
DAIN AGUS ORAIN

LE
IAIN MACLEOID,
CULKEIN-STORE.

b. c.

Rest in Egypt

H.M. 127.





POEMS AND SONGS

BY

JOHN MACLEOD,

SOMETIME PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, ETC.,
LONDON.

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1907.

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CULKEIN-STORE

Ènbhìrnis:
AN EACHDRAIDH THUATHACH.

1907.



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TO THE
REVEREND GEORGE HENDERSON, M.A., B.LITT., PH D.,
MINISTER OF EADAR-DHA-CHAOLAI,
AND LECTURER ON CELTIC LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,

I Dedicate this little Book,

IN TOKEN OF MY ADMIRATION FOR YOUR LEARNING AND SCHOLARSHIP,
AND FOR THOSE HIGHER ENDOWMENTS WHICH ARE THE SPECIAL
DOWRIES OF THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

And, — “ When that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life has in this line some interest
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.”

JOHN McLEOD.

PREFACE.

WHEN one takes the trouble to read a new book, he feels naturally curious to know something about the author of it, who he is, and what he is. In order to satisfy this curiosity on the part of any one who peruses the following Gaelic songs and poems of mine, I humbly beg to introduce them with a very brief record of my career.

To begin at the beginning, let me say that I was born in the township of Culkein-Stoer, and on the same croft as my father, my grandfather, and my great grandfather were before me; but although I am thus a native of Assynt, I have reason to believe that our people came originally from Skye, and that our Chief is McLeod of Dunvegan.

my After having received a fairly good education in the Free Church School here, and afterwards in Tain Academy, I went through my University curriculum in Edinburgh, and finished ~~by~~ the theological course under Dr Caird in the University of Glasgow. But instead of entering the ministry of the Church of Scotland, I was persuaded to accept a very promising appointment in England, the senior mastership in the Grammar School of Warminster. Here I had every prospect of success in the scholastic profession, so much so, that I was congratulated in a letter from the late Archbishop Thompson of York; but here, alas, I was struck down by a severe illness, congestion of the left lung, which very nearly carried me off.

On my recovery, and during my convalescence, I resided with a relative of mine, Dr William McLeod, C.B., Inspector General, R.N., and while recruiting my health in his family, I was engaged in preparing his two sons for professional examinations, one of them being now a barrister, and the other a doctor of medicine.

After leaving Dr McLeod's family, I was engaged successively as private tutor in some noblemen's families, of whom I need only mention Sir Charles Tennant of the Glen, Sir Frederick Graham of Netherby Hall, and Lord Lawrence, late Governor-General of India. These were perhaps the happiest days of my life, for in each family I was at home, and in each I have a correspondent to this day.

I finally settled down in London as a Lecturer on English Literature, Philology, and Constitutional History, in two of the best known institutions for preparing men for Sandhurst and for the Civil Service of India. These latter were the finest and ablest men I ever had to teach, and of course I could only instruct them in my own special branch of learning. And here again, and within prospect of the promised goal, I was knocked on the head by a terrible fever, which shattered my physical health, and even impaired my verbal memory. And this is the reason I am here, living in the solitude and social isolation of Assynt.

I have not, however, been idle since I came here; for although I am nearly as poor as St Peter himself for lack of silver and gold, yet I have had opportunities of helping my crofter neighbours in many business ways, and the sick among them with comfort and medical treatment. I have also secured for the township of Culkein an excellent pier, which is a shelter and a landing stage for the fishermen's boats; and from the

Government of the late Lord Salisbury I got a daily local postman for the different townships of the district. And thus I learn, and thus I feel, that he who helps to bear the burden of his neighbour will find his own so much the lighter.

J. M.

Culkein-Stoer, January, 1907.

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CAISMEACHD NAN GAIDHEAL.

Air Fonn—"Scots wha Hae."

I.

NACH cuala tusa an diugh ar sgeul,
 A tha air aithris feadh nan sleibh,—
 Clann nan Gaidheal, sliochd nan treun
 Ag 'éiridh gu bhi saor!

Séisd :—

Eiribh, Eiribh, Eiribh 'chlann,
 'Chlann nan Gaidheal, 'shliochd nam beann,
 'Fhuil nan gaisgich nach bi mall
 Ag 'éiridh gu bhi saor!

II.

Tha toirm Mactalla mu na bheinn
 Tha gairm nam bratach os ar cinn,
 Tha spiorad ghaisgeach mìle linn
 Ag eigheachd—"Bithibh saor!"

III.

Chlann mhic Coinnich, 'chlann mhic Leoid,
 Chlann gach brataich, shiol gach seoid,
 Chlann nan Gaidheal, thigibh bèò,
 Is èiribh gu bhi saor!

IV.

Seas air son gach bean is clann,
 Seas air son gach còr a th' ann,
 Buail an t-ainneart bun-os-cionn,
 Is dean an talamh saor!

FAILTE NA DUTHCHA.

I.

Bì ag ìnnse dha 'n Uirinn,
 Do Chuineag 's do Sàuilbhein,
 O mhullach Stròin-chrùbaidh
 Gu seann Rhudha Stòrr,
 Gu 'm faic iad mi tighinn
 Chur fàilt' orra rithisd
 Mar chàirdean 's mar chinneadh
 Mar rinn mi na m' òig;
 Cha'n eil eadar Ashair,
 Is Cóigeach na h-àirde
 Cnoc, bealach, no braghad.
 Enlean, àiridh no beinn,
 Nach toireadh dhomh urram,
 Ciad failt' agus furan,
 Nan t'iginn o Lunnainn
 Gu duthaich nan glinn!

II.

Nar dh' éirinn 'sa mhaduinn,
 'Sa' ghrian air a casan
 Thar bheanntaichean Asaint
 'O dhùthaich Mhic-aoidh
 'San uiseag 's an fhaoileag,
 'S na smeoraich ba chaomh leam
 'Deanamh cèol dha 'n an t-saoghal
 Le furan glé bhinn;
 Co 'n cridhe nach éireadh

Le iorram cho éibhinn—
 Mactalla ga èigheachd
 'O chnoc agus beinn!
 Mi fhéin agus Màiri
 Air mullach na h-àiridh
 'Sa broilleach cho àluinn
 Ri èiridh na gréin'.

III.

Ba bhinn leam gach feadan
 'O mhaduinn gu feasgar,
 Bu ghreadhneach gach sealladh,
 'S ba taitneach gach fuaim;
 Bu cheol leam an càran
 Aig tonnan na traghad,
 Ged bhiodh iad ri rànaid
 Fo shlat na gaoith-Tuath;
 Ba toil'am do chomun
 O dhuthaich na seall'an
 Ann an samhradh na lusan,
 Na geamhradh na fuachd;
 Ba shlàinte dhomh t'fhàileadh,
 'Thìr dhlìgheach nan Gaidheal,
 Si sin a rinn m'àrach
 Mar dharach nan dual!

IV.

Thoir ma shoraidh gu Cròna,
 Far am b'àill leam bhi seòladh
 Mar ri Ian MacDhomhnuil
 Agus Aonghas MacAoidh;
 Gus na sèoid bhiodh air thoiseach

Air druim na fir dhosach,
'S' a bhirlinn ga froiseadh
Ann an corruich na gaoith!
Ba cheol leam a faram
Eadar shiùil agus sparran,
Agus toirmrich na mara
Cur fàilt air na saoi!
Cha b' ionann leam suidhe
Air deireadh na luinge
Na giulan na cuinge
Air Cathair an Rìgh!

A H-UILE LATHA CHI 'S NACH FHAIC.

Air Fonn—"Auld Lang Syne."

I.

O 's iomadh ceum a shiubhail sinn
 'O bha sinn òg le cheile,
 'O bha sinn g' iomain air an tràigh,
 Gun thrusgan oirnn ach feileadh.

Séisd :—

A h-uile latha chì 's nach fhaic,
 A h-uile latha a chì sinn,
 Deoch slaint' mo charaid ni mi ol
 A h-uile latha a chì sinn !

II.

Bha sinn shios is bha sinn shuas,
 An Lunnainn s' an Dunèdin,
 Ach b' annsa leam bhi 'n tìr nam beann,
 'S a shiubhail ghleann le chéile.

III.

'S iomadh maduinn shamhraidh chiùin
 A dhùisg sinn leis na smeoraich,
 Nar bhiodh na sobhragan cho cùbhr'
 'S an dealt air barr nan neoinean.

IV.

'S iomadh latha shèol sinn long,
 Air Loch-na-cula-fraochaidh,
 'S ba bhòidheach i air bharr nan tonn
 Dol seachad Sgeir Na Faoileag.

V.

'S cha ro bròg na bonaid oirnn,
 'S ann againn nach ro feum orr',
 'S cha ro' ionndrain air a chorr
 Ach commun cach a chèile.

VI.

O, na balaich bha sinn ann,
 Gun bhonaidean, gun bhrògan!
 Ba shona saoghal a bhiodh ann
 Na maireadh sin an comhnuidh!

ORAN A BHATA.

Air Fonn—"Hail to the Chief."

I.

CIAD failt' air a bhalach
 Ba mhian leam ri fhaicinn,
 Na sheasamh cho fearail
 Air port a Chulchinn;
 Mac Dhomhail mhic Uilleim
 A stiuireadh a chulaidh
 Nar sheideadh an doinionn,
 'S do 'dh' éireadh na tuinn!
 'S maith chithear 'na t'aogas
 Gur Leodach do chinneadh,
 Cha bhi mi 'na m' aonar
 Ma bhios tu beò;
 Oir bheir thu air ais dhomh
 Deadh iomhaigh nan gaisgeach,—
 O, Thormaid mhic Dhomhail,
 Ho, Hi, Ri, Ro!

II.

Nar dheanadh tu suidhe
 Air totan na luinge,
 Aig guaillean nan gillea
 'S ramh bràghad na d' dhorn,
 'S tu chuireadh a spionnadh
 Ann an giubhas na sgothan,
 'Sa bheireadh 'oith trotan
 Le sitrich fo stròin;

Do bhonnan ri' reangan
 'S i leum ris na tonnan,
 Le iorram na d' bhilean—
 Ba bhinn leam a cheòl!
 'Se sin a rinn daoine
 Do Leodich na Suaine,
 O Thormaid Mhic Dhomhail,
 Ho, Hi, Ri, Ho!

m.

Cha'n ann an am briogaïs
 Nan Sassunach bhiorach
 A dh' àraich na bodaich
 'O 'n thug thu do chòir.
 Ach a stiùireadh na birliun
 Troimh stuadhanan fhiadhaich
 Le' slios ris a chathadh
 'S a chualach ma' stròin;
 Nar shéideadh an doinionn,
 'S nar dhéireadh na tonnan,
 Nar chaillear gach cladach
 Le sad agus ceò,
 'Sin dhùisgeadh do spiorad
 Air a storm mar an iodair,
 O Thormaid Mhic Dhomhail,
 Ho, Hi, Ri, Ro!

“C’AIT AM FAIC MI DO DHREACH-SA.”

Ain Fonn—“Cairsti Bhadhasil”

I.

MAR chiùin’ shamhraidh thar bheanntaibh
 Tha do lathaireachd fo m’ chòir,
 Ann am flùran na machair,
 Ann am feadan nan eoin.

Séisd :—

Càit’ an faic mi do dhreach-sa,
 Càit’ an cluinn mi do cheòl!—
 Fàile cùbhraidh na fluran
 Fonn mhaduinn nan eòin.

II.

Bu tu solus mo smuainntean,
 Reult-mhaduinn na spèur,
 Flùr an t’samhraidh ’san dealt air
 Ann an dealreadh na grèin’.

III.

’S mi nach iarradh dhe ’n t-saoghail
 Ach an Oigh ad ri m’ thaobh,
 Air a dion ’o gach doinionn,
 Ann am fasgadh mo ghaoil.

IV.

'Nar a lùbadh na gasain,
'Nar a shracadh na siùil,
B'e mo reultsa chum stiùiridh
'Solus iùil tha na d' gnùis.

V.

Crìoch saothair troimh chruadail—
Sonas buadhail na saòrs'—
Ann am fochar mo leannan,
Air 'a lasadh le' gaol!

SEUMAS MAC COINNICH NACH MAIRIONN,
1802—1889.

A bha ré iomadh bliadhna 'na Fhoirfeach san Eaglais Shaoir.

I.

BUINIDH dhomhsa bhi feitheamh
Air a ghairm o na Bhritheamh
Thug air falbh Maighstir Iain
 'Bha na sholus 'sa Storr;
Ach 'se leoin mi na's gorta,
Mas do shlanuich a lot sin,
Gun a dh'fhalbh fear a nochd uainn
 Bha na dhiadhaire mòr!
'S ann a Achanacarnin
Fhuair mi sgeul a ta cràiteach
Gun a dh'eug fear ba chràbhaich
 'Sa b' uails anns an tìr;
Co ba mhaisich' na 'bheusan
O àm cleachdadh a rèusan,—
Co thug barr ort, a Sheumais,
 Ann an deanadh na sìth!

II.

Cha do thachair mi riamh riut
Nach do dh'eiltich mo chliabh riut,
Cridhe gaisgeach na riaghailte,
 'S tu nach iarradh bhi strì'!



Ach le gliocas do bhriathran
 Agus cairdeas do rianan
 Anns na doighean ba chiallaich'
 'Toirt gach comhradh gu brìgh:
 Bha do ghibhitean thaobh nadur
 Air an deachdadh le grasan,
 Mar dheadh thochradh o'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Saor mar sholus na gréin';
 Cha robh leth-bhreth ma d' thimchioll,
 Cha robh mealladh na t'iomchain,
 Ach aon aghaidh nam beannachd
 Air an t'saoghal gu léir!

III.

Cha robh mi riamh na do chomhradh
 Nach robh mo thoil na ba deonaich'
 Gu bhi cleachdadh na còrach
 Ann a leanmhainn do cheum;
 Cha'n ann le soilleireachd faoghluim
 Bha thu tlachdmhor na m' shuilean,
 Ach rùn diomhair do ghiulain
 'Toirt dhomh tuilleadh do lèirs;
 Cha robh gruaim na do chreideamh,
 Cha robh fuath na do theagasg,
 Cha robh aineolas ardain
 Na do spiorad gun fhoill;
 B' fhurasd fhaicinn na t'aogaisg
 Gu robh thu taghta measg dhaoine,—
 Solus neamhaidh air t'aodainn
 Mar air altar na soills'!

IV.

"Sibhse solus an t'saoghail"—
 Sin an t'searmoin ba chaomh leat
 Mar bha i leis an Fhear-Shaoraidh
 Air a seirm o na Bheinn;

'S maith a ruigeadh sin ortsan,
 Bha tha fhéin na do sholus,
 Le cumha gach beannachd 'san t-Soisgeul
 Na'm b' urrain mise gu sheinn;
 'S tric a thug thu air ais dhomh
 Dearbh iomhaigh nan abstol,
 Leis gach samhla bha blasda
 O fhear-teagaisg nan gràs;
 Agus shaoilinn an uair sin
 Gu 'n robh a Spiorad ma 'n cuart duit
 Leis an d' thug e fhéin buaidh air
 An uaigh 's air a bhàs.

v.

Ann a spioradalachd inntinn'
 'Se do bhuanachds' na chaill mi,
 Dhuitse solus is aoibhneas,
 Dhomhsa duibhre is bron;
 Ach bi' mi g' altrum do chuimhne,
 Leis na thubhairt 's na rinn thu,
 Ged tha iomhaigh na chaill mi
 Fad na h'oidhch' gu mo leoin!
 Crioich bheannaicht' an fhirean—
 Duais an t-seirbhisich dhìlis—
 Sonas siorruidh na Rioghachd
 Làn fhosgailt fo d' chòir!
 Cha bhi bàs ann ni 's mo,
 Beatha shiorruidh air d' shiubhal,
 Gradh siorruidh gu d' chumail
 Dlùth ri Cathair na Gloir'!

IAIN MACCOINNICH.*

Ogha Sheumais Ic Coinnich air an d' rinneadh iomradh uar tha,
Bha an duin'-uasal so na fhearteagisg fo laimh a' mhaighstir-sgoil ann
an Culcein-Stòrr

I.

'S IOMADH fear-gaoil agus caraid
Dh' fhàg mo Spiorad ro èolach air bron,
Leis ma bha 'm bàs gu mo mhealladh,
'S mi air turus tre ghleann nan deòir;
'S iomadh leasan a fhuair mi
Ach 'se so fear as cruaidhe gu mòr—
Mar is mò tha 'n cridhe toirt gaol
'S ann is cinntich 'theid esan a leòin!

II.

Mo charaide dilis a bha,
'Se do bhàs a chuir smal air mo shùil,
'S nach fhaic mi tuille gu bràth
An t-aon sealladh air aghaidh na duthch';
Bha mo chridh' ann a solus do gnùis,
Mar an t-sùil ann a solus na grein',
Bha na h-uile ni soillear gu leoir
Ann a lathairachd cho taitneach riut fhéin!

III.

Ach dh' fhalbh a solus sin 'uam
S' tha mo chridhe mar bhantrach bhochd,
Tha cumha fo eallach a bhroin,
Ard aoibhneas na h-òige cha lot:

* Late Pupil Teacher in Culkein School.

'S e cheisd a tha 'nise ga'm chlaoidh
 Ann an diomhaireachd aobhair mo lot,
 Car son a tha Spiorad a ghaoil
 Na oighr' air gach bròn agus olc?

IV.

Mar dh' eilticheas eilid ri sruth
 Ann a fàsach na tiormachd 's na teis,
 Bha 'n cridhe so g' eilteachadh riut,
 Fo aighear do chomhradh 's do phears;
 Tha lusan is àluinne snuadh
 Air a phosadh ri meanghan na dris,
 'S tha 'n gràdh a thug mise dhuit fhéin,
 Air a cheangal ri dóruinn a nis!

V.

'S ann bha mi ro shona gu dearbh,
 Ann an comhradh ri cuspair mo ghraidh;
 'S ann tha mi nise fo bhròn,
 'S mi 'g ionndrainn na chaill mi na bhàs.
 Mo chreach gu' m' eil spiorad a ghaoil
 Na oighr' air gach bròn agus cradh,
 Ach b' fhearr leam fhaighinn 's a chall,
 Na idir gu 'n fhaighinn gu bràth.

VI.

Ann a stuamachd a ghliocais,
 Ann a soilleireachd tuigs' agus céill.
 Ann an caomhalachd naduir,
 Ba tu òganach maiseach nam beus;
 'S nar a shaoil mi gu 'n fhuair mi
 Cuid a chaill mi tighinn beò annad fhéin,
 'S ann a dh' eug thu gu h-aithghearr,
 'S dh' ath-bhàsaich mo chairdean gu léir.

VII.

Ach Thusa rinn cairdeas ri bròn,

Agus co-cheangail nuadh ris a bhàs,

'S ann annad tha dochas nam beò,

Agus aoibhneas do-labhairt na slaint',

O! deoinich an dochas sin dhomhs'

Thug Aingeal na h-aiseiridh mhàn—

Nar sheallas mi sìos ann san uaigh

Gu 'n coinnich mi aingeal mo ghràidh!

AN T-URRAMACH IAIN ROSS, 1813-1888.

I.

THA eallach mo bhròin air mo chromadh,
 'S mi dìreadh na bruthaich tha cas,
 'Smuaineachadh air na cha' seachad,
 'S nach fhaigh mi 'san t-saoghal air ais,
 Ach Thusa tha siorraidh neo-atharruicht',
 O! deonaich nach sleamhnaich mo chas,
 Gus a seas mi air Cathair an t-seallaidh
 Gu tir a gheallaidh fad as!

II.

'Se do bhàs, 'mhaighstir Iain,
 Dh'ath-bheothaich mo chuimhn' air do chliù,
 O' na chaill mi do lathaireachd
 'S ann is soilleir' a chì mi do ghnùis;
 Mar a bha thù na d' bhuaidhean,
 Tha thu nis ann a sealladh mo shùil—
 Uasal, iriosal, criosdal,
 Agus crìochan na firinn' na d' rùn.

III.

Fo dhubharrachd sgàile do bhàis,
 Ann an aonarachd spiorad a bhròin,
 Tha miad mo mhalaid 's mo chràdh,
 Agus smuaintean mo chridh' gu'm leòin;
 Mar bha thu maiseach na' d' bheus,
 Bha thu fearail fo shrian na còr',
 Cridhe gaisgeach nam buadh,
 Bha do thuigse 's do thruas cho mòr!

IV.

Ged cha' thu sìos a mo shealladh,
 Gu m' fhàgail a nochd anns an fhuachd,
 Is ann gu sealbhachadh sonais
 Ann a foirfeachd na beath' tha shuas;
 Mar reult sgiamhach an fheasgair
 Air dul sìos an' an doimhneachd a chuain.
 'S ann gu éiridh na 's glòrmhoir'
 Ann an aodainn na maduinn le buaidh.

V.

Cha'n ann le diadhaidheachd fhasain
 Bha thu cleachdadh bhi tomhas do cheum;
 Cha'n ann le gibhtean a chealgair
 Bha thu séideadh na trompaid dhuit fhein:
 Ach le gràsan a fhuair thu
 Anns gach buaidh a bha annad gu lèir,
 'S a rinn cho soilleir do roidean,
 Gus na ruith thu air thalamh do réis.

VI.

'S iomadh maduinn ro ghlormhor,
 'N àm tionail na sgoil' ad shuas,
 Le samhradh na h-oige nam' chridhe,
 Agus aoibhneas na h-oige ma'n cuairt,
 'Thigeadh 'tusa na 'm choineamh
 Le do chomhairl 's do bheannachd mar dhuais,
 'S mar do ghleidh mi gach comhairl
 Chum mi bheannachd a fhuair mi uait.

VII.

Ba charthanach tairis do chomhradh,
Ro iochdmhor ri muinntir a bhròin;
Ach cionnas a dh' innsinn do dhoighean
Ged a sgriobhinn do chliù le mo dheoir!
'S ann tha mi gun bhrosgail
'Toirt guth do bhalbhachd mo bhròin,
'Bheir fianais na's buain 'air an duine
Na 'chlach tha mar chuimhn' air sa Storr.

DOMHNALL MACLEOID, 1812-1875.

I.

THA ceann mo réis tighinn fagus domh,
 Tha'n oidhche 'tarruing dlùth,
 Tha nadur uile g'innse dhomh
 Nach fhaic mi 'n tìr nì's mò;
 Tha m' fheoil a nis air failigeadh
 Fo chumhachd aois is bròin,
 Mar shneachd air mhullach àrd na'm beann
 Fo aiteamh grèin is neoil.

II.

O, 's iomadh stoirm cha' seachad orm.
 O' dh'èirich grian mo là,
 Air cuan na beatha 'Stuireadh dhomh,
 Gu tric fo speuran dorch;
 O, 's iomadh tonn cha' thairis orm
 Le sad bha fuachdaidh searbh,
 Ga'm thilgeadh sìos gun cho-fhurtachd
 Air doimhneachd mhara garbh.

III.

'S ann tha mi 'n diugh a' samhlachadh
 Mo staid 's mo thrioblaid theann,
 Rì fear na shuidh' gu h'aonarach
 An luing gun shèoil gun chrann;
 Air doimhneachd fairg' tha cianail leam
 Gun thìr bhi idir ann,
 Mi fhèin 's mo chridhe deasbaireachd
 Air diomhaireachd na h'àm.

IV.

Mar sin their mì gu muladach

Gu tric ri m' chridhe truagh—

O chridhe! ciod e tha dh' uireas ort.

Le d' bhròn 's le t' amhghar chruaidh?

'Se freagairt tha neo-sholasach

A thig air ais gach uair,—

" 'S ann chaill mi fear bha taitneach leam.

Deadh chuspair graidh nam buadh!"

V.

'Se thug mo lùth 's mo spiorad 'uam

Guth cumhachdach a' bhàis.

A thiormaich suas an tobar sin

A shruth le h-iomadh gràs;

'S ann dh' fhàg sin anns an fhàsach mi

Gun lusan ann fo bhlàth,

Gun nì air bith bheir co-fhurtachd.

Na driùchd o' neamh bheir fàs.

VI.

Ach ciod a feum bhi g' aithris dhomh.

Nì dh' fhag mo chridhe truagh,

Na ciod a furtachd inntinn dhomh,

Bhi deanamh ortsa luaidh!

C'ha thiormaich e na suilean so

Tha sileadh dheoir gach nair,

'S cha dhuig e suas an cadal sin

Tha agad anns an uaigh.

VII.

'S ann bha mo chridhe is m' aighean

An druideadh riut cho dluth,

'S nach d' rinn do bhàs ach soilleir dhomh

Na chaill mi na do ghnùis;

Nar chuimh 'niche'as mi na buaidhean ad
 Rinn taitneach thu na m' shùil
 'S ann dh' iarainn laidhe 'n taca riut
 Gu samhach anns an ùir.

VIII.

Is fuar an uaigh gun amharus,
 Fo dhuibhre iomadh sgleò;
 Is gruamach dorch an dachaidh i,
 Gun bheath', gun ghluasd, gun cheòl;
 Ach seallaidh sùil a chreideimh rith
 Mar theampull Dhe nam beò,
 Thug buaidh air bàs le ais-eiridh,
 'S a chuairtich i le ghloir.

IX.

Ach Thus 'tha uile-chumbachdach
 Tha' riaghladh Armait Neamh
 'S ann uatsa thig gach co-fhurtachd
 Ri d' thoil a ni mi réidh,
 O, teaguisg fhéin dhomh irioslachd
 Fo smachd do ghairdein trèun
 A chum s' nach bi mi ceannairceach,
 Ri ordugh siorruidh Nèimh.

X.

'Se gliocas siorruidh dh'òrdaich e,
 Gu 'n bhualadh leis a bhàs
 'N dearbh chuspair leis an d' fhosgail Thu
 Deadh thobair ghlan mo ghraidh;
 O, deonaich Fhein nach tiormaich i
 Fo theas mo bhroin 's mo chraidh,
 Gu siubhail i mar aibhnichean
 De dh' uisge beò nan gràs.

BEANNACHD LEAT, AONGHAIS*
(OF KINLOCHBERVIE).

I.

LE fagail beannachd leat, Aonghais,
'S ann a dh' fheumas mi iomradh gun dàl,
Na h' uile latha o'n uiridh
Chuir thu mise 's ma chulaidh air snamh!
'S 'nar a thiginn air ais leath',
'S mi na'm aonar, gu tìr air an traigh,
'S tusa dheanadh ma chomhar
Le tarruing an tobha, 's do bhonnan a sàs!

II.

Air feasgair samhraidh dhuinn seoladh
Dh' ionnsuidh Chròna 's tu fhein air ramh,
'S na h' uile buille cho seolta—
Air a ghleusadh ri sèisd na'n dàn!
'S ann leam ba taitneich do chomhradh
Air do sheòladh le ceòl na pàisd—
† Nighean uasal t' fhear-cinnidh
'Is i na suidh an deireadh na bàt.

III.

'S mar a coinnich sinn tuilleadh
Ann a lànachd na h' òige fo bhlaths,
Bheir do smuaintean air ais thu
Gu bhi tric an commun na pàisd;
Bi 's a h' iomhaigh gu soilleir
Ann an iarmailt do chuimhne gu bràch,
'S a deanadh samhradh na d' chridhe
Leis am bi do dheadh bhuadhean am fàs!

* Angus Mackay, of Kinlochbervie.

† The accomplished daughter of the Rev. J. Mackay, M.A., Trinity Free Church, Glasgow.

SEONaid.

Air Fonn—"Eirich agus tingainn, O!"

I.

BHA mi 'n dé an Rhudha Storr,
'S bha gach sealladh fo ma chòir,
B' aithne dhomh 'o bha mi òg,
'O Shuilbheinn sios gu Foinne bhein'!

Lvineag :—

Ach c'aite am 'eil ma chailin òg—
Uchd na cannaich, falt an òr!—
O, ma Sheonaid!—b'è ma chòir
Bhi gabhail comhnuidh maille riut!

II.

Ann a solus glan do ghnùis
Bha saoghal dhomhsa deant' as ùr—
Ceòl nan eoin is blath na flùir,
Is fàile cubhr' na macharach.

III.

Sheall mi 'n ear, is sheall mi 'n iar,
'O èiridh gu luidhe grian,—
Tha e 'n diugh mar bha e riamh,—
Mi fhein a mhàin air ath'rachadh!

IV.

Dh' fhalbh a solus de na bheinn,
Tha muir is tìr air fas cho tinn,
Tha 'n oidhche g' osnaich os ma chinn,
'S na reultan fhein ri turraban!

V.

Their Cuinneag rium 's i ga ma leòin—
 “C'àite am 'eil do chailin òg!—
 Falt a cinn mar shruthean òr
 Air uchd cho mìn 's a chunna mi!”

VI.

Ba mhaiseach thu na reult na spèur,
 Na dreach nan neòil ri èiridh grèin,—
 Ba ghrian 's ba ghealach leam thu fhein,
 'Nar bha thu lathar maille rium.

VII.

Is cinnteach leam gu m' eil thu beò,
 Na t' aingeal gheal air cùl a cheò,
 Rinn do bhàs is rinn mo bhròn
 Le cheile sgaoileadh eadar sinn!

VIII.

Leanaidh mis' ma sholus iùil
 Gus an ruig mi crìoch ma chùrs',
 Ann an dùil ga m' bi ma rùn
 Tao'thall a cheò g' am choinneachadh!

SEANN IAN AGUS IAN OG.

Rom. viii. 22.

SEANN IAN.

OH, nach bochd gur e tuireadh
 Ceòl an t' saoghail so uile,
 Osnaich 'us bron agus nulad
 Fonn gach maduinn is oidhch'!—
 Fonn aig toirmrich na linne,
 Fonn Mactalla ga thilleadh,
 Fonn nan eòin nar is binn' iad
 Ann am badain nan coill'!
 Cha'n eil aoibhneas gun bhròn ann,
 Cha'n eil slainte gun leòin ann,
 Cha'n eil sonas na h'òige
 Saor 'o acain is pèin;
 'S e mo bharail gu'n cluinn thu
 O bheatha dhiomhair na doimhne
 Osnaich 'us tuireadh na duibhre
 Mar aon mharbhrann gu lèir!

IAN OG.

C'arson a bhi 's sinn muladach
 Cuir malaichean air spòrs,
 Mar fir thuruis aonarach
 A dol troimh ghleanu nan deòir!
 Tha saoghal mar a b' abhaist dha—
 Làn cridhealas na h'òig
 Ach thus a fas cho muladach
 'S e 'n aois a rinn do chlò!

'S ged nach 'eil moran beartas anns
 A bhaile an rugadh sinn,
 Na tighean mòr ri fhaicinn air
 An càradh os ar cinn;
 Gidheadh tha saors' is souas ann
 Bhi beo air traigh Chulchiun,
 Le beagan crodh is caoraich
 Agus sgadan anns na Glinn!

SEANN IAN.

Tha mi cinnteach gu dearbh
 Gu'm 'eil an aois a toirt caochla' leath',
 Air buadhan an anam gu lèir
 Agus giulan gach creutair air leth;
 Ach ma gheibh thu do sholus o' Neamh
 'S a bheir dhuit eolas air crìochan do bheath',
 'S ann dh' fheumas tu bàs do n'an olc,
 Agus èiridh as ùr air do bhreth.

IAN OG.

Cha thuig mi sin, 's cha chreid mi e,
 Oir 's ann tha 'n oige fàs
 'O bheath' gu beatha beothachadh,
 'S cha'n ann o bhàs gu bàs;
 Mar sin tha 'n aois a meudachadh
 Na buadhannan is fheàrr—
 Sith, creideamh, stuaim. is caomhalas,
 Am fàs o ghràs gu gràs.

SEANN IAN.

Tha mi toilicht' a chluinntinn
 Gu'm 'eil do thuigse 's do thùr cho sèimh,
 Mar bha 'n t'oganach maiseach
 Nach ro fada o rioghachd Nèimh;

'S maith dh' fhaoidhte gu 'm fàs thu
 Ann an gliocas is fàbhar Dhé
 Gu'n do dhearbhadh 's an fhàsach
 Le spiorad na h' aicheadh na fàidhean breug.
 Ach ann an diomhaireachd Freasdail,
 'S ann an dèiligeadh Dhé ri shluagh,
 'S e chuid ba dlùth ann an daimh ris
 Bha na'n coigrich agus luchd-cuairt;
 'S iad ba tric bha 's an àmhuinn
 A rinn an saoghal a lasadh le fuath,
 Gus na dh' ionnsaich iad fhoghlum
 Gur h' ann tha 'n cobhair 's na neamhan shuas.

AONGHAS BEG.

On meeting him one evening going home with a spinning wheel.

Air Fonn—"Cumha na Curraige."

I.

'S ANN aig Cathair-na-Sniomhag
 Tha fear gnìomhach am fuireach,
 Cha do thachar mi riamh ris
 Nach ro a thrìall gus an obair;
 Eadar so agus Skiathag
 Cha'n 'eil duin' ann cho lurrach—
 'S e sin Aonghas-mac-Mhurchidh
 Nach ro riamh fo na 'an 'tuireach'!

II.

'S maith an inns' air a ghliocais
 Nach eil 'tuireach' air inntinn,
 'Tuireach' argoid na sporran
 Na idir fortan mi-chinnteach;
 Na 'gheall e bheartas do Sheonaid
 Leig e buileach a chuimhne,
 'S ann tha Aonghas ro slìona
 Leis a chuigeal 's a chuidhle!

III.

Cha'n eil cùram air Aonghas
 Co a chaitheas na chùnas,
 Cha'n eil feum aig air mòran,
 'S dheibh e bheo mar an fhaolag!

Ni e suidh' air a stolan
 'S bi 's e an comhnuidh ri gnùan,
 Nì e sniamh air chuigeal
 Da bhi 's Seonaid a rùmhair!

IV.

'S maith a gheibhear thu, Sheonaid,
 Gun a phos thu e idir,
 Thug thu dhasan do chota
 'S chuir thu fhein ort 'a bhriogis;
 Bheir thu dhachaidh 'n cliamh mòine
 Anns an aimsir is libisd,
 Is Aonghas Beg air stòlan
 Leis a chuibhle 's a chuigeal!

HENRY McKENZIE.

Died August 21st, 1906 ; age 20 years.

A WREATH FROM HIS MOTHER.

John xvi. 7, 2nd Cor. v, 16.

Fonn—"O wally, wally up the bank."

I.

"Is buannachd dhuibhse mise a dh' fhalbh"—

O, nach iongantach mar tha!—

Nach urrainn lath'rachd fuil is feoil

Solus a chuir air cùl a bhàis!

"Is buannachd dhuibhse mise a dh' fhalbh!"—

Oh, c'arson, ma ghaol 's mo ghradh?—

Nach cluinn mi tuille guth do bheoil,

'S nach beir mi tuille ort air laimh!

II.

Cha'n fhaic mi tuille thu 's an fheoil—

Ah, co a lionas t' àite a nochd?—

Tha t' àite falamh aig a bhord,

Is falamh tha ma chridhe bochd!

Bha mi feitheamh riut gach uair

Bho dhruim a chuain, is mi gun fhois.

Ach, och mar tha mi, 's mi gun duil,

Nach cluinn mi tuille ceum do chois!

III.

Thig fear an sud, is fear an so,

Le cungaidh-leighis—briathran faoin!—

"Cha' fearsa lot, cha' mise a lot

Le saighead bhais cha' troimh ma ghaoil!"

Ach dè ni dhomhs' ged tha ma leoin
 A cheart cho cumant' ris an aog?—
 Cha' lion e rum tha nochd cho lom—
 Cha toir e Eanruig gu ma thaobh!

IV.

Ach ni mi cairdeas ri ma bhròn
 Ged thainig e na aingeal bais;
 Mar aingeal sholuis bheir e buaidh
 Air iomadh smuain tha g' am a chradh!
 "Is buannachd dhuibhist mise a dh' fhalbh"—
 'Se so ma shòlas bho ma Thriath,—
 An Comhfhurtair, 's a bheatha nuadh,
 Nach toir am bàs na'n uaigh gu crìoch!

IAN MACOIDH, C.E., HEREFORD.

NA BHEATHA.

'A chionn 's gur geug thu de 'n ghasan
 Bha tarbhach an Cataobh o thùs,
 Le toradh gach buaidh a bha maiseach,
 Ann a Sìth, ann an Cath, 's ann a Cùirt,
 Cha'n iongnadh leams' thu bhi fàsmhor
 Annas na grasan a fhuair thu o d' Iùil,
 Maise an duine na d' phearsa,
 Agus buaidhean na daonachd na d' chliù.

NA BHAS.

Rè do lath'rachd 's a choluinn
 Dh' fhaodhte chantuinn gun bhrosgal
 Gu ma tarbhach an gasan thu fhèin;
 Rè do lath'rachd, etc.

Chaochail an aimsir o'n uair sin
 O' na dh'èug an Duin' Uasal
 Bha do dh' armunn clann Chataobh na'n trein!
 Chaochail an aimsir, etc.

Ghlè thu onair do shinnsir,
 'S cliù cleachdaidh do mhuinntir
 Ann an giulan na beatha gu lèir;
 Ghlè thu onair, etc.

Scribhidh mi nis air do bhratach
 Suaicheantas ùr an fhìor Chatach—
Comas Moralachd, Carthannas Cèill!
 Scribhidh mi nis, etc.

Gaisgeach fùghantach, fearail,
 Faoilidh, failteach is flathail—
 Smior a Ghaidhil na phearsa 's na bheùs!
 Gaisgeach fùghantach, etc.

I wish to add the following three songs in English, not for any merit of their own, but for the great respect I had for the persons who inspired them.

DONALD.

Air—"Macleod of Dunvegan."

OH, the sorrowful weight
Of this heart-breaking burden of grief!—

How weary and heavy my step
Since I parted from Donald, my chief!

I dally with grief on my pipe,
Beguiling the slow-footed hour—

Son of the stout-hearted sire,
And of chivalrous daring the flower!

How often thy voice made me glad,
Or in converse or counsel or song!

Alas, that it now makes me sad,
And I mourn I have livèd too long!

But the echoes of Mona I wake,
Which slumbered for grnef at thy loss—

Son of the stout-hearted sire,
My pride, and my glory, and cross!

Ah, where are the heroes of old,
Whose shouts made the battle-field ring?

And the minstrels who sang in their praise—
Have heroes no longer to sing!

They are gone, and the mountains are mute,
The echoes of victory fled—

Son of the stout-hearted sire,
Where now is the fire of the dead!

L A U R A.

I HAVE known a little maiden
Fresh as is the month of May,
With her hair in golden ringlets,
And her eyes—the break of day!
Angels call her gentle Laura—
Kindred spirit of their own,
For they say she is the fairest
And the sweetest flower known.

Bright and free, she is as merry
As a linnet on the wing;
Kind and loving, I have called her
A kind-hearted little thing!
Angels call her gentle Laura—
Kindred spirit of their own,
For they say she is the fairest
And the sweetest flower known.

E. W.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well my dearest angel,
 Till this life hath breathed its last,
 Fondly will my heart's devotion
 Wake the echoes of the past.
 Often in the silent moonlight,
 When the stars invite to rest,
 Will I feel thy gentle image
 Living deep within my breast.

We have roamed the smiling valleys
 And the lilied banks of Quair,
 When the mavis sweetly warbled
 And the heather bloom was fair;
 And we felt the calm unfolding
 Of our souls to scenes so bright,
 As the fairest blossoms open
 To the glow of morning light.

Ah, the joy of loving fondly
 When thy smile made nature dear,
 And each thing of beauty lingered
 For thy winning voice to hear;
 Ah, the pain of loving fondly
 When the heart is torn away,
 And it hails the moment flying—
 "Thou art fair, ah, still delay!"

Sad and weary, said and weary
Sing the warblers of the grove,
And my heart is sad and weary
Leaving thee, my home of love ;
Spring no longer soothes or charms me
When the bloom of life is gone,
All that breathes of love and beauty
In thy presence lives alone.

Welcome twilight, welcome slumber,
Welcome slumber and repose,
When thy spirit round me whispers
As the zephyr round the rose ;
Fare thee well, my dearest angel,
Till this life hath breathed its last,
Fondly will my heart's devotion
Wake the echoes of the past !

THE END.

