintibh  
Aonghas ruadh, 's bu duilich liom;  
Hùistean mac Ruairidh is an Géigean,  
'S bu tapaidh treun na gillean iad.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Cho liutha dhiubh 's a tha gun phòsadh  
Tha iad ro bhrònach, muladach;  
Faodaidh Niall Mac-Aoidh bhi spéiseil,  
Gheobh e féin na h-uile té.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Cursti Sutharlan, tha i gruamach,  
Liom is cruaidh an iorram th' aic';  
Cursti Friseal 's earbsa bheò aic  
O 'n a phòs i 'n uiridh fear.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'N uair a thionalas iad còmhla  
Bithidh na deòir a' sileadh uath';  
'S ged tha 'n dithis ud ro bhrònach  
'S i 's truaighe Fleòri Ghileabairt.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'N uair a thionalas na pàisdean  
Chum na tràigh' mu Nullaig ac',  
Far am b' àbhaist na daoine òga  
Theachd a dh' òl nan tunnachan;  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

'S ann a dh' éireas gart is greann orr'  
Gun cheum danns' ach turraban;  
Mar ghràinnean de chearcan Frangach,  
'S Niall Mac-Aoidh 'n a phulaidh orr'.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Is iomadh gille tapaidh, còir  
A chaidh chur fò na gunnachan;  
'Chuid is foghaintich' 's is bòidhche,  
Théid an tòs ri cunnart diubh.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Tha aithreachas air a' chlainn òga  
Dh' fhàg ri 'm beò gu guileach iad,  
Nach do ghabh iad Iain Mac-Leòid  
Mu 'n d' thug a' phròis a churrac dheth.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

An uair théid Niall uainn thar a' Pharbh,  
A tharruig dharbh le 'chulaidhean,  
'S iomadh athchuing' bhios air falbh,  
"Gu 'n cum an Sealbh á cunnart e."  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Tha leannan aige anns gach bàgh  
Tha eadar Aisir 's Duinibhid;  
'S 'n uair shaoil leo bhi 'n comhairl' gill ris,  
'S ann thug e Cill-ma-Thunnag air.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Cha tig aon duine dhiubh air fòrlach  
'S tha 'chlann òga muladach;  
'S ged a thearnadh còrr fhear beò dhiubh  
'S cruaidh air òighean fuireach riu.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

Faodaidh Niall a' chuid is bòidhche  
Thoir an tòs na culaidh dhiubh,  
'S a' chuid nach fhiach leis thoir gu bòrd  
dhiubh,  
Ni Ceann-òrdaig gurraidh riu.  
Chi mi thall ud, &c.

## ORAN DO BHEAN BAINNSE,

Thugadh am fuadach dà uair o 'n aon fhear, agus fear na bainse bhi fad bliadhna gun sealltainn air a son an déigh dhi falbh an toiseach ; agus an ceann na bliadhna chaidh e 'n cinnseal pòsaidh rithe a rithis : ach thàinig am fear ceudna thug air falbh an toiseach i, agus dh' fhalbh i leis air an dara uair o stòl a' phòsaidh

*Gu h-eutrom.* From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS C. { r , r , r : l | l , s , l : d' | d' . , d' : m | m , d , r : m | r , r , r : l }  
Séisd. { Is eab-al mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, | Char thu mi 's ghabh thu Rob tiugh: | Is eab-al mhìn }

FINE. Rann.

{ l , s , l : r' | d' . , l : t . s | l : s , m . . l | r' . , r' : m' . , r' | d' . l : s . s }  
{ mheall-shuileach dhubh, | Rinn thu'n diugh mo thréig - eadh. || Ma thréig thu mi gu folaiseach 's nach }

D.C.

{ l . , r' : r' . m' | r' . d' : d' . r' | m' . , d' : r' . , r' | d' . t : l . d' | t . , s : l . l | l : s , m . }  
{ dean thu tulleadh comunn rium; An saoil sibh nach robh dolladh oirr' Nuair thug i gealladh'n dé dhomh. }

Is olc a fhuair mi 'bhanais ud,  
'N uair chuir an sluagh a' chainneal as ;  
Chaidh fear a sios do 'n rainich leath',  
Is chuir sud maill' air m' éibheach-s'.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Am faca sibhs' a' Chatanach\*  
A' dul sios a' Chnaparnach ;  
Thubhairt iad gu 'm fac iad i,  
'S ged fhac', nach beireadh éis oirr'.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Cha bheag an t-aobhar fathchainnt i  
A' dul a sios an clach-rathad ;  
Bha 'n diollaid air a leth-taobh  
Is a cas an lùb na sréine.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

'S e rinn an saoi a mhaslachadh  
Am pònaidh donn le 'mhasanaich  
Ghlom a thoirt d' a mharcaiche  
'S a leigeil as an déigh sin.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

O 'n shìn an gille muilinn rith'  
Cha 'n fhàg mi muing no muineal oirr',  
Na de dh' earball cuimir oirr'  
Na chumas maide séisd ri.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Thugaibh dhomhs' mo bhreacanan,  
Mo ruibeanean 's mo dheasachadh,  
Ach gu 'n cuir mi 'n fhasair  
Air an each nach togair leum uam.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

'S ann bha 'chùis ri chaireachadh,  
'N uair a ghabh iad aithreachas,  
'M fear a bha 'n a bharan oirr',  
'S e dh' fhalach aige féin i.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

Cha 'n ioghnadh ged nach seasadh i,  
Bha puinnsean mòr de chasaig air,  
Bha bucaill is gra-maisean air  
Fo bhreacan glas an fhéilidh.  
Iseabal mhìn mheall-shuileach dhubh, &c.

\*Tha 'm bàrd an so a' coimeas bean na bainse ri làir fhiadhaich a bh' aca, 'n uair a thàir i as cho feamanta le Rob tiugh.

## COMHAIRLE DO FHLEASGACH OG,

Gu cuimhneachadh air a leannan aig an tigh, 's e bhi dol do Shasunn le spréidh gu féill.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS C. { .l | s ., l : d' : r' . m' | r' ., d' : r' : l . t | s ., l : d' : r' . m' | r' . t : l : - . }

A Rob 'Te Eachainn, ma théid thu Shasunn, Gu'm faigh thu 'mharcaid fo do cheann;

{ .r' | l . s : m : s . l | s ., m : r : r . r | m , m . s : l : t . r' | l . s : l : - . }

Cuir lámh 'nad phòc - aid is cuimhnich Seò - aid, Is aithnichidh 'còmhдах gu'n robh thu ann;

Cuir lámh 'nad phòc - aid is cuimhnich Seò - aid, Is aithnichidh 'còmhдах gu'n robh thu ann.

Na tugadh géireineachd mu na spréidh ort  
 Gu 'n caill thu 'n t-eud sin a dh' fhàs 'n ad  
 cheann;  
 Le comhairl' dhilsean no taine nìthe,  
 Na tréig do ghaol ged a bhiodh sibh gann.  
 Le comhairl' dhilsean, &c.

Tagh a' ghruagach do réir a buadhan,  
 Mu 'n tagh thu 'm buar, ged a bhiodh e ann;  
 Thig gillean treubhach troimh iomadh éiginn,  
 Mar theine séideadh á éibhlean gann.  
 Thig gillean treubhach, &c.

Ma ni thu 'm pòsadh, mar thriall thu 'n tòs e,  
 Cha chan neach beò riut gu bheil thu meallt';  
 Bheir creideamh còir dhuit tre ghainne stòrais  
 Gu 'n tig an còrr ort mar thig a' chlann.  
 Bheir creideamh còir dhuit, &c.

Ma ni thu caochladh o 'n tè a 's caomh leat,  
 Cha bhi thu sìthte ged fhaigh thu meall;  
 Cuir seòl air bargan, 's bi beò an earbsa  
 Gu 'n tig an Sealbh air a dhara ceann.  
 Cuir seòl air bargan, &c.

## ORAN AIR CUAIRT SHUIRIDHE.

'S ann an Tunga so fhuair mi uaireiginn cùirt  
 Nach cuala luchd-bùird is nach cluinn;  
 Fear de luchd an sgrìobhaidh, 's e 'tighinn ann  
 mo dhàil,

Cha ghaol sud gun phàidheadh d' a chinn;  
 Bhiodh 'n àrd-leabaidh fàsachail, 's càrt os ar  
 cinn;

Bhiodh Hùistean 's an lùb, 's cha b' e chùlaobh  
 bhiodh ruinn.——Fal dal dà, rì re ri rà.

'S ann an Tunga so dh' fhàg mi an stàirneineach  
 caol

D' a 'm b' àbhaist bhi anns gach cùirt;  
 Le Seumas cha dàn' tighinn do 'n àite bheil mi,  
 'S nach tàir mi bhi saor dhiubh 'n an triùir.

Sanndi dùr 's an Granndach cùin,  
 'S b' e m' eudail an cléireach 'n uair dh' éirich  
 e liom.

Fal dal dà, rì re ri rà.

'S suarach an duais domh na fhuair mi de d'  
 ghràdh,

Air son tuailleis bha càch a' cur sgaolt';  
 Ged tha thu 'g a mo bhìadhadh le fìor-fhacal  
 fuar,

Cha d' iarr mi 's cha d' fhuair mi do ghaol;

Ged a ghluais mi gu saor leat a nuas as an tìr,  
 Gheobhainn suairceas nan daoine mu 'n cuairt  
 Lios-nan-craobh.

Fal dal dà, rì re ri rà.

Air ghaol beagan saors' thug e sgrìob leis na  
 mairt

Gus an d' ràinig e mach gu Craoibh,  
 'N uair thàireas na saighdearan greim air 's a'  
 phreas,

Cha tàir e thigh'nn as uath do sgrìob;  
 Bidh Mairiread a' rànaill 'n déigh Mhorchaidh  
 àluinn,

Gun ghreim deth a thàrsuinn, 's cha 'n fharmad  
 le càch i.

Fal dal dà, rì re ri rà.

'N uair chluinneas mi 'n tap-dubh a' seinn trom,  
 'Commanndadh shaighdeirean 's an fheachd,  
 'S e ni ceòl do 'n drumma ann mo chluas,

Bhi 'g earbs' ann am brudard gu 'm faic;  
 Air maduinn an ath-là, 'n uair chluinneas mi 'n  
 trabhàilli,

Dùisgidh mi do dh' aona-chuid le trom-chion  
 mo ghràidhse.

Fal dal dà, rì re ri rà.

## MOLADH AGUS DI-MOLADH CHURSTI NIC-LEOID,

Rob Donn 'g a moladh, agus Alastair Cormaig 'g a di-moladh.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS F. { l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : l<sub>1</sub>, s<sub>1</sub>, l<sub>1</sub> | r : r | m ., m : f, m, r | d : s<sub>1</sub> | l<sub>1</sub> ., l<sub>1</sub> : d, t<sub>1</sub>, l<sub>1</sub> }

{ s : m | m ., m : s, m, r | m : d | d ., d : s, m, s | d' : l }

{ s ., m : m, r, d | r : s<sub>1</sub> | l ., l : l, s, l | r : r | m ., m : s, m, r | d : l }

Rinn thu maladh gun choinneas  
 D' a h-aodann choinntinneach mhalluicht' ;  
 'S gu 'm b' e 'fasan bhi 'riastradh  
 'S a sponadh dhias anns an Fharaid ;  
 Mallachd athar is màthar  
 'S gach aon nàbaidh bha mar rith' ;  
 'N teagadh ascaoineach, riasgaidh  
 'M beàl mi-dhiadhaidh na caile.

Cha bu bhreàgan a chanainn  
 'N uair bhithinn 'maladh na gruagaich ;  
 Oir 's e fhirinn is anoir  
 O gach seanair bu dual di :  
 'S ged bhiodh Gallach le prosbaig  
 Gus am preasadh e 'ghruaidhean,  
 'S mis' nach creideadh air 'fhacal  
 Gu 'm fac' e rasadh nan sguab i.

Tha mise 'labhairt na firinn  
 Is 'g a h-innseadh gu còmhnard ;  
 'S ged cheil thusa le masgull,  
 Their Mac-Asgail na 's leoir deth—  
 Gu 'n robh Cursti, 's stròn fhiat' oirr'  
 'Lomadh dhias ann a pòcad  
 Gu teumnach, beumnach, lasgant',  
 Is beag tlachd air a còmhradh.

'S neònach thus' bhi cho daobhaidh,  
 'S tu sior leughadh na còrach,  
 Gu robh Ruta cho saothreach  
 Air an raon a bh' aig Boaz ;  
 Thug e òrdugh do phàirt diu  
 Gu bhi fàgail nan dòrlach ;  
 Sin am barant bh' aig Cursti  
 Gu bhi 'm measg ur cuid eòrna.

Cha 'n fhaigh thu barant 's a' Bhlobull  
 Leis an saoradh tu Cursti ;  
 Oir 's e 's fasan do 'n fhirinn  
 A bhi dìteadh gach trusdair ;  
 Gu bheil gob oirr' mar reusair  
 'Seirm na h-eucoir mar rutair,  
 M' ulaidh, m' aighear is m' eudail,  
 Is mairg céile gheobh musag !

'S mòr m' fharmaid ri céile  
 Gheobh dha féin i mar chuspair ;  
 Pearsa maiseach, 's i foghlumt',  
 An deagh éideadh 's an trusan :  
 Ged nach fulaig i luaidh rith',  
 Tha gaol uaigneach air cus di ;  
 Is na 'm bithinns' 'n am bhantraich,  
 Bhithinn fann mu 's faigheadh tus' i.

Ged a bhithinn-s' 'n am bhantraich,  
 'S mi nach sanntaicheadh peanas,  
 Is nach pòsadh gu m' aimhleas  
 Olc aingeant' gun anoir ;  
 Ma ni 'm bàs rud cho toinnt' ort  
 'S gu 'n téid thu 'n cleamhnas gun sanas,  
 Ma gheobh i aobhar gu aimhreit,  
 Gu 'n cum i cainnt ris an danas.

'S e mo chomhairl' do dhaoibh  
 Gun bhi 'g inns' air a' mhaighdinn  
 Ann an toiseach a pisich,  
 Cliù a 's miosa na thoill i ;  
 Ged a thog iad droch sgeul oirr',  
 Cha bu léir dhaibh 's an oidhch' i,  
 Mach o ròpan Mhic-Asgail,  
 'S gu bheil e 'faicinn nan taibhseach',

Rinn Mac-Asgail an fhrinn  
 Ann an dìteadh na maighdinn ;  
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thusa a ris oirr'  
 An cliù sgaoil't sinn a chaill i ;  
 Bu cho math dhuit a h-aoireadh  
 Ris an t-saothair a rinn thu,  
 'S nach robh leisgeul g' a saoradh  
 Ach bhì 'g innseadh gur taibhs' i.

Cha 'n 'eil Cursti 'n ur comain  
 Chionn bhì tolladh a cliù oirr',  
 Leis na griobhachan Gallach,  
 'Cur a h-alladh feadh dhùthchan ;  
 Le sgeòil bhreugach Mhic-Asgail,  
 A' bhiasd chrasg-shuileach, ghlùn-dubh,  
 Le bhì 'seinn a chuid tuailis,  
 A' deanamh suas ri daoin' ùra.

### ORAN AIR FEAR A BHA 'DOL IMRICH,

Agus am fear a bha 'tighinn 'n a àite a' cur cabhaig air gus an t-àite dheanamh réidh dha féin  
*lad a' freagrach a chéile.*

Dhuine, thoir domh cairtealan  
 'S an tigh a thog mo làmhan,  
 Agus bi rium lachasach,  
 'S gu 'n deasaich mise m' àirnis ;  
 'S na bi rium cho tartarach  
 Le t' fhacalan mar b' àbhaist,  
 No bheir mise 'n t' aiseag orm  
 Gu d' chasaid do Cheann-tàile

Neart cha 'n 'eil 'n ad phearsa dhomh,  
 No 'd chasaidean bu dàine ;  
 Pronnaidh mi do chathraichean,  
 Do shrathraichean 's do phlàtan ;  
 Cuiridh mi do chisteachan  
 A chlisgeadh ort 'n an clàraibh ;  
 'S cleachdaidh mi mo chomas  
 Gus am Polla a chur fàs ort.

Siubhail gu grinn tapaidh  
 Is cuir air t' eachaibh t' àirnis ;  
 Tabhair a' bheinn ghlas ud ort  
 Is suidh air achadh àiridh ;  
 Mu 's tig an ruaig gu h-aithghearr ort  
 O 'n fhear a 's treise pàirtidh ;  
 Is nach bi ball beairt agad  
 Nach cuir e mach gun dàil ort.

A dhuine, na gabh eagal  
 Mar nach biodh agam càirdean ;  
 Ged a dheanainn fathastaich  
 Treis tathachaidh 'n am làraich ;  
 'S gu 'n cuir mi mo chuid bheathaichean  
 Air astar thun a' bhràighe ;  
 'S na h-uile dad a ghobhas i  
 A stobhaigeadh 's a' bhàta.

Chruinnich agus chorruidh iad  
 'N uair chunnaic iad mar thàrladh,  
 Dagachan is gunnathan,  
 Culaidhnean is càbuill ;  
 'N duine sin a' mionnachadh,  
 Mu's buineadh e do 'n fhàrdoich,  
 H-uile fear a dh' fhuiricheadh,  
 Gu 'n lunnadh e gu bàs iad.

Dh' iarr mi féin-gu taitneach ort  
 Dul a mach an ciad uair,  
 'N uair a bha àm ceart agad  
 Gu farsuig is gu rianail ;  
 Nach fhaic thu an laoch ladarn ud,  
 'S e o chionn fad air liathadh,  
 Leis an teann-chaobh bhagraidh air,  
 Is e gun eagal Dia air.

A dhuine, dean air t-athais  
 Agus labhair rium gu fàilteach ;  
 'S cuir an aghaidh fhlaithail ort  
 Ri m' leithid-sa, mar b' àbhaist ;  
 Ged nach 'eil aois lathachan  
 Air caitheamh do dhroch nàduir,  
 Ciod fhios nach fhaicinn fathast thu  
 A' crathadh do chuid àirnis'.

Rianalas bu fhreagarraich'  
 Na 'n tigeamaid gu ràiteach,  
 Mur biodh duine cuda ruinn  
 Cha togamaid an t-sràbhard ;  
 Faodaidh tusa fanadh  
 Anns a' bhaile so air Shàbaid ;  
 Siubhladh Rob mar thogras e  
 Le 'bhogais do Cheann-tàile.

## GUR ANN THALL, THALL, THALL,

Oran air nighin òig bha cho baoth 's gu 'n d' innis i brúadar a chunnaic i air a leannan, e a thighinn le iuchair 'n a laimh a dh' fhosglaigh glas ùr bha aice air ciste.

*Luinneag.*

Gur h-ann thall, thall, thall,  
 Gur h-ann thall gheobh thu i ;  
 Gur h-ann thall, thall, thall,  
 Tha do ghnòthuch troimh 'n fhrith ;  
 Is mur 'eil an iuchair agad,  
 Fiuchar ann a cli,  
 Siubhail rathad tigh a' Ghreumaich,  
 'S gu 'n gleus e dhuit i.

'N uair théid thu do 'n tìr shuas,  
 Bi gu suaice le faoil ;  
 Agus feuch gu 'n gleidh thu 'm brúadar  
 A chualas anns an tìr ;  
 Is mur 'eil an iuchair agad,  
 Fiuchar ann a cli,  
 Siubhail rathad tigh a' Ghreumaich,  
 'S gu 'n gleus e dhuit i.  
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

'S iomadh subseig uasal  
 Fhuair sinn 's an tìr ;  
 'S e 'm fear a thàinig air chuairt  
 Bh' air a bhuaireadh le gaol ;

Gach car a thug a' ghruagach  
 Mu 'n d' fhuair i fear pìob—  
 An iuchair is am brúadar  
 Is gruag Iain Mhaoil.  
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

Tha iuchair ann an Malledaidh,  
 'S gur mall a ruitheas i ;  
 Cha 'n 'eil fear a ni rann  
 Nach faigh crampadh math dhì ;  
 Am fear a thachair làmh rith',  
 Cha 'n fhàir e tigh'nn d' a dìth ;  
 'S còir da 'cur do 'n cheàrdaich  
 'S gu 'n càirear da i.  
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

'S ann a bhios a' mhùirn  
 Air taobh thall a' chaoil,  
 'N uair thig i mach gu sùrdail  
 'Thoirt sùl air a gaol ;  
 A' dupadaich 's a' beiceadaich  
 'S ag eilteachadh le faoil,  
 'G a chlapaigeadh 's 'g a phàgadh  
 Le 'gàirdeanan sgaoil'.  
 Gur h-ann thall, &c.

## ORAN DO FHEAR SGAILCEACH, A BHA CAITHEADH CURRAIC,

'S gun mheas air bith air anns an àite gus an d' fhalbh fir eile na tìre uile do 'n arm ; agus an sin, 's ann a chruinnich nigheanan na dùthcha cuideachadh 'n am measg gu gruag a cheannach dha 'n uair bha na fir thapaigh gann.

Dh' fhàg an cogadh fleasgaich gann duinn,  
 'S tha na banntraichean fo chaoir ;  
 'S cha 'n 'eil inghean aig Rob Friseal  
 Nach toir mios air Iain maol.  
 Gaol curraic, gràdh curraic,  
 Gaol curraic, curraic mhaoil ;  
 Gaol curraic, gràdh curraic,  
 Gaol curraic, curraic mhaoil.

Ged tha 'n naidheachd so ro bhrònach,  
 Ni e spòrs' do phàirt de 'n tìr ;  
 'N tè a dhùilt an uiridh 'n gobhainn  
 'Ruith an lobhair Iain mhaoil.  
 Gaol curraic, &c.

Thog na h-ingheanan *collection*  
 A chur deis' air Iain maol ;  
 'S gur h-e na rinn an t-airgead uile  
 Gruag is currac agus cìr.  
 Gaol curraic, &c.

'S iomadh tè their riut am bliadhna  
 "Dearbh gur math is fhiach thu gaol,"  
 Chanadh an uiridh riut le fuath-chainnt  
 "Sud an spuaic an deachaidh 'n t-aol."  
 Gaol curraic, &c.

Cainnt gach maighdinn, "cha ruig aithis  
 Air do bhathais, fhir mo ghaol ;"  
 Far am b' fheannach, cha bu ghagach,  
 Far 'm bu charrach, cha bu mhaol.  
 Gaol curraic, &c.

Fhuair sinn reithich' thar Port-Phàdruig  
 Agus tarbh no dhà thar tìr ;  
 'S e mo dhùil nach fhaigh sinn tuilleadh  
 Beathach firionn ach fear maol.\*  
 Gaol curraic, &c.

'S e mo bharrail, do thaobh nàduir  
 Gu bheil gnè anns na fir mhaol'  
 Cheart cho meamnach ri fir eile,  
 Chaidh na 'm fanadh iad cho chaol.  
 Gaol curraic, &c.

\*Am Morair Mac-Aoidh air faotainn anns an àm sin dà reithe mhaol a Eirinn, agus dà tharbh mhaol a Sìorrachd Ionar-àire.



## ORAN MAR GU 'M B' ANN LE NIALL MAC-AOIDH,

Air dha bhi air oidhche ro stoirmeil ann an tigh a' bhàird, le 'chuid gillean, agus a bhàta air acair ann an Geòdh-na-gaoithe, 's e 'cuimhneachadh air na calachan am b' fheàrr leis a bhith, far an robh a leananan.

Gu h-èutrom.

From "Munro's Collection." D.C.



GLEUS Eb. { m . m : m . r : d , l , - | m . m : m . f : s , m , - | l . , f : m . f : r , t , - | l , , t , : r . f : m , r . - ||  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba 'Gabhail móran eagail, 'Giorag gu m'bris rìoban Air a' chulaidh fhada.  
Cìod a chuir mi idir Dh' fhuireach fo na creagailbh, 'S nach eil àit' an tìg mi Nach bl' leannan agam!



{ f . l : l . , d' : r' | m . m : m . , f : s , m , - | f . l : l . , t : d' | r . r : r . , f : m , r }  
Thubhairt Niall Mac-Aoidh, 'S m's mh' air dol am mugha Ann an Geòdh-na-Gaoith', Fo na creagailbh dubha;



{ . f | f . l : l . , f : m | d . m : m . , f : s , m . l | l . f : m . , f : r | l , , t , : r . f : m , r . - ||  
'S a' l' luthad maighdeann rìonh - ach a tha fo chumha Air son nach eil mo bhàrl - inn a' tìgh'nn do Smudha.

'S iomadh clòsaid àluinn  
'N robh mi 'tuiteam;  
'N uair bhithinn anns na fàr-leus  
Cha 'n fhaiceadh cus mi;  
'S a' mhachair a stàn  
Bheirinn Poll-a-ghlup orm;  
'S 'n uair bhithinn air an tràigh,  
Bheirinn Poll-a-bhuic orm.  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

'N uair bhithinn an Diùranais  
'N an teis meadhon  
Bhiodh dithis no trìur agam  
Gu mo raghainn;  
'N uair thiginn do 'n Gharbh-thìr,  
Ged b' i bu leatha,  
Bhithinn 'toirt mo thairgse  
Do Ni'-Neill-'ic-Iain.  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

An tè a gheobh mi deònach,  
Gur beag mo cheist oirr';  
An tè mu 'm bì mi eòlach,  
Gu 'm foghainn greis d' i;  
An tè sin tha chòmhnuidh  
Aig Ruith-na-cailce,  
'S fheudar dhomhs' a leanmhuinn  
O 'n tha i 'teicheadh.  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

Thuirte Barbara gu geur  
"Na bi cho muiteil,  
Ged bhithinn ann ad fheum  
Cha 'n innsinn duit e;

Tha beachd agad féin,  
Gur miosail aig cus thu,  
'S gun fhios fo na ghréin  
Cìod an t-àit an tuit thu."  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

'N uair bha mi ann an Saingea,  
O 'n 's e bu toigh leam,  
Dh' inntig ann mo cheann  
'Dhul air mo sholar;  
Dh' fhàg mi na bha chlann ann  
Fo mhòran dorrain  
Air son mi 'dhul oidhche  
Do dh' Ach-a'-chorrain.  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

Tha bantrach anns an dìthreabh,  
Cha tàir mi aithn' oirr',  
'N uair bhios mis' a rìreadh  
'S ann bhios i 'fanoid;  
'M fear a dheanadh cainnt rith',  
Ged tha i banail,  
Dh' fheumadh esan ceann  
Agus briathran gramail.  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

Cha fhreagair mi féin strann  
De d' shuiridh' chumant;  
Iadsan a tha 'n geall ort,  
Tha iad an cunnart;  
Ged a bhiodh tu 'gealltuinn  
Pòsadh mu Nullaig,  
Dh' fhaodadh tu fo Bhealltuinn  
Bhi 'n Cill-ma-Thunnaig.  
Tha mi féin 's mo sgioba, &c.

## ORAN DO BHAN-MHORAIR MHC-AOIDH,

A bha de theaghlach de na Sutharlaich, an Cataobh ; agus am bàrd, agus móran a thuilleadh air, bhi car ùin' fhada gun bhi ro thoilichte leis a' phòsadh a rinn am Morair. Ach thachair gu 'n robh bràthair do 'n Mhorair Mac-Aoidh déigheil air faotainn a stigh do 'n Phàrlamaid air son na Siorramachd, agus móran 'n a aghaidh ag iarraidh gu 'm biodh fear eile stigh : Chaidh a' Bhan-Mhorair do Chataobh, agus le cuideachadh a càirdean, fhuair i bràthair a' Mhorair 'chur a stigh. Goirid an déigh so, bha gille de mhuinntir Chataobh a' ruith as o 'n t-saighdearachd, anns an robh e air gabhail ;—theich e do Bhaile-na-cille, àit Mhorair Mhic-Aoidh, agus thàinig buidheann shaighdear an tòir air ; agus air dhoibh breith air, chuir a' Bhan-Mhorair fios orra, agus thairg i seòmar dhoibh ré na h-oidhche, anns an coimheadh iad am prìosanach ; 'n uair thàinig iad an sin, thug i òrdugh air biadh agus pailteas deoch thoirt dhoibh, agus an sin chuir i plobair d' an ionnsuidh, gus am biodh dannsa aca féin 's aig na seirbhisich ; agus air do na saighdearaibh tuilleadh 's a' chòir de 'n deoch a' gabhail, theich am prìosanach, 's cha 'n fhac iad an ath shealladh dheth. Tha 'm bàrd a' moladh na Ban-Mhorair air son an dá ghlomh so.

Fàilt ort féin a Bhain-tighearn,  
Agus taing dhuit 'chionn do bheus ;  
'S e mis' a bhiodh mi-nàdurach  
Mur cuirinn pàirt deth 'n céill ;  
'S e b' fhasan do na phàirtidh sin  
A thàrladh tu 'n an clé,  
An cliù 's an anoir àrdachadh  
Air chost an càirdean féin.

Am bràthair leis am b' àill a bhi  
Am Pàrlamaid an rìgh,  
Chaidh dhearbhadh le do chàirdeas,  
Nì nach fàilig air a chaoidh ;  
Cia mar air bith a phàidhear dhuit  
Am fàbhor-s' le Mac-Aoidh,  
Bha gnìomh 's an uair sin deanta leat  
Nach b' àbhaist bhi le mnaoi.

Bu shubhach sinne shuas an so  
'N uair chuala sinn an tús  
Gur h-ann a thaobh do chuartaichidh  
A bhuanach iad a' chùis ;  
Le cothachadh nam baran sin  
Chuir anoir air do chliù,  
Na b' fhaide o na bhaile  
Na chuid aile de na chùirt.

Cha 'n ainmich mi na puincean so,  
'S nach cuimhnich mi an còrr ;  
Ach rinn thu o cheann seachduin  
Nì bha taitneach na bu leòir—

Am prìosanach a stopadh  
Dh' easbhuidh leth-trom thoirt do 'n chòir ;  
'S a' phàirtidh bhi gun leisgeul  
Ach a' ghreis a rinn iad òl.

Thàinig fleasgach tapaidh  
Agus Cataich air a thòir ;  
'S mu's cluinnteadh fuaim gu 'n glacteadh e  
Mu gheat a' Mhorair òig—  
'S tearc a bha 's a' bhaile-s'  
Dh' aithneadh 'bhainid seach a bhròg—  
Chaidh 'phàirtidh chur á 'm faireachadh  
'S chaidh Coinneach uath' do fhròig.

Bha mire 'n sin 's bha tàbharn  
Eadar fir is mnàibh is clann ;  
Bha daoine tapaidh, teann, an sin  
A' danns' nach tuigeadh fonn ;  
Chluinnteadh fuaim nan rotaichean  
Aig lobhtachan fo 'm bonn ;  
Gach dara fear a' tuiteam dhiubh,  
'S bha 'n t-subseig aig Rob Donn.

Bha bean ri taobh na starsnaich ann  
Rinn seasamh tapaidh, garbh—  
Cha b' aithne dhomhs' am *pass*  
An deach' e as, ged bhiodh e marbh—  
Ach eadar chasan boirionnaich,  
Gun bhainid is gun arm,  
Glé fhaig do 'n alt an d' rugadh e,  
Sud thugad e air falbh !

## ORAN DO MHNISTEAR OG.

A bha 'n geall air faotainn a stigh do Eaglais' bha aig ministear eile, a chaochail aig àm ro ghoirid roimhe sin.

'S e mo ghràdh-s' am fleasgach  
Nach iarradh each g' a ghiùlan ;  
Bithidh Mac-Aoidh 'n a dhleasdanas,  
Gu leasachadh gach cùis duit ;  
Bithidh gach cléir is parson leat,  
'N an seasamh air gach taobh dhuit ;  
'S ma dh' fhaodas am fear-ceasnachaidh,  
Cha téid Easbuig ann do chùbaidh.

Théid thu suas 's na gleanntaibh  
Rathad beanntaichean an dìtreibh ;  
Fàiltichidh na mnathan riut,  
'S gu 'n téid do cheann a shlobadh ;  
Cha 'n fhàg iad clach gun teannadhadh  
Gus an cuirear crann air glob dhuit ;  
Sin 'n uair bheir a' bhantrach dhuit,  
Am manntal bh' aig Eilidseah.

## 'N UAIR CHRUIINNICH IAD, GU'N D' IMICH IAD.

Oran do 'n té thug Rob Tiugh am fuadach da uair o 'n aon fhear, 's a chaidh a choimeas ann an òran eile ris an làir, ris an abradh iad a' Chatanach, agus tha 'n t-òran so air son na h-uaire fa dheireadh, 's gun fhios bhi aig a h-athair air, gus a n' déigh dhi bhi air falbh.

Gu sinbhlach.

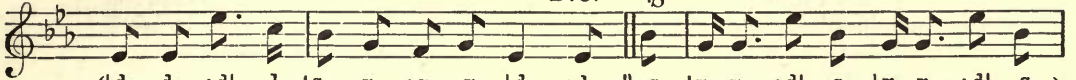
From "Munro's Collection."



GLEUS ED. { .m, r | d ., l, : s, ., l, | d ., l, : s, .d | l, ., s, : l, .d | r : m, r | d ., l, : s ., l, }  
'Nuair chruinnich iad gu'n d'imich iad Gu min - is - tear na Sgireachd; A' mhuinntir dhiubh }  
Gur h-longantach an fomarit Bha air gill - ean is air daoin' ann; 'S a' mhuinntir thàinig }

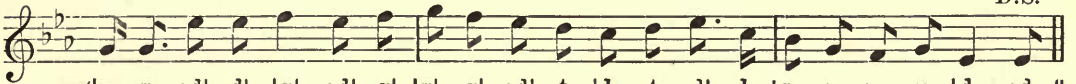
D.C.

§



{ | d . d : d' ., l | s . m : r . m | d : d . . s | m, m. - : d' . s | m, m. - : d' . s }  
bha'm Port a-chamuill, Bha iad tamull faoilteach; || Gu'n d' fhuair sinn naigheachd mar bha raimhe, }  
thar an loch Le biadh is deoch is plob - air; § Gu'n bhreab a h-athair aig an eath - ar, }

D.S.



{ | m, m. - : d' . d' | r' : d' . r' | m' . r' : d' . t | l . t : d' ., l | s . m : r . m | d : d . }  
Gu'n robh Iain saor di, 'S gu'n d' rinn i barrant do'n fhear bharrfhionn Bh'air taobh aile 'chaolais. }  
Cha robh athadh sin - eadh Le gad no bat do bhean no mhac, Do dh'each no mart no chaora. }

Nach fulagach an duine sin,  
'N uair mhionnaich e 'n an aodann,  
H-uile fear a bha 'toirt misnich,  
Gus a bhriseadh thiomail;  
'S nach d' fhuair e ni cho taitneach  
Ris an fhleasgach so chaidh dhith air,  
Gu riarachadh a thoirt d' a bhlas,  
O 'n chaidh e as an Fhaoilinn:  
Ge b' fheithealach air eathar e,  
'N uair chaidh an naidheachd sgaoilte;  
Chaochail dreach air mar gu 'n creacht' e  
'S leag e as a' bhirlinn;  
Cha robh creagan bha mu 'n chladach  
Nach robh freagairt glaoidh dha,  
A' fàirsinn as le spionnadh chas,  
A' pronnadh chlach is fhaochag.

Na 'n cluinneadh sibh mar theireadh  
Iain Mac-Coinnich, 'n uair a sgaoil iad,  
'N uair chunnaic e gu 'n chaill e 'phost,  
Dh' aithris e na bhaile e  
De dh' anart, is de dh' aodach,  
'S a liuthad turus thug e mach  
Air is 's air ais an caolas;  
Thubhairt Iseabal, 's i clisgeadh—  
Ciod a' nis a nì mi!  
Gu'n toir e m' alladh slos do Ghallaobh  
'N déigh mo gheallaidh fhaotainn.  
Thuir Rob Buidhe 'n sin, 's e tighinn—  
Ghaoil mo chridhe, caochail,  
Is greas do chas gu fàirsinn as  
Air t' ais o 'n fhear nach caomh leat.

## ORAN DO IAIN THAPAI DH

'N uair bha e 'n a mhaighstir-sgoile, agus a' seinn nan Salm 's an eaglais. Chaidh Rob Donn a stigh do 'n eaglais, agus an coimhthional ri seinn nan Salm; agus gun dùil bhi ris a' bhàrd 's an eaglais air an là sin, cho luath 's a chunnaic Iain Thapaidh e, cuimhneachadh nan òran searbha rinn am bàrd da, sud a mach á fonn nan Salm e, 's chaidh an t-seinn air mhearachd, 's an coimhthional gu mi-mhodh le gaire.

Cuirear fios gu Iain Thapaidh

Gur còir an teagasg so sgaoileadh,  
Ach an cluinn na tha cosd air  
Nach robh a chleachdadh mar shaoil iad;  
Ged thug 'athair dha pòrsan,  
Cobhair eòlais gu aoireadh,  
Ciod an truaigh' chuir 'n a shuidh' e  
Gu bhi 'n a bhritheamh air daoinibh?

Ciod bhur beachd air a' choigreach

Rinn an leigeadh mi-shlobhalt,  
Is gu robh e gu h-aibeant,  
A' cumail aideachaidh Chriosdaidh;  
Chuir e sglèò air a' bhleid ud  
Le glòir gun chreidimh, gun gheniomh'raibh,  
Nach do sheall e na b' fhaide  
Na 'm poll 'n do chaidil a mhiannan.

Shìn thu 'n toiseach le fàbhor,  
 'S thug iad àireamh de chloinn dhuit ;  
 'S le do chleachdaidhnean àluinn  
 Leig do nàbaidhnean call leat ;  
 Chuir thu cumant Cheann-tàile  
 Le do chràbhadh an geall ort,  
 Gus am fac' iad gu 'n d' f hàs thu  
 Mar na fàidheanaibh feallsa.

Le do Chrìosdalachd charach,  
 Air ghaol arain is airgid,  
 Dh' fhàg do phost feadh na sgìr' thu  
 Gu bhì saor o gach cairbheist ;  
 'S e na dhà sin mhi-mhaiseach  
 Fhuair a mach ann do chealg thu,  
 Mar-ri t' aigne neo-thoirteil  
 'Chuir a' chorc anns na Sailm dhuit.

Bu tu 'n dom am measg céire  
 Do 'n chléir uil' anns an d' fhàs thu ;  
 Is a' chrìon fhiacail ghaibhre  
 Anns na coilltibh a 's àirde ;  
 Bhi dul mearachd 's an t-seinn dhuinn  
 Air gach aon latha-Sàbaid,  
 Gu 'n d' thug sud air luchd t' éisdeachd  
 Gu robh t' éibheachd 'n a gràin daibh.

Na 'm bu chomhairleach Cléir' mi,  
 Cha bhiodh éis de na phàirtidh ;  
 Millidh striobhaid a' chuinneag  
 'N uair is urramaich' làn i ;  
 Tha e dearbhata gur trasg e  
 Nach 'eil a' faicinn a bhàithe ;  
 Sgiùrsar mach air a' Chrasg e  
 Air muin asail Bhalàim.

Innis dhomhs' có bu bhàrd duit,  
 Is do 'n phàirtidh bha 'm Meaircean,  
 No có a bha 'g a do chobhair  
 'N uair chaidh thu 'cheangal nan ceapag ;  
 Bha Iain Thapaidd mar *style* ort,  
 Oir 's tu oighre 'n fhir-cheasnaich' ;  
 Ach mur freagair thu 'n fhiarachd-s'  
 Bidh " Iain mi-Thapaidd " 'm feasd ort.

Cia b' e 'chobhair 's an dàn thu,  
 Thug e stràc dhuit gu d' mhasladh,  
 'Dhul a tharruig ri t' aodann  
 Fear a dh' fhaodadh do chasadh ;  
 'S e thug ort bhì 'n ad Chrìosdaidh  
 Gaol do stèipein a mhealtuinn ;  
 'S fad a ghabh thu o 'n àl sin  
 A fhuair am bàs 's iad 'n am martair'.

Ach na'm fuiligeadh tu spòrs' uainn  
 Cha rachadh 'n t-òran so shéideadh,  
 Mur b' e na thug thu de thàmait  
 Do na thàmh 's do na dh' eug uainn ;  
 'S mò an dùsgadh do t' anntlachd  
 Anns an rann-s' gun ghuth bréige,  
 Na ged thilgteadh do pheileir,  
 Capull salach an fheursaidh.

Ciod a' bhuinte bh' aig Sgriobtur  
 Ri do chiotaireachd chealgaich ;  
 No bhi làimhseachadh fìrinn  
 Gus an aoir a bhì cearbach ;  
 Ged nach d' ràinig do dhùbhlan  
 Air dàn gu d' dhùrachd a dhearbhadh,  
 Rinn thu 'n dùnadh an amhrain  
 Gnìomh an amhlair, mar dh' earbainn.

### GUIDHEAM SORAIDH SIOS DUIT.

Guidheam soraidh sios duit,  
 Mo Nani bheag òg,  
 Bu duilich dhomh sud innseadh,  
 Nach deach' mi air do thòir ;  
 'S olc a dh' fhàg a fiamh mi,  
 'N uair chunnaic mi na siantan  
 Thug dhomh nach robh mi briodal,  
 Ri Ani bhig òig.

Sin 'n uair thuirt a' ghruagach—  
 Cuir uait sin 's bi slàn ;  
 Creid gur h-e do bhuanachd  
 Gu 'n toir thu thairis bàith' ;  
 'S e faighidinn le fuaradh  
 Ni leigheas air do bhuaireadh,  
 'N uair dh' aithnneas tu nach d' fhuair thu  
 Ach fuadaichean gràidh.

Tha gnothuch anns an t-suiridh  
 Nach iomaireadh bhì bàth ;  
 Ciod fhios domh 'm bheil mo ghaol  
 Do na chì mi gach trà ;  
 A thricead 's a bha t' òmhaigh  
 R' a faicinn ann am fhianuis,  
 Rinn calunn de mo mhiannan  
 'S a bhlianaich mo ghràdh.

Nach truagh an coslach céile dhomh  
 Ani bheag, òg,  
 Bhi call mo latha féille  
 Cho fad 's a tha mi òg ;  
 Mo thoil os ceann mo reusoint  
 'G am fharrach ort air éiginn,  
 'S e sin mar thachair m' eud-sa  
 Do Ani bhig, òig.

## ORAN NAN GREUSAICHEAN BEAGA.

*Gu beothail.*

From "Munro's Collection."



GLEUS D. { m : m : l | s : d : d | s : m : m | f : r : r | m : m : l | s : d : d | d' : d' : t | l : - : s }  
 Rann. { Chunna mi crannanach Cuimir ri ceannaireachd 'N Acha-na-h - annaid 'cur feannaig á chéile; }



{ m : m : l | s : d : d | s : m : m | f : r : r | m : r : d | d : r : m | d' : d' : t | l : - : s }  
 { Sheall mi le annas air 'S shin mi ri teannadh ris; Thug mi mo bhaind dhom 'S bheannaich mi féin da. }



Séisd. { m : m : m | d' : t : d' | r' : m : m | s : m : r | m : m : m | d' : t : d' | r' : m : m | l : - : s }  
 { Tha mi ro bhuidheach Air comhairl' nam britheamhnan Dh'òrdulch gach dìthis dhiu Bhi le aon chéile; }



{ m : m : m | d' : t : d' | r' : m : m | s : m : r | m : r : d | d : r : m | d' : d' : t | l : - : s }  
 { Faodaidh slìochd tighinn An déighidh na buidhinn so Fathast a bhitheas 'nan iongant - as féille. }

Chaidh mi air m' adhairt  
 Is shàruich e m' fhaighidinn  
 Feuchainn le a lughad  
 C' àit' am faighinn da céile;  
 Fhuair mi 'n tigh Choinnich i—  
 C' uime gu 'n ceilinn i—  
 'S a h-apanan deiridh  
 Cho ghoirid r' a fhéileadh-s'.  
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tòmas is Dòmhnall,  
 Seòras is Alastair,  
 'S coltach 'n an calluinn  
 A' cheathrar r' a chéile:  
 B' fheàrr leam tè thapaidh  
 Bhiodh seachad air leth-chiad  
 Na a faicinn air leth-trath  
 Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.  
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh sgeàl aile  
 Tha againn gu barantach,  
 Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris  
 A baile Dhun-éideann,  
 Nach 'eil uile cho ait  
 Ann an uibrichibh Freasdail  
 Ri faicinn nam peasan  
 A' maitseadh a chéile.  
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan  
 Nach urra mi leasachadh,  
 Nach fhaigh mi aon fhear dhiubh  
 Ni maitse do Chéiti;  
 Tha truas aig mo chridhe  
 Ri seasgaich' na h-ighinn,  
 Nach faigh sinn aon lighich  
 Chuireas dìthis ri chéil' diubh.  
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad  
 'S thugar mìr fearainn daibh,  
 'S bheir iad an air'  
 Air na gearrain 's a' chéitean:  
 Air eagal am pronnaidh  
 Ri fiodh no ri bolla,  
 Ni 'n tub aig a Mhorair  
 Dhaibh talla le chéile.  
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh  
 De leithid an fhìrionnaich-s';  
 'S air chor as gu 'n cluinnear iad,  
 Seinneam air téis iad:  
 Dòmhnall beag biorach  
 Air pòsadh an uiridh;  
 'S tha dìthis de 'n fhine  
 Aig a' mhinistear féin diubh.  
 Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na greusaichean beaga,  
Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,  
Tha dùil ac' mo thagradh  
Air son magaidhnean beumnach ;  
Bithidh mise fo eagal  
'N uair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,  
O 'n thachair mi eadar  
An sagart 's an cléireach.  
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha dùil a'm gur duilich leis  
Mis' chur an cunnart,  
'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,  
'S gu 'm bu mhuilleach leis féin e ;  
'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministear  
An déis na dh' innis e,  
'S e 'm monci an uiridh,  
Mu mhire nan gréibhear.  
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgeàla r' a aithris  
Mu Bhaile na Cille  
Gu robh iad fo iomas  
An uiridh le chéile ;

Am bliadhna 'n an dithis,  
E féin 's an cù buidhe,  
Gun triall ac' gu uighe  
Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-éibhlean.  
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'S bòidheach am baganach  
Seòras na h-eaglais,  
Chualas na creagan  
Toirt freagairt d' a éibheach ;  
Shamhlaich mi 'm fleasgach ud  
Ris a' gharra-ghartan,  
Cho blogach r' a fhaicinn  
'S cho neartmhor r' a éisdeachd.  
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Cursti fo chachdan  
Mar bhailich mi 'macan,  
Gu 'n abrainn garra-gartan  
Ri fleasgach cho treun ris ;  
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair  
Is amharc a chrodhan,  
'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,  
Thomhais i féin e.  
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

### BEAN-BHLEOGHAINN NAN CAORACH.

Oran leannanachd, eadar gille is nighean òg.

*Luinneag.*—Hillin is oho, bean-bhleoghainn nan  
caorach,  
Hillin is oho, bean-bhleoghainn nan  
caorach,  
Hillin is oho, bean-bhleoghainn nan  
caorach,  
Banachag nan gobhar 's bean-  
bhleoghainn nan caorach.

Tha mise 'n am bhantraich,  
'S neo-shanntach mo cheum ;  
Toradh mo bhargain  
Air falbh gun dad feum ;  
'S cianail mo chòmhradh  
Mu 'n òigean a thréig mi ;  
Tha mi cho brònach,  
'S ged phòsadh e 'n dé mi.  
Hillin is oho, &c.

Tha mi mall-shuarach  
Mu bhuachailleachd chaorach  
O 'n dh' imich an tuathach  
Suas uainn do 'n dìthreabh ;

Shil air mo ghruaidhean  
O 'n chuala mi rìreadh  
Nach robh am fleasgach  
Cho seasmhach 's a shaoil mi.  
Hillin is oho, &c.

Truagh gun bhi beartach  
A' faicinn mar dh' éirich,  
Duin' agus bean  
A chur aithn' air a chéile ;  
'Chrioch dhul air ais  
Anns an t-seachduin 'n a dhéigh sin,  
Tha mis' a' sior stad  
Gus an las an tein'-éiginn.  
Hillin is oho, &c.

Tha mac peathar m' athar  
'G am fheitheal 's 'g am fhògradh,  
'Feuchainn a chomais  
'Cur mail' air mo chòrdadh ;  
Ged chuir e le 'charachd  
Seal mi do 'n Olaind,  
Thig mi gu baile,  
'S bidh Ealasaid pòst' rium.  
Hillin is oho, &c.

## ORAN AIR BAS EICH,

A fhuair am bàrd mar ghibht o Sheoras Mac-Aoidh agus làir a fhuair e o mhaighdinn uasail àraidh.

*Moderato.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS { : d . r | m . d : l<sub>1</sub> : -d | s<sub>1</sub> . l<sub>1</sub> : d : -r | m . d : l<sub>1</sub> : -s<sub>1</sub> | m : r : -m | r . r : r : -m }  
 F. { Cha'n 'eill | mis 'nam àr - aith | do dhaoine 'uails', Ach 's aobhar-thruais gu dearbh mi, Le bean is clann, 'S nach  
 { s . s : l : -d' | s . m : m : -d | l<sub>1</sub> : d : -d | l . s : l : -d' | s . m : s : -f }  
 { 'eil mi saoihb - ir, 'S each gun oighr' air falbh uam; Tha mis' am bliadhn' air seòrs de rian Nach  
 { m . r : d : -l<sub>1</sub> | s<sub>1</sub> : s<sub>1</sub> : -f | m . r : m : -s | l . s : l : -d' | s . m : m : -r | d : d }  
 { robh mi rianh 's nach ear - bainn Mo phears' fophian 's mo chroit fo chliabh, 'San cnap á cliath ri m' earball.

Fhuair mis' o Sheòras gearran bàn,  
 'S o Henni làir mar fhaoghe,  
 Mu's d' fhuair mi ach beag d' an stà,  
 'S iad sud an dà a chaill mi;  
 Bithidh m' athchuing dhìchiollach 's gach tìom,  
 'S gach ùrnuigh nì no rinn mi,  
 A' bhean a 's feàrr a thabhairt dà-s',  
 'S an duin' a 's feàrr do 'n mhaighdinn.

O 'n là a chaill mi an t-each bàn,  
 Gur tric a làn 's a' chliabh orm;  
 E bhì bàith' gun fhios dhomh c' àit'  
 Chuir mise tràth gu liathadh;  
 Do cholla-mhàs làn bhì 'm poll no 'm blàr,  
 Aig sionnaich chàrn 'g am biadhadh;  
 Chaidh a thogail òg 's an sgoil aig Deòrs',  
 'S bu mhath a chòir air cliathadh.

## RAINN ORAIN,

Eadar Rob Donn agus Alastair Cormaig, roimh dhoibh cur a mach air a chéile; Alastair Cormaig a' toirt cronachaidh do 'n bhàrd, chionn nach robh e a' pilleadh òrain a rinn an Géigean. Bha am bàrd 'cur ùine roimh so as an taghadaireachd, ach bha e nis air pilleadh d' a h-ionnsuidh.

A. C.

Ceud furan is fàilt ort féin, a Rob Dhuinn,  
 Gu 'n chaill thu do thàlant am bà-theach Mhic-Aoidh;  
 Mur caochail thu àbhaist, gu 'm fuilig thu tàmailt,  
 Is cluinnidh do chàirdean gu 'n chaill thu do chll.

R. D.

Tha mise do thàmh ann am bà-theach Mhic-Aoidh,  
 'S na gnothuichean aige-s' dh' fhàg m' aigne fo stri;  
 'S e sin bhreireadh dhòmhsa gu 'm fuiliginn do 'n Ghéigean  
 Sineadh leis féin air a mhàbairachd bhaoith.

Ach bheir mi mo mhionnan nach bi mi aig sìth,  
 Ma chluinneas mi tuilleadh o 'n duin' ud a chaoidh;  
 'S 'n uair tha mi cho abuich 'toirt freagairt duit fhìn,  
 Cha mhò orm éis' na 'n gobhlachan gaoith.

A. C.

Tha e gu tinn, 'n a laidh' air a dhruim  
 'S 'g a leigheas le drine, is Ìm is eòin;  
 'S e eanaraich a' chailich air fhalach le h-Ìm  
 'Chuir riplis a dhruim a mach air a shròin.

R. D.

Ged rinn thu a leigheas, cha d' rinn thu a' chòir  
 'N uair dh' innis thu 'n acfhuinn a leighis a leòn;  
 Mur biodh an leigheas a thug Sanndi Cormaig,  
 Bhitheadh e marbh, 's cha chluinnteadh a bhron.

PIOBAIREACHD ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

*Air fonn "Fàilt' a' Phrionns."*

**A**

KEY D. { | r : -r : r | l : - : - | l : -s : m | s : - : - | d : -d : d | m : -m : m | s : - : - | d : - : - } D.C.

{ | r : -r : r | l : - : - | l : -s : m | s : - : - | d : -d : d | m : -s : l | m : - : - | r : - : - ||

**B**

{ | r : -r : r | m : - : d | r : -r : r | m : - : d | r : -r : r | m : - : d | r : -r : r | m : - : d } Repeat *ad lib.*

{ | r : -r : r | r' : - : *t.s.l.t* | d' : - : - | - : - : d | d : -d : d | s : - : *l.s.f* | m : - : - | r : - : - } D.S.

**C**

{ | r | r : r . m | l : l , l | l : s . m | s : s . d | d : d . r | m : m . m | r : r . r | m : m . r } Repeat *ad lib.*

**D**

{ | m . s : l , l | s : d . || m . s : l , s | m : r || r . r : r . r | m . d : d . , d } 1st Time. D.S. 2nd Time.

{ | r . r : r . r | m . d : d . , d | r . r : r . r | m . d : d . , r | m . s : l , l | s : d || } Repeat *ad lib.* D.S.

**E**

{ | r . r : r . r | m . d : d . , d | r . r : r . r | m . d : d . , d | r . r : r . r } Repeat *ad lib.* D.S.

{ | m . d : d . , d | d . d : d . d | s . d : d . , d | m . s : s . , l | m r || } D.S.

URLAR. (A)

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, 's i'n a h-aonar;  
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, 's i'n a h-aonar;

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoigh,  
 Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, 's i'n a h-aonar;  
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh aig a' chrodh laoigh  
 Am bonnabh na fridh, 's i'n a h-aonar.



## SIUBHAL. (B)

Mhuire 's a Righ !  
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,  
 Ma thig thu a chaidh,  
 'S i so do thiom ;  
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh  
 Aig a' chrobb laoigh  
 Am bonnaibh na fridh,  
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.  
 Mhuire 's a Righ ! &c.

Comharradh dhomh  
 Nach 'eil gu math,  
 Air fleasgaich amh  
 Bhi feadh a so,  
 'N uair tha bean-tigh  
 Air Riothan nan Damh  
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,  
 Gun duine mar-rithe.  
 Comharradh dhomh, &c.

## URLAR (A)

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c.

## SIUBHAL (B)

Seall sibh bean-tigh  
 Air Riothan nan Damh  
 A muigh aig a' chrodh,  
 Gun duine mar-rithe ;  
 Seall sibh bean-tigh  
 Air Riothan nan Damh  
 A muigh aig a' chrodh,  
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine 'sam bith  
 Th' air son a' chluich',  
 De chinneadh math,  
 Le meud a chruidh,  
 Deanadh e ruith  
 Do Riothan nan Damh,  
 Gheobh e bean-tigh,  
 'S cuireadh e rithe.

Duine sam bith  
 Th' air son a' chluich',  
 De chinneadh math,  
 Le meud a chruidh,

Deanadh e ruith  
 Do Riothan nan Damh,  
 Gheobh e bean-tigh,  
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

## URLAR (A)

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c.

## SIUBHAL (C)

Nach faic sibh an aibseig  
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,  
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh  
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh  
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar :  
 Nach faic sibh an aibseig, &c.

'S neònach am fasan  
 Do dhaoineibh tha dh' easbhuidh  
 Nan nithean bu taitnich'  
 Dhaibh féin a bhi aca,  
 Bhi 'fulag a faicinn  
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh  
 Ri crodh agus eachaibh  
 Air achadh, 's i 'n a h-aonar.  
 'S neònach am fasan, &c.

## URLAR (A)

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c,

## CRUNLUATH (D)

Seall sibh air a' chionnaidheachd  
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean  
 Am bliadhna, 's i gu muladach,  
 Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.  
 Seall sibh air a chionnaidheachd, &c.

## (E)

Innsidh mis' do dh' iomadh fear  
 'S an rannaidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,  
 Gu bheil i air a cumail  
 As na h-uile àite follaiseach  
 Le ballanaibh is cuinneagaibh  
 An iomallaibh nam mullaichean  
 Am bliadhna, 's i gu muladach,  
 Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.  
 Innsibh mi, &c.

## URLAR (A)

Is'bal Nic-Aoidh, &c.

## THOIR AN T-SORAIDH-S' GU MO CHURSTI.

Oran gaoil, an ainm Chòirneil Mhic-Aoidh, mac Iain Mhic Eachuinn, 'n uair bha e 'n a ghille òg, a' fàgail na dùthcha, do Chursti Brodi, nighean Mhr. Brodi, ministear Eadara-chaolais, agus gealladh pòsaidh bh eadar iad.

Thoir an t-soraidh-s' gu mo Chursti  
Tha air slios a' Bhad-chaoill,  
D' an d' thug mi mo ghealladh,  
'S bha a chomain d' a chinn ;  
Ach ma 's éiginn domh innseadh  
Ni dh' fhàg mi-thoilicht' sinn,  
'S e na dh' aontaich mi mar-riut  
'S na ghabh barail gu 'n till ;  
Tha mo thriall-s' do Iameuca,  
Fada léigeach' o thir,  
Is tha m' inntinn a' tilleadh  
Gu h-iomall a' chaoil ;  
B' e na dhùrachd bhì stiùradh  
'N déigh mo chùrs' thoirt gu crìch,  
Seachad ruinn Rudh' na Faraid  
Troimh na h-eileanan fraoich.

Gabh mo leisgeul, a Chursti,  
'S dean'maid misneach faraon ;  
Tha anoir 'g am éibheachd—  
C' uim' nach éisdinn cia daor ;  
Gun a chosnadh tre chrùthaig,  
Dearbh, cha b' fhiù mi do ghaol ;  
Is ma chailleas mi t' fhàbhor,  
'S mios a tha mi na shaoil ;

Ach ma théid mis', a nighean,  
Air an t-slighe-s' cho chinnt',  
'S e bhì 'n dàn domh bhì cho sealbhach  
Ni cho tarbhach 's gu 'm pill ;  
Seasaidh 'n càirdeas mar bha e,  
No na 's àirde dà fhìllt',  
'S a chaoidh tuilleadh cha 'n fhàg mi  
Thu air làr a' Bhad-chaoill.

'S mò an cachdan liom t' fhaicinn  
Làn reachd agus bròin,  
Na na gheobh mi de phuthair  
Air an t-siubhal-s', 's mi beò ;  
Cha 'n 'eil aon dad air m' inntinn  
Tha 'n a chlaoidh do mo spòrs  
Nach do leag sud air m' àillteachd  
Bhì 'g ad fhàgail 's an Stròin ;  
Ri fàgail mo nighin  
Tha mo chridhe gun sìth,  
'S gu a ceangal na 's cruaidh' rium  
'S ann is truaighe liom i ;  
Ach na 'n creideadh tu m' fhacal  
Gu tiom t' fhaicinn a ris,  
An déigh a chosnadh tre chruadal,  
'S ro mhath 'n duais liom do ghaol.

## THA STIC ANNS A' GHAOL.

Oran do bhantraich, a phòs an ceann ùine ro gheàrr an déigh bàis a mhnatha.

*Luinneag.*

Tha stic anns a' ghaol nach tuig mi air chòir,  
'S tha aignidhean faoin aig gillean tha òg  
Ri faicinn na caoir' aig fir a bha pòsd'.

Tha na suiridhich ro ghann duinn,  
'S am beagan tha ann diubh  
Cha 'n 'eil iad cho sanntach  
Ris na bantraichean òg'.  
Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Tha buaidh orr' nach fhiach iad ;  
Cha 'n eòl domh fear ciallach  
A fhuair iad, a dh' fhiach iad  
'S a dh' iarradh an còrr.  
Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Tha fir ann do thalamh  
O 'n dh' fhàg thu do bhaile,  
Rinn cùmhnant is banais  
An déigh falair is bròin.  
Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Ni mi tàmh anns a' bhaile-s'  
Gus an dean iad dhomh banais,  
'S gu 'm bì mi cho sana  
Ri bean Dhòmh'uill òg.  
Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Gu ma fada t' each leumnach  
A' leagadh nan ceudan,  
Gach aon a dhul eug dhiubh,  
Ach thu féin a bhì beò.  
Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

'S truagh nach mise bhiodh faicinn  
Nam mnathan-s' tha seachlaimh  
Bhì 'cur aon mu seach dhiubh  
Air an each aig mo *Lord*.  
Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

Tha mnathan na talmhainn-s'  
Cho falluin 's cho calma,  
Cha 'n fhaod sinn am marbhadh,  
'S cha 'n fhalbh iad d' an deòin.  
Tha stic anns a' ghaol, &c.

## ORAN MHIC UILLEIM BHAIN.

*Gu h-èutrom.*

From "Munro's Collection."

GLEUS E7.  $\{ d' . l : s . l \mid s . m : r , d . d \mid d' . l , s : l . l \mid s . m : s \mid d' . l : s . l \}$   
 Rann.  $\{ \text{Sinidh mi gu faoilteach, ait, Ge saoitreach e ri chur an dàn, 'S innsidh mi gach} \}$

Séisd.  
 $\{ s . m : r , d . - \mid d , d , d : m \mid s . m : s \mid d , d , d : m . m \mid r . r : m \}$   
 $\{ \text{stri ri maidse Thachair aig Mac Uilleim Bhàin. } \mid \text{Sud e 'na ruith o thigh gu tigh, } \}$

$\{ d , d , d : l \mid s . m : s \mid d , d , d : m . m \mid r . r : m \mid d , d , d : l \mid s . m : s \mid \}$   
 $\{ \text{Sud e 'na ruith, 'Se a thà; } \mid \text{Sud e 'na ruith o thigh gu tigh, } \mid \text{Sud e 'na ruith, 'Se a thà. } \mid \}$

Dh' innseadh gu robh 'aodann duineil,  
 Shin e gu h-urramach, àrd  
 Tairgse thoirt do nighin a' Mhorair',  
 'Chuid 's a chomunn 's a ghràdh.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

'Bhan-Mhorair a b' fheàrr do 'm b' aithne  
 A h-argumaid a chur an gnàth,  
 Dh' fheòraich có as a bha 'n ceigean  
 Nach robh na b' fhaide o 'n làr.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

'S suarach mi mu t' fhuaim 's an ridhil,  
 'S geàrr e air fidioll 's an dàn ;  
 'S coltach am post ris an duine  
 Nach ruigeadh h-urad no stàn.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Chaidh e 'n sin a suas do Mhusal  
 A shealltainn air cupull an àigh,  
 A dh' iarraidh Màiri no Is'beil,  
 No tè de 'n mhiotailt a b' fheàrr.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Chaidh e sin do dh' Acha-gharbhsaid  
 Gu leanaban a thabhairt dà ;  
 'S feargach ghabh aig Barbra Abrach  
 Prabnach thighinn 'n a dàil.  
 'Bheadagain duibh, prab-shùil air chrith,  
 Mach as mo thigh, trà, trà !  
 'Bheadagain duibh, prab-shùil air chrith,  
 Mach as mo thigh, trà, trà !

Mhaiseanaich dhuibh, mhaoil na brathainn,  
 'S dao-chail liom na tha thu 'g ràdh ;  
 'S iognadh liom do stri ri mnathan,  
 'S fheabhas 's a bhleitheas tu bràth.  
 'Bheadagain duibh, &c.

Fhir a dh' fhuineadh 'm bannach leathann,  
 'S fhir a bhleitheadh air a' bhràth,  
 Fear a bhléognadh caor' is gobhar,  
 Ciod am feum th' air cobhair dà'  
 'Bheadagain duibh, &c.

'S feargach leis a' bhalgan phocach  
 Bargan socrach mar fhuair càch,  
 Bean a thoirt air làimh leis dachaidh,  
 'S bhi fàgail an tochraidh air dàil.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

'Thunga thug e 'n urchair sgiobalt  
 Shealltainn air Biogas gun dàil ;  
 Leught' 'n a aodann e bhi abaich  
 Leis an fhreagairt thug e dhà.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Dh' fhaighnich e 'm faigheadh e caileag,  
 'M faigheadh e raghainn á dhà ;  
 'S coma liom tana no tiugh i,  
 'S coma leam dubh i no bàn.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Feumaidh tu fearann gu aran,  
 Feumaidh tu baile no dhà ;  
 Airgiod bhi le toirm 'n ad sporan,  
 'Feitheamh ri ceannachd o chàch.  
 Feumaidh tu tigh, feumaidh tu daimh,  
 Feumaidh tu crodh théid a dhàir ;  
 Feumaidh tu tigh, feumaidh tu daimh,  
 Feumaidh tu crodh théid a dhàir.

'N uair dh'ionnsuich e nach ceannsaicht' Biogas  
 Leis na bh' aige-se air blàr ;  
 Chaidh e 'n sin a suas gun athadh  
 'Shealltainn air Strathaidh gun dàil.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

'N uair chunnaic Strathaidh a dhronnag,  
 'S nach robh a thomult na b' fheàrr,  
 'N aodann chuireadh faoil't 's na bollaibh,  
 B' éiginn a cromadh gu làr.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

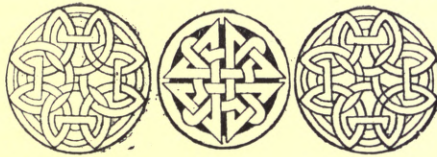
Ràinig e 'n sin Seumas Sgeiridh,  
 Gu dearbh cha d'ò cheil mar bhà ;  
 Labhair e gu magail, sgeigeil,  
 Ged nach robh aige na b' fheàrr.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Tha mo nighean gu stumpach, leathann,  
 'S cha 'n 'eil a h-athair ach gearr ;  
 'S ma 's cliamhainn domh an spìocair odhar,  
 Cha 'n fhaicear m' ogha 's an fheàr.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Ràinig e 'n sin Maighstir Rothach,  
 Caraid is comh-dhalt is dàimh ;  
 Cha 'n fhaigheadh esan uaith a nighean,  
 Cùmhnanta, cridhe, no làimh.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

S duilich liom bhi 'cur ri fachainnt,  
 'S nach dean mi leasachadh 's feàrr ;  
 'N saoil thu 'n ann le nighin Parsoin  
 'S docha peasan na le càch ?  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.

Thug e suas air thar a' bhealaich,  
 'S nach d' fhuair e leannan 's an àit,  
 Shaoil leis gur h-e Taoitear Far,  
 Bu shaoire mu 'chaileig na càch.  
 Sud e 'n a ruith, &c.







KIRKIBOLL CHURCHYARD, TONGUE.



LORD REAY'S PEW IN TONGUE CHURCH.

# ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

## THE SHIELING SONG.

(IS TROM LEAM AN AIRIDH—PAGE 8).

Oh! sad is the shieling,  
And gone are its joys!  
All harsh and unfeeling  
To me now its noise,  
Since Anna—who warbled  
As sweet as the merle—  
Forsook me—my honey-mouth'd,  
Merry-lipped girl!  
Heich! how I sigh;  
While the hour  
Lazily, lonelily,  
Sadly, goes by!

Last week, as I wander'd  
Up past the old trees,  
I mourn'd, while I ponder'd,  
What changes one sees!  
Just then the fair stranger  
Walk'd by with my dear—  
Dreaming, unthinking,  
I had wander'd too near,  
Till, "Heich!" then I cried,—  
When I saw  
The girl, with her lover, draw  
Close to my side—

"Anna, the yellow-hair'd,  
Dost thou not see  
How thy love unimpair'd  
Wearieth me?  
'Twas as strong in my absence,  
When banish'd from thee—  
As heart-stirring, powerful,  
Deep as you see—  
Heich! it is now,  
At this time,  
When up like a leafy bough,  
High doth it climb."

Then, haughtily speaking,  
She airily said,  
"Tis in vain for you seeking  
To hold up your head:  
There were six wooers sought me  
While you stay'd away;  
And the absentee surely  
Deserved less than they.  
Ha! ha! ha!  
Are you ill?  
But if Love seeks to kill you—bah!  
Small is his skill!"

Ach! ach! Now I'm trying  
My loss to forget—  
With sorrow and sighing,  
With anger and fret.  
But still that sweet image  
Steals over my heart;  
And still I deem fondly  
Hope need not depart.  
Heich! and I say  
That our love,  
Firm as a tower gray,  
Nought can remove.

So Fancy beguiles me,  
And fills me with glee,  
But the carpenter wiles thee,  
False speaker! from me.  
Yet from Love's first affection  
I never get free;  
But the dear known direction  
My thoughts ever flee.  
Heich! when we stray'd  
Far away,  
Where soft shone the summer day  
Through the green shade.

THOMAS PATTISON.

## THE DROVER'S LAMENT.

(WHEN HE WAS OLD AND HAD A SUCCESSOR).

(ORAN AN AINM IAIN MHIC EACHAINN—PAGE 40).

Lonely now I spend my days :  
The year has therefore found me grieving,  
Gleaning harvest fields on braes,  
And deer in wastes to wander leaving.

Strange the lot to mind decreed,  
Its powers unequally persisting ;  
Then my judgment served my need,  
The market all my cares enlisting.

Now I'm troubled when awake,  
With anxious voice the news inquiring ;  
Rest in sleep I cannot take,  
Nor meat nor drink at all desiring.

Heedless what is said or sung  
By those around in gayest gladness ;  
Dreaming of my trysts when young,  
I'm looking back in age and sadness.

But, my Hutcheon, play with skill ;  
Make hay while bright the sun is shining ;  
Human strength, remember, will  
Be soon through lapse of time declining.

Think on me, at Michael's Fair  
In moorland field when you're abiding ;  
Dull as lead, since you are there,  
And I in northern parts residing.

You to visit lordly hall,  
A welcome guest, are duly bidden ;  
Making friends of great and small,  
While I in clouds of gloom am hidden.

Soon you on a journey go,  
To see Barcaldine's laird and lady ;  
Though my feet have now waxed slow,  
My thoughts not here but there are steady.

So I'll think that in my brain  
Are but delusions dark, unchancy ;  
Tightly will I grasp my cane,  
Myself beside you I will fancy.

Seen with mental eye your face  
And hand with whip and bridle cheer me,  
Just as truly as I trace  
The mountain form that rises near me.

Many a boot and spur I wore  
Well out when meeting every drover,  
Winning fame for worldly store  
Ere yet I gave my journeys over.

Nothing's lost ; you are a friend  
The fruit of what I sowed receiving ;  
Prices high your path attend ;  
I joy this year though lone and grieving.

A. Gow.

## THERE'S NOTHING IN THE GARISH DAY.

('S OLC A DH' FHAG AN UIRIDH MI—PAGE 74).

There's nothing in the garish day,  
Since thou hast gone across the sea,  
I fold my heart and lay  
As treasure hid my love for thee.

Tho' I should call would'st thou return  
From that far land of which I hear ?  
What tho' my love like fire doth burn,  
None sees me shed the silent tear.

None sees me shed the silent tear,  
For love and theft are close allies,  
And none but thee shall know how dear  
The passion burns that purifies.

Return, return to me from far,  
Lest poison in thy chalice hide,  
Lest that the sun thy beauty mar,  
Lest other love thy heart divide.

Lest other love thy heart divide,  
The very thought is bitter woe,  
For life and love go side by side—  
How could I live if it were so ?

Then go my thoughts across the sea  
I ask of him such love who wakes  
To guard and quicken thine for me,  
And keep us for our true love's sake.

ROBINA FINDLATER.



## THE DEATH-SONG OF HUGH.

(MARBHRANN EOGHAINN—PAGE 31).

Death ! how oft we're reminded  
 To cry out for aid !  
 When the small fall before thee—  
 The great low are laid ;  
 Since autumn closed o'er us  
 The hint you renew,  
 With this stride from the court  
 To that death-couch with Hugh.

Oh ! if we believed thee  
 Not blind should we go,  
 When there's none of mankind  
 You disdain to lay low ;  
 High and mean dost thou take them—  
 That byeword is true—  
 Yonder's Pelham the high one,  
 And here lies poor Hugh.

You come in the one way—  
 Great griefs then arise ;  
 You come in the other,  
 And nobody sighs ;

Yet who can repose him  
 Where you ne'er pursue,  
 In a golden mean careless  
 'Twixt Pelham and Hugh.

They drop all around,  
 As if struck down with ball ;  
 The report is our warning,  
 And loud is its call :  
 Thou, the least among many,  
 Hast thou heard of poor Hugh ?  
 Thou, our chief man, forget not  
 Pelham, grander than you !

Oh ! should we not tremble all—  
 Brethren and friends,  
 When we're thus like the candle  
 That's burnt at both ends ?  
 Where in all this wide world  
 Was one meaner than Hugh ?  
 And the court the great Pelham  
 But one higher knew.

THOMAS PATTISON.

## THE RISPOND FAMILY ELEGY.

(MARBHRANN DO CHLOINN FHIR TIGH RUSPUINN—PAGE 51.)

Quite hale and strong and hearty  
 At the opening of the year,  
 Were the three whom we have buried  
 And now lie so lowly here ;  
 Ten days have only passed as yet  
 Since the new year began,—  
 Who knows when this dread messenger  
 May call for any man ?

Within the circle of a year  
 Were two of these men born ;  
 Closest of comrades ever were  
 Since days of life's gay morn ;  
 Ev'n death, who heeds not closest bonds  
 No separation made,  
 For in the space of one brief day  
 He both in silence laid.

No wrong had they to any done  
 Judging by human ken ;  
 But neither had they helped in aught  
 Their needy fellow men ;  
 And all that can be said of them  
 Is—they were born—survived  
 Some years upon this earth—and then,  
 The hour of death arrived.

But after all that I have said  
 The whole of which is true,  
 (For in this song most faithfully  
 I've told but what I knew),  
 I fear you will not heed my words,  
 Nor help the needy more  
 Than those poor fellows who last week  
 Were buried at our door.

M. M. SCOBIE.

## THE SONG OF WINTER.

(ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH—PAGE 15).

This is selected as a specimen of Mackay's descriptive poetry. It is in a style peculiar to the Highlands, where description runs so entirely into epithets and adjectives, as to render recitation breathless, and translation hopeless. Here, while we have retained the imagery, we have been unable to find room, or rather rhyme, for one half of the epithets in the original. The power of alliterative harmony in the original song is extraordinary.—From *Poems of Wild Life*.

## I.

At waking so early  
Was snow on the Ben,  
And, the glen of the hill in,  
The storm-drift so chilling  
The linnet was stilling,  
That couch'd in its den ;  
And poor robin was shrilling  
In sorrow his strain.

## II.

Every grove was expecting  
Its leaf shed in gloom ;  
The sap it is draining,  
Down rootwards 'tis straining  
And the bark it is waning  
As dry as the tomb,  
And the blackbird at morning  
Is shrieking his doom.

## III.

Ceases thriving, the knotted,  
The stunted birk-shaw ;  
While the rough wind is blowing,  
And the drift of the snowing  
Is shaking, o'erthrowing,  
The copse on the law.

## IV.

'Tis the season when nature  
Is all in the sere,  
When her snow-showers are hailing,  
Her rain-sleet assailing,  
Her mountain winds wailing,  
Her rime-frosts severe.

## V.

'Tis the season of leanness,  
Unkindness, and chill ;  
Its whistle is ringing,  
An iciness bringing,  
Where the brown leaves are clinging  
In helplessness, still,  
And the snow-rush is delving  
With furrows the hill.

## VI.

The sun is in hiding,  
Or frozen its beam  
On the peaks where he lingers,  
On the glens, where the singers,  
With their bills and small fingers  
Are raking the stream,  
Or picking the midstead  
For forage—and scream.

## VII.

When darkens the gloaming  
Oh, scant is their cheer !  
All benumb'd is their song in  
The hedge they are thronging,  
And for shelter still longing,  
The mortar they tear ;  
Ever noisily, noisily  
Squealing their care.

## VIII.

The running stream's chieftain  
Is trailing to land,  
So flabby, so grimy,  
The spots of his prime he  
Has rusted with sand ;  
Crook-snouted his crest is  
That taper'd so grand.

## IX.

How mournful in winter  
The lowing of kine ;  
How lean-backed they shiver,  
How draggled they cower,  
How their nostrils run owre  
With drippings of brine,  
So scraggy and crining  
In the cold frost they pine.

## X.

'Tis hallow-mass time, and  
To mildness farewell !  
Its bristles are low'ring  
With darkness ; o'erpowering  
Are its waters, aye showering  
With onset so fell ;  
Seem the kid and the yearling  
As rung their death-knell.

## XI.

Every out-lying creature,  
 How sinew'd soe'er,  
 Seeks the refuge of shelter ;  
 The race of the antler  
 They snort and they falter,  
 A-cold in their lair ;  
 And the fawns they are wasting  
 Since their kin is afar.

## XII.

Such the songs that are saddest  
 And dreariest of all ;  
 I ever am eerie  
 In the morning to hear ye !  
 When foddering, to cheer the  
 Poor herd in the stall—  
 While each creature is moaning,  
 And sickening in thrall.

ANGUS MACKAY.

## D E A T H.

(S E M O BHEACHD ORT, A BHAIS—PAGE 13).

O Death, thou art still a herald of ill,  
 Thy grasp, hard and chill, ne'er faileth ;  
 Where warriors fight thou showest thy might,  
 To shun thee no flight availeth.  
 O messenger drear, no pity or fear  
 Saves peasant or peer before thee ;  
 For gold and for gain thou hast but disdain,  
 And victims in vain implore thee.

The babe at its birth, ere sorrow or mirth  
 It knows upon earth, thou takest ;  
 For the maid to be wed, ere to church she is led,  
 An eerisome bed thou makest.

If old or if young, if feeble or strong  
 In wisdom or wrong and error ;  
 If small or if great, whatever our state,  
 We have the same fate of terror.

O Power, from whom our sorrowful doom  
 Of death and the tomb descendeth,  
 How happy is he, whose confident plea  
 On Thy promises free dependeth !  
 Our Father Thou art, the widow's sure part,  
 Ne'er shall Thy support forsake her ;  
 All good is bestowed, all favour is shewed  
 By our bountiful God and Maker.

LACHLAN MACBEAN.

## LAMENT FOR HUGH MACKAY.

(CUMHA DO H-UISTEIN MAC-AOIDH—PAGE 22).

Oh, sad this voice of woe we hear,  
 And gone our cheer and pleasantry ;  
 One common grief, without relief,  
 Has seiz'd on chief and peasantry ;  
 In hut or hall, or merchant's stall,  
 There's none at all speaks cheerfully ;  
 Since that sad day he went away,  
 Naught can we say, but tearfully.

It is not private loss or woe  
 That makes the blow so rigorous,  
 But his sad fate whom none could hate,  
 With mind so great and vigorous,  
 For none could find, in heart or mind,  
 A fault in kind or quality ;  
 Now he is not, though we forgot  
 Our common lot, mortality.

Oh, many a man was filled with gloom  
 That round thy tomb stood silently ;  
 Hearts that were buoyed with hopes—now void—  
 By death destroyed so violently.  
 By clansmen prized and idolised,  
 His worth disguised humanity,  
 But this fell blow, alas ! will show  
 There's nought below but vanity.

He was excelled by none on earth,  
 Wit, wisdom, worth adorning him ;  
 And none can fill his place but ill  
 Of those who will be mourning him.  
 The hearts are wrung of old and young,  
 The mourner's tongue is failing him,  
 Oh, never more shall we deplore  
 One man so sore bewailing him !

LACHLAN MACBEAN.

## LAMENT FOR MR. MURDOCH.

(CUMHA DO MHR MHORCHADH—PAGE 18).

The following paraphrase of the lament for the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, and two of the following translations, are by Angus Mackay, son of the late Angus Mackay, piper to Her Majesty the Queen.

O, mouth of eloquence ! O, lib'ral heart !  
O, mind with wisdom stored and soul of grace !  
Hand without stint or meanness to impart,  
A smile of loveliness, and frownless face.  
In grief's sad wilderness I tarry long ;  
Amid the gay I shed the secret tear ;  
No more I care for wisdom or for song—  
No song can please me which thou canst not hear !

They changed their manners now since thou art  
dead,  
No more they care the heavenly crown to win ;  
They heed no more what thou in love hast said,  
And God has given them over to their sin.

Some, when thou first departedst, wept for thee ;  
But grief grows old, no longer now they sigh ;  
But not so soon will grief depart from me,  
Here, at the year's end, sad, O sad, am I !

I love thy little ones, I love thy kin,  
I love thy fame, which ever shall abide,  
I love the songs, which thou wert wont to sing.  
The very churchyard ashes at thy side !  
Oh, that two generations we had had  
Of thee ! My sorrow for thee cannot die ;  
The year departing, leaves me no less sad ;  
Here, at the year's end, sad, O sad, am I !

ANGUS MACKAY.

## ELEGY TO JOHN MACKAY.

(MARBHRANN DO IAIN MAC-EACHAINN—PAGE 41).

"The bard was in the service of two of his clan on whom he has composed well-known elegies. These two were Lord Reay and John Mackay. The elegy on the latter has been translated as follows by the clansman already referred to in a good sketch which appeared some years ago in a London periodical":—

*Mac Eachainn*, now that thou art dead,  
O ! whether shall we go to find  
A man to stand us in thy stead,  
As large of heart, as true, as kind ?  
It were a hard experiment  
To find a man of years like thee :  
If, in the future, one be sent,  
How few shall live that day to see !

Thy life was, ah, how different  
From that of him still spared by fate—  
Increasing land and hard-wrung rent,  
Which strangers' hands will dissipate ;  
Who shall be called to join the dead,  
And in Death's narrow chamber laid,  
The only words by poets said—  
"Behold the misery he made !"

Some keep the verbal law of man,  
And yet hard creditors are they ;  
They store what legally they can,  
What the law *makes* them, that they pay !  
Though want and misery they see,  
Not less through pity grows their sum ;  
Shut eyes and purse alike will be  
Against the poor and needy one !

This bastard honour grows apace—  
The creed of numbers beyond ken,  
Who, greatly to their own disgrace,  
Would rather owe to God than men !  
Theirs will be loss beyond recall  
When God shall sum up all their debt—  
"Thou heededst not the poor man's call,  
I also will thy prayers forget !"

O man, that hast thy day of power,  
And fain would'st well remembered be,  
Seize swiftly on the passing hour !  
*Now* is thy opportunity !  
Thou art on Death's grim battle-field ;  
He won his laurels 'mid its din :  
Shame on the coward who would yield !  
Fight as *he* fought and ye shall win !

Though there be some who laugh to scorn  
The man of liberal heart and hand,  
This prayer to Heaven should be borne  
From all the quarters of the land—  
That that blest day we soon may see,  
When man shall love his brother men,  
Nor barter all eternity  
For selfish three score years and ten

If thou another's want didst know  
 Thou couldst not in thy goods rejoice ;  
 Towards the poor thy heart would glow  
 Although his wants ne'er found a voice.  
 Ah, sooner lose a pound of gold  
 Than take to thee an ounce of sin,—  
 The waters shall bring manifold  
 For all thy treasures cast therein !

I saw the gentle who was poor,  
 And he was full of gloom and grief;  
 He passed the once wide-opened door  
 Where now no more he finds relief !  
 I saw the widow in her tears;  
 I saw the beggar hungering ;  
 The orphan now unclothed appears  
 Unnoticed by the un pitying !

Who needs advice must want it now,  
 And see the prosperous times depart ;  
 All clouded is the poet's brow,  
 With none to reverence his art.  
 None seek to make the poor rejoice ;  
 And when I ask why joys are fled,  
 They answer me with tearful voice—  
 " Alas ! is not MacEachainn dead ? "

I see the gathering of the poor—  
 Now poor indeed since thou art dead—  
 And closed for aye the open door  
 Where Love consoled and Bounty fed  
 And strangers now are praised to me  
 As lib'ral—I knew only *one*—  
 But ah ! the wandering stars we see  
 After the setting of the sun !

ANGUS MACKAY.

### 'TIS THY DEATH.

(S E DO BHAS—PAGE I.)

'Tis thy death, Master Murdoch  
 Like a cloud that hangs o'er us,  
 And deeply I mourn thee,  
     Though late is my song.  
 If the world were perfection,  
 The example thou left us  
 Would 'mongst thy lov'd mountains,  
     Remembered be long.  
 What grieves me so sorely,  
 And all who adored thee,  
 Is that one so devoted  
     So little achieved.  
 But still thou art speaking,  
 Though silently sleeping.  
 To those who thy message  
     Received and believed.

To laud the unworthy  
 For favour or money,  
 I never could sully  
     A line of my song ;  
 But thou, the deserving,  
 To whom I owe praises,  
 Thy record through ages  
     I fain would prolong.  
 Although deaf, the departed,  
 To those who recall them,  
 Their worth and their virtues  
     Should truly be told.  
 For the words of the singer  
 Shall longer far linger  
 Amongst their descendants  
     Than strife-stirring gold.

With strength and grace gifted,  
 O'er meanness uplifted ;  
 Thy person was handsome,  
     And wisdom was thine  
 Broad-minded, forgiving,  
 Large-hearted, and loving,  
 Thy best to all giving  
     Throughout thy life-time.  
 Thy advice and assistance  
 Were wise and unstinted,  
 Thy ear was e'er open  
     To trouble's sad call.  
 The dark thou enlightened,  
 The cheerless thou brightened,  
 The laggard made willing,  
     And just wert to all.

Thou wast kind to the needy,  
 And reason thou heeded,  
 But stern and unbending  
     To vagabonds hard.  
 An eloquent preacher,  
 A diligent teacher,  
 Who from the untutored  
     All evil would ward.  
 'T were foolish and faithless,  
 Presumptuous, graceless,  
 To think that thy place  
     The Lord could not fill ;  
 But that he should give us,  
 To teach and to lead us,  
 One equal to thee  
     Would be marvellous still.

## ELEGY TO DONALD, LORD REAY.

(MARBHRANN DO DHOMHNULL, AM MORAIR MAC-AOIDH—PAGE 6).

“Mackay shows great detestation of greed in his poems. One is a dialogue between the world and the greedy man. The wants of the bard in his humble station were few and easily supplied, so he could contemplate with sorrow the growing spirit of selfishness that began to creep in along with advancing civilisation and change of habit. This spirit he rebukes in the following address to Lord Reay” :—*The Literature of the Highlanders.*

Mine eyes have ne'er beheld a Christmastide  
So full of tears and pain! Alas, my Chief,  
The old year has removed thee from our side,  
The new year but recalls us unto grief!  
He that was chiefest where the tale was told,  
Where music breathed, and poets' songs were  
sung,  
Dwells in Death's lowest room beneath the  
mould—  
For ever stilled beside the church of Tongue!

Full oft relentless Death has wounded thee,  
O noble House of Reay, with cruel thrust—  
Nor spared the topmost branches of the tree,  
But strewn its goodliest blossoms in the dust;  
But ne'er before within my memory  
He chilled so warm a heart within the clay—  
A heart so full of Christian charity—  
As thine, O Donald, noble Lord of Reay!

I know my praises cannot swell thy fame,  
Nor dost thou need them on that heavenly shore!  
For like a fruitful branch is now thy name,  
Where blossoms cluster ever more and more—  
But if the great that shall come after thee  
In daily life thy deeds do not rehearse,  
No satire slight upon their lives shall be  
The slow and mournful music of my verse.

The man with bounteous appetite for wealth—  
Who seeks to feed his soul with yellow ore,  
And lives to heap up riches for himself—  
Will blame thee that thou left no miser'd store.  
Then out his gathered treasure will he bring,  
And praise himself, and bid his soul be gay—  
But this is he whom Heaven's Almighty King  
Shall call the great fool on the Judgment Day!

If one should search from first to last God's Book  
And read the history of the saints therein,  
Though sometimes they the narrow path forsook,  
And for an instant gave a place to sin,

Though oftentimes they stumbled in the race,  
And oft were lured astray by Satan's art,  
Yet of this little *meanness* not a trace  
Shall there be found in any godly heart!

Persons devoid of faith are fruitless weeds,  
Their boisterous words are many and untrue,  
But in that higher speech whose words are deeds,  
There one shall surely find their words are few;  
'Tis with the rich man as with him in need,  
If they are faithless they are bare of fruit—  
Alike a soulless body is their creed  
And all their virtues flowers without root!

Hadst thou by nature been a man of greed,  
How soon had grown the tempting glittering  
hoard;  
If thou to pity's tears had deigned no heed,  
And hard-wrung rents with human curses stored!  
But no, for when the rents to thee were paid,  
It was more joy to thee a thousand-fold  
To see a glad face in God's image made,  
Than the king's image on the yellow gold!

Poets there are among us who will praise  
Men high in power for the hope of gain;  
And others will a tim'rous strain upraise  
For fear their lord should frown did they refrain  
And so that goodness is proclaimed in verse  
Which in their acts not even *bards* could see;  
Such oft the songs of praise that bards rehearse  
But such is not this elegy of thee.

There have been lofty men among thy sires,  
In mind and wisdom, courage and renown,  
Who in the proud pursuits of their desires  
Have acted like the wearers of a crown!  
Yet far less praise than thee they must receive  
For Christian grace, and faith, and charity;  
It is less hard to *hope* than to *believe*  
That better men will e'er come after thee!

ANGUS MACKAY.

## MUSICAL NOTES.



PAGE 11. An gille dubh ciar-dhubh. This tune has evidently been popular over the whole Highlands, and variants of it are common. Burns's song, "Stay my Charmer," was written to this air, which he must have got from some of the earlier collections.

PAGE 13. 'S e mo bheachd ort, a Bhàis. This is a variant of "Oran an Aoig," which is given in Patrick MacDonald's Collection, and where it is called "A Skye Air." Burns's song "Farewell thou fair day," was originally set to this air, although afterwards it was adapted to "My Lodging is on the cold ground."

PAGE 16. Ach ma ni thu bargan. This tune is a variant of "John Anderson my Jo.," and the "Cruiskeen Lawn"—a melody which has found its way into Welsh and Norse music as well as into Scotch and Irish. The probability is that it is of Irish origin. This is the only known instance of Scottish Gaelic words being adapted to it. The chorus is un-Gaelic and suggests borrowing from a current song with English words.

PAGE 20. Sali Grand. An air differing from this one is given in Knockie's collection. The burden of the song—"Mo ribhinn àluinn éibhinn òg"—is practically that of an Irish song—"Mo Chraoibhinn aoibhinn àluinn òg." The airs differ.

PAGE 24. Gleann Gallaidh. This air is "Dh' fhalbh mo bhean Chomuinn"—"Mu 'n Cuairt de Loch-Creuirain"—Lord Ronald my son—Lochaber no more. The latter as found in song books is an elaboration of the simpler melody current in the Highlands: the Irish lay claim to it, but it most probably belongs to the land which has retained it in its simpler and much finer form.

PAGE 34. Oran na caraide bige. The first part of this tune was taken down from the singing of an Oban boy, at one of the Mòds of the Highland Association, by Mr Archibald Ferguson, leader of the St. Columba Choir, Glasgow. The words then sung were not unlike those accredited to Rob Donn. The latter part of the air was added by Mr Ferguson.

PAGE 37. Brigis Mhic Ruairidh. A tune unlike this one is given in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics" under the same name. Another is given in "Am Filidh." The theme of MacRory's breeks has probably been sung before Rob Donn's day, as there are versions in other parts of the Highlands; and in the Lowlands there is "Rab Roryson's bonnet."

PAGE 51. Marbhrann do Chloinn Fhir tigh Ruspuinn. This tune is a variant of that which forms the basis of "Guma Slàn a chi mi," "Mali bheag òg"—"The Harp that once in Tara's Hall," and many others.

PAGE 60. Oran nan Suiridheach. Munro's collection contains this tune, but that from "Am Filidh" is given as being a little better; it is practically the same version. The air is known in Ireland as "The Groves of Blarney."

PAGE 70. Nigheanag a' chota bhuidhe. The music is from the singing of a native of Mull. A song with the title "Nighean donn a' chota bhuidhe," is well known in the West Highlands. "Lassie wi the yellow Coatie" was at one time current in the Lowlands.

PAGE 71. Tha sinn fo mhulad 's a' coimhead a chéile. The version of the tune given here is that in "Knockie's collection," stripped of its embellishments. The refrain "Tha mi 'nam chadal, na dùisgear mi," is the name of a melody once popular in the Lowlands, to which Hector

MacNeil made his song "Jeanie's Black E'e"—with the refrain, "I was asleep an' ye waukened me," almost a translation of the Gaelic words. In all probability the tune is an Irish one. It is Irish in structure: it is known in Ireland under its Gaelic name at the present day. The name constitutes a *bull*—I am asleep, do not waken me. The tune is very old, and Rob Donn was not the first to compose words to it. Sileas Nighean Mhic Raonuill, who lived between the reigns of King Charles Second and George First, composed a song to King James's army in which she introduces the words "Tha mi 'nam chadal, etc.," in the same disjointed way which Rob Donn does in his song.

PAGE 88. Piobaireachd Iseabail Nic Aoidh. The music here noted was given by the late Rev. Dr. Mackay, Inverness, to Miss Kate Fraser, Inverness, and is that to which Rob Donn's words are usually sung in his native parts. The piobaireachd known by the name of Rob Donn's song is entirely different, and is to be found in Angus Mackay's collection of pipe music.

RECITATIVES. These are to be found at pages 31, 52, 54, 58, and 78.

MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

ELDERSLIE.









KYLE OF TONGUE.



THE "WATCH HILL" (CNOC-AN-FHREACADAIN).

# ROB DONN AND HIS TIMES.

BY REV. THOMSON MACKAY, B.D., STRATH, SKYE.

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ROB DONN, whose songs and poems, with the original melodies, are herewith presented afresh to lovers of Highland music and Celtic literature, stands the first and the best known of the Reay country bards. That country has always been rich in song, and many of its sons and daughters have been endowed with the poetic gift. Their varied feelings, in joy and in sorrow, in peace and in war, found fit expression in song. After the Reformation these feelings took the form of religious poetry. Mr. Alexander Munro, styled in Macrae's MS. "the catechist of Strathnaver," was the first presbyterian minister of the Reay country, and composed a large number of hymns. Others followed his example, notably John Mackay, Mudale, the author of a collection of religious poems breathing earnest piety, and whose life and memory have been immortalised by his clansman, Rob Donn, in a beautiful elegy. (*Marbhrann do Iain Mac Aoidh*, page 19). This John Mackay, Mudale, was the poetical father of Dugald Buchanan, who was inspired to compose his well-known hymns by hearing the hymns of John Mackay sung by Reay country men who were then on military duty in Perthshire.

Nor was the poetry of the Reay country wholly of a religious type. The life of the shieling gave rise to the love song, and on a calm summer evening the mountain sides and the upland moors would be vocal with the heart speech of affianced lovers. The labours of the harvest were lightened and its weary hours beguiled by rhythmic music; the monotony of the toil of the day was enlivened by a chorus of voices; the waulking song made the long winter night less tedious, and that now almost obsolete process of Highland industry less irksome; every victory and deed of valour on battlefield was recited in martial strains; while not unfrequently the dirge, either vocal or instrumental, was chanted as a requiem for the dead when borne to their resting place. John Mackay, the author of *Coire-an-Easain*, though born in Gairloch, came from a Reay country stock.

The people of the Reay country, we have ample reason to know, were more than a century ago intensely musical and fond of song, poetry, and old lore handed down orally from father to son; and it was in the midst of these surroundings that Rob Donn—the greatest of the Reay country bards—"the heir of all the ages" of north country song, was born in the year 1714. The place of his birth was the beautiful valley of Strathmore in the Reay country, and the ruins of the homestead in which he first saw "the light of day" may be still seen near the prehistoric tower of Dornadilla, at the foot of Ben Hope. The Editor of the first edition of the poet's works has given a true and graphic description of the local and physical environment in which the young bard was nursed and reared:—

"If local scenery could be really imagined, conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim to that merit—'the emblem of deeds that WERE done in its clime.' The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland. The alpine valley of Strathmore lies embosomed in lofty hills, terminating at the utter extremity in an assemblage of mountains piled together as if by nature in a fanciful mood, to exhibit the rude but majestic grandeur of assembled mountain and rock, cataract, hollow and glen. At the lower extremity of the strath on the eastern side rises Ben-Hope in abrupt and towering magnificence. Its head is imperial among its numerous kindred mountains of the wilderness around, which seem to show their own height, as if only anxious to do it homage. Its awful front overlooking the valley beneath, presents a combined series of giant cliffs, raised and towering in succession to the

summit, which can scarcely be reached by the observer's eye from the base; while along its mighty range of ascent, though almost excluded from the view beneath, there shoot across, mostly in every direction, interstices and stripes of mountain herbage, the favourite haunts and pasturage of the roe and the goat; a stately forest tree, here and there along the naked cliffs, arrests the notice, and relieves the eye overcome with beholding the mountain as a whole. Here it may be truly said that

‘The proud queen of wilderness hath placed,  
By lake and cataract, her lonely throne;’

for the traveller from the southward has scarcely wound his way along the base of this tremendous mountain when there opens at once upon his view the fine expanse of Loch Hope, washing the northern base of the mountain almost at his feet and stretching onward several miles before him. From overpowering sublimity he is now left to contrast it with adjacent wilderness beauty, the banks of the lake on each side, decked with tufts and groves of the healthy native birch, and only divided by spots of an emerald green, the very images of delicate protected innocence, stretching upwards from the shores of the lake to the roots of the mountain, as if anxious to demand its august and magnificent guardianship.” Such were the surroundings of the bard's early years, nurtured amidst scenery whose physical formation has, since then, puzzled the brain of the geologist and given rise to theories, counter theories, and controversies almost as fierce as religious ones. Nor in after years would he fail to observe, and look with a poet's eye, upon other physical phenomena seen in that interesting country where in the summer time “there is no night,” its gorgeous sunsets, its northern lights, its lunar rainbows, its cold but bracing winter blasts from the north.

“Oh! Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child.”

Another powerful factor that would influence and mould the outward expression of his poetic gift would be the historic memories of the wars and battles in which his chiefs and his clansmen had their valour tested. Centuries before he was born, a saying was current in his native district, as it is to this day, and passed from lip to lip, “Cha deachaidh an Fheinn riamh air a h-ais ach aon cheum air traigh Thòrrisdail.” (Fingal's heroes never receded but once, and that once only one step on the sands of Torrisdale.) Whether this ancient saying describes an actual fact, or *ideal* valour, is a question that we need not discuss, the saying had its effect upon the bravery of the clan and would serve along with the “lamh dhearg” and the “bratach bhàn” with its inscription, as suitable mottoes for a chapter on its whole military history. Of that history no clansman need be ashamed. It is a splendid record of sustained heroism. The Reay countrymen have had their own share in the “deeds that won the Empire.” It had often been their lot to be put into the forefront of many a battle, and though they might emerge with diminished numbers, they have never emerged with a diminished reputation for valour. In the thirty years' war they performed deeds of bravery of which any nation may be proud, and notably in the battle of Leipzig—a decisive battle fought in 1631 between Gustavus Adolphus, “the lion of the north,” and the veteran Tilly—a battle involving far-reaching and important consequences, the Reay Highlanders were the first to break the Austrian columns, “and the Imperialists regarded them with terror, calling them the *Invincible old regiment*, and the right hand of Gustavus Adolphus.” (See the history of Mackay's Regiment, by John Mackay, Ben Reay, Blackwood, 1885.) What Reay countryman gazing upon the tattered banner of the Reay Fencibles, hung aloft in the vaulted roof of the ancient church in the Scottish Capital, can do so unmoved? These achievements would be narrated with pardonable pride at many a fireside, and would keep up a spirit of chivalry among after generations, making it their duty to uphold the honour and the best traditions of their ancestors.

“Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnsir.”  
“Follow close the fame of your Fathers.”

A glance at the social condition of the north country people about the middle of the last century, as illustrating the life and the poetry of Rob Donn, may be taken. They lived, it is needless to state, under the patriarchal or clan system. First came the chief—the father of his people, to whom all looked up to as their leader and protector in peace or war. If he occupied

the highest position among his people, he was, as a rule, alive to his responsibilities and duties. A gifted lady of the Mackay clan, in a letter written seventy years ago, thus writes of the position and duties of the chief—"The chief knew his affinity to the different branches of his clan, and it was deemed no inconsiderable part of duty in the higher classes of the community to elevate the minds as well as assist in increasing the means of their humbler relatives and clansmen. . . . The chiefs here, for many generations had been 'ever fearing God and hating covetousness.' Iniquity was ashamed, and obliged to hide its face. A dishonourable action excluded the guilty person from the invaluable privilege enjoyed by his equals, in the kind notice and approbation of superiors. Grievances of any kind were minutely inquired into and redressed, and the humble orders of the community had a degree of external polish and a manly mildness of deportment in domestic life, that few of the present generation have attained to, much as has been said of modern improvements."

Such was the relationship between a Highland Chief and his devoted and attached tenants under the clan system, and it continued until the introduction into the Highlands of the feudal system which placed the bond between the two upon a commercial basis, and by which the former tie of attachment between them was inevitably dissolved. Our bard, in two beautiful elegies which were often sung or recited in the Reay country, describes the happy union of hearts between the chiefs and their clansmen, and in his eulogies of the Houses of Sutherland and Reay respectively, he anticipates the words of the great modern English poet, "'Tis only *noble* to be good."

"Sud an teaghlach bha ordail,  
Gheibhteadh mòr gun bhi uaibhreach ;  
Sud an teaghlach bha ceòlmhor,  
Gheibht' ag òl gun bhi buaireant' ;  
Sud an teaghlach d' am b' àbhaist  
A bhi 'na tàbhairnn aig uaislean  
A' sior leasach' an fhearainn  
Gun bhonn gearain aig tuath orr'."

"Is iomadh buille bha cràiteach  
A rinn am bàs a thoirt duinn  
Air chosd gheugan do theaghlaich,  
Gun athadh bonn do na cinn,  
Ach cha deach' uiread de thòrcair  
A chur fo 'n fhòd ri mo linn  
'S a chaidh chàradh 's an *tòma*  
Le Morair Domhnull Mac Aoidh."

Between the chief and the common men of the clan, and living in more immediate touch with both, stood the tacksmen, who were more or less nearly related to the Chiefs. These took their titles or designations from the lands let to them by the Chiefs. (Fear an t-Srathainn. Fear Cais-nan-each.) The tacksmen of our Bard's time were men of high intelligence, of refined and cultured dispositions and habits—men who saw the world and moved with the times. Harsh treatment towards their dependants and their sub-tenants was unknown. The interests of both were identical, and they were sharers in a common stock. There might not be much wealth or circulating *money* in that common stock, but there was no lack of wholesome food. If modern luxuries and means of adornment were absent, both sexes appeared at Kirk or market in most respectable and most becoming homespun suits or dresses. Tea was unheard of; milk took its place as a beverage. If through an exceptionally unfavourable harvest, the sub-tenant was severely pinched, the tacksmen came to the rescue, and "the common stock" was available. In average years, however, almost the whole produce of the soil was consumed among themselves; they passed their days in peace and comfort, alike free from grinding servitude and the privations of penury.

One feature of the social life of the times was the thirst for knowledge, and a love of reading, through which both classes could clearly discern the merits of questions of the day, and the relative importance of passing events. These tacksmen had, what Dr. Samuel Johnson was astonished to find, with the same class in the Western islands, viz., large household libraries.

In proof of our assertion, there is still preserved a library of several hundred volumes once belonging to Fear-Shrathaidh, a contemporary of Rob Donn, and to whom the poet favourably alludes. This library of standard works of the day is kept as a precious heirloom by the present representative in the Reay country of Fear-Shrathaidh. In Mrs. Scobie's letter, from which we have quoted already, we further read, "In the bard's time the lords, lairds, and gentlemen of this country, not only interested themselves in the welfare and happiness of their clan and dependants, but they were always solicitous that their manners and intelligence should keep pace with their personal appearance. I perfectly remember my maternal grandfather, who held the wadset lands of Skerray, every post-day evening go into the kitchen where his servants and small tenants were assembled, and read the newspapers aloud to them, and it is incredible *now* the propriety and acuteness with which they made remarks and drew conclusions from the politics of the day. In a certain degree this was practised all over the country, the superiors regularly condescending to inform and explain to their dependants whatever was going forward."

In 1795, when the Mackay or Reay Highlanders were on duty in Ireland, "there was not a single barrack occupied by the private soldiers which had not a newspaper as regularly as the commanding officers had theirs; and whoever of the inmates was esteemed the fittest to read and explain to such as could not read for themselves, was employed to read aloud for the benefit of all."

This love of reading is proved by internal evidence from one of the poems of Rob Donn, given on page 28 of this work where he describes the sentiments of an old maid.

"Bha mi uair 's cha chuirinn spéis  
Ann am fear gun leabhar 'n a dhòrn," &c.

The reformed religion, too, obtained at an early date a firm footing in the Reay country, and in the bard's time it flourished and exercised a powerful influence for good on the lives and the morals of the people. Able and earnest ministers were appointed to parishes, and numbers—the vast majority—experienced the power and the blessings of religion. It assumed the form—surely the best form—of a deep-seated and undemonstrative piety. A fair and a fine specimen of the religious product of the religion of the Reay Country may be found in General Hugh Mackay of Scourie, who commanded the forces of William and Mary at the battle of Killcrankie—a veteran soldier, and whom Macaulay, an impartial judge on the subject of religion, extols in the well-known history of England for his piety and his bravery. Another was John Mackay, Tacksman of Mudale, already alluded to, and whose religious hymns, it is to be hoped, will be re-printed ere long. This type of religion extended in a large measure to the rank and file of the community. Rose, in his metrical Reliques, referring to the religious aspect of the Reay country in the time of Rob Donn, thus writes, "There was no spot in Britain where the Gospel shone with greater lustre than in Lord Reay's country during our author's time."

One of the eminent clergymen in the north was the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, minister of the bard's native parish. In Rob Donn's judgment he was a model minister. The two were attracted towards one another, and between them there grew up and ripened the tenderest and the most affectionate friendship. What melting pathos runs through the poet's threnody on Mr. Murdoch, ending with the verse (see page 18.)

'S caomh leam an teaghlach, 's a chlana sin a dh' fhàg thu,  
'S caomh leam na fuinn, bhiththeadh seinn ann ad fhàrdoich;  
'S caomh leam bhi 'g urachadh chliu nach d' thug bàs dhìot,  
'S caomh leam an ùir th'air do thaobh-s' de na bhàghan.

and all the more pathetic when sung to a highly beautiful and original air.

The bard further composed a great elegy—perhaps his greatest production—on the life work of this ideal minister, in which in sustained and pithy language he sums up the high qualities and attainments of his lamented friend—

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,  
Bha thu saor ri fear reusont',  
Bha thu aodanach, geurach,  
Mar chloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh, &c.

From this elegy, as well as from other written evidence, it can be seen that Mr Murdoch took a deep interest in everything that affected the temporal and spiritual well-being of his people. He did not draw that sharp line of distinction between the sacred and secular which many teachers do now-a-days, for it was his habit to read standard works of literature to his hearers at the week-day prayer meetings. The number, and above all the distribution of the parishioners over the extensive and sea-intersected parish, made his labours necessarily arduous and fatiguing, and he found a means of relaxation in music. This innocent recreation was cultivated in his family. His son, the Rev. Patrick Macdonald, minister of Kilmore, Argyleshire, collected and published a book of Highland vocal airs, and I offer no apology for quoting largely from its preface, because the book proves what many would be indisposed to admit, viz., the large number and the variety of musical airs in the north country in the time of Rob Donn. Almost the whole of the north Highland airs which form the first and the largest division of that work were collected by the late Mr. Joseph Macdonald, the publisher's brother; whose musical genius and attainments, as well as the enthusiastic attachment which he had to the peculiar music of his native country, are still remembered by many. He was born in Durness (then said to be in *Strathnaver*), the most northerly district of Scotland, and passed the first years of his life under the tuition of his father, who was a minister in that parish:—

“This good man (the Rev. Murdoch Macdonald) in his hours of relaxation, used frequently to apply himself to music; and having experienced the power which he derived from thence of agreeably and innocently unbending his mind, in the solitude of a remote situation, he wished to communicate the same advantage to his children, and along with his other more important instructions, he taught all of them the first principles and initiated them in the practice of that pleasing art. In these exercises Joseph made a very quick progress. At the age of fifteen, he played on the violin with an easy flowing execution, and in that expressive manner which distinguishes real genius and feeling. He had also made considerable progress in playing on the bagpipe. About that time he was sent, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies, to the school of Haddington. During that time, music, his favourite pursuit, was not neglected. To it and to painting, he devoted the most of his leisure hours. He afterwards resided for a short time in Edinburgh, where he there had an opportunity of being frequently in company with Signor Pasquali, and the other masters of that period, and thereby of extending his musical knowledge and improving his taste. Although few men felt the charms of the Italian music more sensibly than he did, and though he frequently practised it, his passion for that of his native mountains never abandoned him. It presented itself to his imagination with all those associations which often give to music its greatest power over the mind. While he played or sung those simple artless melodies, his eyes frequently streamed with tears. Upon his return to Strathnaver, he had abundant opportunities of indulging that passion. He then applied himself seriously to make a collection of that music, and to write down the pieces that he knew, or had occasion to hear; and which probably had never before appeared in musical characters. During upwards of two years, which he spent in that country, he continued to enlarge his collection by the addition of such pieces as he heard in different parts of it. He also wrote some of the best poems that were sung to them, and made a collection of the different kinds of bagpipe music. Before his departure to the East Indies, in the year 1760, he wrote out a copy of a number of the vocal airs, which he had collected, and left it with a sister, as a token of affection. In a letter which he wrote to his father, he thus expresses himself, ‘There is nothing brings to my mind a more natural and soothing joy, than the playing and singing our sweet Highland Luineags, Iorrams, &c., when by myself, for alas! I have none capable of sharing the pleasure with me. They paint afresh the many innocent and sweet scenes of my rural and puerile life, far beyond description. What would I give now, far from the theatre of those delightful scenes, for one night of my old beloved society to sing those favourite, simple, primitive airs along with me? It would bring me back to the golden age anew. O! that I had been at more pains to gather those admirable remains of our ancient Highland music, before I left my native country. It would have augmented my collection of Highland music and poetry which I propose to send soon home, in order that those sweet, noble and expressive sentiments of nature may not be allowed to sink and die away; and to show that our poor remote corner, even without the advantages of learning and cultivation, abounded in works of taste and genius.’ . . . . . A malignant fever cut him off in the prime of life, before he had been much more than a twelvemonth in the country. The airs which he had left with his sister, were transcribed by the

publisher (Rev. Patrick Macdonald) for the amusement of himself and his friends, and were kept by him as a mournful memorial of a beloved brother. When he had formed the resolution to publish them, it occurred, that as his brother's collection consisted chiefly of the airs that have been preserved and that are sung in the counties of Ross and Sutherland, and as a very great number of different airs are sung in the other districts of the Highlands, it would be necessary that some of these should be obtained and inserted. . . . His brother's collection has been given almost entire, and forms the first and the largest division of this work under the title of North Highland airs."

Such were the conditions under which Rob Donn was nurtured, and under which he cultivated his poetic gifts. His life as a poet could not fail to be influenced, and in some degree determined by his surroundings. These were, we have tried to prove, in the highest degree fitted to appeal to and to call forth his individual genius and his creative power. He was cradled in song, for his mother was musical, and had the poetic gift. From his infancy he gave indications of his future career as a poet. Like Pope, "he lisped in numbers" At an early age we find him in the employment of one of the tacksmen, John Mackay, of Musal—a farm in the neighbourhood of the poet's birth-place. If he was thus deprived of the advantages of even an elementary education, a life begun under such conditions had its compensations. The precocity of the boy, his quickness and amazing power of repartee, were sources of frequent amusement and wonder to Mr. Mackay himself and unceasingly to the younger members of his family with whom, it may be supposed, he soon became a favourite. Here he acquired that politeness of manners that subsequently made him a welcome guest in the best families in the district, and that made him feel himself at home and without any feeling of awkwardness in the best society of the day. Here, leading a pastoral life, in communion with nature, he found materials for that shrewd observation, and that faculty of original reflection which pervade his poems and which make up for the loss of book learning. His frequent journeys to the south of Scotland, his tour to Skye, his memorable voyage to Stornoway, his military service, his frequent rambles up and down the Reay country, his ready admittance to the society and the family circles of all the better and higher classes in the North, were to his keen eyes and active mind a book of education, and in this school he learned that discernment of men and of manners, that easy and natural use of apt similes which we so often find in his poems. His personal life was outwardly uneventful. It was a life of honourable toil, of pure domestic happiness in his family circle. Love and kindly humour, a training in habits of industry and of virtue reigned in his home, and from internal and other evidence we gather that his was an intensely happy family. He was wounded in his first love; the incident, however, drew out from his wounded feelings a delightful love song which, we are glad to see, is printed in every good collection of Highland songs.

"S trom leam an àiridh, 's a' ghàir so a th' innt'  
Gun a phàirtinn a dh' fhàg mi, 'bhi 'n dràs air mo chinn," &c.

He found a help-meet in Janet Mackay, his wife, who had a musical ear and a voice unrivalled in the district. Though he lived in the stirring times of the '45, he took no active part in the events that agitated the country. He was, however, a Jacobite, what poet was not? As a poetical Jacobite he composed two political songs, one in praise of Prince Charles, and the other on the Unclothing Act. Like the other Highland bards, he keenly resents the insult and the indignity aimed at his countrymen by this stupid Act, and in these songs he fervently hopes that the real heir to the British Crown would be put in possession of it, and that the slumbering forces of the clans would waken up to re-establish the old order.

His favourite relaxation from the cares and the fatigue of work was deer-hunting. It was a congenial pastime to the bard, and like most Highlanders, he was not conscious of moral wrongdoing in developing and in testing his steadiness of hand and of aim, and his coolness of nerve as a marksman, when he pursued this manly sport.

There are some stories told of his sporting adventures. On one occasion he set out, under accusation of killing deer, to attend the Court early in the morning, accompanied by a neighbour, one of his wonted hunting companions. Despite the heavy penalty impending upon the bard, he remained seemingly quite tranquil. Not so his wife, who with lamentations and tears, could not be prevented from accompanying her husband a part of the way. The bard would not even now part with his favourite gun, but shouldered it at departing with his wonted glee. They had not



proceeded beyond a mile from home when they came full upon a small flock of deer. The bard was not to be restrained. He fired and shot two of them dead upon the spot. His wife, in great consternation before, was now not to be pacified. She imagined that her husband had just sealed his doom. He besought her to be silent. "Go home," said he, "and send for them; if I return not you shall have the more need for them," but saluting her, and in kindlier tones he added, "Fear not, it shall go hard with me, if I am not soon with you again to have my share."

On another occasion of the same kind, it was intimated to him with all apparent seriousness that he must now abide the regular course of the law, and he became somewhat more truly alarmed. He waited upon Lord Reay's Commissioner, who seemed deaf to all remonstrance, to every protestation and promise of future good conduct. Robert at length asks, "Well, will you accept of sufficient security for my future good conduct?" No, he would not. "Will you not accept of your own son Hugh as a cautioner?" No, indeed he would not. Robert then got up to take leave, and before turning round to leave the room, exclaimed, "Thanks be to Him who refuses not His Son as surety even for the chief of sinners!"

His last function with his favourite gun may be related. Feeling the infirmities of old age, with the powers of eye and hand and limb decaying, he resolved that, if he must abandon the chase, the companion of his adventures should never be used nor even handled by a stranger. To carry out this resolution he brought the gun with him to the top of Ben Spionnadh, and filling its barrel with deer tallow and swathing it with a coating of the same, and thus embalming it as for its funeral, and preservation, and taking a last farewell, as Duncan Macintyre did, of the mountains and the chase, he carefully concealed it deep among the quartzite rock-masses near Carn-an-Rìgh, irrecoverable to future search, and to rest there inviolate to the day of doom.

His power of repartee may be illustrated by another anecdote. At one time when travelling northward through Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr. Macdonald of Achtairiochdran, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way; and giving a civil answer, Mr. Macdonald adds, "I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there?" "To Lord Reay's country." "O, then you must know *Rob Donn*!" "Yes, I could point him out to you in a crowd." "Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much." "A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves." "You think so, do you?" The last answer did not please the inquirer, who was poetic himself, and thinking he had met with too rigid a censor of the northern bard, remained silent for a time. After a pause, Mr. Macdonald, pointing to Ben Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, "Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain?" "I never was." "Then you never have been so near to heaven." "And have you yourself been there?" "Indeed I have." "And what a fool you have been to descend!" retorted the bard, "are you sure of being ever again so high?" Macdonald had caught a Tartar—"I'll be shot," said he, "if thou be not thyself Rob Donn!" The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

We can form an estimate of the bard's high character partly from his poems, especially those composed in his later years, partly from the esteem in which he was held by men of intelligence, culture, and integrity, and who did appreciate his genius and his worth, and not least by the fact that he was duly appointed and acted as Assessor in the Kirk Session of his native parish—an office needing for its fulfilment an unblemished and a stainless reputation. From his poems it is manifest that he was a "preacher of righteousness," always speaking in favour of what was "pure and lovely and of good report," and always against what was base and mean and false, whether in high or in humbler places, and always speaking out without fear or favour. Flattery and unreal praise he abhorred. He made short work of it in his well-known poem, "*Pilleadh a' mholaidh mhasgullaich.*"

'G ràdh gun d'ràinig e 'n t-Ard-Rìgh  
 Dearbh cha chreidinn an sgeàl ud á cheann,—  
 Fear nach robh anns an àite  
 'S nach eil cinnteach gu bràth a dhol ann.

In one feature he resembles the poet Pope. "He engraved ideas, and his poems are full of these couplets which can clearly and without damage to themselves be taken out of their setting." We do not propose to institute a comparison between Rob Donn and other Gaelic poets. Such

comparisons are generally misleading and wide of the truth. By some he has been unduly exalted as the foremost of these poets; by others he has been undeservedly depreciated, questions of geography, local dialect, the ecclesiastical leanings of his first editor and other prejudices, rather than a fair and unbiassed criticism having contributed to the disparagement of his poems. In the number and the variety of his original musical airs, he can bear favourable comparison with his contemporary bards, and with this edition of his works before them, competent judges of Highland airs and poetry will, we are confident, assign him a high place among our country's poets, and the verdict of the past will be fully sustained.

Leis gach breitheamh d' an eòl dàn  
Bith' cuimhne gu bràth air Rob Donn.

With every judge of poet's fame  
Rob Donn's will live a deathless name.

His poetical career was cut short at the age of 64, and his dust reposes in the ancient churchyard of Baile-na-Cille. His countrymen honoured his memory and themselves by erecting, seventy years ago, a handsome monument near his grave. That grave is under the shadow of an ancient church, with a daisy-enamelled sward around it, and within hearing of the murmur of the gentle waves kissing the white sand of the lovely beach—fit resting-place for a poet.



# THE DIALECT

OF

## THE REAY COUNTRY BARD,

BY

REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS.

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ROB DONN composed his songs in the Dialect of the Reay Country about 150 years ago. It was not, however, until 1829 that a first edition of his poems was given to the public by the distinguished Gaelic scholar, and countryman of the bard—the Rev. Dr. Mackintosh Mackay. By that time the standard of Gaelic orthography was fixed; and as the vernacular of the Reay country differed widely from the accepted standard, his learned Editor took pains to present the work as nearly as possible in the conventional form. This was done with the best intentions on the part of the Editor, whose desire was to make the compositions of the bard intelligible to the general reader, and, what was of no less consequence, to encourage a uniform system of Gaelic orthography. However successfully this might be done in *prose* compositions, it is impossible to carry it out in *poetry*, without detriment to the rhyme. The substitution of the southern form of the word for the native vernacular, grates harshly upon a musical ear, and often completely destroys the *assonance*. It is well known, however, that Dr. Mackintosh Mackay did not add to his other accomplishments the possession of a musical ear; it does not appear to have occurred to him, indeed, that his laudable desire for a uniform system of orthography, resulted in innumerable metrical blemishes. An example of this lack of ear may be seen on page 1, line 1, of this work where the *first* edition reads

“S e do bhàs, Mhaighstir *Murchadh*,  
Rinn na h-aitean so *dhorchadh*.”

In the Reay Country, *Murchadh* is invariably pronounced *Morchadh*, and if written so, the rhyme is unimpeachable; but the Editor's deference to the recognised way of spelling the word led him to sacrifice rhyme to a uniform orthography. Instances of this kind occur in every page of the 1829 and 1871 editions; and hostile critics, who did not know the bard's native dialect, fastened the charge, naturally enough, not upon the Editor, but upon the author. No charge could be more unfounded; if the Reay Country bard excelled in anything, it was in the possession of an accurate ear. He composed, to a very large extent, the airs to which his songs are sung, and he had the very best opportunity of cultivating his taste for music, by his frequent intercourse with Rev. Murdo Macdonald, minister of Durness, and his family, all of whom were distinguished musicians.

In this edition an attempt is made to remedy these defects by adhering more strictly to the native dialect, than the previous editions had done. It is not, however, to be understood that the Reay Country dialect has been adhered to in every particular. To insist too strongly on preserving the actual pronunciation of words in the written speech would involve a very wide departure from the orthography to which readers are now long accustomed, and would be sure to repel, rather than increase, the number of Gaelic readers. Besides, it were no gain to philology to stereotype all the provincialisms of the present-day vernacular—many of which are the result of carelessness and corruptions of the literary form. Accordingly our plan has been to depart as little as possible from the earlier editions, and to do so only where the rhyme clearly required the Reay Country form of the word. To take an example of our method from the lines already quoted; it will be noticed that while *Murchadh* is changed into *Morchadh*, the minor peculiarity of the dialect—final *adh* becoming *u*—is not insisted on. All infinitives and participles in *adh*, *amh* are regularly pronounced in our dialect in this way; thus *deanamh*, *bualadh*, *stampadh*, should appear as dean-u, bual-u, stamp-u. It was not, however, deemed advisable, in the interests of

the general reader, to overload the work with minor peculiarities of this kind, especially when they did not interfere seriously with the rhythmic flow of the verse. On the other hand, it was found necessary, in the interests of the bard, to make a very large number of alterations in the spelling of words which fall in assonance; or to put it otherwise, to reduce the *literary* to its *dialectic* form in the case of words that enter into the rhyme.

It has also to be noted that Rob Donn did not always adhere to his native dialect. Although there is no evidence that he could read the language of the book himself, he was well acquainted with the literary or southern form by hearing it read every Sabbath. He came in contact also with Gaelic-speaking Highlanders from all parts of the country, when he served in the Sutherland Highlanders' first regiment. In this way it is no unusual thing to find him using the literary or southern form side by side with the vernacular, when the exigencies of rhyme required it. On page 2, second column, the last word in the eighth line furnishes an example. The Reay country pronunciation of *beul* is *beàl*, (like *feàrr*, *ceàl*) the southern dialects make it *béal*, the northern *bial*; but for the sake of harmony, he makes use of *beul*, a pronunciation heard only in the pulpit. Such instances, however, occur but rarely; on page 13, second stanza, the bard relapses into the usual Reay country pronunciation of the word, and makes it rhyme with *feàrr*, *lànn*.

The following are some of the leading phonetic peculiarities of this dialect:—

I.—THE VOWELS. A.

This vowel *a* is a great favourite, and readily takes the place of *o* and other vowels. It must be remembered, however, that in deference to Irish orthography, *o* is frequently *written* where *a* is the vowel in the living speech. Thus *acras*, *cas*, *calman*, *cadal*, *facal*, etc. are common in the North and South, although written *ocras*, *cos*, etc. The Reay country, however, excels in this peculiarity, as may be seen from the following list, which is by no means exhaustive. That some of the instances given appear elsewhere proves nothing; the fact remains, that in no other district in the Highlands is the vowel so often in requisition.

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.	REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
an (like article)	aon	one	faghair	foghair	harvest
	(but aon duine becomes	ūn duine)	falaich	folaic	hide
arm	orm	on me	gail	goil	boil
armail	ainmeil	famous	gad	ged	though
ail' (al)	eile	other	lainid	loinid	churn-staff
adar	eadar	between	larg	lorg	foot-mark
bannach	bonnach	bannock	las	los	so that
brad	brod	choice of	lagha	lugha	less
balgach	bolgach	corpulent	maladh	moladh	praising
bàth	baoth	foolish	manais	monais	slowness
bragaidh	brogail	bold	plad	plod	clod
caileach	coileach	a cock	pait	poit	pot
calainn	colann	body	pàg	pòg	kiss
dàch'	docha	more likely	raimhe	roimhe	before
dan'	dona	worse	saillear	soilleir	clear
danas	donas	badness	salus	solus	light
darbhach	dorghach	{ work with	seàmar	seòmar	chamber
darus	dorus	{ hand-lines	starm	stoirn	storm
fàd	fòid (fòd)	door	traidh or traigh	troidh	foot
		peat			
		u becomes a in many instances:—			
asa	usa	easier	malchag	mulchag	kebbock
farasda	furasda	easy			
To these add—					
saitheach	soitheach	vessel	raghainn	roghainn	choice
		also list of words where eu is changed to à			
beàl	beul, bial	{ mouth; so also			
		{ neàl, sgeàl, etc.			

This feature of the dialect is the first to attract the attention of strangers.

The following words have the ai sound heard in English *pain* :—

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.	REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
éid (d soft)	iad	they	Eun (é-an)	Ian (Eòin)	John
ailean	eilean	{ island, or meadow	éudach	eudach iadach	jealous

THE VOWEL O.

With all our fondness for *a*, we refuse it in the following list, and take *o*.

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.	REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
olt	alt	joint	feòsag	feusag	whiskers
oltachadh	altachadh	grace	gobh	gabh	take
oltruim	altruim	nurse	gobhail	gabhail	taking
boinne	bainne	milk	gobhar	gabhar	goat
boist	baist	baptise	gobhal	gabhal	fork
bois	bas	palm of hand	ploide	plaide	plaid
cò-inn	caoin	weeping	trosgadh	trasgadh	fasting
fòlais	bulas	pot-hook	sobhal	sabhal	barn
lopan	lapan	muddy place	sgeollag	sgeallag	wild mustard
deolt	dealt	dew			

This fondness for *o*, where Scotch Gaelic has taken *a*, may be called an Irish feature, e. g. Sc. trasg fast—Irish and Reay Country trosgadh.

THE VOWEL U.

It is a marked peculiarity of this dialect that we change all infinitives in *adh* and *amh* into *u* : deanamh, dean-u (like Manx and Irish), also *ibh* of Dat. Plur—daoinibh daoin-u. *U* takes the place of *o* and other vowels in the following :—

ubair	for obair	{ work (also in Wester Ross)	siu	for sibh	yourselves
tubar	„ tobar	well	mullachd	„ mallachd	curse
cnù	„ cno	nut	mull	„ mall	chaff
drula	„ drola	link of chain	mù	„ mò	greater
durra	„ dorra	more difficult	an tu-sa	„ an taigh-sa	this house
tù	„ taobh	side	tulgadh	„ tolgadh	sputtering
			ún (ionn)	„ aon	one: adjective

Further examples are auinn river, ait-u thaw, aucaid (abhcaid) jest, au-àr adhbhar cause.

II.—OTHER VOWEL SOUNDS.

Although we do not attenuate *ao* into *ee* so much as other Northern districts, yet we almost invariably convert *ui* into *ee*, or long *e*, or Gaelic *ì*. Thus :—

LITERARY.	REAY COUNTRY.	MEANING.	LITERARY.	REAY COUNTRY.	MEANING.
suidhe	sidh	sit	suiridhe	siridhe	courting
ruith	rith	run	ruighe	righe	fore-arm (hence <i>rians</i> in top)
suibheag } (subhag) }	sì-ag	rasp-berry			
ruithil	rithil	reel	an uiridh	an iridh	last year
fuair-lit	fì(r) lit	poultice			

This may also be viewed as an Irish feature. In old Irish *i* was seldom *infected* by a *u*. Thus O. I. *rith* run is from rit-u, *bith* (world) is for an older, bit-us (Bituriges) fid (tree) for pre-historic vid-us (O. H. G. witu) where we see that infection by *u* is absent.

III.—CONSONANTS.

Generally, *c. p. t.* are softer than in other dialects. We are often not conscious of this ourselves, but a keen southern ear easily detects it. In loan words, Scotch Gaelic often softens

thus :—hat becomes *ad*, bonnet *bonneid*, bittock *bideag*, closet *closaid*. In a similar manner, in our dialect, there is a tendency to turn the *tenues* into *mediae*. Thus :—

REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.	REAY COUNTRY.	LITERARY.	MEANING.
deilg	teilg	fishing-line	gluaran	cluaran	thistle
aodram	eutrom	light	glag	clag	bell
butan	putan	button	briodal	briotal	chit-chat
biasd	biast	beast			

We are accused even of pronouncing bata a stick, *bad*; and South Country pùt(a) young of moor fowl, and buoy, becomes bùd and bùdach. But *plangaid* and *plocan* show the reverse process, in case of initial *tenues*. This sinking of the *tenues* into *mediae* is also an Irish feature. So also is

#### IV.—ECLIPSIS.

In Durness, for example, one hears of *gus an Leathad* pronounced *gus a Leathad*. Of course it is open for one to say that this is more a case of assimilation, but that eclipsis is present with us is clear from such expressions *an gù* for *an cù*, the dog; and may not our sinking of *c* into *g* in many instances be a result of it, thus *gòireag* for Southern *coileag*, a cole of hay; *glag* for *clag*; *gluaran* for *cluaran*; and *gu de* for *ciod e*?

#### V.—METATHESIS.

This is a common feature of the dialect, and sometimes curious results are arrived at. Thus *adharc*, horn, becomes with us *arac*, *fradharc* seeing *frarag*, *amharc*, look, *auric*, *iomlag*, *iolmag*, *iomramh*, *iormadh*, *imirich*, *irmich*, etc., *imiridh*, need, *irmidh*, *imlich*, *ilmich*, *lomradh*, fleecing, *lormadh* (hence *lormachd*, naked, where *r* has infixed itself in the root *lom*), *coimrig* becomes *coirmig*, *cha b' uilear* becomes *cha b' uireal*, *toinisg*, *toisin*, *uaigneach*, *ùigneach*, etc. In cases where *rg* do not change places a short vowel is thrown in; thus the monosyllables *garg*, *calg*, also *borb*, become dissyllables *garag*, *boröb*, etc., a feature of modern Irish, according to O'Donovan.

#### VI.—PROSTHESIS.

The following words have acquired in our dialect prothetic *f*:—*feagal*, *firmidh*, I must, *facan*, complain, *fraineach*, fern; while some have lost initial *f*; *ath* for *fath*, mole; *astail* for *fastail* (?) dwelling; *abhrad* for *fabhrad*, eyebrow; *àile* and *fàile* are used for *smell*. Aspiration accounts for the uncertainty here; *fh* being silent, in some dialects *the oblique cases* prevailed; and, by analogy, words which have no right to it adopted initial *f*.

#### VII.—PECULAIR TREATMENT OF CONSONANTAL COMBINATIONS.

Tarring becomes *tarrig*, *cumhang* *cumhag*, *aingidh* *ainigidh*, *anart*, linen, *arad*; *fulang*, *fulag* suffering; *l*, even a double *l*, before *s* goes out; *soillse*, *soise*.

*Ng* is often vocalised, sometimes changed to *y*, and sometimes nasalises the preceding vowel. Thus :—*seang* becomes *sea(gh)*; *grath-mui(ng)* (mane); *daingean* *dai-yen*; *meangan*, twig *mioth-ghan*; *teangaidh* *tioghidh*. *N* and even a double *n* disappears before *s*, and nasalisation takes place :—*bainnse* = *baise* (of wedding), *puinnseanadh* poison = *pu-i-sean-u*.

*N* after *c* and *g* is, of course, pronounced as *r*. We are apt to do so in other combinations. *Meanbh*, small, becomes *mearbh*, or rather *mearu*; *eanchainn*, brains, *earachinn*; *meanmhuinn* (an itch in nose—the sign of a stranger's arrival) becomes *mearabh(u)inn*.

*Seann*, old, is *slunn* like *fionn*, white, and *leam* (with me), *liùm*; *aon*, one, has two sounds, according as it is joined to a noun, or independent; *aon duine* = *ùnn duine*; but *one* = *an*, like the indefinite article (O. I. *aen*, *oen*). *Iarn*, iron, is a monosyllable, like old Irish. So also are *shiasd*, thigh; *droit* for *drochaid*, bridge. This may be due to fleetness of pronunciation. Yet we insert a syllable in such words as *bard-i-achd*, *fios-i-achd*, etc.

## VIII.—THE GRAMMATICAL UNIT.

We see a curious illustration of this principle in the phrase an-tigh-so, this house, which becomes *an t-ús*; *o* infects *i*, converting it into *u*, and suggesting a borrowing of English *house*; but, an tigh ud, that house.

Whole phrases are treated as one word in regard to aspiration, elision, etc. Thus *cha n eil, fhios agam* becomes first *chaniolsam*, lastly *hinsam*. *Ciod e thubhairt* becomes *de-urá*. This hurry to get over and done with it is a leading feature of the dialect. In this way, a final vowel is not sounded with us, but its presence once may sometimes be judged by its result on the remaining final vowel. *Cluaise* is *cluais*, *cheile* is *cheil*. This fleetness of pronunciation is seen not only in dropping final vowels, but also consonants, and suppressing even syllables. Thus *chlis' mo chris'* for *chlisg mo chridhe*, and *bás* for *bathais*, forehead.

## IX.—INFLECTION—NOUN.

The genitive or oblique case often appears as nominative in Scotch Gaelic: *caraid* old *nom-cara*; *gobhainn* from *gobha*; we extend the principle very far in our dialect, and a large number of words, especially of feminine nouns, may be instanced where the oblique case does duty for the nominative. Thus we have as nominatives, *guailinn, uilinn, laimh, amhaich, aodainn* (rarely), *salainn* (but *siabunn*), *beinn* for *beann*, *claignn, cluais* for *cluas*, *eagail* and *feagail, iongainn, colainn* for *colann* (So O. I. *colinn*, gen. *colla*).

## PLURALS.

We have preserved the plural inflections fairly well; dative in *ibh*, acc. in *u*; but there is one leading peculiarity in the plural of nouns ending in *an*; thus *caolan intestine*; the common plural is *caolanan*, but ours is *caolan*, with the voice on the *n*, and the sound of *a* very much intensified.

## GENDER.

Owing to the loss of the neuter gender, our dialect presents the same anomalies as others do in regard to gender. As in Lewis, so here we use *a' mhuir* masc., but *fuaim na mara* fem.; so with *sìth*, peace—nom. in masc., but gen. *na sìthe*. In borrowed words some peculiarities occur, *bonnaid* we make masc., but *muidse* fem. As elsewhere *boirionnach*, a female, is masc.

## PRONOUNS.

In pronunciation, *sìbh* becomes *shu*; *sìbh-fein*, *shu-peun*; *orm*, on me, arm (*air mi*); *iad* becomes *aid*; *sud*, *sìd*. *Sin* is broadened into *sean* and *shün*.

## RELATIVES.

We use the relative very sparingly. *Am fear a thubhairt sin* becomes *am fear thubhairt sin*, where *a*, which performs the function of the English relative, but is really the remains of the verbal particle *do*, disappears after aspirating the verb. This sparing use of the relative in our dialect may be either an *archaic* feature, or the result of modern hurry.

## X.—VOCABULARY.

The glossary of the 1829 edition is far too meagre for the purposes of the general reader, and some pains have been taken to include in the present glossary words peculiar to the dialect, whether occurring in the preceding pages or not. Where the words present any difficulty or peculiarity, a reference to the page in this work where it occurs, is given. Of course it is not claimed that even a majority of these is confined to the Reay country, and a fair proportion of them may be found in the dictionaries, in perhaps a slightly altered form. Where possible, the *derivation* as well as the *meaning*, has been attempted; and in regard to the *meaning*, it may be interesting to state that only in three cases has the writer failed to get the meaning of the word from the old people of the parish of Rob Donn. With very few exceptions, they are still *living* words in Durness, among the older generation.





# GLOSSARY.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNES.

[Numerals, after a word, indicate the page in this work in which the word occurs; if they are within brackets, the reference is to the 1829 edition; R. D. stands for Reay Country Dialect, N. for Norse, Sc. for Scotch, Icl. for Icelandic, O.I. for Old Irish, W. for Welsh, fr. from, cp. compare.]

- àbhaich, 4, the deer, the *merry* folk; *àbhach* joyous, sportful, is given as obsolete in Armstrong's; cp. Duncan MacIntyre's use, B' *aobhach* a' ghreigh uallach; root, as in *aobhinn* pleasant Ir. aobh, Early Irish áeb.
- acaineach, 58, plaintive, from *acain* sigh, which in R. D. has taken on permanently prosthetic *f*; *facain*, complain.
- ach, 20, until that; this use of *ach*, *but*, for *gus* in order that, is common in the North; see Macrae's MS.
- achdachan, pl. of *achd*. R. D. is fond of such gutt. plurals, cp. *aisnichean* ribs, *aiteachan* places, *bruaáraichean*, dreams, for *aisnean*, *aitean*, *bruadairean*.
- achdaidh, certain, gu *h-achdaidh*, particularly, fr. *achd*, act.
- adhairt, 4, readiness; "his *hand* and *eye* were equally *ready*"; so, each *adhairteach*, a *willing* horse.
- àgadh, an ox or bull
- aile 3, 18, 19, other. R. D. for *eile*; the pronunciation agrees with *baile* town. Lat. *alius* but Book of Deer (11th Century Scottish Gaelic) has *ele*, whence *eile*; O. I. aile.
- ailean, R. D. for *oilean*, good manners, breeding, root *al* as in *altruim* nurse.
- aingeant' 78, malicious O. I. *andgid* from priv. *an* and *deaghl* good.
- anigidh, R. D. for *aingidh*, root as above.
- aircheas, 19, kindness; for *oircheas*, charity, O. I. *aichisecht*, indulgentia,
- alladh, 41, fame; *a* before double *l*, becomes either a diphthong, or simple *o*; mall, *maull*, ball, *boull*, Gallaobh, *Gollaolh*.
- amhran, song, Mid Ir. *ambrán*, *amb rann*?
- an *one*, (cardinal) is pronounced as English indefinite article; but the ordinal *aon* as *ionn* in *fionn*, white; *aonan*, one-one, is *ionn-an*. Towards the west of the Reay Country *an* becomes *un*.
- annas, 85, novelty, delight, priv. *an* and *nòs*, custom.
- apar, expert, dexterous. Sc. *apert* French aparté.
- àpas, R. D. for a silly vain woman from Eng. ape?
- àsruidh, 15 pining; *àsradh* is R. D. for a sheep disease; hence *àsradh giollain*, a *drivning* boy. The root idea is *wasting* (*fàs*, *waste*?) and may be connected with *àsrán*, a forlorn object.
- bacadh, 10, backing, from the Eng. *back*, support.
- bacainn, 45, tethered, *bacan*, a stake, *bac* hinder N. bak.
- baganach, 86, a corpulent fellow; Eng. bag.
- bàghan, 18, churchyard; a dim of *bàgh*, bay, W. *bach*, Dutch, *batche*, N. bugr. The phonetics exclude *bàbhun* an enclosure.
- baidse, 21, a collection made at weddings for (1) the musicians, (2) the bride; Sc. *batch*, a lot of the same kind.
- bailich, to use *badly*; prob. a side-form of *builich* bestow, but compare N. *bella* to deal unfairly.
- bairigeadh, 61, bestowing. Sc. *war*, *ware*, to lay out as expense.
- Bàlas, Wallace. In loan-words from the Tentonic *w* generally becomes *b* in Gaelic, c.p. William, *Builidh* warning, *barnaigeadh*.
- balc, a fault, moral, or otherwise. Sc. *balk*
- ballan (pron. bolla), a wooden vessel N. *bolli*, bowl.
- bàn, fair, hence Bain; also *untilled* and *vacant*. Ghairm e 'n eaglais *bàn*, he declared the church *vacant*.
- banachaig, R. D. for *banarach*, dairy-maid.
- banall, a company of women, fr. *bannal*, a troop. Ir. *banna*, Eng. band.
- baight, enticement. Sc. *bayt*, *bait*, Icl. *beita* pasture.
- bàrd, a park. Sc. *ward*, enclosed ground.

- bargaideach, argumentative. Sc. *bargane*, contend, cp. argle-bargle.
- baran, a baron, overseer, governor.
- barnaigeadh, 23, inviting to a feast; fr. *warning*.
- barr, the top or surface of anything; cream, crops.
- barraidh, judge, baron-baillie.
- barrag, scum, froth.
- bàth, the R.D. form of *baoth*, foolish.
- beàl, 13, mouth; for beul; the sound of *ea* is that heard in *cedarr* left, *fedarr*, better; *bial* is the pron. in the other Northern Dialects; béal or bél in the Southern (like *ai* of *pain*). Rob Donn, however, frequently uses the pulpit or literary pronunciation *beul*, when it suits the rhyme (see page 2, second col, 8th line).
- beiceadaich, 21, curtseying. Sc. *beck*, Icl. beig-a, curtsey.
- beò-sa, Gen. S. of *beatha* life; common as a Gen. pl. cp. *tir nam beo*, land of the living.
- biadhach, 42, a generous landlord, *biadh* food.
- binniceach, 15, sharp-pointed; from *beann*, or rather *beinn* in Scottish Gaelic, horn, peak.
- biogaireachd, meanness, churlishness, from biogach a R.D. form of *beag*, little.
- biogaran, (116) a small wooden dish, N. *bikarr*, a cup, Sc. *bicker*.
- bladaidh, flatterer. Ir. bladaire, from *blad* a foul or open mouth; a greedy man.
- blobhdail, 27, barking, from R.D. *blobhd*, a bark.
- bodhaig, body fr. Sc. *bouk*, N. bukr, the trunk of the body.
- brac, 10, wreck, from the Eng.
- brad, 52, letters of the alphabet, also *brod* from Sc. *brod*, board.
- braiceas, breakfast from the Eng.
- braman, 34, for broman, wicked one; root seems to be *brag*. Lat. *frango*, Eng. *break*.
- breugadh, 24, enticing, from *breug*, lie, deceive.
- bruan, to gore, root in *bruth*, push, Eng. *bruise*.
- buailtear, 42, a cudgel, *buail*, strike.
- buannaidh, a bully, Ir. buanna, a billeted soldier; but compare N. *búandi*, a boor, a husbandman.
- bualaidh, 42, a cow-stall, *bo*, cow, *laidh*, lie.
- buair, 44 (pron. buathair) hatred, indifference. Chaidh a' chearc am *buair* air a nead, the hen forsook her nest.
- buinte, 84, belonging, used substantively, from *buinidh*; tha *buinte* agam ris, I am related to him.
- buillceasach for *builgeasach*, spotted, blistered, *builg*.
- buiteach, threaten, speak angrily to; *bùidich* to vow, has been suggested; but compare Sc. *wite* to accuse.
- bunndaist, weaver's share. Eng. *poundage*
- burrach, 15, heavily-mouthed; R.D. *bùrr* means close-mouthed, sulky; tha *bùrr* air, he is sulky; hence *burraidh*, a clown, *boor*.
- buthailtean, 61, bowels, also *recesses* in the walls of a house; from the Eng.
- càbach, (a long in R.D.), abounding in gaps, toothless, from *cab* a gap, the mouth, derisively.
- cachdan, vexation, Ir. *cacht*, distress.
- càdaidh, 73, an errand-boy, Sc. *cadie*, Fr. *cadet*.
- cailbhe, a partition, generally of wattle, fr. *calbh* a twig.
- caimein, a mote, *càm*, crooked. Ir. *càim* blemish.
- cainmeadh, 46, "what do you call him." *cia ainm?*
- cainneanach, 15, angry. *cain* scold, revile.
- cairbheist, tenants' rent service, M. Eng. *cariage*.
- caireach, 33, faulty, blameable, coire, fault, Ir. *caire*.
- caiseanach, 15, surly, *caisean* a quick-tempered man, from *cas* sudden, steep.
- caislinn, 25, Gen. of *caiseal*, a ford, cp. Caisil-du in Durness, lit. black ford.
- caithir, 4, a mossy place, cp. cathar-breac in Durness; *cair*, peatmoss, N. *Kjarr* brushwood.
- calbhar, 27, greedy of food, *cail* appetite.
- callaidh, 15, benumbed with cold, weak, tame, *Shaw* gives *active*, *nimble*, as a meaning of this word.
- callaidheachd, amorous conduct, collaidh sensual. Ir. collaide, colann, body.
- camachail, an imprecation, *confound you*; a villain. *càm* crooked, *codhail* meeting.
- càmus, an instrument for making bullets.
- can, say, *cantainn*, saying, Lat. = cano I sing.
- canach, cunning, N. kenna.
- canas, 55, for conas a trouble, *conas ort*, *bother you*, from con, the stem of cù, dog.
- cannlach, 37, connlach, straw, stubble.
- caoir, great haste, applied to a river in flood.
- caoirneinan, 15, angry squalls.
- caoir-ruith, 3, hot-haste.

- car, a turn, a trick, pl *cuir*, tricks.
- caraidheachd, tergiversation.
- caraid's', catechism, from the Eng. now *cadaisde*.
- casag, a cassock, long coat.
- cas-direach, a straight-hafted delving spade, now *caibe*, Ir. *coibe*.
- ceàl, 21, reclining posture; *sloping*, as of a vessel.
- ceannan, (114) a small wooden vessel, bank, *ceann*, head.
- ceannaireachd, 85, a leading of horses in ploughing fr. *ceann* head.
- ceann-ordaig, 75, a diminutive person—the Gaelic Tom-Thumb, who did wonderful feats, usually *Ianidh Ceann-ordaig* Johnnie, head of thumb
- ceannsachadh, subduing, Ir. ceannaighim, from *ceannas*, superiority, headship, *ceann*, head.
- ceapag, an impromptu retort verse, *ceap* catch.
- ceap-shuilleach, having eyes with a tendency to meet fr. *ceap* catch.
- ceigean, a short, stout fellow, fr. *ceig* N kaggi, Sc. keg.
- cinneanta, agreeable, from *cinn*, agree to, accede.
- ciosaich, 18, for ciosaich, subdue, *is* tribute.
- ciotaireachd, full of tricks, *ciotach* left-handed, sinister.
- chuidh, 14, 51, departed, died. Ir. *dochuidh* he went.
- claban, mill-clapper, a talkative person, onomatopoeic word.
- clabail, making a noise, flapping, clap.
- claiseach, (130) a gun; from *cleas*, sport.
- clasach, 10, for closach, carcase, *clos*, stillness.
- clé and clè, affinity, consanguinity.
- cliseach, side of body or hill; also *cliathach*, ditto. N. *hlith* a slope.
- cliar, of the Presbytery; *ceanna-cliar*, chairman of assembly; ringleader.
- clòdh, printing. Ir. *clòdh*.
- clothadh, (64), stopping, restraining, *clòth*, mitigate.
- clùd, a rag, a clout, from the Eng., hence *cludag*.
- cnap, a piece of rope; *cnap* a cliath, harrow-rope.
- cnap, (178), a knock, a blow, Sc. *knap*, N. *knappr*.
- cnapanach, a strong, *knobby* fellow. N. *knapi*, a boy, varlet.
- cniopanach, (339), a shrunken fellow. N. *krjupa* creep.
- coinnseas, conscience, from the Eng.
- col, (178), impediment, fault.
- colbh-mhasach, stout hips *colbh* pillar, *màs* buttock.
- combaist, (mariner's), *compass*, from the Eng.
- conaich, 10, of prosperity; *conach ort*, good luck to you. *conach*, rerum copia, O' R.
- connamh, for *connadh*, fuel; also Ir. root in Lat. *candeo*.
- conn-taod, dog-thong.
- contrachd, 27, a curse. Lat. *contractus*, shrinking.
- corra-cheannach, with peaked head, *còrr* a point.
- corra-chodail, sleeping on one's elbow.
- corra-chosach, spindle-legged.
- crabhach and crabhaichean, *puenda*; also small articles of household furniture.
- craiceanach, a short squat fellow; antlered, *cràic*, a deer's horn.
- crampadh, (1), versification (2) an impression.
- crannanach, 85, a plougher. *crann* plough
- crasg-shuilleach, having eyes, looking crosswise from *crasg*, crosswise; cp. *Crasg*, place-name lit. an *across* place.
- crathadh, 74, churning, from *crath*, shake.
- creachainn, 4, bare summit of a hill.
- cròthaibh, 46, in companies.
- crùmpa, an instrument to make snuff of tobacco.
- crùthaig, (214), hardship, *cruidh* hard.
- cual, 10, firewood, faggot, Ir. *cual* heap. "cual crannach" masted hulk.
- cuartach, an epidemic, fever, *cuairt* round.
- cùbaidh, pulpit; Sc. poopit; illustrates dislike of initial p; so *Parbh*, Cape Wrath is called an *Carbh* by Lewismen.
- cuda, for *cuide* rium with me.
- cùlaidh, a boat, the most common term for it in R.D. from the Norse, cp. Shetl. *whilly* a small skiff.
- cùlaisd, 28, closet, *cùil* back; the terms for *butt* and *ben* are *ceàrn* and *cuille*.
- curaisdeach, 75, courageous, active, from the Eng.
- dabhach, 38, a measure of land, O.G. *dabach* (Bk. of Deer).
- dàcha, 47, for *dàcha* more likely.
- daiseachan, 1, dolts. Sing *dois*, blockhead Sc. *dawsie* N. *dasi*, a lazy fellow.
- daitheadaidh, a meal, diet; from the Eng. also *daitheadaidh* ceasnaichidh, a diet of catechising.
- dàm, 15, mud; gutter; not connected with Eng. *dam* (mill-dam) prob. N. *damr*, bad odour; Eng. *damp*.
- danas, for donas, the evil one; *dana* 47 bad.
- daobhaidh, hard-hearted, perverse; from dao, O.I. *doe*.
- dao-chail, 15, disgusting; *daoich* strong dislike.
- deala, 47, loving; used as a comp. of *ionmhuinn*.

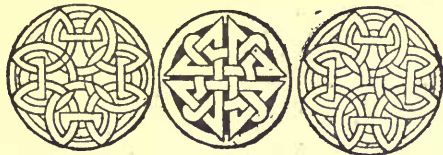
- deargadh, impression, *dearg* red; has intensive force in *dearg*-chaothach, stark-mad *dearg*-ruisgte stark-naked
- deata, year old sheep. I.E. root *dhe*, suck.
- deilig, dealing, from the Eng. or N. *deila*, deal.
- deitheasach, 15, shrinking; *deabhadh* pron-dè-u.
- difir, difference, Eng. differ; Ir. *di fir* from Lat. *differo* in R.D. *diubhair* is more common; harm.
- dith's, 25, a pair; pronounced as *dios* cp. O.I. *dias* two.
- diuchaidh, addled, worthless. *dith*-chaidh go to ruin.
- doirneineach, a strong sizeable fellow, *dorn* fist.
- dorbh, a hand-line, but the R.D. verb is *darbhach*.
- dornag, a stone, that fills the hand; a *boulder* is in R.D. *bùireag*, hence *Achnabourin* in Farr.
- drabhc, (pronounced *drouc*), an awkward fellow. N. *draugr* a ghost, a sluggard.
- drann, 20, a syllable, a sound, hence *drannan* snarling.
- dreachdan, 43, plots, tricks. Sc. *draucht* an artful scheme.
- drine, 87, choice bit, poet's portion of sheep
- driogaid, dregs, from *driog* drop, N. dregylees.
- driongan, dropping slowly; subst., a small quantity.
- duaineil, 21, bad-looking, from *duaichnidh*, ugly.
- duairc, a clumsy fellow; Ir. *duairc* uncivil opp. of *suairc*.
- duanaidheachd, inferior rhyme, rambling talk.
- dumhail, for *domhail*, bulky, closely-packed, crammed, hence shortness of breath, *dumhlachadh cleibh*, asthma.
- dupadaich, bowing servilely, from *dipping*, ducking.
- dùraig, 73, desire, subst. *dùrachd* good wish.
- dùsal, 47, slumber, N. *dúsa*, Eng. doze.
- dusan, dozen; from the Eng.; see also *stùcan*.
- eadh, length for *feadh*. Lat. *pes* a foot.
- eadhainn, some for *feadhainn*.
- ealaidh, (234), an ode, music, from *ealadh* skill.
- eanaidh, 56, legs for *eangaibh* O.I. *eng.*, step.
- eàrlachadh, 23, R.D. for *ullachadh*, preparation of food, from *ullamh*, ready, root *air* and *lam* hand.
- eibeantach, 71, *aibeantach*, inopportunately, faultily, a side-form of *obann*?
- eilthir, 29, sea-coast, *oirthir*, border-land. Also applied to the sea near the land. In Durness the divisions of land are known as *an t-eilthir*, *am machair*, *an dìthreabh*.
- eireachdail, hospitable, handsomely dressed. O.I. *aire* (ch) lord, hence *eireachdas* good manners.
- eireachdas, assembly, congregation, Ir. *oireachdus* "An taobh is fheàrr ri eireachdas" the best side to the world. "Leantuinn an eireachdais" professing piety.
- eirbheirt, 15, motion *air* and *beir*, Eng. *bear*.
- éis, 48, emphatic form of *e* he, for *esan*.
- éis, 50, awaiting, behind-hand, hindrance *ro* connected with an *déis* O.G. *daneis*.
- eistreadh, 10, clothing. Eng. *vesture*
- faidhreil, 39, showy. *faidhir*, a fair, market.
- faidhreachail, 60, marketable.
- fàilligeach, causing to fail, deficient.
- failms', (234), contracted from *far am beil mise*. cp *hinsam* for *chán eil fhios* agam.
- faist, at anchor, tied; from the Eng. *fast*.
- fàiteagach, 8, smilingly. *fàite*, a smile.
- falair, 51, wake, funeral entertainment, *for* and *aire* watch.
- fàn, low, compar. *fhaine* lower.
- fanadh, for *fantuinn*, staying.
- faochagan, wilks (maorach) Ir. *faochóg* W *gwichiad*.
- faomadh, 41, yielding guiltily; for *aomadh*, prosth. f. but cp. obsolete *faomh*, bear with, agree.
- fàsach, 69, a hollow, or place to fix anything in.
- fasdail, a wretched dwelling-house; also *astail*.
- fàt, a fault, Sc. *faut*.
- fathastaich, 79, still, yet.
- feachdadh, 3, standing at bay; I E. root *vig*. O.I. *fichim*, Lat. *vinco*; *bisieging* in gloss. 1829.
- feallachd, 62, desertion from *feall* treachery.
- feamanta, 76, grossly, silly, from *feaman* a tail.
- feannag, a lazy-bed—a Sc. term for a kind of *rig*.
- fearas, joking, humour; *fearas-cuideachd*, sport.
- feart, heed, notice, root, *ver.* watch Eng. ward.
- Feill-bearachainn, (244), for Feill-Mhanachainn, the Beaulieu market, now Muir-of-Ord.
- feitheal, 21, for *feitheamh* waiting.
- feursaidh, 84, a horse-disease, fr. Sc. *farsy*.
- feur-saidhe, preserved grass for cutting and harvesting, *saidh* a treasury (Arm.)
- feurnach, 15, subject to worms; *feursann* a worm in the hide of cattle.
- fiacail-goibhre, 84, a term of reproach; the tooth of the goat is injurious to young trees.
- fiamhach, modest sky.
- fiaras, 56, excuse, crookedness, from *fiar* twist.
- fiata, surly, cold, from *fiadh*, wild.
- fionag, 11, a miser, opp. of *dlach*, spend-thrift.

- fionnach, 11, hairy; *calg-fhionnach* bristly.  
 fuchair, 80, search for by handling.  
 fùchd, 64, a conspiracy, clique; from obs. *fiach* anger E. Ir. *fich* feud, Eng. fight.  
 fìd, 34, hallucination.  
 fòd, 28, 45, a district of country; also a clod, turf, plur fòid peats, Sing. of which is *fàd*.  
 forlach, furlough, from the Eng.  
 fosgarach, 47, frank, open-handed.  
 fraghaidh, 31, a warning; R.D. for *rabhadh*.  
 fraighneach, 10, ferns; also raineach.  
 fuachdaidh, 15, causing cold; also *fuarachd*, 15, coldness.  
 fuadaichean, (176), snatches from *fuadaich*, drive away.  
 fuidsìdh, (22), one that turns tail Sc. *fugie*, fugitive.  
 furaist, (201), gun wadding. Sc. furage.  
 futhar, R.D. for *iuchar*, dog-days, *futhar* an fhoghair.  
 gàbhaidh, 50, awful, terrible. Ir. *gábha*, peril  
 gadharanachd, 28, working with dogs, *gadhar* lurcher-dog.  
 gafan, anything very bitter, henbane, Ir. *gafann*.  
 gairistinn, (324), matter of disgust, aversion. Ir. *garr*, R.D. *garr*, filth, Eng. *gore*.  
 gaire, 49, nearness, proximity, Ir. *gar*, near.  
 garrach, a glutton, root same as in *garr*, *gore*.  
 gaorrsach, a lewd woman, see above.  
 gaortachd, 33, filthy talking.  
 gasan, a sprightly youth, from *gas*, a twig, stalk.  
 gearr, a hare; also *giorraiseach*, shortened from *gearr-fhiadh*.  
 gearr-bhallach, 15, small-spotted.  
 gearr-ghobach, 15, sharp-nebbed, applied also to a precocious youth.  
 gearrabhaireachd, 3, satire, from gearr, sharp.  
 giorag, 81, fearing, apprehending Ir. *giorac* noise.  
 gisgein, (236), a nickname, applied to a trifling fellow; also *gèigean*, and *gigean* N. *kaggi* keg.  
 giùrnaich, 21, constant motion.  
 glámhadach, 28, noisy, howling, from *glaim* howl. Mid. Ir. *gláimm*.  
 glasag, R.D. for coal-fish, *cudaig* is applied to young of coal-fish. Sc. *cuddy*.  
 glom, 76, a fling off, any sudden motion.  
 gliomach, R.D. for a stalwart fellow, from above.  
 glupach, cavernous, applied to sea-waves. N. *glúifr*, an abrupt descent, chasm, Eng. *cliff*.  
 gnùig, a frown, Ir. *grùg* a grudge.  
 goibhlean, roof-trees, props, supports, *gabhal* fork.  
 goineanta, 15, intensely cold, *gon*, wound
- gòineach, R.D. for a pithless, defective-looking object, from root *gò*, defect, fault. Gr. *chaunos* spongy.  
 gothar, (235), stopper in a bag-pipe; also applied to the reeds children make of the green corn, root in *guth* voice, Gr. *goos*, groan.  
 gràine or grathuinn, R.D. for a great many objects, a lot; applied also to a *period* or space of time as in 4.  
 graist', 22, for gràisgte, lowest of the people.  
 gramaisean, 76, gaiters. Sc. gramashes, Fr. *gamaches*.  
 guanach, neat, giddy, coquettish. Ir. *guanach*.  
 gurraidh, 21, crouching position, *guir* brooding?  
 iachdar, 26, a piece of underclothing, opp. of *uachdar*.  
 iad, they, pronounced as *aid* (d soft).  
 iar-dath, what remains in the dyeing-pot after the wool or cloth is removed.  
 inghean, R.D. for *nighean*, daughter, Ir. *inghean*  
 innis, pasture-ground; shelter; also resting-place for the night.  
 inntrig, 54, begin, from the Eng. *entering*.  
 iolaman, (113), skin-covering for a wooden vessel used in carrying milk from the sheiling. Lat. *pellis*.  
 iolmaid, for *iomlaid*, exchange.  
 iomachagar, regards, compliments. Ir. *iomchoarc*, salutation, also *iomacharag* 4  
 iomas, 86, confusion, trouble, state of being put about.  
 iomchan, also *iomchar*, conduct, behaviour.  
 iomrachadh, 75, humouring, from the Eng.  
 iosp, 25, an *t-iosp*, Sc. hesp, a clasp or hook used by a tinsmith.  
 is, 83, "air is 's air ais" is R.D. for a null 's a nall.  
 iteachan, weaver's bobbin from *ite* wing.  
 iùlas, 57, knowledge, for *eòlas* O.I. *heulas*.  
 iughair, (191), a stately woman; in dict *iubhrach*.  
 la hiers, R.D. expression of great surprise pronounced *a la heers*.  
 labhallan, 38, a mythical animal, supposed to be larger than a rat, and very noxious, lives in deep pools.  
 lach, reckoning at a tavern. Sc. *lauch*, Eng. *law*.  
 lachas, loose, free to move, cog. with Lat. *laxus*  
 lachasach, 79, easy, from the above.  
 làmhaidh, (64), R.D. for *tuagh* axe; from *làmh*, hand.  
 langaid, a fetter, tying fore and hind feet of a horse. Sc. *langet*, *langelt*, *langlit*, N. *lang-leidi* length-wise.

- larg, 7, R.D. for *lorg*, foot-print.  
 lasganta, 78, loud-voiced through anger, *las*,  
 flame.  
 leàgh, 2, for *leughadh*, reading.  
 léigach', leagues, from the Eng.  
 leòsain, 9, a pane of glass, from Sc. *lozen*,  
 Eng. *lozenge*.  
 lìobach, having protruding lips, *liob*, lip.  
 lìobhan, 28, to fawn upon one, as a dog. Sc.  
 lippen.  
 logaideach, (21), unwieldy. Eng. *log*.  
 loinid, churn-staff, Ir. *loinid*.  
 lom-sgar, 36, fiery, impetuous, *laom* a flame.  
 lonan, 15, noise, prattle, from *lon* prattle.  
 luathaireach, (293), early, as applied to *fruit*,  
 etc., *luath* swift.  
 luath-rainich, remains of burnt-bracken—used  
 to make dyes *fast*.  
 lùireach, a ragged garment. Lat. *lorica*, coat  
 of mail; applied also to a spiritless  
 fellow.  
 lùis, 27, a swarm, a great many. Lat. *plu-s*.  
 lunn, 79, to cudgel, beat with a staff. As a  
 subst. it denotes the wood placed  
 under a boat in launching it. Norse  
*hlunnr* a launching roller.  
 luthaigeadh, allowing, from the Eng. cp. *reisd*  
 from arrest.  
 lùthan, better *lùghan*, applied derisively to  
 weak or slender hind-quarters (as of a  
 foal) *lùgach*, having crooked legs seems  
 connected, root *lug*, bend.  
 màbadh, abusing, vilifying.  
 maide-séisd, 76, the pack-saddle stick that  
 passes under the tail, for *séisd*, see *séis*.  
 màgach, 49, abounding in rigs, O.I. *màg*, a  
 field.  
 mairbheist, 28, effects, resources, now obsolete.  
 maistreadh, churning. Lat. *mistura*, Eng.  
 mixture.  
 mairist, 11, a match, mate. Lat. *maritus*,  
 husband.  
 marachan, 56, (pronounced *marakin*) fleshy  
 part of the legs; allied to *marag*,  
 pudding.  
 màrsail, arrange, marshal, Ir. *marsáil*, from the  
 Eng.  
 masanaich, playing with, flirting, from *measan*  
 a lap-dog, from *meas*, respect.  
 meanmainn, 27, itch in the nose, prognosti-  
 cating news, root *men*, think.  
 measach', 15, growing, flourishing, *meas*, fruit.  
 measrachadh, 16, opining, root *meas* opinion.  
 miofoir, 44, ugly, from neg. *mi* and *àghmhor*,  
 beautiful.  
 mion-air-mhion, by degrees; mion small. Lat.  
*min-or*.  
 mion-chorrach, uneasy, sharp-pointed, mion  
 corr, Lat. corn-a, Eng. *horn*.  
 miseach, R.D. for *minnseag*, a kid.  
 moisean, (41), (masc. of *mosag*) wretch, allied  
 to *mosach* dirty, nasty; *musaidh*, evil  
 one.  
 muidh, 48, a front-beam in weaving loom.  
 muircean, ankle, shin-bone.  
 nàbuidh, neighbour, N. *na-bui*, near dweller.  
 naisg, 28, pl. of *nasg*, cow tie-band.  
 Naoghas, R.D. for Aonghas, Angus.  
 neagh'rach, (293), blessed (same word as  
*nearachd* happiness?) cp. phrase  
 "neaghradh chruidh" you best of cows.  
 neàl, R.D. for *neul*, cloud, also a fainting fit.  
 nì, cattle; also *thing*, O.I. *ní res*.  
 niosgaid, a boil.  
 nòt, a note, story, when o is short, it means  
 one pound stg.  
 Nullaig, for *Nollaig*, Christmas L. *Natalacia*.  
 ochdach, for *uchdach*, breast, brae, O.I. *ucht*.  
 òcrach, R.D. for òtrach, dunghill, O.I.  
 ochtrach, excrement.  
 oibseig, object, from the Eng.  
 oir, 9, for o'n since, when.  
 òlach, 11, a spendthrift, òl drink; used also  
 in good sense for *hospitable*.  
 oth', for *uatha* from them.  
 pac, 24, pack, gang, from the Eng.  
 pàg, R.D. for *pòg*, kiss. Manx *paag*, from Lat.  
*pac-em* peace, "the kiss of peace," in  
 the ritual of the mass.  
 pàirtidh, party, also *pairtinn* 8 from the Eng.  
 pàist, a child, pl. *pàisteachan*, from Sc. *page*,  
 boy.  
 pait, R.D. for *poit*, pot.  
 paoinear, (156), a mason's labourer, Sc. *poiner*,  
 peaphair, R.D. for *frìtheair*, forester; also water  
 bailie.  
 peitidh, 57, a woollen overshirt. Sc. *petycot*.  
 pigidh, robin red-breast; from *biog*, chirp;  
 onomata poetic.  
 plumaideach, 75, heavy, from *plumba* a  
 plummet. Lat. *plumbum*, lead.  
 prabanach, bleary-eyed creature, from *prab* 50  
 rheum in the eyes.  
 pracadair, 7, collector of the small tithes or  
*prac*, a tenth of yearly increase of live  
 stock, and also of other produce. "Am  
 prac" is possibly for *am frac* (provec-  
 tion) Sc. *fract* for *fruct*, increase, fruit.  
 prais, 57, a pot, Eng. brass.  
 prèisg, 19, preach, from the Eng.  
 primeir, 35, a gun, from the Eng. or Sc.  
*primed* loaded, charged with powder.  
 procach, 4, a year-old stag; Sc. *prog*, sharp-  
 pointed.

- pròis, pride, Sc. *prowsie*, *prossie*, particular.  
 pronntanaich, 27, mashing, pounding, *pronn*.  
 puinne, 15, R.D. for *buinne*, stream, tide, cataract.  
 puinneach, 15, thumping. Ag. S. punian, pound.  
 puinnseach, 50, broad. Sc. *bowsie*, large, bushy.  
 puinnsean, poison, from the Eng.  
 pulaidh, 75, Turkey-cock fr. poulet.  
 pùsadh, 44, and pùsda, married. O.G. pùsta wedded (Bk. of Deer.)  
 putadh, pushing, also what the *spade*, or *caibe* turns (of earth.)  
 puthar, hurt, loss, damage, for *pudhar* do. Ir. pùdhar, Lat. *pudor* shame?  
 raidhlich, a rag, cast-off clothes, Lat. *reliquia*.  
 rainnt, R.D. for *màl*, rent.  
 ràiteach, a contract, affiancing.  
 rannaidheachd, versification, from *rann*.  
 ràsaireachd, given to sharp cutting words, *razor*.  
 rathanach, from *rathan*, piece of wood thro' which sail-ropes are inserted, *dead eyes*.  
 reachd, vexation, keen sorrow.  
 reachd-fhear, 64, lawyer, *reachd*, statute.  
 réapach, untidy, for *ròpach*, Ir. rúpach, a slut.  
 readh, 64, arrestment, from the Eng.  
 reidhleach, full of railings.  
 reidhneach, 42, barren cows, root in *reith*, ram?  
 réisd, 45, then, thereafter.  
 riachlaid, 26, a tattered garment *riach*, tear.  
 riatach, illegitimate.  
 riplus, 87, Sc. *ripples*, weakness in the back. Fr. *ribauld*, Teut. *rabauld*.  
 rodach, 10, sea-weed, growth on timber that is long under water, from *ród*, seaweed.  
 ròg, 7, for *fròg*, a hole, den.  
 rògairéan, 43, rogues, from the Eng.  
 roinnean, 38, a hair, the least particle.  
 ronnagan, 42, stars, R.D. for *reannagan*.  
 rotach, 50, a rattle; also, a rush at starting.  
 rothair, (235), chanter; onomotapoetic word.  
 ruagair, a slug, rudely formed bullet.  
 ruathar, 4, onset.  
 rùdhag, a crab.  
 rugaideach, (276), long-necked, from *rugaid*, the neck, *derisively*. N. *hrukka* wrinkled?  
 rùmpull, tail, rump. Sc. *rumple*.  
 rusp, 25, a file. Sc. *risp*.  
 salus, R.D. for *solus* light.  
 salltair, a chalder. Sc. chalder.  
 saobhaidh, a fox's den.  
 saoi or saoidh, a mare.  
 saoitear, an oversman, tutor, from *saoi* a sage a warrior.  
 saor is e, 45, quit of it, literally, *quit and it*.  
 sàr, 13, difficulty, more than a match for.  
 seach-la, surviving, still sparced, *seach* by, *laimh* hand.  
 seanagar, 57, old-fashioned, knowing, *sean* old.  
 seàrsaigeadh, 9, citation, Eng. *charging*.  
 séis, *anus*, the seat. I.E. root *sed* N. *sess* a seat.  
 sgeàla, 13, R.D. for *sgeul*, story.  
 sian, anything, even the least thing, or *sign* connected with Lat. *signum*, rather than with *sion* weather.  
 siasnadh, (248), wasting, decaying, *dwining sios* down.  
 sin, begin, commence to; same word as *sìn* stretch.  
 Sineubhar, gin, from Fr. *genièvre*, juniper tree.  
 sith-te, 72, glad, from sith, peace.  
 sluaisteach, (235), of shuffling gait, Ir. *sluasaid* a paddle, a shovel; but compare Sc. *sluist*, a big awkward fellow.  
 smiotach, short-eared, in dict. (Ir. *smiot* an ear) but R.D. meaning is *short-chinned* as if from R.D. *smioghad*, chin, shortened form of which is *smiot*.  
 smùsach, extracting the juice from, E.Ir. *smuas* marrow.  
 sniomhair, a wimble, from *sniomh*, wind.  
 soc, snout, fore-part of anything; E. Ir. *socc*, Eng. *sow*.  
 solaidh, (126), advantage, profit (the opposite of *dolaidh* harm) E. Ir. *solod* profit.  
 spreisnach, 10, remains of a wreck.  
 spùt, diarrhoea.  
 sràbhard, 79, strife, uproar cp. Sc. *strabush* tumult.  
 stailceanach, 50, strong and straight. N. *stilk*, a stalk, stem.  
 stàirneanach, 50, conceited fellow *stàirn*, noise.  
 stàn, down (rest in) but *mhàn* downwards motion to.  
 starach, cunning, deceitful, fr. root of *starradh* failing, freak, and  
 starradh, 58, quickness, suddenness.  
 stic, 61, a stitch. Sc. *steek*.  
 stic, an evil bias, or peculiarity, Sc. *stick*, bungle.  
 stic, a ghostly person, N. *styggr* shy, wary.  
 strainnsear, a stranger, from the Eng.  
 streud, a row, a number of things in line, *street*.  
 suabag, (64), a sweeping blow; from Eng. *sweep*.  
 suanach, plough-rein, a tial, *suaineadh*, rope-twisting.  
 suaiteachan, 28, wagging (tails), also shrugging one's shoulder, from *suath* touch, rub.

- sùsdan, a thousand, from N. *thùsund*, thousand. (lit. a crowd of hundreds.)
- tàbhurnach, 47, noisy, from *tàbhairn*, *tavern*.
- tagradh, 55, ghost, Ir. *tacharan*.
- taghadair, cattle oversman, fr. tagh, choose.
- taigheach, 50, careful, R.D. for *toigheach* from *toigh*.
- tàimhteachd, abode, dwelling, from *tàmh* rest. R.D. dwell.
- talcuais, 58, R.D. for *tarcuais*, E.Ir. *tarcusul*, c.p. *tailceas*, contempt.
- taoitear, 11, an oversman, trustee, a term of land management. Although the dictionaries give *taoitear* as the nom. (suggesting Lat. and Eng. *tutor*) usage is against it. The nom. in R.D. is *saoitear*, e.g., "Saoitear an Tòrr" of which *taoitear* is the oblique form; from *saoi*, hero, *sage*.
- taosnadh, 57, horse-play, rough handling, Ir. *taos*, knead.
- tap-dubh, 77, beat of drum to call to quarters from *tattoo*, Dutch *tap-toe*, close tap or drinking house.
- tastar, 56, making a noise, reduplicated root *tar*, cp. *tairneanach*, thunder.
- tasgullach, 16, misprint for *Casgullach*, Macaskill, often called here *na Casgullaich*.
- teamhair, 9, time, Lat. *temporà*.
- teann-chaoir, 79, hot haste, literally, *intense blaze*.
- teanndadh, 32, turning, R.D. for *tionndadh*.
- teine-eigin, 86, forced fire, by rubbing two pieces of wood together; an antidote against ill-luck.
- teine-fionn, will-o'-the-wisp, *fionn*, white.
- tilleag, R.D. a bee; from root *svel-ni*, turn round, whence also *seal* and *seillean*.
- tioma-chasach, 15, soft-footed.
- toimhseil, sensible, from *tomhas*, measure.
- toimhsean, good sense; opposite of *di-thoimhsean* folly, fun.
- tomud, R.D. for *tomult*, bulk.
- tràibeanach (339) a bedraggled fellow; cp. R.D. là tràibeach, a soft day. The origin seems to be Sc. *drab*, a stain, *drable*, befoul.
- trabhàilli, morning call to soldiers, Fr. *reveiller* awake.
- triùcair, a rascal, from Sc. *trucker*, Eng. trick.
- trompaid, (137), better *trumpaid*, strumpet, from the Eng.
- trosg, (a), a cod N. *thorskr* (b) an awkward fellow (c) fasting, 60. Ir. *trosgadh*.
- tuathag, a patch, from E.Ir. *tuga*, cover, better *tuaghag*.
- tulchainn, a gable of a house; also *posterior*.
- tul-fhirinn, 72, real truth, *tul*, an intensive prefix allied to *tuil*, flood, Ir. *tola*, superfluity.
- tunnsgadh, 71, rather than *tionnsgadh* upheaval, from *tonn* wave.
- uaghach, 1, Gen. of *uaigh*, grave, Mid. Ir. *uag*.
- uaignidheach, 27, R.D. for *uaigneach*, secret.
- ùdlaich, 3, Gen. of *ùdlach*, a stag; old hart (Arm.)
- uilbh, brute, N. *ulfr*, wolf.
- ullag, meal and milk mixed.
- ùrlach, 15, stag (long-haired one), Ir. *urla* long hair of the head.
- urraic, 14, and *urraicht'*, excellent.
- uspunn, noise, R.D. for *uspairn* strife.





# THE BARD'S SURNAME.

BY REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A.

IN a recent edition of Rob Donn's poems\* the right of the bard to the surname of Mackay has been called in question, and it is alleged that his true surname was Calder. As this is contrary to the hitherto universally accepted opinion, it is necessary to examine the arguments put forward in behalf of the Calder surname at some length. For this purpose we shall quote the whole statement made in that work, and italicize the parts of the argument to which exception is taken. On page xxxii. the editor says:—

*“Now and again there has arisen round the name of the bard controversies which have too frequently degenerated into petty personalities. Into the history of the various controversies it is not our purpose to enter, nor is it our wish to press unduly the case for or against either of the surnames Calder or Mackay, but the question must be stated as fairly as possible, leaving those interested to exercise their own judgment and draw their own conclusions.”*

The natural inference from this statement is that the bard's surname was often a subject of debate. This is not warranted by the facts of the case. In the bard's native parish, and among his own descendants and those of his contemporaries, the bard's surname was never called in question. No little surprise was manifested, therefore, when, in 1882, the recent editor gave public expression to views which up to that period were confined to a very few individuals.

*“The name Mackay was first applied to Rob Donn on the title-page of his poems in 1829. Even in the enthusiasm created by that occasion there were not wanting people who protested against such a liberty.”*

The first statement is historically inaccurate. It will suffice to quote the following authorities prior to 1829. The bard died in 1778, and Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster, Caithness, who had the best means of verifying the matter, as the bard was personally well-known in the neighbouring county, writes of him thus within twenty years of his death (1792-98) in the first Statistical Account of Scotland, page 531, vol. xx.:—“The celebrated Highland bard, Robert Donn alias Mackay, was a native of Strathnaver,† not far distant from Thurso. . . . A clergyman of Sutherland,‡ lately deceased, was at some pains to collect Robert Donn's works, and commit them to writing with a design to have them published. The manuscript was lately laid before the Highland Society of Edinburgh, under whose patronage they will soon, it is hoped, be given to the public. . . . There is a gentleman of the same name (Mackay), a native of Thurso, and residing in that town, who possesses a good deal of poetical fancy, and has given proofs of his talents in that line by no means amiss.”

In literature Rob Donn's name was well known as Mackay prior to 1829. Two or three writers on the Ossianic controversy refer to him as Robert *Mackay*. Dr. Macarthur (1806) and the brothers Maccallum (1816) make references to the Reay Country Bard as a Mackay. So the theory of a *clan* fraud in 1829 implied in the above statement, and asserted in a letter of Rev. Eric Findlater, about to be quoted, is utterly without foundation.

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\* Songs and Poems in the Gaelic Language, by Rob Donn, the celebrated Reay Country poet, by Hew Morrison, F.S.A. Scot., etc., 1899.

† *Strathnavernia* was then often used to describe the Reay Country.—*Ed.*

‡ The reference is to Rev. Aeneas MacLeod, minister of Rogart, whose MS. of the bard's poems came into the hands of Rev. Dr. Mackintosh Mackay about 1829, and is the basis of that and all subsequent editions.—*Ed.*

The second statement, italicized above, that there were some in 1829 who protested against the name put on the monument, and on the title-page of the first edition, is not supported by any contemporary documentary evidence. Some are still living in Durness who have a distinct recollection of the proceedings of that day, and were actually present. Among these may be mentioned Ann Murray, the poet's great-granddaughter, whose age in 1829 was twenty-three; and Mr. Robert Sutherland, Parish Clerk of Durness. Their evidence is supported by the universal testimony of the people of Durness that no surprise was manifested when Rob Donn was referred to as Robert Mackay. The name was, then as now, a subject of universal acceptance among the *natives of the parish*; and if there were any of a different opinion, outside the Manse family, there was no voice given to it on that occasion.

"The poet was Rob Donn to every one. *To those who cared for correct designation* he was Rob Donn Calder, while, *to enthusiastic clansmen*, the name Mackay commended itself as *appropriate enough to one who was a native of their country.*"

It is implied here that Dr. Mackintosh Mackay did not care for *correct designation*—surely a grave charge against an editor of the bard's works; and the assumption that as early as 1829, within fifty-one years of the bard's death, any liberties should be taken with his name is simply incredible. At that time there were several of the bard's contemporaries living in Durness, and these cannot all have been so affected with clan partisanship as to have remained silent.

"The Rev. William Findlater, parish minister of Durness at that time, was appointed *the first editor of the poems, and he bestowed much time and care upon revising the collection of poems written by his sister-in-law, Miss Thomson, from the bard's own recitation.* Mr. Findlater was unwilling to act unless he had power to reject such of the poems as he thought proper. *Some differences arose over this*, but when it was decided to introduce the name Mackay as that of the poet, he not only declined the editorship, but withdrew from the committee which was promoting the publication."

The first statement is open to question; as for the second—the difference that arose over the bard's name in committee—there is a tradition that Mr. Findlater mooted the subject of the Calder surname, but that level-headed natives, who knew the prevalence of *bye-names* in the Reay Country, received the suggestion with scant courtesy.

"In the Statistical Account of the parish a few years later, he mentions Robert Donn and calls him Calder, mentioning that he was sometimes called Mackay—*referring to the title-page of the poems published, and to the inscription of the monument erected in the churchyard.*"

In the publication referred to, there is no reference to title-page or monument, either in footnote or in the body of the work. The statement of Mr. Findlater on page 93 of the New Statistical Account is as follows:—"Robert Donn or Calder, or, as he is sometimes called, Mackay, the celebrated Reay Country bard, was also a native of this parish." This is a mild statement, literally accurate, and does not bear the interpretation put upon it by the recent editor. It differs widely from the statements of Rev. Eric Findlater, his son, who, however, laboured under the disadvantage of writing in 1882, more than one hundred years after the death of the bard. His father wrote the reference quoted above about fifty years after Rob Donn's death. This no doubt accounts in a measure for the divergence in opinion between father and son.

"Mr. Findlater's son, the late Rev. Eric Findlater, of Lochearnhead, who was associated with his father in drawing up the Statistical Account, writing in 1882, says:—"Rob Donn was a Calder, not a Mackay, and the *surname Mackay was given by gentlemen of that clan* engaged in getting a monument erected to his memory in the churchyard of Durness, and in getting his songs published. My father was inducted to the parish of Durness about the year 1812, but for four years previous to that he held the mission charge of Gribol, and Strathmore was in it, so that he had the best means of knowing about the matter, and I always heard him affirm that Rob Donn's name was not Mackay but Calder. In 1850 I spoke to a very worthy man, Angus Calder, one of the elders in Kinlochbervie, and a native of Strathmore, upon this point, and he assured me that Rob Donn was no more a Mackay than I was. After his return from Australia I mentioned the subject to my late dear friend, Dr. M. Mackay, of Dunoon (the editor of Rob Donn's songs), and asked him what had tempted himself and others to make a Mackay of the bard? His only answer was a shake of the head, and a shrug of the shoulders."

The first part of the above letter in italics shows that the writer's acquaintance with the subject was of a very superficial kind. It has already been pointed out that several authorities are responsible for the Mackay surname prior to 1829, and among others, as will presently appear, his own grandfather, Rev. John Thomson, minister of Durness. Rev. Eric Findlater and Mr. Angus Calder were both *worthy* men, who would scorn to do themselves what Dr. Mackintosh Mackay is here accused of doing. They were both under the impression that because the *bye-name* Calder was sometimes applied to the bard's family in Strathmore, it must therefore have been the legal *surname*. The propriety of publishing the above letter in a new edition of the

bard's works is questionable. It contains a serious allegation of dishonesty against one of the most honourable of men, and the most esteemed of ministers. Dr. Mackay, a native of the Reay Country, would not have imperilled his reputation in this fashion if he had the least doubt in his own mind on the matter. The *shake of the head* and the *shrug of the shoulders*, so far from indicating any acknowledgment of guilt, were but the natural expressions of a keenly sensitive mind, and were intended as a dignified and indignant denial.

"In Anderson's *Guide to the Highlands* (1850) the poet is designated Robert Calder Mackay, or Rob Donn, and that too, *notwithstanding that Dr. Mackay contributed to its pages*, and the present writer, visiting the poet's birthplace of Altnacaillich in 1881 *had the grave of his brother, William, pointed out to him*, and was assured it was William Donn's, although it bears William Calder as an inscription."

Dr. Mackay would have taken no exception to the designation *Robert Calder Mackay*; and it is perfectly well known in Durness that no stone with inscription marks the grave of William Donn, the bard's brother. To affirm that this is the grave of William Donn, the bard's brother, is a begging of the whole question.

"In addition to the name Mackay appearing, as already stated, on the title-page of the poems, one of the strongest grounds for attaching the name Mackay to the poet is contained in a note which Colonel David Stewart, of Garth, quotes from Munro's narrative of the casualties at the battle of Arnee on 2nd June, 1782, as follows:—"I take this opportunity of commemorating the fall of John Donne Mackay, a corporal in MacLeod's Highlanders, son to Robert Donne, the bard, whose singular talent for the beautiful and extemporaneous composition of Gaelic poetry was held in such esteem." *This John, who was married in Crosple, is in the parish register of baptisms twice designated Donn, and, under date 21st January, 1773, he is further referred to as 'John Donn alias Calder in Crosple.'* Which is the more likely to be correct, the recruiting list of MacLeod's Highlanders, or the register of his native parish attested by the parish minister?"

It is the barest assertion to say that the John Donn mentioned in the baptismal register is the bard's son, and there is ample documentary evidence to prove that such need not be the case. The Crosple family of Donns is quite distinct from the bard's family, whose place of residence was Balnakiel. This is borne out by tradition on the one hand, and the kirk-session minutes of Durness on the other. "Mary Donn, Crosple" appears before the session as a young girl after the date of the marriage of "Mary Donn, Balnaceill," the bard's daughter. The Crosple family were in very poor circumstances according to local tradition, and their appearance in the kirk-session records of the period proves it. In 1778 a certain "John Down" is buried at the public expense, according to an entry in the session cash book. This man, of course, could not have been the bard's soldier son, who was then with his regiment, and most probably unmarried. The fact of "John Down alias Calder, Crosple," never appearing in record after 1778, combined with the well-known poverty of the family, makes it abundantly manifest that it was he, and not the bard's son, who is mentioned in the baptismal entries. Besides, no reason is assigned why the bard's son should enlist under a false name. It follows that the War Office record is not traversed in the least degree by the baptismal entries, and thus "one of the strongest grounds for attaching the name Mackay to the poet" remains as strong as ever.

"In the session records and register of baptisms and of marriages for the parish of Durness, there are frequent references to the poet and his family. The first mention of Rob Donn himself, in record, is in a deed of Sasine of 1737. For the occasion he was specially constituted a baillie, and at that time he lived at Islandreir, a small place opposite Dornadilla Tower on Strathmore. Even in this legal document he is only Robert Donn. Donald Donn, very probably his father, is mentioned in the same document. In 1768 the members of the kirk-session of Durness were become feeble and tender, and several persons mentioned are invited to become assessors to the court 'as John Mackay in Borley and Robert Donn now are.' In September, 1769, an entry in the parish register runs:—"Robert Donn, poet, in Saingo, had a son, George, baptized." *His eldest son, James, who, after his return from the army in 1775, married Isobel Stewart,* is designated 'Donn' only on the three occasions on which his name appears. John is referred to above. '*Hugh, under date 17th September, 1775, is mentioned as Hugh Calder alias Donn in Crosple, etc.'* Colin, as a young man employed in Balnaceill, is designated *Colin Calder alias Donn alias Eckel and Mackay,* had a child baptized Robert 14th January, 1777. *This is the only mention of the name Mackay in connection with any of the poet's family as such, and indeed with any one bearing the name of Donn.* That Colin was named after Colin, of Bighouse, is very probable. Whether he bore Mackay in addition to his other names on that account cannot be stated with certainty. The manner of entering 'and Mackay' in the register is certainly singular."

There is some confusion in the identification of the bard's son James, who is represented above as marrying *Isobel Stewart* in 1775, but on page xxxi. it is stated that he married in 1774 *Jean Stewart* in Balnaceill. The reason of this is, probably, that there were two men of the name of James Donn; but it is when we come to the names of Hugh Calder alias Donn in Crosple and

Colin Calder alias Donn alias Eckel and Mackay that the recent editor falls into the error already referred to, viz.—that of confounding two families which were quite distinct. The bard had no sons of the name of Hugh and Colin. His descendants are quite clear on the point, and it is impossible that Ann Murray, who had her information from the bard's daughter Christina, can be in error. The recent editor is equally unfortunate in regard to the bard's daughters. Here is what he says :—

"It is more than significant *that the poet's three daughters*, mentioned in the parish register, should all bear the surname 'Calder.'"

The obvious inference from this statement, along with a previous reference on page xxxi., is that the bard had only three daughters. As a matter of fact he had five daughters. Mary, Isobel, and Christina are often mentioned in record. Flora, the best bardess of the family, died unmarried, and Janet, who was married to one of the name of Corbet in Edinburgh, paid a visit to her sister Christina within the memory of people yet living. She had an only daughter, who died unmarried.

"On the 28th May, 1770, the eldest daughter was married, and the entry in the register runs—'John Mackay alias Mac-en-mac-uilleam-mac-neill in Uaibeg, married Isobel Calder alias Nin Rob Donn in Balnaceill.' *In the entries in the register of baptisms Isobel's name is given as 'Isobel Calder or Isobel Donn,'* and under 15th June, 1781, the entry states that John Mackay, etc., and 'Isobel Donn alias Nin Rob alias Calder alias Eckel had Janet baptized.'"

The statement in italics is apt to suggest that the Mackay surname is not attached to Isobel in any of the baptismal entries. It is certainly singular that the following entry should have been omitted :—

"1779 John Mackay alias Mac-en-mac-uilleam-mac-neill, and his wife, Isobel Down alias Mackay alias Calder alias Eckel."

This entry is important as showing that Rev. Mr. Thomson knew that the bard was a Mackay, while he often omits the Mackay surname, and gives the popular surname of Donn, together with the nicknames Calder and Eckel. The origin of these bye-names will presently be explained. It may here be mentioned that the *Eckel* bye-name is always found associated with Mackays in the register.

"Mary, the poet's daughter, is mentioned in the Session records as Mary Down, and the marriage entry has simply Mary Donn in Balnaceill. On January 8th, 1780, it is recorded that 'Donald Mackay alias Mac-en-mac-alastair-roy, a soldier in the Duke of Gordon's Fencibles, and his wife, Mary Calder Donn alias Mackay, had John baptised.'"

It may be stated that the word *Calder* is in this entry found in the margin, and a mark of omission supplies its place in the register. The maiden surname of Mary was thus Mary Donn alias Mackay, which is apparent from the following entry under 1791—"Donald Mackay alias Mac-en-alastair-roy, and Mary Down alias Mackay, his wife."

"On 28th November, 1773, 'Hugh Murray in Rispond married Christina Donn in Balnaceill.' The family of this union was three sons and three daughters, and in two of the entries 'Christina Donn' is mentioned, *her alias being Murray*, after her husband, *in the same way as her two sisters were sometimes aliased Mackay after their marriage with Mackays.*"

The parts italicized contain an error of fact and judgment. It is not the case that in two of the entries relating to the family of this union Christina Donn is aliased Murray. The entries are as follows :—

"1774—Hugh Murray, in Rispond, had Francis baptized, 9th August.

1775—Hugh Murray, carpenter and boatman in Rispond, had Isobel baptized, 27th September.

1778—Hugh Murray, boatman and little tenant in Rispond, had a child baptized, called Ann, 28th August.

1781—Hugh Murray, boatman in Rispond, and Christina Down, his wife, had Robert baptized, 9th October.

1784—Hugh Murray, sailor in Rispond, and Christina Down, his wife, had James baptized, 30th October.

1788—Hugh Murray, carpenter and sailor in Rispond, and Christina Down, his wife, had Janet baptized, 15th September."

In the above six entries it is clear that the Murray *alias* does not occur. It was impossible it could, for the simple reason that a registrar gives the *maiden* surname of the wife in the baptismal entries, and Mr. Thomson invariably follows that rule, although it is frequently the maiden *popular* surname which he gives, and not the maiden *legal* surname. Had the recent

editor noticed this, it is impossible to believe that he should have advocated the *Calder* ancestry of the bard. The other statement in italics, where he says that *her two sisters were sometimes aliased Mackay after their marriage with Mackays*, betrays the same error of judgment. It is as clear as day that their marriage with Mackays had nothing to do with that surname in the baptismal register. Hundreds of entries might be quoted to show that it is the maiden surname of the wife that is always given. A few will suffice. Immediately following the 1779 entry of "Isobel Down alias Mackay" occur the following:—

- (a) "Donald MacLeod; wife, Barbara Grange alias Campbell.
- (b) Donald MacLeod; wife, Ann Dalrymple.
- (c) Richard Denoon; wife, Elizabeth Mackay.
- (d) Angus Sutherland; wife, Christina Fraser."

"Barbara Grange *alias* Campbell" above is on all fours with "Isobel Donn *alias* Mackay." Both the popular and legal *maiden* surnames are given, as in the case of the bard's daughter.

"Hugh Murray died and Christina married again. The record of that event has an important bearing on this question, and is as follows:—'John Morrison alias Mac-uilleam Machustian Mac Eachinroy, joiner in Durin, married Christina Calder alias Donn, widow of the late Hugh Murray, at Rispond, 24th February 1792.'"

This is the strongest documentary evidence in favour of the Calder surname. There is little doubt that it was this entry that accounted for the Manse family maintaining a view so opposed to the popular belief of their day and ours. Taken alone, it is no doubt conclusive enough in favour of the Calder surname; taken along with other entries of a precisely similar phraseology, it easily fits in with the *two entries* given above which give the Mackay surname to Isobel and Mary. It must suffice to take one instance from these registers.—There is a man whose *popular* name is Murdoch Donn occurring pretty frequently in record. Murdoch Donn's daughter is mentioned under date 2nd March, 1783, as follows:—"Catherine Mackay alias Nin Mhorachie Dhuin." This is in the baptismal register, where the minister is studiously accurate in giving not only the *popular* and *legal* surnames, but also the nicknames. Her husband is Robert Mackay, but, as has been proved, this has nothing to do with her Mackay surname. Murdoch Donn's son is Donald, and his legal surname is Mackay, like that of his sister Catherine, but he occurs oftener than once, as "1784, Donald Donn alias Calder, Murdoch Donn's son," and under date, 3rd April, 1791, as "Donald Calder alias Macmhorachie Dhuin and Janet Mackay, his wife."

It does not appear to have occurred to the recent editor that if the wife takes the husband's surname as he assumes, this Donald Calder is easily proved to be a real Mackay by the last entry. There is no need, however, to take advantage of this dilemma. Donald Calder, son of Murdoch Donn, is legally a Mackay like his sister Catherine mentioned above; and there are strong reasons to believe that he is mentioned in the kirk-session records of Westmoine as "Donald Mackay, mac mhorachie macHustian." This identification, however, is not necessary to our argument. It follows, then, that such a designation as "Christina Calder alias Donn" may mean a real Mackay quite as surely as Donald Calder alias Donn does in the entries of 1784, 1787, 1791.

"The poet's brothers, William, Donald, and Gilbert are also mentioned in the register. William is mentioned twice as William Donn, viz.—in 1768 and 1771. He then lived in Altnacaillich. In 1773 he removed to Badnahachlais, and he is then designated as William Calder alias Donn."

As there is no evidence of his removal to Badnahachlais, it must be assumed that we have here two different individuals. The entries are as follows:—

1768—William Down, in Aultnacealich, had *Catherine* baptized, 14th August.

1771—William Down, in Aultnacealich, had *Margaret* baptized, 5th February.

1773—William Calder alias Done, in Badnahachlash had *Catherine* baptized, 1st November."

Apart from the well-known fact that the latter is the father of Angus Calder mentioned in Rev. Eric Findlater's letter, there are *prima facie* objections to the assumption that these three entries refer to one and the same individual. There is no doubt, however, that William Donn, of Altnacaillich, is the bard's brother. It was the bard's birthplace.

"It is impossible to distinguish whether Donald, mentioned in the deed of 1737, is the poet's father or his brother, but Gilbert, under date 14th April, 1765, is referred to thus:—'Gilbert Calder alias Donn, in Teagisgil, had a son christened John.' It is stated that Gilbert was killed while shooting in the rocks of Farout."

The locality of *Teagisgil* is a matter of uncertainty; there is a place-name, *Gisgil*, in the neighbouring parish, and Teagisgil may be a contracted form of *Tigh* Ghisgil. There is,

however, no tradition in the parish that any of the bard's brothers resided there, while it is well known that he lived in Durness, and met his death at Farout. In the Parish Church Account Book the following reference is probably to the bard's brother:—

"February, 23, 1767—By Cash to Gilbert Down, 11s. 1½d."

"Who the *Calders* of Strathmore were it is difficult to say. Many of them retained that name, and their representatives are still in the County of Sutherland, but the greater number of them emigrated to America and the Colonies. Among them the surname of *Donn* was widely applied as a term of identification. In the register of baptisms already referred to there are, between 1763 and 1800, forty-two instances in which the surname *Donn* appears. Of those thirty have *Calder* as their other name, while one has *Mackay* in addition to that of *Calder*, and one has *Morrison*. The remainder are known as '*Donn*' only."

The recent editor found it difficult to account for the great number of *Calders* in the heart of the Reay Country about the time of the bard. He cannot account for it indeed. There is no reference made to them in the clan feuds of the period immediately preceding their appearance in the records of Mr. Thomson. There were only two families of real *Calders*, and both were incomers; that of William *Calder*, schoolmaster, of whom there are no male descendants now living; and the family of William *Calder*, miller, *Badnahachlash*, the progenitor of Angus *Calder*, above referred to, and some of whose descendants are still in the County, and several in the Colonies. The latter family's ancestor came from *Culloden*. History knows something of the *MacLeods* of *Durness* and the *Morrison*s, of *Durness*, but there is no mention made of the *Calders* of *Durness*. They also disappear mysteriously. After 1782 these *Calders*, also aliased *Eckels*, are seldom met with, and about 1800 they almost entirely drop out of record. This took place years before the *Strath* was cleared of its inhabitants. The theory of emigration is therefore not valid. The greater portion migrated to *Durness* proper and to *Melness*, and there are no *Calders* among them to-day. The descriptive epithet *Donn* is yet to be met with in both places; and it is not a little significant that the people so called are *Mackays*. From the expression, "*many of them retained that name*," it would appear as if the author of it were prepared to believe that some at least lost the name, and are known to-day by other surnames. The latter half of the eighteenth century is too recent a date for alteration or loss of surnames. An individual here and there might be met with whose popular name might oust the legal surname. But there were too many so-called *Calders* on *Strathmore* in Mr. Thomson's day, and too few to-day, either in the *Reay* Country or elsewhere, to believe this theory. A careful examination of the records removes the mystery. Real *Calders* were as rare in Mr. Thomson's day as in our own in the *Reay* Country. It was a nickname applied to a section of *Mackays* living in *Strathmore*, and *Rev. Mr. Thomson* knew that they were real *Mackays*. The following entries will suffice to prove this:—

- (1) "1783—James Mackay alias Eckel, tailor in Achucharasait.
- (2) 1770—William Ekel alias Calder alias Macdholicustian, Mussel.
- (3) 1776—William Mackay alias Calder alias Macdholicustian Mac Dholicgilbert in Mussel.
- (4) 1778—William Mackay alias Macdholicustian Macdholicgilbert, tenant in Mussel.
- (5) 1790—William Mackay alias Macdholicustian alias *Eceil* in Mussel,
- (6) 1768—John Eckel alias Calder alias Machustian Macuilleam in Arnaboll.
- (7) 1769—John Eckel alias Calder Machustian Macdholicgilbert in Huinleam.
- (8) 1772—John Eckel alias Macdholicustian Macgilbert in Huinleam.
- (9) 1776—James Macdholicustian alias Eckel alias Calder alias Mackay in Achucharaistat.

(This is doubtless the same as James Mackay above mentioned).

- (10) 1777—Colin Calder alias Donn alias Eckel and Mackay.
- (11) 1779—Isobel Donn alias Mackay alias Calder alias Eckel."

This is the bard's daughter, who is also given in 1781 with "Nin Rob Dhuinn" taking the place of the Mackay surname as follows:—

- (12) "1781—Isobel Donn alias Nin Rob Dhuinn alias Calder alias Eckel.
- (13) 1791—Mary Down alias Mackay. This is the bard's daughter Mary.
- (14) 1774—James Eckel in Achucharasait."

A glance at the above entries is enough to convince any one that the individuals so designated are all *Mackays*; and among them are two of the bard's daughters. To these may be added the family of *Murdoch Donn*, who are also *Mackays*, viz.—*Catherine* and *Donald*.

- (15) "1783—Catherine Mackay alias Nin Mhorachie Dhuin.
- (16) 1784—Donald Donn alias Calder, *Murdoch Donn*'s son.

From the above entries it is apparent that the so-called *Calders* are *Mackays*. The statement that only *one has Mackay in addition to that of Calder* is inaccurate. The entries numbered (1), (9), (14) prove that the *Eckels* are *Mackays*, and the origin of these bye-names is to be accounted for by the fact that *Strathmore* was well-wooded, and that a considerable trade in basket and creel-making was carried on with *Caithness* in the 17th and 18th Centuries. The *Calders* of *Strathmore* would be known as "*na Callduinnich*," *hazel-workers*; as *n* and *l* are apt to interchange in final unaccented syllables, this word became in course of time *Calldailich* and was Englished into *Calder*. *Eckel* presents more difficulty. The form in (5) above—*Eceil*—suggests the genitive of *caol twigs, withs*, as the origin. William *Eceil* would thus stand for *Uilleam a'chaoil* (pronounced *acheel*) William of the withs or twigs. The form it assumes in the *Cash-book* entries of *Egal*, and the commonest spelling above of *eckel* suggest a derivation from the English word *eagle*. They might have been nicknamed *eagles* by the people of the *Machair*, or the low-lying parts of *Durness*, either because of their residence in the heights of the parish—the well-known *habitat* of the eagle, or because they actually trapped and sold these birds. That *Calder*, as applied to the *Ekel-Calders*, is a trade-name from *Callduinn*, *hazel*, hardly admits of any doubt. In a similar way there was a family in *Durness* until recently surnamed *Miller*, who were well known to have been *Mackays*, and there are several families of *Gows* (from *gobha* smith) in the *Reay Country* among whom the popular trade-name has supplanted the legal surname. This origin is supported by the discovery of *Reay Country* people in *Caithness*, whose ancestors were known to have been basket-makers, bearing such names as *John Mackay*, *hazel*, among the English-speaking people of the neighbouring county to the present day.

It will thus appear that *documentary* evidence is as conclusive for the *Mackay* surname of the bard as traditional belief has all along been. It was only by misinterpreting the *Registers* and by forgetting the prevalence of bye-names in the *Reay Country* that any controversy ever took place regarding the bard's surname. The baptismal entries of the bard's daughters, *Isobel* and *Mary*, and the *War Office* record relating to his son, *John*, and the continuous references to the bard himself as *Mackay* from within twenty years of his death to the present time, place the surname of *Rob Donn* beyond the region of dispute.













PB  
1648  
D5  
1899b

Dom, Rob  
Songs and poems

