

Blair. 306.

LEABHAR NA FEINNE

VOL. I.

GAELIC TEXTS

HEROIC GAELIC BALLADS

COLLECTED IN SCOTLAND

CHIEFLY FROM 1512 TO 1871

COPIED FROM OLD MANUSCRIPTS PRESERVED AT EDINBURGH AND ELSEWHERE, AND FROM RARE
BOOKS; AND ORALLY COLLECTED SINCE 1859; WITH LISTS OF COLLECTIONS, AND OF
THEIR CONTENTS; AND WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DOCUMENTS QUOTED

ARRANGED BY

J. F. CAMPBELL

NIDDRY LODGE, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

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AUTHORITIES QUOTED IN THIS VOLUME.

List of Texts copied or got together, June 1872.

Earliest Date	Mark	Collector's Name	Place and District	Printed or Manuscript	Lines	Mark
1512	A	Mac Gregor . .	Dean of Lismore, Argyll	P.	2656	A
1603	A*	Mac Phail . .	Dunstaffnage, Argyll	MS.	xxx	A*
1690	B	Mac Lean? . .	Ardchonaill, Argyll	MS.	1476	B
1739	C	Pope	Minister of Rea, Caithness	MS.	763	C
1755	D	Mac Nicol . . .	Minister of Lismore, Argyll	MS.	2819	D
1755	E	Jerome Stone . .	Teacher, Dunkeld, Eastern Highlands	P.	132	E
1750	F	Fletcher	Farmer in Auchalladar, Glenorchay. Dunstaffnage to Scone	MS.	2459	F
1762	G	Mac Diarmaid? . .	Rannoch	MS.	454	G
1774	H	Kennedy	Schoolmaster, Kilbrandon, Argyll	MS.	4448	H
1774	I	Kennedy	do. do. do.	MS.	4460	I
1780	J	Hill	English writer. Dunkeld to Morven, &c.	P.	749	J
1784	K	Mac Arthur . . .	Minister of Mull, Argyll	P.	51	K
1784	L	Young	Bishop of Clonfert. Scotch Highlands	P.	810	L
1786	M	Gillies	Printer. Perth do.	P.	2755	M
1789	N	Miss Brooke . . .	IRELAND	P	1060	N
1801	O	Irvine	Minister of Little Dunkeld, Perth	MS.	3695	O
1802	P	Mac Donald of Staffa .	Scribe, Mac Pherson, Teacher, Mull, Argyll	MS.	1342	P
1803	P*	Rev. A. Campbell . .	Port Ree, Skye	MS.	4187	P*
1804	Q	A. & D. Stewart, A.M.	Scotch Highlands	P.	884	Q
1805	R	Highland Society . .	do.	P.	2273	R
1805	S	J. Mac Donald . . .	Minister, Northern Highlands	MS.	988	S
1813	T	Turner	Soldier, Pauper. Scotch Highlands	P.	1496	T
1814	U	Grant	Advocate, do.	P.	261	U
1816	V	H. & J. Mac Callum .	Travellers, do.	P.	2738	V
1841	W	Mac Kenzie of Glasgow	do.	P. P.	1674	W
1857	X	Rev. Dr. MacLauchlan	Minister, do.	& MS.	1167	X
1860	Y	J. F. Campbell . . .	Barrister, do.	P.	1022	Y
1862	Z	Do.	do.	MS.	3738	Z
1872	&	Do.	do.	MS.	3612	&
Total Lines					54,169	

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

- | | |
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| <p>28. 900? Kilbride Manuscript, vellum; quoted.
 29. 1603 A*. 2nd ditto. Report on Ossian. 295 quoted.
 30. 1654. 3rd ditto. ditto ditto quoted.
 31. 1690 B. 4th ditto ditto 296 quoted.
 32. 1238. Glen Masan MS. quoted.
 33. 900? 'Emannel,' p. 305 quoted.
 34. 900 to 1200? No. 4 parchment quoted.
 It is unknown whether all these were written in Scotland or elsewhere. Some were written in Scotland, and they are all in that language which was called 'The Irish Language,' in writing English and Scotch. The following note proves what Gaelic used to be called in Scotland:
 BRAAVEN, now CALDER, OR CAWDOR.
 '1569. Allan McIntosche, who had been "exhorter and reader in the Irische toung" from Candlemas, 1567, was pres. to the patronage by James VI. 19th June, 1569.'
 'Fasti Ecclesie Scoticane,' Part V. p. 248.
 P. 90, Report in Ossian. 1805.
 35. Mr. Mac Laggan, Minister of Blair in Atholl.</p> | <p>36. Sir George Mackenzie of Coul, Bart.
 37. Sir J. Sinclair, Bart.
 38. The Rev. Mr. Sage, of Kildonan, Sutherland.
 39. General Mackay.
 40. Mr. Peter Mac Farlane of Perth.
 41. The Rev. Mr. Malcolm Mac Donald in Tarbert of Cantyre.
 42. Captain Mac Donald of Brakish.
 43. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, Minister of Craignish.
 These, 35—43, were considered in reporting on the authenticity of Ossian. I was unable to find any of them in the drawers at the Advocates' Library in 1861. None of them are said to have contained the Gaelic of 1807.
 44. 1803. Mention is made of Campbell's collection in Skye. P* was found July, 1852.
 45. And of the Ulva Collection in a note, p. 105. H. I.
 46. page 122. Kennedy. 'The difference or outcast betwixt Fingal and Gaul is described in one of Major Mac Lauchlan's MSS. written for Archibald Campbell by Ewen Mac Lean.' (Text B.)?</p> |
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LATER COLLECTIONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>47. 1860 to 1871. Alexander Carmichael, Esq., has been collecting for eleven or twelve years. His collection has been placed at my disposal. It contains some few fragments of the Ossian of 1807.
 48. 1859 to 1871. John Dewar has been collecting popular history, and looking out for Heroic Ballads for the Duke of Argyll. I have the collection. 3,443 lines of poetry, 3 vols. of MS.
 49. 1870. Several men were set to write what I heard in Mull, but without result, August, 1872.
 50. 1871. Mr. Campbell, minister of Tiree, has been collecting Folk-lore.
 51. 1871. The policeman in Tiree has a collection, which he will write. I have heard him repeat nearly all that he knows.
 52. 1871. The Gaelic Society of Inverness have now begun to collect.
 53. 1871. The policeman in Harris made a large collection of popular lore during his service there. I have a general knowledge of the contents.
 55. 1871. Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod and her sisters have been collecting, and they have informed me as to their results. I have copies of some ballads.
 56. 1871. During a tour in the Highlands I heard the following people recite Gaelic Ballads and Heroic Stories, which I noted or wrote out:—
 1. William Robertson, weaver, Tobermory, aged 87.
 2. Mac Arthur, tailor, Tiree.
 3. Duncan Cameron, policeman, Tiree, native of Ardnamurchan.
 4. A Tiree man, whose name I have not noted.
 5. A travelling tailor, North Uist.
 6. Alexander Mac Niell, crofter, Castle Bay, Barra.</p> | <p>7. John, his brother, north end of Barra, both very old men.
 8. John Cameron, crofter, Borve, Barra.
 9. An old man living near the Sound of Barra, South Uist.
 10. Angus Mac Donald, crofter, Gearra Na Moine, South Uist.
 11. Patrick Smith, crofter, Gearra Na Moine, South Uist.
 12. Eachain Mac Leoid, Iochdar, South Uist.
 13. Mac Lellan, Iochdar, South Uist.
 14. Eachain Mac Iosaig or Mac Cisaig, South Uist.
 15. Peggy, parlour-maid, Loch Maddy, North Uist.
 16. The Captain of the <i>Dream</i>, Skye.
 17. Donald Mac Donald, styled Na Feinne, Skye. This last can read, and seems to have all Mac Callum's book by heart.
 18. A man at Conan, Easter Ross, can repeat poems which he learnt out of Mac Callum's book.
 57. Captain Thomas of the <i>Survey</i> made a collection in the Long Island, which he placed at my disposal.
 58. Mr. Alexander Mackay, a native of Sutherland, resident in Edinburgh, placed his collection at my disposal.
 59. Mr. Malcolm Mac Phail wrote out his collection made in Ness; Lewis. 179 lines.
 60. Mr. Donald Mac Pherson, a native of Lochaber, author of the 'Dunaire,' gave me the result of his knowledge.
 61. My own collection of Gaelic Folk-lore, xvii vols.
 62 to 70. While these sheets were passing through the press, other manuscript collections were found in the Advocates' Library. They are mentioned below.</p> |
|---|---|

1872. June 5.—*I concluded that I knew enough of the subject, and began to print the Text of this Volume. I shall be exceedingly obliged if anybody will give me more information, or send me copies of Poems orally collected.*—J. F. Campbell, Niddry Lodge, Kensington, London, W.

CONTENTS

OF

THE COLLECTIONS NAMED.

The right hand column refers to pages in this Volume where the Ballads named are printed.

A.

Dean Mac Gregor's MS. Written 1512 to 1526.
Selections printed, Edinburgh: Edmonstone and
Douglas, 1862.

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1	64	Cowehullin	56	1
2	34	Connleach	104	9
3	40	No Kinn	96	15
4	36	Freich	132	29
5	12	Osin agus Padrick	136	40
6	122	Ditto		40
7	1	Tylych Finn	16	47
8	1	Is Fadda Noch	36	47
9	10	A Tarring Clooch	48	47
10	11	In Soo Chonnich Maa	36	47
11	50	Na Tullych	24	49
12	62	Twilych ni Faynith	96	50
13	58	Skaile er Choyle	40	50
14	58	Binn Gow	16	51
15	54	Colin Chon	120	51
16	52	Ymich Ochtыр	52	104
17	60	Fleygh	84	83
18	14	Esroyg	162	129
19	6	Traye Fintath	168	137
20	4	Sleyve ny Ban Finn	68	143
21	66	Cowll	72	146
22	28	Zoell	141	123
23	18	Finn Mac Cowle	120	124
24	50	Kinn Zulle	28	175
25	50	Neyn a Wrata Inn	84	138
26	64	Dyth Wyleysy Myschi	40	152
27	20	Demit Mac O'zwne	104	157
28	42	Keilta	288	139
29	24	Cath Zawrych	232	180
30	32	Ditto Farris filli	53	182
			2,652	

A.*

The Dunstaffnage MS., dated October, 1603, signed
Eoinn Mak Phaill. Written in the Irish char-
acter, and much contracted :—

1. Fourteen pages were copied by Donald Mac Pherson from a transcript made by D. Mac Intosh about 1804, but no list of the contents was sent in time. The fragment copied is called The Rebellion of Miodach Mac Colgain Mac Rich Lochlainn, and is a version of the Rowan-tree Dwelling. A copy is in another MS.—86
2. Bruighin Bheag na Halmhuin is about a quarrel between Fiann and Goll. A copy is in Text B.
3. Goll Mear, a poem, is missing.
4. A Poem in praise of a Lady is missing.

B.

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

1	Conull Gulban, &c., measured prose and verse		
2	Two poems on the Earl of Ar- gyll, and four short poems and maxims		
3	Na Cinn		
4	Fleadh Mhór Chaim, Fenian tale		
5	Sealg Suaire, ditto	267	121
6	An Dearg Mac Druibheil	62	211
7	Poem on the Earl of Argyll		
	No detailed list was sent to me, but the total number of lines in the MS. is	1,476	

C.

Pope's Collection, made in Caithness about 1730 :—

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Iomachd Nionar	56	218
2		Iomachd Ochdnar	35	219
3		Duan Diarmid (Glenshee)	85	219
4		Duan Diurug	61	219
5		Duan Lermion	98	220
6		Duan na Clainn	108	221
7		Duan na Sealg	92	221
8		Duan Conlaach	82	222
9		Manus (fragment)	16	223
10		Muirhurtach	123	223
		Total	756	

D.

Mac Nicol's Collection, made about 1755 :—

Printed No.				
1		Garbh Mac Stairn	151	3
2		Fraoch	105	30
3	(4)	Urnidh Ossain	146	41
4	(5)	Caoilte and the Bear	65	52
5	(4)	Caoilte and the Giant	95	54
6	(5)	The Carlin	47	59
7	(6)	The Goblin	114	61
8		Rochd	48	63
9		Mhùileirach	84	68
10		Manus (1755)	188	72
11	(12)	Flags and Cùbha Fhinn	43	74
12	(11)	An Tathach	67	83
13		Manus (extract)	68	
14	(20)	The Black Dog	38	91
15	(19)	Cath na 'n Seiseir	62	93
16	(14)	Cath Bein Edin	112	96
17	(13)	Cobhairle Fhinn	80	97
18	(16)	Dearg	229	108
19	(17)	Conn Mac an Deirg	188	113
20	(19)	Eass Runidh	139	120
21	(20)	An Inivinn	106	155
22	(28)	Ossain's Courting	70	141
23	(22)	Bran's Death	56	148
24	(21)	Diarmad	66	158
25	(23)	Cairrol	66	166
26	(26)	Cath Ghaibhra	166	183
27	(25)	Murchadh Mac Brian	52	210
28	(22)	An Ionmhunn	22	135
29		Malvina (see M.)	57	
30		The Smuithy	95	65
31		Translation of No. 1.	16	8

E.

Jerome Stone's Collections, made about 1755.

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

F.

Fletcher's Collection, learned by heart about 1750.

1	183	Garbh Mac Stairn	210	4
2	25	Deirdre	339	19
3	122	Cuthal	40	147
4	10	Piann	61	35
5	9	Urnigh Ossain	132	43
6	103	The Carlin	72	59
7	89	Roe Mac Ciochair	7	63
8	148	C'ardoch Lùn	169	65
9	75	The Muileortach	36	69
10	70	Rann an fhir Shichdir	35	93
11	18	Fios falla Rìgh Lochlainn	92	84

Fletcher's Collection—*continued*.

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
12	49	Teannadhd Mór na Feinne . . .	224	97
13	140	Caoilte and the Boar . . .	88	52
14	64	Caoilte and the Giant . . .	91	55
15	117	Rann a Choin Duibh . . .	60	91
16	127	Bran . . .	58	148
17	161	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	210	114
18	1	Duan na h-Inghinn . . .	120	136
19	111	Losgadhd tith Farabinne . . .	84	176
20	132	Bás Fhinn . . .	93	195
21	89	Duan Mu 'n Amadan . . .	298	203
			2,459	

G.

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

1	Fraoch . . .	132	
2	Cath Mhànnas, written 1762 . . .	168	
3	Bás Oscar . . .	154	182
			454

H.

Kennedy's First Collection, made about 1774:—

1	168	Oisein and Padraig . . .	284	44
2	179	Caoilth Oislin . . .	68	48
3	74	Caoilte and the Boar . . .	112	53
4	79	Caoilte and the Giant . . .	128	55
5	66	The Timbrel Player . . .	60	57
6	62	Silhalan . . .	36	58
7	33	Sgiathan Mac Sgairth . . .	60	58
8	84	The Carlin . . .	60	60
9	51	The Goblin . . .	120	62
10	55	Roc . . .	44	63
11	27	The Smithy . . .	92	67
12	11	Manus . . .	284	74
13	57	Dun an Oir . . .	88	94
14	48	The Black Dog . . .	84	92
15	1	Teannadhd Mór na Feinne . . .	248	98
16	31	Carthoin . . .	60	105
17	83	Dearg . . .	256	109
18	92	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	180	115
19	22	Maighre Borb . . .	124	131
20	43	Linn . . .	128	125
21	69	Siabh nan Beann Fionn . . .	68	143
22	36	Gleann Dianbhair . . .	68	144
23	58	Lenax . . .	132	145
24	100	Diarmaid . . .	88	153
25	107	Diarmaid . . .	212	155
26	116	Diarmaid . . .	344	158
27	128	Cairriol and Goll . . .	288	168
28	140	Garabh and the Women . . .	152	177
29	145	Bás Oscar . . .	580	185
Total . . .			4,448	
(Not in 1,760 lines)				

I.

Kennedy's Second Collection, made about 1774:—

1	74	Conlaach (2) . . .	444	10
2	66	Conal Na Cinn . . .	188	16
3	158	Tuiridh Nam Fian . . .	68	48
4	10	Manus . . .	296	76
5	56	Dun an Oir . . .	92	95
6	1	Teannadhd Mór na Feinne . . .	268	100
7	60	An Cu Dubh . . .	84	92
8	29	Siabh Nam Beann Fionn . . .	68	144
9	63	Gleann Dianbhair . . .	72	144
10	51	Lenax . . .	132	146
11	26	Carthoin . . .	72	105
12	31	Dearg . . .	256	111
13	20	Maire Borb . . .	128	132
14	40	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	176	117
15	46	Linn . . .	124	127
16	117	Cairriol . . .	128	167
17	121	Goll . . .	288	171
18	91	Diarmaid . . .	92	154
19	96	Diarmaid . . .	304	156
20	104	Diarmaid . . .	320	161
21	131	Garabh . . .	148	178
22	137	Bás Oscar . . .	572	189
23	160	Bás Oisein . . .	140	196
(Not in H. 1,164 lines)			4,460	

J.

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

1	Ossian's Prayer . . .	144
2	Mulcartach . . .	87
3	Manus . . .	188

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

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

K.

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

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

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

L.

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

1	Unrigh Ossian . . .	105
2	The Maiden . . .	100
3	Dearg . . .	36
4	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	179
5	Teannadhd Mór na Feinne . . .	159
6	Suirradh Oisein . . .	82
7	Death of Oscar . . .	155
		810

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

M.

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

1	212	Cuchullin's Sword . . .	13	1
2	24	Conlaach . . .	120	13
3	260	Deirdre . . .	240	22
4	107	Fraoch . . .	156	31
5	283	Cearbach Mhíe Luin . . .	104	67
6	250	Muireartach . . .	120	69
7	18	Manus . . .	172	77
8	305	Teantach Mór na Feinne . . .	236	101
9	35	Maiden . . .	84	133
10	162	King of Sorcha . . .	136	133
11	300	Dearg . . .	40	112
12	39	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	144	117
13	35	Gall's Praise . . .	18	125
14	302	Laomhain . . .	108	106
15	11	Suirradh Oisein . . .	88	142
16	170	Bran . . .	46	149
17	34	Briathran Fhinn . . .	26	157
18	284	Diarmaid . . .	104	162
19	313	Death of Oscar . . .	256	191
20	167	Ditto . . .	120	
21	210	Mhahline's Brughdar . . .	57	193
22	29	Aisling Mhala-mhain . . .	57	215
23	1	Mordubh . . .	330	
Total . . .			2,755	

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

N.

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

1	265	Conlaach . . .	112	14
2	269	Cuchullin's Lament . . .	72	
3	271	Magnus . . .	196	
4	278	The Chase . . .	331	
5	288	The Maiden . . .	160	
6	296	War Ode of Oscar . . .	42	
7	298	Gaul's Ode . . .	144	
			1,060	

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

O.

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

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Gell agus Fionn	108	213
2		Bran	137	149
3		Bas Chuthail	90	147
4		Dan an tIar Shicir	73	95
5		Caolte and the Giant	85	56
6		Cath Chloinne Boaisge agus Morni	140	
7		Conn Mac an Deirg	159	118
8		Losgadha Farnail	108	178
9		Teannadha Mór na Feinne	192	103
10		Bas Chonnlaich	112	14
11		Loaidh na Amadain Mhór	144	204
12		Bas Dhiarmuid	132	153
13		Cath Ghabhra	160	94
14		Eas Laoire Manus	134	78
15		Clann Unsnachan Deirdre	312	24
16		Am Maircantach	105	70
17		Urriugh Oisein	120	46
18		Roe	132	64
19		Bas Fhinn	52	196
20		Golf agus Carull	16	167
21		Bas Chruil le Macthan	46	214
22		Faite na Urriugh na Greine	38	216
23		Urriugh na Greine	11	216
24		Dearg Mac an Deirg	24	113
25		Conhairle Oisein	6	157
26		Toir air na Tuathaich	44	212
27		An Gobhaio	16	65
28		Dearg Mac Droighnín	11	113
29		Conlach agus Cuthon	177	216
30		Fionn agus Gara	220	6
31		Mac Fhuair Oisein a Fhradharch	64	39
32		Eadbuidh nam Fian	60	40
33		Aithris air Oranaibh nam Fian	80	201
34		Tailithear an Fian	68	201
35		Labhair Diarmuid	28	202
36		Part of Oisein's Lament	8	49
37		Loaidh an Amadain Mhoir	96	206
38		Carrachd Rígh Lochlainn	92	85
39		Fionn agus Gara	82	7
40		Fionn's Pedigree	5	35

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

P.

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

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

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

P.*

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

1	Dan Inse Croite, in two parts, style low, versification harsh and clumsy. 24 pp. foolscap, written on one side. Part 1.	254	
	Do. do. do. Part 2.	302	
2	Dan na h-Inghine, or Colmal, incomplete, same size, fol. 8 pp.	242	
3	Mar a Mharbhadh Lamb-fhae, 4 pp.	146	165
4	Dan na Muirbhirich, 15 pp.	426	
5	Taream, 2 pp.	11	
	Do. Part 1.	461	
	Do. Part 2.	509	
6	Dargo (pretty correct)	232	
7	A Fear Mór	157	
8	Bas Oscar, 2 editions. 1st Do. do. do. 2nd.	121 158	

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
9		Laoiðh Phadraig	163	
10		Eas Chonlaich	116	
11		Erragon, or Dearmad Fleadh . .	136	
12		Duan Gharbh Mhìe Stairn . .	141	
13		Laoiðh Naois (Deirdre) . .	33	
14		Ceardeach Mhìe Loin	102	
15		Dun Laomann	81	
16		Trod Chlann Mornagus Chlann Baois	37	
17		Laoigh Phraoich	176	
18		Duan a Choin Duibh	55	
19		Caoiùh Uisge air Osear . .	140	
21		Cruchann Creag an Tullaich .	92	
22		Loagduh Bruth Farbairn . .	26	
			4187	

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

Q.

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

1	545	Fionn and Ailbhe	42	
2	547	Fionn and Dubhan	17	86
3	549	Marcha Mac Brian	88	209
4	554	Mac Staira	61	8
5	558	The Black Dog	76	
6	562	Deirdre	364	26
7	581	Conlaech and Cuthon	181	216
8	690	Sun Hymn	38	
9	592	Sun Hymn	11	
			884	

 Q_{10}^*

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

1	103	Cuchullain agus Laoighre	
		Buadhach	60
2	105	Tairneadh Eimire air Chuchul-	
		loin	52
3	106	Four Stanzas on Cuchullainn by	
		Conall Cearnach	16
4	109	Conall and Lughaith—Diogh-	
		hach Bae Chuchullainn	14
5	3	Laoith na Ceaird	220
6	116	Caoi Ghormhaidh n' Fhloinn air	
		Nial O'Neill Ghlunduibh	72
7	119	Conn mac ar Deirg	180
8	126	Sgeol Beag am air Fionn	182
9	132	A Chleirigh Chlofnas na Saifn	192
10	140	Fadruig agus Oisín	122
11	143	Aithis duinn Fhearguis (Cath-	
		ghabshra)	32
12	144	Caoi Oesin air Óscar	144
13	151	La da Fhadruig na Mbur	120
14	156	Brúighean Chéise Coreunn	
		(Goll)	64
		Total	1,300

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

R.

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

297	Deirdre	36	29
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25

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

1	Battle of Ben Edin	400	80
2	Maiden	84	
3	Fall of Roya	104	154
4	Caullin's Horses	12	
5	Battle of Lora. Teannadachd		
6	Mor na Feime	84	103
7	Conn Mac an Deirg	116	
8	Mannus	80	
9	Duan Diarag	60	112
9	Iomachd Naodhinar	48	88
		988	

T.

Turner's Collection. The book, printed 1813, contains *The Lay of the Great Fool*. A MS. Collection in the Advocates' Library, marked XIV., and on p. 44 'Peter Turner, 1808,' was found in the Gaelic press by D. Mac Pherson. The following is his list of the contents:—

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1(p)	342	<i>The Lay of the Great Fool</i> . . .	212	
1(MS)	103	Cuthullin and Laoighre . . .	60	
2	105	Cuthullin's Lament by Emir . . .	52	
3	108	Connal and Lughaid's Dialogue . . .	44	
4	111	<i>The Lay of the Heads</i> . . .	130	
5	116	Queen O'Flynn's Lament . . .	72	
6	119	Dargo, or Conn mac an Deirg . . .	180	
7	126	Moighrie Borb, or Maid of Craea . . .	132	
8	132	<i>The Chase</i> . . .	192	
9	140	Ossian and Patrick's Dialogue . . .	72	
10	143	Cath-Ghabhra (Fionn's Inquiry) . . .	32	
11	144	Oscar's Lament by Ossian . . .	144	
12	151	Teantachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	120	
13	156	Ode to Gaul (Brughin Chasé Corain) . . .	64	
Total . . .			1,496	

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

U.

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

1	418	Cuthullin's Car . . .	66	2
2	423	Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	90	
3	429	Part of Fingal, Book III. . .	16	
4	432	Sun Hymn in Carriethura . . .	11	
5	433	Ditto, in Carthon . . .	38	
6	441	Diarmid . . .	40	
Total . . .			261	

I have not reprinted the whole of Grant's Collection, having other versions of the poems.

V.

Collection by Hugh and John Mac Callum, printed 1816:—

1	140	8 Cuthullin's Car . . .	65	2
2	144	9 Conlaach . . .	144	15
3	132	6 The Heads . . .	60	18
4	221	Deirdre . . .	33	
5	95	1 Dearg . . .	294	
6	113	3 Eamhair Aluinn . . .	129	
7	106	2 Cron Gleann . . .	124	
8	119	4 The Banners . . .	95	
9	124	5 Teantachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	180	
10	137	7 The Black Dog . . .	76	
11	165	13 The Maiden . . .	130	
12	170	14 Dan Chiuthaich . . .	176	
13	197	19 The Greatest Hunt . . .	58	
14	150	Goll's Praise . . .	18	
15	151	10 Fionn's Counsel to Oscar . . .	26	
16	186	Diarmid . . .	160	
17	154	12 Death of Oscar . . .	247	
18	216	24 The Smithy . . .	102	
19	153	10 Colg-shuil is Trathal . . .	16	
20	179	15 Sun Hymn . . .	74	
21	181	15 Ditto . . .	23	
22	183	17 Mor-ghlan agus Min-fhonn . . .	57	
23	193	18 Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	92	
24	200	20 Connal (Cuthullin) . . .	158	
25	207	21 Urrsgel Oisain . . .	45	
26	209	22 Ioma Cheist Oisain . . .	156	
			2,738	

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

W.

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

1	1	Mordubh, 3 Books . . .	758
2	9	Collath . . .	504
3	14	Old Bard's Wish . . .	144
4	17	The Owlet . . .	268
Lines of Heroic Poetry . . .			1,674

I have printed nothing from this Collection.

X.

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

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Cuthullin's Car . . .	7	2
2		The Hag . . .	94	60
3		The Maiden . . .	88	
		Ditto, other versions . . .	52	
		Ditto . . .	27	
		Ditto . . .	44	
		Ditto . . .	21	
4		Duanan agus Goll . . .	10	212
5		Barlachd Dheireannach Oisain . . .	36	106
6		Triseal . . .	43	202
7		Iulairan . . .	61	208
		(Caitheuss Collection, from Betty Sutherland.)		
9		Death of Conn . . .	171	119
		Another version from Tirce . . .	166	121
10		The Maiden . . .	82	
11		The March of Nine . . .	56	89
12		The Death of Oscar, Battle of Ghabhra . . .	144	
13		Dan an Eich Bar Bhuidhe (Goll) (Mentioned, but not got.)	115	172
14		Duan na Cloinn . . .		
15		Duan na Mnatha . . .		
16		Duan an Amadain Mhoir . . .		
Total copied by Mac Phail . . .			1,167	

Y.

Heroic Poems in Vol. 3, 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands,' orally collected by J. F. Campbell before 1862:—

1	378	The Smithy (Barra, &c.) . . .	104	65
2	122	Mulicartach (South Uist, &c.) . . .	225	
3	182	John, Prince of Bergen (ditto) . . .	11	
4	52	Dearg (Islay, &c.) . . .	16	
5	293	Praise of Goll (Barra, &c.) . . .	13	
6	36	Fionn's Questions (ditto) . . .	15	
7	47	Diarmid agus Grainne (Islay, &c.) . . .	8	
8	64	Diarmid and the Boar (Barra, &c.) . . .	122	
9	36	Death of Oscar (ditto) . . .	225	
10	154	Lay of the Great Fool (S. Uist, &c.) . . .	256	
11		The Story of Manus, Prose . . .		
Lines of Poetry printed . . .			1,022	

I have not reprinted from this book.

Z.

Collected, but not printed. Bound together in Vol. 12 of 'MSS. of Gaelic Stories, &c.' orally collected before 1862. Not arranged:—

1	Rann fir Strath Mhanais . . .	15
2	Bran's Colour . . .	4
3	Rìgh Breatainn (X. 7) . . .	39
4	Leannan Sìth . . .	40
5	The Heads . . .	62
6	Cath Ghabhra Fionn agus Fergus . . .	8
7	Ditto . . .	2
8	Ditto, Part of the Lament . . .	8
9	Six Warriors' Lament (Islay) . . .	4
10	The Laird of Tarlochan . . .	26
11	Seraps of Fraoch . . .	20
12	Ditto . . .	26
13	Caoilte and the Giant . . .	79
14	Black Dog . . .	56
15	Caoilte and the Giant . . .	38
16	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	158
17	Ditto . . .	65
18	Manus . . .	6
19	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	139
20	Maiden and King of Sorcha . . .	109
21	Ditto and King of Spain . . .	104
22	Banners . . .	90
23	Manus . . .	164
24	Ditto, Sequel in Prose 'Ath-ach' in Verse . . .	26
25	Careal . . .	60
26	Teandachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	106
27	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	191
28	Fraoch . . .	80
29	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	82
30	Maiden . . .	88
31	Fraoch, Prose and Verse . . .	60
32	Conn Mac an Deirg, Prose . . .	
	Parody . . .	60
33	An Cu Glas . . .	12
34	Conlaach . . .	24
35	Cailleach Bheinne Bric . . .	8
36	Duan Collaine . . .	35

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
37		Ysbel ne St. Kellan (from A.)	18	
38		Carcal	41	
39		Suireadh Oisein	41	
40		Laoibh Chleirich	83	
41		The Smithy	81	
42		Ditto	52	
43		Muireartach	75	
44		Sir Neill Campbell	82	
45		Death of Oscar	19	
46		The Black Dog	84	
47		Oisein (Mac Pherosnie)	24	
48		Sun Hymn	22	
49		Lay of the Great Fool	142	
50		Diarmuid's Death	72	
51		Mac Reathain (Death of Garry)	7	
52		Mar mhair Cathul a Mhac (Smith)	30	
53		Fionn and Dubhan	8	
54		Maiden, High Soracha	58	
55		Maiden	32	
56		Fionn and Dubhan	7	
57		Cuchullin's Car (X. I.)	7	
58		Duana and Goll (Mac Pherosnie)	12	212
59		Same as 52	15	
60		Laoibh Chathulaich Mhic Chochullain	24	
61		Oisean in his Old Age	8	
62		Sun Hymn	10	
63		Fionn's Banner	6	
64		Ossian's Maxims	21	
65		Sun Hymn	26	
66		Suiridh Oisein	71	
67		Diarmuid	4	
68		Oisein lamenting Oscar	12	
69		Fionn's Ghost (Mac Pherosnie).	12	
70		Oisein in his Age	8	
71		Fionn's Banner	14	
72		Dearda Greinne	21	
73		The Banners	16	
74		Cuchullin's Funeral Car	7	
75		The Maiden	27	
76		Oisean	29	
77		Hideala	5	
78		Trothal	5	
79		Fionn and Dubhan	18	
80		Cuchullin's Battle Car	54	
81		Beannachd Baird	32	
82		An toglach bhón d' fhalbh a bhean	26	
83		Oisean in his Age	4	
84		Mac Mhathain	4	
85		Fionn	5	
86		Malmhina	4	
87		Hidealan	4	
88		Tigh Dúilein nan Gormán	43	
89		Aiseiríoh an Rudaire	42	
90		Duan Chollainn	56	
Total lines of poetry			3,738	

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

&c.

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

Vol. I.

1	The Family of Maim (A Lament)	168
2	Sir Neill Campbell Eilan Gheirg (by Dr. Mac Ealair)	108
3	The Words of the Lochie Pibearched. ('Come hither, ye tribes of the hounds, and get flesh.')	4
4	A Robber's Song	16
5	Teammuch Mór na Féinne. Prose. About	360
6	A lot of scattered verses in the Stories	
7	Song by the Lady of Dandathragh	68

Vol. II.

8	Diarmuid Donn, Prose, 7 pages	
9	The Black Dog, Prose	266
10	A Genealogy of the Argyll's (1021) as the Tribe of Diarmuid, 18 pages	630
11	A lot of scattered Quatrains in Stories	
12	Mary Cameron's Song and Chorus	62
13	A Genealogy of the Mac Leans of Duart, mingling them of Irish descent, 12 pp.	408
14	A Song about a Quarrel between Two Sisters	64
15	A Miller's Song	168
16	The Son of Sroinfhéasgair	184

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
17		Mary Cameron's Song and Chorus	122	
18		Iain-Smuitach's Song	8	
19		Mac Pharlán's Song about Graybeards (same as Z. I., with a different Story)	40	
20		Somhairle Cameron's Love Song (Ancient Heroic Ballads)	112	
21		Laoibh Laoimín (version of M. 14, 108)	108	
22		Cuchullin's Sword (M. 1. 13.)	13	
23		A chore 's an robh dail	8	
24		Dearg (M. 11. 40.)	40	
25		Caolte and the Giant (D. 5. 95, II. 1. 60.)	73	
26		Sgeulachd beag air Cenachar, Prose	32	
27		Version of D. 7., F. 6., II. 8. (The Hag 'Gut,' from Sorallu, Fletcher in Mull, 'I know the Woman')	52	
28		Laoibh. (Theatralais Version of Gara, F. 19., II. 28., I. 21. Never printed. Prose and verse)	76	
30		Version of Z. 3. 39., X. 7. 61. (from 'Machair' Arthurian Ballad in Gaelic)	64	
31		Brieslich Iain nan Carn	63	
32		Murachadh Mac Brian's Riding Dress. (Also from Sarah Fletcher, in Mull)	84	
Vol. III.				
Sandry Scraps of Verse			3,493	
Dewar's Collection			3,493	

Volume XVI. of manuscript of West Highland Tales, orally collected by myself in 1870, contains, of notes and abstracts, about 7,700 lines.

1	27	A Bard's Answer	
2	27	List which includes the Ossianic Fragments	
3	126	List of Sarah Fletcher's Budget, which includes 21 fragments	
4	131	Robertson's Budget to p. 179. (This man's recitations alone must have amounted to several thousands of lines.)	

Volume XVII. of the same collection, written in the autumn of 1871, contains, of similar notes and abstracts, together with copies of songs, &c., written by myself from oral recitation in the Hebrides, &c., about 8,700 lines.

Malcolm Mac Phail sent, May 1872:—

1	Collan gun Cheann	22	212
2	An Gobhainn	24	
3	Mullartach	30	71
4	Cuch Fhinn	8	150
5	Brán	10	150
6	Diarmuid	59	164
7	Buailte an aon Doruis	6	
8	A bit of Manus	20	82
			179

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

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

1	Cath Chuic an áir.	
2	Laoi na Selge.	
3	Meisge agus Ráth na m-Ban.	
4	Sealg Shéibhe Fuaid.	
5	Laoi Mhaghnais Mhóir.	
6	Sealg Gheanna an Snuil.	
7	Laoi an Deirg.	
8	Aois Maith na Féinne.	
9	Fearta n6 Uamha Faicseach na Féinne.	
10	Tiomna Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
11	Leacht Ghoill.	
12	Moladh Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
13	Laoi Mhá an Bhruil Bhúin.	
14	Tangaireacht Fhinn mhic Chumhaill ar Eirina.	
15	Sealg ar Mhucaibh draoidheachta Aonghusa.	
16	Laoi Chollainn gan cheann.	
17	Siosma Chuirill agus Ghoill.	
18	Laoi an Mhaighre Bhuirb.	
19	Sealg Lechn Deirg.	
20	Laoi Aodh mhic Chéadaigh agus a mhá.	
21	Sealg Shéibhe na m-Ban fionn.	
22	Laoi ar Gharaidh gharbh mhac Mhórna do leisg tigh agus banntracht Fhinn.	
23	Íomarbhaidh Chormaic agus Fhinn a d-Teamhair.	
24	Tarus Laighne mhic righ na bh-Fóimhorach.	

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

- 25 Laoi an Duirn.
- 26 Cumha Oisín a n-diaidh na Féinne.
- 27 Laoi Oisín ar Thír na n-Og.
- 28 Laoi Lúin mhic Liomhltha.
- 29 Laoi na Cón Duibhe.
- 30 Laoi Aíreáin mhic Chrannechair na Ioug.
- 31 Tuarasgháil Chatho Gabhra.
- 32 Marbhram Osgair mhic Oisín.
- 33 Laoi Chab an Dosáin.
- 34 Laoi Dhiarmada Brice.

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

Extra List.

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

62. Col. Fraser of Belladrum, 1778 :—

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

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

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

This marked in the hand of the Rev. Donald Mac Intosh on the back of a letter addressed O.H.M.S. Col. Mackay, Adjutant-General, Edinburgh. The Poems are missing. July 18, 1872.

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

- 1 Duan na h-Inghinne, 86.
- 2 Laoigh Phraoich (missing).

This probably was the father of the late Sir Roderick I. Murchison, who was a great Gaelic scholar, and kept meteorological registers in Gaelic written in Greek letters.

67. Duncan Sinclair, servant to Hugh Mac Farlane, Esq. of Cullochro Strathgartney :—

- 1 Conn Mac an Deirg, 176.

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

- 1 Dan an Deirg, 132.
- 2 Tiomnadh Ghuill, 142.
- 3 Ionairt flath nam fiann, 122.
- 4 Conn Mac an Deirg, 114.
- 5 Seilg Ghlinn Dìanhair, 44.

All in one hand and orthography.

67. Sent by the Rev. Wm. Mac Kinnon :—

- 1 The Death of Oscar, 82.
- 'Communicated,' says Mr. Mac Kinnon, 'by a recruit belonging to the 42nd, who had not a word of English. It seems only to be an imitation of Ossian; in some parts of it the language is good, and differs greatly from the present style of Lochaber, where this poem is very common. I have copied it from several hands, but I think this is the best, and am convinced that the poem is some centuries old.'

68. [ANON.]

Fragment, fep. size, 18 pages, and evidently 6 or 7 pages torn. They may be lying among the other papers.

No.	Page	Catch Words	Lines
1	1	A Tale on the Birth of Fionn (imitation of Rem. et Rem. in Ovid's Fasti). In my younger days I translated 100 lines of this part of the Fasti. D. M.	123
2	7	A Phaduig a chana na sailm'	4
3	13	Suidheachadh Cu Phinn, 1 stanza of the Black Dog. D. M.	4
4	13	Dath Cu Phinn	4
5	14	Dan an amadain Mhoir, a fragment, 6 pages wanting	112

69. [ANON.]

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

The Smyth (about) 88.
 Losgadh Brugh Farbairn, or the Burning of Farala, 72.

70. [ANON.]

1	1	Tiomna Ghuill	84
5	6	Smyth	68

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

GAELIC TEXTS.

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

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

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

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

Manuscripts Earlier than 1512.

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

TEXT A.

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

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

The orthography is phonetic, uncertain, and almost unique. Scotch words creep in amongst the Gaelic; such as 'ane' (one). The history of this manuscript is in the Report of the Highland Society on the Authenticity of Ossian, 1805 (p. 300); in 'Ossian's Poems,' 1807 (vol. iii. p. 566); and in the introduction to the selections published by W. F. Skene and the Rev. Thomas Mac Lauchlan, D.D. (Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas, 1862). The manuscript was transcribed by Mac Lauchlan of old Aberdeen, and is mentioned in his 'Abstracts,' made about 1813. These, and the original manuscript, were in the Advocates' Library in November, 1871. At page 104 of the manuscript is the date September 16, 1524, and the legend 'in nohoir Mhuire,' in honour of Mary' (p. 141 Mac Lauchlan's Abstracts). The manuscript is on quarto paper, ill written, much damaged, and discoloured.

The work done by the Rev. Thomas Mac Lauchlan was, 1st, to read and then to copy from the manuscript; 2nd, to guess what sounds the Scribe meant to express by his orthography, and to spell his words, or their modern equivalents, according to a modern system; 3rd, to translate the whole into English. The book contains the ancient Gaelic as written and the modern equivalent on opposite pages. The translation and introduction are elsewhere. The book is very well printed, and authors and publishers have earned the gratitude of Celtic scholars. Compositions in Scotch and Latin are keys to orthography, but they were not printed. I add a few below, copied from the transcript above mentioned.

The published selections contain thirty fragments of Heroic verse. I have the permission of all concerned to reprint these from the book. It was a common custom of Irish Scribes to head poems thus: 'Padruig, Oisín agus Fionn ect,' meaning 'sang.'

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

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

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

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

No. 14 has the name of 'Gíleallum Mc Ynn Ollaig'—Servant of Callan, Son of the Doctor, or Professor. The name is a Christian name, and the story is part of the Pagan romance of Cuchullin, who belongs to the first century. No single Fenian name appears in this old version of the slaying of Conloch by his father Cuchullin. 'Auctor hujus' and all the other headings seem to mean that the person named said or wrote as follows, either as scribe, author, actor, or reciter; cet, he sang.

No. 15 is attributed to a blind Bard, but in this view it seems uncertain whether he was reciter, or composer, or a character in the story of Fraoch. He begins, 'The sigh of a friend,' and speaks throughout as if he belonged to the story. It is divided into four 'sighs.' But the chief characters belong to 'The Tain,' and to Irish history of the first century, not to the sixteenth. I incline to believe that 'the Blind O'Cluain,' if that be his name, is the equivalent character to 'Blind Oisín' and 'Blind Homer.'

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

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

No. 17 is said in the character of 'Keilt Me Ronane,' 'Cormak Me Artinir,' who was High King of Ireland 213—253 A.D., has his general Fionn in bondage. Caoilte, the swift Hero in the Fenian romance, rescues him by catching and bringing to Teamhra, from places in Ireland, pairs of birds and beasts. He tells the story, and in the 70th quatrain addresses a Christian, and proclaims his own Christian creed. This seems to be a fragment of the romance in which Caoilte and Oisén, the last of the Pagan warriors, are made to wander about, and converse with early Irish saints. The Dean wrote (p. 42) 'A howdir so,' and he probably meant 'said this.' Like many others, he too may have believed that the warriors composed that which they are made to say in character. I believe that unknown Bards composed all these metrical conversations hundreds of years after the reign of Cormac.

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

No. 19 has no author's name, but it is a conversation between Conan and Garradh, two of the tribe of Goll, about going to seek that Hero's head from the Clanna Baisge, who slew him according to the story now current. Because one of these proposes to slay Oisén, Oisén does not 'say this.'

No. 20 has no name. It is part of the Fenian story. The wives of the Heroes test their virtue by a magic garment, and all fail but one. They were like the ladies of Arthur's Court, according to their story.

No. 21 has no name. It is part of the Dialogue of Oisén and Padruig, and describes how eight of the chiefs of the Feinne went from Ireland, and conquered in Scotland, England, Italy, France, Spain, &c.

No. 22 has no name. One of nine tells how they went out to seek 'a whelp of Conn,' and fought adverse tribes. Ten banners and ten chiefs of the Feinne are named, so probably this is spoken in the character of Oisén, who was one of the band. It probably means the finding of 'Cormac Mac Art Mac Cuinn,' the true heir after the battle of Magh Machruim, and before the battle of Crionna, about A.D. 213.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No. 30 is a continuation of 7. Having permission to use the book, instead of the transcript and MS., I divided the 2,656 lines by ear and sense to suit their rhythm, and reprinted from Dr. Mac Lauchlan's excellent work. In this collection, as first written, and as first printed, fragments are not placed with regard to continuity; that I have tried to do.

Several later ballads in the Dean's book allude to the Heroic series, and to the Heroes as ancestors of Scotch tribes. The whole collection, Heroic, historical, Irish, and local, is chiefly founded upon Scotch-Irish romantic history, as it was written in old Irish manuscripts, and in 1630 by Keating. There is not one line in the Dean's book that I can identify with any line in Mac Pherson's Gaelic, as printed in 1763 and 1807. One ballad certainly is the foundation for the 'Maid of Creac,' first printed in English in 1759, No. 6 of 'the Fragments.' It is an episode in the English 'Fingal,' but it is not in the Gaelic 'Fingal.'

Many other parts of Mac Pherson's English manifestly rest upon a knowledge of this kind of Heroic tradition.

At p. 57 of his introduction, Mr. Skene supposes that Mac Pherson's Gaelic text was prepared in Badenoch about 1760, after his return from his Highland tour, with the aid of Lauchlan Mac Pherson of Strathmaschie and Captain Morrison, and that the English was translated from that text. My opinion now is that Mac Pherson's Translation was first composed by a great genius, partly from a knowledge of Scotch nature and folk-lore, partly from ideas gathered from books; and that he and other translators afterwards worked at it, and made a Gaelic equivalent whose merit varies according to the translator's skill and knowledge of Gaelic. It is said that an early copy of the 7th book of Temora, with corrections in Strathmaschie's hand, was found after his death. I suppose that he revised a Gaelic translation by Mac Pherson, or by some other. His own Gaelic songs are idiomatic, whereas the 7th book of Temora is Saxon Gaelic in general, and nonsense in many passages. The English equivalent is like the rest of Mac Pherson's work. In either case, because of matter, manner, orthography, and language, Mac Pherson's English and Gaelic Ossian must have been composed long after Dean Mac Gregor collected his book in Mac Pherson's country, near his district, and in Morven. A list of the Heroic Fragments is with the other lists marked A.

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

1st. At pp. 64, 34, 40, are fragments of the story of Cuchullin and Eamhair. In the first Cuchullin is called the father of Conlaach; in the second he slays his son Conlaach and releases 'Connil'; in the third his own death has been avenged by 'Connil,' who brings heads to console 'Eivir,' Cuchullin's love. These are fragments of an Irish story, which was old in 1100. In 1630 Keating made it history, and dated it.

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

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

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

happened during the life of Oisein and his father, Fionn, who was General of the Feinne for Cormac Mac Art. Irish history dates the reign from 213 to 253 A.D. The last fragment is a description of the battle of Gabhra, which was fought in 281, according to Keating. The dates assigned to Patrick and to Cormac show that Oisein, if a real man, did not really converse with the saint; but a story was founded upon that romance, and it was current in 1512 in Scotland. That is proved.

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

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

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

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

Then comes jealousy. The unfaithful wives appear (p. 138). Diarmaid laments to Graidlúe, Fionn's wife, for his deserted comrades (p. 152). Diarmaid is slain through the contrivance of his jealous uncle, Fionu (p. 157). The Clanna Baoisge having beaten their comrades, the Clanna Morna, slay each other for jealousy and revenge, and the power of the Feinne is broken. The Irish King has Fionn in bondage at Tara (p. 139). Caoilte tells how he insulted King Cormac and his son Cairbre, and how he rescued Fionn, his kinsman and commander, from the Irish King. Oisein tells how Cairbre, the son of Cormac, and his own son, Oscar, fought and fell at Gabhra (p. 180). Fionn's son Fergus tells Fionn (p. 182) how the Feinne were slain in that famous fight, which ends the story told by surviving Pagan warriors to Padruig and to early Christians.

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

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

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

The following extracts will explain the Dean of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In a Charter of 1673 the Earl signed *Argyll*.

It is endorsed *The Earle of Argyll*.

In a Pedigree of 1770 the name is written *Argyll*.

In 1872 the name is pronounced with a hard G.

In the Annals of Loch Ce it was *oirer Gueidhel*.

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

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

(1) LATIN. Page 27. Transcript.

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

(2) SCOTS. Page 38. Transcript.

. Thre peralis dayis in Special and ge . . .
for all thingis vz. The first Munnunday of Feurzeir
the last munnunday of may and ye last munnunday
of Semptember and the maleis of thame is a clerk
sayis yat qulath euld yat is gott in or born as y^t
dayer any one of thre dayis for vintay he sal owthir
be brint or drownit or de sum shameful deth or de
suddanly. And it be a madin child she sal be a coñ
on voman or ellis sum vyn ewil doyar and is to have
ane ewil ending D And gyf ony man or voman
ettis ony g wss fless in ony of yon thre dayis he sal
have ye falland Ewil and na work sal cum to gud
end zat he begyn in ony of thir iij Dayis. D The
leest dayis of Every moneth for to begin ony werk
is or to tak ony . . . in hand is ye first day ye ferd
day ye vi day ye vii ye xiiii day. Itim ther is tre
dayis and Saat E . . . sayis yat qubat man or
voman is born in ony of thiam he sal nevir rot vz
The xij day of Januar ye xiiii day of marche And ye
xviii day of Februar.

(3) SCOTS. Page 77. Transcript.

Richt as ye biche in jolyng in hir raige,
Sche cheisis not ye greu hand in y^t hour
Sche folast tyg quhill y^t her lwst be swagit
Richt soo ye meir forsakis ye cwtswr
And cheisis ane erwikit avir and one dowr
So wemen wairris y virginite
On catye creaturis moist unorthwek
Suppoiss sche haive mony flimby shintur
The fairrest lady y^t natar can devyne
Richt swddanly will ye se hir incolye
To tak ane crepill or a creatur
Sic is yair hap and yair werd.
No mau may yame wyte in erd re J.

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

Of Malcolm Kenmoir and Qwene Margret comm King
Edgair y^t biggit Coldinghame and, Kyng Alexander
yat beggit Scoyne an Sant David yat biggit ye Hali-

rud house of Edinburghe off Sanct Dani com Henry of Huntenton and off Henry Huntenton coym Kyng Malcom yat biggit Cupar and Kyng Wilzeam yat biggit Avbrothow and erl Davi of Kyng Villzeam com Allexander of Allexander com Allexander zat deit in Kingorm.

Yan go we till erlle Davi off erlle Davi coym margret and Essabel and Anna Ada eff margret reddit v^t Alan off Galoway, dervargala beddit v^t John ye Bailze and off yat John com John ye Bailze Kyng callit himettabert and syne Advart ye Bailze off yssabel reddit w^t Robert ye Bruysse com Robert ye Bruysse and syne Robert ye Brusse Kyng off Scottish off Kyng Robert ye Bruysse com Kyng Davi and Margret yat vis reddit v^t gwrst Sr Valter Stewart off ye said gwd Sir and Margret com Kyng Robert ye qwhilk vas callit || or he was Kyng ye Stewart of Scotland Off ye foir said Kyng Robert come Robert first John and Valter Stewart Robert Duk off Albany Allexander Erle of Buchqwan David Erle of Strathern and Valter Erl of Catnes of Kyngre Rerbt fyrst sohn cam David Duk of Rossay Robert Erl off Athel and James Kyng of Scottis ye qwhilk was tane on ye se w^t Inglis men wndir crewis passand to Franschewartis Yis alk King James vas taking at ye se ye XXX day of Marche ye Zeher off God M^{mo} cccc^{mo} and sax zeir.

Finis.

(5) LATIN. Page 181.

Efili Fuge Ebrietatem et R. J.

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

(6) LATIN. Page 219.

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

SCOTS.

HE menit trenth, and sche wes variabill,
He wess faithfull and sche wes wntrev
He wes stedfast and sche wnstabill
He trust ay one Sche louit thing new
Sche weyrrid collowris of many divers hew
In sted of bleu quiche stedfast is and cleine
Sche lovit changiis of many divers greine.

SCOTCH ORTHOGRAPHY.

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

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

'Campbelltown the 20th of December 1695.

'Deir billie,—I thoghtt before this tyme to had a lync from yow to agwantt me if ye had fraythed thatt shipe for New my land. I have bay me fortie barrells of beif and the other sive barrell . . . I wad baght from Alex^r Mc Conachie and if the shipe be y^r gowine outt picfallie tack Sandars Mc Gonachie fortie barrells bif upon my a Compt and gie Mans . . . John Mc Kecherane and markine for the bif with John Mc Kecherne and dra bill on me for the price of the bif and I shall ansure the bill and if the shipe net you my ont propethe I shall upon your order to

me send twentie barells, and if ye tack Sauders Mc Conachie bif upon my a Compt give his brother Archibald Mc Conachie a hundreth merks in pairt payment of the bif and I shall pay you or your order the said soume and if ye be nane for the bif upon my a Compt pray you sell or help to sell Sandie Mc Conachie bif for itt is good bif. I cannott get in y^r rents bott I gotten hansell. Resew from Donald Mc Milane at half . . . (Turn off.)

Draft of a Letter.

Daniel Campbell of Shawfield to the Duke of Argyll before 1695.

'My Lord,—I proposs to Fen the eight mark lands pocsst by James Cuneson to witt: Smerbey and Cloch flau as alsoe the four mark land of Drummore pocsst by Captt Muir: who hess his lifetime of it and I would alsoe ften the two mark lande of Maye. I am willing to pay the yearly rent thus paid and to advance your Lordship 80 ster: Your Lordship may Coucider that it will be nine years before I can posses the lands of Smerbey and god knows if I have posession of the other this 20 years,' &c. &c.

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

TEXT B.

At p. 296 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, mention is made of a manuscript written at Aird Chonail, upon Lochowe side, in 1690 and 1691. A note (p. 79) in Gaelic means 'Eoghan Mac Ghilleoin' (Hugh Mac Lean). 'By my hand was finished this history' (or story) 'written on the 7th day of the month of March, one thousand six hundred, eleven, four score' (1691) 'of the era of our Lord Jesus Christ. Caillain Campbell, to whom belongs this little book; i.e. Caillain, Mac Dhonchai Mhic Dhughail, Mhic Chaillain oig.'

Ard Chonail, now a ruin, is said to have been the first castle owned by the Campbell tribe in Argyllshire. The Ardkinglas Campbells are called 'Sliochd Callen oig,' from 'Young Colin' of Cowal, founder of the family, and son of Colin the Queen, 1389. This Colin probably was one of the Ardkinglas family, but I can only guess. About 1633 Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy took charge of the Earl of Argyll's grandson, and caused him to be instructed by 'ane sufficient man quha hes bothe Irish and English.' In December, 1637, he had begun to 'wearye of the Irish language.' By 1638 'Maister Ihone Makleine' the 'Pedagogue,' who wore 'ane hewit plaid,' had 'misbehaved himself,' and his place was to be filled by 'ane discret man that is one Scollar and that can speike both Inglis and Erise,' who was to be sought in Argyll.

In 1638 Lord Lorn succeeded his father, Grim Archibald; and in June, 1639, his wife, Margaret Douglas, sent for her son.¹

The Mac Lean who wrote Gaelic stories fifty years later, in 1691, at the 'stem house' of the Campbells, copied, or composed, a poem upon the imprisonment of the Earl of Argyll in Edinburgh Castle in 1690 (p. 211). It seems probable that Mac Lean was the Earl's old Gaelic tutor, or some one belonging to him. Whoever he was, he wrote 'Tales and Poems,' of which one is a version of A. 3. It is the end of the story of Cuchullin, which is known in Ireland as 'The Bloody Hove of Connal Ceatharnach,' and is usually called 'The Heads.'

O'Donovan's Catalogue (190, No. 6, H. 2. 12. Trin.

¹ 'Sketches of Early Scotch History, 372,' by Cosmo Innes.

Coll., Dublin) mentions 'two leaves of vellum and eight of paper.' The vellum cover is of considerable antiquity. The paper contains two Irish metrical glossaries of considerable value and antiquity. These, we read in the first and last pages, were written in 1698, at Campbell-town, by Eoghan Mac Gilleoin, for the use of Mr. Lochlin Campbell. Apparently this was the same scribe, or tutor, still at work after seven years. O'Donovan remarks upon his name, 'O'Reilly,' writes Johnson, "is the English of Mac Gilleoin;" but this is certainly an error, as it appears from the annals of the 4 masters and various other Irish authorities that Mac Gilleoin is the Irish form of the name which is now Anglicised Mac Cleane.'

In Scotland the name is now written 'Mac Lean,' but it is so pronounced as to indicate the form of Mac-Ghille-sheathain—Son of the Servant of St. John (S. Ioannes-Seathan-Iain-Eoin-John).

Whoever this Mac Lean was, it is manifest that Campbells who fought Mac Donalds and their Irish allies for two hundred years called their own Gaelic 'the Irish language,' and spoke it, read it, and wrote it, and studied metrical stories and prose tales about Fionn and his Feinne, without suspecting the existence of the neighbouring kingdom of Morven, and the Caledonian Fingalians whom Mac Pherson discovered. 60 years after Mac Lean wrote his glossaries Dr. Smith discovered his Fingalian songs in Argyll, shortly after Fingal appeared, but none of these printed works are in Mac Lean's manuscripts written at Ard Chonail in Loch-awe in 1691. The manuscript is in the Advocates' Library.

It is in the 'Irish hand,' a transcript by Mac Lachlan of Old Aberdeen is in the library.

TEXT C.

Pope's Collection, 1739.

At page 52, 'Appendix to the Report on Ossian,' 1805, is a letter from Mr. Pope, Minister of Rea in Caithness, dated November 15, 1763, and addressed to the Minister of Thurso. He says that 'about 24 years ago'—that is, in 1739—he and another collected Gaelic poetry orally.

When Mac Pherson's translations appeared he identified some with poems in his collection.

This collection was found in July, 1872. Poems current in the North were versions of poems then current elsewhere in Scotland. Versions of some were orally collected in the same district after about a hundred years. (See Text X.) Pope's collection was written in the current hand of his time, and the system of orthography appears to have been his own. The entire collection is printed at the end (p. 218).

TEXT D.

Mac Nicol's Manuscript, 1755, &c. 2,819 lines.

Saddell and Skipness.—Donald Mc Nicol, 1763.—Donald Mc Nicol, M.A., nephew of Stewart of Invernayle, who introduced Sir Walter Scott 'to the Highlands, their traditions and their manners,' had his degree from the Univ. of St. Andrew in 1766, licen. by the Presb. of Lorn 3rd Dec., 1760, pres. by John, Duke of Argyll, and ord. 5th Oct., 1763; trans. to Lismore in 1766.—*Fasti Ecclesie Scoticane*, part ii. p. 49.

Lismore.—Donald Mc Nicol, M.A., 1766.—Donald Mc Nicol, M.A., translated from Saddell and Skipness, pres. by John, Duke of Argyll, 3rd Sept., 1765, and adm. 15th July succeeding; died 28th March, 1802, in his 67th year and 39 min. He was noted for his learning, and for being an excellent poet. He marr., 28th Nov., 1771, Lillias Campbell, who died 29th June, 1831, and had a son, Donald of Sockach, and daugh., Alice, who marr. Mr. Ludovick Cameron, writer, Inverness. Publications.—Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, Lond. 1779, 8vo. (on the perusal of which the great moralist is said to have 'growled hideously').—*Fasti Ecclesie Scoticane*, part v. p. 75; Edin. 1870.

In the autumn of 1870 I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ludovick Cameron in the Isle of Mull. He then told me that he owned a considerable collection of Gaelic poetry made by his grandfather, Mr. Donald Mac Nicol, Minister of Lismore in Argyll. The earliest date in the collection is 1755. The Rev. Donald Mac Nicol, M.A., in 1779, published a book called 'Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides,' &c., in which he strongly defended the authenticity of Mac Pherson's Ossian, published in 1760, &c. Johnson's account of his tour in 1773 was published in 1775; Mac Nicol's reply, 1779. He died 1802.

February 6, 1871, Mr. Cameron was kind enough to bring me his collection, in a tin tea chest 10 x 7 x 7 inches. About 1824 some of the papers, as it is said, passed through the hands of the authors of 'The Lays of the Deer Forest,' &c. In 1836 Mr. Dugald Mac Nicol of the 1st Royals, a son of the collector, had the papers in the West Indies, and made some notes upon them. Dr. Smith may have seen them; he certainly saw Mac Nicol's sermons. An elder brother of Dugald, who went to Calcutta and Australia, may have had some of his father's papers. But the tin tea chest seemed to contain a fair sample of the collection mentioned in Mac Nicol's published works. I found the following papers in the box:—

1. A bit of Hebrew and Latin.
2. A leaf nearly illegible in English, date 1715, political.
3. A form of certificate for the King's service.
4. A bundle marked 'Gaelic Songs by Mac Intyre,' and others containing—

(a) A MS. book with an index, 54 numbers, all apparently modern Gaelic songs.

(b) A lot of loose papers, amongst which are 'Auld Robin Gray,' and English verses translated into Gaelic, with a lot of Duncan Mac Intyre's songs. He was born 1724, died 1812.

5. A lot of loose scraps of paper covered with scraps of songs.

6. A book made by folding a sheet of paper, apparently a fair copy of some of the other fragments.

At page 351 Mac Nicol said in 1779, 'I can assure the reader that many poems of the Bards I have already mentioned, as well of several others, are in my own possession, and that many other gentlemen in different parts of the Highlands have likewise large collections, among which there are productions of very old date . . . and a considerable number of them have lately been published.'

The only books known to me that answer this description and date are Mac Donald's Songs, 8vo., Edinburgh, 1751, which contain no Ossianic ballads; and Mac Intyre's Songs, 12mo., Edinburgh, first published in 1768. Many of his songs are in this collection.

7. A manuscript marked in a modern hand 'Octo. 26 and 27, 1836.' Signed at the end, 'From the confines of Morven, May 17, 1776. Donald Mac Nicol.'

This volume contains 245 pages. Most of the contents, if not all, are in the book printed in 1779. This seems to have been a rough copy of published writings.

8. A lot of loose sheets, apparently notes for the book.

9. A lot of loose papers. Letters about Duilidh, &c. &c., and a fair and rough copy of a paper on the authenticity of Ossian, 1778, 'To the publisher of the "Weekly Messenger."' In this paper the author gives a list of Gaelic poems, which he supposed to be originals of Mac Pherson's poems, or some of them:

1. Cuchullin's Sword. A version in Gillies, M.
2. Gail's Prosnachadh Catha.
3. Cuchullin's Chariot.
4. The Three Sons of Usnoch, complete (part of Fingal.)
5. Fingal and Swaran's Engagement, though Swaran is sometimes called 'Magnus.'

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

mentions two old manuscripts which then existed. One contained the adventures of 'Smerbie More, one of the predecessors of the family of Argyll,' who lived in the 5th century, according to the family genealogy. The other contains the history of Clann-uiseachain, or the sons of *Uisnoch*, a fragment in *Fingal* (same as No. 4).

A manuscript, said to be of the 12th century, which answers to the description, was in the possession of the Highland Society in 1805, and is in the Advocates' Library. The first mentioned I know nothing about. Two copies of 'Manus' are in Mac Nicol's collection (p. 72), but they are not in Mac Pherson's Gaelic '*Fingal*,' which had not appeared in 1778.

It is said that one of this family lost a portmanteau in the West Indies by the upsetting of a boat, and that he then lost some old Gaelic manuscripts.

10. Eleven separate paper books, home made, all signed by Donald Mac Nicol. These seem to be fair copies of songs, ballads, and Ossianic fragments.

11. A lot of loose papers and little books like the rest, but not signed. These seem to be rough copies of the same things.

February 13, 1871.—I finished sorting the collection, and made a list of all the Ossianic fragments that I could then find. These I placed together in one large envelope, and on Thursday, February 16, I returned the box and its contents to Mr. Cameron, who shortly afterwards went to China on business of the Oriental Bank. Early in 1872 the box was in the custody of Mr. Nicholson, advocate. Having the permission of Mr. Cameron, Mr. Malcolm Mac Phail was asked to copy the papers marked on my list. March 11.—He sent sixteen of the poems and said, 'Mr. Nicholson gave the other pieces of Mac Nicol's collection, marked on your list, to a friend of his, who has not returned them yet.' On the 8th of April I wrote again about these, and on the 3rd of May got copies of nine fragments. On the 11th of May I got the rest copied by Mr. Donald Mac Pherson, now assistant librarian in the Advocates' Library.

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

TEXT E.

Jerome Stone (Schoolmaster), 1755. 132 lines.

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

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

TEXT F.

Fletcher's Collection, 1750 to 1800.

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

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

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

'Fletcher.'

54

'Corrupt copies.'

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

The condemnation was pronounced by men who were engaged upon Mac Pherson's Gaelic, which they printed in 1807. In accordance with this belief in the 'authenticity' of that pure 'text,' some one has altered Fletcher's 'corrupt' text by striking out some of his words which make the actor's Irish. The whole collection tells the same story which the others all confirm. From Seane to Dunstaffnage, as from Sutherland to Ceantire, about 1750, the people believed that Fionn and his soldiers were Irish worthies and their own ancestors, and none of them, so far as appears from Fletcher's oral collection, had ever heard of Mac Pherson's *Fingal*, *King of Morven*, who appeared while Fletcher was collecting, about 1762.

Fletcher's manuscript, ill written and ill spelt, 'corrupt,' imperfect, and despised, has never been printed till now. In November, 1871, it was safe in the Advocates' Library, and I had a copy made of the contents by February, 1872. It is a quarto, written in several different hands, on paper of different kinds, in different systems of orthography, stitched into a limp cover of coarse brown paper. It is a rude country production, and as genuine a bit of folk lore as any in the world. It is signed by Fletcher and Menzies. It has tables of contents which follow. One in English is by a partisan; the other, in Gaelic, is by a neutral, as it appears.

The English list is in the same hand as a note at the end of Kennedy's *First Collection*, which was in the keeping of Dr. Smith of Campbelltown for a long time. The Gaelic lists have interpolations in the same hand. This probably is the hand of Dr. Donald Smith, brother of the Minister who helped to make

the 'Report on Ossian,' and who died about 1805. Fletcher's manuscript is one of the most important documents in the Ossianic controversy, because it is authenticated oral folk-lore of 1750 to 1760. Even the phonetic spelling has value as giving the old value of words. 'Awd', instead of Ard, 'high,' preserves a lost vowel sound. 'Bheircamsa' is an obsolete grammatical form; so is 'ni an robh.' 'Machd' expresses the sound now given to 'mac,' a son, and so on. The Gaelic lists, as they stand in the manuscript, with alterations in different hands in italics, follow:—

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

1. Duan na Inghinn.
2. Urnuigh Oislin.
3. Rìgh Lochlin.
4. Naois agus Deirdir, or Clan Uisneachan.
5. Teantach mòr na Feinne.
6. Laoigh Chaoilte Mhic Roinin.
7. Mar chaidh Rìgh Thigh Finn.
8. Amadan Mhòr.
9. Sgeula air Caillich. (Qy. Muircartach?)
10. Losgadh Tìdhi Farabairne. (Qy. Losga Tauradh?)
11. Rann a choin duibh.
12. Cuthal.
13. Bran.
14. Eachdraidh mar chaidh Fion a mharbhadh.
15. Ceardach Luin.
16. Garbh Mac Stairn, p. 183. (This poem seems better than the other.)

AN CLAR-INNSEADH.

No.		MS. Page.
1.	Rann na h-Inghinn	1
2.	Urnuigh Oislin	9
3.	N Taathach, wghna na }	18
	Foill Rìgh Lochlunn }	
4.	Eachdraidh Chonchair Rìgh Eirinn	25
	Deirdir agus triuir mac Rìgh Bharra- chaoil an da phairt.	
5.	An cath is cruaidhe thug an fheinn Teantach mòr nam Fian agus dol an orda am Brataichean	49
	an da phairt.	
6.	Laoigh Chaoilte	64
7.	Rann an fhir Shichdir	70
8.	Cuillench Thulaich Fhoir	75
9.	Mar chaidh Rìgh a thigh Fhinn	80
10.	Baiste Fhinn	84
11.	Rann an Amadaine mhòir	89
12.	Sgeula air Niedoiste	103

List copied from page 110.

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

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

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

TEXT G.

Mac Diarmaid's Manuscript, 1762—1769.

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

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

¹ In the original MS. the words 'collected by' were struck out, and 'taken down from recitation of' substituted.

p. 215. So far as appears in the Report and elsewhere, he did not get anything else from Mr. Mac Diarmaid of Weem. Dr. Irvine's collection is marked O.

The following is the account which I have of this Text G. :—

To John F. Campbell, Esq.

Sir,—As I was on my travels through Rainneach, I got acquainted with a miller, of the name of John Shaw, who takes much delight in having in his possession rare articles of antiquity. He has got in his possession many old Scotch coins; some of them are silver, and some of them are of copper. Some of the silver coins are as old as the era of King Robert Bruce, and others more modern. Amongst the copper coins are Marks, Plocks, and Scotch Pennies, twelve of which are equivalent to a Penny sterling. He also possesses many old books, such as versions of the first Gaelic Bibles printed. He has a version of the New Testament translated from the ancient Greek by a Roman Catholic priest, and an explanation of the same, and another version translated at the same era by a Protestant minister, and an explanation of it. He has many old song books. Also he possesses a written manuscript bearing the date of 1762—but some of the parts was wrote in 1769—which was written by a man of the name of Eobhan Mc Dhiarmaid, but the manuscript does not explain what Eobhan Mc Diarmaid's profession was. The manuscript is of the size of large note paper, and is bound in pastboard in two volumes. John Shaw does at the present possess but the first vol., but thinks that some time in summer he may also get possession of the second vol. The first vol. contains an Oraid on the Gaelic by Mr. Patricie Stewart of 4 pages. 38 Gaelic songs, viz. Songs, Hymns, and Poems. Some of them are old, and some are modern. Many have been printed. 500 Gaelic proverbs. 46 Gaelic riddles.

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

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

I also copied out of the said MS. a song composed to Mc Pharlain of Arrochar by a Lochlomond's side Bard. It appears to be a very old song. Although it was composed by a Lochlomond's side Poet, some of the words are now so much out of use, that I do not suppose, that there is one person of the natives of Lochlomond side who can understand them. The song appears to have been an old one when it was wrote by Eobhan Mc Diarmaid in the year 1769, as he considered some of the words in it obsolete even at that time, and wrote an explanation of them at the foot of the page, which I copied, and sent with the song. I also kept a copy of the said song to myself. The words in the modern songs of Arrochar require no explanation.

'I am your obedient Servant,
'JOHN DEWAR.'

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

Oran Fonn air Mac Pharlain an Arair, a channadh le Bard Loimnadh.—

1

Mhic Pharlain an Arair
Lamh adh-mòhr an Eineich,¹
Fhir as fial re h-Ealaibh,
Bith tu riar gach Fìle.

2

Mhic fìr-ghlic fhear amhail,²
Leis an diolar Scolaidh,³
Laoich chròdh nach crìon Aine,
Na Nis buaine t-Onoir.

3

Theid t-Eineach 's do naire,⁴
Thar Fìneach a's uine,
Gach Fìle 'g rach sud
Gu sìrthear 's noch diùltar.

¹ A good name. ² Equally wise. ³ Men of learning.
⁴ Modesty.

b

4

Òlar Fion a' do Bhaile,
Siomad Clìar s' Iuchd Ealaidh
Air Chlar-Dìsle¹ s' Fò-rainn,²
T' air Mhìrann teachd a' d' Choinne.

5

Laoich threinn dhèis lùth-mhor,
G' am fuigheadh³ Beachd adh-mhor.
Is Sluagh teachd fa d' Luchairt,
Le Buaidh chreic o d' Namhaid.

6

'N cur Ruaig dhuts gu dàna,
D' an Dualghas bhith efiùtach
Sud gheibhteachd a' d' Chòirse,
Treun laochraidh bhorb lùth-mhor

7

S iomad Geur lann thana,
Lamh a's laidir buille,
Cinn-bheirt eumhdaidh ehorraich,
Dhol an Tùs do Choinneisg.

8

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

9

S an Ghreis Ghabhaidh gheibhteachd
Do 'n Mheas chùraidh Ubhall,
Laoich chròdha sar-laimh dheas,
Ag iomart na 'n Lùith-chleas,

10

Do d' Naimhdbhlse b' aithreach,
Dol an dàil do Choi-meisg,
'N cur a' Bhlair ann Taimnead
Dhoibh bu nàr an Turas.

11

T-woighre Deadh mhac Dhonnachaidh,
Lamh ghleusta air Fiodhaidh,
Fear nach maidhin⁴ o 'n Ar-fhaich,
Sluagh nach d' fhuiling Iompach.

12

Le 'm bui' near Buaidh Chosgair,
Re Guala Rìgh sheùisamb,
S' maith an gnìomh a' an Cosua,
Gun Eagal roimh Ghabhadh

13

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

14

Dol gu garbh an Toital,
Srann do Phìob air Faiche,
Fir le 'n diolthar Crosan,
Or pealls e dearg-lasta,
Am Barr Craiun Eang shioda,

15

Is G'arbh-laochraidh spàrta,
Ann Seaball teann dìonach,
B' i Miann a' Mhic adh-mhor,
Oireachd a' bhì lion-mhor.

16

Ag iomart an Taith-phleasg
Am Proinn-lios an Thìona,
Cho 'n innsear Beachd n' aine,
Air Ar-munn na Firinn,
Do Shìolach na 'm Flath e,
S do Fhreagh na 'n Rìghre

17

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

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

18

Cho Bhaoghal na Fir
'S am Faoghar à Muigh
Ta 'n Tàrar air fement T-ean,
Chur Faobhar am Fail,
Cho teotha Buill, iùrd
Air Innin na 'm Bolg
Na iomairt an Euilg
Air Mìre le Feirg.

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

Foidh an Leac-lighidh so gun snim
Tha Glutaidh-pàiteach air a' dhruim,
B, fhearr gu 'n robh e an sin o' chian,
'S iomad fulachd eaidh na bhian.
Dh' òl e an Tullaich s' sroin Mhèilean
An Tom-buidhe, Fionnairt s' an Aiuibh,
Shluig e an Goirtean s' a' coill,
Chreach e na b-Ionragain le foill.
Dogan Gearrain, s' seiscar mhairt,
Dh' òl e an Tairbeart a' chasga a' thart,
Dh' òl e an Tigh-bheachdadaidh na crùn
Bu trie sgeith air gu a' dha shùil.
Chuir e a' Mhaoin an leann s' an dram,
Gus gu 'n deach an stùrd na cheann.

TEXTS H. I.

Kennedy's 1st, 1774 to 1780. II. 4,448 } 8,908 lines.
" 2nd, 1774 to 1783. I. 4,460 }

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

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

The following works are referred to in this notice:—

1. 1512 &c. Texts A. to I. Gaelic.
2. 1759 &c. Mac Pherson's publications. English and Gaelic.
3. 1760 Mr. Mac Lagan's collection. Gaelic.
4. 1780 Dr. John Smith's Gaelic Antiquities. English and Gaelic.
5. 1786 Walker's Irish Bards. English and Irish.
6. 1786 Kennedy's Book of Hymns. Gaelic.
7. 1789 Dr. John Smith's Sean Dana. Gaelic.
8. 1805 Dr. John Smith's Letters and Kennedy's Collection as referred to in the Report on Ossian, together with Remarks by Dr. Donald Smith.
9. 1834 Kennedy's Second Edition of his Hymns.
10. 1852 Drummond's Irish Minstrelsy.

On the title-page of I. is written—

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

As appears from Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica,'
page 75, Duncan Kennedy, in 1780, printed a col-
lection of Gaelic Hymns in two vols., 12mo., pp. 84
and 64. He was schoolmaster at Kilmelford in
Argyll, and afterwards accountant in Glasgow; when
Reid wrote he was living at Loch Gilphead on Loch-
fyne. The hymns were composed by persons named.
30 to 41 were translated from the English by the
person who collected and transcribed the whole.
There is no mention of Kennedy's name on the title-
page of the only copy of this book that I have been
able to see. It has been considerably knocked about,
and has no cover. It belongs to Mr. Neil Campbell,
bookseller, Lurgan, Ireland, who was kind enough to
lend it to me at the request of Mr. Sinclair, Argyll
Street, Glasgow, and to the owner it has been re-
turned. The book is correctly described by Reid. My
chief object in seeking it was to compare Kennedy's
own avowed Gaelic translation from English with his
manuscript collections which purport to be orally

¹ Backgammon. ² Chess. ³ Capable of.

⁴ Not to lag behind.

made. Having read both, I find that the metre of Hymn 30 differs from that of the Heroic Ballads, but approaches sufficiently near to show that the author was familiar with popular poetry which Fletcher (F.) and others also collected about this time. The metre of 31, 32, 33, 34 differs materially. 35, 'How doth the little busy bee,' imitates the rhythm of the original English.

DR. WATTS. SONG XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

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

1786. KENNEDY. P. 140.

AN ADHAIDH DIOMHANAIS.

- 1 Cia glic ata am beachann meanbh!
Le geimneach is le stuaim,
Ag trusadh meala fea' an la,
As gach blàth 's aille snuagh.
- 2 Cia h-eolach a thog as i stè
Gu seolt le ceir a suas?
Ag lionn lòn mhuis measg an fheoir,
Is loin air son an fhuachd.
- 3 Gu surdeil grundoil saothraicheams',
Daonan mar i fein;
Oir dhealbhan an Diubhal olc o chian,
Do 'n diomhanach gun fheum.
- 4 Ann leubhadh slaintè 's an dea' gnàs
Do ghnàth biom seasmhach, buan;
Chum is gu d' thugainn suas fàidheidh,
'S gach lo, dea' chuntas uam.

AGAINST IDLENESS.

Close translation.

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

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

VERSE III.

No mar bhòtha-frois an la
Mar sraile, no mar cheò
No mar bhoisgeadh grein air fàir
A dealradh ro' dhu neoil.

IV.

Air aonach mar na tuitidh uisg,
Gun tuisleadh dol na leum;
No mar cheathach air barr bheann,
No clech le gleann na reis.

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

The 27th is supposed to be old; the 29th is by 'Daibhidh Mac Ealair'; the 24th by Bishop Carswell of Cill Martin. He published the first printed Celtic book in 1567, of which only one perfect copy exists. There is nothing in Hymn 24 to distinguish it from the rest. In eleven quatrains it describes for a blue-eyed boy the funeral which will be his, and bids him fear. One line in the sixth verse has been taken from a popular tale regarding Cuachullin, or both drew the idea from a common source.

'Druim do thighe ri cuinnein do shroine.'

'The ridge of thine house, at the bridge of thy nose.'

27 is most like an old ballad in style, rhythm, and structure. It is a short dramatic legend, in which Herod, the Virgin 'Muir,' &c., speak. Out of nine verses six are put into the mouths of characters in this rhythmical Christian legend.

Hymn 29 was printed by Gillies, of Perth, in the same year 1716, pp. 14, 120 lines. Kennedy's version has 132 lines. On reading them together, these versions differ in the same manner and proportion as the Heroic Ballads do in the texts quoted above.

Kennedy and Gillies printed the same hymn in the same year; they both got it from oral recitation, as they say, and so it appears on comparing their works. They had no common manuscript from which they copied; they did not copy each other. One printed in Glasgow, the other in Perth, and both found the same hymns orally preserved, but variously repeated. Each version has something which the other lacks, so that both fused would make a longer and a better version of 'Davy Mac Kellar's Hymn.' In 33 quatrains it gives an outline of the Old and New Testament story, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. The first nine, addressed to the Creator, describe creation; to 19 they tell the story; 20 is addressed to hearers, who are bid to believe; 33 is a prayer for grace. The whole is popular in that it tells this sacred story in dramatic form.

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

"Fionn Mac Cuthaill, Mac Luthaich, Mac Treanmor
Is cian on thuinich a shìneisir an rìgheachd na
h-Eireann."

'This is the way the ancestry of Fingal has been for ages repeated and preserved by our forefathers . . .
'Luthach signifies a *Leinstrian* and *Mitheach* a *Muns-trian*, which terms or patronymics are frequently met with in the "Poems of Ossian" . . . He goes on to

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

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

'Fergus goes on with this rapid and tragic rhyme a considerable length before his father, in which he enumerates all the characters of note, and leaders of tribes who fell in this lamentable battle. From hence they moved to the field of battle to get the dead buried, and carried *Oscar's* corpse to *Tora* (properly *Teamhara*, which Mr. Mac Pherson calls *Temora*) to be buried.'

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

Kennedy, the author of these books, was for nine or ten years an industrious collector of Heroic Gaelic Ballads. His collections were bought by the Highland Society in 1806 for 20*l*. The manuscripts are in the Advocates' Library in 1872. I had them copied, and they are printed below.

The first collection is marked thus: 'This is the first collection.' The other collection is divided into 'two volumes bound in one.' At the end is this note: 'This is the only volume which Mr. Kennedy gave to Dr. Smith, and which contains only one verse of "Bas Dhiarmaid," and 31 of "Urigh Oisein."'

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

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

This MS. contains 181 pages.

The following are lists of contents copied from page 14 of the 1st collection, pp. 98—166 2nd, followed by a list of persons from whom Kennedy collected the poetry:—

Contents of Kennedy's First Collection, page 14.

Advocates' Library, Nov. 25, 1871.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

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

THE CONTENTS.

No.	Verses.	P. K's MS.
1. The best day that the Heroes ever fought	62	1
2. How Manus, King of Denmark, came to take away Fingal's wife and his dog by force	75	11
3. How Maighiri Borb, the son of the King of Soracha, was killed by Goll	31	22
4. How they got victorious arms from a Smith, who was enchanted by the King of Denmark	23	27
5. How six persons who went from Fingal to lift taxes from all the kings, or else to keep war with him	15	31
6. How Crom nan Chumh killt Sgiathan, the son of the King of Seairbh	15	33
7. How Goll full a hundred of the Clana Boaise in wrestling	17	36
8. How Fingal and Goll cast out hunting the Leana	33	38
9. How Liur made peace between Fingal and Goll	32	43
10. How Bran killt the Black Dog	21	48
11. How an Inchanter with his wife and child came to keep war with the Heroes	30	51
12. How Rochd was killt by the Heroes	11	55
13. How Fingal, with six of his nobles, were enchanted to go to keep war with Clan Chuiligadan in the Golden Hills	22	59
14. How Siladan came to kill Fingal	9	62
15. How a Spirit came in the night-time to kill Fingal and the best of his Heroes	15	64
16. How a Charmer came to the Heroes named Hard-Scul to sing a timber to them	15	
17. The best day that the Heroes ever hunted	17	69
18. How Ossian praiseth a woman he had seen in the night, though he was in a deep sleep (Torn out)	18	72
19. How Caoilte killed a Fairy, who was in the shape of a wild Boar	26	73
20. How Caoilte killed a Giant	32	78
21. How Dearg was killt by Goll	64	83
22. How Conn, the son of Dearg, came to revenge his father's death on the Heroes who was killt by Goll	45	92
23. How Fingal got Grainne to wife, and the way she went away with Diarmaid (Prose and verse)	22	100
24. How Oscar and Diarmaid kept war with Fingal in Newry	53	107
25. How Diarmaid was killt	86	116
26. How Goll died	72	128
27. How Garay and the Heroes' women died	38	140
28. How Oscar was killt	145	145
29. A Dialogue passed between St. Peter and Ossian	71	168
30. The Heroes' Lament	17	179

Verses, 1,112. Lines, 4,418.

THE CONTENTS.

(2nd Collection. Vol. I.)

Gaelic.	Beurla.	Page.
1. Feingian, Dan	Feargin, a Poem	1
2. Manus, Dan	The Invasion of Magnus	10
3. Maire-borb, Dan	Maireborb, a Poem	21
4. Carthann, Dan	The Defeat of Carthann	26
5. Sliath nam Beann Fionn	The Fair Hills	29
6. Bas Dhearg	The Death of Darg	31
7. Bas Chuann	The Death of Con	40
8. Liur Dan	King Lear	46
9. An Leana	Conflict of Lena	51
10. Dun an Oir	The Golden Hill	56
11. An Cu Dubh	The Black Dog	60
12. Gleann Dhiarmaid	The Solitary Vale	63
13. Conall	Conal revenging the Death of Cuchulain	66
14. Bas Chiuinlaich	The Death of Conlach	74

THE CONTENTS.

(2nd Collection. Vol. II.)

Gaelic.	Beurla.	Page.
15. Bas Dhiarmaid	The Death of Dernaid	91
16. Bas Chuiril	The Death of Curil	117
17. Bas Ghruil	The Death of Gurl	121
18. Bas Gararbh	The Death of Garf	131
19. Bas Oseain	The Death of Oscar	137
20. Tuiridh nam Fionn	The Fingilian's Lament	157
21. Bas Oisein	The Death of Ossian	161

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

1. Donald Mac Taggart, at Culgalt, near Tarbart, Kintyre.
2. John Morrison, Kildugslan, near Lochgilphead, Glascie.
3. Alex. Ferguson, Auchnasheich, near Kilinichal, commonly called Alistir Gasta.
4. Alex. Mac Larty, Corabeg Craignish, known by the name of Alistir Mac Iain.
5. Niel Mac Intyre, Polundnich, Lorn, near Kilninver.
6. John Mac Dougall, Dunmaran Lochavie, and his brother Allan, known by the name of Alain Ban nan Oran, Parish of Dalriach.
7. John Mac Phail, Bardocannor, Parish of Kilinivir.
8. Malcolm Mac Phail, Parish of Kilmelford.
9. Mac Phee, from Glenforsa in Mull, residing in the Island of Balaahay, near Easdale.
10. John Mac Lean, from the Island of Egg, a strolling beggar, nicknamed *Prionsa an Lia*.
11. Donald Mac Phee, in Glenforsa, in the Island of Mull.
12. Hugh Mac Callum, Smith, Island of Balaahay.
13. Niel (Ban) Mac Larty, a fiddler in Craignish, formerly from the Island of Luing.
14. Gilbert Mac Arthur, Kilnichal, Glascie.
15. John Mac Lean, Dussie Ardgour, near Fort William.
16. John Cameron, commonly called Iain Mac Alain, near ditto ditto.
17. Mary Cameron, or Mari Nighean, Eoghain, near High Bridge.

And many other persons that D. Kennedy met with in different journeys through Morven, Sunart, and Lochaber, whose names he does not recollect, they being chiefly old and obscure, and from their age he thinks few are at this time in life.

DUNCAN KENNEDY.

Edinburgh, 28th January, 1806.

This is the manuscript mentioned as Manuscript 2nd in the list of Gaelic Poems, and relative letter and certificates to Henry Mac Kenzie, Esq., dated 27th inst, and this day certified by me and given to the Highland Society of Scotland.

DUNCAN KENNEDY.

The 2nd collection, orally made or transcribed between 1774 and 1783, as certified 1785 and 1806, consists of two volumes bound in one cover. It belongs to the Highland Society of Scotland, and is preserved in the Advocates' Library, where I read it in Nov., 1871.

On page 90 is this note:—

'Kilbrandon, 30th of May, 1785.—That these poems, as they appear in eighty-nine preceding pages, were transcribed or collected by Mr. Duncan Kennedy is attested by, (signed) 'John Macfarlane, Assist. Minr.—Edinburgh, 23rd January, 1806. This is the manuscript mentioned on Manuscript 1st in the list of Gaelic Poems, and relative letter and certificates to Henry Mackenzie, Esq., dated 27th inst, and this day certified by me, and given to the Highland Society of Scotland. (Signed) 'DUNCAN KENNEDY.'

On page 166 is this note: 'That the above poems were transcribed or collected by Mr. Duncan Kennedy as they appear in the preceding pages is certified by John Macfarlane, Assist. Minr.—Kilbrandon, 30th of May, 1785.'

On the next page is the list of the people from whom the poems were orally collected.

In both collections the poems are headed by 'Arguments.'

These are equivalent to prose stories which are usually told with poems of this class.

'Fionn,' who appears as an Irish hero, and commander of the Fionne throughout both collections, is once called '*Fionngeall*' in Gaelic. He is translated '*Fingal*' throughout in English. In two verses are references to '*Morven*,' or '*Morbheann*,' or '*a Mhorairn*.' Other verses are suspiciously Biblical. After 13 or 25 verses Kennedy had followed Mac Pherson's lead so far. But the collection was not much altered in the second MS. He was firmly convinced, as many of his class still are, in 1871, that the Heroes and their Poet really lived and sang. He seems to have believed that Mac Pherson translated from better ballads which he had collected.

MAC PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

Dr. Smith's brother and the Committee of the Highland Society quoted Kennedy, to prove Mac Pherson's authenticity in 1805, before they printed Mac Pherson's text. The following note is stuck in

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

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

MacLaggan's Collection.—Mr. MacLaggan's collection was made before 1760 (p. 153; '*Report on Ossian*,' Appendix X.), and included ballads, of which Dr. Smith translated samples. (12th April, 1708 p. 80, op. cit.) These are bits of '*Manns*,' which are shown to be 'translated' by Mac Pherson in '*Fingal*' (154, op. cit.) The Minister of Amulrie in 1761 had '*taken pains to restore the style of Ossian*, but he did not alter the samples quoted from '*Manns*.' The equivalent passages in the Gaelic of 1807 seem to be translations from the English paraphrase.

The '*Report of the Highland Society*,' 1805, gives extracts from Kennedy's collection, and a comparison of versions printed by Miss Brooke in 1789, four years after the last date upon Kennedy's 2nd collection, also letters from Dr. John Smith of Campbellton.

From these it appears (p. 75) that the Doctor, who was a native of Glenorquhay, and lived there till 1766, identified the Gaelic of '*Clann Uisnehan*' with Mac Pherson's English '*Darthula*,' '*Bàs Oscair*' with part of '*Tenora*,' &c. &c. He thought that the liberties taken by Mac Pherson in translating were no more than Dr. Smith himself thought allowable (p. 74) on January 31, 1798. Kennedy's poems are in this volume and may be compared with Mac Pherson's and Smith's.

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

¹ I have not found this collection. April, 1872.

poem said these were his own compositions. This assertion I placed to his vanity.' The author further says that he had no profits from his own work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

besides 54,000 lines of Ballads.

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

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

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

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

LANGUAGE.

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

'At each Side of this Elysian-like River, are Roomy Passages or rather Apartments freely communicating One with the Other and scarcely obvious to any In-clemency whatsoever; they are likewise Decorated with a Sandy Beach, level along to walk on, whilst the curious Spectators are crown'd with Garlands of Ivy, hanging in Triplets from the Impending Rocky

Shades: Numbers of the Sporting Game, the Wily Fox, the Wary Hare, and the Multiplying Rabbit, &c., merrily parading in View of their own singular and Various abounding Haunts and Retreats. Ingenious Nature thus Entertains her welcome Visitors from the Entrance to the Extremity of the TOMINES. Lo! when parting liberally Rewarded, and amply Satisfied with such egregious and wonderful Exhibitions, a Bridge or Arch over the same River, curiously composed of Solid Stone, appears to them as a lively Representation of an Artificial one,' &c. &c.

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

TEXT J.

Hill's Poems, 1780.

In Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica,' pp. 109 & 166, mention is made of Thomas Ford Hill's Ancient Erse Poems, collected among the Scottish Highlands, in order to illustrate the Ossian of Mr. Mac Pherson, 1784, octavo, pp. 34. No copy is in the British Museum, or in the Advocates' Library, or in Trinity College, or the Bodleian.

The collector was an Englishman who travelled in the Highlands in 1780, and who printed what he gathered, first in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and afterwards separately. The collection is mentioned at p. 50 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1895, where it is said that Hill got most of his collection from Mac Nab, a blacksmith at Dalmaly in Argyllshire.

The Report mentions:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis

Oisein eget.'

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

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

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

TEXT K.

Mac Arthur's Collection. Mull, 1784.

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

TEXT L.

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

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

This paper, read April 17, 1786, before the Royal Irish Academy, is printed in the first volume of their Transactions (British Museum, 741, c. 14). The author afterwards became Bishop of Clonfert. He refers frequently to 'Gillies,' a book which was published, according to the publisher's letter, June 15, 1786.

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

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

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

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

Mac Arthur's four fragments of the supposed originals of Mac Pherson's translations were identified by him with (1) Fingal, Book V., description of the Fight between Fingal and Swaran; (2) Book V., on the same subject (Clark's Ossian, 1870, vol. ii. p. 50); (3) the third fragment was identified by Mac Arthur with the 'Death of Oscar,' Book I.; Temora (Clark's Ossian, vol. ii. p. 200); the fourth fragment was identified by Mac Arthur with part of the 'Battle of Lora,' for which there is no other Gaelic text. None of Mac Arthur's fragments are in Mac Pherson's Gaelic printed 1807, and none of them are in the latest revised texts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TEXT M.

Gillies, 1786.

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

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

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

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

1. Fionn appears in	13 lays.
2. Oisén, his son	13
3. Osgur, his grandson	13
4. Eóghan, his son	6
5. Róadhne, his son	3
6. Cagall, his son	6
7. Feargus, his son	6
8. Diarmuid, his twin sister's son	4
9. Duorghlas, or Cuilte, his kinsman	4
These are all of one tribe, the Clanna Baoisgne.	
10. Goll, Fionn's rival	12
11. Conan, Goll's brother	6
12. Garaidh, his brother	1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TEXT N.

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

Two hundred and seventy-seven years after the Dean of Lismore wrote Collection A.; thirty-three years after Jerome Stone of Dunkeld printed a translation of Fnoch; thirty years after Mac Pherson's first English publication; nine years after Dr. Smith's 'Book of Translations'; five years after Bishop Young of Clonfert had collected Gaelic ballads in Scotland; three years after the publication by John Gillies, at Perth, of Text M.; and two years after the appearance of Dr. Smith's 'Sean Dana,' Miss Brooke, an Irish lady, published a collection of Heroic Poems in Dublin in 1789.

'Irish Poetry: consisting of Heroic Poems, Odes, Elegies, and Songs, translated into English verse, with Notes explanatory and historical, and the originals in the Irish character; to which is subjoined an Irish Tale. By Miss Brooke. Dublin, 1789.'

The book is a quarto of 369 pages, with a preface and table of contents. So far as I know, it is the first printed Irish publication of the kind.

The following list gives the names of the Heroic Poems, and the number of lines in each, with a reference to earlier Scotch texts in which versions of the same ballads exist:—

No.	Lines.	Scotch Lines.
1. Conloch, p. 165	112	A.2. 104
The Lamentation of Cuicullen over the Body of his Son Con- loch, p. 169	72	
2. Magnus the Great, p. 271	196	D.9. 188
3. The Chase, p. 278	334	A.5. 136
4. Moira Dorb, p. 288	160	A.18. 166
5. War Ode of Osgur, the Son of Oisín, in front of the Battle of Gabhra, p. 296	42	
6. Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, p. 298, in a metre which may be divided into 114 or 72 lines	144	A.23.(70.) 141
Lines of Heroic Verse	1,060	735

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

from Caithness by Dunkeld on the east, to the Mull of Cantire, certain metrical stories had been current between 1512 and 1786. Text N. proves that four of the same ballads and the same stories were then current in Ireland, together with a great deal of Irish poetry composed by known Bards, such as Carolan.

It is abundantly proved by existing manuscripts that these Heroic Ballads were current in Ireland.

O'Halloran tells the story of Cuicullen and Conlaach with the date A.M. 3950. The notes explain the story which all the Scotch texts combine to tell. Miss Brooke's work joins Scotch tradition, current wherever Gaelic was spoken, to Scotch-Irish tradition and to the romantic early history of the Celtic tribes.

Yielding to the fashion of her time, Miss Brooke 'translated' some of her collection, so as to make her work an original composition. She tells the story of the ballad, but if Miss Brooke's English were turned into vernacular Irish, the result would differ from the original about as much as the 'Death of Oscar' in Temora varies from the old Gaelic ballad in Text A. In other cases Miss Brooke keeps close to the Irish text. At the end she chooses a subject from Irish history, and boldly composes 'Maon, an Irish Tale,' in English verse. She speaks in the character of Craiftine, a contemporary of Cobhach, a deceased Bard, who appears to her to tell the tale, and she makes him talk about the Muses and imitate Mac Pherson's Ossian; thus:—

'While on each blasting beam their forms
(The sons of death) were reared,
And louder than the mingling storms
The shrieks of ghosts were heard.'

Miss Brooke's honest work is a fair sample of the Gaelic literature of her time. She gives an Irish text (N.) which corresponds to Gillies (M.) She gives a translation from it which corresponds to the translations of Jerome Stone of Dunkeld (E.) She adds a composition of her own which corresponds to Mac Pherson's Ossian, and to Dr. Smith's 'Gaelic Antiquities'; but she made no pretences; no Irish equivalent followed on the Tale of Maon. It is the fashion in Ireland now to condemn Miss Brooke's work. It seems worthy of praise, if only because of its honesty and industry, and because it contains Text N., the first of its kind.

After these two publications, M. N., there was a pause in collecting traditional poetry in Scotland. That work began again with renewed vigour under the Committee of the Highland Society, who reported on the authenticity of 'Ossian's Poems' in 1805, and printed them in 1807. A circular containing a series of questions was issued by the Society, and it was answered by clergymen and laymen, of whom the chief contributors are named in the advertisement. Some of the papers were preserved. I found some in the Advocates' Library in 1871, and had some copied. Other collections got into other hands, and of these I have marked one O.

TEXT O.

Irvine's Collection, 1800 to 1808, or earlier. 3,695 lines, or more.

February 17, 1872, Dr. Mac Lauchlan of Edinburgh wrote as follows:—'I understand that David Laing, Esq., of the Signet Library, has a large collection of Ossianic Ballads made by the late Mr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld. I think this worth inquiring about, as the collection would be found to have come from a different part of the country from that you have ransacked.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In Text O. are 236 lines, which belong to Mac Pherson's Ossian of 1759, &c., got from his friends and helpers, or from people living in his immediate neighbourhood, by a gentleman who also collected 3,450 lines which are *not* in Mac Pherson's text. This in 1808. After 48 years, in 1807, appeared 10,232 lines of span new vernacular Scotch Gaelic, equivalent to the English translations, but of which, so far as I can discover, only these 293 lines had ever been found by anybody else anywhere, at any time, up to that date. A great deal of Mac Pherson's English has no Gaelic equivalent now. Thereupon all the old texts from A. to O., which stick together as Scotchmen are said to do, were pronounced to be 'spurious' and 'corrupt,' or 'Irish' versions of the genuine poems of that Scotch Ossian who lived in the time to the Romans, and spoke modern Scotch Gaelic of ancient Caledonians. The genuine papers were

shoved into drawers and forgotten. From that day to this men fight on for their 'Ossian's Poems' as if their own and the national honour were involved in their antiquity, while a different class of men, who have no education, go on spouting the old stuff wherever they dare to delight in such 'lies.'

In all literary history I do not know of a stronger exhibition of human cleverness and gullibility, of educated men condemning manifest truth as a lie and sticking to fiction as fact. Over and over again have I wheedled and coaxed old Highlanders to sing old Fenian ballads to me privately, because they dreaded persecution from their neighbours if they told those old lies. Mac Pherson was greater than Ossian, if he earned all the praise lavished upon his author, under a mask, after his own poetry had been condemned. If he deceived all Europe and set critics by the ears for more than a century, he must have been a great man, but that is no good reason for believing his single testimony when opposed to all other evidence of all dates.

TEXT P.

'Ossian's Poems and Music, collected in 1801, 2, 3. By Mac Donald of Staffa. No. 2. No. 18.' A quarto paper MS., in the Advocates' Library.

This collection as it stands is a fair sample of broken tradition. By itself it is not good for much, but sorted with other fragments it can be used in mending other texts. The collection is headed by a preface of which the following is a translation :—

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

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

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

Page 1. ROIMH-RAITE.

An heagan soi leanas do spuidhleach Eachdraidh na Feinne; Ata nois air a ghabhail ann an sgriobhadh o bheuladas Dhomhnuill Mhic an Leathain, a rugadh Bliadhna cuig deng. Thuair an dinnsa chuid a's mo da t-seanachas o Chalum Mac Phail a th' shean-athair sa rinn tri-fhichid Nolluig mhòr sa dhà ann am Baile gan ainm Rothill ann an Sgiòthreachd Thoraray.

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

April, 1803.

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

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

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

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

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

Deich mbladhna loarn léir bhladh a bhfaithens oirir Alban.

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

Kanter in Danish means coasts.

Some writers wish Argyll to be written *Oirthir Gaidheal*, and explain the name to mean Coast of the Gael; others would spell and pronounce *iar Gáil*, and translate it Western Gáil. The Western Gáil pronounce '*Ceanntire*' as if it meant *head* land. In spite of all this, in 1872 a Highlander spelt *Earr-Gáil* out of his own head, and translated his own orthography *Tail* of the Highlands, because the *head* land, *Ceanntire*, and the coast '*Kanter*,' look like the *tail* of a fish on the map. Italy might as well be spelt *Fit-a-lie*, because it is like a foot.

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

P.*

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

TEXT Q.

A. and D. Stewart. 884 lines.

'A Collection of the Works of the Highland Bards. Collected in the Highlands and Isles by Alexander and Donald Stewart, A.M., Edinburgh, 1804.' 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 600. Referred to by 'Reid,' page 100; by Sir John Sinclair in the notices of Gaelic books appended to Ossian, 1807, Vol. III. It is there said to contain several pieces ascribed to Ossian; amongst others the originals of Mac Pherson's—

1. *Darbhula*, for which there is no text of Mac Pherson's;

2. *Comlach and Cuthonn*, &c., 184 lines.

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

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

The book contains:—

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

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

TEXT R.

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

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

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

In particular in 1829—30 William Hamilton Drummond, D.D., published a quarto essay of 161 pages on the authenticity of '*Ossian's Poems*,' which was first read May 25, 1829, before the Royal Irish Academy (11,495 k., British Museum).

Taking most of his facts from this Report from the works of Dr. Smith, and from other publications, the author denies that which the reporters do not affirm. He asserts that which their facts do not indicate. He says in effect, 'All the authentic old Gaelic poetry which exists is Irish.'

In 1852 the same author published *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy* (Dublin, 12mo., 11,595 f., British Museum).

In this book of 292 pages are English arguments and English verses, made out of Irish history and Gaelic poetry. But some of the poems translated are avowedly taken from the '*Report on Ossian*,' others are from Texts K. L. M. N. Some only are translated from Irish manuscripts; the rest are avowedly taken from Scotch collections.

The twenty-one poems merit high praise, as I think, but they must be judged by their merits. They are paraphrases, not translations. The metre is like that of Marmion, and it nowhere imitates the Gaelic quatrain. If these English compositions were translated freely into 'Irish,' the result would differ from the original Gaelic so as to make as great a puzzle as the Gaelic of Smith or Clark, or Mac Pherson himself.

The originals preserved in Scotch and Irish writings, and orally preserved on both sides of the narrow sea, are neither *Scotch* nor *Irish*, but *Scoto-Irish*, Gaelic popular Heroic songs current for 350 years, from Caithness to Ceantire, and current in Ireland, as I believe, wherever Gaelic was spoken. They are founded upon '*Irish history*,' but on history which Keating and other Irish historians place before *Scoto-Irish* were declared independent of the Irish Scoti, distant 16 miles. As regards the other poems about which all this stir is made, Dr. Drummond is one of a large body of Irish writers with whom I agree.

They have united to demonstrate that which is now manifest.

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

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

1. p. 32. A fragment, Mac Phersonic, 16 lines.

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

2. p. 39. A quatrain ballad; 4 lines.

Also obtained from Mr. Gallie. This seems to be an altered verse of '*Manns*.' The last two lines are commonly repeated still.

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

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

1. Mr. M'Laggan, Minister of Blair in Athole.

2. Sir George Mackenzie of Coull, Bart.

3. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

4. The Rev. Mr. Sage, of Kildonnán, in Sutherland.

5. Mr. Mac Donald of Staffa (Text P.).

6. General Mackay.

7. Archibald Fletcher in Achalladar Glenorchy (Text F.).

8. Mr. Peter Mac Farlane of Perth.

9. The Rev. Mr. Malcolm Mac Donald in Tarbert of Cantyre.

10. Captain Mac Donald of Brakish.

11. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, Minister of Craignish. The MSS. obtained 'were chiefly collected in the

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

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

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

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

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

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

14. *Duncan Kennedy's* collection is mentioned, p. 107 (Texts H. I.). A list of the contents is given, p. 108.

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

The Committee quote in their Report 505 lines.

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

In the Appendix are printed—

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

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

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

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

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

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

4. A MS. dated 1238 on the cover is supposed to have been then written at Glenmason in Cowal. It contains tales in prose and verse—one about Deardir, Dearduil, or Dartbula, from which are quoted thirty-three lines. (See p. 29.)

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

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

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

7. 1603. A manuscript was finished at Dunstaffnage, October 12, 1603. It contains a tale about the Feinne and the Norsemen, an address to 'Gaul' (? Goll), of which two lines are quoted. This is now in the Advocates' Library.

8. 1654—5. Edmund Mac Lachlan wrote a collection of sonnets, odes, and epistles. These are local.

9. 1690. The manuscript described above as Text B. was written at Ardechnail on Lochawe side. The 19th appendix purports to give samples of language from the eighth century to 1690, but does not profess to produce one quatrain of Mae Pherson's Gaelic, or of Dr. Smith's, or anything to support the story of Fingal or Temora.

Appendix 20 quotes seventy-seven lines from Kennedy—the 'Death of Oisain.'

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

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

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

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

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

Amongst these Mac Pherson's text stands alone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TEXT S.

'16.'

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

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

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

1. Cath, or Battle of Ben Edin, in two parts. 400 lines.
Alexander Mc Rae, North Erradale, Parish of Gerloch, aged 80.
2. Dan na Nighean. 84 lines.
Captain John McDonald, Thurso.
Alex. Mc Rae, Gerloch, as above.
3. The Fall of Roga, or King of Sora's Son. 104 lines.
Captain John McDonald, Thurso.
4. Description of Cuchullin's Horses. 12 lines.
Captain John McDonald, Thurso.
5. Dibir Dlighe, or the Battle of Lora. 84 lines.
By Geo. Mac Kay in Dalvighouse, Parish of Farr, aged 55.
John Mac Kay, Knockbreac, Parish of Durness, aged 58.
Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Parish of Eddrachilles, aged 61.
6. Conn Mac n' Deirg, al Leirg. 116 lines.
Geo. Mackay in Dalvighouse, Farr, aged 55.
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.
Alex. Mc Rae, Gerloch, as above.
7. 'N Teigimach mór, or Eitridh Mhonnais. 80 lines.
Alex. Mackay, in Ribbigill, Parish of Tongue, aged 63.
8. Duan Dhiarag. 60 lines.
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.
9. Iomachd Naodhnar (The Exploit of 9). 48 lines.
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.

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

'Gaelic Chapel of Ease, 1807.—John Macdonald, M.A., son of a small farmer at Reay, where he was born 12th November, 1779; studied at the Univ. and King's Coll. of Aberdeen, 30th March, 1804, where he attained his degree 30th March, 1801, and afterwards theology; licens. by the Pres. of Caithness 2nd July, 1805; became assistant to the Rev. John Anderson, min., Kingussie; ord. by his former Presb. 16th Sep., 1806, as missionary at Berriedale, with the full approbation of both districts, adm. 29th Jan., 1807; promoted to Urquhart or Fernintosh 1st Sep., 1813.—[Degrees of King's Coll., Aberd., Presb. Reg. New St., Acc. XV., Kay's Portraits.]—'Fasti Ecclesiae Scotticae,' part i. p. 78.

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

1842. On adhering to the Protest, joining in the Free Secession, and signing the Deed of Demission, he was declared no longer a min. of this Church 24th May, 1843; and died 16th April, 1849, in his 70th year and 43 min. He marr., 1st, Georgina Ross of Gladfield, who died 18th Aug., 1814, and had two sons, John, the eldest of whom, became one of the general assembly, and a daugh.; 2nd, 11th May, 1818, Janet, eldest daugh. of Kenneth Mc Kenzie, Esq., of Millbank; she died 22nd June, 1868, and had three sons and two daughters.

TEXT T.

Turner's Collection, 1813. 212 lines.

In 1813 Peter Turner published a collection of Gaelic poems, octavo, 402 pages, bound in blue paper, and roughly printed. The following is a translation of his Gaelic title-page:—

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

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

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

The poem was separately printed in Glasgow, in 1800, by Thomas Duncan, 12mo., pp. 12, price 2d. With it are songs to gentlemen in the Isle of Skye, by Lachann Mac Ionmhain, who had the name of Lachunn Mac Tharlaich oig; also Roghal agus Caristine. (Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scotto-Celtica,' p. 106.)

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

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

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

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

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

A Phadruig Mhìe an Tuarnair
Gur mòr a thug mi luaidh dhut
Na 'n tachradh tu 'n Gleann Ruadh rium
Gun costann nan san drama ruit.

TEXT U.

Grant on the Gael, 8vo., 1814. 261 lines.

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

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

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

TEXT V.

Mac Callum, 1816. 2,738 lines.

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

Of the series which belongs to the Story of Cuchullin and the Children of Usnech the book contains . . .	302 lines
Of the Ossianic series . . .	1,815
	2,117

Of poetry which belongs to Mac Pherson's series, or seemed to belong to something like it . . .	621
In all . . .	2,738

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

TEXT W.

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

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

'Sar Chair nam Bard Gaelach,' or 'the Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Highland Bards; with Historical and Critical Notes and Comprehensive Glossary of Provincial Words. By John Mackenzie, Esq., Honorary Member of the Ossianic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of London, &c. &c. With an Historical Introduction, containing an account of the Manners, Habits, &c., of the Ancient Caledonians, by James Logan, Esq., F.S.A.S., Corresponding Member S. Ant. Normandy; Author of the "Scottish Gael," &c. &c. Glasgow: Mac Gregor, Polson, & Co., 75 Argyle Street; 11 Lothian Street, Edinburgh; 10 Upper Abbey Street, Dublin; and 71 York Street, Belfast. 1841.' 376 pages of small print, large octavo.

The book contains samples of Heroic verse:—

1. *Mordubh*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

At p. 46 Clark says, 'The King came forward with the strength of Albin, like the rock of Tommore.' A note explains 'Tommore, great waves,' but nothing explains this simile of an advancing rock.

The only other movable rocks known are Homer's. At 135 mention is made of the 'chief of Tommore,' and a note again explains 'Tommore, the Isle of great waves,' 'one of the Orcaides.' The story of 'Cohnala and Orwi,' in which this chief appears, is like that of 'Fraoch,' which Stone told in English verse twenty-three years earlier. Clark's manner of telling it in English is like Mac Pherson's style, then only nineteen years old, and Clark's 'original' Gaelic, judged by names, was peculiar. His metrical English, 'Ancient Chief' is very like 'The fine old English Gentleman,' but he had the linguistic peculiarities of Mac Pherson's 'Highlander.'

Mr. Clark of Badenoch rhymes, 1878, 'Young and wrong; come, home; feast, guest; these, praise; noon, sun; dares, stars; return, mourn; glens, reins; home, tomb; breath, heath; train, glen.'

That clearly is the Badenoch English which Mac Pherson also spoke, when he rhymed, in 1758, 'Ar-ray and sea; sea, away; way, sea; invade, dead; wound, ground; strokes, ox; ear, bare; stood, blood; took, smoke; repelled, field; oak, stock; day, sea.'

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

Both translators make the sun masculine; both enlarge upon a Druidical solar religion, of which traces appear in their respective books.

In the 'Cave of Creyla,' p. 116, Clark translates his unknown Gaelic original thus:—

'The father of light withdrew his circular presence
beyond the southern hill.'

In Gaelic, and in Gaelic verse, quoted by Clark, the sun is feminine. Both these Badenoch translators invariably make the sun a father, instead of a mother, or a son instead of a daughter, and Clark makes him set in 'the south at noon.' I have often seen the sun set near the north at midnight, but not in Badenoch.

'A mind eager to examine the appearance of nature in her simplest garb' (preface) might get this idea into it by looking at the sun out of the window of a fixed habitation, if it happened to be to the north of a hill in Badenoch, where he was wont to 'enjoy a rational pleasure from the compositions of the Celtic Bards.' Mr. Clark, or some of his neighbours or ancestors, may have composed original Gaelic under a hill, but no ancient Caledonians accustomed to look about them from hill-tops could ever imagine this unnatural noontide siesta of the female father of light with the circular presence.

At page 18 Mr. Clark says that he undertook his translation to rescue 'poems which have met with universal applause from the people for whose use they were composed,' but who were they? He calls these 'venerable compositions of the Caledonian Bards.' Mordubh he attributes to 'Douthal, Bard of Mordubh, King of the Caledonians,' whose compositions 'have been industriously handed down.' But no authority of any kind is quoted. The Caledonians described by 'Douthal,' if he composed the 'Cave of Creyla,' were very unlike other Celts of any known period. A sentimental, snivelling, inane old person named 'Liachan' (Grey Head), who was so named when he was a child, and his six sons, Rana, Callan, Aspar, Althan, Duchan, and Ogier, made an oak fire in a secret cave, and there ate a venison feast. One of them shot the deer, out of season, promiscuously with an arrow, while another felled the withered oak with

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

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

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

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

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

'Two blue steels rose in wrath.'

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

'Baclach dualach casbhui' (p. 168). Translated, 'Her smooth neck is the white bed of her golden tresses. Her flowing ringlets fall in sweet disorder over her ivory shoulders.'

The note says that the words have no English equivalents (p. 168). Armstrong says that they mean 'curled; having luxuriant curled or bushy hair; yellow curled (or yellow legged?)' In any case they are but three descriptive epithets in a song of praise, and no doubt there was an original for this which Mr. Clark paraphrased in this strange fashion. The last quotation is not translated, but it is given as a sample of language which is inimitable (p. 197).

Mr. Clark translated one line, and erred in that particular point in which he agrees with the whole Mac Phersonic school.

He says 'when the sun leans on his elbow' (p. 197).

English for the Gaelic quoted ought to express something like the following, but the words really are not easy to turn into English equivalents, because of the multitudes of meanings which have been given to them, and which they may bear:—

'Getting up in the morn with our greyhounds,
Cheerily, beautiful, gallant, active,
Turning, destroying, catching, yelling,
Cunning, branching, knobby, shy.'

'In the time when the sun goes on her elbow,
Bloody, rending, with locks, with guns,
Popping, armed, bristling, finished,
Brindled, slaying, effectual, gay.'

I.

'Sa mhadninn aig ìrìdh lè r mialchoin
Gu muirneach, maiseach, gasda, gniomhach,
Lubach, leacach, glacach, sgianhach,
Carach, cabrach, cnagach, fiamhach.

II.

'Nam da 'n ghrein dol air a huilinn (feminine)
Gu fuilteach, reuhach; glensda, gunnach,
Snapach, armach, tarbhach, ullamh,
Kiachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

It first appeared in Mac Donald's songs (p. 141, ed. 1778, Clark). Clark himself printed a translation which differed from Mac Donald's original, as he says. Mrs. Grant of Laggan next gave a metrical version in English, and, in 1841, Mackenzie printed a translation with 144 lines of smooth, good, vague Gaelic verse, composed by somebody somewhere at some date before 1786 and 1778. The poem is in Gillies, p. 158. The verses are differently arranged, but the poem is the same, except variations in orthography.

'*The Oulet*' follows as it was printed by Gillies, 1786. It differs from these three, and from their class, and as I now learn it was composed by a Badenoch deer-stalker about 1550.

The rest of the 'Beanties of Gaelic Poetry' are songs ascribed to local Bards, and short memoirs of the composers. Many of them have great merit. Most of them composed mentally, and recited from memory. Their songs are orally preserved still by people who cannot afford books.

The Heroic poetry in Mackenzie's book, Text W., and these three samples from Gillies lead me to believe that an instructed class of Gaelic students composed a great deal of Gaelic poetry in the 18th century, about the time when mystification was the fashion amongst writers, and texts were treated as things on which to enlarge.

Mac Pherson's Ossian, Smith's Sean Dana, Clark's Mordubh, and Mac Callum's Collath are four samples of that class which claims to be authentic, and calls the other class corrupt.

This work never could be popular amongst unsophisticated people. No uneducated Highlander ever has recited this kind of Gaelic to me, and I cannot find a trace of it in any old writing.

On the other hand, the least educated classes go on reciting the so-called corrupt poems which are in these texts from A. to W.

They sing songs attributed to known Bards; they sing and recite Heroic Ballads which they very commonly attribute to Oisein, in spite of Ossian and the books of which many have never heard. I have heard them do this in parts of the Highlands ever since I began in earnest to gather folk-lore. In 1871 I heard about a dozen men recite Ossianic ballads in Mull, Tiree, the Long Island, and Skye, and wrote from their dictation. In the last twelve years I have not found a single 'unmedicated' man who can say by heart twenty lines of the poetry which I believe to be modern, and others believe to be old.

The Ossianic poems which the people recite, and have recited for centuries, are entirely excluded from Mackenzie's 'Beanties of Gaelic Poetry' (Text W.), which is a very remarkable fact in the history of national literature.

My odds against the oral collection of poems published as *traditional* by Mac Pherson 1763, and Smith 1787, Clark 1786, and Mackenzie 1841, are as the number of lines which I have heard repeated (0) are to the printed number which I have not heard, but which I have read, 16,849 to 0 against their traditional origin is long odds.

TEXT X.

1854, &c. 1,167 lines.

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

'This Christina Sutherland is the daughter of Wm. S., one of the tenants of Forsanaird, parish of Rhea. She was born in the year 1775. She had two brothers, who excelled as reciters of old and modern productions of the Highland Muse. They both served in the 78th Highlanders, John and Alexander. The latter obtained a Lieutenancy. He continued to the end of his life to draw amusement and delight from the rehearsal of pieces of poetry with which his memory was so richly stored.'

'She heard these and many other old pieces of poetry recited in her father's house, both her parents being remarkable for the quantity which they could say of them, as well as for the precision with which they retained them. And here it may be observed that the writer who penned this at the mouth of Christina Sutherland could not fail to see that this was very probable, for she had many words and phrases the meaning of which became to her entirely obsolete. She remembers herself and one *Isbèl Bhàn*, or Isabella Mc Kay, to have sat up for a whole winter night reciting poems of every description, each in turn and sometimes together repeating them. When under 12 years of age she would sooner commit to memory a long Duan than most if not any of her acquaintances who were come to maturity. She would go three miles and more to hear a poem not previously recited in her hearing. Such of the neighbouring hamlets as took pleasure in the exercise of the Muse would assemble at her father's house and keep up a chorus of music and recital from 4, 5, and sometimes 6 hours together. There were many of her contemporaries who, out of the immense store of their memory, could afford fresh pieces of poetry during a long sederunt every day for a month and more. She had the most of Robert Doun's poems, and can recite many of them still. She had all John Mc Raibert's hymns and elegies, some of Duncan McIntyre's, Donald Matheson's; in one word, she has less or more from nearly all the Highland Bards. She never heard these poems imputed to any but Oisein and other Bards of the Fingalian age. She firmly believes that the very words of these poems were those of the Fingalians. She never heard of the Macpherson controversy, nor that even the poems of Oisein were in print. Besides the above she heard and can recite some of the following:—*Duan*

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

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

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

'He learned them from a neighbour of his, who since went to America, while at service together. He had very little if any acquaintance with books. I think he said that neither of them were masters of reading the Gaelic Scriptures. I did not learn whether there were any more in the island that could recite any such verses or not. However, there may, for it was by mere accident that I came to learn this same person could do it. The man in whose house I lodged regretted that I was not 15 years earlier in the island, as his grandfather then lived, and had as many tales and Ossianic verses (that he could recite with all the precision of a person reading a chronicle) as would take a month to hear them. He was about 100 years old when he died; till his last illness he delighted much in reciting the songs and *sgeulachd* chronicles of Ossian and less ancient persons. He stated that this same old man prefaced a song or *sgeulachd* with an introduction, pointing out the various persons who from age to age had handed it down for at least 3 or 4 centuries; that he delighted as much in reciting these things as that no business or condition of life would be laid aside whenever a willing ear was found to listen. By comparing the account here given of the 'Death of Conn,' to the verses taken from the old woman Betty Sutherland, Strathalladale, you will find that, so far as they go, they are almost word for word the one with the other. Two illiterate persons living in the opposite extremes of the Highlands singing the same song with little or no variation, proves that these poems were floating as traditions so far back as authenticated history of the Highlanders goes, for since that time there is no hint about the flourishing of any such persons as the 'Poems of Ossian,' make mention of. I may state that the words underlined are such as I did not well understand or had a doubt regarding their meaning. Their orthography must be bad, as I have no dictionary or authority to consult on such matters. It strikes me that even at this late hour several such pieces might be had from elderly persons in the Highlands if diligent search was made for them. There is a place in the roek of Ceann-mhor Tyree called 'Leabraidh Dhiarraid' (Diarmaid's Bed). Little as my acquaintance with Gaelic is, I am persuaded that in the above poem there are some Irish forms of expressions or at least forms of syntax not met with now elsewhere in the Highlands of Scotland, as "Sin mar dh' imich" and "Sin mar labhair."

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

'Oct. 28th, 1857.

'JAMES CUMMING.

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

Reference was made to this Caithness collection of 1854 at page 120, 'Celtic Gleanings,' by the Rev. Thomas Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, 1857. The same author printed one of the poems at p. 183. Gaelic text, 'Book of the Dean of Lismore,' Edinburgh, 1862. It is there called 'Duan Catha Ghabhra.' In my copy it is written 'Duan Cath Gour.'

The fame of this Sutherland or Caithness collection spread through the Highlands. It has been quoted to me as proof of 'the authenticity of "Ossian's Poems."' I was told that many thousands of lines of 'Ossian's Poems' had lately been orally collected from the recitation of an old woman in Sutherland, from which it was argued that my growing doubts as to Mac Pherson's Ossian were erroneous.

So far as I can discover, there is not one line of Mac Pherson's text of 1763 and 1807 in 578 lines of Heroic poetry dictated by Christina Sutherland in

1854 to Mr. Cumming. On reading her recitations, she appears to have been an average sample of a numerous class who, in 1871, repeat Gaelic poetry of which the Heroic part was attributed to Oisèin in 1512—26, as Dr. Mac Lauchlan points out in his 'Book of the Dean of Lismore.'

To Mr. Cumming's remarks, which are strictly accurate as to all facts of which I have any knowledge myself, I may add, of my own knowledge, that all the Highland countries are pervaded by Ossianic poetry of the kind which he wrote, of which he sent 684 lines to Dr. Mac Lauchlan. The strange thing about that fact is, that each new educated collector makes a discovery when he finds out that which is perfectly familiar to a class different from his own. There must be hundreds of people now living in Scotland who can repeat fragments of this kind of Ossianic poetry; but, in 1857, this able Northern collector only found out 'by accident,' in Tíree, that somebody there could repeat 'Conn Mac an Deirg.'

In 1871 the Policeman in Tíree, who is a native of Ardnamurchan, sang and recited a considerable number of poems of this class to me, and gave me a list of 31 poems, which he could sing, or which he had heard sung, or which he knew about. The Rev. John Campbell, the Minister of Tíree, gave me a list of 8 Tíree men who were noted for reciting tales and poetry of various kinds. John Dewar made a collection of stories and ballads there for the Duke of Argyll; and I heard several men tell long stories and repeat fragments of Heroic verse in 1871. The strangest part of the whole is, that collectors produce these poems in perfect good faith, to prove the authenticity of other poems, and call those which they collect orally corrupt versions of those which exist only in one class of books. A very excellent old Highland friend of mine used to drive home, and clinch a statement with the pithy formula. 'I saw it in print, sir; I saw it in print!' There was something sacred about the art of writing in days when scribes began and ended with an invocation or a prayer for writer and reader. Men who cannot read, who have just mastered the art, or who have just left school or college, are apt to pin their faith on books because they are books, and upon teachers because they have been taught. When they grow up to be teachers, they teach their old lessons. So many Scotchmen honestly believe in the Ossian of magnificent books, in spite of the evidence of their own ears.

The argument is of this kind:—

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

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

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

D demands proof.

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

TEXT Y.

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

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

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

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

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

He could not remember a line, but he remembered that similes abounded in the poems.

Feb. 27, 1860, an old schoolfellow of his, aged 79, dined with this gentleman in my house, and they agreed as to the fact that an old Islay tailor used to repeat the 'Poems of Ossian' about 1800.

I could not make out that either of them had read the Gaelic of 1807. One set out early in the century to fight his way through the world, and the other staid at home with plenty to do.

Mr. Woodrow, Minister of Islay, in 1781 printed a book about Ossian. In 1805 the Highland Society got Gaelic from an Islay minister, and neither got Mac Pherson's Ossian from Islay.

Early in this century my Grand aunt was taken to hear an old woman at Tarbert repeat 'Ossian's Poems,' and heard, as she was told by her conductor, the 'Address to the Sun.' About 1774 Kennedy (Texts H. I.) did not find the 'Address to the Sun' in this region, but he wrote of other poems orally collected in this same district—8,900 lines.

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

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

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

I had got two different things :—

Mac Pherson's Gaelic.	Ossianic Gaelic.
16,849 lines.	More than 60,000 lines.
Beginning in 1763, and standing apart.	Hooked on to Irish Mythical History, and to pedigrees which begin with Adam.

I believed in the first kind without reading the books till I began to collect the second kind, which is not in the books. It is therefore easy for me to understand how other Gaelic men look on this subject from my old points of observation.

The following is a list of collectors who sent me 83 fragments of Gaelic poetry, repeated or written from memory by 26 persons, the whole taken from the lists published, p. 465, Vol. IV. 'Popular Tales,' Feb. 21, 1862 :—

1. J. F. Campbell.
2. Hector Mac Lean, Schoolmaster, Islay.
3. Hector Urquhart, Gamekeeper, Ardkinglas.
4. Alexander Carmichael, Excise Officer, Islay, Lismore, Skye, the Long Island, &c.
5. Donald Torrie, Student, the Long Island.
6. John Dewar, Labourer, Rosneath, &c., &c.
7. John Mac Nair, Shoemaker, Dunoon.
8. Miss Mac Leod, of Mac Leod, Skye, &c.

The 26 contributors named represent a small number of the people who could repeat Ossianic ballads in 1862. The object of collecting was to get popular tales. The collection of poetry was an afterthought, and the scribes worked as long as they could

with the same reciter when they had found one who could repeat better than his neighbours. In some districts the whole population seemed to know scraps, verses, or lines of Heroic verse.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

1. Mrs. Mac Tavish, Islay.
2. Mary Mac Vicar, Pauper, Inverary.
3. Patrick Smith, Crofter, S. Uist.
4. Donald Macintyre, Crofter, Benbecula.
5. Charles Macintyre, Crofter, Benbecula.
6. Islay, Port Wemyss.
7. Donald Mac Killop, Berneray.
8. Islay.
9. Donald Mac Phic, Smith, Barra.
10. Ceite Loamhid, Lismore.
11. Padruig Duidhe, Fisher, &c., Islay.
12. Jannet Currie, S. Uist.
13. Several people, Long Island.
14. Alexander Mac Donald, Barra.
15. Alan Mac Phic, S. Uist.
16. Angus Mac Donald, Barra.
17. Angus Mackinnon, Tailor, S. Uist.
18. Angus Mac Donald, Constable, S. Uist.
19. Catharine Mac Queen, N. Uist.
20. Coinneach Carmichael, Skye.
21. Kenneth Morrison, Skye.
22. Donald Cameron, Skye.
23. John Campbell, Strath Gairloch.
24. Hector Mac Donald, Skye.
25. Catherine Matheson, Skye.
26. Malcolm Mac Phail, Labourer, Islay.

TEXT Z. &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1512. A.	162	1862. X.	44
1755. D.	189		21
F.	120		92
H.	124		52
I.	128		27
L.	100	Y. Z.	88
M.	136		58
N.	84		32
U.	130	1871.&c. Many versions	27
V.	130	heard, one written .	102

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

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

COLLATING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It seemed interesting to note how this story about Cuchullin, the door-keeper of the King's house at Tara, and Garbh, the shipman, had got mended and made up with names from a different series, and how varying genius had manufactured this rough ore. All the people in this ballad belong to the set who always have been associated with Cuchullin by Irish writers, and they have nothing to do with Fionn and his later series of Feinne, who are placed with them in Fingal by Mac Pherson.

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

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

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

By June 12, Ascot Cup day, we had got about half-way through the collection, reading, translating, and correcting for press. By July 23 the last scrap was sent to press, and the text was returned for press, August 3, from the Kenmare River in Ireland.

The result is due to the good writing of my scribes and to the extraordinary accuracy of the printer.

ARRANGEMENT OF THIS VOLUME.

The Ballads are sorted on the following plan, under nine heads, according to their chronological sequence:—

	PAGE		PAGE
I. The Story of CUCHULLIN	1	6 How he got his Sight	39
1 and Eamhair, his Wife	1	7 The Loss of the Fenian History	40
2 His Sword	1	8 Oisein's Controversy with Padraig	40
3 His Chariots	2	9 His Lament for his Comrades	47
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5 and Conlaach	9	11 Their Favourite Music	50
6 Connal's Revenge	15	12 How Nine Went Forth to Seek a Whelp	51
I have many more fragments.		13 CAOLITE	52
II. The Story of DEIRDRE	19	14 How he Slew a Magic Boar	53
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IV. The Story of FIONN and the FEINNE	33	NORSE WARS	57
1 His Pedigree	34	16 The Adventure with the Timbrel Player	57
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4 Oisein's Last Hunt	38	19 The Adventure of the Hag	59
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	PAGE		PAGE
20 The Stealing of Fionn's Cup . . .	60	64 Fionn's Council to Oscar . . .	157
21 The Adventure with the Enchanters' Family . . .	61	65 The Death of Diarmaid . . .	158
22 Roc, the King's One-legged Runner . . .	63	66 The Story of GOLL MAC MOENA . . .	164
23 The Smithy Song: How they got Swords . . .	65	67 His Adventure with Lamh-fhad . . .	165
24 The One-eyed Giantess and her Ships . . .	68	68 His Fight with Cairéal, who is slain . . .	167
25 The Battle with MANUS . . .	71	69 How Goll died . . .	168
26 The Norse Herald . . .	83	70 Goll's Praise of Aodh . . .	172
27 Fionn's Expedition to Lochlan . . .	83	71 Goll's Last Words to his Wife . . .	173
28 The Norse King's Stratagem . . .	85	72 Goll's Story of the Battle of the Yellow-faced Horse, and the Fight with Clanna Baoisgne . . .	174
29 Fionn's Puzzle . . .	86	73 Goll's Head . . .	175
30 Fionn's Enchantment in the Rowan Booth . . .	86	74 The Death of the Women and Burning of Teamhra . . .	175
31 The Adventure of the Nine with a Norseman . . .	88	75 The Death of GARADH . . .	178
32 The Adventure in the House of the King of the Fair Strangers . . .	89	76 The Battle of Gabhra . . .	180
33 The Black Dog slain by Bran . . .	92	77 The Death of OSCAR . . .	182
34 The Adventure of the Six at the Golden Castle . . .	93	78 The Story told to Fionn by his Son Fergus after the Battle of Gabhra . . .	185
35 The Tightest Fight of the Feinne . . .	95	79 The Death of Fionn . . .	195
36 The Expedition of Eight or of the Six to Foreign Lands: Carthon . . .	105	80 Oiscan's Last Words . . .	196
37 The Siege of LOMUNN's Castle . . .	106	81 The Story of Oisein's Birth, and his Song to his Mother the Hind . . .	198
38 The Story of DEARG . . .	107	V. PARODIES . . .	200
39 " " Diarg . . .	112	82 The Black Wrapper . . .	200
40 " " Dearg Mac Deirg . . .	112	83 A Dream . . .	201
41 " " Dearg Mac Druidhan . . .	113	84 The Tailor and the Feinne . . .	201
42 " " Con Mac an Deirg . . .	113	85 The Truiseal Stone . . .	202
43 " " Dearg Mac Druibheil . . .	121	86 Diarmaid's Speech . . .	202
44 The Praise of GOLL . . .	123	VI. LATER HEROIC BALLADS . . .	203
45 The Praise of Fionn . . .	124	1 The Lay of the Great Fool . . .	203
46 The Story of Liur . . .	125	2 Oscar and the Giant . . .	208
47 The Distressed Maiden . . .	127	3 The King of Britain and the Giant . . .	208
48 at Essroyg . . .	129	4 The Battle of Clontarf . . .	209
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50 in the Plain . . .	136	6 Murchadh Mac Brian and the Heiress of Dublin . . .	209
51 The Battle of Fair Strand, in which the Feinne Defeated the whole World in Arms . . .	137	7 Murchadh Mac Brian's Riding Dress . . .	210
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54 Oisein's Courtship, in which Cormac, the King, is slain . . .	141	VII. MYTHICAL BALLADS . . .	211
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56 The Hunting Quarrel with Goll at Leana . . .	144	2 Duaran and Goll . . .	212
57 The Story of the Death of Fionn's Father, CUMHAL, told out hunting by one of the Slayers; Garry . . .	146	3 Headless Trunk (Fenian) . . .	212
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61 The Elopement of Graidhne, Fionn's Wife, with DIARMAID, Fionn's Nephew . . .	151	3 The Slaying of Goll by Muehtan . . .	214
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63 The Adventure at Newry, and Family Quarrel . . .	155	5 The Sun Hymns, 2 . . .	215
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		IX. POPE'S COLLECTION of Ten Ballads . . .	218
		Got in Caithness before Mac Pherson's translations began. Like other Heroic Ballads; unlike Mac Pherson's Ossian. Placed for contrast.	

NOTE.—Versions of Ballads are placed together, but many other versions have to be collated with them. Many other fragments of the story exist in prose tales, which are not placed in this volume of Ballads. It is intended to translate the whole as curious Mythical Romantic Popular History, which has been neglected hitherto.

HEROIC BALLADS.

The Gaelic and the English quoted from Books and Manuscripts in the following pages are printed as written and spelt in the copy. The poetry is divided, and the lines are numbered, by the Editor, J. F. Campbell, Niddry Lodge, Kensington, June 4, 1872.

I. CUCHULLAIN.

THE NAME of this warrior is differently pronounced in different districts of the Highlands, and has been differently spelt by Irish and Scotch writers ever since the Book of Leinster was written, A.D. 1130. Dean Mac Gregor spelt it 'Couchullin' 360 years ago.

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

'S eùbhrail failidh do mhuineil
A chrios-chomhbheuluinn na'n càrn!

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

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

This warrior appears in tradition as a horseman and charioteer. He is always associated with certain heroes, such as 'Conlaach,' his son, and 'Connal.' These names, the hero's own name, and his adventures, join him to Irish history, and that gives him the date of Caesar's invasion of Britain, or thereabouts. In the Book of Leinster, A.D. 1130, is the story of the Tain bo Cuailgne, in which Cuchullain figures as chief character. Fragments of the story are known to old men in the Highlands, and they correspond to the oldest written version, so far as they go. Of this story, versions are in old MSS. in the Advocates' Library. The oldest manuscript versions of this story are about to be published by Mr. Standish H. O. Grady.

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

Of fragments of Gaelic composition I give the following:—

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

1.—1512. CUCHULLIN AND EAMHAIR.

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

COWCHULLIN AGUS EIMHAR.

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

- 1 LAY a royth in dundalgin
Cowchullin ni grow neynti
O taid ni gur er a gon
Gin sloig wli na ochyr
- 2 Halli in noill erin nerre
Math si waggidir in nane wli
Keltith fekkich fowich
Feine eltych laye za leetiive
- 3 Gwr bei in nansych wllith
Mnan chogn clanni rowre
In cor sen bi degkir reyve
Cur ris in naltin dawail

- 4 In doychis laweo leich
Atte dr aythr chonleich
Ni hoynni giderring dalwe
Ser winn cholla in gallew
- 5 Gawis in crann tawill
Glan cowchullin gi . . .
In lawe bi wath troir
Er mor ni hoynene gr . . .
- 6 Ryntyr in neltych wo
Ner zarmit umpith ach awyr,
Gawis awyr racht fane rynn
Dayveine ner chart a cheive
- 7 Gelytr wee no errik sin
Ni kead oyne elli zayvir
Lar dorchrith er teive a chnok
La creif ni norehr nerrik
- 8 In gen tryle higied gow caith
Za anee gin neigiss noynach
Ni roe fer gin oe orri
Wei slawre or datrych
- 9 Hug bancheill chongullin
Graw dinani di wllim
Din charrait eintych aynee
Hanik a ymill ollanith
- 10 Agris ayvr in nolt trwme
A cu rith er chongullin
Ni hoyne mir gylle deith
Gin skail na hyi umpith
- 11 Da oyr no tre tilfer leis
Ni hoyne aldyth snar ammis
Gir leme couf mir a chur
Iii wrchir hor ni hannich
- 12 In hnrchir reyve royve
Sen zol di zaltane gawflee
Gin virn er wrane di wlyg
Ryef ach keym sin allane
- 13 Re bleygin ni deach zea
Ach twrss nin nane seach
Ne hay ymichtych nin nane
Is inleut ach in twrskail
- 14 Mass fer in dathris a woygr
Nach darn in cow on chref
Slat war zall di zrawhe mnaa
Laywith aig voye a

2.—1786. CUCHULLIN'S SWORD.

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

CLAIDHAMH GUTH-ULLIN.

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

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

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

3.—1816. CUCHULLIN'S CHARIOT.

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

CUCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

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

Cia fath do thuruis, no do sgeul?

Fath mo thuruis, is mo sgeul,
Feara Eirinn sud mar chimear

4 Air teachd chugaibh as a' mhaigh

'N carbad air bhoil an dual fighara fionnduinn

Air a dheanamh gu luthmhor, lamhach, tachdail

Far am bu lughor 's far am bu laidir

8 'S far am bu lan-ghlic am pobul ur

'S a' chathair fhrasanta randuidh,

Caol, cruaidh, clochara, colbuidh;

Ceithir cich chliabh-mhoir 's a' chaomh charbad

sin.

12 Cìod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin?

Chimear 'sa' charbad sin,

Na h-eich bhalg fhionn, chalg-fhionn, chluas-
bheag,

Slios-tana, bas-tana, eachmhor, steudmhor

16 Le sreunaidh chaol, lainnire, limhor,

Mar leug, no mar chaoir-theine dearg;

Mar ghluasad loidh creuchda maoiseich;

Mar tharum ghaoith chruaidh gheamhraidh

20 Teachd chugaibh anns a' charbad sin.

Cìod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin?

Chimear 'sa' charbad sin

Na h-eich liath, lughor, stuadmhor, laidir,

24 Threismhor, stuagmhor, luathmhor, taghmhor

A bheireadh sparradh air sgeiribh na fairge as
an caraigibh.

Na h-eich mbeargantach, tharaguideach, threisead-
ach,

Gu stugmhor, lughmhor, dearsa fhionn,

28 Mar spur iollaire ri gnais ana-bheathaich,

D'an goirear an liathmhor mhaiseach

Mheachtraidh, mhor, mhuirneach.

Cìod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin?

32 Chimear 'sa' charbad sin

Na h-eich chinn-fhionn, chrodh-fhionn, chaol-
chasach,

Ghrinn-ghrugach, stobhradach, cheannardach,

Srol-bhreideach, chliabh-fharsuinn,

36 Bheag-aosda, bheag-ghaosdneach, bheag-chluas-
ach,

Mhor-chridheach, mhor-chruthach, mhor-chuinn-
neanach'

Seanga, seudaith, is iad searachail,

Breagha, beadara, boilsgeanta, baoh-leumnach

40 D'an goireadh iad an Dubh-seimhlinn.

Cìod a bhiodh na shuidhe 'sa' charbad sin?

Bhiodh na shuidhe 'sa' charbad sin

An laoch cumaiseach, cumhachdach, deagh-
fhoclach,

44 Liobhara, loinneara, deagh mhaiseach.

Tha seachd seallaidh air a rosg;

'S air leinn gur maith a' fhradhere dha.

Tha se meoir chnamhach reamhar

48 Air gach laimh tha teachd o' ghuailinn.

Tha seachd fuileana fionn air a cheann;

Folt donn ri tointe a chinn

'S folt sleamhuinn dearg air-uachdar,

52 'S folt fionn-bhuidh air dhath an oir,

'S na faireill air a bharr 'ga chumail

D'an ainm Cuchulin mac Seimh-sualti.

Mhic Aoidh, mhic Aigh, mhic Aoidh eile,

56 Tha 'eudan mar dhrithleana dearg,

Lughmhor air leirg, mar luath-cheathach sleibhe,

No mar luathas eilde fiosaich,

No mar mhaigheach air machair-mail.

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

GUCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

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

CEA fath do thurais na do sgeul

Fath mo thurais agus mo sgeul

Feribh Eirinn seud mar chimur

4 Tithinn thugibh as a mhaogh.

An carbad air am bel an dual fighara fionnduinn

Air a dhianabh gu luathmhar lamhach tacmhail

Far mo lutha agus far mo laidir

8 Agus far mo langhlic am pobul ur

'S a chathair fhrasanta randai

Caol cruai clochara colobhuì

Cether ifera chleamhor a chaomh charbad sin.

12 Cud a chimur 's a charbad sin

Chimur 's a charbad sin.

Na heich bhalgiann chalgionn chluasbheg

Shliostana bhastana eachmhor steudmhor

16 Le streuibh caol lainnir lunnhar

Mar leig na mar chaoir theine dheirg

Mar ghluaisda chreachdai laoi alluinn

Mar tharam gaoi chruai geambrai

20 Teachd thugibh ann 's a charbad sin.

Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin

Chimur 's a charbad sin.

Na h eich lia lu'ar stu'ar laidir

24 Thresmhor stuagmhor lunnhar tadmhor

Bheirigh sparag fi fua na fairg asa caraicibh

Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin

Chimur 's a charbad sin.

28 Na h eich bharecach tharecach thresadach

Gu stumhor lunnhar duarsinn

Mar spuir iolair ri gnais ainbheach

Dha'n gioradh an liamhor mhaiseach

32 Mheactroi mhor mhuirneach.

Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin

Chimur 's a charbad sin.

Na h eich chiniann chroidhionn chaolchasach

36 Ghrinn-ghrugach stobhradach, cheannardach

Srol-bhreidich, chliabh-fharsinn

Bheg aosda, bheg ghaosdneach, bheg chluasach

Mhorchriach mhor chru'ach, mhor chuinnhlean

ach

40 Seangh, seadi, isiad, searachail

Briadhla, beadara, basigeanta baoleumnach

Dhan gioradh iad an Duseimhili.

Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin

44 Blithigh na sluighe 's a charbad sin.

Laoh cuimeasach, cumhachdach, deghe-fhoclach

Liobhara, loinneara demhaiseach

Tha seac meirid air a ruinn

48 S'ar linn gur math a fradhare dha

Bha sia meoir chnamh reamhar

Air gach lamh dhe ghualinn do

Bha siac fhuilt fhiondai air a cheann

52 Falt donn re tonnibh a chinn

Falt sleamhuinn dearg air uachgar

S'falt fionnabhui air dhath an oir

Sna faireill air a bhar ga chunnabhail

56 Dhan ainm Cuchullinn mac Seimh Sualti

Mhic Uì, mhic Aì, mhic Aì eile

Tha aodann mar fritheine deirg

Luthmhar air leirg mar lua' cheach sleibhe

60 Na mar chruas creanda ealta airghe

Na mar mliad air machair mhai

Gum bu tro tric, tro luath, tro mhuirneach

Na heachibh tithinn t'oruinn

64 Mar sneacha ri snaitheg na shiosabh

Ospartaich agus unaghartaich

66 Na h eachibh gu tiunsaì.

X. 1. CARBAD ALAIRE CHUCHUILLIN. 1862.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 31, 1872.

Sgeulaichte-Eachun Donullach an Talamh-sgeir 'S an
Eilean.

This fragment was got for me, in 1862, by Mr. Carmichael, from a Skye man. A copy was afterwards sent to Dr. Mac Lauchlan by the collector. The same gentleman got from a blind man the following fragments before 1862 :—Z. 57, 7 lines. Z. 74, 7 lines. Z. 80, 54 lines. These three are versions of the Gaelic of 1807. It is worth remark that a blind fiddler, in Islay, used to recite passages from Dryden's Virgil, which he learnt from a student to whom he was teaching the fiddle. At page 84 Gaelic of the Book of the Dean of Lismore is a measured prose description of Mac Gregor's horse—28 lines. The last 4 speak of coming from Ireland to praise and to seek it in Alba, and this composition of 1512 is very like the oral descriptions of Cuchullin's Car. Similar passages abound in old Irish writings and in current prose tales. Mac Pherson's English was condemned by critics, but it was founded upon some old Gaelic original. There is nothing to show where the Gaelic of 1807 came from.

BHA MORAN aig m-athair (Iain mac Iain ie Eoghain, air Carbhad Chuchullin) Carbhad Comhraig agus Carbhad Alaire Chuchullin. Cha chuala sibh riann na bhaig do bhardachd Oisein. Is cuimhne leamsa nuair bha mi og agus an t aite so lan dhaoine, lan tuath, gun bitheadh an tigh againn cho lan a dh' oigire 's a sheanairi (agus do sheanairibh ?) fad na h-oiche gheanraidh agus a chunnaic sibh tigh bail reamh. Moire 's an a sin a bha an oigiri ams an aite so, agus am palteas aig duine agus beothach. Ach chuir na caoirich mhor as do 'n aite 's cha 'n fhaghean an diugh ann ach iad fein ' Seanachaidh.

1 Na h-eich liobhach laigreach lothar,

'S na spair oir fotha (fopa ?),

Sith-fhada shithsheang,

4 Beag-chileach beag ghaoisneach, beag chluasain,

Mor cluihach mor cheach, mor chualleanach

Uinich 'us osunnaich nan cach,

7 Bha tarrauing Cuchullin air chill.

4.—GARBH MAC STAIRN.

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

1 D. 1. 151 lines }

2 F. 1. 210 lines }

versions of the same ballad.

3 O. 1. 225 lines, story, language, rhythm, and names different.

4 O. 2. 82 lines, a popular tale, joined to the name.

5 Q. 1. 64 lines, no story, vague Mac Phersonic poetry.

6 D. 31. 40 lines, translation, by Mac Nicol, of D. 1, first 10 verses.

772 lines

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

Part of the story of the ballads (1, 2, 1750) is in Mac Pherson's 'Fragments' (p. 59, No. xiii. 1760.) In 1762 the fragment had expanded into the First Book of Fingal. Many stories of different times got joined, and their heroes became comrades.

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

D. 1. DUAN A GHAIRIBH. 157 lines. 1755.

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

1 EUSA a Chu 'n teridh

Chi mi 'n Longis ha do labhradh;

Lom lan na 'n dhan clannich,

Do Longis mor na 'n Albharich.

2 Bregich hu Dhorsair gu Muadh,

Bregich hu Diu 's gach ion uiar;

She han Longas mor na Maoidh

Se theas huginna gar coir.

3 Ha ion Laoich an Doris Teiridh
An Port an Riodh gu ro mhenmich;
Gragu gci 'ir leis gun cal,

4 'S gu ga geal air Feribh Erin.
Hugidh mis arsa Cuth raoidh;
Arain agus O'Connachir;

5 Fear dian Taoibh gheil,
'S Fraoich fial Mac Fini

6 Aoig mase ara a ghluin gheil,
'S Caoile ro-gheal Mac Ronan.

7 Na tig air sin a Chu Riodh,
Na cantir chomhradh gun ehli;
Cha chorrig ris gan Flail,
Air ard Rioghachd na Herin.

8 Chonnaire mis coig Caha deug,
Du Dhamharibh as m'm Breug;
Breth air a Gharibh a's Tir Hoir.
An Maoidh Gallan nan Corag;

9 Sin nar huirt Connil Ceardich,
Sonn Chatha na Clainn Tearach;
Cha deid mi fein ris an ghluin,
'S cha bhu 's eoluch mi nu Chlesibh.

10 'Sin nar huirt Meaoidh hall a Stidh,
Inn Ochidh Flath na Feuidh,
Na leigibh oglich nan Cath
Stidh do high Teridh nan Riogh lath.

11 Sin nar hurt Connil gu coir
Daol Mhac alin edir sgeoil,
Cha bhi ro ghraita Bhean,
Gun duilt sinnidh ri hacin Fhear.

12 Legidh a stidh an sin an fear mor,
Na phrop an fianis an Tloidh
'S Ionad tri chead a stidh,
Chaidh retich a gho san tre sin.

13 Hog Cuchulin 'n sin a Sciath,
Air a mhaoidhli bharradh lia;
Heale Snaois air a gha Shlaoith,
'Sghlae Connil a Claidh.

14 Hug iad a stidh an sin Dronnadh,
Cheud do Bhiadh agus do Dhibh gun urich,
Ga Chaigh gus an fhear mhor,
A hang as an Esraidh.

15 Nnair bu haich an fear mor,
Agus a hug e treis air coeil;
Huge sealtin air a nail,
Air Caogid Mac Riodh mu himcheal.

16 Sin nar huirt Brighain gu Muadh,
Mac Mhic Caribridh fan Chraoibh ruadh;
Fear is Faoile dhuit gun eale ar
A fianis faribh Erin.

17 Macanichd Erin uile dhuit san ams,
A Bhrihand Bharbuidh,
Fad sa bhis mis an Riodh gu tean
Ar ard riodhac na Herin.

18 Bhrainsa dhuit na Braidin
Ana faidhe tu na Tantin
Bu leat Lughla Mac Curidh,
'S Tiabhidh mac Ghoridh,

19 Fear dian taoibh gheil,
'S Fraoch fial Mac Fui,
Aoig Mac aradha Ghluin gheil,
'S Caoile ro gheal Mac Ronan.

20 Lul' im 's dearmid am Blosidh,
Deo Mhac Righ-Lehin Lubidh;
Cornag an Langaig gu Muadh
Mac Mhic Caribridh faoin Chraoibh ruaidh,

21 Buinni Borruadh 's borb e stidh,
'S bin leat gu luadh faoi Fhearais.

22 Ghaidh an sin na Mie Riodh,
An ann Tigh Teridh gu for;
Agus schuridh iad a Muadh,
Don Treun-fear na fhianis.

- 23 Ga ba Laoich gach Fear dhiu sin,
Na 'n Garibh Mac Stairn Star-iaich;
Cha le ladh fear soir na Siar,
Air asridh ghrian Lonair.
- 24 Sin nar huit Brìghgain gu Muadh,
Mac Mhic Caribridh on Chraibh ruaidh;
Cia horidhe dhuit dal ad Luìng,
'Shu gun gheil o Chuchulin.
- 25 Bheil aig Cuchulin Mac na Nighin
A sgeile Glac innish gu fìor a Bhrìghgain;
- 26 Cha neil aig Cuchulin Mac no Nighin,
A sgile Glac, na Daltar Bannì Brahid;
Na machd Dilis deo mhair,
- 27 Ach bansa leis Naoish an naidh,
Bhràir Alidh as Ardain.
- 28 Frogair a Choin chnlin chaoìn
Mheic Sedrigh so altich
'Le re bhairt Naois air a chean
Air a chuid do d'heribh Erin,
- 29 Nì 'n feara misi na Snios
Nan fear, Laoich a eho Aois;
Ach dhìnga Snios Rì Hòrr aigh
Ceud do gach curidh cola.
- 30 Bheirimsa Briar Rìodh
Ann Fheribh aile na Herin,
Nach deid mi fein ann am Luìng
'S mi gun Gheil o Chuchulin.
- 31 Bheirimsa Briar Rìgh ele,
She labhair an tard Chu Armin;
Nach toir hu mo Gheil 's ar Muir,
'S mi fein an am Mheidh.
- 32 'S Bodich bhìdhan uddidh
'S hìle hu fein, 's hìle do Mhuintir
'S ro òle Bean do Haidhe;
'S cha 'n fear a Bean mhuintir
- 33 'S cha doir hu mo Gheils an sail
'S cha neil innad fein ach Allabharich.
- 34 Sin nnaìr dherich 'n da Hriach,
Le neart Chlaidh agus Seiadh
Togadair an Talibh Tath
Le 'n Tridhe ansa nuaìr sin.
- 35 Bimadich Buille o bheil Seiadh,
'S fuain Clisniche rì Clìar
Fuair Laoin aig Gaoìdh nan Gleann,
Fu Seleo nan Curidh co tean.
- 36 Seachd oiche agus seach Lo,
Hug iad an sa'n imid Seleo,
'N Cean an teachda Lo,
Cha bairde 'n Garibh air a Mhaoidh
- 37 Na Cuchulin a Ghaìsge.
- 38 'N Cean an teachda Lo
Hug Cuchulin Beum dho,
Scoilte o 'n Bhruan gu Bran
An Seia Engich Orridh.
- 39 A Choin Chulin ainnich Triach,
Agamsa cha mhair mo Seia;
Ach aonna cheim Teiche noir na uiar,
Cha tug mi ribh 's mi 'm bheidh.
- 40 Heilg Cuchulin uaidhe Seia,
Air an aiche oir as Jar,
Gab ennich shud bole an Fhaoil,
Le Mhaibh uaisle na Herin.
- 41 Ach hug Cuchulin Beum eile,
Le moid a Mhemnidh sa' seannidh;
Togadar an Lamh leis an lan,
Scarar Cean o 'n Cholein.
- 42 Macanichd Erin uile
Dhuitsa uamsa, arsa Connìl,
Agus an ciad Choin gun Eall,
Ann a fànias Feribh Erin.
- 43 Nì Gnìmh ar Gìll na'n Cuan,
Credibh an Rìogh maras dual
Leba 'n ion Laoich mar a ta

- 44 Ha ion Laoich an so a bha air Saul
Ha nis gun asbig le immairt shuaigh
Bha trial gu Teridh nan torr tean
Ghabhail Gèil air Feribh Erin.

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

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

Do Bhesidh fhir Mhoir a hanig as an Esra, na bitidh na bu Leidhe stigh, dheithe tu fìgh as faoite hin Tairishe leum air faoite, gus an gìa mur Braidhe gus an curin an am Luìng Kaoinin Mhic Rìgh na herin.

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

F. 1. DUAN A GAIRBH MHIC STAIRN.

210 lines. 1750.

AIR dha teachd a thoirt Geil air Rìgh, Eirinn, agus mur Gheil iad uild dha gus an do dhuilt Cuchullin ris a Gheil, an t aon do na Fiannaibh a bha annsa chuirte san am sin. (Da luchd ionidh an Rìgh.)

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

- 1 EIRICH a Rìgh na Teimhre,
Chì mì luingeas mòr 'se labhran;
Lom lan nan euan is e eannach,
Do luingeas mòr nan Allamuirach.
- 2 Is breugach thu dhorsair gu muaidh,
'S breugach thu 'n dia 's gach aon uair;
'S th' ann luingeas nam maogh,
'S an Fhianan a teachd d' ar cobhair.
- 3 Cho d' eisd e rì tuille sgeoil,
Ach leum as làthair an Rìgh mhoir;
'S e thachair air laoch mòr a teachd;
A neoir gu dorus na Teimhre.
- 4 Do bheannaich an dorsair dha ghu màlt,
Is dh' fhiosraich e cò as do;
Is dh' fheargair am fear mor gu nimhe,
Thainig na thoirt gèil air Connul.
- 5 'S nì 'n gabhain eumha na ceart,
Ach Eirinn uile theachd fuì'm smachd;
'S gach fath 's gach Rìgh dhiu thoirt umhaidh
A dh' aindeoin Chonnul 's a luchd comhuaidh.
- 6 Creud d'am bheil ugmusa dheth,
Ach dearnam do sgeula;
Agus innsidh mi thu gun fheall,
Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 7 Is dh' imich an dorsair a steach,
Do dh' ard Theimhre nam Beumnan;
Is chrath e an t slabhradh gu teann,
Rìs an eisteadh na ceudan.
- 8 Sin 'nuaì' thuirte Connul gu còir,
Deadh mhac Rìgh an Eidir sgeoil;
Am bheil allamuirach a nuigh.
- 9 Tha aon laoch an dorus na Teimhre,
An am porsa an Rìgh ro mheamnach;
Is e ag radh gun geabhar leis gun fheall,
'S gun gabh gèil air fearaibh Eirinn.
- 10 Do bha Corachar thall a stigh,
Is arl Rìgh-laochar na Teimhre;
Fionn mac Rìgh ruaigh
An ceathramh cuiridh eo mucu.
- 11 Chuirge mise 'n dubhirt Curiogh,
Araon agus O Conachir;
Aog mac Garadh a Ghuin-ghil,
Is Caoilte glegheal Mac Ronsain.
- 12 Na tig air sin a Churiogh,
'S na canta comhra gun chli;
Cho torachar leis gun fhoill,
Gèill air rioghachd Eirinn.

- 13 Mur e 'n Garbh Mac Stairn a t' ann,
On' Ghrèig uamharaidh ro ghaire;
Bheir e leis ar gèill air muir,
Dh' aindeoin fearaibh Fiannaibh.
- 14 Chunnaic mi eug catha deuga,
Do chathan Fhamhairean 's ni'm breug;
Aig breath san tìr Shoir air a Gharbh,
A' maogh Gamain nan goirean.
- 15 Bheirise briathar Rìgh arm,
Fhearaibh àilidh na h-Eirinn;
Nach do leig an Garbh iad o'n mhaogh,
Gus 'n do ghabh e gèill gach aon fhir.
- 16 Sin 'nuair dubhirt Connall cearnach,
Ursan chatha nan blagh teimhreach;
Cho d' theid mi fein ris dam bhuin,
Cho mho is eolach mi na bheusan.
- 17 Sin 'nuair dubhirt gead mac Machith,
'N laoch b' flurast aithsheun;
Cha deach mi riabh aon cheum sor na siar,
A dh' fholum gaisge a' hudligheachd.
- 18 Talbhair mo ghìt thal' sì stigh,
Inghin o chli' Flath na feile;
Na leigibh oglach nan Cath,
Do thigh teimhre nan Rìgh-fhlath.
- 19 Sin 'nuair dubhirt Connall gu còir,
Deadh mhac aluin an eidsirgeoil;
Cho bhi e re aratin a bhean
Gun diult sinn uile re aon fhear.
- 20 Leigibh a steach am fear mòr,
Gu prap am lathair an t sloigh;
Ionad cheud areitichadh dho san t sreth;
Muna chuireadh e na shuighe.
- 21 Feargus mac Rossain ic Rà,
'N laoch a b' àirde dha fhearaibh Fàil,
Cho b' àirde Fearguth a stigh,
No' a Garbh Mac Stairn 'na shuidhe.
- 22 Pronn cheud do bhiadh 's do dhibhe,
Chuaidh a dheanath dosan gun fhuireach;
Sa thoirt re na chaitheamh don fhear mhòr,
Thainig as an Eassa Roimh.
- 23 'Nuair bu shaitheach don fhear mhòr,
'S a thuigear greis air an òl;
Thug se suil naithe nùn,
Air chaogad mac Rìgh mu thimchioll.
- 24 Do bheatha fhir mhòir,
Thainig as an Eass a roimh;
'S na bitheadh ni bu leithe steach,
Gheabha thusa fiall is faoilte.
- 25 Cho tairis leam air faoilte,
Gus an iadham mur ar braide;
Gus an cuir fam an nam luing a steach,
Rìghm mhic Rìgh na h- Eirinn.
- 26 Sin 'nuair ghabha na mic Rìgh,
Ann an Tigh Teamhre gu fìor;
'S a chuireadh iad a muigh,
Don treun laoch na lathair.
- 27 Ge bu laothadh gach fear dhinbh sin,
No an Garbh mac Stairn stanfhlacach;
Cho tialhigheadh fear siar no soir,
Dhiubh an asuin a ghnìomh lomidh.
- 28 Sin 'nuair thuirt Brichni gu muaithe
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh,
Fear is faoilte dhuit gun fheall,
Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 29 'S mise Bhrathadh dhuit na Braidean,
As am fuighe tu na tàintean;
Buin leat Luga mac o Rìgh,
Agus Fiamh mac Gorigh.
- 30 Aogh mac Garadh a Ghluin ghil,
Is Caoilte ro Gheal mac Ronain,
Fear Dian taobh ghil,
Agus Fraoch fiall mac Fiuic.
- 31 Luagha sgia argumeid am blagh,
Deadh mhac Rì leathan Lìcais,
Cormaig an Luingeas gu muaithe
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh.
- 32 Buinne borburra nach borb a steach,
Buin leat gu hualh o Fhearghuth.
- 33 Maed aineachd air Eirinn uile,
Dhuitsa namsa Bhricni Bharrabhui,
Ad sa Bhios mise 'm Rìgh gu teann,
Air ard Rìoghachd na h-Eirinn.
- 34 'S an an sin' thog Cuchullin a sgia,
Thair a mhaolin Bharraliath;
Sheal Snaois air a dha shleagh,
'S ghlac Connall a Chloideamh.
- 35 Sin nuair thubhirt Brichni gu muaithe,
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh;
Cia thorchrar leat dol' na d' luing,
'S tu gun ghèil o'n Choinechullin.
- 36 Am bheil aig Cuchullin mac,
Imis gu fìor a Bhricni
Nim bheil aig Cuchullin Mac,
Na nua is Gile glac.
- 37 Na Dallan munidh Bràghad,
Na mac dilis deagh mhàthar,
Ach b' annsa leis mois anaigh,
A Bhrathair Ailbhin agus ardan.
- 38 Freagir a Choinechullin choin,
A mhic send rìgh subhald;
Teirbert snaoise an dò cheann,
'S air do chuid do dh' fhearaibh Eirinn.
- 39 Nim fearr mir no Snaois,
Nim fearr laoch a Chomh aois;
Ach Dìongidh Snaois còir nath,
Ceud do gach cuiridh comhla.
- 40 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìgh ann,
Fhearaibh Ailidh na h-Eirinn;
Nach d'teid mi fein ann nam Luing,
'Smi Gun Gheil on Choinechullin.
- 41 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìgh eile,
Se labhair e n t ard Chù armach;
Nach d'teid mo Gheillsa air sàil,
Smi fein an nam Bheatha.
- 42 'S Bodach ù bhiodh an Ùdhuigheachd,
'S ole u fein 's ole t fhear muintir;
'S ole Bean do thaigh
'S cho'n fhearr a luchd aon tigh,
- 43 'S cho d' tabhir u mo Ghèil air Sàil,
S gun annad fein ach allamarach.
- 44 Sin nuair dh' eirich 'n da thriath,
Le neart an cloidhean is an sgia;
Gun d' fhogradh an tallamh team,
Le traighean ann sa 'nuair sin.
- 45 'S ioma Buille fuidh bhile sgia,
S fuaim Clisnich re Chiar,
Mar fhuaim Coille le gaoith nan Gleann,
Bha Seleo nan curidhnan co teann.
- 46 Seachd oidhechan agus seachd là,
Dhoibh aig Imarscleo sa aig Jomarb hai;
Sa'n ceann an noidheamh trà
Cho b' àirde e n Garbh air amboigh na Cuchullin-
a Ghaisae.
- 47 Ach an ceann an t seachdamh lù,
Thug Cuchullin beum dhò,
Sgoilte leis o Bhruan gu Bran,
An sgiath cangach òrbhuigh.
- 48 Noish on a theirig mo sgia,
A Choinechullin a dhairgneas triath;
Aon cheim teichidh siar no Sor,
Cho diubhran is mi 'm bheatha.
- 49 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìgh eile,
Se labhair e n t ard Chu Joraghal;
N t aona Chèim teichi Siar na Sor,
Cho n eil fuidh d' roghun a dheanadh.

- 50 Thig Cuchullin dheth a sgia,
Thair a mhaolin Bharra-liath;
Geb einaeh gum b' olc an theall,
Ls maitheamh naisle na h-Eirinn.
- 51 Thug Cuchullin beum eilli
Le moid a mheamnidh is asgine,
Thogadh leis a lamh sa lann,
Ls sgar e 'n cean ri cholluin.
- 52 Mheadh aineachd air Eirinn uilli,
Dhuitir uamsa choinchulin;
Sa chead chorn gun fheall,
Ann am lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 53 Rinn mise gnìomh air gila nan cuan,
Creideadh an Rì mur is dual,
Tha leaba aon laoiach 'n so a bha air Cuan,
Tha niudh gun aisag aig Iomairt stuaigh.
- 54 Thiall gu tigh teimhre nan Rìghbath,
Ghabhail gèil air fearaibh Eirinn.

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

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

- 1 SGUAB Garbh na sleibhteann,
'S ghull na glùn fo chois;
Lub na caoiltean an cinn ualach,
'S thiomuich suas na tuiltean uisg.
- 2 Shrannadh a' Mhare shluagh a ghaoth,
Thuit am fraoch fo fhuaim an tart;
Loisgeadh am fear le'n dian astar,
'S ghull man ghlasan gach bacadh.
- 3 Theich an eilid le fuathas baoth,
Chual i glaoth a ruin' a sgairt;
Sheall am fir eum gu nuathara claoch,
Co iad na daoine tha ruag mo theach?
- 4 Bha garbh treun mar shruth a ghlinne,
'S am fireach a' cridheadh fo ghluasad;
Uamhasach mar thorran a gheamhraidh,
Ri oidheche annradh ann am fuathais.
- 5 Arda mar Ghiubhas na beinne,
'San cèd a' tionadalh mu'n cuairt d'i;
Marbhtach mar chend tamag,
Aig earra daingean Loda bhuailtich.
- 6 B' fharsaing rioghachd Gharabh Mhoir,
Ba lionmhor sloigh toirt dha cain;
Bha clann mhòth a' busteadh ainna,
Ls daoine a' crathadh an cinn gu cor.
- 7 Dh' fhag e a thalla stoirmeil,
Dh' anarh Thual an fhuilth dhuinn;
Tual Mac rìgh Lochlain aigh,
A choimhich ait an Albinn bhig.
- 8 Air sgiathaibh gaoithe sgòilt e'n enan,
Gu Duu Mhic Tuail nan ioma' creach;
Theich na sloigh roimh a cheum,
Bh' an rathad reidh gu Dun nanclach.
- 9 Co chogadh ri Garabh Mac Stairn?
Co sheusadh blar na fala?
B' fharsaing crìochan Thual,
Thar garbh bheannan ciar na Tuath.
- 10 A ghaigich mar aon bha dana,
'S lionmhor blar a chuir iad thairis;
Rainig Garabh crom ghleann nan craobh,
'Shloid e sia croinn Ghiubhais o thalamh.
- 11 Chuir faileas iar o theas na greine (*dubhar*),
Fhreagair na creagan do ghlaith;
Gheill gach bealach do neart,
Rainig e ard thair Mhic Tuail.
- 12 'S fhuair e gu faolaidh fosgailte.
- 13 Choinnich Mac Tuail e air an throach,
Chuir failt gu eoin *tar* a charaid;
Do bheatha a dh' Albuinn nam beann,
A mhic Stairne o 'n duthaich tha 'n ear.
- 14 'S lionar feachd gu cleachd a gu tiorachd,
Thig a steach fo sgath mo thighe;
Biodh cuirm is aighir air bhordaibh,¹
Seinneadh mo bhaidh cliu nan treunfhear.
- 15 Tha na bliadhna a threig a pilltinn,
Latha Sealg nan gleann ciara;
Thainig Fionn 'sa shloigh nan coir.
- 16 Co as tha na fir armach ghasda,
'Se labhair rìgh Shelma chruinn;
Bheil am fiadhac a' dol leibh,
No 'n teid sibh leam gu Dun ban?
- 17 Bha cliu Ghaibh na danaibh
Bha eagal air Fionn roimh a theachd;
Cha b' ail ail leis a bhann gun am feachd,
Ri Mac Tuail bha Fionn an sith.
Ach bha mi run anns a ghlaith.
- 18 Chuireadh Garbh gu Cuirm is cleas nan treun,
Gu Dun ban ma 'an eiradh grian,
Dun bha faoilidh riamh is farsaing,
Dun am b' ait leam bhi lem' mheann
Dun o'm faicte mìle maise.
'S tric an d' fhuair an t-àinead biadh.
- 19 Thainig Garabh le cheathairne chor,
Ochd fichead fear fo'n carra shroil;
Floigh Mac Tuail le chomhairlich fein,
'S le choisridh dhonna dhana threun.
- 20 'S ann an sin bha chuirn gun aithris,
Fion na Greige as Beoir na Macharach;
Ceol nam filidh fonn nan clar,
Dan nam ban, is eachd nan Treun.
- 21 'S fad bha aoibhneas an Talla 'n Dun,
'S cuimhne leam, a ruin an latha;
Ach mo thruaighe dh' fhalbh am filidh san dan,
'S cha 'n eil a lathair ach smurach faiche.
- 22 Ann an sealla Dun Mhic Tuail,
Bha Dun Fhinn gu uarach ard:
23 A ghaoth a seida seach a bhalla,
'Se gun chrith, chuech, gun spairn;
A thuran, daingean da fhilt dealbhach,
Mar chreig albhinn lann ri shail.
- 24 Sheil an glagaire an corn buadhach,
A dh' adharc buabhall grunn nam beann;
A thionaladh a steach na coisruidh,
Do 'm bu choir bhi fiadhach mheall.
- 25 O chreag gu creag leum an glaoth,
Mar oiteag ghaioth am bar nan cran;
Thainig fuidh mhor a ghlinne,
Le 'n coin innealta gu sealg.
- 26 Thainig fir a bbraigh sgairteil,
Le 'n eachaibh tartarach is le 'n cuim;
Thainig gaisgich Loch na fhuaimnich,
Thainig Duthich, Buich 's Baimch.
- 27 Thainig Diarmad donn 's Cullin,
Thainig Buidhne de gach fine;
Rìgh b'e sin na daoine treubhach,
Bha cruit, bha clar, bha feudan redha.
- 28 A' cur easlan fad air astar,
Sheall Garabh gu dur nuathara;
Air na feachdaibh nuadha, calma;
Fhinn Mhic Cuthail nan ceud cath,
- 29 Cha 'n ioghna thu fein bhi dana,
Agad tha na buidhne crodha,
Dealbhach, toсах, bonnach, craidhach,
Toslach, cudthromach, beusach,
- 30 Gach fear mer reth bhuinne traighe
'S teara a chithear an leithid.
O ob shruth gu ruth nan Gael,
Ghluais na fir nan ard slunt;
Gu siubhlach thar gnais na faiche.
- 31 Mhic Stairne, thuir Fionn an cainnt reidh,
'S mor do neart, tha t' ainm ga reir;
Tilg a chloeh 's thug deuch a dh' Albinn,
- 32 Thog Garabh a chreag ghaileach luehdmhor,
'S thug urchar ri agaidh 'n Duin;
Chrith Selma le mor eagal,
Sgòilt peirceall an Dun ge b' aill.

¹ Biodh ard air cuirm is aighir.

- 33 Dh' fhag eachuiman san fhaiche,
Bheuchd na oreagan le toirn;
Theich Mac Talla le bruaidhean,
'S dh' fhalbh snuadh na coille gu bas.
- 34 Deach a ris a Ghairbh nam beum,
Do mhor spionna fein 's do chliu.
Thuir Fionn 's a smaoin a crathadh,
Mar cheo a sgaradh air earn.
- 35 Chrom Garbh a cheann gaisge,
'S thog a chreag gu h-iorsach ur;
Dh' fhalbh i o laimh mar dhealan,
'S rinn i sgar an ceann an Duin.
- 36 A mhala mhine, tha lan de uisge,
Leum an aibhinn air ais;
Gu bras beumamach, buarasach, ard,
Creigean 's orannan a' geilleadh
Spreidh a' crìtheadh gu bas,
Stad i air Dail an fhràoch
Ged is faon i 'n duigh bhaigh
- 37 Bha Mic Fhinn 'san gnais gu deurach,
Thug Mac Stairne eibhlin buaidh;
Dh' eirich Goll Mor Mac Morna,
Fear nach sora riamh am beum.
- 38 Thog e 'n Tulach a a talhaibh,
'S thug e urchoir laidir dhian;
Theich siol Lochlain le ioghna,
Thog a chlarsach caithream buaidh,
Thog siol Alba lachan gaire,
'S sheall Dun ban air chaochla snuadh.
- 39 Chaidh iad sin a dh' fheadhach bheann,
A ruaga 'n tuire le thuisg oillt;
Treis an toir air loin is cild,
Is air damh alluidh nan ceum calma.
- 40 Phill Garabh gu Dun Mhic Tuail,
Thriall Fionn gu Buth nan struth;
Thainig sreul qha cruaidh ri eisd
Dh' iarr Garabh cios o'n Fheinn le tair.
No comhrag cuig eod san ghaisgeach,
Ceud loghainn ehon ceud seobhag suaire
Ceud each luath a bhluighnadh geall,
Ceud carra shroil leinteag ur.
- 41 Bluail Fionn an ard bheum sgeithe,
Chruinnich a threun fhearann ri chail;
Bhruchd iad mar thuil nan gleantann,
Co sheasadh san am sin roimh an dluthas.
- 42 Rainig Garabh luth nan struth,
Le buidhinn cholgara dhana;
Bha Grainne san tall fo eagal,
Fionn a fiadhach am feudanaibh duinte.
- 43 Dh' iarr Garabh aoidheachd 's muirn,
Mar charaid a bhitheadh dlu dhi fein;
Aoidheachd cha do dhuilt mi riamh,
Labhair Grainne le ciall cheart.
- 44 Ach do cheathairne co mor,
Cha 'n 'eil cro an teid a steach;
Gheibh sibh aoidheachd air an raon,
Ma's miann leibh fhaotainn
Gheibh le tlachd.
- 45 Thng i dhoibh sithann bheann,
As lionn nach do thoga o bhrach;
Dh' eirich na h-almaraich ghnotha,
Gu chomhla a tharruing mach.
- 46 Ach thogar an gladh Feinne,
Is duisg gach tom is glaic;
Sheall Garabh thar a ghualainn,
Chunnaic gu luath Fionn le fheachd.
- 47 An e so diol na h-aoidheachd a Ghairbh,
Mo theach 's mo bhean a thoirt uam;
Teann am rathad gu grad,
No stad cha 'n fhaigh thn ach bual.
- 48 Eagal cha bhiodh orm mhic Cuthail,
'S e labhair Mac Stairn gu fiar dana;
Ged eireadh leat mìle leomhainn (loghainn)
De fhearaibh an domhainn a thainig.

- 49 Bratach Fhinn sgaoil sa' ghleann,
An deo ghreine bu deirge cruth;
Thog a chlarsach a fuaim catha,
'Sthog Caorill gu h-ard a ghuth.
- 50 Bha Fionn mar ghrian fo ghruaim,
'Nuair dhomhlaicheas uimpe eeo duachnì tigh;
Air uairibh chitear a gnais aobhinn,
Air nairibh i gailach duth,
- 51 Tharruing na sloigh o 'n t-sliabh,
Gu tosdach dian eum euchd;
B' uambasach sealladh gach mili,
Bu cinnteach buille an creuchd.
- 52 Ni 'n d' atharaich Garabh Ceum,
'S a threun fhearann daingean ri chul;
An sleaghan nan cuilg nimhe ri 'n guailinn,
Am boghan cruaidh deas mar an ruin.
- 53 Clanna Baoisge thilg an sleaghan,
'S tharruing an claidhean foimneanta geur;
Sgath iad siol Lochlain gu talamh
Mar loisgeas falaig an tìr fleur.
- 54 A' m' laimhsa bha neart an la ud,
A Mhalmhine cha b' eagal leam;
Theich Garabh bras mar cholman,
'San seobhag grad na dheigh,
Ghleith sinn ar tighean is ar mnathan,
Ar clann, ar fearann ar n' euchd.

NOTE.—This metre cannot be divided into quatrains. It is irregular, like Mac Pherson's.

O. 2. FIONN IS GARA. 82 lines. 1801.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 163. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 3, 1872.

Along with the fragment (Fionn is Gara) (see page 129) a ridiculous story is told which was formed to bring these ancient heroic poems into contempt. I shall here insert it copied from the same person who recited the other, viz., Alexander Cameron, Tailor, in Druncharry, Fortingal, before mentioned. (Dr. Irvine's note.)

- 1 RAINIG Garabh Dun nam buadh,
Dun ri 'n luaidhear Buchanti;
Fhuaras Grainne fuinadh san talla,
Bha Fionn na chodal an crethaist dhlù
Le lubaibh gun glacadh Mac Stairn.
- 2 C' ait bheil Fionn, thuir Garabh?
Cha 'n fhad air falbh, a righ na faich,
Gabh aran 's leag do sgitheas.
- 3 Mar d' fhusneadh Grainne le mend a luathas,
Dh' itheadh an Garabh gu dlu dian;
Mar mhada fiadhaich Ghormla,
Chuir i ghraideall ann am bonnach
Dh' ith e 'n t-carna foimnamh borha.
- 4 'S cruaidh t-aran a gheug na maise,
Mar chreag abharmaich dom' ghoile.
- 5 Chuir e mheur am beul an leinibh,
Bha sa chrethail gu tosdach dealbhach;
Chail e a muir a thiola,
Le fiacail ghuneach a bhanbhi,
Ciod as aois do d' leauabh a Ghrainne,
'Se labhair gu h-anrach Garabh.
- 6 Miosachan beag a th' am,
Ma dh' fhasas gach mios mar so;
'Se fhreagair Garbh gu tigh dian,
Bitidh airde mar airde nam beann,
'Se neart mar neart na ionghaoith dhochorach
- 7 Dh' fhalbh Garbh a choimhead cumbachdan
naraig
Far an tric a gheill an Roimh,
'S ann fhuair Sliochd nan Gael buaidh,
Trusgan a bhuaichail ghabh Fionn,
'S' thachair air Garbh aig murhin nan alt.
Riun Faolan le meud a sgol,

- Sheas an roth chloch mhuilín aig an doras,
Na pilleadh Fionn o 'n t-scilg,
'Se thuit an Garbh le mor fhiamh,
C' ait am bheil a spionna 'sa threis ?
- 8 Feumaidh e comhrag a thoirt a Ghrabh,
No tuitcam gu balbh fo mhein;
Cha 'n aon mise de na treun,
Deir Luna la treun ghuth.
- 9 Chunnac mi Fionn le beag spairn,
Tilgeadh na Gra chloich sin thar an tigh;
G'a comhlachadh air an taobh eile,
M'an ruigeadh i 'm blar g'a luathas.
- 10 Sheall Garbh le smethe gaire,
Air a chloich cruin mar an Rè;
Ballach mar an speur ud shuas,
Trom mar Dhungael le choille dheurach,
Cha 'n eil e beo do 'n geillinn luaidh.
- 11 Ghlac e chlach is rain e 'n righ,
Triallan do shliabh nan agh;
Thachairt air Fionn is mor blagh is brigh,
Thuir Garbh ard a laimh,
Gu luath thairis air gleam 's air beam.
- 12 Ghluais Luna bu luaithe ceum,
Thachair air Garbh an gleann caillich;
An Uidham balaich 'se treun,
Bha 'n fheadail ri taobh na aibhne seimh
- 13 Bheil Fionn sa' choire, no sa chathair?
Cha 'n eil, thuir Luath bheil le caimnt ghrad,
Tha Fionn an Innis fail nan tonn,
Tha fhonn feadh fhiarach is ghlaic,
Tha Fionn an neart gun choimeas,
Chuir Fionn righ an Domhain fo smachd.
- 14 Faic an tarbh beuchae gruamach,
An cum thu air chluais e air raon?
Rug e air an tarbh ge b' alma
Rug Luath bheil air a chluais eile.
- 15 Sgaoilteadh an t-annit cha' b' fhaoin,
A Luath bheil! cha 'n 'eil thu cli;
Ma tha Fionn am brigh mar sud,
'S tearc righ a theid na choir,
- 16 Thogadh Fionn a chreag ud shuas,
Thilgeadh gu luath ris an t-sliabh;
Reubadh e coilltean om' freumhaibh,
Thogadh e cnuc o 'n t-atbair;
- 17 Thionndaidheadh e aibhnichean uisge,
Thionndaidheadh Grian dreusg ghradach;
Dhutha e 'n Domhain le torrunn,
Co dh' fheucha' ri botham a baradh?
Fagam a rioghadh gu luath,
'S truagh teachd fo fheirg sna blaraibh.

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

Q. 5. DUIL MHIC STAIRN RI H-EIRIN. 64 lines.
Stewart's Book. 1813.

- 1 Is tianhaidh nochd Gleann comhann,
Gun ghuth gaotair, a's gun cheol,
Gun fhuaim air Chláraibh nan téud,
Gun uirsgenl Threun, a's gun òl.
- 2 Thosd guth nan Filidh na Mhùr,
Tha muirn a Bhuidhne air sgur,
Nior fhan ach mise na'n deigh,
'S mo chònachd air treisín tur.
- 3 Is mi an sean-fhear gun treoir,
Mar aon Lon leont' anns a choill,
Mar shònn gun snodbach, gun fhàs,
Air chailleadh buidhir, a's daill.

- 4 Cha b'ionann ri linn Mhic Stairn,
Bha abbaist Oisein, 'sa neart,
Bu mhaith a dhimreadh e lann,
Cha b'fhànu a dhorn air a beairt.
- 5 Cha b'amblaidh iar chath nan Sleagh
Fhonn 'sa mheama ri fleagh Fhinn,
'Nuair thionail mu'n Rìgh a Laoich,
'S lasair chraobh ri solus grinn.
- 6 Chaidh silean, a's cuirn mu'n cuairt,
Cha'n fhaicteadh gruaim air gnais,
Agus co-sheirm cheann, a's chlàr,
A' togail àbhachd, a's mùirn.
- 7 Ri Ulann, a's Cairol, a's Raoini,
Labhair Fionn Ghaol gu fòil,
Togaibh Dàin luaidh ar Trein fhir,
A choisin o chein eiln, mar chòir.
- 8 'S ait le Rìgh Lochlain nam buadh
Na Dàin a luaidheas deagh-ghniomh,
'S is taitneach le Fionn an glèus,
Thig air bèus Ghaisgeach na strì.
- 9 Leig mo Rìgh maraon, a's Mac Stairn
Ri b-èisteachd Chlarsach nan tòn,
Bha cùd Cruit, 's dà chaogad Bàrd,
Mu'n dà Ard Rìgh air an Tòm.
- 10 Chaitheadh mar sin an oiche,
Gu soillse maidne sàir-ghil,
'Nuair chluinnteadh caismeachd an stuic,
A' greasadh Fhear Lochlain gu tràigh.
- 11 Nior liosda astar an long,
Ag ascnadh thonn air an leirg,
A's strann-ghaoth Eire fuasnadh,
An Sleisdean thar cuan-shruth-mear.
- 12 A mhnathan na tire a's soir,
A's buidhe folt, 's is geal braghad,
A's tric air muir tabhairt shùl,
'S a tathaich brù na traigh.
- 13 Coisgear re seal ur 'n ionguin,
'S an Cabhlach ag iompaighd nur dàil,
A's subhlach leam sibh ga fhaigrisn
Air fairge mar euu faire.
- 14 Ach 's truagh leam cuid agaibh caoidh,
Nan Saoi math, 's fearr na brathair,
Na leannain caoin, gheal, ciuin,
Nach stiur am feasd long thar bàrluin.
- 15 'S cruaidh leam ur'n airc nu d'heibhinn
Na chaidh an Eirin fudh ùir
Is tursach leam sgàl an con
Air fiadh, na lon nach tabhair suil.
- 16 Is goirt leam an donnal bròin,
A' togail sgeoil d'au caomhainn
Taibhse nan treun bhi sa cheo
'S an saighdean gun seol aonaich.

D. 31. DUAN A GHAIIRIBH.¹ 36 lines.

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

SONG OF GARIBE.

- 1 ARISE! doorkeeper (chief or commander) of the
King's palace;
I see ships innumerable,
The wavy ocean quite full
Of the large ships of the Strangers.
- 2 Doorkeeper you be this Day, and every Hour (in
the Morning),
You Lie (or brings false tidings,) to Day and
always;
It is the Fleet of Moy²
Coming to our Relief.
- 3 There stands a Hero in the Gate of Teira;
A Hero in the Gate of the King of lofty soul;
Who says, that openly (or without Deceit),
He'll lead Captive the Fones of Ireland.

¹ Garibh—Gross robust gigantic man.

² Moy (Maogh)—Appears to be y* name of a place.

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

¹ *dh* sounds *g*.

² Coilte, the son of Ronan, by tradition was one of the Fingalians, and remarkable for his swiftness.

5.—THE DEATH OF CONLAOCH. A.I.M.N.O.V.

THIS is an ancient Aryan story. It was told of Zorab and Rustem in Persia. It was in Marie's Lays (No. 9, ed. 1805, Ellis), written in the early part of the 14th century, in England (Milun, vol. iii. 184, vol. iv. Popular Tales, p. 260.) As part of the Story of Cuchullin, the story was known in Scotland about 1512 (A. 2), and other versions of it are in texts I. 1. M. 2. N. 1. O. V. 2. Y. Z. 34. 52. 59. 60. In all these the main story is that of a son, who is slain in combat by his own father, when he grows up, and comes from his mother to visit him. In the Gaelic ballads Cuchullin, and Conlaoch, his unknown son, are associated with the King of Ulster; the Heroes of the Red Branch, Connul, &c. The heir of Dundalk appears as the love son of a heroine who lived in Skye; and generally all the names agree with Irish history, though the story is British and Aryan.

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

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

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

A. 2. CONNLEIGH Me NO CON. 103 lines.

GILCALUM M'INNOLLAIG IN TUESKAIL SO SEISS.

- 1 Di choala ma fad o hen
Skaill di voneis re cowe
Is traas za haythis gow trombe
Gata mir anuiss orrinn

- 2 Clanni rowre ni braa mawle
Fa chonchor is fa chonnill
Di bur low oyg err wyg
Er hurlar chogew ullytht
- 3 Ga hygh ne hanik ma genn
Fa ullyth leichre vanva
Cath ag waall innoyr ellyth
Dar zymone clannuth rowre
- 4 Hanik hukkith borbe a reith
Ir gurro croith connleith
A zis ni mur glarrith grinn
Oo zowu skayth gow errinn
- 5 Di lawir conchowr re caach
Ca zoveniyn chon in naglath
Di wrea beacht nyn skailith zaa
Gr teachta la harreith woa
- 6 Glossis counil nar lag lawe
Di wrea skailleith diu vackein
Er darve torrin din leich
Cayvelir connil laa connleith
- 7 Ner zoive in leich ra lawyth
Connil freich forranych
Cayd dar sloyd di cawleith less
Aygnyth is bene ri haythis
- 8 Curreith teachtir canni ni conni
Woo hardre ayngneith ulleith
Gow down dalgin zranyth zlyin
Sen down gaylith ni geill
- 9 Woyu down sin di loyr linni
Di zangowne neyn orginn
Teggowss gneive nyn serrith sange
Gow reith feiltlyth ny warrinn
- 10 Dissorych sloyg ullyth gynyth
Teigrowss kow ni creive roye
Mak dettin o zoyg mir howe
Nar ettee teacht dor gowir
- 11 Faddeith or chonchowr riss in gon
Wayghiss gin teacht dar gowir
Is connil surrych nyn stead marryth
In gwrych is keada dor sloygh
- 12 Deakir zoiss wee ym bred
A ir churre er charrit
Ne in raith dole in ayngnyth a lanni
Si taa lar chawleith connil
- 13 Na smein gin dole na zye
A re ni gormlann granole
A lawe croy gin lagga re nacht
Smoyu er heddyth is a gwreith
- 14 Cowchullin nyn sann lanni sleim
Noar a choala turyth connil
Di zlossa la trane a lawe
Di wraa skaille dyn wackawe
- 15 Innis downi er techt id zailli
A raig in tow nar ob tegvail
A liss raa in nawryth zoe
Fiss tarm ka di zowchiss
- 16 Dym zaissew er teacht wom hey
Gin skaili a zinsi zoew
Da ninsin di neach elli
Id zraith zinsin dare
- 17 Corrik rymysith is egin dud
Na skail ainsyth mir charrit
Gawstith zi royg a keyv lag
Ne gail tyigil vin chorrik
- 18 Ach na wea gne dighow nargenn
A honchow aw ne herrin
A lawe zasga in dowss trot
Mo clow wea in nasge aggit
- 19 Heymon and dyr chon a chaill
Ni ta corrik a vanvaill
Na makan di tor a zwn
In daltan croye layveith
C

- 20 Cowchullin is corrik croye
Di wee in lay sen fa zomoye
A invak di marwe less
In ter lat chalm coive zlass
- 21 Innis downi er cove ni glass
O teith fest for naidleis
Tarm is di lonni gi lom
Na terg a zulehin orrin
- 22 Is me conleich m'e nocon
Ir zleith zown dalgin
Is me rown dakgis ym bron
Is tow ag skay di tollwm
- 23 Vii bleyn di waa ma horri
Fylwm zassa wom war
Ni classi ler horcher maa
Waa zessew a vylwm urma
- 24 Smenis cowchullin vor maik
A v'e ne in draich za chow
Gur smeine nar wraik feiltyth in ir
A rey k a chwneth si chateive
- 25 A arwm re corp no con
Di chow is beeg nor skarri
Re fagsin a cowlwoe a zlyn
Gasgeith zownyth dalgin
- 26 Mak sawalti mor a foyme
Ne low ym broin it ta orrin.

Di.

I. 2. BAS CHUIINLAOICH. 444 lines.

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

THE DEATH OF CONLACH.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE following poem is a perfect Tragedy. Conlach, or rather Ciunlach (signifies a mild hero), was a son of Cuchulin, born and brought up by his mother in the Isle of Skye, with whom he mostly resided during his minority. Cuchulin having held the chief command of Conal's army in Ireland during Conlach's minority, prevented his coming to visit his son to Dunscaich so often as he wished. Conlach was disciplined in hunting, eloquence, music, and the art of war, under the tuition of his mother and her friends in Dunscaich during his less age. Before he became a major he turned out to be the bravest hero and the most accomplished warrior in the Hebride Isles. His mother all this time being surprised that Cuchulin took so little notice of his son during his publicity, altho' a natural one, indeed her malignity to send him to Ireland in disguise to see his father, sworn not to tell his father or any person whatever who he was or to whom he belonged, but one who could defeat him in a single combat, she not doubting but he would overcome his father, overturn his authority in that nation and supplant himself in his place and become King of Dunscaich in Scotland and Dundalgin in Ireland. The brave and beautiful Conlach set sail with two hands from Dunscaich to Ireland and arrived near the palace of Conal the King, and pitched their tent upon the shore. Fingal and great many of the nobles of Ireland were feasting in Conal's halls at Conlach's arrival. Conal sent sixteen chosen men to Conlach to inquire after his news, and to invite him to his halls, who, upon refusal, encountered him one by one, but were all defeated and bound upon the shore. Dall, who watched the shore, went to Conal and told him how it had happened to his men at the shore; whereupon Conal set off and addressed himself to Conlach surprisingly pretty, requested his news and who he belonged to, which the noble youth durst not discover on account of his oath or promise to his mother. They at last engaged, and Conal is defeated. A scout arrived from Cuchulin, who was stationed at Dundalgin, with whom intelligence is conveyed back of Conal's defeat. Cuchulin set off in a tremendous career towards the shore where the mighty Conal lay vanquished, to whom he addressed himself with the highest encomiums, and likewise to the brave and beautiful stranger whom he strenuously pressed to disclose his embassy and tell who he was, and what place or people he belonged to, which the brave stranger durst not make known until defeated. The invincible and intrepid Cuchulin unwillingly engaged his only son, who

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

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

BAS CHUIINLAOICH.

- 1 Gur e so an t-ursgeul fior,
'S ann leamsa gu sior is cumhain;
Ann latha bhla sinn gu muirneach,
A steach air urlar Cuig Ulann.
- 2 Maille ri Conal an t-sloigh,
Bha 'n t Oskar og, is Rìogh Tuire;
Is Clann or-bhuigh Rìogh na magh,
Is Clann Rìogh Loitheann, is Ruridh.
- 3 Gun do dh' iucas ann ar dail,
Gach laoch a b' fhearr bhla'n tir Chonail;
Na Luthaich is laoch na Mithibh,
Agus Fionn gaolach Mae Cumhail.
- 4 Dh' iucas iad oirnn o gach taobh,
Ar maithibh caoin-gheal gun tiorna;
Gu teach lua'-ghaireach an Rìogh,
Gun casbhuidh air ni ach snighe.
- 5 Labhair Conal Thonna-gorma,
Biodh gairdeach am ghra dh' a fhlaithibh;
Seinnibh caithream buaidh gach fìlidh,
'S orain bhinne fea' mo Thalla.
- 6 An flica' sa raibh fleagh am aros,
Deamh abhachd agus iomairt;
Cuiribh an t slige mun cuairt duinn,
Biodh eibhneas air gruaidh gae mithi'.
- 7 O bhadaibh! seinnibh na dusna,
Cluinnibh an slaugh ar lua'-ghaire;
Co'i-fhreagradh cregan, is glantaighd,
Do choi'-sheirm cheann is clàraibh.
- 8 Mar sin duinne subhach, solach,
Ag eisteachd ceol san teach eibhinn;
Fea' an lo sin, is na h' oiche,
Gus na shoilleis madainn ghle-gheal.
- 9 Chunnag sinn air bharra chuanaidh,
Eibheis luath, mar can air faire;
Sgoitadh gach tonn mar a dh' eiridh,
Toirt gu tir nam fèara dana.
- 10 Triuir laoch calma, talmhaidh, treorach,
'S am falt oir mun guallean arda;
Mac samhail cho' n fhaca 'n iorgail,
Bha coi'-chumit 'an neart' s an aille.
- 11 Bha diais dh' 'n uigheam Oglaoch,
'S am fear coir fui' chlogaidh stailin;
Bha clòidheamh ra leis ro an-mhor
Is sleagh mar chran luing ra ghairdein.
- 12 Shuithich iad pubull do 'n toinnte,
Air carraig luim fui' ar comhuidh;
An triuir sin an uigheam catha,
Bu mhaith gabbail ri h-uchd comhraig.
- 13 Dh' fhiosraich Conal do 'n chle'-armach
Bu dea-labhrach ann 'sgach co'ail;
Co reachadh a ghabhail sgeula,
Do 'n triuir chentach thaing oirne.
- 14 Do fhreagair e laoch na Mitheadh,
'S na Luthaich bu bhinne comhradh;
Theid sinne dh' fhagbail an sgeula,
Chonail fheilidh, ma sa deonach?
- 15 'S deonach leamsa Chlanna curaidh,
A fhuair urram ann sna blarabh;
Bha gu h' iochdar, fèilidh, soghrach,
Do gach onrachdan nuair b' àrrach.

- 16 Ghluais sea-deug dhin chum na tràdhadh,
Gu mairneach, badhach, fàill-labhar,
'S bheannaich iad do 'n Mhacai' uasol,
Bha ur-shnuadhar, mar an t-earach.
- 17 Labhair Beuldearg bu bhinn comhra',
Chuir Conal cro' sinn gu d' fheuchainn;
Fhìr is maille rosg, is aill thu,
No mhadainn air earr an t-sleibhe.
- 18 Co thu fein, no cia do dhuthaich,
No cia 'n Tur an d' fhuair thu t'arach;
Ciod a ghluais thu gu rioghachd Eireann,
Thair na cuanta', beucach, cair-gheal?
- 19 Shud dh' iarr Conal oirne fheoraich,
'S tu dhol comhla ruinn gu a ros;
A chaitheadh na fìe' le uaislean,
Is a dh' eisdeachd dhuana bha' bhinn.
- 20 Cho 'n fhead mise idir innsadh,
Co mi fein no cia mo mhuintir;
Aith do laoch d' an iul ann spair-meachd,
Mo dhi-armach, is mo chiumbheach.
- 21 Mar a feud tha oagain fhiar-ghlain,
Dhuinne innsadh ach mar labhair
Air tus chaich do bheiream d' fheuchbainn,
Air tu fein a chur fui' cheangal.
- 22 Dh' eirich an t-Ogen, is Beuldearg,
Air a cheile 'n spoimeachd ghàbhaidh;
'S na cara cian taobh na tuinne,
Leagadh Mac Luthaich fui' shailtean.
- 23 Chuir e a chaol fui' n aon rithe,
An lathair na Mithich threuna;
'S an croidhe gabhail le ain-teas.
Gun do cheangladh leis am Beuldearg.
- 24 Chomhraig iad o fhear gu fear,
An laoch nach nach roibh meat ann t-eug-bhail;
Is chuireadh fui' chuibhreach laidir
Leis an Arman an t-sea deug ud.
- 25 Daol a bha faire na tuinne,
Air an eireadh buinnean arda;
Ghluais e gu lua' dh' ionnsuidh Chonail,
'S dh' airis e mar so mar tharladh.
- 26 Tha Mithich nan steuda, meara,
'S na Luthaich is nimhe 'n combrag;
Sea-deng dhiu fui' chuibhreach gabhaidh,
Aig a bhan laoch ud na onrachd.
- 27 'S mor is measa no bhi mbarbh dhoibh,
Bhi di' - armaicht' aig aon duine;
Eirich a Chonail chaoimh, bhaghaich,
'S fuasgail air do chairdean uile.
- 28 Do ghluais Conal, 's cha bu lag lamh,
Dhol a ghabhail sgeul do 'n Mhacai':
A thoirt fuasglaidh do 'n bha' 'n bruid,
Gun earadh roi' thruid, no gealtachd.
- 29 Is bheannaich e gu binn, oscar,
Do dh' Ogan nam bosa calma;
Teas-ghradh dda do las na chroidhe,
Ge do bha na Mithich ceansaicht.
- 30 Fhìr mhoir thainig air lear oirnn,
Las teas am chroidhe le gradh dhuit;
Tha t fholt mar or no gath greine,
Loinneadh air na sleibhte lamh-ruinn.
- 31 Tha do chruth mar ghagan ghleantaibh,
Ann teas samhraidh fui' bharr aille;
'Scaol do mhala, 's ciuin do rosgan,
Mar fhann oisnach ghaoith air faire.
- 32 Mar chrann fui' bhlat tha do ghruidhean,
'S fhada buan do shlios a Churaidh;
Do shuil mar dhealt air magh sleibhe,
'S deirge do bheil no na sughan.
- 33 Do dheud mar ur-shneachd air gheugan
Mar aital do 'n ghreine air magh thu,
Ogain chaoimh-ghil nan dual ar-bhuidh,
'S mor a dh' fhas re, 's math am baile.
- 34 So dhuit anois bri' mo sgeise,
'S math do ghluiomh a threine, 's do ghabhail;
Ciod a ghluais u o d' theach comhaidh,
Mas ann do 'm chonamh, 's mor m' aidhear.
- 35 Do thainig mise 'n iochd teachdair,
Dh' fhiosracha' dhìot co do dhaoine;
Co u fein, no cia do chairdean,
No cia 'n t-aite 'n d' fhuair u t' fhaol'm?
- 36 Sin a ni nach fendam innsadh,
Ach do neach bheir dhìom e reiginn;
No 'n innsin o neach sa chala,
Do dh' fhear a ghabhail, cho 'n curainn.
- 37 So Rìogh Ulann, 's Thonna gorma,
Is aon laoch borbaidh na h-Eiricann;
No ceill do sgeul ormsa mhillidh,
Ge mor do ghluiomh ann an t-eug-bhail.
- 38 Mo sgeula cho 'n fheadar innsadh,
A chonail na mìl' catha,
Co mi fein o 'n tha fui' gheusan,
Gus an toir treis dhìom e dh' aindeoin.
- 39 'S mis is urrainn sin, is fencham,
Do radh Conal treun, is ghlaic e;
'S mi tras laoch gaisgidh an domhain,
'S cho d' fhuair coimheach rianh mi ghaicte.
- 40 Thug iad na suinn ceud car calma,
Taobh na fairg air chadalach min-gal;
Chluinnt' an sraoinich thair na cnocan,
Is fathrum an cos bu mhileant.
- 41 Leagadh Conal leis an treum laoch,
Chuir gun chreuchd fui' chuibhreach chaic e;
Rinneadh sud is cha bu chruaidh air,
Air sgath a chuain ruaidh 's na tràdhadh.
- 42 Do ghluais teachdaire o Chuchulain,
A dh' ionnsuidh Chonail ghil ghradhach;
Rìogh Ulann, caomh uasal, greadhnach,
O shean Dun faoilidh nan gaidheal.
- 43 Sin an Dun a thurladh leinn,
Do cheart ain-deoin Mor 'n igh 'n Torr-gaill,
Leis na faoilich, shaoithreach, sheang,
Bu nimhneach, meannach san torr-ghail.
- 44 Nuair chunnaig Conal an Luthar,
Labhair e gu ciuin mar b' abhaist;
Tha mise fui' chuibhreach coimheich,
Mar nach raibheas riamh ri'm laithe.
- 45 Toir fios gu Cuchulain namsa,
Gus an Dun ud urad aluin;
Gu Dundalgain grìanach geal,
'Se sean Dun ciatfàch nan gaidheal.
- 46 Mo dhilsein coibhreach am eignin,
Mo Dhalta treun is trom armaibh;
Innis dho gu bheil gu' m leireadh,
Fui' chuibhreach an trein laoiach chalma.
- 47 Do ghluais Luthar nan ceum ca-trom,
Gu Cuchulain treun na cithe;
'S dh' airis e mar sin le fuathas,
Mar tharladh do 'n t slagh sa chithe.
- 48 Tha Conal suaice nan steud mear,
Is sia fir dheug da shluagh cuibhricht';
A Cuchulain nan arm troma,
Eirich-cobhair air do mhuintir.
- 49 'S baoghalach dhamh dol an dail,
Na laimh leis na cheangladh Conal;
Maille ra Mithich, 's na Luthaich,
'S an-fheilidh, cuthaich an coimbeach.
- 50 No smuaintich gun dol na dhail,
A laoiach nan gorm shile suilbhir;
A lamh threun gun eagal roi' neach,
Cuimhnich t Aid, is e ann cuibhreach.
- 51 Ni 'n cuis duinne bhi fui' mhein,
Fo nach fuasgladh air ar caraid;
Fhìr mhoir gun laigse nach meat,
Nach cuimhnich ar t Aid' ann carraid.

- 52 An nair a chuala Cu nan cleas,
An luadh sin air cuibhreach Chonail;
Ghluais an laoch le neart is danachd,
A thabhairt sgeula do 'n Choinneach.
- 53 Ruigh e siar le tartar namhann,
'S fuaimneach arm mar spiorad Loda¹;
Sgaoileadh gioraig is crith clatha,
Fea' an rathaid gu grad chomhrag.
- 54 No mar mhiltidh tonn a beucaich,
Ann stoirn eitidh ri slios carraig;
B' amhail fuaimneach, arm, 's a luirich,
'S air a ghnais bha d'uallach catha.
- 55 Bha cloidheamh liobhaidh a dealradh,
Toigt' an ard an laimh a churaidh;
'S na gaoithibh srannar a ghuasad,
A chiabh air snuadh sreothadh buinne.
- 56 No cnuic air gach taobh dhe' chrithnich,
Chlisg an t slighe fuid' a chosain;
Las a shuillean dh' at a chroidhe,
B'an-fheilidh a chith 's choslas.
- 57 Failte dhuitsa Chonail cheutaich,
'S iomad cead a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;
Ge do tha u 'n diu' fuid' cheangal,
Aon laoch ràthaid gun bhi leointe.
- 58 Sgaoilte do chliu ann 's gach am,
Air ceithir randaine an domhain;
'S measa no bhi marbha laoch,
Thu bhi fuid' chuibhreach faoin aig coimheach.
- 59 Tha do ghruidh mar aiteal sleibhe,
Do dhreach gu leir mar an cothar;
Aid nasail an aigneadh fheilidh,
'S mi nach curadh tigh 'n do d' chabhair.
- 60 A dhaltain is buirb an comhrag,
Decis is doghrinneach do natur;
Duisg do ghaisgedh, faic an laoch so,
Fiosraich dhe' cia 'n taobh a thainig.
- 61 Bheamaich Cuchulain do 'n Macaoidh,
Chliuthaich e ghaisgedh, is aille;
An gloir bhinn, mar chomhra' fliidh,
'S theasaich a chroidhe le grad dha.
- 62 Oganaich a thainig an ceun,
'S maith do ghnìomh, a threun laoch chalma;
'N tra' chuir u na seachd fir dheuga,
Fuid' chuibhreach, gun chreuchd le arma.
- 63 Tha aon choi' aille na h-Eireann,
Air do cheann mar shleibhte baraich;
'S cinin, fuita, fearail leam t urladh,
Tha 'n cliu' san a nasgaidh agad.
- 64 Tha do chruth san traidh a soillseadh,
Mar ghealach ri oi'che shaimhe;
A teachd roi' na neula bailbe,
'S amhail do shnuadh sa choill bhlathor.
- 65 'S e'm adhbharas theachd an ceun,
Dh' fhiosrachadh dhiot fein, do chomhnuidh;
Co thu fein, agus cia t Athair,
No ceilse ni 's faide oirne.
- 66 Gensan thainig leam o'm theach,
Mo sgeula chumail, os isosal;
Na 'n airisinn do neach eile,
'Sann do d' ghnais arraid a dh' insinn.
- 67 Comhrag a bheirteas tu uait,
Neo do sgeul mar eharaid dhamhsa;
Gu d' rodhain chighe boga,
Cho ni dhuith taghadh gu'm chomhrag.
- 68 Mo gheusan ri tigh 'n air lear,
Mo sgeula chleith, ach air buadhar;
No'n insinn e neach thair sàile,
'Sann do d' ghnais arraid a luadhain.
- 69 Do sgeul na t arragaill, O fhir!
Do radh 'n treun, air chriuth fuid' luirich;
Le d' gheusan, is t aurra bhreugaich,
No h eur innseadh, mas beud duinn.
- 70 Fuid' gheusan tha mis' o'm theach,
Gun do neach mo sgeula airis;
No 'n insinn e neach gun chomhrag,
Fear do chomhraidh leam a b aithridh.
- 71 Comhrag 's fheudar dhuith thoirt uait,
No gu luath do sgeul thoirt dhamhsa;
Gu d' rodhain a gheugag bhog,
Cho chiall duit taghadh gu'n choi' stri.
- 72 Sin a ni nach feud mis' ailis,
An deidh gealladh thoirt do 'm Mhathair;
Co mi fein, no cia mo dhuthaich,
No cia 'n Tur an d' fhuair mi 'm arach.
- 73 Comhrag riumsa 's fheudar dhuitsa,
No fios t' ainm is t aite comhnuidh;
Gabhs' do rodhain a ghiallan boga,
'S cho chiall duit taghadh gu 'm chomhrags'.
- 74 Tri fìchid agus cuig ceud,
Is mile treun, cho bhreng dhamhsa;
Nach deachaidh slan d' an teach,
Da'n d' thug mi comhrag am ònar.
- 75 Is thug mi deothaidh bu d'ualleadh,
Comhrag do 'n fhear lia' Mac Damhain;
An deidh fir lea' nan arma deas,
Innis do sgeul agus ailis.
- 76 Mo sgeula cho 'n fheud mi innseadh,
Ach ao neach bheir dhìom e'n comhrag;
Na 'n innsin do neach tha 'n Eirinn;
Do dh' fhear h eugaigse bu deonach.
- 77 O'n thug u freitich nach innseadh,
Co do thir, no cia do chomhnuidh;
Tog bo ghat! Is nochd do ghnìomha,
Onach eil do d' dhi ach comhrag.
- 78 Chuaidh iad ann an dail a cheile,
Na trein bu docair ann comhrag;
Gach gaoth neartachadh an saothreach,
Ruilean baatha, beucaich, dòbhaidh.
- 79 Gu cuidreach, eudthromach, beinneach,
Bha na trein mar thuinn sa bhairich;
Gan ruagadh le stoirn toirt nuallain,
Air earraig chruaidh meaghan bàire.
- 80 B'amhail sin a ghealach na Suinn so,
Chloint fuaim an loinn 's gach aite;
Falcath feuchainn lu'chleas gaisgidh,
Le minig na chasradh nàmhau.
- 81 Chuaidh an sgiathan breac a bhla' de,
Chuaidh an cloidheamh gorm a bhearnadh;
Chuai' an sleaghan fada, liobhaidh,
A chabadh 'san stri bu ghabhaidh.
- 82 Chuai' a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,
Gu neo' meinnach, 's gu cruai' ghnìomhach;
'S fhuair a Macan grunn a lot,
Le Daltan a chatha mhilidh.
- 83 Thuit e mar ghiusach san fhasach,
An t iùran àluinn le fathram;
Gun fhios, thug a charraig fuaim uath,
Chrithich, agus ghluais an talamh.
- 84 A mhac an t thainig a steach,
'S ann leanas rinneadh do chreucadh;
Is gearr gus an togar do leac,
No ceil' am feast co u fein duinn.
- 85 Innis dhamhsa 'nois gulom,
O na tharladh dhuith am àrach;
Co u fein, no cia t ainm,
No cia an taobh as an d' thainig.
- 86 B' fhrasda dhuith m' aithneacha fein,
A Cuchulain an t slios àluinn;
Nuair thilginn ort, gu fiar faun,
A t sleagh an comhair a h-àra.
- 87 Gur mi Connlaoh, Mac Cuchulain,
Oighre dligheach Dun-Dealgainn;
'S mi 'n run a dh' fhag tu am bruid,
Ann Danseach g'am iomsach.
- 88 Ficead bliadhna dhamh, 's tir shoire,
A foghlum gaisgidh agus comhrag;
O! 'sann leatsa thuit do Mhac,
Do 'n chleas a bha dh' èusbhuidh fho' lum.

¹ This Spirit of Loda here appears for the first time in a manuscript.

- 89 Mìle mallachd aig do Mhathair,
Gu Dunscaich laun do chealg;
'Se mhead 'sa bha lochda' inte,
A dh' fhag t fhuil na liantidh dearg.
- 90 Rì' gur diombach mise 'm Mhathair,
Oir si chuir ormsa na geusan;
'Sa chuir mi a dh' fheuchainn m' fhullaing,
Riutsa Chuchulain nan cleasan.
- 91 A Chuchulain chaoimh, ehneas-ghil,
Leis am brisear gach birnn ghàbhaidh;
Nach feuch thus', is mi gun anam,
Cia dhin lamh mum bheil am fainne.
- 92 Glac an t sleagh fhulangach laidir,
As mo laimhse laoiach gun tioma,
Glac sin is mo chloidheamh cruadhach,
Tana cruaidh is snuaghar liobhadh.
- 93 Glac thusa iad sin maraon,
Le d' chloidheamh caol rìghinn, aghor;
An sgiath chorcair th' air mo dhriom.
Mo chlogaid-cinn, 's mo chrann-àra.
- 94 'S truagh an aithne rinn n ormsa,
Athair uasal uaibhrich ghradhach;
Nuair th'grinn òrt gu fiar fann,
An t sleagh an comhair a h eara.
- 95 O na chreachdadh mi 's ann traidh,
Athair ghraidh, tha bas am clinseal;
Ulmhaich dhamhsa, leac is uais,
Air an tulaich uaine fhuir-ghlain.
- 96 Thuit Cuchulain air a bhlar,
Gun luth 'n cois no 'n laimh gun chrenchdà;
Do mheathadh aigneadh le goith,
Is chaill e chuimhne 'sa cheatfuidh.
- 97 Bha Cuchulain, a chloidheamh chruaidh
'S ann la sin tiom, truagh, an-eibhinn;
'Sa Mhac fein air torchairt leis,
An t shaor shlat chalma, chaomh, chentach.
- 98 'S mise Cuchulain nan cleasan
A chuir na geusan mo laogh namsa;
No ceilidh air na fir fheachda,
Gur h-ann dhamhsa 's deacair truaighe.
- 99 Gur mi Cuchulain na ceardach,
Dalta Chonail, àrd-Rìogh Ulann;
No ceilidh air luchd an Tuire,
Nach mise dh' uraich a mulad.
- 100 A mharbh mo Mhacan caomh aluin,
B' fhearr ann gàbhadh tu na chunnaig;
Na' m bithidh mo mhac a lathair,
Cha bhithinn mar tha co dubhach.
- 101 Do tha clòidh' nean is sgiath Chiuinlaoiach,
Thall air an rùgh, a sìor dhealradh;
Mi g' an caoidh mar seneh mar sin,
Bhi gun chaomh, gun Mhac gun bhrathair.
- 102 Gur maith do na Loithre bnaadhach,
Gur fearr do dh' naise na h Alla;
Gur maith do dh' aon neach air thalamh,
Nach h iad bu bharant gud mharbhadh.
- 103 Gur maith do 'n fhear liath Mac Damhain,
Nach e bu cheannas ri d' mharbhadh;
Nach e flunair mar shéud ghointe,
An sgiath choreair, is an laun so.
- 104 'S truagh nach ann an crìochaibh, Edailt
Ann 's na Bènga' no san Isbein;
No ann an rìoghachd na Soracha,
Do thorachaireadh thus a dhìlseinn.
- 105 'S truagh nach ann a Muthann Laithre,
Nan Laithre nan lanna caola;
Na 's na Cruachanadh braga bladhar,
A thuiteadh mo Chiuinlaoch caomhsa.
- 106 Nan tuiteadh tu ann an Laogham,
Ann cathan ghaigeach, is mhillidh;
Cho ghabhain asad mar eiric,
Cuig ceud do chlanna Mhic Rìoghraidh.

- 107 Chuala mi, 's fada uaith sin,
Sgula bu chosmhail ri cumha;
Bhi ga h airis leom gu trom,
Gun chiall, gun chonn air tulaich.
- 108 A Chonnlaoich ud chaoimh mo charaid,
Is mairg mi ghearmaich do shaothal;
Na' m bitheadh tu Chiuinlaoiach agam,
Cho bhithinn a noc am aonar.
- 109 Na' m bithinn, s mo Chonnlaoich caomh,
Comhla' 'g iomairt chleusa, calma;
Bh' circamaid geill o thuinn gu tuinn,
Do dh' fhearadh Eireann is Albann.
- 110 Och is ochain! a Mhic dhileis,
Mo thuras o Chricioha Ulann;
Dholt a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,
Ochain! gur a cruaidh am fulang.
- 111 Och agus och! nan och eithre,
'S truagh mo thuras chum na beinne;
Faoighe mo Mhic, san dara laimh,
Agus airm ann 's an laimh eile.

Kilbrandon, 1st of May, 1785.

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

Edinburgh, 28th January, 1806.

This is the manuscript, mentioned as Manuscript 1st in the List of Gaelic Poems; relative letter and certificates to Henry Mac Kenzie, Esq., dated 27th inst., and this day certified by me, and given in to the Highland Society of Scotland.

DUNCAN KENNEDY.

M. 2. MARBHADH CHONLAOICH LE CUTH-ULLIN, ATHAIR FEIN. 120 lines.

NUAIR chaidh Cuth-ullin do dh' Eirinn, dh' fhag e a bhean, d' an gair cuid Aofe, an Dun-scàthaich san Eilein Sciathanach, torrach air Chonnlaoich. Nuair thainig a mac gu foirfeachd, chuir i dhìomnsaidh athar e: ach chuir i fòr gheasaidh e, nach innseadh e re bliana co e. Ann lorg so a dhiultadh, bhual athair e leis a *Ghath-bhulga*, no *bhuilg*, a dh' ionnsuich Aofe dha fein, ach a dhearmaid i ionnsachadh do Chonnlaoich, agus leis amba ghnà leo conhrag ann nìsg. Deirir gu 'n tìgheadh Connlaoich na gathan air athair ann coinne an earra, ach nach do thuig se e, agus mar sin gu 'n do mharbh e a mhac fein.

- 1 CHUALAS air fada o shean,
Sòt-secul a bhuineadh re m' chuimhne,
La bhi mi gu tuirseach trom
Air an taobhsa dh' Innse-roghuill.
- 2 Clanna Ruraibh na 'm breath mall,
O thigh! Chonchair 's o thigh Chonuill,
Le 'n ur chlainn oig air na maghaibh,
'S iad air urlar Chuige Ulunn.
- 3 Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n d'thigeadh 'nar ceann
Fior laoch Ula, s' nìor bhrèath theann,
Gar an' tìgheadh oirn a aon bhall eile
Thoir diombuaidh do Chlanna Ruraibh.²
- 4 Tigidh chugainn am borb fhraoch
Aucuraidh crotanta Connlaoich,
Do fhios na 'm fear gradhach grinn,
O Dhun-scathaich gu h Eirinn.
- 5 Labhair Conchair re each,
Co gheabh sinn chum an og-laoidh,
A thoir beul do sgeula dh'e,
'S gu 'n teachd le h àra uaidhe?
- 6 Ghluais Conuill nach lag lamh,
Do ghabhail secula d' an ogran,
Mar dhearbhadh air toradh an laoidh
Cheangladh Conuill le Connlaoich.
- 7 Greasair chugainn ar fir laoch'or
Gu Connlaoich fraoch'or furanach;
Ceud d' ar sluaigh a cheangladh leis;
'S iongua sin 's is buan r'a innseadh.

¹ Thaobh.

² Chlannaibh-Rurudh.

- 8 Chuaidh teachdaireachd gu ceann na 'n conn
O Ard Rìgh iongnaidh Uhuinn,
Gu Dun-dealgann griannach glan,
Seann Dun eallach na 'n Gaidheal.
- 9 An Dun sin a leaghar libh,
O Mhà aon nighean Nì Mhorguill,
Gu 'n deach gnìomh saor na 'n steud mear
Gu Rìgh faillteach na 'm fear.
- 10 Do fhios na h Ula uaine
Tigidh Cuth na Craobh-ruidhe,
Mac deud-ghèal is gruaidh mar shugh
Nach d' eithich teachd 'nar conhair.
- 11 Labhair Conchair ris a Choin,
'S fhada bha thu gan teachd d' ar feachainn
Is Connall suirreach na 'n steud mear
Ann cuibhreach uainn is ceud d' ar sluaghaibh.
- 12 'S oil leinn am bith uainn aon bruid,
Na fìr a chabhradh air an cairdibh;
Aich nì 'n reidh dhol a shìneadh lann
Ris an tì leis 'n do cheangladh Connall.
- 13 Na smuainich gan dol na choinne,
Lamh na 'n geur arm grainne'il,
Lamh nach làgadh roinnh neach
Cuimhnich t Oide is e 'n cuibhreach.
- 14 Cuth-Ullin an lamh nach sliom,³
Re cuimhneach air cuibhreach Chonuill,
Ghluais e le treine a lann,
Ghabhail secula d' an ogan.
- 15 Innis duinne, re teachd a d' dhail,
Labhair an Cuth 's nìor ghabh teagmhail,
O shlios Rìgh an abhraid duinn,
Fios do shìlaine, 's cia do dhuthaich.
- 16 Geasan orm air teachd o 'm theach,
Gu 'n secula thabhairt do dh' aoidhe,
Na 'n tugadh do dh' aon neach eile,
Do d' dhreachsa bheireadh gu h araidh.
- 17 Comhrag is eigin duit,
No secula thabhairt mar charaid;
Gabh do roghainn a chiahb bog,
Cha chiall toghaidh dhuit ga m' chomhrag.
- 18 Chum a chomhraig mar bu treun
Chaidh an Cuth 's a mhac fein:
A mhac fein gu 'n d' fhuair a ghluin,
Le daltanaibh cruaidhe cath-bheura.
- 19 Innis duinn, ars Cuth na 'n cleas,
O tharladh tu chaoidh' fòl m' ailleas
Fios t' ainm no do shìlaine gu lom,
'S na triall dol ga fholach uainn.
- 20 'S measa na sin mar thachair dhuit,
Aon Choin nìr agh-mhoir,
A ghaisgich aird air thus truid;
Truaidh mo lus a bhith agad an-asgaidh.
- 21 Mise Connlaach Mac a Choin,
Oighre dlìgheach Duin-tigh-dealgann,
An Run a dh' fhaig thu 'm broinn gu 'n fhios,
Ann Dun-scàthaich ga m' fhoglam.
- 22 Seachd bliàna san tìr sin
Ag foghlam guisge o m' mhathair,
An cleas leis 'n do thorchradh mì
Bu dheas damb fhoghlam uaidhe.
- 23 Thoir thusa leat mo shleg
Agus buain an sciath so diom-sa,
'S thoir leat mo chloideamh cruadhach,
Lann fhuair mì air a lìomhadh.
- 24 Thoir mo mhallachd gu mo mhathair,
O 's i chairich mì fòl gheasaibh,
Is chuir mì an lathair m' fhuluing,
Cuth-ullin, b' ann le do chleasaibh.
- 25 Cuth-ullin chaoimh chrios-ghil,
Leis am breisear gach bearn ghaibh,⁴
Nach amhaire thu is mì gun aithne,
Cia meur mu 'm bheil am faine.

³ Tìom.⁴ Chaithe.

- 26 'S ole a thuigeadh tusa namsa,
Athair naise ain-meinich,⁵
Gur mì thilgheadh gu fann fiar,
An t sleagh coinne a h earlain.
- 27 Nuair chunnaire an Cuth air dol eug
A mhac air call a choi-bheum,
Air smuainteach air failte an fhir,
Chail e a chuimhne 's a cheutfaidh.
- 28 Cuth-Ullin ge b' ard a chail,
Gu 'n d' isich sud triall da enoir,
A mhac fein a thorchradh leis
An t saor-shlat choranta choi-dheis.
- 29 Na 'm mairthinns' is Connlaach slàn,
Ag iomairt air chleas aon comhlàn,
Chuireadhmaid cath formadach treun
Air fearaibh Alba agus Eirinn.
- 30 Dh' iath umam ceud cumha,
Mì bhi dubhach nì h iongnadh,
O m' chomhrag re m' aon mhac,
Mo chreuchda a nochd is ioma.

N. 1. TEACHT CONNLAOICH GO HEIRINN.

Miss Brooke's Irish version of this lay will be found at page 265 of the originals of the Heroic Poems. 1789. Dublin. For lack of Irish type and space, I omit this version. 184 lines.

O. 10. BAS CHONLAOCH. 112 lines.

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

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

- 1 CHUALA 's cha 'n fhada o sin,
Sgeul a dhuinne le comha;
Cha 'n athraisear leam ach trom,
An tì a Shaor sinn fhin a thoirra.
- 2 Clanna Ruro nam breth mall, (cal cam),
O thir Chonchair gu tìr Chonnuaill;
Le 'n ur clann aig Rìgh na Magh,
Is iad air Urlar Chuigullin.
- 3 Nam b' e gu 'n tigeadh nar dail,
Fìr Ullinn Laoich uarbhaidh ard, cal-merbhi,
Teachd a dh' aindeoin air an taobh eile,
Mar dhiom buaidh ri Clanna Ruro.
- 4 Nan tigeadh oirm am borh laoch,
An curuidh calma Conlaoch;
A dh' fhios gach modh a ghnathnich leinn,⁵
O Dhun sgathaich gu Eirinn.
- 5 Gu 'n labhair Conchar ri cagh,
Co chuireadh sibh an dail an Ogan;
A ghabhail beachd mo sgeul dheadh,
G'an tiglin le eura uath.
- 6 Ghluais Cormull, cha lag lamh,
A ghabhail sgeul dhe 'n mhacan;
Ge b' ann a thoireadh nan Laoch,
Cheangla Connall le Conlaoch.
- 7 Beir fios gas gach Laoch mear lan,
An coinneamh gach fraoch fear furain;
Ceud g'ar sloigh cheangladh leis,
B' iogmadh sid, bu mhor ri aithris.
- 8 Teachdaireachd air cheann nan con,
Gu ard Rìgh Aonach Ullin;
Gu Dun griannach dealgach glan
Leann tìr ceallach nan Gael.
- 9 An Dun sin a bhuidhicheadh leibh,
A dh' aindeoin air Nian Thoirgi;
Air gnìomh saor nan steud each seang,
Bh' aig rìgh faoilteach nan fearran.

⁵ Anmainich.

- 10 Gu 'm b' aill leinn a bhi fo bhráidibh,
Fo 'n tí a dh' fhuasgladh air a charaid;
Cha reith dol an tionsgladh lann,
Leis an fhear a cheangladh Connall.
- 11 Na smaonaich gu 'n dol 'na dhail,
A laoch nan gorm shuilleán tla;
A lann threun gun cagal ro neach.
- 12 Cuimhnich air h-oidé 'se cuibhreach,
Nis o 'n thainig mi 'nad Dhail;
Mar bha laoch na h'ol an tughbail,
A shlios redh an earra bhain.
- 13 Co thu fein no co do rioghachd?
Tha Geasan ormsa o m' theuch,
Gu 'n sgeul a thoirt g' dh' aon neach,
Nan tugainn do neach fo 'n ghrein,
B' ann do d' dhreachsa araidh.
- 14 Comhrag 's eigin duit thoirt uath,
No sgeula innseadh mar charaid;
Gabh do roghainn a chhiabh bhog,
Cha chiall duit tagha gun' comhrag.
- 15 Ghluais na laoch an dail a chile,
Bu tearc torra na lann meine;
A mhac fein thorcha leis,
An Ealtuinn chruaidh chathara.
- 16 A mhic gabh thairis do sgeul,
O'n tharladh ort fein mo dhíoma;
'S gearr gus an togar a leachd,
Na ceil a nis do thíomna.
- 17 Buin thusa leat mo sheagh,
Is thoirrean an sgeul sin uamsa;
Tog leat mo chlaideamh crotach,
Lann threun a shíl air a líomha.
- 18 A Chuchullin, a chríosaín chruinn ghil,
Leis am bristeadh gach beum gabhaidh;
Nach amhairc thu s' mi g' an aithne,
Co am meur ma'm bheil am faine?
- 19 'S ole thuigeadh tusa uamsa,
Athair Uasail anmeine;
Mi thuigeadh gu fiar fann,
An t-sleagh an comhar a h-earlínn.
- 20 'S mise Conlaoch Mac nan Con,
Oighre dligheach Dhundealgain;
An ruin dh' fhaig thu na broinn,
'S mi 'n Dun sgathach gam fhoghúinn.
- 21 Seachd bliadhna dhomh an Dantuil,
Ag Foghlum gaisge o mhathair;
An cleas leis na thorcha mí,
'S mi fo gheasaibh a dh' fhoghnúinn uaithe.
- 22 Beir mo mhallachd fein do m' mhathair,
O'n 'si charaich mí fo gheasaibh;
O'n 'si chuir mí 'n lathair m' fhulang,
A Chuchullin, b' ann fo d' chleasaibh.
- 23 Anam 's críde na Con
G'a bhron cha mhór nach do sgar;
An t-oglach ciallach glan,
An gaisgeach ur a' Dundalgainn.
- 24 Conlaoch caomh mo charaidsa,
'S mairg mí a ghiorraich a shaothal;
Nann bitheadh Conlaoch agamsa,
Cha bhithinn an nochd a' m' aonar.
- 25 Nam bithinnse is Conlaoch caomh,
Ag iomairt chleas air aon taobh;
Chuireamaid gu tarabearthach treun,
Air fearaibh Alb is Eirín.
- 26 'S mise leannan na craobh ruaidhe,
Leannan íoghná 's Ullín;
Innis a luchd mantra,
Gur mise Cuchullín.
- 27 Chuchullín a chridhe chruaidh,
Gu bheul an nochd fo dhíomnaidh;
Bhí faicinn a Mhic ga chleth cal gadhí,
Gun chaill e cheut 's chuimsa.

- 28 Togamaid leinn airm an fhir,
Claidhé 's giath Chonlaoch ghil;
Bheir sinn treis ga chaidh mar sin,
Mar bhean gun Mhac gun bhrathair.

* Wrote this poem from the recitation of John Macdonald of Dalchosnie, Bunrannoch, who learned it sixty years ago and more from Donald Stuart, alias Donald ruadh, Mac Aonais ruaidh, resident at Jempar, Dalchosnie. March 6, 1894.—A. IRVINE.

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

Mac Callum, page 144.

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

ROIMH-RADH.

Tha eachdraidh Chuchullin no charbad a' toirt dearbhadh dhuinn gu 'n robh e na fhear-cogaidh curanta, crodha, calma, treun. Bha mac aige ri leannan a gath-bolg ann an Alba do 'm b' ainm Aoife. Thug a mhathair Conlaoch mar ainm air. Gheall Cuchullin, do Aoife, air dha bhith na Ardcheann-feadhna air armaidte na h-Eirinn, gu 'm pilleadh e dh' Alba aig an araidh, agus gu 'm biodh Aoife mar nbnaoi aige. Ach cha do phill e. 'Nuair a thainig Conlaoch gu h-aois, chaidh fearas-gaisge fhoghlam dha ann an Dun-sgathaich 'san Eilean-Scitheanach, an t-ait a b' ainmeil san am sin air son foghlaim a thoirt seachad do threun-laich anns gach cluich rioghail a dheanadh feumail iad ann an la a' bhlaire. Fhuair Aoife air fhoghlam d' a mac gach lu-chleas a b' fhiosrach i a bha aig Chuchullin, Athair, ach aon chleas, d' a' m' ainm an gath-bolg. Bu tric le gaisgich san am sin an gath-bolg a chleachdadh 'nuair a bhiodh iad a gleachd le saighdibh ann an uisge. 'Nuair a bha Conlaoch air tighinn gu lan spionnadh, chuir a mhathair fo bhoidean e, gu 'n rachadh do Eirinn, nach innseadh e co e fein, agus gu 'n d'fhoghadh e athair ceangailte leis do Alba. Bha fios aig Aoife gu 'm marbhadh Cuchullin a mhac leis a' ghat-bhòig; agus rinn i so mar dhioghaltas—airson a mhealladh-dochais a rinn e oirre. Dh' fhalbh Conlaoch do Eirinn; chaidh e 'n toiseach far an robh Connall; cheangail e Connall, oide Chuchullin. Chuir Connall fios gu Cuchullin gu 'n robh e ceangailte. Thainig esan a sgoileadh chuibhricean 'Oide; agus an uair a dhiult Conlaoch innse co e, ghlacadh athair ris, agus mharb e a mhac fein.

6.—THE HEADS. A. I. V. Z.

This ballad is supposed to tell part of the Story of the Tain, which is in the Book of Leinster, and is about to be published by Mr. Standish H. O'Grady. The oldest Scotch version known to me is given below. A. 3. A version is in B, but I have not yet got a copy of that manuscript. (May 31.)

I. Kennedy's unpublished MS. version begins with 13 verses, of which I have no other version. The rest of the 47 verses correspond to A. They are not copies from any common written original. They are both imperfect oral recitations of the same ballad. The two fused and translated make a longer and better version. The story is known in Irish manuscripts as 'The Bloody Havoc of Connal.' In revenge for the slaying of Cuchullin, his comrade, he takes many heads. These he brings to Eamhair, Cuchullin's love. She questions, and he answers.

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

NO KINN.

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

- 1 A chonnill cha salve no kinn
Devin lum gyr zergkis tiern
No kinn di chw er a zad
Slontir lat no fir foe fyve
- 2 A neyn orgil nyn nach
A evir oik ne bree binn
Sanna in nerik chon ni gloss
Ilngis loym in ness no kinn

- 3 Ka in kenn mallych zow mor
Dergyth nayn ross a zroy glan
Is sa is gir zin le clea
A kenn deive ne raa dait
- 4 Kenn ree mee nyn nach loait
Arse m'carbre nyn goith camm
In nerik mo zaltan fen
Hugis lwm in gayn a kenn
- 5 Kai in kenn oid er mye haale
Go volt fand gi malle sleime
Rosk mir erre dait mir vlaith
Alda no cach crwth a kiun
- 6 Manne boe fir nyn nach
Makmeyf zi zrach gyth coyn
Dagis a chollin gyn kenna
Is di hwt wlle lwm a loye
- 7 Ka in ken so zawis tow id laive
A chonnill vor ne bae linn
O nach marrin kow nin gless
Keid verre how er less a kinn
- 8 Kan v'erris nyn nacht
Verreyth a ceith gyth gurt
Mac mo fayr in tur haug
Di skariss a kheun ra chwrp
- 9 Ka in kenn od hear in nolt inn
Da greddyth no kinn go laiv
Hurris annith er a zow
Gyn roveddir sal da rar
- 10 Sess a sowd di hwt in kow
Di rad a chorp fa wrow dass
Cow mac connra ne nyn rann
Hugis lam a kenn ter aiss
- 11 Ka in da ken so is fadde mach
A chonnill vor a vraa byrg vinn
Er zraigh tenne na kel orn
Anym no ver a zon ne herm
- 12 Kenn leyirre is clar cwlte
In da kenn di hut lem zonna
Di zon swt cowchullin chann
Swn zergis mern na wulle
- 13 Kai in da kenn so is fadde sorre
A chonnill vor gi gal znoc
Ennyn dae er volt ni verr
Derk in groye na ful leych
- 14 Cwllin bray is cwnlit croye
Deiss di verre boye lai ferk
A evyr seid sor a kinna
Dagis a gwrp fa linna derk
- 15 Ka ne vi kinn so solk maine
De chewe feyn er mye hoyth
Gwrn in nyc dwe a volt
O hilla rosg conill croye
- 16 Sessir eascardin a chow
Chlann eballidtein a mwe znaie
Is said sud in sessir leyve
A hut lwm sin nerm no laive
- 17 A chonnill vor aithr ree
Kayn iu ken od da gallith catht
Gin or fai treilse wa keyand
Gyn codyth slem ghardyth vart
- 18 Kenna v'finn v'rosse roye
V'neenec hor bas lam nert
A evir is so so a cheud
Ardree layyn nyn land brak
- 19 A chonnill vor mugh a skail
Creid a hut lad laive gin locht
Din thoe eignytha veil sin
A deiltiss kinn na con
- 20 Deachnor is seacht fychid kead
Derym peyn is awyr sloe
Di hut lonra drwne er zrum
Di neve mo cwlk cunlaa rag
- 21 A chonnill kynis taidla mnae
Insefail dessne ni con
Cowf v'hawalt haye
Na veil agga fein ar for

- 22 A evir keid di zarna mai
Gyn mo kowe ym rer san socht
Gyn mo zaltan fa mhaa crow
A dol voym a mugh so n . . .
 - 23 A chonnill tok me sa vert
Tok mo lacht oss lacht no con
Os da chowe rachfen ayk
Cwr mo vail re bail no con
 - 24 Is mai evyr is keyn dalve
Ne feine sarve daylta zoive
Di zerr no ela nul mo spess
Troee murreich er eiss a chon.
- A chonnill.

I. 2. CONAL REVENGING THE DEATH OF CUCHULIN. 188 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 66. Advocates' Library, April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

It is made known by Mr. Mac Pherson, in publication of the Death of C.

(The rest of page 66 is torn out, M. M'P.)

—parts and passeth all between Conal and his wife. The first is addressed to Conal by his wife at his arrival, wherein she mildly reflects upon his long absence in Togorma, &c., and a short account of the Battle to Conal's wife, who soon thereafter died, and desired to be interred with her son Cuchulain.

CONAL.

I. EARRANN.

- 1 A CHONAIL chaoimh nan arma geura,
'Se mo leir a mhaile bha;
Ort ann Eilein nan sruth dian,
'S Cuchulain mo chiall sa bhlàr.
- 2 Thainig Torlamh faileach fiat,
Mar dhubh nial o 'n airde near;
Le saighde corranach dlu,
'S aighde chuil a rinn a nimh.
- 3 Saighde almhuidh, eitidh, chraidh,
Saighde a bhais a bha ann;
A leag gu h-ìosal san uir,
Mo Chuchulain, run nan lann.
- 4 Feinnidh fearr-bhuilleach nan ruag,
Mar osag air cuan nan tonn;
Bha do shiubhal, meannach mear,
B' iomad lear na chlaoi' thu sonn.
- 5 Tha mo dheoir le dealt na h-o'ch,
Snithe bhroin a' caoidh an laoch;
'S mo thuireadh ri teachd an la,
O mhic mo ghraidh! A mhic mo ghaoil
- 6 A ghaigich threin nan iomad buaidh,
'S cian a ghluais do chliu' san stri;
Dunsaich na cheathach broin,
Bhi gun chruit, gun cheol, gun Riogh.
- 7 'S trom m' aigneadh, 's is lag mo chail,
'S truime maran no muir sgith;
Cuin a Chonail thig an la,
Thig chugam mo ghradh aris.
- 8 Ionmhuinn àbharach nan leug,
Thait an treun, ach thuit gu mor;
An comhrag nan cathan ceud,
Lamh bu treine do gach sloigh.
- 9 O near mar ghrian bha do ghàire,
Ann am aros measg na mìlidu;
Do ghuth mar eigheach creag Ullann,
'S gach cumasg gun coisgte stri leat.
- 10 A measg nan triath bha e cosgairt,
An laoch bu docaire ri teirbirt;
Builleann cudramach gam bearnadh,
Mar fhrois o 'n abhar san leir e.
- 11 Chi mi t-arma troma liobhaidh,
Tana dìreach, math san fhulang;
Chi mi do sgiath bhreac mar chomhla,
'S do luireach loinreach nan ulag.

- 12 Chi im do chlogaide cruadhach,
A laoiach uaibhrich ann san iomaire;
Mar charraig thu measg na màthuan
Carraig luidir dh' fhas gun tioma.
- 13 A bhean thursach, shnithich, dheurach,
Eist do d' leir—chreach—'s do d' chumha;
Bas an armain tha ri dhioladh,
'S tha na mìltidh dh' a gu fulang.

II. FARRAN.

- 14 A Chonail sealbhaich dhuinn na cinn,
'S deimhian leam gun dhearg thu t-airm;
Na cinn a chi mi air a ghaid,
Slointear leat air fad am faigh.
- 15 Ionmhuinn shoirbheartach nan each,
Ainnir og na breithe binn;
An eiric Cuchulain nan cleas,
Thug mi leam o dheas na cinn.
- 16 Co e' n ceann sliom, mailleach donn mor,
Is deirge no 'n ros a ghruaidh ghlan;
Sin is fhaigse do d' thaobh cli,
Ceann an Rìogh is or-bhuidh dath?
- 17 Ainnir fhabharrach nan cleare,
Mac Maibhe le' n creachta gach cuan;
Mo chomraic se sud a cheann,
'S gur h ann leam a thuit a shluagh.
- 18 Co e' n ceann ud a chi' eam thall,
'S fholt nach gann mar channach sliom;
A rosg mar fleur 's a dheud mar bhlath,
'S gile no each cro' a chinn.
- 19 Leis a sud do thuit ar Rìnn,
Dh' fhas a chorp na chluidh thais;
Luthach Mac Chuinn Rìogh nan lann
Thngas leam a cheann air ais.
- 20 Co e' n ceann ud do chi' eam uam,
Do bha ghruaidh air dath an ros;
Gur guirne no 'm feur a rosg,
'S buidh fholt air dhath an oir.
- 21 Ceann Mhic Luthaich a Rois-ruaidh,
Mac na h-uaisle thuit le 'm neart;
Mo chomraic 'se sud a cheann,
Ard Rìogh Loitheann nan lann breac.
- 22 A Chonail mhoir le 'n aidhear Rìogh,
Co 'n ceann eil air dhiol chaich;
'S an t òr air dhrisinnibh a chinn,
Gu fìnn-bhuidh sliom mar airgead ban.
- 23 Ceann Biogh Maitheann nan each luath,
Mac Fearra-bheum nan dual cam;
An eiric mo Dhaltain fein,
Thugas leam an cein a cheann.
- 24 Co e' n ceann a thogadh tu d' dhornn
A Chonail mhoir, 's ui 'n aithreach leinn;
O nach maitheann Cu nan cleas,
Co bhiodh tu air leas a chinn?
- 25 Ceann Mhic Fheardhais nan each,
Muireach dheanadh creach is lot;
Mac ro pheathar o' n Tur sheang,
Gun do sgaras a chean o chorp.
- 26 Cha mhor an onoir mhic Rìogh,
Imeachar gu min air fholt;
'S mi nach marbhadh e gu brath,
Mar biodh e mu bhas a Choin.
- 27 Co 'n da cheann sin air do laimh bheis,
A Chonail mhoir nan cleasan aigh;
An t-aon dath tha air fholt nam fear,
O 's maing bean g' am bheil am bàidh.
- 28 Ceann Mhanuis is Shuimhne mhoir,
'Se mo dhoidh gur iad a h-ann;
Aca fhuaras ceann a Choin,
Air magh Teamhra nan sgor seimh.
- 29 Co 'n da cheann is faide nam,
A Chonail nan cruai' lann gear;
'S guirne 'n suil no 'n dearc air magh,
'S gile no blath fiodh am bein!
- 30 Carla agus Cathull cruaidh,
Diais a bheireadh buaidh le feirg;
Thugas leam an cinn mar lùn,
'S dh' fhas an cuirp fuid' Ghleann-deirg.
- 31 Co na sia cinn air dhroch gr',
Chi mi dhìot an taobh mu thuath;
'S gorm an aghaidh, chlaon an ruigs,
'S dubh am fuit a Chonail chruaidh.
- 32 Seiscar bhraithrean do chi' eam ann,
Tha iad marbh, 's an clab ri gaoith;
Clann Chuilgeadan luchd nan cleas,
Dream nach raibh air leas mo ghaoil.
- 33 Co na cinn is caime dual;
Fainneach, cuachach, mar shnuagh greinn;
A' dearladh ri madainn chiuin,
'S maing da 'n rùn na h-arnuainn threun.
- 34 Triur Mac Torlamh bu bhorh, baoh,
'S iad na laoiach a chaoichail gnais;
Bu neo-meineach iad sa chath,
Do Dhaltan nan glac geal ur.
- 35 Co 'n da cheann is faid o' d' chli,
A Chonail nibh na meall shuilean;
'S fad an leac is deirg nan t-suth,
'S dubh am fuit, mar shneachd an deud.
- 36 Da Mhac Rìogh Lochlan nan ruag,
D' an ainm Manns is Lua'-lamh;
Tharladh doibh a bhi sa chàth,
An adhaidh mo Dhaltan graidh.
- 37 Co 'n ceann sin air dhath an Loin,
'S geal a bhos, is dubh a shuil;
Tha chruth mar bhlathan an fhràioich,
No 'n gagan air mhaolan ùr.
- 38 Rìogh Muthann nan ceuda tiugh,
B' ard a ghuth san iomar-bhàigh;
A comhrag dealain mo rùn,
Dh' fhas a chorp na chloidh thlath.
- 39 A Chonail mhoir, 's maith do sgeul,
Cia-mead a thuit le d' bheum san trod;
Do chlanna Maithibh is Rìogh,
Ann 'san stri bu mhor a lot.
- 40 Ceann thair fìchead agus ceud,
Gun aireamh air creud no air goidh;
Do cheanna Maithibh is Rìogh,
Thuit sud leam an iochd a Choin.
- 41 Thuit an iomar-bhaigh nan laoch,
Caogad agus fìchead ceud;
Thuit do dh' fhiantidh Thonnagorm,
Tri ceud bort, 's bu mhor am beud.
- 42 A Chonail chul-fhionn nan Tur ard,
'S mor an t àr, 's is modha 'n gnìomh;
A laoiach Churanta nam buadh,
'S mor an slugh a dh' fhas thu shios.
- 43 Mar lithe nam beann gu traidh,
Dhoirt thu ann san araich fuil;
Mar iolair a measg nan ean,
Dh' fhogair thu gach treimh a bun.
- 44 Ann cath ceatharnail a chraidh,
Bha do lamh ag deanamh ùchd;
Mar aiteal teinne nam beann,
Bha do lann a cosgairt threun.
- 45 A laoiach fhuileachdaich san toir,
'S mor a leon thu do na Mic;
Ochoin! mise teirbirt dheur,
'S Cuchulain nan creuchd fuid' lie.
- 46 Cha dean mi mire san Tur,
Dh' fholbh mo mhuirne, 's mo cheol-gair;
Mar ghrian an cogall nam neul,
Dhubh mo gliné, mo chruth, 's mo chail.
- 47 A Chonail chaoimh tog mo leac,
Mu 'n sgarar m' anam o 'm chorp;
Oir sgearr gus an racham eug,
'S cuir mo bheul ri beul a Choin.

V. 3. LAOIDH NAN CEANN. 60 lines.

Mac Callum, page 132.

This book can easily be got. The versions already given suffice to show how the ballad existed in the Highlands.

The following are references to Manuscripts which contain parts of the Story of Cuchullin:—

1. A Manuscript, attributed to the end of the 8th century, described p. 285, Report on Ossian, 1805, Vellum. Marked V. o. A. No. 1. The place of this MS. is known, but it cannot be got at. There is no complete transcript. It contains a copy of 'The Tain,' and a critical exposition of it. A moral and religious poem, and 'some short historical anecdotes.' From the facsimile, p. 293, these relate to 'Fint uao boaisioe' and his son, whom English readers know as 'Fingal and Ossian.'

Trinity College, Dublin. (H. 1. 13. Hugh O'Daly, 1746, 195, a copy of 'The Tain,' p. 342. Birth of Cuchullin, 349. Exploits of Oiléal and Meave, King and Queen of Connaught.—) (H. 1. 14, same scribe, 1750, another copy of 'The Tain.') (Book of Leinster, 1130, pp. 41 to 80 contain 'the Tain bo Cuailgne.' Also 'the Manifestation of the Tain,' and a list of prefatory stories. Hennessy's list, Dec. 9, 1871.) (Leabhar na h-uidhre, published, written about 1100.) (H. 1. 13. The bloody Harve of Connall Kearnach.) (H. 2. 6. Historical tale, Aoidheadh fir diadh, written about 1716. Part of 'the Tain.') (H. 2. 17. Breisleach Mhór mhúighe Muirtheimne, in which Cuchullin was killed.) *Royal Irish Academy.* (23. c. 26.

'Luidh nan Ceann.' 'The Heads' in a paper MS. written about 1716, (under the name 'Conlaoch,' are 15 entries in the R.I.A. Catalogue.) (A curious story about the ghost of Cuchullin's Car is in the Book of the Dun Cow, p. 113. The warrior returns to earth in the days of St. Patrick. He describes his condition in the other world, and tells his earthly story in 96 verses for the conversion of King Loegaire, who flourished A.D. 432.) (H. 2. 16, Book of Leacan, col. 955, Aighéal éin fir mic i aif. Conlaoch's story.) (H. 3. 17 col. 842, a short abstract of the Historical tale of Cuchullin and his son Conlaoch.) The *Atalantis*, vol. i. 1858, contains a paper by O'Curry. CUCHULLIN was a Prince of *Ulstér*, inheritor of Cuailgne and Muirtheimne, between Drogheda and Dundalk, now Louth. He was a hero of the 'Royal Branch' (The Red Branch, or the russet tree). *Conchubair Mac Nessa*, king of *Macha*, was the most distinguished king of Emania, and contemporary with our Saviour. His chief 'knights' were, *Fergus Mac Roth*; *Conall Cearnach*; *Fergus Mac Leite*; *Cerroi Mac Dhíre*; and *Cuchullainn mac Solte*, the youngest and the best. *Eimer* was daughter of Forgall Monach, who lived near Dublin, at Lusk. She was Cuchullin's wife.

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

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

Z. 5. CHEUD SGEULACHD (THE HEADS).

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

BE Connal agus Cuchullain clann an dithis pheathraichin. Bha iad aig an ionnsuidhadh 'san aon Oil-thigh. Nuair a bha iad a deachdaidh ri cheile's gach aon a dol gu obair fein, thug Connal nìonnan a chend duine bheiradh naigheadh bas Chochullain dha gu'm bitheadh e marbh 'sa nìonaid. La a thuit Cuchullain thubhairt e ri gille mór Laoghaire 'fhalbhaid thu a nis agus innisidh tha do Chonnal sgeula mo bhais; feneachaidh thu innseadh dha ann an dubh-fhocal, neo bidhioh thu fein ann an cuinnart.' Dh-fhalbh Laoghaire, rainig e Connal, agus fhaitich e gu suilbhair e. Thubhairt an Connal 'Cia mur a tha mo charaid Cuchullain.' 'Tha gu math, ars an Laoghaire, tha e nis air thigh ur a dheanadh.' 'Gu de, arsa an Connal, an tair a bha aig air an aithribh aosmhor

ann s' con do thamh iomadhach laoch cho mór riséan, na deth am tigh ur a rinn e.' 'Cha do rinn, arsa an Laoghaire, ach tigh isal Cumhang. Nuair a shionas e, a chasan ruigidh a cheann nachdar, 'sa chasan iochdar, 'sa shronn mullach an tigh.' 'Ne sin ri radh arsa Connal gu bheil mo dheadh charaid marbh.' 'Fhianais sin ort fein, ars an Laoghaire, 'S tu fein a dh'iomradh air bàs na msa.' 'O a Laoghaire bheochd, ars' a Connal so leis bo chruaidhe a bhàs, no leat fein; lean thusa mise agus a chuille Ceann bu mho na cheile a bha an aghaidh Chochullain bheir mise a mach iad.' Ghabh e troimh a choille leis agus shìomh e seachd gaid agus thug e do Laoghaire iad. Dh-fhalbh iad le cheile agus thoisich an Connal agus a chulla teaghlach a dhinnsidh Laoghaire bha na nannaid do Chochullain, thoisich ann sin an Connal air toirt a mach nan ceann agus Laoghaire cur air a ghad. Cha robh duthaich, na baile, na teaghlach nach deachaidh ann an eagal nuair a chuala iad gun do thoisich an Connal. Bha iad a dol air aghart nas gu sus an do lionnadh na seachd gaid le cinn. 'Laoghaire, arsa an Connal, tha mi air mo sharachudh agus tha mi oerach. Bheil na goid air thuar a bhih lan. Bha iad a nis a dol air aghart dhionnsuidh 'Ura-mhor.' Chaidh an duine ann an sgoim agus na bha na na bhaile nuair a chunnaic iad an Connal a tighean. An sin labhair nighean usal og ri h-athair, 'na bithibh fo eagal, cha neil unanais ach boirneuch agus cuiridh mi Connal gu sìth.' Ghabh i mach na choimhne agus dh'fhaitich i e gu suilbhair Thug an Connal Comain a breathran don nighean oig, Chuir i stigh e roipe don talla gu dhinnir. Nuair a bha an dinnir seachad thannaig na bha 'san teaghlach a mach maille ris, 's thug iad dha nach do chuir e dragh orra. Nuair a rainig e na Cinn thubhairt an Connal ri Laoghaire, 'tog leat do chuid cinn a nis 's na tha tuillidh a dh'ort gheabh thu iad.'

LABHAIR AN NIGHEAN RI CONNAL

'A Chonnul dbeallbhaich nan Ceann

'S cinnteachd mi gun dhearg thu tairm

4 Na cinn sin a thagad air ghad

Sloinnter leat air fad na suinn.'

Nighean thairbheartach nan p' each

Ainur og na briathraibh binn

8 'N eiric Chochullain nan clcis

Thugadh leinn fo dheas na cinn.

Cia e an ceann molach donn

Mar dhearg nan rös 'su ghruaidh ghlan

12 Shìn thu thall air a thaobh chli

'A Chonnul mhor is aillith dreach p'?

'Maighcara fairbheartach nan each

Mac dha leir creach gach cuain

16 Sgar mi dheasan fein a cheann

'S gar leam a thuit a shlugh.'

'Chonnul mhor leat dheugadh righ

Co e an ceann aillith air diol chaich

20 Fhalt òr-buidhe mar dhealradh grein

Gu mollach slim mar airgidh ban p'?

'Mac an laogh an rois rainidh

Mac a b'naise thuit leam neart

24 Mo dhoigh gur e sin fein a cheann

Ard righ Lochlan nan lann breac.'

'Cia an du cheann sin air do laimh chli

'S aillidh libhse an nis an dealbh

28 A chonnal mhor leat dhaighah righ

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

'Ceann Mhathnas agus Mhaidh Mhor

Se mo dhoigh gur iad a th'ann,

32 Ach a fhuaradh ceann a choin

Air ma theannruith nan sruthaibh seimh.'

Co an dà cheann so air do laimh dheis

Chonnul nan cleas 's an aigh

36 'Naon dath air falt nan fear

'Smaic gu bheil am baigh p'

Calla agus Connal cruaidh;

Dithis a bheiridh huaidh 'sa 'leirg

40 Thugadh leamsa an Cinn fu dheas

'S gun do dh-fhag mi an Cuirp

Fo 'n aon air.

Co an Ceann ad a chithim thall

44 Fhalt thall gu mollach slim

- A rosg mar fheur, 's a dheid mar bhla
'Saille nu cach òr a chinn?'
Mac mo pheathar on tur sheinh
48 Sgar mi fein a cheann ri chorp
Suarach an onair mhic rìgh
Iomchair ga min air an fhàlt.
'Co na se cinn a chithir thall
52 Shìn thu iad an taobh mo thnach
'S guirmc agus Caoine an ros
'S duibhè folt a chinn chruaidh?'
Seasar bhraithre a bha ann
56 Iadsan 's an clab ri gaoith
Bo chlann chahidh nan cleas
Dream nach robh air leas mo ghaol.
Ceann air fhichead agus fichead ceud
60 Gun iomradh air fear croin nan lot
Do chlann mhaithibh, 's Mhacaibh rìgh
Thuit an eiric ceann a choin.'

'Nis a Laoghaire tha do cheannas dhith air a ghad agus se mo cheann fein, do cheann fein a theid eir mar toisich tuille.' 'Cha rug sin a leas, as a Laoghaire, bo bheag leamsa no thuit le do laimh ann an eiric Chochullain, agus leagaidh mi ruith le fear do no goid.' Laoghaire bhadh bu bheag leamsa na thuit le mo lamha ann an eiric do mhaighistir niaith. Thoisich e an 'n uair sin agus bha an eachdraidh a dhìomradh gun mo a thuit leis, no an nuair a fionnadh na seachd goid.

II. DEIRDRE.

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

THE oldest copy of the Story of Deirdre known to me is in a vellum manuscript now at the Advocates' Library, described p. 296, Report on Ossian, 1805. The date 1238, the locality of Glenmason, and names of owners are sufficient to prove that the story, of which the scene is partly laid in Argyll, was known in Cowal a long time ago. This manuscript ought to be printed. I can neither read it nor afford time or money for its publication. The Story of Deirdre is related to Indian Epics, and is an Aryan romance which pervades the Old World. A beautiful girl, shut up to baulk a prophecy, is beloved by an old king. She runs away with a family of brothers, and after adventures of many kinds, the story ends in a tragedy. (See 'Mahābhārata' for the Story of Draupadi and the 5 Pandavas, &c., &c.) In Ireland the Story of Deirdre and the 3 sons of Uisnech have been associated with the Story of Cuchullin the King of Emania, and the warriors named above, ever since 1130, at all events. The *Atlantides*, vol. iii., 1800, p. 398, has a paper by O'Curry introducing a story about 'the Birth of Deirdrin' and her adventures, taken from (H. 2—16, Yellow Book of Lecain. Trin. Coll. Ca. 749, date 1391.) Elsewhere, in the Introduction I have told all I know about this story and the publication of it. In Welsh, bits of the story, as told in Ireland and in Scotland, are told in the Story of Peredur, taken from a MS. of the 15th century (See 'Mabinogion.') The oldest printed Scotch version of the story known to me is quoted by the Highland Society (P. 291. Report on Ossian, 1805). It follows below, divided according to the metre, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean. Fletcher F. 2, got a version in Scotland from oral recitation about 1750. Gillies M. 3. printed part of the story in 1786. Irvine O. got part of the verse, about 1801, from a foxhunter on Loch Tay-side. Stewart Q. 1804, printed a version, p. 562. The Highland Society R. 1805, printed a quotation. Mac Callum, 1816, V. 4. got from Mac Lachlan of Old Aberdeen and reprinted the fragment which Mac Lachlan abstracted, and the Highland Society printed, from the MS. of 1238. X. 14. '*Duan na Cloinn*,' written in Caithness from the dictation of Betty Sutherland, I have been unable to get, but the name indicates this story. Z. In the autumn of 1870 men in the Isle of Mull could repeat Clann 'Uisneachain.' In the autumn of 1871 an old Mac Neill in Barra could tell the story, and Mr Carmichael had written it down. The story, as I had learned it in Scotland, was shortly this:—

King Connachar, of Ireland, had a sister, whose three sons, Naois, Ardán, and Ainle, ran off with Deirdre, their uncle's sweetheart. They went to Scotland, where they wandered about, chiefly in Argyllshire, according to the names. At last the brothers left Deirdre, in charge of a black-haired lad, in an island, which is iden-

tified with a small islet north of Jura, in which are ecclesiastical remains. This character is made steward of the King of Scotland in written versions. The 'black lad' made love to Deirdre. The brothers, in three ships, returned just in time to save her, and told her their adventures. They had been imprisoned in 'Lochlan' or elsewhere, and rescued by a king's daughter. They all embarked, Deirdre sang a Lament for Scotland, and forbade evil from dreams. They reached Ireland, and after a grand battle the uncle slew the nephews, who had run away with his sweetheart. She bewailed them, and died upon their bodies. Irish history adds—at Emania, the capital of Ulster, in the reign of Conaire, A.D. 115—152; from whom descend the Dalriada, or Scots-Irish Gaelic tribes of 'Oirean Alban,' as it called in Deirdre's Lament, version R. Fletcher tells a bit of the story about the beginning and end. Gillies tells the return from Scotland, and gives Deirdre's Lament for Scotland. Irvine's foxhunter tells the story told to Deirdre by her lovers on their return. The Highland Society quoted the Lament for Scotland in support of Mac Pherson's *Darhula*. Peasant reciters tell the story in accordance with Irish history. Mac Pherson's *Darhula*, edit. 1762, is vaguely related to the traditional tale, but the geography is entirely changed. Upon this geography learned men found theories as to 'Selma' and 'Beregonium' and Vitrified Forts of the Stone Period, which the ignorant who speak Gaelic ignore. There is no Gaelic for Mac Pherson's *Darhula*. As it is impossible to collate different bits of a story which is more than 800 years old, I print the text, and will endeavour to mend the story which it tells when I translate.

F. 2. EACHDRAIDH AIR CONNACHAR. RIGH EIRINN, agus air truir MHAC RIGH BHARRACHAOIL clann peathar RIGH CONNACHAR roinnh ainmichte.

Fletcher's Collection, page 29. Advocates' Library, January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This fragment, written by country scribes from the dictation of a man who could not himself write or read, is partly written in stanzas of four lines. This seems to me to indicate the decay of a ballad, and a change into measured prose, made of lines, and smaller fragments of forgotten quatrains.

NOCHDA air bhì do Rìgh Eirinn d' am bu cho-aim Connachar a dol a phosa Ban-rìgh d' am b' ainm Deirdri, agus air bhì dhoibh ag ullachadh fa chomhair na bainne mharbh iad laogh òg. Air bhì do shneachda òg air a chuir san àn, dhoirid iad fuil an laogh a nuigh air an t-sneachda, agus do hùidh fiteach air an fhùil. Air do Dheirdri bhì sealltuinn a mach air uinneig Chunnairc i 'm fiteach aig bl na fola, agus a deir si ris an Rìgh, nach bu mhaiseach an Duine aig an bitheadh a chneas co-geal ris an t-sneachda, a ghrnadh co-dearg ris an fhùil agus fholt co-dubh ris an fhiteach. Fhagair an Rìgh ag radh gun robh clann peathar aigean, agus gun robh aon dinnh air an robh gach bnaidh a dh' ainmich i Thubhairt Deirdri ris an Rìgh a rist nach cuicadh iscos na leabaidh agus am faicadh i an duine sin. Air an aobhar sin chuir an Rìgh fios air. Thainig e fèin agus a dha bhràthair. Agus do b' e an ainmearn Snaois. Aille, agus Ardán.

Air do Dheirdri Snaois fhaicsinn lionadh i le gaol dha ionnas gun d' fhalbh i leis, agus dh' fhàg i 'n Rìgh. Air do Snaois agus do dhà bhràthair long a ghabhail sheòil iad gus an deachaidh iad air tìr aig Beinn-aird. Agus bha giullabeg na 'n cuideachd d' am b' ainm an Gille dubh, bha na chomhalta dhoibh agus a' feitheamh orra.

I. PHÀIRT.

- 1 THE g'an deachaidh iad air tuinn,
Clann Uisneachan a Dù-lochlunn;
Dh' fhàg iad Deirdri agus an Gille dubh,
A'm Beinn-aird nan aonar.
- 2 C' àite an cualas dàn bu duileadh,
Na 'n Giulla dubh ri dùr shuiridh;
Air Deirdri chruinneagach gheal,
Bu Chuibhte orm 'us ort bhì cuideachd.
- 3 Cha bu chuibhte mi is tu,
Ghiullan duibh nam mì-rùn;
Ach gus an d' thig iad dhachaidh slàn,
Clann Uisneachan a' Dù-lochlunn

- 4 Ge l'èug a rachadh tu dlèth,
'S ge d' fhaithheadh tu bas g'an cumha;
Bithidh tu 'us lan dhubh an aon leabaich,
Gus an d' theid ùir air do leachdain.
- 5 Gheibheadh thusa Dheirdri ghuanach,
Bh' namsa air mhadaid a màireach;
Gheibheadh tu bainne chruidh chraobhaich,
Agus maorach à Innuis-àonaich.
- 6 Gheibhte tu muiculan mhuc,
Mar sin agus sruthaga shean-tuire;
Gheibhte tu braideach 'us bò,
'S a laogh mhin na fuilg aon so
- 7 Ge d' gheibhinn uait caolaich fhiadha,
Agus bradaid bhroinne gheula;
B' amsa leam bior-chul-chas,
A làmh Snaois mhic Uisneachan.
- 8 B' e Snaois a phoga mo bheul;
Mo cheud fhear è 's mo cheud leannan;
B' e Aille a leigeadh mo dheoch,
'S b' e Ardan a chairleadh m' adhart.
- 9 Ach suil g' an d' thug Deirdri ghuanach,
Mach air bàr bhaile bhraonich;
'S àluin an truir bhraithre a chì mi,
Snaamlaidh iad na cuantan tharais.
- 10 Tha Ard, 'us Aille air an stùir,
'Seòladh gu h-àrd rumbach cinin;
Mo ghradh a Gheal-lambach gheal,
Tha m' fhear fein ga stinradh sid.
- 11 Ach smid na d' thigeadh air do bheul,
Ghiullain duibh nam braon seul;
Mu 'm marbhar thu gun chiontadh dheth,
Is nior mò a chreideir mise.
- 12 O! Chloinn Uisneachan nan each,
A thainig à tìr nam fear fuileach;
An d' fhuillich sibh tàir bho neach,
No ciod è so bha d' ar cumail.
- 13 Bha d' ar cumailne mach uaitse,
An t-cabar-sea fuileach faobhar ruadh;
Rìgh mac Rosnach ceann fir Phàil,
Air ar glacadh 's air ar dioghmhail.
- 14 C' àite an robh 'ur n-airm ghaisge,
'S air lumban tapaidh luileach;
N' ar a dh' fhuillich sibh, sibh-fèin slàn,
Do mhac Rosnach bhi gar dioug' ail.
- 15 Cadal g' an d' rinn sinn 'n ar luing,
An truir Bhraithre druin ri druim;
M' an d' fhuairich sinn bend na feall,
Dh' iath na sea-longa-deng umainn.
- 16 Cha bu mhis' nach d' innis dhuibhse,
A Chloinn Uisneachan bho b' ionmhuinn;
Nach bu làmh air bhlonaga ban,
'S nach bu shurd air cogadh cadal.
- 17 'S ge nach biodh cogadh fù' n ghréin,
Ach duine fadadh a thìr fein;
Cadal fadadh 's beag a thlachd,
Do dhuine is è air deòrachd.
- 18 Deòrachd 's maing g'am biodh an dàn,
Gur guathach leatha cuid sheachrain;
'S beag a h-urram 'us mòr a smachd,
'S maing duine d' an dàn deòrachd.
- 19 Ach chuir iadsan ann sin sinn,
An uamha shalaidh fù' thaluhainn;
Fear an d' thigeadh fodhan an sàile,
Tri naoi uairean gach aon là.
- 20 Ach aon inghean mbath bh' aig an Rìgh,
Ghabh i dhinne moran truais,
Seicheachan a h-athar gu leir,
Bu lionmhor ann bian èide is aidhe.
- 21 Chuir i eadar sinn 's am fear uisg,
An ribhinn ùr bho sì b' fhearr tuigse;
Ach do bhiodh h-athair sa Chraoibh ruaidh,
'S a chàirdean gu leir ma thimchioll.
- 22 Teachd mo chagair a Thiomhail,
Cha neil ruine nam ban mach;
Innsidh iad sa chuil, na chluinn iad,
- 23 Ciod an ruine a bhiodh ann,
Nach innseadh tu do t aon inghinn;
'S an ruine a gheibhine bh' uait,
Gu gleitheinn bliadhna gu dill.
- 24 Fui' bhile mo chiche deise,
'S an ruine gheibhinn bho chach
Athair ghràidh gun innsean duitse Arsa n-inghean.
An Rìgh ga freagairt.
- 25 'Chuir Rìgh Eirinn fios air sàil
Dh' ionnsaidh naislean Bharr-Phàil;
Gu 'm fuigheansa làn mo luinge,
Do dh' òr do dh' innsidh 's do dh' ionnas,
- 26 Chionn na Ciomaich 'chuir gun fheall,
Air chuan na h-Eirinn an màireach.'
- 27 Ach leig an Inghinn osna throm,
As a eridhe gu ro mhòr,
Threagair aisnichan an tighe
Leis an osun 'leig an Inghinn.
- 28 'Cò so leig an osun throm,
Gur duilich leo na Ciomaich,
'S mise leig an osun throm,
Do Chìomaich gur comadh leam,
- 29 Tha earrun mhòr ann am thaobh eil,
'S gu marbhadh i caogad Rìgh;
'S tha luain mhòr air mo chridhe,
San taobh eile mo choinneamh na h-earrinn.'
- 30 Ach thainig i thugainn d' ar fios,
An Thiomhail bu ghile ceas
An rabh thu ann san Dùn ud thall;
No ciod an aithris a th' ann oirne,
- 31 'Bha mise ann san Dùn ud thall,
'S is truagh an aithris a th' ann oirbhe;
Gu 'm fuigh m' athair làn a luinge,
Dh' òr Dh' innsidh, 's do dh' ionnas,
- 32 Chionn na Ciomaich chur gun fheall,
Air cuan na h-Eirinn a màireach.'
- 33 'Ach sinibh thugamsa bhur casan,
A 's gu 'n tomhais mi na glasan;
Nach flag mi bonn diubh air dearmad
Air fad air leud, na air doimhead.'
- 34 'Thainig i 'n sin an Ceard chuaineach,
Mac-an-t-saor as a chraoibh ruaidh;
- 35 Eirich thusa a cheird chluainich,
Mhic-an-t-saor as a chraoibh ruaidh,
'S aon inghean Rìgh air tighinn ga d' iarruidh.'
- 36 'S beag orm fein na bhitheadh ann,
Aon inghean Rìgh, a shinladh
An oidhche gu fìor,
- 37 'S e bheireadh i dha thigh ga teach,
Treas tuairesgeul na geamhaiche;
'S ann a shiuas duine an là,
Mar a bheireas còir air aoilleachd;
- 38 Mirre g' an d' rinn mi am luing,
Air ontha na mara thruim,
Iuchraichean m' Athar gu kìr,
Bha iad agam fù' m' mhi-chéil,
- 39 Leum iad a mach thar a bòrd,
'S truagh nach deacheas nan druima-lòrg,
- 40 An cuimhne leats' a Cheard chluainich,
'N latha bha thu san Dùn ud thall,
'Bualadh òir aig m' athair,
'S a chluan oir a sgrìobh iad ort,
- 41 'N t-òir a ghaoid thu
- 42 'S i 'n fhail oir 'thug mise dhuit,
A chum an ceann sin air do bhraidhe.'

- 43 Ach' dh' cirich è snas an Ceard chnaineach,
Mac-an t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh,
Is rinn è na trì iuchraiche buadhach,
Ri aiteal na h-aon-leth-naire,
- 44 Ach smid na d' thigeadh air do bhéul,
Nach gu 'n labhair 'n teitín dubh sin,
Na an grinneal an deach' an deanamh.
- 45 Ach thainig i 'ris d' ar fios,
An Tiormhail nan ciabhadh cleachlach
- 46 'S nìbh thugamsa bbur casan;
A's gu 'm fuasgail mi na glusas,
Mar dh' fhaig mi bonn duibh air dearmad,
Air fad, air leud, no air doimhnead,
- 47 Ach thog Snaois a chos ri callachain,
Ard is Aille co-fhearr-luath,
- 48 Thug i thugainn ar trì chloidhinn,
Agus lòn an cuigibh oidhche,
Seorsa cèire leth mar leth;
'S gu bu leir leinn adhaidh' chéile,
- 49 Tha long aig m' athairse air sàl,
Ann am barr a bhaile bhraonach;
Seisear' feathadh lath' is do dh' oidhche,
Agus aon fhear donn a toisach,
- 50 'S gu dìongadh è ceud an còmhrag.'
- 51 Ach ma theid sibhsa na dhàil,
Gun eagal na gun fhealsga
Buailibh gu cothromach ceart,
Bhur trì chloidhean na aon àlt.
- 52 Ge bu doirche an oidhche dhòilleir,
Gu'm bu ghuirge rinneas colas;
Bhuail sinu gu cothromach ceart,
Bhur trì chloidhean na aon àlt.
- 53 Thig thusa steach ad' luìng,
A Thiormhail a's ionnmhuinne leinne,
A's aon bhean cha d' theid os do cheann;
Ach aon bhean sin tir an d' theid thu.
- 54 Cìod an aon bhean a bhiodh ann,
'S gur mi choisinn duibh na h-anamain,
B' uaibhreach dhamsa sin a dheanamh;
'S a liuthad mac Rìgh 'tha gam iarraidh,
- 55 Na 'n triallain air cheumhanan cas,
Air sga buidhne coimhiche.
- 56 Leubhaidh iad ort. A Gheal shòilleir,
Mu as fìor gu bheil thu torrach,
Mas mac na inghean a bhios ann
Ainnich air fear 'tha 'n Dù-lochlunn.
- 57 'S mise aon Inghean an Rìgh,
'S lughaidhe dhe sin a phrìs;
Ach 's oic an saothraiche re seall,
Nach d' thugadh aon èun an caladh.
- 58 Ach fanaidh mi bliadhna air do ghaol,
Agus bliadhna eile chion t-ìomraidh,
'N ceann na cuig na seatha bliadhna,
Thig gam iarraidh 'n sin air m' athair,
- 59 'S gleithidh mise do shith dhuit,
Bho Rìgh an Dòmhain 's bho Chonna-chothair,

PART II.

Agus air innseadh na nitheadh sin dhoibh bha Deirdri ro-dhìomach dhuibh, chionn gun d' fhàg iad Tiormhail nan deigh, agus air son a feothas dhoibhsan nach iarradh ise os a cionn gu bràth. An sin ghabh Deirdri agus iadsan an turas a ris ga iarraidh agus chunnaic ise aisling.

- 1 AISLING a chunnaic mi 'n raoir,
Air truir mhac Rìgh Bharrachaoil;
Bhì g'an cuibhreacha 's g'an cuir sin uaigh,
Le Connachar as a chraoibh ruaidh.

- 2 Ach leag thusa t-aisling Dhoirdri,
Air aonach nam burtachaichean àrda;
Air maraichean na fàirge unuigh,
'S air na chlochaibh garbha glasa.
- 3 'S gu'm fàigh sinne sith 's gn'n tabhair,
Bho' Rìgh an Dòmhain 's bho Chonnachobhair.
- 4 Ach co-moch 's a thain an lù,
'S a sguoilteadh bho' enl an ceò;
C' àite 'n do ghabh 'ar loingears tìr
Ach fuit' dhoras an àrd Rìgh.
- 5 Thainig Connachar fein a mach,
'S naoi ceud-deug sluaigh leis;
Se dh' fheoraich è gu braghla bras,
Cò iad na sloigh 'so, th' air an loingear.
'S iad clann do pheathar fèin a t' ann,
Is iad nan suidhe 'n cathair aingis; (ill)
Cha chluann peathar dhamsa sibh,
'S cha ne gnìomh a rinn sibh orm.
- 6 Abh mo nàrachadh le feall,
Ann am fiadhnais fir na h-Eirinn.
- 7 Cìod ged thug sinn nait do bhean,
Deirdri chruinnagach chruin-lamb gheal;
Rinn sinn ruit bàigh bheag eile,
'S b'è 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha.
- 8 'N latha s gairn do long air sàile,
'S i làn do dh'òr is do dh' airgid,
Thug sinne dhuits' air long fhéin,
'S namh sinn féin euan mu d' thiomchìoll.
- 9 Ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh
Air mo bhuidheachas gu fìor;
Air sibh cha 'n fhaitheadh sibh 'n teann
Ach gach aon dioth bu mho g'am feudain.
- 10 Rinn sinn ruit bàigh bheag eile,
'S b'è 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha;
'N latha mheath an t each breac,
Ort air faiche Dhun-deulgain nois
- 11 Thug sinne dhuit an t-each glas,
'Bheireadh gu bras thu 'n t-slighe;
Ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh,
Air mo bhuidheachas gu fìor
- 12 Rinn sinne dhuit bàigh bheag eile,
'S b'è 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha;
'N latha cathadh Beinn eudain,
'S a thionndaidh thu rui do chùl,
Chuir iad thu 'n innis an-ìuil.
- 13 Chuir sinne cath muirneach mòr,
Air do chùl'aobh an lù sin,
Agus Bha sinn ga' d' dheidh reir,
'S thug sinn thugadsa fuit' d' iochd,
Cinn seachd mic Rìgh Morfhaighe,
- 14 'S ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh, &c.
- 15 Ach thog Snaois a chos r'a bòrd,
Ard, is Aille air a dhruim-lòrg;

An truir bhàithrean, bu bhoidheche cèann-adhaidh
- 16 Cha bhàs leam a nis bbur bàs,
A Chlann Uisneachan gun aois;
Bho 'n a thorachair e leibh gun fheall,
'N treas fear a's aird tha 'n Eirinn.
- 17 Ach thigsa a mach a' d' luìng,
A Dheirdri chruinnagach chul-chruin;
'S cha 'n fhaitheadh tu 'n cùil no 'n coill,
Facal eud no achmhasain.
- 18 Cha d' thig mise a mach am luìng,
Ach am fuigh mi m'aon ragha achning,

'S cha tìr 's cha n earras, s cha treoghadh.
- 19 Cha 'n eich gheala 's mhiol-choin;
Ach comas tiotan beag do 'n traigh,
Thoir miosgain ann deagh graidh,
Do na corpaibh gcala cecas-bhàn.

- 20 Dh' fhuasgaileadh iad a folt donna-bhui' tla,
M' an euaire do 'n rioghain coi-reidh,
A h-eadach gu barraibh a cos,
Mu' n d' thugadh i leatha an braid.
- 21 Cothrom cro na snathaidhe ;
- 22 Ach aon fhail òir 'bha mu 'm mèur,
'S ann a chuir i sud na beul,
A's dh' imich i leis do 'n traigh,
Fur an robh Clann Uisneachan.
- 23 Cò choinnich i anns' an traigh,
Ach an saor a suaithe ràn ;
- 24 'A shaoir a shnaithas an ràn,
Ga 'm bhui an sgian fhaobhair gheur,
'S è bheireamsa dhuit ga cionn,
'N aon fhail òir is fearr tha 'n Eirinn.'
- 25 'Tur g'au rabh Snaois a cur cloiche,
Air feasgar annoch oidhche shathairne ;
Bhris e 'n fhail òir bha mu mheur,
Le tierruin na h-aon urachaire.
- 26 Thug è dhomhs' an fhail' bhriste,
'S thug i seallan 's bu lan ghibht i ;
Thug mise dhasan an fhail lan,
'S cha b' ann a mhoithe comainne,
- 27 'S na cuimhriche mo ghradh geal a bi aige,
Cha b' eagal dà 'n seachd portaibh deug-n h Eirinn.
- 28 Ach ghabh an saor meannadh goirt,
Air an fhail is thug è Dheidri chore ;
A's dh' imich i do 'n traigh
Fur an rabh Clann Uisneachan
- 29 Teann thusa nall a Shnaois nàraich,
A mhic nam flatha d' fhearr àbhaist ;
Na 'n crithiche marbh roimh bheo eile,
Chrithiche tusa (nis) rothamsa.
- 30 Shìn i an sin a taobh r'a thaobh,
Agus chuir i' beul r'a 'bheul ;
As ghabh i 'n sgian gheur roimhe cridhe,
Is dh' fhuair i 'm bàs gun aithreachas.
- 31 Ach thilg i an sgian dubh 'sa chuan,
Mu 'm fuighe an saor aelmhasan,
- 32 Co moch 's a thainig an ló,
Thainig Conchair féin 's a ló ;
Mìle mairphaisg do 'n mhi-chéil,
Thug ormsa Clann mo pheath'r féin a mharbha,
- 33 Tha mi 'n diu gun Deirdri dheth,
Na gun aon duine tairiside.
Ach tiolaicidh mi 'n aon uaigh
Snaois 'us Deirdri 'n aon leabaiddh.
'S an lus beag' thig roimh an uaigh,
Ge b'e chuireas snaim air a bhàr,
Gu 'm bu leis aon ragha leannain.
- 34 N'am bithiunsa 'n futhar nam buadh
A nochd féin ga fuar an t-shian,
Gu 'n cuirinn snaim air a bhàr,
Ge do bhiodh an crann gu criona.

M. 3. CAOF DHOIRDIR. 240 lines.

CAOF' Dhoirdir airson Naois agus Clan Uisnich, dhùich Deurdir uath Chonchair rìgh Uamh le Nais Mac Uisnich agus a dhithis bhrathairibh, (iodhain, Ailbhe agus Ardan) gu h' Albain, ionad ann rabhadar gu sona snaibhneach re uin' fhada, gu na chuir Conchair teachdaireachd shith-aime chaidheil nan deì' gus na phrill iad gu Rìgh-Eirinn, ach d' iuir an rìgh feall orra, agus mharbh, an triuir chraibh' 'n am dheidh teachd air tìr, an sin dhruid, Deirdir nis na cuirp agus chaoine gu cumhach iad agus chuir, lamh am ach anam fein.

- I CLANN Uisnich nan ach geala ;
Thainig a tìr nam fear fùileach,
Creud so do bhiodh air ar n' cachaibh
No creid e a ta g'ar cumail.

- 2 Ta g'ar cumail fada uaine,
Creid is fa nach cumhain an ruaig
Lamhan' air bhog atuibh làin
Nir cheol cadail dhuinn an cogadh.
- 3 Còdal uile 's beag a lochd,
Do dhaòine bhiodh ri deoireachd ;
Ge d' nach biodh coga fo na gheirn
Ach daòine bhias an tìr fein.
- 4 Chuirnear ar luingeas amach,
A chaith' a chuain gu h' eolach,
Bla sinn subhach ri seoladh
Is bha Deirdir dubhach do-bhrònach.
- 5 Creud e fa do thuirse bhean
Agas sinne beo 'n ar beatha
Nì h aithne dhuinn neach d'ar bualadh
Nì h eagal luim fuath no sìchaimh
- 6 Aislinn do chuinnacas an raoir ;
Oirbhse thriuir braithre barra chaoin²
Ar chùibhreach is ar cuir san uaigh,
Leis a Chòuchair chlaoin ruagh.
- 7 Air chlochaibh sin is air chranàibh,
Agus air lachaibh na linne
Is air chuilleinibh na 'm fiadh chor
Is air carbas fiar an t Seannach.
- 8 Creud bheir sinne 'n daill an laoch
Is farsaing na faireg amach
'S a lughad cala cuol is cuan
A b' fheadar tarruing³ gun uabhas.
- 9 An am luidhe do na ghrein
Nìr b' aobhar snaim dhuain e
C'ait ionnar ar ghabh long tìr
Ach fo Bhaile mor Rìgh Conchair.
- 10 Thainig Conchair amach le
Sheachd fìchid laoch cheann-uallach
Is dh' fhiosraich le briara brais
Cia na sloi' 'ta air an luingeas.
- 11 Clann do pheathar àta ann ;
Sinn triar a thainig air tuinn
Air oincach 's air chomaire an Rì'
Aig tagradh dìlseachd ar cairdeas
- 12 Cha chlann peathar dhamsa sibh
Nìr bheairt saoi⁴ do rinn sibh orm
Thug sibh mo bhean uam a b' fhoill⁵
Sì Deirdir dhonn shuileach ghlei' gheal.
- 13 An uair a sgoil do long mu làn
Is tu a mullach na mara dillin
Thug sinn dhuit ar long fein
Do bhi' mar ann uair sin a' do reir⁶
- 14 De d' mharbha sibh caogad rìgh
Air mo bhui'eachas gu fìor
Nì am faigheadh sibh an diu do m' shith
Ach gach uil' easai' 'm faodain⁷
- 15 Do rinne mar dhuit bàì' bheag eile
O 's e nis an tam do chuitmhicheadh
Chuir sinn' thu 'n comanibh lìonar.
'S dilleas ar còir air do chomraich.
- 16 An tann do chuir Murcha Mac Briàn
Na seachd caithibh am binn Eadair⁸
Thug sinn' thugan gun easbhuì'
Cinn Mhic rìgh na h Eardheise.
- 17 Ge d' mharbha sibh caogal Rì'
Air mo bhui'eachas gur fìor
Nì am bheil sibh an diu do m' shith
Ach gach uil' eas-shith do 'm feadain.
- 18 Eirich a Naois is glae do chlaì'
A dheagh mìle an Rì is glan coimhead
Creud fa 'm faigheadh a cholain shuairc
Ach a mhàin aon chuairt do 'n anam.
- 19 Chuir Naois a shalta⁹ ri clàr
Is ghlae a chloì 'n a dhorn
'S bu gharg deannal nan laoch
Tuitim air gach taobh do bhord.

¹ (Soft brooks) threatening white hand.² More than mild.³ Without fear.⁴ Son.⁵ Le foill.⁶ Friends.⁷ (Ea sith) mischief.⁸ Eadinn.⁹ Resolved.

20 Gluais a Dheurdrúinn as do luing
A gheug ur nam¹⁰ abhra dhuinn
Is ní h eagal do ghnúis ghloin
Fuath no 'eud no aelmhasan.¹¹

21 Ní 'n rachar an seasad as mo luing
Gu 'm faighe mí mo raogha achuinge

22 Cha tír, cha talamh 's cha tuar
Cha triuir braithre fa ghlan snua' th
Cha 'n or, cha 'n airgid 's cha 'n eich
Ní mo is bean naireach misc.

23 Ach mo chead a dhol an traí'
Far am bheil clann uisnich nan tarah,
Gu 'n tiburim mo thri poga meala
Do na tri corpa caomh geala.

24 Sgabileadh a falt dualach thá
Aig¹² a mínaoi bu chuana caill'
Mu 'm bearra si leith a b feill¹³
Atrad a bhruid bu choirle,

25 Do ghluais Deirdir an traí'
Is thuair si Saor aig sna¹⁴ isheadh raimh
A sgian aige cion¹⁵ na leith lamh
Is a thuagh iona¹⁶ na lamh eile

26 A shaoir is aile am faecas riamh
Creud air an tiubhra tu an sgian
Gur e bheirinn duit g'a ceann,
Aon fhaine buaghach na h-Eirinn

27 C'aít an robh am faine geasach¹⁷
An la do bhaoghlnisheadh clann uisnich
'L iongna le buaighibh an fhaine,
Mar fhuarah an crádh no 'n guinsin¹⁸

28 La gu 'n robh Naoinc eur cloiche
Ann 'n ursainn cath faun na faiche ;
Do sgaoil an fháil¹⁹ oir fa mheur
'S thug dhamhsa i mo ghragh da ta sgai,

29 Och do chuimhnich mo ghradh gealsa
Am faine feartach a bli na fhochair
N baoghal do o ghóil nan sluaghailbh
A ghuin le thuath no le sochái'

30 An sin do shanntaich an saor am faine
Air dheise 's air áilne
Gur e bheirinn duit ga cheann
Aon sgian aghmhór na h-Eirinn.

31 Caoi', no Triabhunn Deirdir
Cha ghairdeachas gun chlann uisnich
O! s tuisreanach gun bhí' nar cuallach
Tri mic righ le 'n díolfai deoraibh.

32 Tri leoghain a chnuic na h-umha
Tri manúinn a bh' Ti Bratain²⁰
Tri seobhaig o shliabh a chmíllinn,
An triar d'an geile na gaisgich
'S do n tiubhra na h amh thuis uram.

33 Thri Steallain do 'n ubhal oir
Nach fuilingeadh deannal nan tír,
Tri mic uisnich o 'Dhun mona',
O tri coin a chochair chaomh.

34 Na tri eoin a b' aille snuagh,
A thainig air chuan nam bare
Tri mic uisnich o 'n charra-chruinn²¹
Tri lachaibh air tuinn a snuagh.

35 Soiri²² soir gu h-Albain nam
Farma mhath fruorac cuain is gleann
Ann am biodh clann uisnich ri sealg
Bu aobhain súidhe air leirg a beann.

36 Níor²³ b' iongna mi thabhairt grai
Do dh' Albain ur fa re roid
Bu ghlan mo choili na measg
Bu leam a h-cich is a h-or.²⁴

37 Bail' agus leath Albain fein
Do bhíodh agam ar d an ceum,
Is le Fergus nan colg laidir
Gur muisg a thainig gu h-Firinn.

38 O ghlinn Maisinn sin gleann Maisin,
Gor a chreamh is geal a dhiosan
Minic do romneas codal iorach
Air do mhulachsa ghlinn Maisinn.

39 Gleann Daruail sin, Gleann Daruail
An gleann is binne guth cuiaich
Is binne guth gaodh-air fo 'n choille chruim,
Os ar ceann ann Gleann Daruail.

40 Aoibhinn Dón Meaghr is Dun Fhionn
Aoibhinn an dún bha os a cheann
Aoibhinn Innis Dreoghain leathain
Leis sin agus Dun suibhne.

41 Cearthar sin ann Innis Dreoghain
Far nach faodadh na slogh ar noiscadh
Mise fein 's ní moid an ágh,
Naóis Aillbhe agus Ardán.

42 Bhíodh Aillbhe againn ri toirbheirt
Is Ardán ri seilg séanta
Is Naóis fein ceann ar muintir
Is mise ri fuaim nan teuda

43 La gu 'n robh fir Alba 'g ol
Is clann uisnich bu mor cean²⁵
Do inghean Draosach Dhun Ireoir
Thug Naóis dhí pog gun fhíos

44 Gu na gheall e dhi alldaimh aon
Agh allaigh is lao' na cois
Is thaghaill se aic air chuairt
Air pilleadh o shluagh Innarais

45 Thug a bhean sin o Dlunn Ireoin
Briaran is a boid mbeair
Gur an racha Naóis a dh'eug
Nach i rachi si fein le fear

46 O choin nar chuala mise sin
Lian mo cleann lan do 'n eud
Tilgeadar mo churchair air tuinn
Coimheas leam bhí beo no eug

47 Do thug naóis a bhriara sior
Is a lugha more am fianuis arn
Nach cuireadh ormsa feirg no gruaim
Gus an rachamad air sluagh nam narbh

48 Do leanadar mise amach
Aillbhe is Ardán a bha treun
Is philleadar mi ris a steach
An diais a chuireadh cath air chendán.

49 O da chluinne sibhs anochd
Naóis dhol fo blort an cre
Throm ghuile sibh gu bras
Is ghluilise a sheachd leath.

50 'S iad clann uisnich sud tha thall
Is iad nan luidhe bonn ri bonn
Is da 'n suimleughadh marbh roimh mhairbh eile
Gu 'n suimleighe sibhs romhamsa.

51 Tri Dreagno dhunmonai
Triar curraí na craobh ruaighe
Tareis nan Triath níor bheo mise
Triar a bhriseadh gach aon rnaigh.

52 Do threigeas aoibhneas nlamh
Fa 'n triar curaibh do b'annsa
Mo shoghal an feasd mor fhade
Na 'n laighear aon fheas leamsa.

53 Lair fosgladh a phartainn
Na deantarann naibh le gu docair
Biaidh mi 'm fochair na huaighe
Far a deantar truaí' agus ochain,

54 'S mor a gheibhinn do shochair
Ann am fochair nan curaibh
Le 'm²⁶ fuinn iad gun teach gun teine
Och mise am feasd nach biodh dubhach.

¹⁰ Brown complexion.

¹¹ Reproach.

¹² Strong constitution. ¹³ Unintelligible. ¹⁴ Shaving

oars. ¹⁵ Aon. ¹⁶ Ann.

¹⁷ King of Charns. ¹⁸ Guin, stitch. ¹⁹ Failbheag.

²⁰ Albainn. ²¹ Round rock. ²² Bheir soiri.

²³ Rion bhí agam bu breagh oidin. ²⁴ Seirc.

²⁵ Gheall e nar philleadh e chuairt.

²⁶ Na 'm faighinn.

- 55 An trì sgiatha is an trì sleagha
Ann san leabai dhuinn gu mìnne
Cuir' an trì clo' cruadh
Sint' osceann uagh nan gillaibh
- 56 An trì conaibh is an trì sealbhaic
Biatar am fead gun luchd seilge
Tri triari choimhead catla
Triar dhalaibh chonail chearnaich.
- 57 Tri iallaima nan trì Iun sin
Do lhuinn osna o mo chridhe
'S ann agamsa do bhiodh an tasgai'
Ga 'm faicsin is aobhar caoi.
- 58 Och is truagh mo shealla orra
'S e dh'fhag mi fo dhochair is fo thuirse
Trua' nach deach mise san talamh
Sol fa 'n do mharbha clann uisnich,
- 59 O 's truagh ar tuirse le Fergus
Gur cealgach chum na craobh ruaidhe
Le na briara blada binne
Fadh ma n' mhillleadh sibh aon uair
- 60 Och 's mise Deirdir gun aoibhneas
Anis aig crìochnacha mo bheatha
Bronufam do 'n triar mo thri pogaibh
Is duinas ann am bron mo laeth.

O. 15. DEIRDRE NO CLANN USNACHAN.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 79. 312 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.

The name of the heroine in this poem is Tirfaill, not Dearduil. It seems a different poem altogether from Mac Pherson's *Darthula*; only the names of the three brothers are the same. Deirdre, indeed, is mentioned as her name. And one is at a loss whether the poet gives two names, or whether the poem is a part of two poems. The beginning does not correspond with what follows. (Note by IRVINE.)

- 1 FAOIN do shuan oigh na maise,
An leabaidh fhuar an cois na traigh;
Mo chridhe tha briste le taise,
Dom' Dhan ghlaithe do bhraighe,
- 2 Tigh gun leus do chomhnuidh
Bronach do dhaimh 's do chairdean.
- 3 Turas gu 'n deachadh iad air luing,
Uainn clann Usnachan ionmhuin;
Dh' fhag iad Deirdre san Duth,
Am beinn Ardre 'nan aonar.
- 4 La is bliadhna dhuinn mar sin,
Ann beinn Ardre nar n-aonar;
'Se thuirt an Duth dis ruim,
Ar bainis is mithich a dheanamh.
- 5 Ar bainis cha' n' eil am fath,
Ni mo nitear i gu brath;
Aig gun tig iad dhathaidh slan,
Cloinn Usnachan an ceann bliadhna.
- 6 Cinnteach bithidh tu gu dìth,
Ged fhaigheadh tu 'n bas g'an cumhadh;
Bithidh tusa 'san Dùbh san aon leab,
Aig an teid an ur thar a leachd. (leac)
- 7 Sealladh gu 'n tugas a mach,
Air bordaibh a Bharra bhraoin;
'S ionmhuin an truir chuataidh chas, (chuantair)
A shnambas an euan dhathigh.
- 8 Ardán is Ailda air an Stuir,
A dhimras gu h-ardanach tuinn;
Mo ruin an glac lamhach geal,
'S e m' fhear fein tha stuiradh sud.
- 9 Na tigeadh smid as do bheul,
O Ille Duith nam fann sgeul;
Marbhar thu gun chiont dhe,
Ma ni mu 'n creuda iad mise.
- 10 A chloinn Usnachan nan each,
A thainig à tir nam fear fhuileach;
Ad' fhadir sibh tair o neach,
No ciod a ghraidh a bha g'ar cumail?
- 11 'Se bha g'ar cumail bli dol uat
'S ann duinne gu 'm b' fhuileach an ruaig;
Niall Mac Frasgan ceann fhear fail
Bhi g'ar fastail 's g'ar cumail,
- 12 Cait an robh iad bhuir n-airm ghaigse,
An uair a dh' otha sibh bhuir glaca?
Do Niall Mac Frasgan ceann fhear fail,
Gu bhitheadh g'ar fastail no g'ar cumail.
- 13 Còdal gu 'n d' rinneas 'nar luing
Air ontha na Mara thruim;
M'an d' fharraich sinn bi na ce (no dhur)
Dh' iadh na sè longa deug umainn.
- 14 Cha mbise nach d' innis sin duibh,
Chloinn Usnachan ionmhuin;
Cadal fada 's beag a thlachd,
Do dhuine 'se air Dheorachd. (Thorachd)
- 15 'S ann a chuir e sinn an uamhain,
Fada, fada fo thalbain;
Far an tigeadh Tharrainn an saile,
Tri nao uairean san aon la.
- 16 'San sin nuair thainig e g'ar fios
An tir-fail bu ghile enas;
Ghabh i gne mhor g'ar truaigh,
Bandrach ur na craoibh ruaidh.
- 17 Cha robh bian eilde na aigh,
A fhuar a nighean an Dun a h-athar;
Nach do chuir an og bhean a b' fhear tuigse,
Eadar sinne sam fìor uisge.
- 18 Dh' imich i do Dhun a h-athar,
Tir-fail an fhuil mhaoth sgathaich;
Fhuaradh a h-athair san Dun,
'Sa chairdean uile m'a thiomchnull.
- 19 Thigsa a'm' chogair a Thirfaill (Thirbail),
Rìbhinn fharasda dhonn thla;
An sgeul a cheileas mi air chach,
A ghraidh g'un innsin duita,
- 20 Mar gur olc run nam lam,
Innsidh iad sa' chuil na chluinneas,
'S dona 'n run a bhitheadh ann,
Nuair chleicheadh tu i air h-aon nighean.
- 21 Ghleithinn seachd blaidhna i gun fhios,
Fom' chich thosgail an tasgaidh:
- 22 Chuir rìgh Eirin fìos an traigh,
Gur math Uaisle Iunsefail;
Gu faghinnse luchd mo luinge,
Dh' or dh' aigriod, a dh' aon druinne,
- 23 Na cimich a chur, gun fheall,
Dha amarach air chuain na h-Eirin.
- 24 Leag a nighean osnadh throm,
As a cridhe fein gun charg la;
Chlisg aismichean an tìghe,
Le aon osna na h-Inghin.
- 25 G'e b'e leag an osnadh throm,
Ri gur ionmhuin leis na cimich;
'S mise leag an osnadh throm,
Na cimich gur coma leam.
- 26 Tha carrainn ann am thaobh cli
Gu marbhadh i caogaidh rìgh;
Tha carrainn eile a' m' thaobh dheas,
Is i air luain tharis agam.
- 27 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fios
An Tirfaile bu ghile enas;
An robh thu anns an Dun ud thall,
No 'n cual thu aithris oirn ann?
- 28 Bha mi anns an Dun ud thall,
'S bochd an aithris bh' oirbh ann;
Chuir rìgh Eirin fìos an traigh,
Gu math naisle Innsefail.
- 29 Gu 'm faghheadh m' athairse luchd a luinge,
Dh' or dh' aigriod a dh' aon druinne;
Is sibhse chuir gun fheall,
Do mairach air chuain na h-Eirin.

- 30 Ach sinibh thugamsa ur casan,
'S gu' n tomhais mi na glasan;
Nì 'm fag mi bonn air dhi cuimhne,
Air fad mi leud, no air doimhne.
- 31 Rainig ise an ceird cluanach,
Fhuaras ord Gobha na laimh;
Is e ga shìor bhuiladh air innan.
- 32 'S neonach leam thu a nighean rìgh,
A bhì falbh oidheche ann am chadal;
'Se bheireadh dhomhsa bhì falbh oidheche,
Cor m' fhaoinnachd a bhì agad. (coir)
- 33 'S naorachd mise a bhì beo,
'S coir a fhaoinnachd a bhì agam;
'S an ceann Dubh-sa thair no bhuagaid,
Gur tu rinn dhomhsa a ghleitheadh.
- 34 Bha mi la pronna oir,
An ceardach t-athar an Chanaidh;
Choinnichadh ormsa an t-òr a ghlaideadh,
'S gu 'm bu sgeul sid air namhaid.
- 35 Mire gu 'n rinneas a' m' luing,
Air onfha no mara thruim;
Thuit nichrichean m' athar thar bord,
'S truagh gun mise nan struth lorg.
- 36 Rinn an Gobha na h-uichrichean buadha,
Dhì ri fatail na h-aon uaire,
- 37 Na tigeadh smid as do bheul,
Moch no amoch, no ma fheasgar.
Aig an inneas an Grinnal e!
No 'n t-innean air an deach an dh' deanamh,
- 38 Sin gur thainig i gur fios,
An Tìrfail bu ghile enas!
- 39 Sinibh thuganisa bhnr cassan
'S gum fosgail mi na glasan,
Mar dh' fhaig mi bonn air dhi cuimhne.
Air fad' air laid no air doimhne,
- 40 Thug Naois an leum gu h-calachain,
Ardan a b' aillde co allsa,
Ailde an deaghai uin.
- 41 An triur bhrathran bu mhat dhiongail:
Bheil sibh nise air 'ur cois?
No bheil a bhos na rì 'ur dhiongail,
- 42 No' m bitheadh againn ar trì claidhean.
Agus lòn chuig oidhechean,
Solas ceire leth mar leth.
'S gu 'm bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 43 Chaidh i dh' iarraidh nan trì claidhean,
Cha b' e faoidh a b' fhusa dheanamh;
Rainig i Gille an t-seomair,
An ribhinn ur m' an iadh an t-Omar.
- 44 'S neona leam a nighean rìgh,
Bhì falbh oidheche ann am chadal;
'S e bheireadh dhomh bhì falbh oidheche,
Cuir m' fhaoinnachd a bhì agad.
- 45 Na deanamsa ceartas dìonnai,
Nighean an rìgh o Dhun Meara;
Tha mi 'g iarraidh nan trì claidhean,
Agus lòn chuig oidhechean.
- 46 Solus ceire leth mar leth,
'S gum bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 47 Cìod a dheanadh tu 'de chloidhe,
A nighean rìgh ard fhlatbail,
'S nach b' urrainn thu chuir leis catha,
No thoir leis latha seirbbis?
- 48 Bheirinn cloidhe dhìu' mar ghìit,
Do mhaic a thuair rìgh ri Ribhinn;
Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhìubh,
Do cheud marcach nan each cuin

- 49 Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhìubh,
Do ard mharasail mo luinge;
Leag i na naoi *piosan* oir,
Air a bhord air son nam trì chladhean.
- 50 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fios,
An Tìrfail bu ghile enas;
Tha lòn aig m' athairse air sul,
Roimhe thail air chluan Cìaran.
- 51 Cuigar agletha na luinge,
Aon fhear mor ann os gach duine;
Ach buailibh cothromach ceart,
Bhur trì buillean san non alt.
- 52 Ge bu dorchda dubh an oidheche,
Bu neo-bhorb a rinn sinn iomra;
Bhuail sinn gu cothromach ceart
Na trì buillean san oan alt.
- 53 Thigsa nad luing Thìrfail,
A ribhinn fharasda dhonn thla;
Cha bhì ach aon bhean os do cheann,
Anns na crìochaibh Gaileach againne.
- 54 Cum an rachainn ann ad luing
'S luitheadh Mac rìgh tha m' iarraidh;
No gu 'm falblain fein am braid,
Air sgath buidhne coinneach eile.
- 55 Tilgidh iad orts a gheal ghlonnach.
- 56 M'as fìor gu bheil thu torrach;
Laidhear air fearaibh na h-Eìrin e,
'S aon nighean mi do 'n rìgh,
'S mothaid dhe sud mo phris.
- 57 'S dona an t-aran re scal,
Nach tabhair aon ian an cala;
Ach bheirinn bliadhna air a ghaol,
Agus bliadhna air a ghradh.
- 58 Bliadhna eile cheann bhì bhos,
An ceann chuig *mìle* bliadhna; (*bile*)
Thig se an sin an iarraidh.
- 59 A ghraidh fein mar dean thu sin,
Taghsa bean san tìr an tachair.
- 60 (Thug Naois a mhionnan gu sìor,
As lùdh e gu dian eutrom oirn;
Nach cuireadh e ormsa grama,
Aig an tigeadh suain na marbh (racha e 'u)
- 61 Thug a bhean sin o Dhuntreoir,
A mionnan mor 'sa boid mhearr,
Aig an rachadh Naois an eug,
Nach racha i fein à d' fhear.)

ERRAINN AIR CHAL.

- 62 Ach na cluinneadh ise nochd,
Naois a bhì fo bhrod nan creuchd;
Gu guileadh i fein gu goirt,
Is ghulinnas mau seach da reir.

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

- 63 Thug iad a mach as mo dheigh,
Ailld is Ardan air an t-snamh;
Is thug iad leo mi gu tìr,
An dìthis a chuir cath air cheud.
- 64 Nuair a shoillsich dhuinne an lo,
Dhuin umainn an dall cheo;
Sann ghabh ar currach tìr,
Fo mhor bhaile an ard rìgh.
- 65 Thainig Conchar a mach,
'Sa chardean uile ma thiomchìol;
Labhair e gu broddan bras,
Co na laoch tha air an loingear?
- 66 Clann do pheathar fein th' ann,
Nan suidh an Eathar ur ramh; (Thriamh)
- 67 Cha chlann peathar dhomhsa sibh,
Cha 'n e an gnìomh a rinn sibh orna.
Ach mo mbaslacha' gun fheall,
Thar fearaibh Uaisle na h-Eìrin.

- 68 Ma thug sinne uat do bhean,
Deardre fhuichear lamh gheal;
Rinn sinu baigh bheag eile ruit,
Be so àm a cuimhneachadh.
- 69 Ann la chuir Murcha Mac Lir,
Na seachd Cathan beinn Eduin;
Chuir sinn thu an Inis an Iul,
Bha sinn an là sin a dh' aon run.
- 70 Ged dheanadh ruim mìle baigh,
Air mo bhuidheachas, gu fìor;
Bhur sìth cha 'n fhaigh gun doghair,
O 'n rìgh sin Conach odhar.
- 71 Rinn sinn baigh bheag eile ruit,
B'e so àm a cuimhneachadh;
An la bhris do long air sal,
Lan do airgiod, lan do or,
- 72 Thug sinn dhuir ar long fein,
Is shnambh sinn an cuain ma d' thiomchill;
Ged dheanadh sibh ruim mìle baigh,
Bhur sìth cha 'n fhaigh sibh gu brath.
¹Ach gach dìth is motha dh' fheadainn.
- 73 Eirich a Naois, glac do chloidhe,
Dheagh Mhic rìgh and fhlathail,
Chuir Naois 'n sin a chos thar bord,
Ardan is Ailde na sthruth long.
- 74 Cha bhas leam anis 'ur bas,
Chloinn Usnachan gun aois;
O na thuit e leibh gun theall,
Treas Marcaich Uasail na h-Eirin.
- 75 Dheardhre thigsa as do luing.
Cum an rachainn as mo luing,
Gun mo cheud ratha ath-chanaich.
- 76 Cha chrobbh, cha 'n airgiod, cha 'n oir,
Cha choilich ghreagha, cha 'n eich nablhrach;
Ach cead comas dol an traigh,
Far am bheil clann Usnachan.
- 77 Thoir m' fhios gu 'n tugadh gradh,
Da na corpan eucas gheal;
- 78 Sgaol iad a folt buigh bàin,
Air an ribhinn fharasda dhuin thla,
Chum nach tugadh i am braid,
Letha imrach cro na snaide.
- 79 Ach aon fhail oir bha ma meur,
Gun a thiot e sìd na bheul;
Dh' imich e 'n sin do 'n traigh,
Far an robh clann Usnachan.
- 80 'S e fhuair isc 'n sin san traigh,
Saor a snaighe a ramh;
Shaoir sinn a shnaigheas na rainn,
Gu'm bitheadh a chore roinn gheur.
- 81 'Se bheirinn dhuitsa g'a ceann,
An aon fhail oir 's fearr bha 'n Eirin;
Ghabh an saor meanma goirt,
Thug e do Dheardre a chore.
- 82 Dh' imich i an sin do 'n traigh,
Far an robh clann Usnachan;
'S e fhuair i 'n sin gun agadh,
An tri chuirp sinnte sìos co fada.
- 83 Chuir i sìos a beul ri beul,
A taobh ri taobh, sa gluin ti gluin;
Ghabh i 'n sgian gheur 'na cridhe,
Is fhuair i bas gun aithreachas.
- 84 (Druid a null a craois colaich,
Mbath is uile 's tu fein a dh' arach;
Nan suilicha marbh roimh bheo,
Gun suilicha tusa ro' amse.)
This from Capt. Morrison, 2nd Dec., 1802.
- 85 Runaig Conach Odhar an traigh,
Is cuig ceud an coimeamh a mhnaoi;
'Se fhuair e 'n sin gun agadh,
Na ceithir chuirp sìnte sìos cho fhada.

¹ Added.

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

Neolan.

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

Q. 6. AOIDHEADH CHLAINN UISNICH. 364 lines.

Stewart's Collection, p. 562.

- 1 A CHLANN Uisnich nan each geala,
A's sibh an tìr nam fear fuileach,
Cìod e do bhi air ur n-eachailbh,
Na 'n ceann fath ata 'g ur cumail?
- 2 Ata 'g ur cumail fada nainn?
A's gur leibh chuireadh an ruaig,
D' a' n lambadh bagad ur nàmh
Ur 'n amladh anns a chumaisg.
- 3 Ach chuireadh leibh ur long a mach,
A chaitheadh a chuain gu h-eolach,
Bha Naos subhach ga seoladh,
A's Aille, maise nan ògan.
- 4 Bha Ardán bu deise ga stiùireadh
Air freasdal a dhithis bhrathar iulmhor,
Codal shìl is beag a thlachd
Do'n mhnaoi tha ac air deoraidheachd.
- 5 Tha an ghaoth gun cisiomail ri'n sceimh,
A' cleachd ri'an tìrlibh grinne, reidhe,
A's mar an oiche tha folach a boichead,
Tha Dearduil dubbach, dubhrònach.
- 6 Dearduil thug barrachd an ailleachd,
Air manaibh eile na h-Eirin.
Nì choimeasair rithise càch,
Ach mar bhaidcal air sgà na reultaig.
- 7 ' Cìod e fath do thùrsa a bhean?
A's sinne beo re do bheatha,
A's nach aithne dhuinn neach d'ar buadhach,
An ceithir bruchaibh an domhain.
- 8 ' Aisling chunnacas an raoir
Oirbhe a thriuir brathar barra-chlaon:
Ur enibhreach, a's ur cur san uaigh,
Leis a Chonachar chlaon, ruadh.
- 9 'Air chlachairbh sin, a's air chrannailbh,
A's air lachailbh nan linteann,
A's air cuileanaibh nan fiadh-chon,
A's air iorball fein an t-sionnach.
- 10 Cìod e bheir sinn an dàil an laoch?
A's fairsineachd na fairge a mach,
A's a liuthad eula, caol, a's cuain,
'S am feudamaid tarruing gun uamhas.
- 11 Ceadal na h-òig mhna nì'm b'fhaoin,
A's diomhaoin spairneadh ri gaoith,
Loch Eite bu chian o'n iul,
A's Couill na crannglach àire.
- 12 Cha tig soirbheas a deas mo nair!
Cha'n islich frith na gaoith tuath,
Cha tig Naos air a'is ri a re,
Cha tog e ri brughach an fheigh.

- 13 Ris tha Cuiguladh a dlùthadh,
A's Conachar an gar na mhùr ud,
A's an tìr sin uile fudh smachd,
Anns an ghabh Dearduil dhe¹ thlachd.
- 14 Bu shoineamhail le Dearduil an t òg,
Agus aghaidh mar shoille an lò ;
Air lì an fhithich bha ghrùag,
Bu deirge na an subh a ghruaidh.
- 15 Bha chueas mar chobhar nan sruth,
A's mar uisge bailbh a ghuth ;
Bha chridhe fearail, fial,
A's aobhach ciùin mar a ghrian.
- 16 'Nuair a dh'eirgheadh a fhraoch, a's fhearg,
Bi choimeas an fhaireg gharg,
B'ionann agus neart a tonn,
Fuaim na laimh aig an t-sonn.
- 17 Mar reothart a buinne borb,
Bha e san araich fìr streapa cholg,
Anns an facas le Dearduil' e'n tùs,
A's i coimhead o mhullach an Dùin.
- 18 'Ionmhunn,' ars an oigh thlath,
'An t-ainneol o bhàr nam bèud,
Is goirt le cridhe a mhàthar,
A dhàinead ri uchd na streapa.
- 19 Is nearachd nighean do ghràidh
An Albain aghmhòr nan gèg,
'Nuair chì si e bhòrd na mara
A's e greasadh gu cala an treun.'
- 20 Ach a Dhearduil bu ghrinne nòs,
Tha do chòradh air fàs fann,
Tha toirn nam stuadh, a's na gaoithe,
Tabhairt caochlaidh air t'airgiol ain.
- 21 'Ionmhunn tìr, an tìr ud shoir,
Albain cona lingantailb
Gur truagh nach mise tha r'a h-oir,
Gur truagh nach mise, a's Naos.
- 22 Sornaidh soir gu h-Albain nam,
Far a' maith fadharc euain, a's ghleann,
Anns am biodh mie Uisnich re sealg,
B'eibhinn suidhe air leirg am beann.
- 23 Cha b'iongna mise thabhairt graidh
Do Albain àir bu reidhe ròid,
Bu ghlan mo cheile na measg,
Bhiodh leam a b-eich, a's a h-oir.
- 24 O ghlinn Masain ! sin gleann m'annsachd,
Ge gorm a chreamh 's geal a ghasan ;
B'ait a dheanain cadal corrach
Air do mhullach-sa ghlinn Masain.
- 25 Gleann Daruadhail, gleann gach buadha,
An gleann 's am binne guth cuaiche,
Is binne guth gadhair fa'n choille chruim
Air a' bheinn os gleann Daruadhail.
- 26 Eibhinn Dùn-meatha, a's Dùn-fionn,
Eibhinn an Dùn bhiodh os an cionn,
Eibhinn Innis-droighin leathann
A's lea sin Dùn-suibhne.
- 27 Ceathrar sinn an Innis-droighin,
Far nach feudadh sloigh ar uigheadh,
Mise fein, a's bu mhòid m' àgh
Naos, Aille, agus Ardan.
- 28 Bhiodh Ardan agam ri teirbheirt,
A's Aille re seilg shleibhean,
Naos na cheann air muintir,
A's mise re tuirmeadh theud ann.'
- 29 'A nighean Cholla nan sgiath,'
Do radh Naos, bu tiambaidh fonn,
'Ge fada naim Albain nam fiagh,
A's Eite na ciar aigheam donn.
- 30 'Nuair shiolaidheas an fhaireg bhras,
A's a theid stad air a ghaoith tuath,
Cothaichidh sinn cala taimh,
No samhchair air aghaidh chuain.
- 31 Rachams' a choimhead an Duin ud,
Biodh Aille re h-iul fa thuaisceart,
Agus Ardan a faireadh na tragua,
Mu'n tig ar namhaid mu'r tuaircam.
- 32 Fansa ghèug na maiso
San laing chais, gus an till sinn,
Nì h-eagal gu tig bèud na d' dhàil,
A's claidhean nach cearr ga d' dhìcean.
- 33 Bu doilgheasach còr na h-Aille,
A's i' g cisteachd re gairich thomn,
B'ion thruaighe a sìtshuil chiuin,
A's a diuir mu Naos nam buadh.
- 34 Tha cridhe luamain re h-osnaich,
A's nach chuinn i foran a gaoil ;
Is beag a h-uamhan roimh an doushion,
A's a sunain air comann a graidh.
- 35 A Thriath Eite nam morfheart,
A's a bhrathairean nan deare caomh,
Fòiribh air Dearduil a bhròin,
A's na leigibh an tòir na gàr.
- 36 Chì si ag iompaidh mu coimeamh
Naos fudh dhoileirachd gnais,
Taircis da aogasg Chuchullin,
A mhothachadh ag uilleann an Dùin.
- 37 B'adhbhail an Taibhse fudh sprochd
Bu liomhor osnaich a chleibhe
Bha rosg faun mar lasair mhuchta,
A shleagh na ceo re cùl a sgèithe.
- 38 Mar ghaoith fhàis an uainn nan còs,
Bha tuireadh, a's bròn na ghuth.
Bu chianail aigne Naos a' clastin
Sgeala a bhais o an chruth.
- 39 'Cia fàth mu bheil t'aigne trom,
A Naos a's liomhor nòs'
Do radh Inghean Cholla gu tiom,
'A's gun agams' ach brìgh do ghloir.
- 40 Cha mhairtean ach Naos, a's Dearduil,
Tha luchd a daimh air dol fudh lie.
Tha mi gun athair, gun bhrathair,
A's fear mo shàraich gun iochd.
- 41 Tha reulan Sheallmait air dubhadh,
A's a thulach air fàs donn,
Cha leim na bric re a shruthaibh,
Cha tog cnach na uiseg ann fonn.
- 42 Cha'n iongna a's gur bàs do Thruthal,
Mo bhrathair thug urram thar slòigh,
Air ghaireadh Colla caomhach,
(B'e m'athair gaolach), fudh an fhòid.
- 43 Bha Thruthal le h-olltuadh cogaidh
Chiosadh cothrom, agus còir ;
Tra bhiosa na sgaradh nan tràth,
Na m' suidhe ag aird chraoibh an lòn.
- 44 Thainig am ionnsuidh m'athair
Fearsaid chatha bu lorg dha,
Air aghaidh fhilathail cha robh sunt,
A's osnadh air grunt a chleibhe.'
- 45 'A Dhearduil ghradhach,' ars an rìgh,
'Nì mairtean do m' shìol-sa ach thu,
Thorachair Thruthal 's a chath,
A's tha Conachar nan gath dhomh dluth,
- 46 Aith-dhioladh mo mhic, neo tuiteam,
Is e bheir furtach do m' aois sa,
Da faighteadh tearmann do Dhearduil,
B' eibhinn an àrach dhomh-sa.'
- 47 'Ma thuit crann iul a chatha,
Og rathail na morchuis,
Glacams' athair mo bhogha,
A's tollam Conachar na adhbhar.'
- 48 'Glacsa Dhearduil am bogha,
Is sodhail leam brìgh do chaille,
Ach feuch gu fuirich thu m'fhochair,
A's do shosta air chùl mo sgèithe.'
- 49 'Faire na h-oidhebe gu tiambaidh,
Nì bu chian gu madain shàrghil,
Chaidh mis an uidheam catha,
A's lean mi m'Athair gu deonach.

¹ Of Naos.

- 50 Ri beum sgèithe an aosda,
Chruinnich a koiach air an fhaiche,
Cha bu sochaidh iad air àireamh,
A's an ciabhan os barr air ghasadh.'
- 51 'Mo cho-aisean bha tric sa bhàr,'
Dabhairt Colla gu clath re dhaoine.
'Is cuimhne leibh cur a chatba
Ann do thuit Connfada uì b'fhaoin e.
- 52 A'ta sinn anois air liatha,
A's ar n-òigridh chiatach san ùir,
Thuit Tynthal ar ceann treun,
A's tha òigin am fogus ar mùr.
- 53 Ge do lag mata air na'r treoir,
Rachamaid le deoin san iomairt,
Diolamaid èng ar Macraidh,
A's thugamaid cath gu ninnhail.'
- 54 'Tharraing e a lann a truailh,
A's tharraing a shluagh gach lann leis,
Ghluaiseamar a thabhairt còdhail
Do Chonachar san lòn na dheas.
- 55 Bomhanach an iorghuil gharg,
Mar dheanach dearg a teine,
Thainig an t-shaighid na srann,
Thuit Colla nan lann air a sgèith.
- 56 B'ioma-ghonta mo chivhl ma m'athair
Chrom mi gu talamh ga thearnadh,
Ach chaochail ruidhe a ghruidh,
Threig a shluagh, a's a chàil.
- 57 Thainig Conachar 's a shleagh na ghlaic,
Ach air m'fhaicinn ri deoir,
Dh'iompaigh se nam a h-carrglas,
Agus bha a labhairt le doigh.
- 58 Ach cia nime an tguin gràdh,
Do fhear cruidh mo bhrathair, a's m'athair,
Agus sgrìth, a's claidheamh mo dhilsean,
Air chiosnadh le neart a chatba.'
- 59 'Agams' amhàin biodh do ghradh,
A Dhearduil a's fearr a measg bhan,
Ionann as reann air aghaidh neoil,
Do bhriathra corr, a's do ghean.
- 60 Ge fada uainn Eite nam fiagh,
A's cobhair nam Fianna trein,
Feadh a's beo do Naos, 's do bhrathairean,
Cha tig air mo Dhearduil beud.
- 61 Ni rachamaid iomroll air chuan,
Mur bhiodh ghaoth thuath le fogha dhein,
'G ar iomain an luib ar namhaid,
Gun asrus, gun fhath air treine.'
- 62 Ach ge h-ard' a ghàrnas tonna,
Ri traigh Chuiguladh nan stèud,
Ge doineanta, luainneach neoil,
A toirneadh gu h-aigal o spèur.
- 63 Ni bheil mic Uisnich ag iraidh
N h-iorguil bhuirb a sheachnadh,
'Cha b'eagal leo duine, na daoine,
Mur biodh Dearduil chaoin air seachran.
- 64 Uisnich nan carbad innealt,
Mo thuiteas do mhic san àraich,
Cha'n inuscar gun d'ob siad an iomairt,
Cha tig air do chinneadh-sa tair.
- 65 Airm ghaigse an trein shinsir,
Cha diobair iad ach le'n anam,
Agus ged iadh umpa miltean,
Cha toillear leo diunnadh an athar.
- 66 B' àm eirigh an sin do'n gheirn,
Nì'n aobhar suaine dhuinn e,
A's long Chlann Uisnich air ùir,
Fudh bhaile mor Rìgh Conachair.
- 67 Thainig Conachair a mach le fheachd,
Fichead koch, ceann uallach,
A's d'fhiosraich le briathraibh bras,
'Cia na sloigh tha air an luingse.'
- 68 Clann air seachran ata ann,
Triuir sinn a thainig air tuinn,
Air einceach, as air cuimric an rìgh,
Tha gradh dilsachd ar cairdeis.

- 69 'Cha chlann seachrain leam-sa sibh,
Nì'm b'fheart saoidh a rinn sibh orm,
Thug sibh a bhean nam am braid,
Dearduil dhonn shuileach, gble gheal.'
- 70 'Eiribh, ol Naos, glacuibh claidheamh,
A dheagh mhac rìgh a's glain coimhead,
Cuim' am faigheadh a cholon shuaire,
Ach amhàin aon cluairt de'n auam.'
- 71 'Chuir Naos a shailtean re bord,
A's ghlaic claidheamh na dhorn,
Bu gharg deannal nan deagh koch,
Tuiteam air gach taobh de'n bhord.
- 72 Thorachair mic uisnich 's a gheis,
Mar thri ghallain ag fàs co dheis,
Air an sgrios le doinean èitidh,
Nì'n d'fhag meangan, near, na gèug dhiubh.'
- 73 'Ghluais a Dhearduil as do luing,
A gheug ur an abhraidh dhuinn,
A's cha'n eagal do d' ghuais ghlain,
Fuath, no eud, na achasan.'
- 74 'Cha teid mi amach as mo luing,
Gus am faigh mi mo raogha ath chuinge,
Cha tìr, cha talamh, a's cha tuar,
'Cha triuir bhrathaire b'u ghlain' snuadh,
- 75 Cha'n òr, 's cha'n airgid, a's cha'n eich,
Nì mo a's bean uaibhreac mise.
- 76 Ach mo chead a dhol do'n traigh,
Far am bheil Clann Uisnich na'n tamh,
A's gu'n tugain na trì pòga meala,
Do'n trì chorpaibh caomha, geala.
- 77 Ghluais Dearduil au sin do'n traigh,
A's fhuair saor ag snogheadh ramh,
A sgrian aige na leath laimh,
'S a thuadh aige na laimh eile.
- 78 A shaoir as fearr da'm facas riamh,
Creud air an tuilbradh tu au sgrian?
Is e a bheirrean dhuit d'a ceann,
Aon fhaine buadhlach na h-Eirin.
- 79 Shantaich an saor am faine,
Air dheisead, a's air aillead,
Thiubhradh do Dhearduil an sgrian,
Agus rainig i ionad a miann.
- 80 Cha ghaireachas gun Chlann Uisnich,
O! is tìrsach gun bhì nur cuallach;
Tri mic Rìgh le'n dioltadh deoraidh,
Tha gun choradh re h-uchd naighe.
- 81 Tri magh-ghamhna Inse Breatain,
Triuir sheabhaic o shliabh a chuillin,
An triuir dha'n geilleadh na gaisgich,
A's dha'n tiubhradh na h-amhais urram.
- 82 Na trì coin a b'ailidh snuadh,
A thainig thar chuan nam bàre,
Triuir mhac Uisnich an liann ghrinn,
Mar thriuir Eala air tuinn a snamh.
- 83 Threigean gu h-eibheach Uladh,
Fa'n triuir churaidh a b'ansadh,
Mo shaoghal nan deigh cha'n fhada,
Na h-cagar fear ath bhuaill dhomb-sa.
- 84 Tri ialla nan trì chon sin
Do bhuin osnadh o m' chridhe,
'S ann agam-sa bhiodh an taseaidh,
Am faicis is aobhar cumhaidh.
- 85 A chlann Uisnich tha an sùd thall,
'Nar luidhe bonn re bonn,
Da'n sùmhlaicheadh mairbh roimh bheo eile,
Sùmhlaicheadh sibh-se romham-sa.
- 86 A thriuir threun o Dhùn-monaidh,
A thriuir ghiollan nam fearb buadha,
Taireis an triuir nì mairthean mise,
Triuir le'n brisadh mo luchd fuatha.
- 87 Air fosgladh am feartan,
Na deanaibh an uaigh gu docair,
Bitheam am fochair na h-uaighe,
Far nach deanar truaigh, na ochain.

- 88 An tri sciathan, a's an tri seaghan,
Anns an leabaidh chunnaidh cuiribh,
Càiribh an tri chlàidhean crnachadh,
Sinte os cionn naigh nam min-fhear.
- 89 An tri choin as an tri seabhaic leadhar,
Am feasd gun lochd seilge,
Cuiribh an gar nan triath clatha,
Triar dhalta Chomail eughaidh.
- 90 Oeh ! is truagh mo shealladh orra,
Fath mo dhocair, a's mo thursaidh,
Nach do chuireadh mi san talamh,
Sul mharbhadh geala mhac Uisnich.
- 91 Is mise Dearduil gun eibhneas,
Nis ag crìochnachadh mo bheatha,
Bronnam le'm chridhe mo thri pòga,
As duineam ann bròn mo laithean.

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

R. DEIRDRE'S LAMENT, edit. 1200.

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

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

- 1 INMAIN tìr in tìr ud thoir,
Alba cona lingantaibh ;
Nocha tìefuinn eisoli ille,
Mana tìsain le Naise.
- 2 Inmain Dun Fìdhgha is Dun Fìnn,
Inmain in Dun os a cinn :
Inmain Inis Draignde,
Is inmain Dun Suib neì.
- 3 Caill, euan gar tìgeadh
Ainnle mo nuar ;
Fagair linn ab bitan,
Is Naise an eirear Alban.
- 4 Glend Laidh do chollain,
Fan mboirmin caoinh
lasg, is sieng, is saill brùich,
Fa hì mo chuid an Glend laigh.
- 5 Glend masain ! ard a crìmh !
Geal a gasain !
Do nimais colladh corrach
Os Inbhar mungach Masain.
- 6 Glend Eitichi ann
Do togbhas mo ched tìgh ;
Alaind a fìdh iar eirghe,
Buaille grene Ghìlind eitichi.
- 7 Mo chen Glend Urechaidh,
Ba hedh in Glend dìreach dromchain ;
Uallcha feara aoisì
Ma Naise an Glend Urechaidh.
- 8 Glend da ruadh Mo chen,
Gach fear da na dual ;
Is binn guth enach ar craibebrumh,
Ar in mbinn os Glendaruadh.
- 9 Inmain Draighen is treu traigh,
Inmain Auichd in ghainimh glain ;
Nocha tìefuinn eisde anoir,
Mana tìsuinn lein Inmain.

III. FRAOCH.

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

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

Part of 'the Tain bo Phraoich,' The Cattle-raid of Fraoch,

is in the Book of Leinster, 1130. The following fragments got in Scotland are not in that book, and I can find very little about Fraoch in Irish Catalogues.

In Scotland the story is localised at the nearest place which answers to the description. It is remarkable that other traditions about great snakes or dragons, slain by a hero, helped by a dog, generally are localised where this song is remembered, and that old ruins, ecclesiastical, or civil, or pre-historic, generally are on or near the island where Fraoch uprooted the rowan-tree for Meibh. The names of these characters belong to the Story of Cuchullin and to that date. Since 1512 the story has been a Gaelic ballad in Scotland. I have the following fragments:—

A. 4. 132 lines. D. 2. 105. E. 132. G. 1. 132. M. 4. 136. R. 132. Y. Z. 11. 26. Z. 12. 79. Z. 31. 60.

I print A. D. M. Z. 31. as samples of a ballad. The story is as old as Homer, if not as old as the Vedas. About 1512 Dean Mac Gregor, of Lismore, wrote the Gaelic ballad. About 1750 Mac Nicol, Minister of Lismore, wrote it in different orthography, not materially altered as to wording. Stone got it about the same time. In 1786 Gillies printed from some unknown copy. In 1860 Mr. Carmichael, Excise officer, a native of Lismore, wrote it again from oral recitation. After 350 years the dress of words was tattered and torn, but there is the story as fresh as ever. In 1755 Jerome Stone gave the Gaelic story a new English dress. In 1855 Mr. Hamerton got hold of it, and gave it a new English shape, with modern Highland dresses and decorations. G. got by Mac Diarmaid is the same as M, less one verse, and altered as to some letters and words. Z. 11. and 12. contain lines which will be considered in translating.

A. 4. FREICH Mc FEICH. 132 lines.

AUCTOR HUIUS IN KEICH O CLOAN.

- 1 Hossna charrit a cloan freich
Hossne leich a gassil chroa
Hossna zancni tursyth far
Agus da gwllin ban oge
- 2 Ag so har in caru fane wi
Freich m'feich in ult woye
Fer a ryn bwychis byef
Is voe lontir carn freich
- 3 Gwl ein wna in crochin sor
Troce in skail fa wil a wan
Is say ver a hossna gyth trome
Freich m'Feich nyn golk sen
- 4 Is see in nyn wan di neig in gwle
Ag dwle da ciss gow cloan freich
Fynowr in olt chass ail
Inne voyce ga bead leicht
- 5 Innen orle is our folt
Is freich in nocht teive er heive
Ga mor far za derge ce
Neir zrawig se far ach freich
- 6 Foyis mewe mwe foye
Cardiss freich fa far a gleye
Inchuss fa craichtyth a corp
Trai gin locht a zaneu zee
- 7 Do churre ai gussyth vass
Teif re mrave ne tuk o nolk-
Mor a for a hoyt la meyf
Innossit gyn khelk in noss.

Hossni.

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

- 12 Bein aslaynti throm throm
Ynnin ayith nì gorn seyr
Di curri lai fiss er freich
Feisryeh kid hane ree
- 13 A durde meyvè nach be slan
Mir woe lane i boss meith
Di cheyrew in loch oyr
Gin dwneni za woyna ach freich
- 14 Knossyeh reyve ne zarni mee
Er v'feich gi knai zerg
Ge ger darnis ai er freich
Rachsit di vonni ker a veyf
- 15 Glossis freich fa fer a naye
Voyne zi nave er in locht
For a fest is ce na soynna
Is a kenna soss ris in noss.

Hossni.

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

Hossni.

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

- 31 Ard a ley na cranna swle
Beynni no teyd kwle a zow
Suawe di bar no freich
Cho di bene a heif re strow
- 32 Fa lannyth na koillith a skaith
Invin trae ve re drum
Coiffad a land is a lawe
Lanni cholk na clar zi long
- 33 Troye nach ann in gorik
Re leich di hut freich a fromni oyr
Durss sin a huttim la pest
Troe a zai nach marrin foss.

Hossni.

D. 2. LUIDH FRAOICH. 165 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Mac Pherson,
May 3, 1872.

- 1 ASNE Carid fos Cuan Fraoich
Corp 'n Laoich 'n Casil Chro
'N Asne fom bo turisich fear
'S fo Guile i Cress bhen oig.
- 2 Chi mi haul 'n Cairn fo bheil
Fraoch mac Fìch 'n Uilt bhaoe
Guile rine buichis Meaibh
San air Laoimir Carn Raoich
- 3 Gaoil nom Ban fo Cruachon hoir
'S mor beid mu bheil Bhein
Co legis 'n Osne hrom
Niin Maoich nan Colg sein.
- 4 Co i Nune Bhein ri Gul
Hig mach fos Carne fraoich
Ane 'N uilt Casbhhuine Ghail
Nin Maoich fos Mian Lui
- 5 Air mo Laibh nach Stiurin i
Air mo Crie Gheir ach fraoich
- 6 Ghluais Maeo machehein
Cardis Crist 's fear fou Ghrein
Cheut Creichdin 's Corp
'S mor 'm beud harle leit
- 7 Ha Caorin fois air Loch Maidh
Air 'n Traidh ha siar mu Gheis
Muse Raidh na mas Mis
Bhis Mis 'n aibich fàis
- 8 Ha Bhuaidh air Chaorin sin
Gur misle e na bhiul bhla
Gum cume 'n Carin Dearig
Duine gun Ospic gu cean naoi tra
- 9 Bliane haoil gach fhir
Gheine e sin na sgeul deribh
- 10 Laidh Eslaine hrom hrom
Air Niin maoich na Corne fiaul
Choire lee fis air fraoich
Ghisrich 'n Laoich go de mian
- 11 Huirt i nach bio i Slann
Gun Lan do bhos don dos bhaoe¹
Do Chaorin 'n Lochan Uain
Gun duine ga bhuan ach fraoich
- 12 Crnasichd cha de gharum riibh
Orse Mac sin Fìch
An Griabh erig
Gus do chase orm 'n Nuair
- 13 Ghol dhuain Caore fibh
- 14 Ghlais fraoich ane erig 'n aidh
Chaidh nabh air 'n Loch
Gur darich bheist na Suain
Craois suais ris 'n doss
- 15 Mac sin fìch no Arm geir
Hane fon Bheist is di
Uldich aige 'n Caorin dearig
Far 'n ro masibh an sin ti

¹ Or bhaoe.

- 16 San nuair thuirt Maoibh 's aail cru
Go mo fost no hug 'n leit
Cha stinre e mi Laoich luain
Gan That bhuain fo buin
- 17 Fraoich 'n Gile nach ro Tim
Chaidh e 'naibh air 'n Lini Vug
Cha naoid Duine air Veidaibh
Tiu as bhaiss 'm bi Chuid
- 18 Ruig e air Caorin air bhair
Ledir Crann as e reibh
E torst gla bhonn fo hir
Rist gun darich' bheist
- 19 Rug e air 'se air 'n Traibh
Rug i air Laidh 'na deid
Rug esin oris air Chial
Ochain gun 'seian aig fraoich
- 20 Asre 'Naill Casbhui ghail
Chaidh na eu si le Scian òr
Casgur 'm beist Corp ban
Huge Cean mach na ghorn
- 21 Nuair Chunig 'Niin e
Huit na neul air an Traidh
Nuair gharich i ase suain
Gun duair i 'Laibh fo Lai bhug
- 22 Gad na thu du id Cotain Ein
'S mor Teichd rin thu bhos
Air Cuan gur marin Tanin
Gur marig ghurich ra Lò
- 23 'S inebhin liume' no shno
'S inebhin Gruaidh 's derige na ròs
'S inebhin beul nach Diult ri dàl
Ga bi no Mraidh terist phòg
- 24 Maise 's Caise bhi na auit
'S Gurume rosg na ere Leichd
'S derige na partan Bheil
Gur gile gheid na Bla fibhe
- 25 'S duidh na Fich bar Uilt
'S derig Lechd na fuil Laoc
'S miu na gach Coir srue
'S gile na suechde Corp Raoich
- 26 Coade 'Laibh 's Lann
'S Leith a Chloghrach na Clar Luing
'S Le na gach Coile Scia
Sime Friach bheir a Druim
- 27 'S aide Laoin na Crann suil
'S bine na Teid Ciuil e ghue
Suaiche bear na Fraoich
Chaide Choir haoibh ri srue
- 28 'S truo nach hain Corig Laoich
Huit fraoich le provid 'n tor
Ochan do lutim le Beist
'S truo Dhe nach Mairre fost Crioich.

¹ Or hiume.

M. 4. DUAN FRAOICH. 136 lines.

THE scene of the following poem is said to have been on the south shore, and on the Island near the south side of Loch-Cuaich, or Lochfraochy, about two miles to the westward of Amalrie, and eleven west from Dunkeld. About a quarter of a mile to the SE. there is, on an eminence, a very ancient ruin, which has probably been the seat of May, and nearly the station of the Bard too, when he said, *Ann san Traidh tha siar fui dheas*, i.e. nigh the shore to the westward on the south. May was in love with Fraoch; but her daughter (who by some is called *Cean-gul*, or White-head,) and Fraoch mutually loved each other, and because the mother found that he preferred her daughter to herself, she contrived and effected his ruin in the manner related in the poem.²

² In September, 1870, a man sung me this at Ardfenaig, in the Ross of Mull, and pointed to the localities in Loch Laich. The story is localised near the Head of Loch Awe and elsewhere. Fragments of the ballad are still known to many.—J. F. CAMPBELL.

DUAN FRAOICH.

- 1 OSNA Caraid an cluain Fhraoich.
Mar osna Laoich an caisteal Chro;
An osna sin o 'n tuirseach fear:
'S o 'n trom ghulanach; bean og.
- 2 Sud e siar an earn am bheil;
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich, an fhuilt-mhaodh,
'M fear a rinn buidheachas do Mhai
'S an air a shlointeadh Carn-Fraoich.
- 3 Gul nam ban o 'n chruchan tuir;
'S cruaidh an fath mu 'n guil a bhean
'S e d'fhag m'osna gu trom trom
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich nan colg sean.
- 4 Gur i 'n ainuir a ni 'n gul
Tein ga fhios do chluain Fhraoich
Donn or-bhuidh an fhuilt (chais) aill;
Aon nighin Mai mu 'm biodh na Inoich.
- 5 Aon nighin Chòruill is greinne folt
Taobh re Taobh a nochd is Fraoch
Ge 'h iomadh fear a (ghradhaich) i
Nior ghradhaich i aon fhear ach Fraoch;
- 6 Nuair fhuair i a mugh e
Cairdeas an Laoich bu ghloinne gne
'S e abhar mu 'n do reub i chorp,
Chionn gun ole a dheanamh lei;
- 7 Chuir e i gu càth a bhaiss;
(Taobh re m'na' 's na dean a lochd)
'S tuirseach; do thuitim le Beist.
Dh'innis duibh gun cheilg a nos.
- 8 Caòran do bhi air Locha Mai;
Ann san traidh tha siar fa dheas
Gach a Raithe 's gach a mios
Bhi toradh abuidh ann sa mheas.
- 9 Bha huaidh air a mheasa dhearg
Bu mhilse e na mil bhla
Gu 'n cumadh an caoran is e dearg
Neach beo gun bhidh car naoi Trath.
- 10 Bliadhna do shaothal gach fir;
Dh'innis duibh anois a dhearb
Gu cabhradh e air luchd chneadh,
Brìgh a mheasa is e dearg.
- 11 'N aimcheist mhor a bha na dhiaidh,
Ge b'e leigh a chabhradh na sloigh.
A bheist nimh a bhi na bhnn;
Gràdhadh do dhuine dol d'a bhuain.
- 12 Do bhuail ca-slaime throm throm,
Air ninghean Odbuich na 'n corn fial,
Chuireadh le fios air Fraoch
'S d'fhiosruich an laoch ciod e mian?
- 13 Labhair i nach biodh i slàn
Mar fagha i lan a bos maoth
Do chàorann an lochain fhuair,
'S gun aon neach ga bhuain ach Fraoch.
- 14 Cnuasachd riamh ni 'n drinneam fein
Thuirt Mac Feadhaich nan gruaidh tla;
Gar an drinneam arsa Fraoch
Theid mi bhuain a chaor 'n do Mhai
- 15 Ghluais Fraoch air cheimnibh aith,
'S chnaidh è shuamh air an Loch;
Fhuair e bheist na suram suain;
'S eros suas ris an dós.
- 16 Eraoch mac Feadhaich nan arm geur.
Thaig e o 'n bheist gun fhios,
'S ultach leis d'an chaoran dhearg
D'an bhall an raibh Mai na tigh.
- 17 Ge maith uile na rinneadh leat;
Labhair Mai bu chaoine cruth
Ni 'm fodhain leamsa laoch luinn
Gun an t slat bhuain as a bun.
- 18 Ghluais Fraoch, s nior Laoch tiom
A shnamh air an linne bhoig.
Bu deacair, ge bu mhor a radh,
Teachd o 'n bhas an raibh a chuid;

- 19 Ghlac e an caoran air a bhar,
'S tharuing e 'n crann as a fhreamb,
Toirt a chosan do air tìr;
Rug i air, a ris a bheist.
- 20 Rug a bheist air, air an traigh,
Ghlac i a lamh ann a craos,
Ghlac eisin i air dha ghial,
Ochoin? gun a scian aig Fraoch?
- 21 Liodair a bheist a chneas bân,
Liodair i a lamh gu leon,
Thainig nìghin ùr nan geal-ghlac
'S ghrad thug i dha scian d' an or.
- 22 Cha combrag sud ach combrag gearr,
Bhuain e an ceann na laimh leis.
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich is a bheist,
Mo chreach leir mar thug iad greis!
- 23 Gu do thuit iad bonn re bonn,
Air traidh nan clocha donn sa 'n iar.
Nuair chunnaic an t saor nìghin aith,
Thuit i air an traidh na-nial,
- 24 Nuair a mhosgail i as a pramh,
Ghlac i a lamh na laimh-bhoig,
Ge d' tha thu nochd na d' chòdaibh eun,
'S mor an t euchd a rinn thu bhios.
- 25 Truadh nach an combrag laoch,
A thuit Fraoch le 'm priontadh òr,
'S tursach do thuitim le beist,
Aon mhic de! nam mairtheann thu beo.
- 26 Ionmhuinn Tighearn ionmhuinn Tuath,
Ionmhuinn gruaidh a 's deirge ros,
Ionmhuinn beul leis an diòltadh dan,
Air am biodh na mnai ag toirbheart phog.
- 27 Bu dhubhe na 'n fiach a ghrug,
Bu deirge a ghruaidh na fuil-laogh;
Bu mhine na cobhair an t sruth,
Bu ghile na 'n sneachd corp Fhraoich.
- 28 Bu mbaise na 'n càisein fholt,
Bu ghuirme a rosg na eir-leac
Bu deirge na cruban a bheul
'S bu ghile a dheud na chàile.
- 29 Bu treise na Còmhla a sciath
B'iomad Triath a bliodh r'a chul,
Bu chomh-fhal a lamh 's a lann,
Bu leine a chalb na clar luinn;
- 30 B' airde shleagh na crann seoil
Bu bhinne na tend cheol a ghuth
Snamhiche a b'fhear na Fraoch,
Cha do leig riamh a thaobh re sruth.
- 31 Bu mhaith spionnadh a dha laimh,
'S bu mhaith cail a dha chois;
Chuaidh d' aigne thair gach Rìgh
Roimh churaidh riamh cha diar fois!
- 32 Gu b'e sud an t uabhar mna
A 's mo chunacas air m' dha rosg,
Fraoch a chuir a bhuain a chrainn
Ann deis a 'n Caòran a bhi bhios.
- 33 Togamid anois an Chuain-Fhraoich.
Carn an Laoich an Caisteal-Chro;
O'n bhas ud a fhuair an fear
'S maig as mairtheann na dhiaidh beo?
- 34 Air a chluain thugtadh 'n t ainm?
Loch Mai a raiteadh ris an Loch;
Am biodh a bheist anns gach uair;
'S a craos suas ris an dos.

Osu caraid an Chuain Fhaoich, &c.

Z. 31. BAS FHRAOICH. 1862.

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

Bha bean araidh ann an Raineach, d' am b' ainm Maoidh, agus thuit i ann an tronn ghaol air Fraoch—
'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arn geur'—an duine gu lèir, a bu mhaisthe 's an Fheinn. Bha nighean aig Maoidh, d' am b' ainm Aoirinn a bha mor-mhaisthe agus aillidh; agus thug Fraoch a ghrad dh'ise agus phòs

e i. Bha mor-ardan air Maoidh. Chràidhlot e 'n a cridhe i gu 'n robh Fraoch gu sìorruidh g'a dith, agus gu 'm bitheadh e aig bean eile fo 'n ghréin ach aice féin; agus mar so ann an spidealachd a h-anama dhulanaich i cur as da. Dh' fhàs Maoidh gu tinn, agus thubhairt i nan robh ach aon ni air thalamh a leighisadh i. Ars' ise :-

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

B'e 'n t-Eilean fuar eilean bòidheach anns an lochan fhuar; agus anns an eilean so a measg, chraobhan bòidheach eile bha craobh chaorunn; ach cha robh aon 's am bith a b' urrainn dol a chòir an eilean, na idir a chòir na craoibhe, le beist mhòr a bha ' chomhnuidh ann, agus d' am b' àite tàmh bun na craoibhe caorunne. Maiseach, sgianhach agus mar a bha Fraoch, bha e mar aon lùgh-mhor, misneachail, gaisgeant. Shnàmh e do 'n Eilean fhuar, agus aig bun na craoibhe caorunne fhuair e' bheist 'n a cadal. 'Na sìoram suain,' 'Sa beul a suas ris an dos.'

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

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

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch a rithisd do 'n Eilean fhuar agus fhuair e 'bheist, mar a dh' fhàg e i, 'na cadal aig bun na craoibhe caorunne. 'Na sìoram suain' tnuinise mu bhun na craoibhe caorunne. Rug e 'n sin air a' chran agus ghrad-spion e a a bhun e, a' toirt tìr air leis le eruaidh spàirn. Dhùisg a' bheist. A' eruaidh shnamh shin i air deigh Fhraoich. Rug i air an nair a bha e dlùth air tìr; agus ghlac iad an sin le gleachd spàirn bàis, gus an do 'thuit iad le chèile, bonn ri bonn,' 'air dubh-chladach nan clach lom,' 'a bhios.' 'S ann an sin a rinneadh na rannan a leanas :-

- 1 'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arn geur,
Thàinig o 'n bheist gun fhios dith;
'S nltach aige do 'n chaorunn dheirg
Far an robh Maoidh na gith.
- 2 'S ged 'thug thu leat an caorunn dearg
'S e 'labhair Maoidh 'bu gael cruth;
Nì fhoghnadh leamsa e 'laoich luinn
Gun an dos a nuas a bhun.
- 3 Ghluais Fraoch air cheum mì-àidh
A 'bhuain a' snàmh air an loch;
A 's fhuair e 'bheist 'n a sìoram suain,
'S a craos a suas ris an dos.
- 4 Rug e 'n sin air bhàrr na craoibhe,
Spion e an crann as a bhun;
A' toirt a chasan as gu tìr,
'S a' bheist mhòr 'ga dhian ruith.
- 5 Rug e 'n sin air giall na bèiste,
Ag cìgheach air-son lann an laoiach
Ach mharbhadh am fìrnan 's an chomh-stri
O-chain, a rìgh! 's gun sgian aig Fraoch.
- 6 Ghlac iad an sin gu sunam trom,
Gun aon fhonn fo bhonn an cos;
Gus an do thuit iad bonn ri bonn.
Air cladach nan clach lom a bhios.'

Chualaidh Aoirinn. Thàinig i, agus an nair a thàinig thuit i ann an neul air an fheur. Air dhith dusgadh e a peamh ghlac i lamh 'Fhaoich a gaoil' 'na lamhan geala-bhoga, agus le deur-thealt air a gruaidh, agus a ciabhan air a' snàmh 's a' ghaoith, sheinn i mar a leanas :-

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

- 8 'S ionmhuinn tighearna, 's ionmhuinn tuath,
'S ionmhuinn gach graidh air an deirge ròs;
Ach 's ionmhuinne na sin heul air an diulte air
daimh,
'S air an biodh na mnai a' tagairt phòg.
- 9 Gu 'm bu treis, 'thu na comhladh do sgiath
'S iomad triath a bha fo thruime
'S iomad màighdean 's bean a bha 'n déigh,
Air an laoch a dh' eug air thuinn.
- 10 Bu mhaishich 'thu na sneachd nan an;
Bu ghile do chraiceann na blar fiodh;
Snamhadair a b' fhearr na Fraoch,
Cha do shìn a thaobh ri sruth.
- 11 'S duibhe na 'm fitheach bàrr t' fhiuht,
'S gile na 'n grudh caoin do chneas;
'S deirge na 'n caorunn do dha ghruaidh.
'S truagh nach robh sgian aig Fraoch.
- 12 Togamaid a nis an cuan Fraoich
Corp an laoiach an caisil-clrò;
O 's truagh nach ann an comhrag laoch,
A thuit Fraoch mu 'n do phroinn mai deoir.

Thug bàs Fraoich ùrachadh do chridhe Mhaoith, agus air ball dh' fhàg a dosgann i. Cha b' ann mar a bha 'n Feinne. Bha nàr chaoith 'nan measg arann Fraoich. Mar so lean Loch Fraoich air an lochan fhuar gus an latha

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

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

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

Air bruaich dheas an loch tha bothan soilge bòidheach aig iarla Bhraid-Albann.

In 1870, a man in Mull recited the Poem of Fraoch to me on a heather knoll, near Ardfeenaig, almost within sight of Iona, Islay and Jura, and pointed to an island close to the village of Bunessan, to the sea wall, and to the shore, as the scene of the tragedy.

In Hammerton's, 'Isles of Loch Awe,' 1855, p. 13, will be found an English poem on this theme, localised in Loch Awe at 'Fraoch Elain,' *Fraoch* means 'heather,' also 'wrath,' and 'a ripple on water.' It probably is the same word as 'rough,' in English. 'Heather Isle' is therefore a common name.

IV. THE STORY OF FIONN AND THE FEINNE.

THE rival Tribes of Baoisgne and Morna, and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Eireann:—their wars at home and abroad, their lives and their adventures. Told chiefly in the form of metrical Dialogues between Oisein, the last of the Pagan Heroes, and Padruig, the first of the Western Saints. From manuscripts and books which purport to contain matters orally collected in Scotland, or there written; and from the recitations of men now living, in the Highlands and Isles. Chronologically arranged under numbers and letters.

I. CUMHAL.

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

II. FIONN MAC CUMHAIL—FINT UAO BAOISCNE.

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

III. OISEIN MAC FHINN. VARIOUSLY SPELT.

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

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

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

AFTER the general Irish war of the Fainn be Cuaigine, in which Cuchullin of Dundalk was the chief hero, in the time of Conn of the Hundred Fights, from whom many Scotch tribes claim descent, the army quarrelled. The tribe of Morna slew Cumhal, the chief of the tribe of Baoisgne (variously spelt). Scandinavians were concerned in the slaying, and they took possession in Ireland. Cumhal's posthumous son, Fionn, was saved, grew up, and fled to the wilds. Art, son of Conn, High King of Ireland, was slain; and his posthumous illegitimate son Cormac grew up in obscurity. After many adventures, Fionn Mac Cumhal returned, gathered his scattered tribe, and made peace with the rival tribe of Morna. Cormac appeared, fought the usurpers, recovered Conn's seat as High King at Teamhra. Fionn commanded the Feinne at Almhain, which now is the Hill of Allen, near Tara. They

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

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

Fionn arrived from the sea in time to see his grandson die, and carry him to Almuin, the Hill of Allen. Long afterwards, Oisain, who had been enchanted by his mother, who lived in the shape of a deer, came back from the Isle of Youth at an impossible age, and told the story to St. Patrick. The old Pagan is made to complain of jangling bells and howling clerics, to sit upon the Fenians' Mound—that is, upon the Hill of Allen—and point to the graves of his comrades, and tell their story to the priest, who wrote it down. In this form of dialogue between Reiter and Scribe, Pagan and Christian, blind old ballad-singer warrior and audience, this Story is told over winter fires, in fragments which are now crumbling fast. In this very form the story was told in fragments to Dean MacGregor, in 1512-26. I have done nothing to these. I have simply gathered them and sorted them. Samples of the Gaelic poems which tell the tale in metre follow, with references to the manuscripts from which they were copied. The prose tales which I have gathered I will place when I translate.

The Heroes of Ballads seem all to have been related. 'Iodhlan' was 'Cumhall's' brother. Goll, Conan, and Garaidh were chiefs of the Clanna Morna. Fionn, Oisain his son, Oscar his grandson, Diarmaid his nephew, Faolan, Feargus, Roithine, and Cairneal, his younger sons, Caoilte, his relative, make eleven chief characters who, figure in the Ballads which follow. The Pedigrees speak for themselves.

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

1 NUADHA NECT, slain at Cliaich in Hy Drone, Co. Carlow, A.M. 5999. by Conaire Mor, son of Ederscel, A. 4. M. Ogyia, Part III. Cap. 34. Hanc Genealogiam Finni Cuballi Filii ex variis documentis authenticis hanc-tam contexuit et exaravit Johannes Franciscus Shearman, Vicarius de Howth, juxta Dublinium.

2 FERGHUS FAILORE.

- 3 Rossaruaadh.
- 4 Finn Fíleth (the Poet).
- 5 Couchobar Abraidhruadh.
- 6 Mogh-Corb.
- 7 Nia-Corb.
- 8 Cormac Gealtha-geath.
- 9 Fídlímhí-Fíourglas.
- 10 Cathair-Mor, Rex. Híib.
- 11 Fiacha Bacheda, so called from a wound received in his leg at the battle of Magh Agha, from Oíillil, of Gabhra (Moylena, p. 57, note).

CRIMTHANN-CULBUIDH, son of Nia-Corb, was 7th in descent from Ferghus Failghe, he was made King of Leinster, by CON-CED-CATHACH, in place of Cathair-Mor, whom he slew in the battle of Magh Agha, on the Boyne, A.D. 177. Crimthann had by his wife GAIRRECH, daughter of Cromell, son of Trenmor. Erinn, he was slain at the battle of Cucka, by GOLL-MAC-MORNA (Castle Cnock), near Dublin, A.D. circa 210—his palace was at Rathcoole.

- 3 So-Ailt.
- 4 Ailt.
- 5 Cairbre Gabhrion.
- 6 Baisene, a quo Clanna
- 7 Moah.
- 8 Buan.
- 9 Ferghus.
- 10 Trenchorn.
- 11 Trenmor, General of [the Fianna.
- 12 CUMHALL = TORRA,

McFiche's Genealogies: Marquis of Drogheda's Copy, p. 180.

Fiontann do Tuath Daite in [Moy-Breagh].
Brocan.
Daite, a quo Tuath Daite.
Aice.
*
Nuadhat = ALMU.
Tadg of Allmain = RAIRU, dr. of Deon Duma-úban.
= MUIRÉN-MONG-CHAEN, she was daughter of Eochanan of the Ernans of Duncerna (Kinsale). She married Goll, King of the Leamraige, in Kerry. (Ossianic Trans., vol. iv. p. 289.)

TRENMOR married the widow of FELIMIDH-RECHMAR, BAINI, dau. of BALB-SCAL, of Finland. Their dau. was BODMALL, the Druidess wife of FIACHAL of Teimar-Mainge, where FIN was born. L. na-Uidre, fol. 41, b.

SITH, she was mother of Caoilte Mac Rouan.
SKOCHAN, the wife of Crunnechu, the father by her of Cubthach.
TULCHA, General of the Fianna-Erinn, his army was defeated at Gabhra, near Screen, Co. Meath, in a valley between it and Garristown, Co. Dublin (A.D. circa 284). Finn escaped from this battle, but was attacked at Athlurea on the Boyne, by Aed-leach, son of Dubhdrean, and the sons of Uigrean of the Luigne of Tara. He was pierced in the neck with a salmon gaff, and buried on Sleib Guillon (Co. Armagh, A.D. 284). His foster son and nephew, Caoilte Mac Ronan, afterwards slew his uncle's murderers.

OISSIN, son of Ailbhe, dau. of Cormac Mac Art, R.II. = SANNAIR = CORMAC-CAS, REX MCMONLE.
TINNI CONNLA. FEAR CORB slain at Spalltrach, in Muskerry by Aed-e. K. of Con-naught.

OSGAR, slain in the battle of Gabhra, Aichill, A.D. 281. = AEDRAN, dau. of Aed. of Ben Edair, of the Tuath de Danaan. She died of grief for the death of Osgar, and is buried under the Cronleach on Howth.

S. P.

* NUADHAT was Chief Druid to Cathair-Mor, he married ALMU, dau. of BECCAN, and got as a dowry Almuha (the Hill of Allen, Co. Kildare), he named it after his wife Almuha, it is in the plain called Merg Luchad, which was called Magh Nuadhat, from that Druid (now Maynooth). Almain was destroyed by Garaid Mac Morna; and Fin Cumhall got as compensation from Cormac Mac Art the territory called Fornas-n-hi-Fiann, near Linnmeh Laighen (now Limerick, Co. Wexford). This territory was afterwards given to Dubhach Mac Ua Lugair, head Druid to Leachaire McNeill, Rex Híib, by Crimthann, King of Hy-Kinselagh. Vide O'Curry's Lectures, p. 489; O'Mahoney's Keating, p. 246.

O. 40. SLOINNE FHINN LE MHATHAIR.

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

FHINN Mhic Cuthail, Mhic Treithair, Mhic Trenmhoir, Mhic Chaolì dìreach, Mhic Cam na creiche, aon Mhic rìgh an Domhain mhoir—Dean dhuit fein, thoir as do chasan.

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

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

'N UAIR a chaidh Cuthail a mharbhadh bha bhean do 'm b' ainna Mor ni 'n Taic mor lea-tromach air Fionn, agus bha Clanna Mòrne an ti air cur as do 'n leanaibh 'n uair a bheirte e mar a chuir iad as da athair. Ach rinn a shean-mhàthair inneal tearnaidh dha. 'N uair a rugadh an leanaibh ghaoid i leatha e do choille flàsaich, agus rinnadh àite dha ann a'm broinn cnoilbh mhoir-fhearna, agus bha e air a bheathachadh le sail reanhar airson bainne chioch. Deir car gun rabh sreang air a ceangall mun t-sail agus lùb air a cheam eill mun ordag a choise, chum is 'n uair a bhitheadh an t-sail a' dol fada na h-amhaich gun sneedh e a chas chum nach taicte e. Mar so ghlèitheadh e gus an dh' fhàs e comasach air a shean-mhàthair a leantuinm a mugh feadh na coille. Thug i dha cloidhe agus bha i g' iarruidh cuin a burra e ga bualadh gus fa dheireadh gun d' ghearr e pluchd don mhàs dhi leis a chlaidhe. An sin thug i gum bu mhithe seòl a chuir air a bhaiste.

San aig Eas-ruaidh bha 'n t-àite cumanta aig an Fheinn an clann a bhaiste. Thug i leatha e air là àraid, agus bha ann moran eile an là sin a thuilleadh a' sein. Do raing i leis an taobh do 'n uisge air nach rabh cagh, agus thig i san linne e, agus chaidh e fodha. Ach an ceud leum a thug e 'n uachdar ghrad mhule e fodha ann fear a b' fhaigse dha do 'n chloinn eile agus bhatheadh e. Agus mar sin air a b-hùle air ann fuigheadh e greim, bha e gan grad bhatheadh air an t-seòil cheudna. Ach gus an do ghloadh fear bh' air an taobh eile do 'n Eas.

Cò e am fear maol feann-bhan ud a tha sìor bhatheadh na cloinne oirnn gun tàmh. San an sin a ghlaodh a shean-mhàthair ris.

Gh' meall thug t-aimn Fhionna Mhic Cuthail, mhic Luthair, mhic Trenmhoir, mhic Chalapadhreach, mhic Channa-Creiche, mhic-a Bhrìgall-Bhrìannaich, mhic-a Chaipe-Chalhannaich, mhic-aon Rìgh an Domhann mhoir. A mhearlach thoir as do chasan tha do naimheadh mu d' thimchioll.

Thug Fionn a mach air an taobh d' on Eas air an rabh a shean-mhàthair, agus rug e air chois orre chum a toirt leis, ga tilgeadh thair a ghualain air eagal gu marbhe i. Ach leis a chabhaig feadh na coille bha a ga sgalta is i glaidhich, a chom ruidh choille mheirich Cha d' thug Fionn fainear ciod a bha i radh a teicheadh troidh choille.

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

H. THE INTRODUCTION TO KENNEDY'S FIRST COLLECTION. 1774.

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

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

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

them he began to beat them with the Shinney, and left them half dead, others he broke their hand or feet (according to his nurse's regulation, for he thought that they had the same,) when the men have seen their children abused by such a person, they call'd after him saying who is this fellow that is Fionn-e that have done this harm to our sons, his nurse heard them, and she said let bruke his name Fingal the son of Comhal, this is the way that he was baptized; for Fionn-Gheal is a Gaelic word, its signification is fair and white.

Pedigree.

to himself; he was running away from his pursuer, and his nurse was turning weary, he took her and put her over his shoulder and was running through thorns and briars, rocks and stony places, when he stop in the middle of the wood his nurse was dead on his back, and her head dashed against rocks with the jumping; in such a manner that one half of her was lost, and he cast the other half in a water loch in the same wood called Lochluirgin, He was then alone in the wood, and nobody with him, he did not know where his father was, but that he heard his nurse saying that his father's name was Comhal. He met a man at a place called Eas-ruaidh one day and a salmon in his hand, he said into Fingal if thou wilt roast this fish without burning a spot of his skin, I will tell you where your father is, Fingal began the fish, but there was some spots burned on the fish, and he was refusing to tell him anything about his father, then Fingal took hold of him and laid him down, the man was then obliged to tell him where his father was. Fingal went to his father to the army, and this is Fingal's descent, and that he was nourished according as we are told by the oldest men who are in the country at the present time.

The King of Denmark heard in his own kingdom that, it was said by some prophecies, named Fingal that would conquer Ireland to himself, sometimes afterwards he heard that Fingal was in the army among the Heroes; and he ordered a great reward to be given to any one of his own men that would kill Fingal, and take his head to him. Sometimes after that Comhal's poet happened to meet the King of Denmark's poet, and they began to drink; before they departed Denmark's poet told to Comhal's poet that there was a remarkable person in their army named Fingal, and that their King had offered a great reward for his head. Immediately this was told to Comhal by his Bard, then Comhal sends his son Fingal to his mother and her friends named Chlanna morna, who inhabited all the western coast of Scotland then, a very famous set of people who was remarkable, in strength and bigness, and accordingly good warriors, to take care of him, and to learn him the art of war and hunting, which was their chief education at that time.

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

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

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

The day of the feast came, and there was joy and mirth within their sounding Halls; there was conditions of peace thought to be betwixt them, but it happened before the feast was over that their foul deeds appeared. Fingal gave to every one of his companions a durk (called by them a hiding knife), and he ordered them, at the hindmost end of the feast, when he would give them notice to make with their new made arms venison for the Gr Denmark's valiant men. Then the King of Denmark came with his men to Fingal's house with gr who was saluted very generously by them.

Then when dinner was prepared for them, and when it was ready, both were called. Fingal placed the King's men and his own, man by man according to his rank, and the music of bards was heard in their presence, when dinner was ended, Fingal stabbed his own dirk in a piece of beef on the table. Immediately every one of his men stabbed the King's men, and there was none left but the King himself, who was made prisoner. The King of Denmark then promised to Fingal the one fourth part of Ireland to himself now and for ever, and a great reward for to defend the rest from any other brutal force, if he would not trouble him any more (unless it would be his own fault), and to let him at liberty, which Fingal promised to do (and performed all his days), for the reward; since Fingal was called the King of Innis' fail, a county in Ireland, called now Leinster.

When Fingal had settled in Ireland, and had peace, he was coming twice a year to Scotland to visit his mother's friends, Chlanna Morna (the Heroes of Scotland) and to hunting, then Goll their King and Fingal joined together and made one company, and their chief command was given to Fingal, then he had the chief command of all the western coast of Scotland and Ireland. Then he fortified places fit for building, and settled the people which he had under his command, nor was he less assisted in that matter by good conduct than by good fortune, for he was invested among them with regal authority with kingdoms. [Fingal's wisdom and bravery triumphed over brutal force; or another nobler still, that the most compleat victory over an enemy is obtained by that moderation and generosity which convert him to a friend. Here, indeed, in the character and description of Fingal, Ossian triumphs almost unrivalled; for we may boldly defy all antiquity to show us any Hero equal to Fingal. Throughout the whole of Ossian's works, he is presented to us in all the variety of lights which give the full display of a character. In him occur almost all the qualities that can ennoble human nature, that can either make us admire the hero or love the man. He was not only unconquerable in war, but he made his people happy by his wisdom in the days of peace. He was truly the father of his people, and distinguished on every occasion by humanity and generosity. He was merciful to his foes, full of affection to his children, full of concern about his friends; he was surrounded with his family, and he instructs them all in the principles of virtue peculiar to that age. He was universal protector of the distressed, whether they would be guilty or guiltless; none of such ever went sad from Fingal; as it may be observed by the following advice to his grandson Oscar:—

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

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

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

rest went off for to watch the women, he fell into a deep sleep, and snored, the women heard him and immediately came to him, and tied his hair on both sides of his head, and wove it again into three plaits, and fastened it to wooden pins, and put it in the ground; they went out of the house, then every one of them cried, 'Huza, huza, huza,' with a loud voice, then Garbh awakened suddenly out of his sleep (for he thought that the enemy was at hand) and left all his hair of his head with the skin to the pins, and came out in that pitiful condition, and some of the women were laughing at him. When he had seen how he was with their contrivance, and how heartily they were laughing at his calamity, he went immediately to the wood, pulled trees out of their roots and made faggots of them, and brought them home with all speed. When he came he found the women in the house, he locked them in and put a faggot burning in every corner of the house till he set it on fire and all the women within it. Afterwards Garbh ran away into a cave to hide himself from the Heroes; Fingal had seen the house on fire, he called all his men together, and they ran in hopes that they would quench it, and jumped over the small Sound (that is betwixt Sky and the land) on their shields (except one of them who was called Mac Reth, he was drowned there, and they called that sound Caolreth since that day). When the house could not be quenched but destroyed with the fire, and all their women, children, and furniture ruined, they searched all places about for Garbh (when Fingal told them by soothsaying who was the destroyer), and found him in a cave, they conjured him to come out, and examined him about the matter, he told them the truth how all things happened. Then Fingal condemned him to be put to death. Garbh asked a petition of Fingal before he would be banished, that was granted him (for Fingal never refused a petition to any person, and particularly the distressed). Garbh's petition was that he would be beheaded on Fingal's thigh by Fingal's own sword, by the hand of Oscar (the strongest man), then they were all afraid that Fingal would loose his leg, then they thought proper to let Garbh away than to kill him upon Fingal's thigh; then some of them ordered Fingal's thigh to be buried seven feet deep in the earth, and to laid his head above Fingal's thigh upon the earth (since it would not break Fingal's promise) then Oscar cut his head off, and with the force of the stroke Fingal's leg was cut above the knee. Then he went to Rome with his attendance for to cure his leg, and left Oscar in his stead. Before he came home the battle of Cathcabhara was fought between Oscar and Cairdaidh, the King of Ireland. Oscar and almost all his men were slain; a few days after the battle was fought Fingal came home and found a few number of his famous champions alive lamenting Oscar; and we hear no more of their deeds afterwards.

After so particular examination of Fingal, I proceed to make some observations on Ossian.

Ossian lived after them all in Ireland, in the house of his daughter, who was married to Peter Mac Alpin, a man that came from Rome to instruct them in the principles of Religion there. It was that man that was writing all histories and poems of the Heroes which Ossian told him in his latter days, but never published till this age, when there is but few fragments of them to be got. The following is collected from the oldest men, who lives at present in this western side of Scotland.

[Here follows a manifest quotation.]

Ossian had all the art and skill of pure poetry. He had the spirit, the fire, the inspiration of a poet.

He utters the voice of nature, he elevates by his sentiments. He interests by his description. He paints the heart as well as the fancy. He makes his readers glow and tremble and weep. These are the great characteristics of pure poetry. He breaths nothing of cheerfulness as he expresseth himself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

378 lines prose.

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

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

SAN amsa bha rioghachd Eirinn roinnta na cuig earrannabha; agus Rìogh air gach cearrinn dhiubha. B'e athair Fhinn a b' urrainn aca do 'n iomlan. Bha buan-chogadh eadar athair Fhinn agus aon do na rìghribh sin.

Air chor 'us nan do sguir a Rìgh ainmnnach sin, gun do sgios e an t-ìomlan do luchd leamhuinn athair Fhinn. Ach bha scan fhaith—dariedh na mensg, ag imnsa gun tachradh na nitheamhsa. ach gu fagadh e na dheidh do 'n fhìdh Rìoghail, na bhuidhneidh a choir air a h-ais. An latha blair mu dheiridh a thug iad, chunaidh athair Fhinn a stigh do thigh Gobhinn. Cha rabh neach a stigh ach nìghinn a ghobha. Luidh e leatha, 'us ghabh e thurus gu dol a chumail a bhlairst. Tamall beag na dheigh sin thainig an gobha steach, agus air geur-bheachdachadh air gnus a nìghinn, a deir se rìthe, 's ioghna' leann a nìghinn, an coltasata ortsan drast, seach 'nuair a dh' fhad misn. Cìod e do deir ise? Tha deir eisan gu rabh rosg Brìg maighdinn agad 'nuair a chunaidh mi nach: Agus tha rosg mall mna agad a nìois. Cha nìil fìrrinn ann sna briathribh dh' eirist. Tha ars ean le feirg, agus bheir mi 'n ceann dhìor mar deun u aidmhaid shaor agus fìrinnach dhamhs' air a mhìomaid. Le h-eagal dh' imnis I ga-bathair gun rabh an dh' d' fhear aice. 'Se mo ghuidheas ri Dia arsa 'n gobhunn gun eisan a philleadh air ais ni 's mo. Agus is amhluidh thachair. Dh' ordnich an Rìgh agus a chomairle gun biodh nìghinn a ghobhinn air a cur ann ann prìosan, agus-ars a còmhlead ann gu am h-asaid. Agus air ball chunaidh orda an Rìgh a chuir an gnìomh an graddadh.

Chaidh faire agus còmhlead churamach a chur orra. Aig ceann naoi mìosan iomlan dh' fhàs Cumhall tinn re saothair chloinne, agus rug I nìghinn. Air faichidinn so do luchd a gheard agus na faire dh' fhad iad i agus ruith iad leis an ait-geuladh iomsuidh an rìgh, agus cha do phill iad ni bu mo. Ach mo dheiridh na h-aoichasa fein rug i mac. Cha rabh neach sam bith a dheanamh fìrinnachadh dhìth san ams' ach *Luas Lurgann*. Nìghinn muin 'us Aoida 'n Rìgh dhìleasach. Cho-luath sa rugadh an leannam nìc, thug *Luas Lurgann* an earball a còt' e agus theich i 'us cha rabh fios eate. Ràinig i cu'pan Saor a brathair, ann fear ceard a b' fhearr a bha 'n Eirinn an nair sin. Leig i a ruin ris ag innse dha gach ni mar a thachair. Buichas do Dhia ars eisan mar ata chuis. Cìod e fios nach digeadh an Targannachd fathast air a chois. Ach caite nois an deid sinn am falch leis. Theid ars ise do Choill-Ulthich. Dh' fhalbh i fein agus a brathair fuidh dhuibhre na h-oidhech gun stad gun rìois, gun an do raing iad meadhan na coillthich. 'Nois deir ise claochleib leana-dhùinn ann an craoibh mhòir dhiubh sin, far am be nìse agus an leannam ann an teannuimeachd. Rinn a brathair mar a dh' iarr i, agus chuir e doras ris an aite dhethn chraoibh le chairt air chor 'us nach bu chom-asach do neach sam bith aithnadhach na fhaotinn a mach.

Thug *Luas Lurgann* suil mu 'n cuart agus thubhairt i ri brathair, faic arsa ise an fhàillinn ta gu h-ìosal an so. Air sealtuinn dhàsan gu mìon. Ghlac a phìnthair an tuadh agus chuir a dheth an ceann. 'Nois ars ise cha 'n eil fear ruin ach mi fein. Bha i na dheidh so a siubhal sear agus iar a' crìnnicheadh gach ni dh' fhaodadh i dhì fein agus do 'n leannamh. Rachadh i scriob feadh nam baltinn mora bu dluthidh dhì, agus air nairibh do thigh a ghobhainn. Ach cha d' fhiosruic e riamh dhìth cait an rabh odha, na cìod e bu chor dha, ged bha fios aig gur i thug leatha e oir dh' eng Cubhall a mhathair an uine ghearr an deidh an leannam a bhreith.

Bha n' t' oganach a fas ann an aois agus ann an tur. Agus cho luath sa thainig eaint dh' fhaodadh i air fhaolm, agus air Seoil a thoirt dha agus air nairibh a cluicha leis air clar—Thulais, &c. Agus air fas ni bu neartmoire dha rachadh e fein agus ise choimruich gu nullac Beinn-Eadinn. Ach man toisichidh iad combruidh bhuanidh iad le h-òrdanise da gheig dhreathunn, agus chuireadh i easan

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

Ged bu chruaidh so b' fheudar fhullann car seal. Ach gach aon la mar a bha teachd, bha ean a fas ni bu chruaidh, 'us ni bu luaithe, 'us ni bu neartmoire. Air chor 'us nach robh an comas da mhùine, urid 'us ann bhuille thabhairt dha. Bha e nois na chomas agus bha o gu dheanamh, se sin re rùdh, gun rabh e nois ga paidh-eadh le riadh. Na dheid sin thoisich i air fhaolm re fearasthoda agus ri cluich—ìomann, &c. Air dhì fhaoghluu air gach calain a b' col dhi. Dh' imnis i dha co e, cìomus a thainig e; agus cìod e bha nìge re dheanamh, 'us re thabhairt gu crìoch, agus aire ro mhathathoirt dha fein air eagal gun digidh an ceam dheth.

Nois Eudailna fear ars ise theid thusa 'n diugh leamsa dh' iomsuidh na cluich-ìomann ta gu bhì air a chumail sa bhaile-mhor-rìghail. Dh' aontuiche e leatha sa chuis ged nach b' ann le dheoin. Dh' fhalbh iad le cheile, 'us ghabh iad an turas, agus air dhoibh teachd dluth do 'n bhaile chunaidh ise do aite uaignich, ach ghabh ean gun athadh gun aodenas, roimh aon neach uasal na an-uasal. Ach gam brudhadh 'us gam pròmidh thall sa bhos. Air chor 'us gam bu leis buaidh gach buille agus Bair an la sin. Bha iad mar so car dha na trì do laithibh 'us casaid ur agus thrìchd a ruidheachd cluasan an Rìgh air a ghille luidheachd bhàn nach rabh fhios co, cia sa das. B'ann mo ann nan Nollug a thachair na nìthibha, 'us b'e Diluan-an t-sainnseal, an latha mor agus deirinnach don fheid, agus don ìomann. Thuir an Rìgh theid mìse am phearsuinn fein a chòmhlead air, agus ehnì mì cìod us coltas da. 'Us amhluidh bha thainig an Rìgh agus an gille-ban, agus *Luas-Lurgann* a mhùine a geur choimhead air a garraidh uaignich fein. Oir cha bheo dhealaidh i ris. Thoisich an gille ban an lathasa mar b' abhaist.

Cìod e 'n gille fionn ban ud ars an Rìgh tha mort sa marbhadh nan daoine. Na fànich e agam fein chuirinn eudach, us earradh air, oir tha coltas foghuinteach air. Thuir a mhùine 'us i thabhairt an deasachd sin orra fein, le basibh gam buaidh eir a cheila, ag rà, O! eudail do na fearibh, b' fhad' thusa gun bhaistidh. Ach tha u 'n dìngh air do bhaistidh da rìreadh, agus 'us tusa sin Fionn Mac Cubhail, mhic Luidh, mhic Treun-mhoir, mhic Chlana Baosiga h-Eirinn a Rìghdh-leasann nìch agus ard rìgh Eirinn fein ge do thuagadh do choir wait le ainneart agus le h-eucoir, aich soirbheichidh leat agus gheibh u lamh an nachdar air do naimhinn, &c. Dh' eirich i agus ri siubhal a ghabh i fein agus Fionn. Agus ri siubhal nan deidh a ghabh muintir an Rìgh a chois 'us do dh' each, 'us chuir iad an ruag agus an toir orra gu ceann. Bha *Luas-Lurgann* a fas sgith agus fann 'us cha b' urrain i cumail ri Fionn ann an ruith. Air faicsinn so do dh' Fhionn thog e chaillich air a ghualinn. Agus suil cha d' thug e na dheidh, gus an d' raing e aite comhnhidh fein. Air leagail an Ealluidh dha air l'ar cha rabh aige da mhùine lathair ach an da lurginn. Thug e urchair dhiubh air l'ar agus ghul e gu goirt. Dh' fhan e 'n oidhele sin mar bha e air a chloai' gum bhiaidh gun chadul. Air an ath-la thug e greis air smoitichadh cìod e dheanadh e oir bha e ann an ìomachomhairle.

Cha rabh a chridh aig aghidh a thoirt air aon aite leis am bu ghnath lenhùine bhi tathich. Dh' fhalbh e air fainneoladh. Agus gun fhios gu math aige caite. Agus cam gach radhaid dha ach gabhail seachad air Eas gam b' ainne Eas-ruidh, agus chunnace e fear agiasgach air an Eas, agus thubhairt. Fionn ris tha mi deir eisan ann a faillinn mhòir, tha mi guidh' ort thoirt dhamh beathach beg do na h-iasgibh sin a dh' ichis mi. Cha thabhair, deir an t-iasgar. Nam biodhidh tu cho mhath arsa Fionn agus gun cuireadh tu mach an t-slat air mo t-shealluidh. Rinn an t-iasgar sin agus air ball dh' iasgaich e lan-bhradan; Cha toir mi 'n beathachsa dhuit tha e ro mhòr, agus ro mhath. Sam a than so iasg Rìgh. Nam biodh tu cho mhath 'us gun tuga tu dhomh fein an t-slat. Gheibh lhn sin ars an t-iasgar. Air do dh' Fhionn an t-slat iasgaich fhaotinn, thilg e mach an dubhan agus tharinn e gu tior braddan a bha na bu mho, na braddan an iasgar. Cha 'n fhad mi 'n beathachsa thoirt dhuit deir an t-iasgar, ach bheir mi beathach beg a's ludha na so dhuit. Ach feuma tu rostadh air taobh eile an Eas, agus n connadh air an taobh so, agus na bhios ball ann na loist' air caillidh tu do cheann ris, agus ars an t-iasgar theid mise chadul, agus biodh e rosta nam duisg mi. Ga d' bu chruaidh so b' fheudar aontachadh leis. Thoisich Fionn air teimnidh fhaddadh 'us air an iasg a rostadh 'us chunaidh an t-iasgar a chadul. Bha Fionn ga th' shàruchadh a brasnucadh an teine sa rostadh an eais, ach nair do na h-nairibh, dh' eirich balg loist' air a bhradan, agus cho luath sa b' urrain da leig e mheur air 'us lois-

Pedigree.

gidh gu craimh e chuir e mheur na bheul le graddadh agus dh' fhuair e fios an da shaoghail, mar a their iad. Thuair e fios sa mhionaid sin gum b'e 'n t-iagair a mharbh athair Fhinn 'us gum b'e Forca-Dubha-aime an iagair 'us gum rabh clodheamh athair lamh ris ann am falach. Dh' eirich e le cabhaig agus thuair e clodheamh athair us thughe 'n ceann do dh' Forca-Dubha 'us ri siubhal na dheidh sin ghabh Fionn sann uaidhe so a thuradh, sgreubhadh a bhradain ri Easruaidh, cha b' fhuair e 's cha bu teth.

Air ball an deidh an ceann a thoirt dhe 'n iagair, ghabh Fionn a thuras agus stad na fois cha d' rinn e agus an d' rainig Tigh a ghabhinn a sheannair. Bha e greis ga dhìomhachrachadh fein an tìogh a sheamair. Ach la do na laithibh chaidh caorich a gheobhinn do ghàradh an Rìgh. Dh' orduich an Rìgh a cheathranh cas a ghearradh dlèth gach aon dhiubh. Mas fìor gu rabh nì arid aig an Rìgh gam b' ainm. Teamhair-nan-rìogh, agus bha do bhàidhlhìb orrag b'e uair a bheirta breith chlaon na eucorach gun tuitidh i sìos chum an lair, gus an dugadh aon do 'n fhìul Rìghail breith cheart. Chruinnich iad gach sear-fhear agus gach duine gheòch san tìor, ach cha d' fhuairadh nam measg nach a thug breith cheart na fhìor. Ach chaidh Fionn a mach gu aite folluiseach. Agus thabhairt e 'Barr na corach, barr na Chuaineadh, da bharr abhaich, thun am buana: Tha 'n da bharr sin coslach re cheila, 'us breith na agbich sin cha tabhar 'm.'

Cho luath sa na briathribh a mach o bheul, dh' eirich Teamhair nan Rìogh. Bha iadsan uile bha lathir, lan chinntich gum b' aon do 'n fhìul Rìghail an duine so a labhair na briathran leis an d' eirich an Teamhair. Ghrad chuireadh an toir air gu, teann, ach ruith Fionn 'us cha b' ann gu mall. Thuair e as orra gun bhend 'us phill an toir gun aite fein. Ghabh Fionn air aghaidh gun chadal gun fhòis, agus cha deachaidh stad air a chois na lod as a bhròig gus an do rannig e ceardach a shean-athair.

Dh'athnìch an seann duine mar a bha. 'Se nì a smaintich e gun curidh e moran gail san teallach, agus pìosan do sheann iarunn. Sin thoisich e air seiddh nam balg, 'us air obrichadh na sean iarunn, air chor 'us gun ralb do theas anallharrich 'us do shradagibh anns a chearduich na chum an tìor gun a chroich aca nrid 'us seasamh mionaid 'n taobh stigh da dorsaibh. Bha Fionn car nìne ga fhòlach fein air chul nam balg agus aig an ceudna, tollidh a bhalla gus an d' fhuair e as orra. Agus stad na fois cha do rinn e gus an do rainig e pathlis Rìogh chuingh-Colla.

Bha Eirinn na Cuigibh san uair sin.

Bha Fionn car uine ann am pathlis an Rìogh's gun aon neach a dh' fhiosrachadh dlèth co e, na cia as da. Bha e ga ghluibhail fein gu ro fhaeiddilich agus neo lochdach, mo dheiridh chaidh a dheagh chliu, sa dheandais na, gu cluasibh an Rìgh, agus se thachair na lorg sin gun d' rinnidh e na ard steuart, agus na fhear ionchar d'ibh 'n Rìogh. Se nì arid air 'n do shoeladh an Rìgh a mharbath athair Fhinn, agus a chomhairlich dìomhair, gun rachadh an Rìgh na phearsum, agus aircamh d'laoin leis, air feadh na h-Eirinn uile chum aimeannan gach duine ghabail sìos ann an sgrìobhadh le mionmàid, dh'fhèach a fhuighedh e Fionn a mharbhadh, o nach rabh a nois a lathir don fhìul Rìghail ach e. An ceann da bhliadhna ionlan thainig Cairbre-Ruadh le sin a Rìgh a chasgair agus a dhithlarich eairidh athair Fhinn. Am fogus do phathlis Rìogh chuingeanh Colladh, far an rabh Fionn an uair sin na stubhart. Cha do dh' fhiosruich Rìgh chuingeanh-Colla fhathast cia as do dh' Fhionn na cia b' ainm bha. Rinn Fionn e fein aithnichte dha agus leig e ruina ris agus a dubhairt e. O! Rìgh 'us feudar dhamhsa teichidh as an aite so agus mo dhreuchd a lùbair, oir aite 'n bàs am fogas. 'S mise Fionn Mac Cubhail, agus tha Cairbre-Ruadh agus a sluagh leis air mo thoir, oir cha d' fìng e ach mis 'n aonar don fhìul Rìghail, gun a dhith-lathrachadh agus a sgrìos. Tha e gu bhì 'n so a nochd, agus cha 'n urrainn thu, O! Rìgh mo thearmadh. 'Us duilich leam ars an Rìgh, gun rabh e na fhasan agus riamh, nach fìorichinn do choirich cia as da, na co e, gus an la 'm biodh e gam fhagail. Ach fan thusa agamsa, oir tha mi 'g iarraidh mìle matheamhais ort. An aite thusa a bhì d' fìorshìbhich agamsa sann bu cheart dhìghach dhamhsa bhì an iochdran umhal dhuitse. Agus bheir mi 'n uile oidheirp air a chois a leasachadh, agus air seasamh do chorach. Agus thabhair a cheart aire nach b-innis u t ainm a dhaindeoin nas urra mise na a Rìgh eile dheannamh, oir 'us aithne dhuit fein cìod e mar a labhras tu, agus bidhich mis' am charid math air do chul chum do choir fhaotain dhuit. Mo dheiridh thainig an Rìgh 'us thoisich e air ainmin nan daoine ghabhail a sìos. Bha Fionn air ais agus air agbich, 'us mo dheir-dh' fheorchid Cairbre cìod e ainm. Dh' fìreng air Fionn agus a dubhairt e. Tha mi nois da bhliadhna 'n seirbhìs mo mhaighistir, agus cha do dh' fhiosruich e co

mi na cìod e mainm fathast. Agus bha sin na mhulad, agus na oghidheachd leam, agus on a bha mi cho fìad na sheirbhìs, cha 'n innis mi m' ainm a nochd gun duais, agus cha choltach do 'n leithid sa do dhaine gun iarr mi ach nì nach ionndruinn thus. O! Rìgh gad dhith. An tabhair mi an toilleidh ud dha, arsa Rìgh chuinge Colla, re Cairbre. Dh' aonntich Cairbre leis. 'Us feudar dhamhs sin fhaotain fud laimh scriobhte. Thuair e sin. Innis dhunn t-ainn a nois deir na Rìghrìbh ris. Tha nì beag eile dhunn orm chum gach nì choimluidh, agus se sin gun cuir an Rìogh a thainig a lamh ris mar fhianuis gach nì dh' iaras mi gu fìugh mi. Chuir Cairbre mar an ceudna a lamh ris. Thog Fionn am paiper na laimh agus thubhairt e.

Eisidibh agus tuigeamh 's mise Fionn Mac Cubhail-eir-lubhich-ic-Treunnìoh-ic-Chlanna-baoise a h-Eirinn. Agus ard Rìgh Eirinn fein agus a fìor dhleasnach ge do thug thusa mo choir uam le h-eucoir agus le h-ainneart. Eirich as t-aite oir us leamsa e le coir cheart. Dh' fhan Cairbre na thosd! Eirich arsa Rìgh Chuinge-Colla mar a eirich thusa, eiridh mise. Cha 'n eirich arsa Fionn 's math an airdh u fein air do chathair agus air do choir.

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

Chuir Rìgh-Chuinge-Colla sluagh mor le Fionn agus e fein air an ceann, agus an d' fìlag e go sochdrach sabhalte Fionn air Rìgh chathair athair fein gun bhlas fìor na gille.

Pedigree.

Story of Cormac.

Rann Iudhich-ic con athair Fhinn.

Seachd bliadhna fèidh gu fìor,
Bha Iudhadh mac con na Rìgh;
Gun bhàs gun ghabhadh gun ghuin,
Fìor, mna na gille bha 'n Eirinn.

Crioche.

OISEIN AND PADRUG.

THE following fragments, P. P. P. O. O. Y. Z., tell in various ways part of a story which is very commonly told all over the Highlands now. It accounts for the presence of Oisein in St. Patrick's house, and for the imperfect state of 'The History of the Fenine.' When 'Peter Mac Alpin, would not believe Oisein, the old Hero threw all the history which Saint Peter had written from his dictation into the fire. Saint Peter's wife, Oisein's daughter, snatched the papers out of the fire, and saved all that remains of the history.' This has been gravely told to me as true, over and over again, in Scotland.

According to another story, 'Dabhaich' was the name of Oisein's wife, who was big, burly, and fat. When he was old and blind, they fell out. The old warrior threw a deer's bone at her, and threw wide, upon which is founded the saying -

'Urchair an Doill mu 'n Damhaich: ' 'The cast at the blind at the Damhaich.' The word probably meant 'The Learned' at first. It also means 'The abounding in oxen or stags,' and in later times it has come to mean 'a Vat,' which is feminine. The old Islay smuggler who told this to Hector Mac Lean converted the learned Saint and the poet's wife into a 'brewing vat.' 'So Julius Cæsar dead and turned to clay,' &c.

P. 3. MAR CHAILL OISIN A FAINNE. 12 lines. Staffa's Collection, page 35. Advocates' Library, February 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

BHA Oisìn na bluaichail re cullach na neann aig Padrug agus aig nìghin. Bha e sin la ga asciell fein agus thug e mach an Sporan anns an rabh am fainne, agus chuir e air lar lamh ris e. Agus na dheidh sin chadail e. Thainig am Biatach air lteag a mias as na Speuribh, us e air Faicain Taip mhor dhearg shaoil leis gum b' feoil a bha ann agus sgob e leis e dh' ionnsuidh aneid far an rabh na h-eoin aig an uair sin. Agus thuair e ritlist e' nuair a chuir an Gille Blar odhar leis a chreig e.

P. 2. MU SHEALG DHEIRINNICH OISIN.

Same Scribe, &c.

BHA Oisìn na shean aois ann an Tigh a muig' na aonar ann am Baile gan ainm Gleann-caoin-fheoir an Sgithreachd Thorasa. Chuir Padrug agus nìghnean Oisìn, eul ris, le ro mhead sa dhìchidh e. Chnr Padrug cuireadh air Oisìn athir-cella air latha arid chum fensd a dh' unluiche do dhream arid dheth na cairdbh. Chuir aon do na daoinibh oga, reasgach a bha nan suidh aig an fhensd, aig an rabh Calpa Feidh ga chreim, a cheist air

Oisín a faca e riamh calpa feidh bu mho nan calp ud. Rug Oisín air a calpa agus nheurich se e oir bha e na dhall an uair sin. Agus fheagair e 'n t'ogannach, agus thubhairt e ris gu fae e calpa Luín moran ni bu mho, agus gun b' aithne dha 'n aite 'n rabh e. Mar a bhi dith na Leirsín. O! se 'n t' amadan truaidh ars a nighín a fear ata tabhairt creidise dhuit led Bhosad agad led Bhriagab. Thug i an togail ghrad sin air Eachdraidh na Feinnidh bha sgríobht' aig a companach Pádrug, agus thig i 'n t-ionann ann an meadhoin 'n teimnidh, agus chuidiadh iad re theimnidh, man do rug iad ach air ro bhac a shabhaladh dhiubh. Bha Pádrug ro dlúthich air an son. Mata ars Oisín dearbhidh mise dhuibh, gur i 'n fhírinn ata agamsa. Agus a Phádrug mo chendichis tu dol mhac fálbh leamsa lorga mi mach fathast Calpan Luín. Dh' aomtuich Pádrug a leigdh leis. Dhalbh Oisín agus mac Phádrug, ga 'n b' ainn an Gille-blair-odhar. Choisich iad gu iochdar Beinn an t-sealluidh, agus thog iad a mach ri achadh gan ainn Lurg Iarinn. Thubhairt Oisín re odha cid e laochain a thu nís a faichidm, oir tha mi cluintinn monmhór bruidhne. Tha ars odha daoine tha air Seirsich lauh rinn. Thoir mise laochain an rathid a tha iad; rinn odha mar a dh' iarr e air. 'S math a gheibhar sibh fearamh ars Oisín. Tha sin a deanaibh mar dhaoas sinn ars a na fiour. Thoir dhomh do lauh ars Oisín ris a chrann-aeonach cha tabhairt ars odha, ach tabhairt an coiltair' as a chrann, agus tabhairt dha e. Rinn an duine mar sin, agus ghlac Oisín 'n coiltair' agus fíb e air a cheil' e.

Na dheidh sin thog iad a mach re ma ambradhaidh, agus theirinn iad air Leitir Luín, air a bheil an t-ainm sin gus an la 'n diu'. Deir Oisín re odha bh' furachair a faic u seana chraobh mhór dharuich agus cos na taobh. Thuair an Gille-blair-odhar i gun ro mhóran saoirlich, le seoladh a Shean-athair. Chuir Oisín a lauh a stigh sa chíos 'us thug e mach sa calpa 'n Luín. Dh' inich iad rompa mach as a choillich. Seall a laochain ars Oisín a faic u cnoc mor anna a bhlar an iochdar na coille. Chi ars odha. Treorúich mis' n sin ars Oisín. Se ainn a chnoic sa Ceann-a chnoc ain. Cnoc-franc bu gnath leis an Fheinn a bhi a tathich gu tric ann sa lúmhóir roimhe sin. Ceart lauh ris a pholl na thiodhlaich Fionn athir Oisín an coire ris an canar gu an la 'n diu' poll choir Fhinn. Thuigh iad air a chnoc agus ghabh iad mo thamh an sin re na h-oirch'.

Gluidh Oisín gu duthrachdach gun biodh Biorach-Mac-Buidheag an t-aonach bu dona bha namh san Fheinn air a dheonuchadh dha. Mhosgail e mu dheiridh na h-oirch' 'us e mothachadh trom air muin, a chos, agus dh' athuich e gun d' fhuair e athcheimnich. Dh' fhan e mar a bha aige gu briseadh na faire. Dhuais Oisín an Gille-blair-odhar, agus thug Oisín eibh na iolach mhór as chuir geilt-chrith air gach creutair ghasadach a bha anns na coillteibh nán cnairt dha. Cíod e chí u ars Oisín ris a Ghille-blair-odhar? Tha mi faicsinn aireamh hionmhór do chreutairibh bega seanga ruadhna. Leigidh sinn seachad iad sin deir Oisín. Cha 'n eil a sin a Laochain ach síochd na Lusaithe-Luinnich. Thug Oisín air eith-dh' as. Cíod e nois a cha thu laochain. Chí mi ars odha na h-urid do bheathichibh seanga donna. Tha sin síochd na Deirge-Dasnuiche. Leig sin seachad fathast. Thug e an treas eith as Dh' fheorúich e do odha cíod e bha e faicsinn. Tha mi faicsinn ars odha moran de fheidhlich trona-donna. Bis tuig Biorachuachd buidhaig. Re síubhal a ghabh an cu agus mharbh e seachd lan daimh. Bhí furachail a laochain a faic u 'n cu a tighin. O! chí mis e ars an Gille-blair-odhar agus a chraos fogaillt. Cha neil mo chuideils buidhich seilge fathast agus marbhich e sinne. Ach feuch a stiur thusa mo lamhs a stigh na bheul nuair a thig e 'n fogasg. Rinn e mar a dh' iarr Oisín air, agus chuir e lamh na chraos 'us mharbh se e.

Tha' air a nois mi far a fae u na feidh a tuitim. Chruinnich e leis iad air mullach a ghuafinn 'us air uallach a dhroma, gus an ruiga e 'n cnoc air an do chaidil iad an oiche roimh sin. Chuir iad suas an turlach. Chruinnich iad connadh. Chuir iad na feidh as beoin. Thog Oisín Coir Fhinn athir as a pholl 'us bhruich iad na feidh. Nois a laochain ars Oisín ri odha fan thusa iad na laimhe uamsa man ich mi thu 'n richd toitein. Mo gheibh mise mo leoir an dlugh cha bhi dith na failinn ortsaid rid bheo. Ma b' fhuair na fuidhich e leoir an la sin gum fasadh e ogail, laidir, neartmhór treubhach. Bha 'n fhuagais aiga on leannan Shíth. Bha críos na mhacdhóir air son a bhí theannachadh air a cheila. Bha naoi' timnachan dhethin chrios as air a chuir seach a cheila, man do thoisch e air itha nam fiadh. Dh' fheunadh e fhaotinn do shíthinn na bíonadh a bhí 'n sin biodh an críos ann an ruidhich gus an tinne b' fhaide mach. Ach nair chunice

an Gille-blair-odhar nach rabh coltas air Oisín gum fagadh e fuighlich, gcriob e leis pios mor do na bha air beulth-aolh a Shean-athair, agus chuir e sud air a thaobh fein. Dh'ath Oisín na bha aig an uair sin ach cha rabh e air a shasuchadh. Dh' ionndrain e na thug odha leis, agus thubhairt e. O! laochain us ro ole thuaras du na faga du an t-ionann agam bhithinn cho mthas sa bha mi riamh. Thiodhlaich Oisín an coir ann poll choir-Fhinn. Ghuais e fein agus odha chum pillidh do Ghléann-caoin-fheoir, ach se chomhair' chinn an ceann odha Oisín gu feuchadh e fuidhich e Oisín a shean-athair a chuir le craig. Chomhairlich a mhathir dha ro laimh sin a dheanaibh. Threornich se e gu bruaich Uiridh-Bhiatich ris an gaorir gu cummanna nois Uiridh 'n-fhuithich, agus dh' fhuag o sud e. Thuit e leis a chraig agus stad e meadhoin na h-uiridh. Bha e car uime man buirim dha ghuasal, ach cho luath sa chuir e 'n preathal sin seachad thoisch e air neuraichd nan cuairt da gus an d' fhuair e fainne dhealluich ris uime roimhe so. Nois sann o Leanna síth a thuir e 'n toisch e. Bha do bhuaidh air nach caidh e radharc agus nach fuidhich e bus. Thanic e 'n sin dhathic, le fhaime agus le calpa 'n Luín, agus mar a thubhairt e rin man d' fhuadh e, us amhluidh b' fíor, be calpa 'n Luín moran bu mho.

P. 4. PADRUG A' TOGAIL TIGHE.

Same Scribe, &c.

Part of a Legend localised in Mull. The church is specified in Ireland. According to the rest of the story, it ought to be a church on the Hill of Allen, in Ireland, or on Tara.

Bha Pádrug uair a togail tighe, agus aireamh do dhaoibh aige, sea na seachd deug do dhaoine foghainntich, bha cleach mhór an sin nach rabh an t-ionann do na bha laithir nan-urrtin a chur ceart san tigh. 'Nan duga' sibh dhams ars Oisín ri Pádrug, biadh na sea-fear-deug chuirinn a chlach ceart ann aonar. Mata gheibh thusa sin arsa Pádrug agus 'us math an airidh air thu. Thuair Oisín biadh chuir-fear-deug, chum a nighin biadh fíor as. Dh'ich Oisín na thuir e, us dh' athuich e gun do chumadh pairt dheth.

Dh' eirich e us chairich e chlach, ach dh' fhuag e aomadh orra mach as a bhalladh. Thuir iad ris nach rabh a chlach ceart fathast. Tha fios agam, ach mar tha bidhidh i namsa no fuidhinn a biadh na sea-fear-deug, chuir mi chlach ceart, ach a nois tha i 'n sin agabh, agus deanibh fein a carann mar as aill leibh. Bha clachsa ri faichidh ann an Gleann canoir, gus o chionn da bliadhna, bha clachfhearín a togail parrce agus bhris iad a chlach sa síos na bleidhibh le h-ord.

O. 31. MAR FHUAIR OISEAN A SHEALLA.

56 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 139. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

Part of the same story about the books made metrical.

- 1 RACHAMAD deire ro Ghille,
Gu mulach an fhirich thud thall;
'S aithne dh' an fhuigh an t-slighe,
Comharaich damh alluidh nan crann.
- 2 Seol mo shaignead 'na charaibh,
'S 'gu faigheam mo fhuadhair air ball;
Thaig na Feidh gu h-ualach,
Bhuail Oisean damh alluidh nan stang.
- 3 Cro 'n teine le leaenibh,
Faigh an coire 's dreuchaire colg;
Gear an Fiadh na mhiribh bega,
Bruich e gu deimhin na bholg.
- 4 Na blais a shuth, na blais a shithinn;
'S thig mo neart 's mo shealla gun chealg;
Uiridhich m' aois mar fheur na macarach,
Bidheam luath mar fhiadh cheumach ard.
- 5 'S ioma beum a fhuair Oisean,
Agus gath a dh' fhan na fheoil;
O Linn doghruinn airde tuath,
Tha mo shuil ar leonta cruchda.
- 6 Dh' fhalbh mo leirsean le sean aois,
Eolas no leighas bh' aig mo shinusir;
Biodh san tim so dhomh gu eoin,
Sudh na h-eilid seoladh 'u ratbad,
'S gheibh mo radharc mar mo dhaoine.

- 7 An leighis ulluichte gu grad,
Fhuair Oisean a fhradharc, u'il;
Bha na beanntan ciar dhubb lachdann,
'S na coilltean gun chleachd gun tur.
- 8 Dh' fheuch e tuille dhe 'n leigheas,
'S dh' fhalbh gach brethal bha dhu;
Ach fhathasd bha chreuchdan sìleach,
Leis gach gath mille na thaobh.
- 9 Bhlaire 'n Conraich shudhar shladghach,
Thuit gath 's gath caol ri caol;
Ach dh' fhuirich aon gu daingean tearuinte,
Dh' aindeoin fiachann sudhan fheidh.
- 10 A Ruadh 's ole a rinn thu oirun,
Bhlais thu sudhan an fheidh romham;
Cha do bhlais mi sudhan an fheidh,
Thuit an Ruadh gu ladarna dana.
- 11 Bhlaire thu sudhan an fheidh,
Thuit Oisean an caint ghrada;
Cha leigheas mo chreuchdan gu brath,
Thuit gath o 'm thaobh ach aon.
- 12 Och mo raon 's truagh mi noch,
Nan geilleadh tu dom' ghuth;
Cha bhithinn gun luth gun treoir,
Thuiteadh gach gath aon mar aon,
'S bhlitheadh mo thaobh gu fallain beo.
- 13 A Ruaidh is bochd a rinn thu orm,
Tha mi nochd gun cholg gun treoir;
Tha thu nochd gun tuar, gun treoir,
Cha mhair an aois beo gu brath.
- 14 'S maith dhuit gu 'n d' fhalbh gach gath,
Ach an aon nach sgar ach bas;
Fossa! fossa! ort a Ruaidh,
'Se d' ghliocas gun truagh, gun tur.
Bheir Beal dhomhsa slainte luath,
'S fhathasd ruaigidh fiadh san Dan.

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

O. 32. MAR CHAILLEADH EACHDRUIDH NAM FIANN, NO ANACREIDEAMH PHADRIC, ON DON CHEUDNA.

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

- 1 LA gu 'n robh Selma air sunt,
Is Oisean na mhur a steach;
Thainig 'na choir Mac Alpin iadh,
'S dh' fhuairach ciod bu mhiann na theach?
- 2 Is dh' fhalbh an Fheinn guntuar gun chlin,
Mar shneachd o'n tur a mach;
Cha d' fhalbh an Fheinn a shean fhir iadh,
'S beag orm do cheil gun thachd.
- 3 'S ioma latha thug sibh sealg,
Oisein, air bharrailbh an nam fiadh;
Seadh, Mhic Alpin na binn ghloir;
San ait leam do cheol gun mhiadh.
- 4 'S breagh am fiadh thair a bhord,
Oisean 's boiche *sgianh*;¹
'S moth a chos na damh alluidh,
C'ait an d' fhas a leithid riamh?
- 5 Leig dhìot do bhaghal Phadric mhaol,
Chunncas lon nach b' aogas da;
Ma 's ionann do sgeul air an Fheinn
Cha bhi mi fein nis fàid a' d' fhaoin.
- 6 Led ran teine, gach tamh loig faoin,²
'S breugach do mhaoin Oisein dhoill;
Na loisg gach sgeul, 's fìlìdh dhan,
Mo thruaighe, cha laithair do Ullin gaoil.
- 7 Cha lathair do Charull binn guth beoil,
Cha lathair do Oran, brigh gach fonn;
- 8 Cha lathair do Fheargus cliu gach ceoil,
Cha lathair do Ainnir, mor, no Sonn;
O Chuthail, faic mo bheadh,
Tiormaich Mo dhenr gun iochd.

¹ Bian.

² Lamh.

- 9 A Threunnhor tog mo lure broin,
A Luthainn, thig a'm' choir a nochd;
O nach robh mi 'n Innis chuinn,
Mar ri Elhir run mo chridhe.
- 10 Mar ri Oscar ceann gach eliar,
Mar ri Fionn briathar gach ni;
Dh' fhalbh mo spionna 's mo threoir,
'S tha mi nochd, mar cheò gun tir.
- 11 Thoir mi, Ruaidh, gu coill naa geug,
Far an tric a dh' eugh an lon;
Gu crann daraig nasal ard,
O 'n tric a leag mi gradh nan con.
- 12 Sin feucham, a Phadric, gun eol,
Nach faoin ghloir mo sgeul a nochd;
Rainig iad a choill an truir,
Oisean an cu, 's for,
- 13 Padric thainig nan deigh,
Mar fhear gun eric, gun choir,
Fhuaras an lon dubb ciar dhubb,
Le saighead dian o luinne eille.
- 14 Shoillich leus air anam Oisein,
Thainig osna grad O Chliabh;
An creid thu Mhic Alpin gun chonn,
An d' innis Oisean bonn gun chliith.
- 15 An ionann do sgeulsa ri so,
Faicam do sgeol san flurth;
'S ole a rinn mi Oisein fheil,
Dean rium baigh do sgeul tha 'm dlith,
- 16 Mo sgeulsa cha 'n fhaigh thu gu brath,
A bha fhir gun tur, gun chlo;
Galbh do leabhar leathann ban
Sid am fath a mhill mo cheol.

O 'n ton cheudna.

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

THE HISTORY OF THE FEINNE.

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

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

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

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

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

A WIL NEEWA AG FANE EYRRIN?

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

I LNNIS downe a phadrik
Nonor a leyvin
A wil neewa gi bayre
Ag mathew fane eyrrin

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

- 21 Da wacca ni entha
Is ni braddiche grast
Ne wee ane reid id ter
Ter ach moyir ni fayui
- 22 Ossin v^e ni flau
Mest tanmyn a beithyll
Na cwne ni cath
Cha nil ag asling sin seill
- 23 Da glun ni gyir
Is meith ni shealga
Bar lat wee na warri
Na wea si chaythir noya
- 24 Troyg sin a henor
Is meithur ni schelga
Faychin gi honnor
Za wil si chaythir noa
- 25 Na habbir sin a phadrik
Is fallow di wrayrri
In deggow sin daynyth
Barr fiun is no fayni
- 26 Er a lawe v^e eweissni
Ne fallow mi wrarri
Is furr angl din di hanglew
Na fiun is ni faynyth
- 27 Da beanyth mir a weissith
A gath zawryth ni heymin
Di zelin in demis
Ver tow er ayne errin
- 28 Dimmyth di wor zail
Er cath di heill
Ni warri did cboyth lawytl
Ach how neiss a tenour
- 29 Da marri mi zenissi
Ne estin di choyllane
Is zoyno di hemoo
In narrik di choyrra
- 30 Da mardeis sin ulli
Si goynith ra cheilli
Ne wea mi holti lwe
Re vii caithe ni fayni
- 31 Vii fegthit urrit
Urrit vil tuss zi cleyrrew
Di luttideis sin ulli
Lay oskir na henyr
- 32 Ta tou in der di heill
A henor gin cheyll
Scur a neiss id wreysrow
Is be fest zim rayr
- 33 Da wacea in lwcht cogthoill
A v^efin in alvin
Ne raacha za gomor
Re muntir ni caythre noya
- 34 Aggis ner low ir dynoyll
Nor heg most gow tawri
Sanossil ni braythryth
Fane woory zi ryuis
Mathwm zwt a cleyrre
Di sgeul na hynnis.
Innis down.

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

- 1 AILLIS Sgeil, a Phadric,
An Onnair do Lebhidh,
A bheil neibh gu barrid,
Aig Fianibh na Herin.
- 2 Bheirunsa Briar dhutsa
Ossain nan Glonn,
Nach heil Neibh aig Tathir,
Aig Oscar na aig Goll.
- 3 'S ole an Sgeil a Phadric,
A haggad 'dhos', a chlerich,
Com am Bithimse ri Crabhiith
Mar heil Neibh aig Fianibh Erin.
G

- 4 Nach Doinnigh shin, Ossain,
Fhir nan Briaribh baioile,
'S gum bearr Dia re aoin Uair,
Na Fian Erin uille.
- 5 Bearn leum aoin Clath laidir
Chunigh Fion na Feine
Na Tighearn' a Chrabhaidh shin,
Agus Ussa 'Chlerich.
- 6 Ge begg a Chnail' chronanich
Agus Monaran na Greine
Gun Fhios don Rìogh Mhoralich
Cha deid fo Bhiligh a Seigh.
- 7 N' saoil u 'm biunnin E 's Mac Cuthail
An Rìogh 'bhagguin air na Fianibh,
Dhede gach Neich bla air Hallibh
Dol na Tsheolle sin gun iarridh.
- 8 Ossain ! 's fadde do Tshuain,
Erich a suas 's eist na Sailm
Fon chaill u nish do Lu 's do Rath
'S nach cnir Cath ri La gairbh.
- 9 Ma chaill mi mo Lu 's mo Rath,
'S nach mairin Cath a bhaig Fion,
Do 'd Chleirsniech, 's beg mo Speis,
'S do Cheoil eisdichd nin fiach liom.
- 10 Cha chnal u co-math mo Cheoil,
Fo hùs an Doibhin bhoir gus a nochd,
'S ha u aoiste ann' ghlioc Lia,
Fhir a dhiligh Chiar air Chroc.
- 11 'S trice a dhiol mi Chiar air Chroc,
Illigh-phadric as ole Rain.
'Se gair dhnitsa 'chain mo Chruit
Fon nach duair U Guth air bns.
- 12 Chualas Cool os cion do Cheoil,
Ga mor a Bholis du do Chliar;
Ceoil air nach high Letrom Laoich,
Faathir bulk ai gan Ord Fian.
- 13 Mara tshuigh Fion air Cnoc,
Heinne mid port do 'n Ord Fian,
Chuirridh nan Caddil na Sloigh,
'S ochein bu bhinn' e na Chliar.¹
- 14 Smeorich bhegg dhnth fo Ghleann Smail,
Faathir nan Baise rish an Tuinn,
Heinnigh midde lethidh puirt,
'S bha shin fein 's air Cruit ro bhinn.
- 15 Bha 13 Gaothir dheig Fionn
Leigidh midde ri Gleann Smail,
'S bu bhinnigh Glasgheim air Conn
Na do Chlaig' a Chlerich chaibh.
- 16 Cuide ruinne Fion air Dia
A riar Chliar agus seoil,
Hug e La air pronnigh Oir
'S an ath Lo air Meothir Chonn.
- 17 Aig meid Fhinthir ri Meothir Chon,
'S e dioligh Seoil gach aoin La,
'S aig luthad Eisanail ri Dia,
Nois ha Fion nan Fian an Laibh.
- 18 'S gann a chreidas mido Seoil,
A Chlerich, le'd Leobhar bàn,
Gun bithidh Fion na cho fial
Aig Duinne na aig Dia an Laibh.
- 19 Ann an Iffrin ha e 'n Laibh
Fear le 'n Sath bli pronna Oir,
Air son a Dhimais air Dia,
Chuir iad e 'n Tigh pian fo Leon.²
- 20 Na 'n high Clanne Morni 'Steach,
'S clainni Baoisge na Fir Threin,
Bheirre midl Fion a mach
Na bhìgh an Teach again fein.
- 21 Coige Choiginibh na Herin na sheach,
'S hair Leatsa gur mor an Feim,
Cha duga sin Fion a mach,
Gad bhìgh an Teich agibh peim.

- 22 Nach math an Tait Iurne fein,
A Chlerich gan leir an Scoil,
Nach co math i 's flaitheas De
Ma dheothar int' Feigh as Coin.
- 23 Bha mise La air Sliagh Boid,
Agus Caoilte bu chruaidh Lann,
Bha Oscar ann 's Goll nan Sleigh,
Donil nan Fleigh raoin fo 'n Ghleus,
Fion Mac Cuthail Corbta Bhrigh,
Bha e na Rìogh os air Cion.
- 24 Tri Mieibh ard Rìogh nan Scia,
Bu bhor am Mian air dol Tshealg,
A Phadric nan Bachil fial,
Cha leigge mid Dia os air cion.
- 25 Bu bheic liom Diarmad o Dnìne
Agus Fearreas bu bhinn Gloir,
Na 'm bo chead leat mi gau luaidh
Chlerich nuaidh a heid do 'n Roi.
- 26 Com nach cead Com u gan luaidh,
Ach hoir tairigh gu lua air Dia;
Fon ha nois Deirigh air Taois,
'S cuir dod Mhaogh t-sheanfhir Le.
- 27 A Phadric, ma hug u cead
Air beggan a labhairt Duin
Nach aidich u (mas cead le Dia)
Flath nan a ghra air Hus.
- 28 Cha dug misbe Comas duit,
Tshean Fhir chuir agus u lia.
Bear Mac Muire re aoin Lo,
Na Duinne gan danig riabh.
- 29 Nar ro math aig neich fon' Ghrein
Gn 'm bear e fein na mo Tshriach
Mac muirnich nach deitich Clìar
Cha leiggidh e Dia os a chionn.
- 30 Na coabhid ussa Duinne ri De,
Tshein-flur Le, na brennich e,
'S fadde fo 'n hanig a Neirt
As marrigh e ceart gu brach.
- 31 Choadinse Fion nan Fleigh,
Ri aoine neich t-sheoil an Ghrein
Cha 'diar riabh ni air neich
'S cha bho dheir e neich ma' Ni
- 32 Bheiramid sheic Cathin Fichid an Fhian
Air Shean Drum Clair a Muigh
Cha duga mid Urram do Dhia
Na dhaoine² Triach³ a bha air bith.
- 33 Sheic Caitibh fìochid dhuibhsa nar Fein.
Cha do chreid shibh 'n De nan dul
Cha bharrin Duinne gar Shìoc
'S cha bheo ach Rìchd Ossain Uir.
- 34 Cha ne shin bu chaorich ruin
Ach Turis Fhin a dhol don Roi
Cummail Cath-ghaure leoin fein
Bha e chuidh air Fein gu mor.
- 35 Cha ne shin chluidh shibh uille ann
A Mhic Fionn fo 'n gear gu 'd Re,
Eist ri Raigh Rìogh nan Bochd,
'S iar uss' a nochd Neibh dhuit fein.
- 36 Comrich an da Aibsdail deig
Gabhìgh mi dho fein an Dugh
Ma reim misse pecca trom
Chuir an Cnoc na 'n Tom a Muigh.

Criche.

Note on the manuscript.⁴

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

⁴ The above stanzas were compos'd by
Duncan Riach Mac Nicol, in Glen-
orchy, commonly called Modern
Ossain.'

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

¹ Or ona.² Or Chaoin.³ Chliar.⁴ In 'The Guidheal' (No. 4, p. 84, Glasgow, 1872) this¹ Or Chliar.² Bhron.

ersion is printed in different orthography, from Mac Nicol's manuscripts, which I sorted in 1871. Hill's 'version J., mentioned in a note as inaccurate,' was printed from the manuscript of the Dalnally Blacksmith of 1784. I print from a copy of Mac Nicol's MS. D., and from Dr. Mac Lauchlan's reading of A., and from Fletcher's MS. F. I have no confidence in any orthography, and believe that no two men now alive would agree as to spelling a page dictated in any one of the vernacular dialects of Gaelic now spoken.

F. 5. URNUIGH OISAIN. 132 lines.

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

NA OISAIN AGUS PATRIC MACALPIN AIG TAGRÀDH RA CHEILE.

OISAIN.

- 1 INNIS dhuinne, 'Phàdruc,
Air onoir do leubhaidh;
'Bheil neamh gu h-àraidh,
Aig Maithibh Fian na Feinne.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

- 3 'S ole an sgeula àraidh,
Tha agad dhuinn' a Chleirich;
Com am bithinnse ri crabhaidh,
Mur 'eil neamh aig Maithibh Fian na Feinne.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

- 7 'S tric a dhiol mi eliar air enoc,
'Iulla Phàdruc is ole run;
'S eucor dhuit a chain mo chruth,
Bho nach d' thuair mi guth an tùs.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

- 9 N' ar a shuidhe Fionn air enoc,
'S a sheinneadh è port don ord Fiann;
Gu 'n cuireadh è chadull na sloig,
'S och-òin bu bhinne è na do chliars.
- 10 Smeoraidhe bheag Ghlinne-smail,
'S faothar na barr ris an tom;
Is sheinneadh-midne leò puirt,
'S bha sinn fhìn 's air erit ro-bhinn.
- 11 Bha da ghaodhar-dheug aig Fionn,
'S leigeamaid iad re Gleann-smail;
'S bu bhinne leam prosnach air con,
Na da chluigse Chleirich àigh.
- 12 Ach ciod a rinn Fionn air Dia,
Rinn è rian chliar agus sgolp;
Thug è latha ri pronnadh oir,
'S an ath-la ri meathair chon.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

- 14 'S ole a chreidcas mi do sgeul,
A Chleirich le d' leubhar bàn;
Gu biodh Fionn Mac Cuthail no cho fial,
Aig duine na aig Dia ann laimh.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

- 18 Is ciod è an t aite ifrinn fein,
A Chleirich a leubhas an sgeul;
Nach bu co-maith è ri flaitheas De,
Na faigheamaid ann fèidh is coit.

PATRIC.

- 19 Ge beag a chu' ill chroinanach,
Is mòranan na grèine;
Cha theid gun fhios don Rìgh mhoralach,
Fu' bhar bhilbh a sgeidhasan.

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

- 22 Choi-measainse Fionna mac Cuthail,
Ri aon neach a sheall sa ghèin;
Cha d' iarr e riamh ni air neach,
'S cha mhò dh' ear è neach mu ni.
- 23 Thug sinne latha air shiabb Bhòid,
Bha Caoilte am 's bu chruaidh a lunn;
Osgar agus Goull nan sleagh,
Diarmad on Mhaoth 's Fraoch on Ghleann.

- 24 Fionn mac-Cuthail bu mhor pris,
Bha è na Rìgh oirn san àm;
'S a Chleirich nam bachull fiall,
Cha leigeamaid Dia bhos air cionn.

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

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

OISAIN.

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

PATRIC.

- 31 Com nach cead leam thu gan luaidh,
Ach thoir aire gu luath air Dia;
'S bho tha crìoch a teachd air t-aois,
Tog do d' bhaois a shean fhir leith.
- 32 ¹ Cha tugainse atha do neach,
Leis bu dochadh mi fein na me chliar,
Mhac muirnich a chualas riamh;
Ach Flath nam Fiann a raite air thus.
- 33 Comraich an da-abstail-deug,
² Gabhamsa dhomb fein a nochd;
'S ma rinn mise peacadh trom,
Biodh è an slochd nan tam nan cloich.

H. I. THE DIALOGUE. 234 lines.

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

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

DAN 29.

- 1 INNIS dhamhsa Phádraig,
O' onoir a dheadh leabhidh;
Am bheil neo' gu h-áraid
Ag naisle fearadh Eirann?
- 2 'Bheireamsa dearbha dhuitsa,
Oisain nan glonn;
Nach 'eil neo' aig d' Athair,
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.'
- 3 'S ole an sgéul a Phádraig,
A th' agad dhamhsa Chleirich;
C' ar son a bhitheamsa re crabbadh,
Mar bheil neo' aig Fiantidh Eirann.
- 4 'S górach leam sin Oisain,
Fhir nam briathraibh bailaisg;
'S gu b' fhearr Dia re aon uair,
No Fiantidh Eirann uile.'
- 5 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath láideir,
A chuireadh Fiantidh Eirann;
No Tighearna chrabbidh sin,
Agus tusa Chleirich.
- 6 'No eoi'-meas thusa duine re Dia,
No breathnich fhir liath re d' lá;
'S had o na thainig a rath,
Is maithridh e mia' gu bráth.'
- 7 Choi-measainnsa Fionn nam fleadh,
Re aon neach a'ta fuidh 'n ghréin;
Cho d' iarr e riamh ní air neach,
'S aon ní do neach cho mhó dh' éur.
- 8 'No coi-meas thusa chaoiidh Fionn,
Re neach a bha ann o thús;
Sa bhitheas anois sa ris,
Gun cheann crìoch no deireadh úin.'
- 9 Cìod e a ghné dhuine sin,
A bhitheas anois 's gu bráth;
'S neach raibh toiseach aig a bliith,
Cho duin e ach Spiorad fás.
- 10 'Cho mhodha na sin is seadh,
A fhuair bri' no blagh no cáil;
O ní no neach tha air chuan,
No air talmhinn fhuair a bhá.'
- 11 Cìod e a ghné Spioraid e,
Nach d' thainig o neach a bba;
Air an talamh no air chuan,
Mor Spiorad fhuar bheantidh árd.
- 12 'Cho ne Spiorad bheantidh fhuar,
Th' ann ach bith tha shnas do ghná;
Ann 's na flaitheasaibh is mó,
Far an lionmhór glóir is grás.'
- 13 Cìod idir an Spiorad e,
A th' ann 's na neamhidh is áird;
Far an saibhir grás is glóir,
Feadh gach lo gun sgur gu bráth.
- 14 'Spiorad a chruthaich an cuan,
Is an talamh fuairidh bráit;
Gach ní agus neach a th' ann,
Gun chonamh ann an sea láith.'
- 15 'S ionngheantach an spiorad leom,
A chruthaich am fón san cuan;
Gun chonamh no iartras neach,
An sea láith le ncart a suas.'
- 16 'Creidcam gur h-ionngheantach leat,
O! neach d' fhuair thu beachd no iúl;
Air an tí tha 'm flaitheas shuas,
Far nach crìochnaich luadh nìr cliú.'
- 17 Cìod e 'n t áite flaitheas fein,
A Chleirich d' an leir gach ole;
Nach coi-maith an talamh fein, (or rè)
Na 'm fin' t' ann éibhneas is loin.
- 18 'Oisain 's amaidheach do ghlóir,
Gun dadam eólais no sgóil;
'N uair a choi'-measa tu fein,
Aros De re fiathach lon.'
- 19 Cia ris deir thu áros De,
'N ann ris na spéura' ud sbiar;
O 'n d' thig sneachd, is nìsg, is gaoth,
Teine bhaoghach is mór fiath.
- 20 'Oisain struagh dhuit a bhi beó,
Gun ghrásaibh, gun treóir no ciall;
Ach mar Eilid an dalla cheó,
Nach d' fhuair braon do dh' eólas Dia.'
- 21 Do fhuair mi eólas is iúl,
Cho maith sa bha Mur na Feinn;
Gu séinn Clarseich agus ciúil,
D'ánaibh úr, is sealg an fhéidh.
- 22 'No coi-meas thusa gu bráth,
Sealg is Clarsaichibh is dnain;
Re eólas bhi air lág Dhe,
An tí leirsinnach tha buan.'
- 23 'Am bheil leirsinn is fios aig,
Air gach ní a'ta fuidh 'n ghréin;
Gach creatair tha ann sa chuan,
'S air an talmhinn suas le chéil.'
- 24 'S deimhinn gu bheil fios sin aig,
Air gach creatair tha air lár;
Mar an ceudna ann sa chuan,
S'e fein dhealbhadh iad suas le laimh.'
- 25 'Am bheil fios aige gach uair,
Air ar cómhradhne 's air rádh;
'N uair a bhios sinn ann ar suain,
Is tra bhios sinn tinn is slán.'

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

² Latinised.

- 26 'Tha fios aige air gach nì,
A labhair gach siol is àil;
Is gach sláinte agus léon,
A thig feadh gach ló o laimh.'
- 27 'S ro' ole leom a nì e sin,
A chuireas nimb agus cráth;
Air na daoine a rinn e,
C'om an deanamh sin gu brath.'
- 28 'Nì e e gan toirt fùì' chis,
Chums 's gu strìocha gach neach dh'a;
Gun deanamh imchuidh fàidheoidh,
Gu dol còmhla ris gu bráth;
- 29 'Am fuidh sinne dol gun fhios,
'S tigh do 'n ionad sin leinn fein;
Chum 's gu biodhlaid ann gu bráth,
Ann na Àros le Mac De.'
- 30 'Uidhir na cuilag a nì saun,
No monaran fann na grèin;
Cha d' theid gun fhios do 'n Rìgh mhór,
D'a aros gloirahor r'a re.'
- 31 'S miodhurach leam fein a sheol,
Nach d' theid monaran na grèin;
Gun fhios d' a do fhlaithneas suas,
Masa farsuing buan a reilcach.
- 32 'Nì 'm fuigh gu sìorruidh aon neach,
Dol a steach gu 'n chend on lì so;
'S gun bhì saor o chion 's ghó,
Cho 'n fhuigh còmhluidh ann na Rìoghachd.'
- 33 Cho' b' ionnan is Fionn Mac Chuthail,
An Rìgh bh' again air na Fiantidh;
Dh' fhéudadh gach neach bheir an talamh,
Teachd na thallasan gun iarraidh.
- 34 'No coi-meas a choidhech a thalla,
Re teach fhlaithneas na Trionaid;
Cha raibh eòlas aig air maithcas,
Ach air cathaibh agus piantidh.'
- 35 'Bha sin eòlas ais is aithne,
Cho mhaith sa tha fós re fhaotainn;
Cha deach' e riamh a chur catha,
Ach da aindeoin, 'n uair bu bhlaoghliach.'
- 36 'Cha d' fhuair e eòlas air Dia,
Cha b' e mbiaun o thús a lá:
Uime sin cho 'n eil e shuas,
Ann ionad na luth-ghair.'
- 37 Cìod e 'n d' ionad am bheil Fionn,
An tì b' ainmeala a bha;
An tigh Teamhradh bhinn nan téud,
Far am b' eibhinn béul gach Bard.
- 38 'Tha Fionn ann an ifrionn shìos,
'S cho d' thig e' nios gu la bhráth;
Le lughad sa rinn e bhun a Dhia,
Bìdh e 'n tigh nam pian fùì' chradh.'
- 39 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeul,
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bán;
Gu bheil Fionn mo choi'-fhial,
Aig duine no aig Dia an laimh.'
- 40 'Tha e an Ithuirne 'n laimh,
Ge d' b'e ghu'a bhì pronnadh óir;
'S aig mead ain-beartan air Dia,
Tha e 'n tigh nam pian fùì' bhrón.'
- 41 'Nam bu bheò Coirreal is Goll,
Diarmaid donn is Oscar aigh;
Cho leigeadh iad Fionn nam Fiann,
Aig duine no aig Dia an laimh.'
- 42 'Ge d' bu bheò Coirreal is Goll,
Diarmaid donn is Oscar aigh;
Cho d' thugadh iad Triath nam Fiann,
Gu sìorruidh e pian s' e cradh.'
- 43 Nam biodh Clanna Baoisge steach,
'S Clanna Mornna nam fear tréun;
Bheir' maide Fionn amach,
Neo bhiodh an teach againn fein.
- 44 'Cuige cutha na b-Eirann air fad,
Air leatsa gu'm bu mhor am fèum;
Cha d' thugadh iad Fionn amach,
Ge d' bhiodh an teach aca fein.'
- 45 Cìod e 'n d' áit Ithuirne fein,
A Chleirich gan leir an sgoil;
Nach coi-mhaith e 's flaitheas De,
Na 'm fuighinn aon feidh is éin.
- 46 'Oisain leam 's fhada do shuain,
Eirich suas is eist na sailin;
O 'n chailt thin do ruth 's do rath;
'S nach cuir thu cuth re latha garbh.'
- 47 Ma chailt mi mo ruth 's mo rath,
'S nach cuir mi cuth re latha garbh;
Do d' Chleirsinnachd 's feug mo spéis,
'S do cheòl eisdeachd cho 'n fhàich leam.
- 48 'Cho chuala tu cho maithe mo cheòl,
O thús an domhain mhor gus a nòc;
'S thu gu h aomhor, an-ghlic, liath,
Fhir is tric a dhioil eliar air enoc.'
- 49 'N aile 's tric a dhioil mi eliar air enoc,
Ille Phádraig is ole rún;
'S ca-coir dhuitsa cháin mo chruth,
O nach d' fhuair mi guth o thús.
- 50 'Cha do cháin mise do chruth,
Ge d' thubhairt mi riut gu ciuin;
Gu raibh thu gu h an-ghlic liath,
'S nach d' chual thu rianach cho mhai' mo chiuil.'
- 51 Chualas na b' fhearr na do cheòl,
Ge mór a mhólas tu do chéir;
Ceòl air nach d' fuigh leith-trom laoiach,
Am faol cuilg bh' aig caoinh na Feinn'.
- 52 'No coi'-meas gu bráth faol garbh,
Re sailm Dhaibhidh chalma ghrádh;
'S nì me-choi' measas re' d' ré,
Re Clag Teambal Dhe nan grás.'
- 53 'Bha sea Lothainn deng aig Fionn,
'S leigcamaid iad re gleann smáil;
'S bu bhinne leam frosnach ar con,
Na do chlog a Chleirich cháich.'
- 54 'S amaideach leam fein do ghloir,
Feadh an ló gun sgar o támh;
'N uair a choi-measa tu fein,
Coin na Féinn re 'm Chlag gu h' árd.'
- 55 Cha bu coi-meas Coin na Feinn,
Re d' chlog tiamhidh fein air máil;
'S ann a bhios bronach gach neach,
Re h ám tionail mu d' theach cráidh.
- 56 'Oisain 's gorrach leam do luadh,
A toirt fuath gach uair do ghrás;
B' fhearr leat frosnach Chon na Feinn,
No bhì g' eisteachd mo lua'-ghair.'
- 57 'B' ionmhuinne leamsa gach ré,
Frosnach chon na Feinn sa gheann;
A lathach nan Dámh 's nan Aogh,
No na bheil a bhlagh a' d cheann.'
- 58 'S baohail thu Oisain mhic Fhinn,
Gur neo' Chinn do chónmhradh cearr;
Dhoth thu do Chona' na Féinn,
Na 's mo no mhae De 's da rádh.'
- 59 Bha seachd Chathanaibh san Fheinn.
An mbáth am fèum 's gach ám air bith;
'S cha d' thug iad urram do Dhia,
No Cheann eliar a b' fhàta cith.
- 60 'Se sin a chlaoidh sibhsa riamh,
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dúl;
Cha mhaithrean an diu duine d' ar sliochd,
'S cha bheo ach riochd Oisain úir.'
- 61 Cha b' e sin a rinn ar claoidh,
Ach turas Fhinn a dhol do 'n Roimh;
Sinne cumail Cath-cabhara leinn fein
Sa claoidh ar Féinne gu ro-mhor.
- 62 'Bu chubhaidh sin eiridh dhuibh,
Tuíteam is bhur claoidh le cách;
Oir b'e bhur rún is bhur miann,
Bhì cosgairt nan eliar gach lá.'
- 63 'Cha b' e sin a bu bhéus duinn,
An dream chaomh a b' úire bha;
Cha d' rinn rianh marbha' no léoin,
Ach 'n tra' slóigh oirnn' cearr.'

- 64 'Ma 's fhearr leatsa gu la bhráth,
A bhí gárdeach no fúí' bhrón;
Thoir nrram is cliú do Dhia,
Is dean a riar gach trá-nóin.'
- 65 'An toir mise cliú le gean,
Do neach nach fhaca mí riamb;
B' annsa leam a bhí tra-nóin,
A min eisteachd glóir nam Fiann.'
- 66 'Oisain 's ceannagailte ré' d' bheachd,
A Chleir-fheachd sin nach raibh lá;
Leis nach b' ionmhinn cliú an Triath,
A sheinn riamb ach iarguin bhlar.'
- 67 Gur beachd leam Diarmaid, is Coireall,
'S Fearadlas bu bhaghara glóir;
Na' m bu chead leat mí dá n luadh,
Chleirich thruaigh a theich o'n Róimh.
- 68 'C'om nach cend leam thu d'an luadh,
Ach thoir aithr' gu luath air Dia,
Le d' nile dhúradh 's do ghraih,
Ma 'n glac am bas thu gun fhiath.'
- 69 A Phádrúic ma thugas ceud,
Beagan beag a labhairt dhúinn;
Ailais ma-sa ceud le Dia,
Flath nam Fiann a radh air thús.
- 70 'Cha d'thug mise comas dhuit,
A shean-fhir chnorta gun chiall,
'S ann a thuir rint gun bhréag,
Iarruidh neamh is lagh' o' Dhia.'
- 71 Comraic an dá Ostaíl déng,
Gabhamsa dhanh fein a noc;
'S ma rinn mise freadach tróin,
Biodh e 'n huidh, san tóin san cnoc.

O. 17. URNUIGH OISEIN. 120 lines.

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

- 1 INNIS dhuinn a Phadrig, (aithris)
Air onar do leughadh;
Bheil neamh gu h-araid,
Aig maithibh fir na Feinne.
- 2 Bheirinnse briathar dhuitsa,
Oisean nan glonn;
Nach eil neamh aig t-athair,
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.
- 3 'S ole an sgeul araid,
Th' agadsa dhomh a Chleirich;
Cum a bithinnse ri crabla,
Mar 'eil neamh aig maithibh fir na Feinne.
- 4 Oisean gur fada do shuain,
Eirich suas is eisd na sailm;
Chail thu nis do lugh 's do ragh,
Cha chuir thu cath ri la garbh.
- 5 Ma chail mise mo lugh 's mo ragh, (rath)
Mar cuir mí cath ri la garbh;
Do d' ghlaggargurbcagmospeis, (al. chleirsneachd)
Do cheol eisdeachd cha 'n fliu leam.
- 6 Cha chual thu riamb cho maith ri m' cheol,
O thus an dombain mhór gu nochd;
Tha thu aosda anaglic liath, (al. agluigh)
Fhír a dhioladh clíar air chnoc.
- 7 Ghille Phadric 's ole run, (ole leam)
'S encoir dhuit a chain mo chruth, (deacair)
'S nach d' fhuair mí guth o thus. (an tus)
- 8 'N nair a shuidhe Fionn air a chnoc,
'S ghabhadh e port as an airde Fionn; (air)
Chuireadh e chodai na sloigh,
'S a chain bu bhinne na char,
- 9 Bha da ghadhar dheug aig Fionn,
Nuair rachadh iad nan deann ri gleann;
Bu bhinne leamsa fros nan gadhar,
Na do ghlagsa chleirich chaisg.

- 10 Is leigcamaid iad ri gleann smail,
Bu bhinne leam prosnich ar cou;
Na do thugse Chleirich aigh.
- 11 Smeorach bheag ghlinn smail,
'S faighinn na bar ris an tom;
Shinneamaid na leth phuir,
Bha sinn fein 's an cruil, ro bhinn.
- 12 Latha dhuinne air sliabh Boid,
Mac Connail nan fleagh 's Ronnall o 'n ghleann;
Bha Caoilt bu chruaidh lann,
Oscar is Goll na sleagh.
- 13 Dearmad na fleagh 's Fraoch o 'n ghleann,
Fionn Mac Cuthail bu mhór brigh;
- 14 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath laidir,
Chuireadh Fionn san Fheinne;
Na Tighearna a chrabha' 's thusa chleirich,
Cha tugainnse faimas do neach.
- 15 Fionn Mac Cuthail oirn mar bhreithe,
'Se na righ os ar ceann;
'Sa Phadric nam bachel fial,
Cha leigcamaid Dia os ar ceann.
- 16 Na coimeas duine ri Dia,
Shean fhear liath 's na breiteh e;
'S fada o 'n thainig a ncart,
'S mairidh e ceart gu brath.
- 17 Choimeasainse Fionn nam fleagh,
Ri aon neach a sheall sa ghrein;
Cha do iarr e riamb ní air neach,
'S ní mo dh' eur e neach ma ní.
- 18 Ge beag a chuibhíll chroanaach, (chulag)
Is monaran na greine;
Cha teid gun fluos do 'n righ mhoralach,
Fo bhar bhilan na sgeithe.
- 19 Cho b' ionann Dia is Fionn Mac Cuthail,
An righ bh' againn air na fiannaibh;
Dh' fheadhach fir an domhain,
Dol na thalsa gun iarraidh.
- 20 'S ole leam sin uatsa Oisein,
Fhír nam briathra b' fhoile; (b' aile)
Gu 'm b' fhearr Dia ri aon uair,
Na Fionn 's an Fheinne uile.
- 21 'S e sin a chuir as duibh riamb,
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dul;
Ní maircean duine do 'r shiochd,
Cha bheo ach riochd Oisein uir.
- 22 Cha b' e sin chuir as duinn,
Ach turas Fhinn dol do 'n Roimh;
A bhí eur cath araid leinn fein,
Sid chuir as do 'r Feinn gu mor.
- 23 Ach eoid rinn Fionn air Dia?
Rinn e rian chliar as sgolb;
Thug da latha a' pronnadh oir,
'S an treas la ri meaghair chon.
- 24 'Se meud 'ur rudh ri meaghair chon, (n' iugh)
'S bhí dioladh sgolb gach aon la (dissal sgol)
Gun urram a thabhairt do Dhia,
Chuir Fionn na Fiann an sas.
- 25 'S ole a chreideas mí do sgeul,
A chleirich led' leabhar bán;
Gu 'm bitheadh Fionn no co fial,
Aig duine no aig Dia an laum.
- 26 Tha e 'n Ifrinn an lamh,
Am fear le 'n gnath bhí pronna' oir;
Thaobh meud a dhimeas air Dia,
Chuir' e 'n tigh nam pian fo bhron.
- 27 Nam bitheadh clann O' baoisge a steach,
Is Clanna Morna nam feachd treun;
Bheireamaid Fionn a mach,
No bitheadh an teach againn fein.
- 28 Cuignear a chogaibh na h-Eirin, (chuigibh)
Leatsa ge bu mhór an t-ucd,
Cha tugadh sibh Fionn a mach,
Ní mo bhitheadh an teach agaibh fein.

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

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

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

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

A. 7. TYLYCH FINN. 16 lines.

A HOUDIE OSSAN M'FINN.

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

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

A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 Is fadda noch ni nelli fiym,
Is fadda liym in nycheith ryr
In lay dew gay fadda zoyth,
Di bi lor fadda in lay de
- 2 Fadda lwmmi gych lay za dik,
Ne mir sen di cleachta dom
Giu deowe gin danyth cath,
Gin wea feylim class dlweth
- 3 Gin nenith gin choill gin chrut,
Gin fronith crewi gin zneiwe gray
Gin deilleyh ollom zor,
Wea gin neilli, gin oill fey
- 4 Gin chin er swrri na er selgi,
In da cherd rey in royth me
Gin dwlli in glaow no in gath,
Oicheaue ach is derrick dow
- 5 Gin wraith er ellit no er feyg,
No hawle sin bi wane lom
Gin loeg er chonvert no er chon.
Is fadda noch na nelli fiym
- 6 Gin erith gaske gnaath,
Gin nimert mir abaill linn
Gin snaw zar leithre er loch,
Is fadda, etc.
- 7 Din teill mir a ta mee,
Is trowig er bea mir a ta sinn
Menir a tarring clach,
Is fadda, etc.
- 8 Derri ni feyni far noiss,
Is mee Ossin mor m'finni,
Gesticht re gowow clukki,
Is fadda, etc.

- 9 Faye a phatrik zocin o zea,
Fiss in nini in bea sinni
Gith serrir marrien roith locht,
Is fadda, etc.
- Is fadda.

A. 9. A TARRING CLOOCH. 48 lines.

AUCTOR HUJUS OSSEANE M'FINN.

- 1 ANVINE in noch nart mo lawe
Ne ell mi coozein er kaar
Is nce cnyth zof waa bronych
Ym zebil trog sunnorych
- 2 Troyg gi neith cheddeyth doif
Seach gi dwr er twne talwon
Re tarring clach a ballian
Gow telling hulchin talzing
- 3 It ta wrskal aggwme zut
Er ir zi wuntir phatrik
Estith re astenyth inn
Schal beg er tocht zin talgin
- 4 Brwin di rinnyth in swnn
Er sleywe quaalgein moelyth lwam
Di churri er faanow phail
Ywir in ta hunwail
- 5 Da drane din wrwin wroyth
Chur finn er clan morn
Agus in trane elli zeit
Orms is er clannow kiskneith
- 6 Hugas fregyth nar choyr
Er m'cowle v'tranewoyr
Hurd nach bein fada fa smacht
Is nach danyth doo geilleicht
- 7 Di weit Finn fada na host
In leich nac burras a cosga
Fer gin noyin gin eggill
Nor a quayl in doo regryth
- 8 Is sea coyrre di raa rwm
Flath canyth ny vanc finn
Bea tou schell a tarring clooch
Ma in deyt how in weit wronyth
- 9 Di zeyrris is sin ra crg soss
O vak cowle a rinzerga
Sea lenn me din nane awnyth
Cathrow chath croychalm
- 10 Fastir miss ag in nane
Verrir royssa my wraa feyn
In lweth a wa gim heit ain
Is da in deit id tame gi anvin
- 11 Faa meith in coythryth croo din naue
In gath crwnyonyth Auvin
Ymyth nac gin anyth ann
Da in tallyth tame gyth anvin anvin
- 12 Anvin in noch cley mo curp
Creddwm di wracr padrik
Eddir lawe is chass is chenn,
It tame ullith gi anvin anvin
Anvin.

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

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

A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 IN soo chonnich maa in nayne,
Di chonnich ma caynan is goole
Finni is oskir mi vacki
Rynith is art is dermit doone
- 2 M'lowith kynkeith ni gaega
Garrih derk is ey beg
Is ey m'carrih nor heyne
Ni tre finni is fed
- 3 Glass is gow is garri
Galwe nin gead is conane brass
Gole is ewin m'gwillle
Sokkith m'fynni is bran
- 4 Keilt m'ronane ni gath
Doywn coylin is leym er gleinni
Is caedith a fronith or
Is fer one wayne var by vinni
- 5 Baynith m'Brassil ni lanni
M'chromchin tenni m'yn smail
Agas oskir m'carrih zerve
Ni tre balwa is ni tre skail
- 6 Tre boyane zlinni schroill
Tre rwell o voynith reith
Vii mic cheilt ni glass
Tre zlassni zlessra nyn ser
- 7 Tre beath chnoki durt
De veddeis fa wurni znath
Deach m'eithit vorni vor
Oissi teacht er boie id tad
- 8 In soo a chonich ma in nane
Boyine eall di chenclith koyll
In dimchill ossin is inn
Swle zlinni di fronfre or
- 9 Fer loo is kerrill croye
Di verdeis boye er gyth catht
Fay canym is felune feall
Di chonnich mi cad in soo
In soo chonni.

H. 2. CAOIDH OISIÁIN. 68 lines.

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

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

DAN 30.

- 1 So far am faca mi 'n Fhiann,
Chonnamar ann Cian agus Conn;
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,
Raonidh, Art is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mac-luthaich is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,
Daíre dearg agus Aogh beag;
Aogh mac Gharidh nach tím,
Na trí Finn agus Fead.
- 3 Glais, agus Geamhail, is Geir,
Re cuimhneach nan ceud shonn bras;
Goll mac Ríoghaneach dhuinn,
Eoghan mac Fhinn agus Bran.
- 4 Seachd mic Chaoilte nan lua' chas,
Na trí Ghlais o shráid nan saor;
Na trí Fiaghain bu ghriinn dóidh,
'S na trí Cúigheala bu mhor aoidh.
- 5 Na trí Oscair Gharidh ghairbh,
Na trí Bailbh, is na trí sgúir;
Beinnidh mac Freastail nan lann,
Troidh chruinn teann, is Mac-o-smáil.
- 6 Caoilte mac Ronan nan cuach,
An Goll guairn, is Lenn air linn;
Ceud laoch le 'm prointe ór,
'S fear o 'n Bho' ain le bheurla bhínn.
- 7 Moran is Filidh nan duan,
Conal suaice na caint thlá;
Cuth-fluaoch a b' fhearr re tím crua'i,
No caogad do shluagh Rí Pháil.

- 8 Muirne Torman agus Seamh,
Ardan Treun fhear 's Coirreal áigh;
Cleasa mór an gaisgeach calm,
Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann báin.
- 9 Cruai' fhear lua'. bhenmach gun mhéin,
Colla féat agus Cúin thlá;
Muireach Meannach agus Brian,
Fír gun fhia' roí' iarguin bhlár.
- 10 Faoghlan mo dhea' bhrathair fein,
'S Faradhas béal dearg bu bhinn glóir;
Treun-fhear Treabhal agus Art,
Na lán ghaisgich a b' fhearr dóidh.
- 11 Fad-éighe nan íolach cruaidh,
'S Raonac ruadh an leadain óir;
Luimneach 's Lacadan nan rosg máll,
Breacan ármach, is gnúis og.
- 12 Maith chruth, Torman is Caomh, bhéul,
'S Ceolmhor bu bhínn béus tra' nóin;
Is Faoghlan mo bhrathair fein
Ochain nach roibh 'n d' éug do 'm chóir.
- 13 Cruth-geal lóinreach is Deó-gréin,
A shoilse' meag chéud air magh;
'S a Mílidh áluin nach d' chlaon,
Riamh na laoih re lín an gail.
- 14 Faoghlan, Suine, is Connlaach,
Na treun laoih bu mbai' sa chath;
Muireach, 's Brastalan mac Fhraoich,
So an t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Dubh chuimair, s Aille mo ghráidh,
Is mic Smáile nan cleas lúidh;
Garbh is Conan mac Mornn,
'S mi tha air mo leon gan túrs.'
- 16 'S mac smhail ar luas san ló'd,
Mar shraun-ghaath, no céo nan beann;
Fionn is a dha Choin air éill,
Bha iad fein air thús sa ghleann.
- 17 O nach maithrean ach mise dhuin fein,
'S nach 'cíl mi do reir na sgóil;
'Nois o chuaidhe air mo ghleas
'S truagh mo thuras fein an so.

I. 3. TUIRIDH NAM FIANN. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 158. Advocates' Library,
April 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this second copy Kennedy seems to have picked up
names and variations. I have marked the most important
with *. It is curious to see how verse and assonance
govern these changes.

- 1 *So far am facas an Fhiann,
*Chunnacas ann Brian agus Conn;
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,
Raini', Art, is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mic Luthaich, is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,
Daíre dearg, agus Aogh beag;
Aogh Mac Gharai' nach tím,
*Na trí Minn agus Fead.
- 3 Glais agus Geamhail, is Geir,
Rí cuimhneachd nan ceud shonn bras;
Goll mac Ríoghaneach dhuinn,
*Eodhan mac Mhinn nan lu-chas.
- 4 Seachd mic Cháilte nan lua-chas,
*Na trí Glais o Áird an t-saoir;
*Íodhlán is Luthar is Leug
*Is trí chend do shliocht inghean Taoibh.
- 5 *Na trí Toseair Gharai' ghairbh,
Na trí Bailbh is na trí Seair;
Beinnidh mac Freastail nan lann,
*Troí' chruinn, Cam is Mac O Smail.
- 6 Cáilte Mac Ronan nan cuach,
An Goll guairn is Lenn air linn;
'S an ceud laoch le 'm prointe or,
*S fear o 'n Bho' ain bu cheolmhor binn.

- 7 Moran is Fìlìdh nan duan,
 *Conall suaire agus Caint-thla;
 Cuth-thròach bu treun ann san ruaig
 Bu mhor buai' air Cluana Phail.
- 8 Muirne, Toiman agus Seimh,
 Ardan, Trenn-fhear, 's Cairil aigh;
 *Cleasamor an curaidh calm,
 *Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann ard.
- 9 Cruai'-fhear lua' bheumach, gun mhein
 *Colla feut, is Deudgheal graidh;
 *Muirnach, Meamnach agus Cian,
 *Laoich gun fhia' ann iarguin bhlàr.
- 10 Faodhlan mo dhica' bhrothair fein,
 Fearadhas beut dearg bu bhinn gloir;
 *Trenn-lamh, Treathall, is Triall-mall,
 Laoich nach b' fhanu 's ann iomairet seleo.
- 11 Fad cighe nan iolach cruaidh,
 *Raonai ruadh an leadain oir;
 Luimnich, s Leadan nan rosg mall.
 *Bricain armach, is Gnuis og.
- 12 *Maothchruth, Mungan is Caomhbheul,
 Ceolur ba bhinn bens tra-non;
 *Is Miodhlan o Mhathan gheug
 *Ochoin! na fir threun san toir.
- 13 *Cruth-geal orbhuidh is Deo-grein,
 A shoileadh measg ceud air magh;
 *S a Mìlìdh aluin nìor chlaon,
 *Riamh na laoiach ri tim am bail.
- 14 Sorglan, Suimhne, is Conlach,
 Na treun laoiach bu mhaith sa othach;
 *Muirnach, Bastalan is Fraoch,
 Och 's e 'n t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Duchumir, is Aille mo ghraidh,
 Is mie Smaile nan cleas-luidh;
 *Garabh a sgrìos an teach aigh,
 *Dunseach nam baideal ur.
- 16 B' amhail ar n' imichd san lo,
 Is iom-ghaoth, no ceò nam beann;
 Fionn is a dha choin air eill,
 Bha iad fein air thus sa ghleann.
- 17 *Onach maithrean ach mis do 'n Fheinn
 *S nach eil mo do reir mo thoil;
 *O na chuaidh air mo ghleus,
 'S truagh mo thuras fein an so.

MALA-MHINE. (*1 St Patrick.*) 62 lines.

Reprinted from page 306, 'Sean Dana,' Smith. 1787.

See above, p. 47. A. 10.

THREIG faraon mo sholnis fein,
 Tha mo chridhe nan deigh mar earr-dhubh;
 Mi falach mo ghuaise le m' eide'
 'S mi tuire' gu gear na dh' fhalbh uam.
 Tuiridh; a reultan an aigh,
 Is blàth leam ur bròn-chuimhne.¹

OISEAN.

Is amhuil, is caomh leam fein
 Ursanna treun a chatha.
 Ge trom an snain 's gun lua' ri 'm faoinn,
 Tha 'n dreach gun stad ann am suaimeite.
 —So far am faca' mi 'n Fhianan,
 Chunnacas ann Cian agus Conn;
 Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,
 Raoini' Art, is Diarmad donn;
 Seimh-mhac Luthaich, 's Caoin-cheann gunchealg,
 Mac Ghara garg, tri Fionain 's Fead.
 Bu lònireach an so ceann-bheairt Aigh,
 'S bhiodh fead sa ghaoith ag leadan Daoire,
 Gruag Dheirg mac-samhuil bratach,
 'S Treunar gasda mar gheig san doire.
 Bha Torman mar shruth o 'n aonach,
 Ardan mar chraoibh ro cheo,
 Muirne ri thaobh is Sith-bheulain,
 Ag amharc seimh thar sgìatha gorma.
 Cleasamor maraon, an gaisgeach calma,
 'S Fearra-ghuth nan lann bàn,

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

THOMSON.

Caoireal binn, faraon is Ullann,
 'S na sloigh air uiliun ri 'n dàn.
 —Chunnas ann Moran is Fìlìdh nan duan,
 Conal suaire na caint thlà.
 Lamh-dhearga le laim deirg,
 Is Curach bu mhor feirg ann blàr.
 —'S e' àit a bheil Lingham na fìile,
 'S Fad-cighe nan iolach cruaidh;
 Raon-ùr-rua' nan leadan oir,
 Luimne mor-chathach 's Caoilte luath.
 —C'ait a bheil Leadan nan rosg mall,
 Beanno armach 's Toscar òg,
 Mao'-chruth, Calmar is Cao-mhala,
 Luchd-sgarai' thore air Gorm'all mor?
 —C'ait a bheil Faolan mo bhrathair fein,
 'S Fear-as beul-dearg bu bhinn gloir,
 Cru'geal bu lònireach eide'
 'S Deo-grein b'ait le laocha mòr;
 —C'ait a bheil Ma'-ronnan nan cuach
 'S a mhaise bha 'n gruidh Aillidh?
 Feuch dhomh ceuma Dhuchoimir,
 Is Crigeal na baghaidh ghradaich.
 —Bha Sorlan, Suine 's Conn-lach
 Mar stend aonaich ann sa chath,
 Goll mar shraun-ghaoth na fasaich,
 Is Conal a' cur bàis o ghaith.
 —Threig sibh mi, fheara mo ghraidh,
 Cha 'n 'eil caomh a chàireas m'uaigh;
 Tha mise ri bròn nur deigh,
 Is mi fein an t aonaran truagh!
 'S tiamba idh mi 'm feasd nur deigh,
 Air sleibhte fàsil am aonar.
 Theich oighean mo ghraidh mar reulta,
 'S tha mise nan deigh brònach,
 Mar ghealach tra dh' cìreas a ghrian,
 'S na reultan a' dian-dhol o 'n àite.

FRAGMENTS OF LAMENT.

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

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

O. 36. FRAGMENT OF LAMENT. 8 lines.

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

Dh' fhalbh iad bha laidir neartmhor,
 Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n treis na h'òige;
 Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n laithibh lionmhor,
 'S Dh' fhaig iad mise 'm chrìonnich bhroite,
 Mar chraobh sa choill gun gheug m'an cuart di
 Gu dìonadh o thuairth reota.
 A' seasamh air firach nah-aonar,
 'S gaoth a bagradh h-aois a leonadh.

A. 11. NA TULLYCH. 21 lines.

GUN AINM UCHDAIR.

- 1 Id ta fane tullych so toye
 M'veckowle is groy colk
 M'dadzail neyn in derk
 Nach tug ra erk braeir borb
- 2 Id ta fane tullych so dess
 M'vee goyne kness mir wlay
 Cha dor sai nach fa neith
 In gress noch char veine yth law
- 3 Id ta fa tullych horryth
 Ossgyr bi vath gol is gaece
 Clan morn gai math in fir
 Noch char chur sai sen im bree

H

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

Id ta.

A. 12. TWLLYCH NI FAYNITH. 96 lines.

- 1 TROYG lwm twllych ni faynith
Ag ni clerchew fa zeirse
Is danyth lucht ni billak
In nynit clannyth beisknyth
- 2 Dayr missi raa croychlin
Schell fada wroychlow gi swgych
Beg a hellis gi tarfin
In talgin er di wullych
- 3 Dayr meith skay is sley
Conn is gyir fad walle
Ga ta nocht knok ni fayni
Fa chleyrchew is fa wachlew
- 4 Da merra clanni morn
Ni wee fer nordsi seadrach
Di zoeye schew fer grabbil
A lweht ni baychill breik
- 5 Da merra m'lowyth
Si vi curri chalna
Swl fowkweis in twllych
Di wee fer cowlyth garryth
- 6 Da merra clanni carda
Fir nachir chelggi bayssaw
Ne weith fer glwkgi fer buchlaa
Nynit ni bradtych
- 7 Da merra clanni mayvin
Fer nach bauvin in drowdew
Ni weith di wuntir a phatrik
Gi laydyr er ni chnoken
- 8 Da merra clan in dew zerri
Da merra keilit croych
Ne weith gayr chloogi is chleyrri
Ga nestich in raa croychlin
- 9 Da merra rynne roydda
Is keileroy m'creyvin
Ne weith di loywr la cheyll
Ir a laywis a bebill
- 10 Is ni lwrga crwnni
Di ryn in swll doyne
Di weith di lorga na brossna
Da bea osgir er layr
- 11 Ir in trostane woye
Di ryn in swe swnda
Math dut nach marrin connan
Fa manach dorn duta
- 12 Du marreïn swlworm seir
Conan meil makave ni wane
A chleyrre ga mor di zorda
Di wonin zut dorn gi dane
- 13 Da marra m' o zoyni
Er ni lwrga crossi
Di weith di lorga sue mest
A bresta fa chaythra clooch
- 14 Ir chlwgá mir helim
Da weith dering na woye
Di weith di chlog na rabba
Woya fa ediu a chaythre
- 15 Ner zarga shmor a cheyth
Er gayth geith m'roynan
Na be di chlog gi hannis
Ir a wanis a koyllan
- 16 Ni eddwm bi gi sowthych
Ne agkwm m'kowl si woe
Ne ekkym dearmit o doynw
Ne ekkym keilit m'cronan
- 17 Ne hynyth mi way gi dowyth
Er in tullych so phatrik
Ne ekkym m'lowth
Ne ekim in chwllych zrawchit
- 18 Ne ekkim far loo raym heive
Ne ekkim oskir na . . .
Ne ekkim in nymirt vor
Ne ekkim a choanirt cheyf
- 19 Ne ekkim clanni smoyl
Ne ekkim golli mar ni gneyf
Ne ekkim feillane fayill
Ne ekkim na zey in nayn
- 20 Ne ekkim ferris mi wrayir
Layr meth layr woalta
Ne ekkim dyrri doynicht
O woymist koyl gi noyrre
- 21 Ne ekkim fa kaunyn
Nach bechow aggin er ayrrre
Ne ekkim ane gar worriu
Di bi wor torrin a glar
- 22 Ne ekkim evinis na hoyl
Ne clwnim in koyl di wee
Soll di curri mi mi hoo
Di fronfw feyn or gi loyit
- 23 Inssim zwt a phadrik
Da bi zayllwm hecht harsta
Nach fayddwm a heillow
A vacca may zeivinis agga
- 24 Missi is cleyrre ni bortwis
Nocha droyinum ra chnal
Ga ta mee nocht gi dowych
Is troygh lwm tullych ni fayne.

Troyg lwm.

A. 13. SKAILE ER CHOYLE. 40 lines.

- 1 SKAILE oiknith er choyle cassil,
Gow carn wallir berrith mee,
Na clwnnith dwnni za glwnnith
Gi glwnnith m'gweill ee
- 2 Makeowle di choill cossir
Er sliss alwin in nor weine
Fassin oss in geud ne choll
Finni in cessew doyr reiwe
- 3 Ossin dein nichticht is dermit
Dey v'lowith leich nar zann
Deiss nar leyw coowa coskir
Conan feyn is oskir ann
- 4 Sloyne a zey leych zawsich
Di raye fin fer gyth eyth
Faikgen mir sin er oil inn
Ca coyll leiwe is binni er beith?
- 5 Di raye conan yr we in nymirt
Eine choyll is binni hor feyn
Math lawe in ir re heych
Enrwnith fer sen gr chwnith er cheyll
- 6 Foskgi zi chwlg in gaith nawit
Nach in gath ni choklit sa
A loywe in genn is in gossith
Koill a bar le oskir aye
- 7 Koill is mo ruggis zi ryin
Di rae deomait ni derk maal
A rozraw gin ga boa zawssith
Coraa ban is ansith ann
- 8 Sowd mi choilsi a v'wurn
Er m'lowith ni narm glan
Leym in gleyw mi chon gow ere
Fey ga churri in derri zawe
- 9 Sowd in koill is koyle dowfsyth
Di rae fin fla in tlloe
In neym zeith bayne ley braddeiche
Raym finleich fa atteive oyr
- 10 In tra weine gin eggil nin neksith
Ossin a durt fa zoe
Mi zane is a zoissith in daskgi
Saif rame cloiss clastin a chole.

A. 14. BINN GOW. 16 lines.

- 1 BINN gow duni in teyr in oyr
Binn a ghloyr chanyd nyth heoyu
Bynn noaillane a nee a qhlor
Bin in tonn a bwn da treoyr
- 2 Bynn in fygzir a ne zeye bin gow
Coyth oass cassyth conn
Alynn in delryth a ne greane
Byn in near feddyl nyth lon
- 3 Bynn gow illyr esse roye
Vass kynn coayne v'moyrnye mor
Bynn gow coythaa oyss barrye doss
Alynn in tost a nee in coir
- 4 Fynn mac cowil mayr
Fani sacht caa na caynn gyth grynn
In oayr a lykeyst con ra feayn
A garrye no zeye bye wyyn.

Bynn gow.

A. 15. NENOR COLIN CHON. 120 lines.

This is a very difficult bit of language, and the meaning is obscure. It is quite plain that nine battalions, or bands, led by Fionn, the general of the Feinne, went out with their banners, and sought all over Ireland for something. They fought, and won, a great battle, and after it, they found in a little fort 'maddith za dannist cholin.' The words seemed to the first translator, and they seem to me, to mean, 'a hound from which we might obtain a pup.' But the effort seems too great for the object. If 'chenni cholin,' line 2, and 'chinni cholin chon,' line 3, mean 'a whelp of the kindred of Conchullain,' or of 'Conn,' there is better reason for this expedition. 'A whelp of Conn,' may mean 'Cornac, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Fights.' According to tradition, and Irish history, he was brought up in obscurity, and became the greatest of Irish High Kings, after a great fight. (A.D. 213. Battle of Crinna.) I place this ballad here, supposing that I may have guessed right. I wrote the Story of the Battle of Crinna from an old man in South Uist, in 1871, and found out what it meant when I got to Dublin. That story I will tell in its place, in English.

- 1 NENOR a quhyme fa chyill
Di woyn avr chenni cholin
Woyn avr chinni cholin chon
Ca mo dorin sin doyn
- 2 Zearemir my lenyth lerga
Is glen frethnich ni glawe nerg
Is fer nach forrimir ann
Maddyth za damis cholin
- 3 Dearemir glen dorch dow
Glen zarre zorrith is gl clache
Is fer nach dorririr ann
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 4 Dearmir scheane zrwmmi clywe
Is finni wg leive na zei . . .
Is fer nach dorririr ann
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 5 Dearmir durlis war wail
Tawyr wry is down zawrane
Is fer nach dorririr ann
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 6 Dearmir glen okothyth
Fa forrais awr ossill
Is fer nach forrimir ann
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 7 Dearmir finni wy maye
Tawyr wry is kintaylle
Is fer nach dorririr ann
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 8 Dearimir erri wlli
Eddir chonnith is donni
Is fer nach dorririr ann
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 9 Gerrid downith mir sen
Sin feyn pupbill muntyr
Gin wakcamir tre eath nach
Di clanni reith ni roylayth

- 10 Cath catchennith de we ann
Is cath chonchennith na genn
Cath drumanich in dey in ney
Donn er chawyr in drom b . . .
- 11 In tley a soiltich gi hard
Er inni feyn in eugnynth zark
In noeltyr ske cheythyth chay
Er we in tley . . . gead
- 12 In tleyg soyltich gi chert
Er inni feyn fa gall a zlak
Er layr skaye cheilt gyn wroyen
Weith in tly z in g
- 13 In tley a soyltich gi heissil
Er inni feyn in nagnith eywre
In noythtyr skae clurwin charre
We tlay ac mak chrunchan
- 14 Leygis cheilttyth gallan gleith
Choylis e nalwin da reroiwe
Iss mygh lenyth nyn lanui
In dawr is in down reillin
- 15 Reggir e goole m'morn
Faynith kenard cron woyn
A zleyis felane m'fynni
Agis ni balwe a borrin
- 16 Reggir a ze mhak mawoe breik
Is m'lele o noye brok
Scay bregth m'daythein dayn
Is keill croith in nerm rai zeyr
- 17 Reggir e keinkeith nith golg
Agis illin feywr zerg
Is keill croith a croyth zrinni
Nach estith goyth iwyryn
- 18 Bi winni schenwranynth sley
Agis mowr ni meillith
Agis rann wrattich schroill
Ag erri a maddin zeith roeith
- 19 Di hoykgimir dalwe zreyznith
Brattich inni vor ni faynith
Oyr chor sche tennal
Fa wor chanan cheintle rwe
- 20 Di hoykgimir falling doyrith
Brattich zwile wor v'morn
Menkith we gach troyle chroissich
Derryth agis tossyth foylith
- 21 Di hoykimir in menchenith oyrry
Brattich rynth gin nymig sloeyeg
Sroill lay gonfee knaw is kenni,
La leygis fwl gow fybrin
- 22 Di hoykimir kynill chath
Brattich eillane darre
Mak finni far flath ni waynith
Gilli lay gurte tromley
- 23 Di hoykimir down neive
Brattich ossin na grri
Laywe zarg brattich v'ronane
Is oarnay in deive elle
- 24 Di hoykimir skoyb zawe
Brattich oskyr in warfee
Re doll in gath na glae
Menkith zarre skopbe zawe
- 25 Di hoykimir loith lynith
Brattich zarmit e zoenith awyissyth
Near heyth in neanith wea sche
Awzissyth oeyrith a mach
- 26 Di hoykimir barne a reybgin
Brattich oskyr nar schanith
Danyth coyharme m'gar zlynni
La garwe kinni is kenver
- 27 Di hoykimir creiwe fowllith
Brattich clonni var v'lowich
Near a heych in nane a mach
Is sche wea er in dossyeh
- 28 Di rimimir croith chath
In dymchill inni oyrlach
Ma dndtych finni farri
Eddi ni wane worchalmith

- 29 Marwes ni catkenich linn
 Agis di goyve ni chonechinnich
 Hutti ni drumanich wlle
 In dymehall inn alwin
- 30 Munnich beg fa dassi zownith
 In nynwr wrow za zownith
 Is math forrimir ann
 Maddith za dannist eholin
- 31 Zearimir erre wlle
 Eddir chonni agis donni
 Is noeoh cha dorremir er a feyg
 Cheaddi ferr o zarve na nenor.
 Nenor a quhyme.

CAOILTE.

CAOILTE was the Swift Man in the Story of the Feinne. He was of the tribe of Boaisme. In the following ballads he appears with mythical characters. He is of Fionn's generation, and calls him Oide. In Irish legends he and Oisein converse with St. Patrick, and he is made to sing while Oisein tells stories. 'Caoilte and the Boar' has not been found current by any of my collectors, and has not been printed. I give three versions, D. F. H. They are not copied from any written original, and all are much broken. 'The Lay of Astray out Hunting' is of the same class. It survives in the outer Islands. I give four old versions, D. F. H. O. I have Z. 15, and the music of the Ballad, which is wild and melancholy. The last verse in H. names three chief exploits of Caoilte:—1. 'The Day he was in Dunanoir'; 2. 'The Slaying of the Boar'; 3. 'The Slaying of the Giant with Five Heads.' I have all three stories in ballads.

D. 5. MAR A BHAIIRIBH CAOILT A MHUC THEISG. 64 lines. 1755.

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

- 1 LA a bha shin air Gleann cruaidh,
 Coir air Fraoithidin fad nair;
 Gherich robhin air an Leirg,
 Aoin Mhuc Gheisgimich Bhoin dearg.
- 2 Leig shin air shia Loinin deig,
 Rish a Mhuic agus nio Breig;
 Chuir a Mhuic Dith air air Connibh,
 As dhag I air shealg gun dianibh.
- 3 Thug a Bhuc orra Glean Laoigh,
 Bha Caoilte ra Tarichd Caoibh;
 Chagnidh I a T-shleghin ruaigh,
 Mar Bhun shithaighe shean Luachrich.
- 4 Thug a Mhuc orra Bein oistil,
 'S bha Caoilte ga hoirt a naisgidh;
 Chumigh I a Garmin rish,
 Mar na clachin Garraidh Glassa.
- 5 Cait a bheil mo Leannan shithigh,
 Na Nighin na maillich mine;
 Nach digidh I nois gam chobhair,
 'S gur O thigh Beithir I Chonnachair.
- 6 'S mianich leatsa Chaoilte chaoim,
 Bhi 'g imra ormsa 's do 'd hegin;
 Aeh cha bhianich 'd chorp sheang geal,
 Tin gu 'm Fhios she gu shith Bhurth.
- 7 Nan dige da tri oiehe Luain,
 Am Fhios gu shith Bhruthidh bhuan;
 Cha Bhigh air Mac Riegh san Dobhlin,
 Crossa na Gessa nach fuaisglin.
- 8 Coir an Fainigh sheo mu d' Bheir,
 Coir an Seian sheo air Bhar Tingin;
 Beir air Chluais air a Mhuic Tsheisg,
 Na gailh roippe Fua ne Eggil.
- 9 Buail I sa Bhall Dorain duth,
 Na beunnigh do Laibh ga Fuil;
 Bu Bhas do Mhac Riodh fo 'n Dobhlin,
 Fuil shean' Mhuicee 'si air Aoghil.
- 10 Am Marach nitar do Bhanish,
 Caoilte Mhic Rouain ruinn Tshollist;
 Mas beo mi fo Ra a Cheartais,
 Gun dig mi t-innsuidh le Hairrichdibh.

- 11 Croithidh mi ceid maoilsh mhaol,
 An Gleann Sheirce Taoibh ri Taibh;
 Croithidh mishe shin a marach,
 Air ghilichis mhic Ronain.
- 12 Croithidh mi ceid Earbe Luain,
 Nach deig Cuibhne aig Craoigh ruaigh;
 Croithidh mishe shin a mairach,
 Air Dhiilichis Mhic Ronain.
- 13 Croithidh mi ceid Daibh aulligh,
 Nach dag Cuibhne an ard bheannich;
 Croithidh mishe shin mairach,
 Air Dhiilichis mhic Ronain.
- 14 Le cuirt do Gheichibh don-deargidh,
 Fo Fheirribh oige Fion-arde;
 Le Gilibh gaiste Coithidich
 Nach Curriste Dhi-armiche.
- 15 A Chead bhean a lig a mach,
 Air Dorrist Tathidh T-eirigh;
 Glac us' I air mbeid Rathidh,
 'S o Erin fo Chean gu cean
- 16 Gheobhe du chion gun a gabhail,
 Ha ghioceas an Dobhain uillich;
 A Chaoilt air dol an t-aoi' Bhrunnain,
 Air gheigh sheola mnaigh shithigh,
 Nach heil an aoin Rioghichd ruinne.

Croich.

Am Fearr a bharragh a Mhuc t-sheisg dheobhigh Ighin Riogh Erin na posa; is heoil a Leannan shithe do Chaoilt eia mar bharragh e a Mhuc agus eia mar dhainnigh e nighin an Riogh an deis a cosidh. Shin nar ghaibh an Riogh Iunigh ga ghioceas sa chuir e ubhail nach bu ghioceas saoghilte.

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

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

- 1 LATHA dhuine sealg nan Cluanan,
 Do d' Fhionn is da mor shluagh,
 'Se chunnaachdar mar a tighinn o 'n leirg
- 4 A mhuc ghiosganda dhonna dhearg.
 Chuir i sean dearg air ar conabh,
 Chuir i sinn fhein air luath mhiredh;
 Is dh' flag sin air seilgne gun deanamh.
- 8 Au sin thuir Briedh na buadh,
 Is tric ole ga luaidh a steach,
 Mo Ghuailibh air Ban,
 Cha bu shuairce mae gar marbhadh
- 12 Thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhòr,
 Thairg è ceud tunnadh do 'n òr;
 Agus earradh fhein do 'n t-sròil,
 Agus toiseach suidhe na seilge,
- 16 Air na li hard blraon Bheannaibh,
 'S a raatha mnatha foithe toirreachastrom
 Is i fhein bho h-og altrum.
- 20 An sin labhair Caoilte.
 Ni 'm fear sibh mur Chlanna Riogh,
 Na mi do radh Chaoilte na beamunan,
 Deangam a mhuc Ghearr as air ceann Fhearaibh uaisle na Feinne.
- 24 Aeh dh' eirich i ri Beinn laoch,
 Is bha Caoilte na bearlaine,
 Is chagnadh i na sleaghan cruaidhe,
 Mar bhun siobhagain seun luachrach.
- 28 Is gun casadh i Garmain ris,
 Mo na Clachabh Garbha sleabha,
 Aeh dhreach a mhuc ri Beinn asdail,
 Is bha Caoilte ga thoirt an nasgaidh
- 32 Ochain! gun mo lhas an dee,
 Mu 'n d' rinn mi d' Fhionn breug am fhacal.
 Aeh e'aite am bheil mo leannan sith,
 Na' inghin na maladh mieceadh,
- 36 Nach iochdadh an so gam Chobhair,
 Is gur ogha peathar i Chonna-Chobhair,

Ach thainig an ùr inghin a mach o dhùnuaisl sa
deise shioda naine ùmpe.

Thuirt ise.

- 40 Bu mhian leatsa Chaoilte chaoim,
Bhì gam iarraidh is thu' a d' eiginn,
Ach bhnaidh sin a mach
Gun ghuth tuille bhì mo 'm dheibhin,
44 Ach cha bu mhian le d' chorp seamh gheal,
Tiehd d' gam ionnsuidh gu sìth-bhruthain,
Ach na d' thigeadh tu tric oidheach luain,
Gam fhiosrachra gu sìth bhrutha bluain,
48 Cha neil ceart mhic Rìgh bho 'n domhain,
A Chaoilte nach fuasglaidhin ortsa,
Ach deansa suidh an so air làr,
Is gu 'n d' thoir mi dhuit achmhasan ;
52 Cuir am fainne so mu d' mheurt,
Is glachd an sgian bheag air bartiongain
Na math do mhac mnai na fir,
Beir air chluais air a mhnich sheisg,
56 Na gabh roimpe fuath na eagal,
Is cha dual do mhac Rìgh nach torchair
Buail i sa bhual domain dubh,
Is na beanadh dhuit braon ga fuil ;
60 Bu cheart mhic Rìgh fo 'n domhain,
Fuil seanna mhnich is i air aithall.
A cheud bhean a thig a mach a maireach
Glac i air miad a rathe
64 E laimh an Rìgh an àrd fhlattha,
Air na bheil a dh' òr sa teimhrie
Cha b' aill le Fionn thu ga gabhail
A maireach a nithear do bhainneis,
68 A dheadh mhic Ronain nan lann solluis,
Ma 's beò mise gu tim teachd,
Thig mi thugadsa le harraichdeadh
Croghaidh mi ciad maolisleach mhaol,
72 Air Gleann-easgaduill ri d' thaobh ;
Ciad doran is ciad damh alluidh,
Nach d' fhàg an cuimbe an àrd bheamaibh.
Ciad comhladh do 'n chreamh Ghlas,
76 Air a bhuaib 'san fhaolteach gheamhraidh
Chuirean sud a steach a maireach,
Air bhuithreachas mo leannain.
Air Graidh do dh' fheachibh donna dhearg,
80 Fodh chomhlaid do dh' fhearraibh feannaid ;
Le 'n diol do dh' fhearraibh coth-sheilg,
Is iad uile do dhìar mhaca.
Croghaidh iad mise an sìth-bhruthion,
84 Is cha d' thig mi tuille ga d' amhare

Thuirt Fionn.

- Tha gliocas na Feinne uile,
A Chaoilte air dol a d' t-aonbhruinnean,
Na seoltachd na mna sìth
88 Nach robh ann an aon riochd ruinne.

H. 3. HOW CAOILTE KILLED A FAIRY

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

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

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

Illegible, or missing two lines

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

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

DAN 19.

- 1 LATHA dhùinne sealg na Chlanach,
Le Fionn Mac Chumhail gu h-uallach ;
'S cho d' fhuair sinn an sin do shealg,
Ach aon mhuc dhlisgeurnach dhearg.
2 Dh' fhuasgail sinn sea Lothain deag,
Ris an Torc, 's cho 'n aona blérug ;
Chuir e earr dhearg air ar Conamh,
'S bha ar scélg ainne gu 'n gheanadh.
3 Thairg Fionn an sin cumha, 's léig,
Nach do thairg e riamh na dheidh ;
Fios a chogair is a sgùlaibh,
'S a rodhain do mhuaitibh na Féinne.
4 Maraon is deich unc do 'n ór,
Agus earradh fein do shról ;
Dh' aon fhear a mharbhadh an torc,
A chloidh ar conam cala san trod.
5 'S e fhearair e Chaoilte caol,
Mac Roman, bu luath 's an fhearach ;
'Gabhann a chumha uail gu deónach,
Dhea' Mic Chumhail is cruai' còmhrag.
6 An sin shín Chaoilte air a Mhuic,
O Bhéinn, aula, gu Beinn luire,
O Bheinn luiree gu Beinn eudainn,
'S o thrá, Lia-druim gu sligh Gilte.
7 A togail re bráí' Dhrum ruaidh,
'S ann a rug Chaoilte air an Fhuath ;
'S ghabh e d' a shlegan géur, le chudhrom,
Thail sa bhos mu shlios a muinail,
8 Cho sgriosadh e shios a muinail,
Ach mar dhaor, chruai' no Creug-ullan ;
Bu luaithe iad fea' gach aonaich,
Na gaoth earraich fea' ghleann caole.
9 A togail re gleann an Asdair,
Bha 'n torc a toirt Chaoilte nasgaidh ;
... 'casadh e ris a gharmain,
... r na clocha glasa garbha.
10 A tearnadh a síos air Gleann léchrídh,
Chuir e Chaoilte gu h ann dochas ;
... dh e shleghean ramhra, ruadhe,
... l sheamrag, cuile, no luachair.
11 ... agh mo thuras, 's mo chríoch,
... rinneas breug do 'm Rìgh ;
... mnaitibh feilidh Fhinn,
... beach ann an Cromag ghlinn.
12 'O b' áit am bheil mo leannan síth,
A Dhiorbhail na malla míne ;
Nach d' iga' tu 'nois do 'm chomhair,
'S gu r ogha peallhar mi Chonchair.'
13 Cho chian do Chaoilte bhì na aonar,
'N uair chunnacas air bharradh an aonaich ;
Bean luath, eatron, léimneach mhear,
'S i teachd chuire le deadh ghean.
14 Bha eriosan na lúmh ro shéimh,
'S fail óir mu bharradh a méur ;
Sgian bheag a snaidhadh a h ionann,
'S i gu snaidh ghlán déud gheal ió' lach.
15 'S miannach leatsa Chaoilte chéimnich,
Bhì d' am iomradhsa 's tu d' eiginne ;
Ge d' nach miannach le d' chorp séimh ghlán,
Bhì sínte re 'm thaobhsa 'n séimh-ghleann.
16 'Nan d' iga tu shéimh ghleann doilleir,
Dhea' Mhic Ronan nan rosg soluis ;
Cho bliodh air do chull a bhos,
Aon nì nach d' ugainn dhuit fois.
17 'So an sgian bheag so tha 'n laimh,
Is glac a mhuc sheisge gu 'n sgá' ;
No faicear air airm mhic Rìgh,
Fuil sean torc cutthaich 'se síth.'

¹ Cut and worn MS. here.

18 Bhnaill an d' oghlaach bu tréun lamh,
An torc nimhe le mór ágh;
Gus an do thuit e air an lonan
'S b' ait an sgéul le Caoilte Mac Ronan.

19 'Dean snidh' 'nois am fogus dhámh,
'S gu d' ugaim dhuit acbmhasan;
'C' om an d' ug thu air mo cheannsa,
Aaon bhean tha san Fhéinn aig Fionn-gheal

20 'Cho d' ug mise air do cheannsa,
Aon bhean tha 'san Fhéinn aig Fionn-gheal;
Cho d' ug 's cho tabhair re 'm ré,
O 'n thainig thu 'n diu re 'm fhéum.'

21 'C' om an innis thu sin dhámhsa,
'S gu 'r h ann agam a tha eolas;
Posar thu 'n ath la gu 'n fhuaradh,
Re inghean Aille o Órnachan.'

22 'Si inghean Aille O Cruachan,
Bhean is fhearr tha 's an Fhiann shuas ud,
Seachd bliadhna bha Fionn na Féinne,
Suirtha' air inghean Aille 's fhearr bécse.'

23 'A chéud té thig a' mach an ath la,
Glac thusa Caoilte i gu h ealamh;
'S air na bheil do dh' ór na thalla,
Cho b' áill le Fionn thu da fhaighail.

24 'Ach ma 's beó mise gu tra' teachd,
Rigidh mi thusa le gean;
'S bheir mi dhuit ceud maoslach mhaol,
An Gleann seirce taobh air taobh.'

25 Crodbeam dhuit céad alluidh,
Nach fhaca riamh teach no talla;
Cuiream sin gu teach a máirach,
Air sealbhachas mo ghradhach.

26 'Bheir mi dhuit an croisán síd' so,
Is cho chuir ort sgios do dhroma;
'S gu 'n toir mi dhuit an fhail óir so,
'S gheibh thu buaidh gach sluagh is seóilte.'

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

27 'Tha gliocas an domhain uile,
Caoilte air a' d' aon bhrúinnain;
No seoladh mnatha síthe,
Nach cil an aon tír ruine.'

Then had Caoilte Fingal's wife, and he did not offer such thing any more. Caoilte went next day to meet his first love, who gave him all things she promised him and said:—

28 'Biodh déarach agad na lorg,
Gu 'r denrach an sgéula leom;
Gus an d' eid Beinn anlla air Beinn luire, (Tuire)
Cho 'n fhaic thu mise o 'n din.'

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

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

1 La dhuin an san Bhein Bhain,
Shin fein & Fianibh Phail;
She dherich dhuin san Bhein bhain,
Bhi shior chuir ri sheig air sheichran.

2 Aig meid na Doirin a dherich rninn,
She thachir gar Fein challama choir;
Nach raibh ra thetin dhin ma dherigh,
Commin aon Deisse ra cheligh.

3 Chuir shin Caoilte air Lnas a Chas,
Gheichin am faicee e dhuin Rathid;
Cha duair ach Rathid gairibh sallich,
'S oiche dhorce dhoruinnich.

4 Chunnair e Toigh mor air Lar,
Air urlar Glinn nan Ceid Oigh;
Bha Teinne sollist air air a lar,
Bha dha Dhorist foscaillte.

5 Bha Nithin ur ann an Taibh,
A bailigh gam faiceis do Mhai;
Bha Imil Baoi air a Teich,
Bha aig Cloighin na cean Aoirt.

6 Bha Coig Mialchoin aic air Slaibhrigh,
Bha Coig Sleigh iarrain snas ri Eallachin;
San a ghaibh mi erith as Grain,
Ro bhi dol a steach am aoinir.

7 Na high ortsa Crith na Grain,
Mas du Oigcar Inse-fail;
Nam high me Ghra Gealsa a stigh,
Rìogh gum fhaoidhe ro aoithidh.

8 Hug I gho Trithir ga Biagh,
Hug us da Thrithir ga Hedich;
Gu de dhuig mi as mo phraibh,
Air un Meangean beg don La.

9 Ach an Nighin ailligh aig rait ruim,
Eirich a suas Mhic Rìgh Phail,
Bhuinne gle gheal Dorain.

10 A Mhic na Mnai e Dun d'il,
Hanig iad ort 's du air Hiamairt
Gu de an Immirt hanig orm,
A Gheig ur fos fainne Gorm.

11 Am Fabhair Mor an tin fon Traigh,
Bear dhuit Eig na dol na Dhail;
Hug mi Erigh orm a Suas,
San leom fein bu leoir a chruas.

12 'S gun chuir mi orm muin air bhuin;
Mo sheichd Luirichin Treorigh;
'S chuir mi orm air a bhuin shin,
Mearrigh naine air aoin Dath.

13 Bha mo Chlaibh ri 'm T-shlios sheibh,
'S mo Scia Bhreic a suas ri 'm Ghualin;
Hug mi Ruathir hun an Dorrist,
Gu ro lua 's gu hiumscariebh.

14 Co dhorchich orm an Ro Sollist,
Ach an Fabhair mor mun lum ghorist
Cum nam do Gha dirich deas,
Cha nan air do Hise aha Mi.

15 Co air eille ho do Huil,
Fhabhair mhoir as du 'm i ruin;
Ha Leannan agam san Duin,
Nighin na Malich maul¹ I shuil.

16 An m mo Leannan ha a grait,
Abhair Mhoir, as air do Laibhse;
Ha Fault Bui orr' as Cùil Cleiehdich,
San orm fein nu chuidh an Colleppich.

17 Cha nuinigh leom na ha n labhairt,
Mas tu Mac shin an Leth-lachraich;
'S gur misshe a bhairibh Tathair,
La Catha Beinnigh Cruaghaich.

18 'Sa bharras haist a Mhac,
Mar Scur e dhim ga cho-ehleichd;
Hug mi lsh Bnullin deig,
An corp an Fhabhair as cha Bhreig.

19 Fon gherich e Ghrian san Mhaddin
Sheal man deich' I shear san annamich;
Hug e sheolligh sheich a Scia,
Dheicin faicee a Ghrian.

20 Hug mi Buille beo am Broid,
Sea mi na Coig Cinn ga Bhraigid;
Leig mi Mullin rish an Tom,
'Shile mo chreichin gu trom trom.

¹ Meal.

- 21 Co nì an Guth curainte binn,
Air an Tallich os mo Chion;
She bainn dhosa a tin fon Heich
Aile Nín Rìogh Connich.
- 22 Aile dian ussa rium Baigh,
'S na hinnish e uille do Mhàir;
Tog leat mo Scia gu dùn Dil,
Cha do hog Bean riabh I rothidh.
- 23 Hog Aile an shìn a Scia,
Dhùmmich I lethigh gu dian;
Cha fhroisigh I 'n Draichd don Fheir,
S gho bho dhuisgigh I min-ean.
- 24 Be shin darna Cath a bu Chruaidh,
Hug Caoilte nan Beumium Buaghich;
'S nar a bhairibh e a Mhuc Ghearr,
Ann an Fiannais Rìogh na Herin.
Crioche.

F. 14. LAOIDH CHAOILTE MHIC RONAIN,
AN LATHA BHA É SA BHEINN BRÀIN. 1750.

Fletcher's Collection, page 64. 91 lines. Advocates' Library. February 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 LATHA dhuinn ann sa Bheinn-Bhàin,
Sinn fein agus Fionn Rìgh Phàil;
'Se thachair dhuinn sa Bheinn Bhain,
Bhio sior chuir seilg air seacharan.
- 2 Chuir sinn Caoilte air luathas a chas,
Dh' fheuchain an gleitheadh e ratbad;
Cha d' fhuair e ach rathad garbh salach,
Is oidheche dhòrcha dhoiruintadh.
- 3 Chunnaic e tigh mor air làr,
Air làr glinne-nan ceud oigh;
Chunnaic e solas air a làr,
'S a dhorus fosgailte.
- 4 Chunnaic i inghean air a làr,
Ailidh ga 'm facas do mhnaoi;
Bha inneal baoigh air a tigh,
Bha cuig cloidhean na cheann adhart.
- 5 Bha cuig miol-choin aic air slabraidh,
Bha cuig sleaghe iarunn suas ra fraoigh;
Is ghabh mi moran crith is grain,
Mu dhol a steach a maonaran.
- 6 Na biodh ortsa crith na grain,
M' as tu oig-fhear Innse-Phàil;
N' am biodh mo ghradh gealsa stigh,
Naille b' fhaoidh e roimh aoihe.
- 7 Thug i dhomsa trian ga bighe,
Agus da trian ga h-aodach;
Gur e dhuig mi as mo phramh,
Air teachd meangan beag do 'n la.
- 8 Inghean ùr a radh rium,
Eirich suas a mhic Rìgh Phàil;
'Mhic nam mnai a Dun-dill,
Thainig iad ort s tu air t-iomairt.
- 9 Cìod an iomairt thainig oirn,
Inghean ùr nam ghaibh rosg gorma;
Fam-fhear mor a teachd bhon traith,
B' fhearr dhuil eug na dol na dhail.
- 10 Ach thug mi eirigh orm a suas,
Sann leam fheinn bu leoir a chruas;
Chur mi orm sìd muin air mhuin,
Mo sheachd luireachin treoiridh.
- 11 Is chuir mi orm air mhuin sin,
M' earradh uaine is i air aon dath;
Mo chuidhe fad air mo shìos seamh,
Mo sgia bhreac mhor suas ri ghualain.
- 12 Thug mi ruathar chum an doruis,
Gu ra luath 's gu b-ioma-sgarra;
Gur e dhòrchnich orm an ro soluist,
Am fann-fhear mòr m' an ioma-dhorus.
- 13 Cum uam do gath dìreach dens,
Cha 'n ann air do tha mi;
Co air eile tha do shuil,
Fhamb-fhear mhoir 's tu mi rùn.

- 14 Tha leannan agam san Dùn,
54 Inghean na malla mhcalladh shull,
'Nì mo leannansa tha thu radh 'n,
Fhamb-fhear mhoir is air do luimh;
Tha folt buighe 's a cul cleachdaich,
58 Sann orm bu chuibhe 'n coi-leabaich.
Cha 'n ioghna leam na bheil thu madhain,
Mas tu mac an leigh Luachraich;
'S gur ann leamsa thuit t'athair,
62 Latha catha Beinne-cruaiche.
Is ann leam a thuites am Mac,
64 Mur sguir e dhion da cho-ghleachd.
Ach thug mi mo sheachd-buille-deug,
Ann corp an fannh' air is cha bhreug;
Bho dh' eirich a ghrian gu moch,
68 Gus an deach i siar san amoch,
Thug e suil seach a sgia,
Shealtain caite an robh a ghrian;
Thug mi buille beo am braid,
72 'S gath mi na cuig cinn ga bhraidhe.
Leig mi m' nìllan ris an tom,
Shil mo chreuchdan gu trom trom
Co nì 'n guth furrain ud thall,
76 Air an tulaich bhos 'mo chion?
Gur h-e b' ainm dhomh teachd bho 'm theach,
78 Ailligh Inghean Rìgh Chònuinn.
Ailli deansa ormsa bàidh,
'S na innis mo sgeul uil do mhnai,
Tog leat mo sgia gu Dundill,
82 'S cha do ghlac bean riamh i rombad.
Thog Ailligh leatha an sgia,
'S dh' imich i leatha gu dian, dian;
Cha chuireadh i an druic do 'n fheur,
86 'S cha mo a dhuighe i min-eun.
Gu b' e sìd treas turn bu chruaighe,
Rinn Caoilte nam beumanan buagha;
'N la bha ca n Dùn an oir,
'S an la mharbh e a mhuc ghearr,
91 Ann am fadhnais Rìgh na-h-Eirinn.

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

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

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

THE Heroes were hunting on a mountain called White Mountain; the day being fair and the air favourable; but before the night came great mist overshadowed all the Hills and valleys below, so that the darkness separated the one from the other. They use to bind Caoilte's knees, because he was so swift in running, that none of them could not be up with him, so that he would walk slowly, but they forgot to bind him that day, and when he went astray once, he made a great way through hills, rocks, mountains, and unknown valleys, and about the Twilight he saw a Hermitage far off in a Glen; he ran towards it, went in, and there was none in it, but a young dame, he was trembling with fear, for it was glittering with arms, but she invited and comforted him, and made him sit down, and was very kindly entertained and lay with her during the night, and told him that she was a King's Daughter, and that a Giant stold her away, and that she enchanted him not to touch her as a wife for a year and a day, the said time was expired when Caoilte came; she awakened him very early, and said that the Genie was coming from of shore and that it was better for him to die than to go to fight with him. Caoilte rose and made himself ready and met him at the door, the Duel began and lasted till sun setting, then Caoilte killed him, the wife carried his arms, and went both together to one of Fingal's Forts, named White Hill.

DAN 20.

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

- 2 Aig mead a cheó sa Bheinn bhán,
Ann bhu mhaith ar 'n iúl a ghná;
Ge do dh' iairta sinn cho 'n fhuighte,
Comann diais an aon áite.
- 3 Ach dh' eirmais Caoilte le luas a chos,
Air doireachan ain-eolach 's chnoc;
Is fhuair e rathad fliuch solaih,
'S oidheche dhorecha dhóireannach.
- 4 'Chunnaig e uaithe tigh mór,
An lar glinn' air a cheud óir;
Bha inghean úr air a kár,
Is a dhoras fógailt lán.'
- 5 'Bha inneal baoth air a teach,
Bha seachd cloidheamhan aica steach;
Bha d' a shleagh a suas re fraith,
'S da mhiol chú mhor aica stigh.'
- 6 'Bha carradh re crann an áird,
Cho mhor cho 'n fhacas re' m lá,
Ghabh mi roimpe crith is gráin,
A dhol a steach 's mi 'm aonaran.'
- 7 'No gabh thusa crith no gráin,
Ma 's tu óg-fhear Inmse pháil;
'N uair thug mo ghradh gealsa da thigh,
Re oighe 's ro-fhlaitheach aigneadh.
- 8 'Thug i orm fein snidhe suas,
A dh' éisteadh a sgéul 's a duan;
Is thug i dhamh drian d' a beathaidh,
Agus da drian d' a leabaidh.'
- 9 'Ach se mhosgail mi as mo phná',
Air theachd beagan beag do 'n lá;
Inghean ur ag radh rium fáill,
Eirich suas a mhic Rígh Pháil.'
- 10 'O! ogain chaoimh ghil aluin,
Mhic Ronan nan rosg málla;
'S na dea' mhna' a Dun ghil,
Thainig uair d' iomairt anois.'
- 11 'Ciod e 'n iomairt thainig orm,
Ainnir ur na 'm fuarra gorm;
Tha 'm Foghmhair mór a teachd o thráidh,
'S b' fhearr dhnit éug na dol na dháil.'
- 12 'N sin thug mi eiridh orm a suas,
'S an leam féu bu leóir a cheuas;
'S chuir mi orm muin air mhuin,
Mo sheachd luireich teanne traidhe.'
- 13 'Chuir mi orm air a muin dlu,
M carradh uaine fein gu luth'r;
Cloidheamh siute re 'm shlios síos,
Is sgia' air mo ghualain chli.'
- 14 'Thug mi ruathar thun an dorais,
A shealtain am fáioin am Foghmhair;
Co dhórchaich orm an ro-sholus,
Ach am Foghmhair mór 'n iom-dhoras.'
- 15 'C' um uam do gath díreach nimh,
Cho 'n ann air do shith 'ta mis,
Cia air tha do shith 's do shúil,
Fhoghmhair mhoir is measa run.'
- 16 'Tha leannau agam 'san Túr,
Gur b ann orra tha mo shúil;
Dáil bliadhna thusa dh' i dhuine,
'S anois do thaingas da h-ionnsuidh.'
- 17 'A ní mo leannans' tha tu 'g radh,
Fhoghmhair mhoir san air a léimh;
A folt buidh 'sa cúl cleareach,
'S ann dhamhsa bu chubhaidh 'n coi-leabach.'
- 18 'S maith a labhair mu d' naisle,
Mas tu mac an Leigh luachrach;
Mharbh mi gu 'n atadh no fuaradh,
E la catha Beinna cruachan.'
- 19 'O na tharladh dh' a bhi 'm mbéin,
'S bhi cho dnuibhar rium na ghné;
'S ann leann a thuiteas a mbac,
Mar sguir e dhim d' a choi'-ghleac.'
- 20 'S maith gu d' innis tha sin dhamhsa,
Fhoghmhair mhoir nan arma' graineil;
Na cuig cinn 'ta air do bhrádhaid,
Biodh aon dhiu agam na pháidhadh.'

- 21 Bhuail sinn an sin air a chéile,
Mar mhuinne shruth bhristeadh leimnach;
'S bu chruaidh no fuaim mhic talla,
Gaoir ar faobhar caoine gealla.'
- 22 'Bha cisan mar neart na gaoithe,
A leagadh coilltach Mhorathair aobhach.
'S bha mise mar luas nan sruthan,
Bhíodh re aodann gaoithe sruthadh.'
- 23 'Air bhi dhuinn mar sin re cómbrag,
Omhoch madain gu trá neóine;
O 'n dh' eirich a ghrian gu moch,
Gus an deach i siar a chlos.'
- 24 'Thug mise seachd builleán déug,
An corp an Fhoghmhair mhoir 's cho bhréug;
Thug e 'n sin ambarc seach a sgia',
A dh' fhaicinn ciod a dhur a ghrian.'
- 25 'N uair a fhuair mi fein am fíth,
'S mhothaich mi e fuith chlá;
Thug mi béum beó dh' a gu ghlaiddh,
Is sgath na cuig cinn d' a bhrádhaid.'
- 26 'N sin leig mi 'n uilean air an tom,
'S shíl mo chreucaibh gu trom, trom;
'N deidh builean an Fhoghmhair mhoir,
Nach deachaidh neach riamh o léon.'
- 27 'O ogain chaoimh ghil aluin,
Is fhearr luas do shluagh Rígh Pháile;
Ris an goirear giorag comraig,
Mo chend beannachd fein gu d' chomhdach.'
- 28 'Co ní 'n guth euraud ut tháil,
Air an tulaich os mo cheann;
Gu 'r e 'n t aium a ghoirear dhamhsa,
Aine inghean Rígh Connachd ór-bhuidh.'
- 29 'Aine dean thus ormsa báidh,
Is na h innis e do mhuidh;
Tog leat mo sgia' gu Dun-geal,
'S nín do thog bean riamh i 'n glaic.'
- 30 Thainig Aine 'n sin gu dian,
'S thog i mo chloideamh 's mo sgia';
Cho roisamh i 'n drúch do 'n fheúr,
'S cho mho dhuigeadh i mean éun.'
- 31 'Sin an treas turas a b' fhearr,
A rinn Caoilt' nam béumaibh lé;
'S 'n uair a chuaidh e Dhún an óir,
Agus a mharbh e 'n torc mor.'
- 32 'S muladach mise re 'n ré,
A sior thuireamh síos am béus;
Mar chrann críon an fasach fuar,
'N deidh cách 's mo dhuilach thoir nam.

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

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

- 1 LA dhuinn sealg beinn Aonais,
Ler h-oigrídh ghasda, fir chalma;
La eile sa' Bheinn Bhain,
Sir chuir seilg air seacharan.
- 5 Snail gun tugas a bhan,
Chunncas gleamnan nan ceud oigh, (al. aigh)
Ainnir sholuis air a lar,
'S a seachd dorsan fógailte.
- 9 Bha seachd claidhean air a h-aghairt,
Bha seachd sleaghan shuas air a-leaig;
Inneal baioth air a beart dens, (al. as)
Bha seachd miol-choin aig air slabhruidh.
Ghabh mi eiridh, ghabh mi grain,
- 14 O na tharladh dhomh bhi m' aonar ann.
Na biodh ortsa eiridh no grain,
Oigfhear ur à Inuis fail,
Bu mhiann leam guth a' Ghael ghlain,
- 18 An uair am minic chluinninn e.
Eirich thusa Mhic rígh Fail,
'S ann an duigh thain t-iomairt;
Ciod am fath iomairt thainig orm,
- 22 Ighinn ur is gloine rugh.

- Fomhfhéar mor bhi teachd nad' dhail,
24 B' annsa 'n teng na dol na choir,

Rinn e dhomh mo leaba díon.
Gu beachdail air bathais an Urlair.
Gur e dh' allte leinn m' an seach;
28 Fion uisge beatha 's curmalt,
(*Al' Fion uisge, is lion is Curmalt.*)

Chuir i ormsa an leanag shithe,
Leth ri 'm shlios, bu leor a míneid;
Chuir i ormsa air mun sin
32 Na seachd luirichean Freamhri.

Chuir i sgiath air mo laimh chli,
'S mo chlaidheamh gear a' m' laimh dheas,
Cholnich mise ma 'n radh sholuis
36 Am Fomhfhéar mor ma 'n iom dhorus,

Team as mo rathad a Chaoilte,
Cha 'n ann air a thi a tha mi,
Cíod an tí am bheil thusa,
40 Flomh'ear mor na mí run.

Tha leannan agam anns an Dun,
Leannan ur na malla seang;
An leannan sin a tha thu 'g radlthe,
44 B'aít leam agam air son mnaoi.

'S mise 'n duine mharbh t-athair
La catha Beinn A Chruachain;
Cíod e ged mharbh thu m' athair
48 La catha beinn a Chruachain.

'Se bhitheas agamsa air son paighe,
Na cuig cinn th' air a bhraigaid;
Ghabh iad an sin do cheile
52 O mhóch maduinn gu luíthe greine,

Thug am Fomh' ear sealladh fiar (al. siar)
Cíod e 'm ball an robh a' ghrian;
Thug mi sealladh beag na dheigh,
56 Sealladh bocht do 'm chreuchdaibh fein.

Thug mi sgiobag dh'a m braid,
58 Sgath mí na cuig cinn de bhraigaid.

Leag mí m' ullín ris an tom,
As shíl mo chreuchdan gu trom trom;
Co i a bhean tha os mo cheann,
62 Dheanadh a' chainnt chaoimhneil ruim?
Theireadh ruim m' n tra so 'n de.
64 Ailde nighean Rígh Conair.

To mo chlaidheamh tog mo sgiath,
66 Nach do thóg bean romhaid riamh.

Thóg i mo chlaidheamh 's mo sgiath,
'S thóg mí fein fo dhion, (al. o ghníamh)
Chaoilte Mhic Rígh soluis.
72 An ann maireach a bhitheas do bhanaí?
Ma 's maireann mise an Dun til,
Gun tíginn t-ionnsuidh le h-áire;
Achanaich dh' iarrainn air mo leannan,
76 An ní sin nach 'éil an laimh,
Ceud Douran nach do chlathaich bruaich,
Ceud eala nach do shnaimh air euan,
Ceud searach nach do chraoim air lon,
80 Ceud damh alluidh nach do thilg croc.
Gheibhte sud ceud maosach mhaol,
An gleann seirce taobh ri taobh,
Ceud sobhrach 's creumh glas,
84 Air a bhuaín san fhaoliteach gheamlhraidh.

Written from the recitation of Archibald Stewart, man-servant, Dalchosnie, Rannoch, February 19, 1801.

NORSE WARS.

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

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

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

H. 5. HOW A CHARMER CAME TO THE HEROES,
NAMED HARD SCUL, TO SING A TIMBREL TO THEM.
60 lines.

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

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

A MUSICIAN came to the Heroes, whom they called Claigean Mac Choin a chinn chruaidh, (that is, Hard Head or Hard Scul,) to sing a timbrel to them; and he would play so hard and loud that none of them could stay to hear it. Caoilte was watching; he came where he was and asked of him, how many Heroes had Fingal; he told him that they were divided into seven Cathairs, (that is, into seven Regiments or Companies, but it is not known how many were in each, but supposed to be 500,) and that every one had a wife, a servant-man, and two dogs; he went then to the house and played on the Timbrel. Since they could not stay to hear it, Fingal excused himself, saying that their women were . . . sorrowful, and that they do not like any music at present; but he would not give over playing unless he would get his own dog, named Bran, his two spears, and his sword; but Fingal refused that, saying that his music was not pleasant, and that he would not get his request, since he do not deserve it; then he gave three sounds, and the Heroes were deaf a long while afterward. They sent all their dogs after him, but in vain till they loosed Bran, who overtook him at a cave in Beinn Eudainn, and killed him. Though the Heroes did not ever get victory by human strength over any sort of evil spirits, sorcerers, and the like; yet Fingal was enchanted and happy among mortals, so that he would get the better of any sort of spirits, conspirators, enchanters, and brutal force.

DAN 16.

- 1 'AULIS dhamb a Chaoilte chruadhach,
Mhic Ronan cia mor d'eibhneas;
Cia lion tha Mhaithheadh 'n ar Féinnas,
Le 'n coin is le 'n coi'-éiridh.'
- 2 'Seachd Cathain tha n ar Féiun,
'S cho 'n eil neach dhín sud gu 'n sgrá;
Gu 'n bhean gu 'n ghille, gu 'n da chú,
Sud e 'n Túr fúí 'n dealbhach iad.'
- 3 'Tha tiombain nan iarrann fuar,
Re comhla chruaidh fúí 'm sge bhuirb;
'S fear no bean d'am bheil san Féiun,
Eisteachd ris a ghléus ní 'm fuila.'
- 4 Dh' imich é gu elios d'ar Túr,
For 'm bu komhor cuil is báird;
Is shéinn air an tiombain phreair,
Ceól bu chruaidh' no iolach báis,
- 5 Cho 'n eisteadh ris neach san Féiinn,
D' bhri géir a fuaimnach árd;
Ge'd bhíod euan is mac talla bheann
Aig eibhich b' fhánn seach a gáir,
- 6 Labhair mac Chuthaill an glóir ghlic,
Mar bu nós dh' a ann 's gach drip;
'Tha bantrach' ar Féinne fúí' bhrón,
Eist dhinn a'd cheól fhir.'
- 7 'Cho 'n eistcam gu 'n do chú glann grinn,
Mar atcheuinge uait Fhinn fhéil;
Do dh' a shleagh a dhóirtas fuil,
'S Mac-an-loin is goirte béum;
- 8 'Ne 'm fuigh tu mo shean chu sémh,
No mo dha shleagh gu 'n chion fáth;
No Mac-an-lion nan luath bheinn,
A thnú ní m fuigh tu gu bráth.'

- 9 'Mar sin 's bréug a bhí gu d' mholadh,
Fhinn gu 'n fhéileachd no urram ;
O 'n thug thu uait san aon la,
Eúir is aithis do dh' aon duine.'
- 10 'Ni 'n duine thusa gu fíor,
Ach tnú nathara, nar, mhílteach
Gu 'n iúl no oileanaich riamh,
'N tra' dh' iarradh tu duais díoleadh.'
- 11 'N sin líon an t'arrachd a' mach,
Bhuair e uile ar comhuidh ;
Rinn e trí sgreadan gábhidh,
'S neach na dheidh cho b' fhiach am f . .
- 12 . eamar ris coin na Féinne,
Thair gach maoile cnúic is sléibhe,
'S cho raibh teamlair air luas an fhir ;
Gu h namh mhór am Béinn éudain.
- 13 Thug sinn fuasgladh do chu Fhinn,
Is ruidh e gu dian neo-mball ;
Mu 'n raibh 'm fuath ach gan a steach
Rug e air le tíoileam garg.
- 14 Thug e an sin deanal cruaidh,
'S Claigneac mac Choin a chinn chruaidh,
Is thorchair le Bran gu 'n fheall,
Ceann Chlaigain air an uair,
- 15 Thainig e air ball do 'n Fhéinn,
Is ceann Chlaigain ann na bhéul,
B'ait an sealla leis an t-sluagh,
Ceann an fhuath a bhí fui' dhéud.

H. 6. HOW SILHALAN CAME TO KILL FINGAL. 36 lines.

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

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

A FAIRY or Ghost came into the Heroes, about sun
setting, where they use to be walking, and resting them-
selves on a smooth yellow plain or field, named Silhalan,
means little person, who was seen by all men, like a bird's
shadow, on the mountains, in a calm fair evening (all
names were poetical in that age) to kill Fingal, but Fingal
killed him, he was but a wizard, suppose he was in the
form of a fairy, for Fingal was not only unconquerable by
human strength, but also by Conjurers and Sorcerers.

DAN 14.

- 1 LATHA dhuinn air magh ór-bhuidh,
'Nar suidh aig cathair nam Fiann ;
Chunnacas oghlaich neo-ionnalt,
Tidhain air magh glinne niar.
- 2 Gomhal fairsuidh, 's broidhe fiar,
'S amhluidh sin do bha ann fuath ;
Lorg iarrain air fad á dhroma,
Da lurgain loma 's iad luath,
- 3 Bha súil aig am bun na claise,
'S bha i gu crithanach ciar,
'S bha súil 'eile air dhath na réulla,
A mullach an éudain shiar,
- 4 An sin do dh' fhiosraich an tÁrd Rígh,
'Cia 'n t iúl a thainig am fuath ?
Cia b' ainm dh' a fein is d' a athair,
Is oghluadhach air gu luath.
- 5 'S 'S misc Silhallan mac Sithaill,
Dhoirtainn fuil is réubhainn féoil ;
Ba mhiannach lean ruidh gu reachdmhor,
Agus cuir as do Rígh Phóil.'
- 6 An sin do dheargaich an tÁrd Rígh,
Rís a ghlóir do chan an fuath ;
'S tharraing e lann fhada lomhidh,
Gu fada, deas, direach naith,
- 7 Gach buile da 'n Iubhradh an tÁrd Rígh,
Le chloideamh cuilgearra, cruaidh ;
Bheireadh am fuath 's moran tuillidh,
Da bhuille mu n bhuille uath.

- 8 An sin do chuimhnich Mac Chuthaill,
Air a threune chleasaibh lúith ;
Tharraing e Mac-an-join gu talmhidh,
'S le ágh mharbh e 'm fuath nach b' fhiú.
- 9 Ba mhaith leinn gu d' imich am fuath,
'S gu deachidh na sluaigh a cás ;
Oir b' dara fuath bu mheasa,
Thainig riamh air Fianntidh Pháil.

H. 7. HOW CROM NAN CNAMH KIL'D SGIATHAN, THE SON OF THE KING OF SCAIRBH.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 33. Advocates' Library,
December 1, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Dublin, December 4, 1871. The story in some
shape is in the Book of Lismore, Irish MS., 1450, but
this ballad was not identified by Hennessy. I have part
of it orally collected. Y. 3, Page 182.

THE ARGUMENT.

It was the custom of the Heroes to set out watch every
night in the year, and their was coming every night a
valiant Hero with an enchanted music; and the watch-
man would fell asleep whenever he would hear the music,
then the Charmer would steal any victuals they would
leave in the night-time, and everything he would see pro-
per, they were vexed that such an Owl was coming no
them, and that all their attempts was in vain. There
was a young fellow in their kitchen who was called by
name (at that time) Crom nan cnámh or Crom an canrich
afterwards Oscar, and he said 'I will watch the night ;'
Fingal said that they would not trust themselves to his
watching ; he said 'that suppose they would be watching
twelve, that he would be with them ;' then Fingal allowed
him to watch since they would not be but as usual. The
Inchanter came as formerly and he slept, but soon awaked
and pursued after him, till he overtook him, and killed
him. Observe the Poem.

DAN 6.

- 1 'THURAS Iorgan laoiach sa bhlár,
Madainn dhiamhair fui' dhea' thrachd ;
'S thugas briathair air mo shleagh,
Nach bi sin lorg Fhinn no Osain.'
- 2 'No Caoilte beag nan cos lumhor,
No neach a bha air Loch Iurgann ;
No aon fhear do mhuintir Fhinn,
A tharladh orms ann an Croma ghlinn.'
- 3 'Thogas 'm éudach 's leigeas ris,
Air fea' mointich is gaibhbh dhris,
Bha mi fein am ruidh 's leum,
'S cho raibh 'm fear mor ach na chruai' chéum.
- 4 'Rugas air is rugas air,
An gleann beag eidear dha chreag ;
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh innis dhamsa ;
No cia 'm ball am bi thu chomhnuidh,
- 5 'S 'S aimaidach thusa fhir bhig,
'S ógan thu 's cho 'n eil thu glie ;
Cho b' uilair dhuitsa 'n Fhiann nile,
Dh' fbaghail sgéul o 'n aon duine.'
- 6 'Cho 'n iarrainnsa do 'n Fhiann uile,
Ach Fionn is Goll nan treun bhuillean ;
A chuid nach sracamaid le 'r lamhan,
Dhiot loigseamaid e le 'r 'n anail,
- 7 'Thugas dhamh sin 's thugas dhamh,
An t sleagh mhór a bh' air a shon ;
'S chosgair e i thair mo chlaigean,
Da throidh dhéug an aodann dallag
- 8 'Thugas dh' a sin 's thugas dh' a,
An t sleagh bheag a bh' air mo sgá ;
Chosgair mi sud roimh a chroidhe,
'S choisg mi moran d' a luath mhíre.
- 9 'Oghlaich mhóir nan iomadidh ércue,
Sgearr gus an togar do leac ;
Innis an deireadh do latha,
Cia thu feineach no cia t'athair ?'
- 10 'S mise Sgiathan Mac Rígh Scairbh,
M'e an fhir na'-bhasaich ghairbh ;
'S gu b' e mo nós ann 's gach teach,
Bhí síor chosgair cuid gach neach.'

- 11 'Gur mi allaid dhuit mar tharladh
A Sgiathain mhóir nan sgia' gráinil;
Rinu do Chosgairt an Croma ghlinn,
An Gille con ata aig Finn.'
- 12 'Cho bu Ghille chon thu riamh,
'S cho b' e sin thu near no niar
Ach ogleach finealta do 'n Fhiann,
Is lamh cho tréun 's tha 'n Eirinn shiar,
- 13 'S maing neach a ghoid ort do lón,
A madainn dhiambhair re dalla ché;
Thu fein 's do shleagh air a tóir,
'S maing air 'n do thuit an trom lórg.'
- 14 Air ball dh' éug an treun laoch gruamach,
Bu cheatharmach searbh 's gach cruaidail;
Ann an cothas monidh shamhaich,
Le buill Oseair tréun gach gabhaidh.
- 15 Creid thusa Ille Phádraig,
Gu railheams uair bu mhór abhachd;
Ge do tha mi 'nois gu dubhach,
Gun charaid gun clath uco' shuthach.

THE MYTHICAL NORSE CARLIN.

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

D. 5. CAILLICH GHRAUND. 47 lines.

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

This version contains fragments of separate ballads, joined at *

- 1 La gan ro Fionn air Tullich For,
Gaibhric air Erin ma Thimchil;
Hunnig e air Bharrabh nan Tonn,
A Chaillich eiddidh leobhor Chrom.
- 2 Bu bhor a Honnagh 'sa Hais,
Bu luath a shiubhal ra Haois;
Bha Cuabhran aibhlean mu da Bhas,
Bha Fiaclan shiar sheich a Craos.
- 3 Bha Haodin dughlas air Dhreich Guail,
Bha Deud Cairbadich crann ruaigh;
Bha carr ga Hinibh ma chaolbha a Dorn,
Bha car ga Caoilt ma Choil-drúin.
- 4 Bha Bar mar choil Chrinich air Chrith,
Bha aoin suil ghloigich na cean;
'S bu luaigh I na Ruinich Meoirigh,
Bha Claibh Meirgich air a Crios.
- 5 Ri am Feirge bu ghairbh Greis,
Bha da T-shleigh air an T aibh eille;
Don Thuha Chuil-lia Chaillich,
Ri faicin na Fian na Dheas.
- 6 Huchda ghaibh a Bhiast nan Innish,
Hanig a Chaillich oirme le Hair;
'S reinne lethé cion gun Chommain;
Bheirte lethé Caogid Laoich.
- 7 'S bha Cairigh sheiribh na garradh Chraos,
*Spin I lethé a Chuach fo Fhinn;
'S Ghimmich I uril fo Thuinn gu Tuin,
Gun do mheith I uill an Fhian,
- 8 'S cha do lean I ach aoin Thrithir,
Fion Mac Cubhail fear shraona nan raibh;
'S coile ro-gheal Mac Ronain,
Leim a Chaillich har Eass Ruaidh.
- 9 'S bu bhor a sath do 'n Uisg uar,
Leim I Eass Ruaigh nan Raibh;
'S bha Cuach Fhinn na leth Laibh,
Dirigh a mac rish an Taibh eille.

- 10 Hug Fionn orra urchair T-shleigh,
Chroisg e shud ro a criogh,
'S chaisg e Páirt ga luath Bhirigh,
Rug Fionn fein air a Chuach,
ba leish o Buaigh 'sa Bhaigh.
- 11 'S rug Caoilte nan Laibh lua,
Air a Claibh Cruaidh 'seir da T shleigh;
'S ghlaic Fearr sraonigh nan Raibh,
Clathbha Chaoilte Mhic Ronain,
- 12 Sin mar reinn shin shcoid na Caillich,
An La bha shin ga ruigh an Bein-edin.
Crioich.

F. 6. SGEULA AIR CAILLICH ARAIDH A THAINIG DH' IARRAIDH FÁIR AIR CUAICH NAN BUAGH BHA AIG FIONN.

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

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

Bha chuach so ghna air a gleidhe an tigh tearmuinn agus le faire Mic Righ agus cuideachd do mhór ghaisgich churamach maille ris.

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

- 1 Bhuail a Chailleach aig an doras gu teann, teamu,
Is thainig Mac an Righ an doras cò san am 'ta ann?
- 2 Is mise Chailleach thruagh, thruagh,
'S truaighe dh' imich am bi-buan;
Is mise chailleach buochd Ni-aoste,
Leig a stigh mi gam gharadh.
- 3 Freagra.
Ma dh' imich thu Eirinn go ceann,
Ann riochd mnatha no droch dhuine;
Gu leanadh do bhuinn ris an làr.
Mu 'n d' thigeadh tu stig a Chailleach.
- 4 Nach mòr am maslach do mhac Righ,
Le mhòr-ghaisgich 's le mòr ghniomha;
E fein bhi gu sàbhailta stach,
'S gu diultadh uile iad ri aon Chaillich.
- 5 Gheibhe tu biadh naonar a mach,
Is fuirich a' d' thos a Chailleach.
- 6 Cha 'n iarr mise do bhiadh peacach,
Ni mo dh' iarram t-fhiarr fhacail;
B' fhearr leams' ceann do theine teith,
Is co beathadh ri d' ghaothraibh.
- 7 Cuiridh mise Giulla leat do 'u Fheinn,
Ni teine dhuit a dh' aon bheum a Chailleach.

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

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

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

- 9 Gu 'm bi sid a chailleach ghle-gharbh,
Bhris i na naoi comha iarruinn;
Mar nach bitheadh annat' ach aon sgialan.
(Agua bha i steach orra)
'S griob i leatba cuach Fhinn,
'S dh' fhalbh i leatha sìos an rothad.
- 10 Thachair Oganach urra agus dh' fheoraich e dhi,
Co as a dh' imich thu Chailleach?

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

- 11 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-amhunn,
Gu mor a th' ann do Chlanna-reath;
Tha cuig-ceud-deng fear fui 'n lionmhor armachd.
Is da choim air laimh gach fir,
A feitheadh ort a Chailleach.
- 12 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-Airde,
Gur lionmhor ann Clann-na-cearda;
Tha cuig-ceud-deng fui 'n làn armachd
'S da choim air laimh gach fir,
A feitheadh ort a Chailleach.
- 13 Ma ghabhas tu air Bheannta dubha,
Gur lionmhor ann Clanna-rutha;
Tha cuig-ceud-deug, &c.
- 14 Fheagair a Chailleach.
'Cìod e sin theirre tusa Iulla
Nam fàgailinn na bheil ann sin uile
Eadar chu luath is aon duine?
Theire gu bu tapaidh thu Chailleach.
- 15 Ach ghabh a Chailleach rathad Ach-nabainne,
Agus thilg i gath neimbe air Fionn Mac Cuthail,
Agus chuir i sud sìar as talamh
Seachd troidhean do dh' fhuir thalamh.
Thilg Fionn a gath cuilg orra is bhrist e eridhe.
- 16 An sin leam a chailleach thair an Eas.
Is leum gu borborra bras.
Is leum an triuir cholgiorra dheas
An t-eas an deidh na Caillich.
- 17 Ghlac Mac Cuthail a chuach,
O 's ann da fein bha buaigh 's blagh;
Ghlac Caoilte o' se b' fhearr luathas,
- 18 A chlaidhe cruaidh 's a da shleagh.
Is rug Connan bho se bha gu deireadh
Air top lia na Caillich, is thilg e san Eas i.

H. 8. HOW A SPIRIT CAME IN THE NIGHT TIME TO KILL FINGAL AND THE REST OF HIS HEROES.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 64. 60 lines. Advocates' Library, December 8, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. A story like this is in the Irish tale of Magh Lena, published, ten years ago, from a MS. of 1720. Poem not known to Hennessy. Some verses are the same as the Muilearteach orally preserved, but the story I do not know as orally preserved.—J. F. C.

A GHOST came on the Heroes in the night to kill Fingal, Goll, Oscar, Caoilte, and Aogh, &c.; since they would not fight with her, she cast the door of the house off its hinges, and took away with her Fingal's golden cup, they followed her till they overtook her. This spirit and Silhla were the worse that ever came to the heroes.

DAN 15.

- 1 OIDHCHE bha sinn a mùr Bhéura,
'S moran do Mhaithheadh ar Feinne;
Clunnaig sinn a teachd gu lúthmar.
Fuath a b' áirde no 'n fhuídh.
- 2 Bu mhór ciannas air fáir,
'S bu mhó a siubhal no h'áird;
Bha cohall dubh sìos na bian,
Is fiacail seach a craos siar.
- 3 Bha claidheamh meirgeach dubh air a leis,
Re h'ám féirge bu mhór a gheis;
'S bha sleagh nimhe na deas laimh.
Gheibha' buaidh air sluagh gu 'n fheall.
- 4 'Fosglaihb dhamh fheara' Fionn;
'S na' gu fíuch luidagach fínn;
Shiubhail mi Eirinn fa thri,
'S cho d'ug duine th' ann dhamh dìon.'
- 5 'Se fhreagair i Fearadhas béul dearg,
Bu bhinne glóir a bha 'n Eirinn;
'Mu rinn thusa sinn a chailleach,
'S ann do chomharaibh droch mhnatha.'
- 6 'Ma 'n d'ig thu a steach d'ar rannhainn,
Innsidh tu dhainn bri do thurais;
'Sa ghealltain nachdean thu dó bhairt,
Air Fíann Inse-Pháil no Freoine."

- 7 'Innseamsa sin Fheadharais fúilidh,
An t'ádhbhar mu 'n d'ainig mise;
A dh'iarrauidh cómhrag air Goll,
Air Caoilte 's air Oscar crom.'
- 8 'Air Mac Chuthaill nan lamh luath,
Is air Aogh Mac Gharabh chruaidh;
Air (neo) gheadh duais thoirt dham gu 'n éura,
Cho mhaith sa tha mór na Féinne.'
- 9 'Cho d'theid sinn chaoiidh a chombrag,
Re fuath oidheche raibh na éurach;
Gu 's an d'theid Aula air béinn Tore
D' an deoin cho d'theid iad gu 'd lot.'
- 10 'N tra' chuala chailleach glóir Fheadhrais,
Lion i suas le cuthach feargach;
Chuir i roimpe comhla' Bhéura,
'Sa steach chuair' i meag ar Féinne.'
- 11 Thog i lé cuach Fhinn fhialidh,
Gu grad lamach s'e cho d'fhaibhraich;
Chuartaich i Eirinn le colg,
S' ann Fhianh gu léir air a lorg.
- 12 Faidheoidh chuir i sinn san fhreach,
Cha raibh 'm fogus dh' i ach triar;
Fionn is fear srainidh nam rámh,
'S Caoilte beag Mac Roman áidh.
- 13 Do leum i gu cas Eas-ruidh,
Ge do bha e cuir ma bhrucha;
Leum Fionn air a cas léum,
'S chuir e ghéur shleagh roi' a cabull.
- 14 Rug Fionn an sin air a chachull,
O 'n bu leis a blagh sa buaidh;
'S rug Caoilte nan lamh tréun,
Air a chloidheamh sa sleagh géur.
- 15 Rug fear srainidh nan ramh,
Air a h'usgar loimhreach bán;
Sin mar tharladh d' ar fir théune,
'N oidheche bha sinn a mùr Bheura.

X. 2. A CHAILLEACH.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lanchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, February 2, 1872.

Another copy of this was sent to me by William Mackay, Esq., Law Student, 67, Church Street, Inverness, who took this down from the lips of his father, who learnt it in his youth, about Glen Urquhart.

I have numbered the lines because the stanzas are broken.—J. F. C.

A CHAILLEACH.

THAING a Bhuileardach Ruadh, Mathair Rìgh Lochluinn do 'n Fheinn a thoirt lethle le foil cuach na geusachd. Fhuair i Oisen maille re cuid de dhaona ann an Talla no Feinne.

A BHUILEARDACH RUADH, (a Chailleach).

- 1 'Fosgail, fosgail, laoiach long,
Nan airm fullung faothair ghom,
'S feuch cuid (or pairt) do d' fhaoilteachd,
Do chailleach bhoc a thig a Caoilte,
- 5 'S mise sin a chailleach thrugh:
'S fhada a dh' imich mi 's mi buan,
Cha n-eil an cuigibh na h-Alba,
No 'n cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn,
Aon duine 'dhiultadh dhomh fosgladh,
- 10 Nuair 'chromuinn mo chean fo 'dhorus.'

OISEIN.

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

A CHAILLEACH.

- 15 'S dona 'n aithne sin, a mhic rìgh,
(U's mac rìgh 'ga ràdh ruit)
Nuair dhiultadh tu fosgladh do dhoruis.'
- OISEIN.
- 'Cha dhiultinn dhuit a monadh fad,
Gad' bhiodh agad triath dy reir,
- 20 Chuirinn biadh naoidhnear gu d' theach,
'S biadh feachd leat o 'n Fheinn.'

A CHAILLEACH.

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

OISEIN.

- 'Gn dearbh cha 'n fhaidh thu teas do m' aimhlíbh,
Ní mó dheibh thu leabaidh mair ri m' ghaghraibh,
Chuirinn gille leat o 'n Fheinn,
Dh' fhadadh teine dh' aon bheum,
30 'S gille eile ' dh' ulluicheadh deagh inneal.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha 'neil mo choiseachdas ach mall.
'S theid an teine sin a crann.'

OISEIN.

- 'Bannig thusa leathtaobh Chuilinn,
Cuir geigibh caol fo d' spuiribh,
35 Seid gu caol geur le d' anail,
'S dean do gháradh ris a Chailleach.'
A Chailleach sin bu ghairbh craimh,
Chuir i gualluinn ris a chleidh,
'S bhris i na seachd geamhlíbh iarúinn,
40 Mur nach bidh ann? ach seann iallan.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Tha mi nise stigh 'n ur teach,
'S liubha nar mairbh na nar beo,
'S lionmhoir scolb bhíos 'u 'n ur teach,
Na macan beo a marach.'
45 Cheangail i iad taobh ri taobh,
Na b' eadar an caol 's an ruadh,
'S rug a Chailleach air a chuach,
'S thug i gu luadh a magh.'

Chunnachdas a Chailleach le Fionn air dha
bhi tighinn dhachaidh o 'n t-sealg.

FIONN.

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

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cíod a theireadh tus a dhiullan,
Na 'm faguinnsa iad sin uile,
Edar chu luadh agus dheagh dhuine?'
Leam a Chailleach an t-eas,
60 Leam gu garbh brais,
Thilg i gath nimhe air Fionn
A chaidh seachd troidhean 'san fheur uaine
Thairis air bar a dha ghuailíbh,
Thilg Fionn a shleagh taobh
65 'S bhris e ' cridhe na caol druim,
'S rug Geolach o 'n is i bu luathie,
Air shiasaid chruaidh na Cailleach;
'S rug Caoilte beag nan cuach,
Air a claidheamh cruadhach,
70 'S air a da shleagh.
Bha iad seachd la 'us seachd oidheche.
A roinn faobla na Cailleach;
'S cha d' rug Oisein a bha air dheireadh,
Ach air seann chiahbhag liadh na Cailleach.

OISEIN (?)

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

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha neil m' aois fein ri aireamh
78 Tri cheud bliadhna 'sa dha.

Although the last four lines are recited with the piece as above, they seem to be out of place.—Of the second piece to which I referred in my letter, my father remembers but a few lines, and these, perhaps, not in their proper order—I give them as I got them from him, before I saw the version in Mac Callum's Collection.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

PADRUG MAC ALPINN.

Oisein naisail Mhic Fhionn,
'S tu do shnighe air Tulluich eibhinn,
Laoich mhor mhileanta nach mead,
Tha mi faicinn sproichd n ad cudunn.

OISEIN.

Dh' innsinn fatha bhron ' th' orm fein,
Phadraig Mhic Alpinn o 'n Fheinn,
La dha 'n robh an Fheinn a mnaigh,
'Nan suidh air torran coire (or Tora) Siar,
Chunnachdas a tighinn o 'n mhagh,
A bhean sin a b' aille feamh
A nighean a b' aille snuadh,
Bu ghille 's bu deirge gruigh,
Bu ghille no gath na greine,
A h earradh gheal fa gaoth a leine,
Labhair an oighe fo gheala bheal'd
'S lachan gairn na ccann.

This is part of the Lay of the Maiden. See below.—J.F.C.

D. 6. CRUACHAN CRAIG AN TULLICH.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, February 29, 1872.

D. 6. and H. 9. are versions of the same ballad. I have no other versions of it, manuscript or oral, Irish or Scotch.

- 1 ACH a Chruachan Craigh an Tullich,
'S mi fo Mhullich Slethidh Fanis;
Nochd a tharla mi fo d' Togil,
Gur trom a leagta do Laibh orm.
- 2 La shlidh Dhuinne ri faghlich,
Bha shin fo d' Dhiabhair a Thullich;
She chunnaire shin Marcich cetic,
As e teachd le seoldh huggin.
- 3 Sana dhisrich Fion do 'n Mhareich,
Gu de fa Taistair fo 'd Chrichibh;
Thanig mi fo Thaibh na Shiunidh,
She labhair an Giullidh ceudna.
- 4 San a ghluais e 'n Cean air Corich,
Mar gu nigh Folum aig Fillidh;
Labhair e ann briaribh isligh,
Mar gach Marcich shibhailt shiunnidh.
- 5 Bithibhse a nochd nar fairrich,
A Tshcic Cathanin na Feine;
Gu de e aobhir air Fairrich,
She ni labhair Fear gar Feine?
- 6 Gu de a aobhir air Fairrich
She ni labhair Fear gar Feine?
Agn nach heil Linn air buaidh,
Nochd air ochd nacoribh na Herin.
- 7 Naile hig i oiribh a Chaillich,
As a Harrachd othar edigh;
'S gun cnuidh ruibhse Coibhrig,
Gad bhig air Coinigh le chele.
- 8 San an shin a labhair Connan,
Cha 'b onnarich dhuinne Ghruagich;
Mar a fona uid do Chaillich,
Dhith fein sga Harrachd ga chruathid.
- 9 Shin nar huirt Gruagich an ubhil,
Air mo chuibhse a Chommain;
Dhaideoin Sheac Cathan na Feine,
Gu dearibh rebidh I do chollair.
- 10 Thug Connan shiocidh hun an ubhil,
Gad nach bo chuithidh dha bhualidh;
San chuir e le ardan spreiggidh,
A chluas fo 'n Lechan do 'n Ghruagich.
- 11 Shin nar ghailibh e uain an Gruagich,
She gu faghlich fuathich fearragich;
Mar steid shreingh dol air aistir,
Chluint a Hartir aus gach Bearnigh.
- 12 An Teich shin a bha fion Ghruagich,
Gur he bualiche ra fhacain;
San na Cean a bha 'n Trian orridh,
M ro Innis na Heoirp do Chlachibh.

- 13 Har leinne bu bhor a Ghilid,
Do T shíde do T shroil 's do Ghiunnis;
Fo steid chois chrom a churridh,
Le n faighe gach Duinne Duimpich
- 14 'S an a ghaibh e uain an Gruagich,
Gu fiathích fuathích, le ardan shiubhail;
Agus hanig na trí Fuathin,
Mar a chualigh Fion Mac Cabbail.
- 15 Shin nar a hanig a Chhalich,
As a Harrachd air a Culibh;
Mar ri Celiadh Leth a Leppich,
'S riogh cha b' aobhir aithis duin e.
- 16 Cethir fichid Lan-laoich mor,
Do chlainnibh Morni huit nan Tus;
Uirrid eille Chlainnibh Baoisg,
Agus Caogid a chuir leis.
- 17 Bha 'n oiche shin dhuinne bronich,
An deis air Choibhrig na dhierigh;
A Tarrnig air mairibh gu Huaighin,
'S geil bu chruaithidh leon 's m'ni ceillim.
- 18 Bu truitmigh le Fion na Fuathin,
A ghol uaidh gun am marraigh;
I ad gun bheim sceinnigh nan Cnaithibh,
'S nach ro Feinn nar sleighibh garrihl
Na gad rechlidh uilbhir eile shorcaire
Do na Fianibh gormna Gaithil.
- 19 Hanig iad oirne triuir Chlerich,
Air Erigh Greine n Larna-bharich;
Agus Ballan shithidh sheirce,
Eunurigh ga hoirt a Lathair,
- 20 Dharridh Mac a Chleirich oig,
Air cheid chaint an Tos tus do Dfhionn,
Ca leas a reinnigh an Teuchd,
Na co leis an deint' am marraigh.
- 21 Bu duillich leomsa shud iuse,
Nam bu ní e ghabhaidh ceiltin;
Gun tuittidh iad le trí Fuaghin;
Na bha do Tshlaidh air an Ellain.
- 22 Labhair Mac a Chlerich mhoir,
Gu farriste foil ri Fion;
Ha Fear a thogid r'an Fhian,
A bherigh an da Trian beo.
- 23 Ba bhath leom shin ars a Fion,
Gad a choiste e gho ní mor;
Do dhaoín Fhear thogidh an Fhian
Gar 'n digidh ach Trian diu leom.
- 24 Dherich Mac a Chlerich mhoir,
Le sheirbhais choir os an cionn;
Le Draoghlichd Bhallain nam Buaigh
Gheirich a Tshluaghs suas le Fionn
- 25 Mar a thoirchir 's mar a thuit,
Shin iad dhuit do Bhuintri Fhinn;
Fon shin fein a reinn an Tcachd,
Cha ghabhamid Feich ga chionn.
- 26 'Mhanarain ga math do Laibh,
Thug thu do m Fheir masla uor;
Fhinn na gaibhse dbeth Tair,
Fhírl nach tium ri dol san seleo.
- 27 Fhinn na gaibhse dbeth Tair,
Fhírl nach tium dol san seleo;
Sgur Draoghlichd a churridh oirribh,
Leis 'n do Chailigh a Chlann choir.
- 28 Triur air nach deargidh arm,
'S nach loisg a Teimnigh ga Bhoíd;
'S nach mo Bhaite leis an Tuinn,
Cíod an Tium a bha nan Teichd?

Crioich.

AN Inchanter came to the Heroes where they were hunting one day, and told them that an old woman, with her husband and child, were coming that night to them, who would keep war with them all. The warluch went away, and came immediately with his wife and child, and killed 310 of the Heroes, and bound 140, but they came to-morrow, and lifted them all to life again into Fíngal, without reward.

DAN 11.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bhi re fiadhach,
Gu' m anu mu dhiambair na tulach;
Do chnannaig sinn Gruageach ea-trom,
Le lidhachd le sgéule chugainn.
- 2 Do bha stéud ag a Ghruagach,
'S ann leinne a b' uallach fhaicsinn;
Na cheann do bha an srian ór-bhuidl,
Le iomcarachá dh' ór 's do chlachaibh,
- 3 'S ann leinne bu bhrea a dhiollaid,
Do shíode, do shróil, dh' fhiontrain;
Air an stéud chois ea-trom churamt,
Dh' fhagte leis gach duine díomach.
- 4 Ghluais e ann na nile chomhdach,
Gu Fianntidh phoil mar fhírl fíhlidh;
Agus bheannaich e gu síobhalt
Marcaich seimh nan siog- shuil sionnach.
- 5 Thrus sinn uile 'n sin gu déonach,
Gu's an ogan a b' fhearr earrahl;
A dh' fhagbail sgéul gu 'n curadh,
Uaith gu h éibhneach uallach eallamh.
- 6 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Chuthaill d'an Ghruagach,
Ann am briathraibh uasal eibhainn;
'Ailís dhuinne 'nois air thoisach,
Cia as t astar gu riogh'éhd Eirann.'
- 7 'Thainig mis' o thaobh nan sionnach,
Do labhair an gille céalfach;
Gu' m bí sibhsa noc nar caithris,
A sheachd cathanaibh na Féinne.'
- 8 Cíod e noc adhbhar ar caithris,
Do labhair Fionn flath na Féinne;
'S nach aithne dhamh neach d' ar bualadh,
Eidear ceath'r bhuacha' na h Eirann.'
- 9 'Do thig chugaibhsa noc cailleadh,
Is a h arrachd fein le céile;
Is cumidh iad ruibhsa cómhrag,
A dh' aingain conamh ar Féinne.'
- 10 'S an dhuinne bu nár r'a aithris,
'Nuair a theannamaid r' a chéile;
Gu céabhadh sin oirnna cailleadh,
Is a h arrachd fein le céile.
- 11 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,
Cho 'n eil onoir dhuinn a Ghruagach;
Cia beag a chéabhadh oirnna cailleadh,
A céile sa h arrachd d'an cruaidhead.
- 12 'Do fhreagair 'an Gruagach guineach,
Air a chubhaidh fein a Chonain;
Thig na fuathan oirbh le chéile,
Is reubar léó 'noc do ghon shuil.'
- 13 Do bha ubhall ag a Ghruagach,
Is thilgaibh e uaith air astar;
Cheapadh e e san laimh cheudna,
'S ann leinne bu treabha gaisgaich.
- 14 Do rug Conan air an ubhall,
Cho bu chubhaidh dh'a r'a bhualladh;
'S chluas a bha leith r' a leith-cheann,
Chuir e le spreagdh do 'n Ghruagach.
- 15 Do chailh a Ghruageach an t ubhall,
Ona bu chubhaidh dh'a r'a bhualladh;
'S do sgar e 'n da chluais o 'n chlaigean,¹
Gu lom sgaphara do 'n Ghruagach.
- 16 An sin dh' imich nainn a Ghruagach,
Se gu fiathaich, fuathach, feargach;
Air a stéud chois, ea-trom, ghasa
Dheanaim astar thair gach garbhach.

¹ Bha Conan maol o 'n la so suas.

H. 9. HOW AN INCHANTER WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD CAME TO KEEP WAR WITH THE HEROES.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 51. Advocates' Library, December 6, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. 120 lines.

Not known to Hennessy in Irish Manuscripts. Not known to me, orally preserved now.—J. F. C. Dublin, December 9, 1871.

- 17 Is gearr air aireachd do 'n Ghrugaigh,
Se sin a chula Mac Chuthaill;
Mar fhuaim tuinne na tri Garin,
Sann dhuinne gu' m b' ádhbhar cumha.
- 18 An sin thainig oirne chailleach,
Is a h anachd air a culabh;
Is a céile leith a leaba,
'S cho b' ádhbhar aitais iad dhuinne.
- 19 Tri fichead déng 's caogad curidh,
A bhuaileadh builleán le chéile;
Se sin a thuit leis na fuathán,
Do Mhaithaibh 's do dh' uaislaibh ar Féinne.
- 20 Seachd fichead do Chlanna Moruna,
Bha lán do chréucaibh 's do chneidhaibh;
Cho chulas riamh sgéul bu chruaidhe,
No na tri fuathán d' ceangal.
- 21 An oidheche sin dhuinn gu bronach,
An deidh ar cómhraig faí dheireadh;
A slaodaibh ar mairbh gu h naidhaibh,
Sgéula ro thruagh is ní 'n ceileam.
- 22 Bu mhéasa le Fionn na fuathán,
Dhol skín uaithe as an áraich;
Na mbead is a thuit sa thorchair,
Leó d' ar Fianntidh gorma gaidh' lach.
- 23 Cha loisgeadh teine da mbeud iad,
Is cho bháite iad le h uisge;
Cho deargamaid orra le 'r n armaibh,
Cáit anois am biodh an guinsán.
- 24 B' eisean Gruageach chreag na tulaich,
Is sinn air uileann sliabh Mbanuis;
Do tharladh dhuinne na fhreasdal,
'S bu truagh a leag e a lámh oirinn.
- 25 Thainig chugain na tri Chleirich,
Gu ro eibhainn 'n dara mháirach;
'S am ballán sibhidh seachdíd
Eatara teachd ann san láthair.
- 26 Dh' fhiosraich iad do Mhac Chuthaill,
Mar a bu chubhaidh san nair sin;
' Cia leis 'n do bhearna' na gaisgaich,
No créud mu 'n d' rinneadh am buadhach.'
- 27 'Gur decair dhuinne sin innseadh,
No tionsgalaibh air a ráda,
An triuir le 'n d' rinneadh air buadh,
Ghabh iad mu dhianbhair na dáfach.'
- 28 'Ma sa sinne tha 'nois uait,
Thainig sinn gu 'n luach da cheann;
Comann gu 'n tholachd gu 'n fluarachd,
'S togaidh sinn do shluabh dhuit Fhinn,
- 29 Dh' eirich macaídh do 'n chleir óg,
'S an speirmaise mhór na laimh;
Le feartán ballán na' m buadh,
Dh' eirich a shluabh suas gu Fionn.
- 30 'Na gabhasa madaidh a Rígh,
Fhíre leis 'm bu mhiann dol 's gach tóir;
Cha raibh ach draoidheachd níl ann,
Leis 'n do chlaoidheadh do chlann chóir.'

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

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

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

- 1 TEICHDIRE bha aig mo Ríogh,
Ri Tim dol an naibhreat dho;
Giulle a bha aig ra ghairm,
Rochd Mac Fhachair she b' aium dho.
- 2 Sabhail shin mar mhithigh she,
Bha aoin Chas Chli as a t-shoin;
Bha aoin Laibh as uchd nach Tim,
Bha aoin suil an Lar a Chinn mhoir.

- 3 Bha do ghraoighiehd aig an Fhuas,
Gum bo luaidh naoin chas ghearr;
Gum fagigh e gach neich air bith
San as a Rith a choir e Geale.
- 4 Sin nar huirt Cormaig ri Rochd,
Mas aill leat bli nochl gum reir;
Ghnaís gu Hallabin a suas,
Cuir geall air luas rish an Fhein,
- 5 Ghluais Rochd an Guiligh nach Tim,
Air Choibhra 'n Fhír bu bliun Guth;
Rainig e Allabhi nan lann,
Bheannuich e do D fhionn san Bhruth.
- 6 San nar huirt Diarmaid Donn,
Mac o Duibhne nach trom Triogh;
Fhír ad a thanig on Chuir,
Gu de choir usa fo 'n Taoigh?
- 7 'S missigh Gille Choirmaig Dhuin,
'S air gach Druim bu bhat mo Rith;
Hainig mi clur Geall air Luas,
Rish na bheil shibh T-shluaigh astigh
- 8 Gheirich Gille nan Cass caoil,
Ga ruidh air feo 'fraoich as Bheann;
Ga ghlaiche 's bu bhor a Phian,
Dherich an Fhian uille as Fionn.
- 9 'S iad a tearnigh gu a Luan,
Shin nar chaidh an sluagh nan trott;
Chuir iad Bein Edin air Chrith,
Aig meid an Rith a reiu Rochd.
- 10 Leim e Ess Ruaigh ga bu bhor,
'S cha do bhean a Bhrog ga Bhord;
Leim Mac Cuhail e gu grad,
'S bha stad air gach Fearr do chach.
- 11 An nair a chunig mo Ríogh,
Bhi briste Gessin an T-shluaigh
Ghia e 'Laibh mu aoin Chois Ruic,
Air Aodin a Chruic thalabhi nair.
- 12 Gach Fearr a thige gar Fein,
A Dhrium genr gu harruing as;
Sin mar chaidh Rochd do thigh Finn;
An connibh a Chinn sa Chas.

F. 7. RANN MAR A CHAIDH ROC A THIGH FHINN. ROC-MAC-CIOCHAIR, GIULLE BH' AIG RIGH CHORMAC. 7 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 80. Advocates' Library, January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

BHA an Giulla so aig an Righ, agus chaidh e chuir geall air fhathas ris an Fheinn uile, is cha rabh aig ach aon chos, is aon lámh, agus aon suil, mar a deir an Rann.

BHA aon chos fodha nach robh mall,
Bha aon lámh as uchd nach cli,
'S aon suil air clar a chinn mhoir,
Bha do dhruigheachd air an fhnaith,
Gu' m bu luaithe 'n aon chos ghearr,
'S nach beireadh air neach air bith.

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

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

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

CORMAC the King of Ireland had an Inchanter, named Rochd; this was his shape, he had one left foot, only one hand, and a circular eye in the middle of his forehead, like the Cyclops Vulcan's servants. The King sent him to try race with the Heroes, for he thought that they would not gain victory in running, but Fingal overtook him, and killed him.

DAN 12.

- 1 TEACHDAIR do bha ag an Rìg,
Re h' àm dol an aithra' dhó;
Gille do bh' aige 'r' a ghairm,
Rochd Mac Fhathachair s' e b' ainm dhó
- 2 Do labhair Cormac re Rochd,
'Ma 's àill leat bli noc do 'm réir;
Truss roimhad gu h' Albhéinn suas,
'S cuir geall do luas ris an Fhéinn.'
- 3 Dh' imich Rochd an gille nach tím,
Le chómhradh nach bu bhinn léinn;
Rainig e Teamhradh nan laan,
'S bheannaich e le greann do 'n Fhéinn.
- 4 'S ann mar se do bha a shnádha,
Bha aon chos chlì as a thóin;
Aon lamh air uchd nach bu tím,
'S aon stúl an clar a chinn mhóir.
- 5 'S e fhreagair e Diarmaid donn,
Mac O Duimhne bu chruinn troidh;
'Fhàir ud a thainig d' ar Féinn,
Cia do thuras fein e 'd thighl.'
- 6 'S mise gille Chormaich chruinn,
'S air gach dream bu mhaith mo ruidh;
Thainig mi chuir geall mo luas,
Ris na bheil sibh shluagh a stigh.'
- 7 Dh' eirich gille nan cos caol,
Da ruidh air fea' fraeich is bhicann;
Dh' eirich ge d' bu mhór a phian,
Dh' eirich an Fhianu uil' is Féinn.
- 8 Bha sinn mar sin o luan gu luan,
A snibhal bhruach, bheann is clmoe;
'S chuir sinn Beinn éudain air chrith,
Le mead na ruidh a rinn rochd.
- 9 Léum e Eas-ruaidh ge mór,
'S ni 'n do lean e bhórd a léum;
'S leum Fionn e gu grad,
'N uair a stad gach fear do 'n Fhéinn,
- 10 'N uair a chunnaig Fionn nam fleadh,
Gu d' bhris e geas an shluaidh;
Dh' iadh e dha léimh mu chois Raichd,
Air eudann a chnuc aibhidh fhuair.
- 11 Mar sin a chuaidh Rochd do thigh Fhinn,
An coinbair a chinn ne chas;
'S gach fear mar thigheadh do 'n Fhéinn,
Bho dhrim géur d' a tharrugas.

O. 18. ROC. 132 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 103. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

Cormac, A.D. 213., sends *Roc* to *Albheinn* (Allen), to run a race with *Fionn*. He catches him at *Eas Ruagh* (Ballyshannon). Then *Cormac*, King of *Ullin* (Ulster), is changed into *Mhullin* (of the Mill) and later into *Mhuile* (of Mull). At * * * the whole thing changes in style and rhythm. It becomes stiff, and all the names from *Cuchulinn* downwards to the end of the last battle are jumbled together in hopeless strife. 'Oscar' slays 'Connachar.' 'Cormac' praises 'Fionn.' Somebody in the East of Scotland manifestly composed upon this theme before 1800. April 1, 1872.—J. F. C.

- 1 LABHAIR Cormac ri Roc,
Ma 's aill leat bli nochd am reir;
Druid roimhad a dh' Albhuin suas,
'S cuir geall luathas ris an Fheinn.
- 2 Ni mise sin air a riar,
Chormaich nan clàr 's nan long;
Ach 's acaal nach tig air m' ais,
O laoiach bhras na mor ghloinn.
- 3 Roc bha acaal riadh nad' eail,
On tharladi tu nam luinn;
Ce cluma ruit an luathas,
Dol suas ri eudainn tuim,
- 4 Luath mar cheathach na beinne,
'S a ghaoth g'a ghreasadh le teirm;
Leum Roc na luag leathain,
A reuba cuan athach gur traigh.

- 5 Latha bha sinn an crom ghleann nan cloch,
Thainig eirne an t-athach ioghna;
Dh' fhalachadh cuig meoire a thraidh,
Trian do urlar an righ thighle.
- 6 Bha mar dhruchd air an fheur
Cha robh ach aon chas chearr o thoin;
Aon lamh as uchd gun bhì cli,
Is aon suil an clar a chiun mhoir.
- 7 Oglaoich thainig an Cuin,
Ciod a thug thu fein de'r tigh;
Is mise gille Chormaich chruinn,
Air gach luim bu math mo ruidh.
- 8 Thaincam a chur geall luathas,
Ris na bheil do shluagh 'nar tigh;
'S faein do bheachd, a Roc nan lub,
Ann a' d' run tha beart chli.
- 9 Cha 'n eil a shluagh aig Cormac nan sleagh,
Na dl' fheucha ruinn an ruidh na fri;
Gluaisench gille nan cosan caol,
Ga ruidh feadh fraeich 's bheann,
- 10 Glaccadh bu mhór a shian,
Dh' eirich an Fhianu uile 's Fionn;
Leum e cas Ruadh, ge bu mhór,
'S cha do bhean a bhord ga throidh.
- 11 Leum Mac Cuthail e gu grad,
'Nuair stad gach fear san Fheinn;
Dh' iadh e lamh ma aon chos Ruic,
Air eudainn cnuc talmhain fhuar.
- 12 Gach fear mar thigheadh do 'n Fheinn,
Bha lann ga tarruing as;
Sid mar chaidh Roc gu tigh Fhinn,
An coinneann a chinn 'sa chas.
- 13 Teachdaireachd fhuair Cormac mor, ? New.
Gu na leona' Roc sa ghreis;
Mhionnaich e bu diobhail duinn,
Nach bitheadh Fiann g' an cheann thoirt leis.
- 14 Ghluais e Chosruidh e thulach ard,
Gu Seallama a chuir fo thuinn;
Bhuail e steach gu comhrag dian,
Cu cian a charrais ud duinn.
- 15 Sheall Fionn o chaislidh nam bnadh,
Suas gu mullach mhull deirg;
Co iad na h-athaich a ghluais,
Fhearruis co 'n slugh air an leirg.
- 16 Ghluais Feargus armach og,
An rod a thainig am feachd;
Co iad na fir chalma dian,
A thrial do chrom ghleann an t-sneachd?
- 17 So Cormac righ Mbuilín an aigh,
Cha 'n eil baigh aige ri neach;
Ag iarraidh coir e Fhionn nam Fiann,
Dioladh Ruic ruaidh nan each.
- * * *
- 18 A Chormac a chuiradh clath cheud,
'S mor am bend do theachd air lear;
Cuimhnic a chemain a bha,
'S gabh baigh dhuit fein bhuil.
- 19 Cha chiall duit tagha gu'r feachd,
Tha ar neart mar chreag nach aom;
'S tric a chuir sinn do namh gu cuan,
Tha Roc na shuain gu faoin.
- 20 Mar beo do Roc nan cleas luath,
Gille bu chruaidhe an cath threun;
Diolaidh mi a leon gu cas'
Ma bhitheas an fhaich am reir (do'm).
- 21 Phill Fearghus bu mhór blagh
'Sa magh a critheadh fo cheumaibh;
Sid e Cormac righ na Muile,
Ag iarraidh fuil Ruic is beuman.
- 22 Crom ghleann 's fhada bha slan,
Is tamh aig eilid nan raon;
Gun ghuth cogaidh gun luaidh air,
Gun fhuaim b'ais a stiuth o Mhaol.

- 23 Fheara na geillibh do 'n athach,
'Se labhair Fionn 's cath na ghruaidh;
Pillibh an ruaig snas Druiamha,
Faiceadh Cormac call a bliumaidh.
- 24 Chaidh na fir an dail a chéile,
Goll a' caithe na faiche;
Oscar mo shar Mhac dealanach,
Caolte eridhe na gaisge.
- 25 Cuthullin an aigne mhóir,
Faolan og, agus Diarmad maiseach;
Toscar nan arm geura
Bha mi fein a' measg nan toiseach.
- 26 Co sheinnadh cath nan laoch,
Co dh' fheuda' a luaidh an t-àr;
Thuit le laimh Ghiul Iolun armach,
Mac rìgh Chormaic sìos air iar.
- 27 Thuit le Oscar Coneyar nan lan,
'S gann dh' fheadta fhearg a chasga;
Dh' eirich Cormac dhìona' a shloigh,
Dh' eirich Fionn suas nar fhrascharn,
- 28 Thachair na fir laimh air laimh,
Chaidh 'n gathan uam bloighdibh a' s t-athar
Tharraing iad an lannan crodha,
Chluinnt ead an arman dabhete.
- 29 Dh' fhalbh clogaide Chormaic chruinn,
Lann bu dultich a chasgaidh;
Chromaich tha do bhas a' m' laimh,
Ach 's aithne do Fhionn Mac na maise.
- 30 Chormaic eirich 's leat t-armachd,
Pill gu talla garbh na macharach;
'S dochdair Alba ri chlaoidh,
'S lionar suidh tha dhi teachrach.
- 31 Roc thuit le lùbaibh fein,
An struth Dhuithie theun nan glas charn;
Siol gun bhaigh eadar an nachdar,
Buaidh gu brath cha tig le taise (gaise).
- 32 Tha Fionn, deir Cormac nan ceud,
Mar shruth do 'n fleur anam na tior;
Mar reul san oidhe da na neoil,
'San ceo a' camadh na cheann gun ehli.
- 33 Bìodh ruim reidh, a fhlath nan ard bheann,
Tha nam h ag iarraidh mo bhagrach;
Eirin uile ged bu leam,
Gheibheadh tu choinn Garna chasgadh.

THE SONG OF THE SMITHY.

CELTIC Heroes had mythical weapons like others of their class. They got them from a monstrous Smith, who belonged to the Norsemen. He was one of three brothers: 'Roc' was one, 'Lon Mac Liobhan,' the hero of this ballad, was another, and 'the Smith of the Ocean' seems to have been the third. Their Father was 'a mighty man.' They had one leg and one eye. This one at least had seven arms, with which he plunged swords into his mother's breast. These mythical Celtic people clearly are the equivalents of Vulcan and the Cyclops, Argos, Brontes, Steropes, &c.; who were slain with arrows by Apollo, because they made thunderbolts, with which Esculapins was slain by Jove. The versions of this ballad are so like each other, that, by the able help of Mr. Hector Mac Lean, we have hammered them into one. In April, 1872, I collated Y. 1., 104 lines, orally collected in Barra, with Y. 2, 37 lines, written in Islay, see Vol. III. 'Popular Tales.' In June, the collector of these and other versions read aloud all other versions which we had got, in their order of date, while I noted each verse of Y. with corresponding letters and numbers. We read D. F. H. M. O. V. Y. Z. From these eight versions, written between 1750 and 1872, by as many collectors, in as many different parts of Scotland, Mr. Hector Mac Lean selected various lines and readings; and, having with great trouble collated the whole, he wrote the words in his modern Gaelic orthography. The result is, that 104 lines taken down from the repetition of one man in Barra, in 1860, have grown to 175 lines, chiefly by the addition of the verses marked F. from Fletcher's version. The story told in these verses is commonly told with many more incidents, but the verse is forgotten. We next read the whole over again for various readings, and added all that concerned

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

'B'aidhearach sinn an dara mhàireach
Ann an Ceardach Lon Mac Liomhcan
Gu bu Mhaith ar 'n oehd eloidheamhnan
'S ar 'n o-ehd Sleaghan rìghne fìor ghluinn.'

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

1. Fionn had
1. Mac an Liun.
2. Gisein
2. Gearr nan Callan; or Gear nan Calg.
3. Osgar
3. A Chruaidh-Chosgarrach; an Eueh-dhrigh; an Driohleannach; an Druidhlannach;
4. Daorghlas
4. An Leadarnach Mhòr; a Chreidh'ich; a Chruaidh-Chosgarrach;
5. Diarmaid
5. An Liòmharnach; an Loimhannach; a Chosgarsach Mhòr;
- 6, 7, 8. The three sons of the tribe of the Smithy, who are often named in other ballads, had three swords. H. 22:—

Bha trì clodheamhnan Chlann na ceardach
Bu ro mhaith am fènn ri gaisgadh
'S b' ainm do chlodheamhnan nan, Saoithean
Feadag is Faobhadh, is Fasdadh.

Otherwise, 6. Fead; 7. Faoidh; 8. Fasdadh—6. Whistler; 7. Sleep, or Rest from pain; 8. Shelter. 9. Goll; and 10. Faolan, one of Fionn's sons, have no swords. 9. A Bhagarach, and 10. Mac-na-Ceardach, or A Chomhlann-Niehd-na-Ceardach, have no masters. Sword is masculine, blade is feminine, so the names vary in different versions. 11. Dearg Mac Drioghan is mentioned once in O., a very imperfect late version; he has no sword; and he does not seem to have anything to do with this adventure. One sword has three masters. Eleven swords are named and eleven men. Caoireal, Fionn's youngest son, is not named. He comes late in the story, and makes up the 12.

Here follows the fused version of the Smithy Song: the only bit of cooking that is to be in this work.

DUAN NA CEARDAICHE.

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

- 1 LATHA dhuinn air luachair leothaid,
Da cheathrar chròdhla dh' aon bhuidhinn;
Mi fhéin a' s Osgar a' s Daorghlas
A' s Fionn féin, gum b' e Mac Cumhail.

D. 2.

- 2 Da cheathrar fhialaidh 's iad beul-dhearg,
Da cheathrar bheul-dhearg 's iad altach;
'Nam suidhe dhuinn air an tulaich,
'S ann leinn 'bu chumha ar cuimhne.

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

- 3 Chumnaic sinn a' teachd 'nar comhdhail,
Olach mòr a' s e air aon chois;
An eulaidh dhuibh ghris-flhin chraicinn,
Le còtan lachdunn 's le ruadh bhraat.

Y. *Le chochal (mhankdal) dubh ciar-dhubh craicinn*
Y. *Le cheanna-bheurt lachdunn 's i ruadh-mhearg.*
Y. *Le i 'onnar lachdunn 's le ruaidh bheurt.*
(bheire) D.

D. 4, H.

- 4 Bha eurrachd mu cheann maol éitidh, (chlogad)
B' i 'ruahal gheur a bha ro-ghruamach;
Aon sùil mholach an clàr aodainn,
'S e 'sior dhèanadh air Mac Cumhail.

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

- 5 'S ann an sin a thubhairt Mac Cumhail,
'N am duime 'bhith 'dol seachad;
Co 'm ball am bheil do thuineadh,
'Ille le d' chulaidh chraicinn?

H. 4.

- 6 Nìor bheannaich an trùth do sheachdnar
Fhinn Mhic Cumhail O Almhuan;
Dhuist 's na comaineann ceudna
Fhuath ro-dhèisnich, éitidh, chcalgaich.

K

O. 4.

- 7 Lonn Mac Lìomhuin gu b' e m' ainm,
Ann tìr Lochlainn fhuair m' t' arach;
Bu nearachd m', aithair do 'n rugadh mise
I 's mo dhithis bràithrean.

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

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

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

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

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

- 9 Cia 'm ball am bheil do cheardach,
A thruth am b' fheairde sinne' faicinn;
Faiceadh sibhs e ma dh' fhaodar,—
Ma dh' fhaodas mise clu-n fhaic sibh.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 10 Gun d' thug iad an sin 'nan sibhual
Air Chòige Mhinnha 'nan luath dhearg;
'S air Ghleann an Buidhe mu bheith
Gun deach iad 'nan ceithir buidhuibh.

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

- 11 Bu bhuidheann diubh sin an gobha,
Bu bhuidheann eile dhiubh Daorghlas;
Bha Fionn 'nan deaghainn 'san uair sin
A 's beagan do dh' uaislean na Féinne.

D. M. O. Y. Z.

- 12 Thug e as mar ghaioith an earraich
'Mach ri' beannaibh dubha 'n t-sìobhe;
'S cha-n fhaiceadh thu ach air òigin
Cearb d' a cìdeadh thar a mhàsan.

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

- 13 Cha ghearradh an gobha ach aon leum
Air gach gleannach faoin ronn fhàsach;
Air sliabh Buidhe mar bheithir,

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 14 A' tearnadh air alltan a' chumir,
A' dìreadh ri bealach nam faobhar;
Chunnaic iad uatha fòir faire
Ionad tàimh a ghobhann éitidh.

D. M. Y. Z.

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

II.

- 15A Chuir iad an lorg siar fù 'n teallach,
Is teannachair do chorran eorrainn;
No ceathair nird a bha re freasdal,
B' fharr no sud a fhreagradh Dorghlas.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 16 Fhuaras an sin builg ri shùideadh;
Fhuaras air òigin a' cheardach;
Fhuaras ceathrar ghobhannach rìgh Meirbhe,
De dhaoine doirbhe mi-dleabhach.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 17 Bha seachd lamhan air gach gobha;
Seachd teachaircan leothair aotrom;
'S na seachd uird a bha 'gan spreigeadh;
'S cha bu mheasa 'fhreagradh Daorghlas.

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

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

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

- 19 Lahhair fear de na goibhinnibh
Gu grìomach agus gu grunmach;
Co e 'm fear caol gun tionna
'Shineas an teinne crudhach?

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

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

D. F. M.

- 21 Fhuaras an sin airm 'n an sìnèadh,
Na claidhmhean lònharra daite;
'S iad coimhlionta air an deandadh,
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, daite;
22 Fhuair sinn an sin am ochd claidhmhean
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, daite;
Tri chladhmhean eile 'nam fochair,
Fead agus Faoidh agus Fasdal.

II.

- 23 Tri chladhmhean chlann na ceardaich
Bu ro mhaith am feum ri gaisge;
'S gum bi 'n lònharraich lann Dhjarnaid,
'S iomadh latha rianh a dhearbh i.

Y. Z.

- 24 A chruaidh chosgarraich lann Osgair;
An leadarnach mhòr lann Chaolte;
Mac an Luin aig Fionn Mac Cumhail,
Nach fàg fuigheal de dh' fhcoil dhaoine.

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

- 25 Agam fhéin bha gearr nan collann
Bu mhòr farum an am truide

F. 22.

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

F. 23.

- 27 Chuir iad an sin croinn mu 'n timchioll,
Co air an d' thigeadh a' chaol-sprìnn;
Co air an d' thàinig an iomairt,
Ach air Fionn, rìgh chlann, Baoisgne.

F. 24.

- 28 Dh' inich Fionn dh' ionnsuidh an dorus,
A 's e làn carruich mu 'n aobhar;
'Se 'tharladh air a' dol seachad
Ceum beag rathaid 's e ri smointeach.

F. 25.

- 29 Lean e gus an do ràinig e dorus,
Bhuail e mar fhear ag iarraidh faoilteachd;
Fhreagair seana-bhean e 'bha easlach;
Gu glie, foistneach rinn i fhoighneachd.

F. 26.

- 30 Cìod na nìthan 'tha thu sìreadh;
Na co as do theachd an taobh so?

F. 27.

- 31 Fhreagair Fionn an sin gu falaidh,
Fios t' ainme b'àill leann fhaostainn?
Cìod e do rìghailt air fuireach?
Na do thùineachas an taobh so.

F. 28.

- 32 'Gur mise màthair a' ghobhann
'Bu mhaith a thobhairt nam faobhar;
'S bha mi ri còmhunnidh 'san asail
Anns am bheil thu 'faicinn m' adainn.

F. 29.

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

F. 30.

- 34 'Tha seachd bliadhna o nach fhaca
Mì mo mhaic na duine de m' chairdean;
Ach ma tha e 'gam' shireadh an ceart uair
Théid mi g' a fhaicinn 'san am so.'

F. 31.

- 35 An sin 'nuair a ghluais Fionn 's a' chailleadh,
'Siar gu dorsaibh na ceardaich;
Chuir e 'bhean a steach an toiseach,
O 'n a bha dosgiadh an dàn dith.

F. 32.

- 36 Sparr an gobha na b-airm dhaite
Mach ceart troimh chorp a mhàthar;
'N sin thuirt e ri Fionn—'A dhroch dhuine
Thug orm dol am fuil nach b' àill leam !'

F. 33.

- 37 Thuirt e ri Fionn—'Sin di chlaidheamh,
'S dèan a thasgaidh anns an sgàrbard;
Thuirt Fionn, 'nuair a ghlaic e 'n chlaidheamh,
Gun robh car ann 's an robh fàillinn.

F. 34.

- 38 Dh' iarr an gobhainn e ri fhaicinn
Cìod an car a bh' ann nach b' àill leis;
B' aithreach le Fionn a thoirt seachad,
'S dh' iarr e 'n lann air ais gun dàil air.

F. 35.

- 39 Sparr e 'n chlaidheamh anns a' ghobhainn,
'S rinn e 'thaghart mar a b' àill leis.

F. 36. H. Y. Z.

- 40 Gun do ghabh sinn an sin mu shiubhal
'Ghabhail sgeula de rìgh Lochlainn;
Gun do labhair an rìgh uasal
Le neart suarraicheas mar bu chubhaidh.

F. M. Y. Z.

- 41 'Cha d' thugamaid air bhurn eagal
Sgeula do sheisear dh' ur buidhinn;
Gun do thog sinne na sleaghan;
'S gum b' ann ri agbaidh nan bratach.

F. M. Y. Z.

- 42 Bha iadsan ann 'nan seachd cathan,
'S cha do smaointich flath air teacheadh;
Ach air làr na Foide Fìneadh
Cha robh sinne ann ach seisear.

F. M. Y. Z.

- 43 Bu dithis diubh sin mis' agus Caoilte,
Bu triuir diubh sin Faolan fial;
Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoiseach;
'S bu chaignear dhiubh 'n t-Oscar calma.

F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 44 Bu sheisear dhiubh Goll Mac Morna,
Nach d' fhuilgadh tàir ri m' chumhne;
Ach sguiridh mi nis d' an àireamh,
O-n chaidh an Fhéinn gu sod oirn.

D. 22.

- 45 O nach mairionn deagh Mhac Cumbail,
Cas shiubhail nam mòr-cheum doireach;
'Bhith air làn an duirn de 'n aran
A' tarraing nan gallanan uisge.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 46 Bu mhaith mi latha na teann-ruith
Ann an ceardaich Loin Mhic Liomhann;
A nochd ged as annbann mo theoir
Déis an sgeoil so 'bhith ga innseadh.

Various Readings.

D. 3. Lines 2, 3.

- 2 Le Mhantal duth ciar dhuth Craicein
3 Le Ionnar Iachdín 's le ruadh-bheire

D. 4.

- 1 Le Chloggaid mu Chean maol Eitidh.
4 Togadar air Nairm ri fhaicinn

O. I. Lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

- Chunucas tighinn o 'n Mhuna
Fear fada dubh 's e air aon chois
Le mhantal ciar dubh ericinn
'S apran de 'n eudach chiánta.

D. 4.

- Le chlogaid mu cheann maol eitidh
A mhaol gheur a 's ise gruamach
Linn duinn a' bhith faicinn an òglaich
Togadar ar 'n airm ri fhaicinn.

H. 3.

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

D. 5. Lines 3, 4.

- Co 'n Tir ann aon bi do Bhunnadh,
Na Fhír ud a Chuthail Chraicein?

H. 5. Lines 3, 4.

- Co an tir am bheil do mhuthinn,
Fhír ud tha fúí 'n chuthail gruamach?

D. 6. Lines 3, 4.

- Gur mishe an Tella Gotha
A bhaig Rìgh Lochlan San Bheirbho

H. 6. Lines 3, 4.

- Gu bheil am umhall Gomha
Aig Rìgh Lochlan anns a' Mheirathair.

D. 18.

- 4 Fead a 's Faodh agus Fasgadh

D. 19.

- 1 A bhagarach 's Mac Ceardieh
2 Bha Chosgarach mhor aig Diarmid.

D. 20.

- 1 Mac an Lein b i Lann Mhic Cuthail
3 Aig Oscar bhithidh an Fuchdrigh
4 'S gum bi Chreidich lann chruaidh Chaoilte

D. 21.

- 1 Agam fein bha Gearr nan Calluin.

H. 20.

- 1 Be Mac an Lein lann Mhic Cuthail
3 'Gu b' e 'n Drioghleannach lann Oscair
'S bi Chruaidh chosgarach lann Chaoilte

H. 21.

- 1 Gu b' i 'n Lainheannach lann Dhiarmaid
3 A-gum fein bha gean nan callunn.

H. 22.

- 1 Bha tri chloidheamhan chlann na ceardach
4 Feadag is Faodhadh, is Fasgadh.

F. 20.

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

F. 21.

- 1 A-gam san bha geur nan calg
3 Machd an Luin a bhaig machd Cuthail.

H. HOW THEY GOT VICTORIOUS ARMS

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

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

THE ARGUMENT.

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

M. 5. CEARDACH MHIC LUIN. 104 lines.

This version is fused with the rest. It is quoted from Gillies for comparison.—J. F. C.

- 1 LA dhuinn air Luachar Leobhar
Do chearar chrogha do 'n bhuighinn
Mi fein,¹ is Oscar² is Daorghlas
Bha Fionn fein ann, is b'e Mac-Cumhail.

¹ Ossian.² Diarmid.

- 2 Chunneas tighinn o' n mhabh
An toglach mor is e air aon chois
Le chochal dubh, ciar-dubh craicion,
Le cheann-bheirt lachdainn is i ruadh-mbeirg.
- 3 Bu ghranda coslas an oiglaich,
Bu ghranda sin agus bu dtaicidh,
Le chlogaid ceann-mhor cèutach,
Mar mhaol eidi' dh'fhàs duaicail.
- 4 Labhair ris Fionn Mac-Cumhail,
Mar dhuine bhiodh dol seachad;
Cia i an tir am bheil do thùin?
Ghiulla le do chulai' chraicion.
- 5 Lun Mac-Liobhain, 's e m' ainm ceart,
Na 'm biodh agaibhs beachd sgeul orm,
'S gu 'm bithinn re obair Gobhainn
Aig Rì Lochlainnann an Spaoil'.
- 6 Thainig mi gur cnir so gheasaibh
O 's luchd sibh thia freasdal armaibh,
Sibh gu mo leantain buighinn shocair,
Siar gu dorsaibh mo Cheardaich.
- 7 Ciod am ball am bheil do Cheardach?
Na 'm fearda sinne, g'a faicinn?
Faicadh sibhs sin, na dh' fhaodas,
Ach na dh' fhaodas mise, cha 'n fhaicsibh.
- 8 Sin n'ar chuididh iad nan siubhal,
Mar chuide mugha na lùmedheirg
Air sìabh buidhe nar bheithir
Gu 'n robh sinn' nar ceathrar buighnibh.
- 9 Bu bhuighinn dhiubh sin an Gebhainn
'S bu bhuighinn eile dhiubh Daorghlas,
Bha Fionn 'nar deilbh sin uair sin
Is beagan do dh'naibh na Fèine.
- 10 Cha deanadh an Gobhainn ach aon-cheum,
Thair gach gleannan faoin 'n robh fàsach
Cha ruigeadh oirne ach air eigin,
Cearb d'ar n' aodach shuas ar masaihb.
- 11 Tearnan gu urlar a choire
Dire re bealach na saothair;
Fosa beag ort, ars' an Gobhainn,
Druidse romham arsa Daorghlas.
- 12 'S na fàg mi 'n dorsaibh do Cheardaich
Ann aite tean is mi 'm aonar.
- 13 Fhuaras ann sin builg g'an scide
Fhuaras air eigin ceardach
Fhuaras ceathrar Goibhinnibh re meirbhidh
Do dhaoine dairbhe na dhealbhabh.
- 14 Gu 'n do labhair fear do na Goibhinnibh
Gu grimeach agus ga gruamach
Co e am fear caol gun timeadh,
A shineadh mach timne Cruadhach.
- 15 Dubhairt Fionn fear fuasgha' na ceisto,
(An lann nach taganbh 'san fhiadhach)
Cha bbi 'n t ainm sin sgaoilte,
Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so.
- 16 Bha seachd lannan air a Ghoibhin
Agus seachd teanclair leobhar aotrom,
Na seachd iùrd a bha g'a spreige,
'S cha bu meas a fhrèagra Caoilte.
- 17 Caoilte fear fhaire na Ceardaich,
Sgeul deirbhte gu 'n troid e
Gu 'm bu deirge na 'n gual daraich
A shuadh, a toradh na h-oibre.
- 18 Fhuaras ann sin na 'n sine,
Do armaibh dìreach daite
'S an coliana air an deanaibh
Do dh'armaibh sinte na faiche.
- 19 Fead, agus Faoi' agns Fasdai,
Is a Chonlann nic na Ceardaich,
'S an lann fhad' a bh'aig Diarmad
'S ioma' la riamh a dhearb i.
- 20 Agam fein a bha Deire na 'n colag,
Bu mhor farum a truide
'S Mac-an-Luin a bh'aig Mac-Cumhail,
Nach d' fhaig fuigheal do fheoil dhaoine.

- 21 Gu 'n do ghabh sinne na shiubhal,
Ghabhail sgeula do Rì Lochlan;
Sin n'ar labhair an Rì uasal,
Le neart saire nar bu chuma.
- 22 Cha tugamaid air blur eagal
Sgeul do sheisir do'r buighinn
Gu na thog sinn na sleghan
'S gu 'm b'ann re agbaidh na 'm bratach.
- 23 Bha iadsan ann na 'n seanchd cathan,
Cha do smuainich flath re teiche
Ach air lar na foide fineadh,
Cha robh sinne ann ach seisir.
- 24 Bu dithis diubh sin mis; agus Caoilte
'S bu triuir dhiubh Faolan feall,
Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoiseach,
'S bu chuirear dhiubh an t-Oscar calma.
- 25 B' e sheisir Goll Mac-Mórna,
Nach d' fhuilg thair re m' chùine
Togaibh mi tuile dheth 'n àireamh,
O chuididh 'n Fheinn gu sodra'.
- 26 Bu mhat mi la na teann-ruith
Ann am Ceardaich Lónaich Lùbhain.
An nochd 's anmhamm mo chùil
An deis a bhi 'g rìreamh na buighne.

A MHIULEIRTEACH. D. F. M. O. &.

This personage is described in ballads as a woman, having one terrible eye swift as a mackerel, shaggy hair, black blue complexion, and teeth encumbered with splinters of bone. According to some versions, an eagle, or a griffin with claws like a tree was on her head. So at least I read the words. She was an ally of the Norsemen. She came from the sea, and fought all the Feinne, who made a battle ring of their seven battalions before they slew her. Perhaps she represents one of Odin's corse choosers. I have the following versions:—D. 9. 84 lines. F. 9. 36 lines. J. 2. 87 lines. M. 6. 120 lines. O. 16. 105 lines. S. 1. 97 lines. Y. 2. 225 lines. Z. 3. 30 lines = 687 lines. All these were orally collected between 1750 and 1872, between Dunkeld and the Islands. I print five versions. My own version, orally collected before 1862, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, will be found in Vol. III. In translating, I will make the best I can of the whole. I tried to fuse these versions, but could not do it to my satisfaction.

D. 9. DUAN A MHIULEARTICH.

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

- 1 La do 'n Fheinn air Tallich toir,
Re abhrac Erin nan Tiomchil;
Chunnaire iad air Bharribh Thonn,
An Tarrachd eitidh aotail crom,
- 2 She b' ainm do 'n Dfhuath nach ro fann,
Am Muileartich mail ruagh mathiønn
muantich
Bha Haodin du-glas air Dhreich guail,
Bha Dend carbadich claoin-ruagh.
- 3 Bha aoin shuil ghloggich na ceann,
'S bu luagh i na rinnich Maorinn;
Bha greann ghlas duth air a ceann,
Mar dhroch Coill chrinich fo air Chritbeann.
- 4 Rì abharr nan Fian bu bhor Goil,
T shauntich a bhiast teachd bhi nan Innis;
Mhaibh i le Habbichd Ciad Laoich,
Sa Gaira mor na gairbh Chraois.
- 5 Cait a bheil Fir as fearr na shud,
An Diugh ad Fhein a Mhich Cubhal;
Chuirinse shud air do Laibh,
A Mhileartich Mhathion mhaol chammapach.
- 6 Air sea Luchd chumail nan Conn,
Na bi oirne gad mhaoitidh;
Gheibh u Cabbhig as gaibh shith,
Huirt Mac Cubhal an tard Riogh.
- 7 Gad' gheibhinse Brigh Erin nille,
A Hor 'sa Hairgid sa Hiuibhis;
Bearr leom u Chosgairt mo T-shleigh,
Oscair a Racine, sa Chaorail.

- 8 An T-shleigh shin ris a bheil u fas,
San aice ha do dhian-bhas;
Caillidh tu Dos a Chinn ehirn,
Re deo Mhac Ossain a dhearraigh.
- 9 Busa dhuit ord crotidh nan clach,
A chaigna fod 'l Fhiaclan
Na cobhrig nan Fian fuillich.
- 10 'N shin nar dherich Fraoch na Beist,
Dherich Fionn Flath na Feinigh;
Dherich Oscar Flath nan Fearr,
Dherich Oscar agus Iullin.
- 11 Dherich Ciar-dhuth Mac bramh,
Dherich Goll mor agus Connan;
Dherich na Laoich nach bu tiom,
Laoich Mhic Cubhail nan arm grinn.
- 12 Agus rein iad Cro-coig-eath,
Mun Arrichd eitidh san Ghleann;
A chearthir Laoich a b' fhearr san Fhein,
Choibhrigidh i iad gu leir,
Agus fhrithilidh i iad ma sheach,
Mar Ghath Rinne na Lasrich.
- 13 Hachir Mac Cubhail an aigh,
Agus a Bhiast Laibh air Laibh;
Bha Druchd air Barribh a Lainne,
Bha laibh a Cholla ri Guin bualidh.
- 14 Bha Braoin ga Fhuil air na Fraochibh,
Thuit am Muileartich leis an Righ;
Ach ma thuit cha b' ann gun strith,
Deichin cha duair e mar shin.
- 15 O La Ceardich Loin Mhic Liobhain,
Ghluais an Gotidh leis a Bhrigh;
Gu Teich Othar an ard Rìogh,
'S bu sgeuligh le gotha nan cuan,
Gun do bharragh am Muileartich maithion maol
ruagh.
- 16 Mar dechidh e an Tailibh tole,
Na mar do bhatigh am muir do bhain Long,
Cait 'an ro Dhaone air bith,
Na bharraigh am Muileartich mathionn.
- 17 Cha ne bharbh i ach an Fhian,
Buighlin leis nach gabhr Ghabh;
'S nach deid Fua na arrachd as,
Fon T sluagh alnu Fhalt-bhui-iompaidh.
- 18 Bheir mise Briathar a rist,
Ma bharbhig am Muileartich min;
Nach fhaig mise aoin na Ghleann,
Tom, Innis na Eillain.
- 19 Bheir mi breapadich air muir,
Agus enagadich air Tir;
Agus ni mi coran Coill (crocoian)
Ga tarraing hugamasa Taitheichean (Treibh-
ichean).
- 20 S mor an Luchd do Loingean ban,
Erin uille do Thog bhail
'S nach dechidh do Loingean riabh air sail,
Na thoga Coigibh do dh' Erin.
- 21 Mile agus Caogid Long,
Sin Caibhlich an Righ gu trom
A dol gu Cricibh Erin
Air hi na Feinigh nan taragh (fanagh).

F. 9. CHAILLEACH 'THAINIG GU TULAICH FHOIRR.

Fletcher's Collection, page 75. 36 lines. Advocates' Library. January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—March 21, 1872. Wars of the Gaedhel with the Gaill. Todd, 1867. xcv Introduction; page 41. Text. Examples of female adventurers taking command of a fleet are not uncommon in Scandinavian history. The ships of the russet damsel, 'Inghin Ruaidh,' and the ships of 'Oduind' appear amongst the names of Sea Rovers in the Danish invasions of Munster, together with the name of Carl Otter, the black, who was slain in Scotland by Constantine III., A.D. 916.

In this version the poetry is partly written as if it were prose.

Là ga 'n rabh Fionn na shuidhe air Tulaich Fhoirr
's an Fheinn uile na thiomchioll, chunnacadar a'
teachd air barr nan tonn, Caillach eigh, leothar,
chrom, aig teachd a dhubhairt comhraig orra.

- 1 Air bhith do Fhionn air tulaich Fhoirr,
'G amhare Eirinn mu thimchioll,
Air faicinn dha teachd air bharr thonn,
Earrachd eigh, fheall, chrom.
- 2 Bu mhòr a h-ionnd 's a fàs,
Bu luath cuid siubhail ri h-aois.
Bha cuarain iarrainn mu dà mhàs,
Bha faclan siar seach a craos;
- 3 Bha claidhe meirgeach air a erios,
Ri àm feirge bu gharbh greis,
Bha da shleagh iarrainn air an taobh eile
Do 'n fhuar' chul-liath Chailliche.
- 4 Bha car ga ionain mu chaoil a duirn,
Bha car ga caothair mu chaoil-druim;
Bha h-aodan du-ghlas air dhreach guail,
Bha dend charabadach chran ruadh,
- 5 Bha aon suil ghalach na ceann,
'S bu luaithe i na rionnach maoire,
Bha greann-ghlas orra' mar bhi
Na mar choill chrionaich air crith,
- 6 Air faicsinn dhi an Fhian mu dheas,
Chuca ghabh a bhiast nan innis.
'N sin thubhairt a Chailleach ruitha,
- 7 Thainig mis' dhubhairt comhraig;
Air Fionn mac Cuthail 's air Goull, mac-Morne,
Is air mac Luthaich bu gharg gair
Air Caoirreal agus air Baoisge.
- 8 Thainig a Chailleach oirnn n' ar n' àireamh,
Is rinn i oirnn cion gun chomain,
Mharbha leatha cend laoch,
'S bha gaire na garbh chraos.

M. 6. DUAN A MHUIREARTUICH, NO MHUIL-EARTUICH. 120 lines.

- 1 LATHA d' an Fheinn air tulaich shoir
Ag amhare Eirinn mu 'n timchioll
Chunnaire iad ag teachd air fonn
An t-arracht eitidh creathoil crom.
- 2 'S e b' ainm d' an fhuath nach robh tiom
Am Muireartach maol ruadh Muingeann
Bha eadan du-ghlas air dhreach guail
Bha dend a charbuid clao ruadh.
- 3 Bha aon suil ghlegach na cheann
'S bu luaithe e na rionnach maodhair
Bha greann ghlas-dubh air a cheann
Mar choille chrionuich fo chrith-reo.
- 4 Re faic'inn na Feinne bu mahor goil
Shantnuich a bheist a bhith nan innis
- 5 An tosach mireadh agus àir
Rinneadh leis gean gun chomain,
Mharbh e le abhachd cend laoch
'S a ghlaire na gharbh chraos.
- 6 O loch nan Cuach thainig mi
Gu teith diomasach deadh dhian,
Geill as gach aon fhear sa chath
Gur e dh' iar am fuath gu comhrag.
- 7 Fear is fear na chomhrag ceud
Chuireadh an righ dh' fhios na beist,
'S mar ruitheadh a mhuir-chlach muigh
Mharbhadh am Muireartach Muingeann,
- 8 Cait am bheil fir a 's fear na sud;
'S e labhair am Muireartach Muingeann,
San tìr san tainig mi chugaibh,
Mhic Cumhail, gu grain nan oilcìn.
- 9 Chuirinn-se sud air do laimh
A Mhuileartuich Muingeann chlaoin chaim,
Air seath luchd chumail nan cón
Na bith oirne ga d' mhaointheadh.

- 10 Gheibh thu cumhadh 's gabh sith,
Thuit Mac Cumhaill an t-ard rìgh,
Deich ceud ubhall d' an òr ghlan
'S tog dh'inn a chulannichnan coin.
- 11 Ge d' gheabhuinn-se brìgh Eirinn uile
A h or a h airgid 's ah iomhas
B' fhearr leam fo chosgairt mò shleagh
Oscar, is Raoinne, is Cairioll.
- 12 Labhair laoch nach d'fhuiligh tair
Mac Mornai d'am b' ainm Conan,
Caillidh tu dos a chinn chrin
Re deagh Mhac Oissain d' fhoir rìgh.
- 13 B' asadh dhuit ord crotbhadh nan cloch
A chagnadh fo d' dhendaich
Na comhrag nam Fiann fuileach
Air nach do bhuadhaich aon duine.
- 14 Dh'eir'ich Fionn flath na Feinne,
Nuair chunnaic e colg na beiste
Dh'eir'ich Oissain flath nam fear
Dh'eir'ich Oscar agus Iolunn.
- 15 Dh'eir'ich Ceothach nan arm nuadh
Dh'eir'ich sud is Raoinne ruadh
- 16 Dh'eir'ich Ciar-dhubh Mac Brabh
Dh'eir'ich Art Mac Moinn nam Mionn.
Dh'eir'ich dàis a b' ainm dreach
Cuchuluinn is Faolan neo mhacas.
- 17 Dh'eir'ich na laoiach nach bu tìom
Laoich Mhic Cumhaill nan arm grinn
Rìnu iad cro chum a chatha mhoir
Mu 'n arracht air faiche nan seleo.
- 18 A cheathrar laoch a b' fhearr san fheinn
Chomhrugaidh e iad gun leir
Is thrithleadh o iad mu'd seach
Mar ghatb rainne na lasrach.
- 19 Thachair Mac Cumhaill an aigh
Is a bheiste laimh air laimh;
Bha taobh a cholla re guin bualuidh,
Bha braon d' a fhuil air na fraochuibh.
- 20 Thuit am Muileartach leis an rìgh,
Ach ma thuit cha b' ann gun strì
Deuchainn cha d' fhuair e mar sin
O la ceardaich Lóin Mhic Libhainn.
- 21 Dh'fhalbh an Gobhain leis a bhrìgh
Gu teach athar an aird rìgh;
Rinneadh beud, deir Gobhain nan cuan,
Mharbhadh am Muileartach ruadh.
- 22 A rìgh Beatha dhuit is nair
Ar saruchadh le luchd aon oilain.
- 23 Mur do loisg feine, mur do bhatb tonn,
Mur do shluig nuair leathann lom,
Cha robh do dhaoineibh air domhain
Na Mharbhadh am Muileartach Muingeann.
- 24 Cha b'e mharbh e ach an Fhiann
Buidheann leis nach gabhtadh fiann;
Cha d' theid fuath na airrachtas
O 'n t-sluagh aluin fhalt-bhuidhe chas.
- 25 Bheir mise briathar a ris
Ma mharbhadh am Muileartach min
Nach tog mi do Eirinn aigh
Tom, innis, no oilain;
- 26 Nach tog mi an eorruibh mo long
Eirinn choranta cho-throm
- 27 Cuiream breabannuich air muir
Ga togbhlail as a tonn-bhalla,
Crocin chroma re tìr
Ga tarruing as a taibhe.
- 28 Is mor an luach do loingis bhain
Eirinn uile a dh' aon laimh
'S nach deachaidh loingear air sal
A thogadh cuige do dh' Eirinn.
- 29 Chuir e fios gu flathaidh Fàil
Am Muileartach fhaotain da slan
No barra brìgh Eirinn uile
Eadar mhaic rìgh is aon duine.

- 30 Gabh mo chomhairle, 's in choir
Labhair Mac Cumhaill mhic Trein-mhoir,
Is fearr or cruinne nan clach
Na comhrag nam Fiann fuileach.

O. 16. AM MHUIREARTACH.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 93. 105 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.

Fragments of the ballad which is current in 1871, with lines from other ballads introduced near the end, where the whole is much broken.

- 1 La dhuinn air tulaich *Soire* (Soiruidh),
Ag amharc Eirin uile mar tìomchioll;
Chunncas tighinn air bharrabhb thonn,
Arc aild agus iall chrom.
- 2 Is e b' ainm do 'n uamhanach ghlan,
Am Muileartach Maol ruagh Mhaighe (mhara)
Bha a b-endainn du' ghlas air dreach guail,
'S a dead charbad garbh ruagh.
- 3 Aon suil ghlogach na ceann,
Na bu lauidhe na sionnachda mhaighe (rannach)
(mara)
Agus greann liath-glas troimh a ceann;
Mar choille chrionaich fo chrith-reoth (do chrithionn).
- 4 Air faicsinn nam Fiann fo geasamb (ma coin-neamh),
Tigeadh a bheisd do 'n Innis;
'Se steud mìle gan tionndadh,
- 5 Mharbh i le gean gun choman,
Deich ceud laoch,
Agus a guire na garbh chraos,
- 6 Co iad na laoiach a b' fhearr na sud,
O 'n tì o 'n d' thainig mi;
A thug sibhse air saile,
Air sgath Chonalaich nan con (Choniallaich),
- 7 Oirne na bitheadh gach maoithe (Mbaoidhe),
- 8 Bannsa air barraibh mo shicagh,
Oscar is Raoini is Caoirral;
- 9 Deir an laoch nach d' fhuiligh tair,
Mac Morna do 'm b' ainm Conan.
Fagaidh tu dos a chinn chrine,
Re Mac Oisein iarraidh;
- 10 Triath as gach naonar 'sa' mhagh,
Gar e dh' iarr a bheisd gu comhrag;
Comhrag de luchd comhrag ceud,
Chuir sinne a dh' ionnsuidh na beisd.
- 11 Bha bheisd gam frith lannadh seachd,
Mar *fhiodh chonua* air lassadh (*Iolum*).
- 12 Gun tharla Mac Cuthail an aigh,
Agus a' bheisd laimh air laimh;
Earlunn cha 'n fhacas air sir,
O Cheardach Loin Mhic Liomhuinn.
- 13 Cha bu dona Ioghuir an aigh,
Rinn colbhair air an laoch ann ruadh;
Oisean le 'n deargar na gil,
Oscar arm ruadh agus Iolunn.
- 14 Ach thuit a bheisd leis an rìgh,
Ma thuit cha b' ann gan chis (stri);
Gun deach an Gabhainn leis a bhrìgh,
Gu teach Gobha an ard rìgh
- 15 A dh' innseadh gu 'n do mharbhadh a Mhuireartach (mhin).
- 16 Mar do shluig talamh toll,
No Muir leathan lom;
Cha robh air an talamh sa a shluagh,
Na mharbha' a' Mhuireartach ruadh.
- 17 Cha ni rinn e ach am Fionn (an Fheinn),
An dream leis an cuirte gach geill;
'S ann duitsa ta a maire a rìgh,
Do chis chatha bli aig luchd *oilean* (*elan*).

- 18 Ma mharbhadh a Mhuireartach mhin,
Bheir mise briathar dhi;
Nach fag mi ann an Eirin elach,
Ald, no amhainn no fireach,
- 19 Gun an togbail air bharruibh mo long,
An corpa cothromach co trom,
- 20 Gun tugainn breabanaich air Muir,
Gun togail as an tighibh;
- 21 Corr is nao mìle long,
Thug rìgh Lochlain leis;
Chum foid na h-Eirin a ghabhail,
- 22 Dh' ionnsuidh bas na h-Eirin uile
Eadar rìgh agus ro dhuine.
- 23 Teachdaireachd gu Flath Fail,
Chuir Fionn flath an t-sluaigh;
Gabh cumha is dean coir,
- 24 Is gheibh thu deich ceud bratach chaol datha,
Deich ceud ealtainn chaol chatha.
Deich ceud lan chu thar chonnaibh.
Deich ceud con iall lan trom,
- 25 Deich ceud cu coilair *cille* (*cille*).
Bheireadh Fionn flath na Feinne,
Gabh cumha is dean coir;
Agus gheibh thu deich unga de 'n òr dhearg.
- 26 Ged fhaigheadh e gach seud bhuagha,
A bh' ann Eirin uile;
Cha phill se a long,
Gus am bi Eirin aig air aon *rugla* (*rutla*).
- 27 Fearus fìlìdh toscar rìgh,
Fear a labhradh gu iular mìn,
Labhair e gu fìor ghlic, sar ghlic,
Kis an rìgh ba neo-bhrathail;
- 28 Ge b' e beag leat tha 'n Fheinn ann,
Bheir thu do theann leum air ais,
Do d' luing ghlaiss,
Air no fuilingeachd tu t-aimbleas.
An laimh do fhraoich is d' fheirge.
- 29 Ille 's brengach do bheil,
Trian na bheil an so do shluagh,
Cha robh agaibhse rianh an Eirin;
Dhuinne bu mhaigh dol nan dail,
Agus dhoibhse bu mhaigh teachd thugainn.
- 30 Ba iomadh muinial gu maoladh,
Agus corp g' an trom aomadh;
O thus greine gu comh fheasgar,
O laimh treuna an Oseair (*lamha*).
- 31 Bha lamh an Oseair an tiugh an t-sluaigh,
Agus leigeadh leis cuig ceud fear sleagh gach uair.
Ach gu 'n thuit air dhìth 'n t-sluaigh,
Aon rìgh air meud ionmhas.
- 32 An sin do chuir sinn an ruaig
Mar chliath chatha ri 'n sailtibh bha sinn;
Nar cleath chatha g' an ioman,
Air pilltinn duinn air ais,
Air leinn gu 'n bu cruaidh an coltas;
Rinn corran nan sleagh,
Na toita tròi chom an Oseair.
Neo-ionmhan.

From John Stewart, tenant, Bohaly, aged 86. November 1, 1808.

& MUILEARTACH. 30 lines.

Written by Mac Phail from the recitation of Norman Murray Habost Ness Lewis. 1866. This fragment is curiously altered.

- 1 LA do 'n Fhianm air tullach Oirm,
'G amharc Eirinn mu 'n timcheall;
Chuala iad gaoraich air mhuir lom,
Chunnacas mar mhuc air bharr thonn.
- 2 'S b' ainm dha an Fhuath nach gann,
An Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;
Bha h-aodan air dhreach a ghual,
Deud Chartad cho ruadh.

- 3 An aon suil gbolach bha na ceann,
Bu luath e na riomach moime;
'S an falt liath bh' air a ceann,
Mar choille-chrion-chribhean.
- 4 Ach mar do shluigh talamh toll i,
No mar do bhàth muir sleamhainn lom i;
Cha d' thaing chum an t-saoghail a rianh,
Lion a mharbhadh a Muileartach.
- 5 Thuit arsa Gobha nan cuan,
Mur cil an Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;
Clach cha 'n fhag mi dh' Eirinn ud thall,
Ann alt no 'm fireach no 'n ambain.
- 6 Togaidh mi an coire mo luinge Eirinn,
Chomhanta-cho-throm;
'S chluinntear bragadaich muir,
Ga tarraing as a tathan.
- 7 'S mor an eualach de luingeas bàna,
A thogadh an cuigeadh de dh' Eirinn:
Cuig fichead 'us mìle long
- 8 A thog an rìgh 's gar achd-throm,
Gu cis Eirinn a chur fo snal,
'S rìgh na Feinne na *fenadh*.

MANUS, &c. D. G. H. I. M. O. &.

THE demand for Fionn's Wife, and for his magic cup, and for his arms, and mythical hounds, led to the slaying of the mythical people above-mentioned:—The Musician, and the Witch, and Roc, and the seven-armed Smith his brother, and the Smith's mother; and the King's foster-mother, the 'Muireartach.' The Smith of Ocean, whoever he may have been, tells 'Manus,' and the King himself in person leads a great fleet to avenge his 'Muime' and conquer Ireland, and the Celtic Heroes. Ballads about 'Manus' were universally quoted as 'the originals' of 'Fingal' from 1762 till Mac Pherson's 'originals' appeared in 1807. Collectors in all parts of Scotland wrote versions of the Lay of Manus; and many of these still exist, as they were gathered by the Highland Society, about 1800. All versions known tell the same story, which is not Mac Pherson's.

'The Battle of Ventry,' A. 19, proves that ballads about battles fought on the coast of Ireland, between foreign invaders and Celtic Heroes, were current in Lismore in 1512. In 1739, Pope got C. 4. 'The Battle of Gabhra,' in Sutherland, which belongs to the series. About 1755, Mac Nicol, minister of Lismore, got D. 11, 12, 13, 14. About the same time, Fletcher, in Achalladar, got F. 12, and other bits of the story in Argyll. About 1762, Mac Diarmid wrote G. 2, in the Central Highlands. About 1774, Kennedy got H. 12, 13, and I. 4, 6, &c., about the coasts of Argyllshire. In 1780, Hill got J. 3, at Dalnallyn, from a blacksmith, and printed what he got. Before 1784, Mac Arthur got K. 1, 2, 3, in Mull; and Dr. Young, an Irishman, got in Scotland, L. 5, &c., which he printed. In 1786, Gillies, of Perth, printed M. 7, 8. In 1789, Miss Brooke printed N. 3, which is an Irish version of the ballad of 'Manus.' About 1801, Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, wrote O. 9, 14. In 1805, the Highland Society quoted the ballad in their report. R. About the same time they got a transcript which is marked '16, Poems of Ossian, collected by I. Mac Donald in the western parishes of Strathnaver, Ross, and Inverness-shire, Sept. and Oct. 1805;' S. 1., 400 lines; S. 7., &c. In 1813, Mac Callum printed V. 8, 9. In 1862, I printed part of the story. Y. 2., orally collected in Uist, and Y. 11, part of the sequel. I then had in MS. Z. 18, 22, 23, 26, 40, 63, 71. Seven fragments of the poetry. I have lots of scraps besides.

In 1871, the Policeman at Tiree sang me the Lay of 'Manus.' John Cameron, at Castlebay, in Barra, sang 41 verses, 164 lines, almost as in Gillies, omitting one verse. September 26, Angus Mac Donald, in South Uist, sang me his version, in which was this verse:

'Sin a labhair Fionn
Oair agus buaidh
Bheir mi a' fear theid sìos
Le sgeul a nuas o 'n t-sluagh.'

The place for this verse is after the 11th in D., and the 8th in G., the 10th in H., I., and the 7th in M., O. The place of it is vacant in all the versions which I had gathered from 1750 downwards; and the gap was filled by a clever old fellow who cannot read a word.

In June, 1872, I got a copy of S. 1, and there found an equivalent verse.

This seems to me conclusive. This ballad has pervaded Ireland and Scotland for more than a hundred years, it has been orally preserved ever since it became a ballad. Mac Pherson got hold of it. It is worked into the English Fingal, but there is none of it in the Gaelic Fingal. Few ballads in any language have such a pedigree. But, on the other hand, I never heard a reciter repeat any part of Fingal as it was distributed *gratis*, in Gaelic, in 1818. Nor can I find a single verse of it in any ballad, from A. to Z. In 1805, Dr. Donald Smith picked more than 800 lines out of Manus and other ballads, which he arranged and printed above passages selected from Mac Pherson's English of 1762. In 1807, 'The Originals of Ossian's Poems' were published. In 1872, I print many of the very ballads out of which Dr. Donald Smith picked lines, in order that Gaelic scholars may judge for themselves.

In 1805, Mac Donald and his authority, Alexander Mac Rae, North Erradale, P. of Gerloch, aged 80; had recited and written in order:—1. The Muircartach. 2. Manus. 3. The Banners. 4. Fionn's Banner. 5. Fionn's Tribute. 6. The Battle of Beinn Eidin. All these exist separately. I had arranged them in this order, long before Mac Donald's manuscript was discovered by Mac Phail, in a heap of papers, in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, in 1872.

The story is, therefore, metrical popular history, orally preserved, which believers in Mac Pherson's Ossian condemned as spurious, and cast aside. The chronology needs explanation. If any Scandinavian Monarch invaded Ireland in the 3rd century, the dates agree. If the Monarch meant be 'Magnus Barelegs,' who was slain in attacking Ulster, 1103, then popular bards or Irish historians err. Cormac's army of the 3rd century conquer Manus about 900 years after their date, and Oisein, one of them, goes back 670 years, to tell the story to St. Patrick.

In order that scholars may read, I print:—D. 10, dated 1755, with notes from G., dated about 1762; which versions are alike. D. 12. The Banners. A similar passage from A., 1512, follows, in the place which seems to belong to the ballad in which it occurs. It also occurs in S. 1. I print H., the first of Kennedy's copies, with I., all that he added in his second copy. J., got from a Smith at Dalnally, can be read in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1782-1783. K. is in the first number of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. M. 7. I reprint from Gillics, as the first printed Scotch version, 1786. N. is the first and only printed Irish version. The book is easily got at, and I want room. I print O. with references to M., to show, that a book, printed at Perth, had not affected oral recitations at Dunkeld, after 14 years, and to show that Mac Pherson's Gaelic Fingal was then unknown in his own district, a few years before it was printed. I do not print Mac Callum's version, 1816, V. A short fragment marked & S., illustrates the present fragmentary preservation of ballads even in districts where their recital has been forbidden. In it the Dialogue between Padruig and Oisein survives. I do not print my own collection. To print all existing versions of Manus is more than I can undertake single handed. As Mr. Kennedy says:—

'Observe the Poems.'

G. 2. ORAN A CHLEIRICH,

OR THE DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE BETWEEN THE FIANDS AND THE DANES. 1872. 168 lines.

G. 2, copied from a manuscript wrote in the year 1762, by Eobhau Mac Diarmad, possessed in 1872 by John Shaw, meal-miller, at Kenlochraimneach. Copied by John Dewar, June 11, 1872. Collated with Mac Nicol's version, and all notable variations entered in italics.

D. 10. OSSHAIN AGUS AN CLEIRICH. 1755. 188 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 3, 1872. These two had some common written ancestor, as I believe, from their accordance.

G. 1.—OSSHAIN.

- 1 A Chlerich a chanais na Sa'Im,
Air lion féin gur borb do Chial,
Nach eist hu Tamuil re sceil
Air an Fhein nach fhachd bu riambh.

G. 2.—CLEIRICH.

- 2 Air mo Chumhshas Mhic Fhoim
Ga bein leat bhi teachd air Thein,
Fuaim na 'n Saimu ar feadh mo Bheoil
Gur he siud bu bheoil damh Fein.

G. 3.—OSSHAIN.

- 3 Na bi tu Coimheadadh do Shalm
Re Fianachd Erin nan Arm nochd,
A Chlerich, gur lán ole lium
Nach sgarain do Chean red Chorp.

G. 4.—CLEIRICH.

- 4 Sin faoid Chomrichsa, a Fhir mhoir
Laoich do bheoil gur binn leum fein,
(G.) *Toghar leatsa* Fagamaid suas Altair Thein.

Sallan ann.

Bu bhinn bhinn bhi teachd air Thein.

G. 5.—OSSHAIN.

- 5 Na mbidin thu, Chlerich chaoimh,
Air an traidh ha siar fa dheas,
Aig Eass Ibhridh nan' Shruth sheamh
Air an Fhein bu mhòr do Mheas.

G. 6.

- 6 Beannachd air Anam an Laoich
Bu ghairbhe Fraoch ans gach Greish,
(G.) *Ard righ* Fearn mac Cumhail, Cean nan Sloigh
Lughan O san air a laointe 'n Teass

G. 7.

- 7 La dhuinne fiaghach na 'n Dearg.

'S nach derich an Tealg nar Car,
(G.) *iomairt n'as* Gu facas deich Mile Bäre
ramh on o'ir. Air an Traidh a teachd air Lear.

8.

- 8 Sheasabh sinn uil air an Leirg,
Thiomail an Fhein as gach Taoibh;
Seachd catha-archarie gu prop,
Gur e dhiaidh mu mhachd Nin Taoig.

9.

- 9 Thanic an Cabhlach gu Tir
Greadhin nach bu bhinn hair leinn
Bu lionmhor ann Pùbail Sroil
Ga thoighbhall leo os an Cean.

10.

- 10 Hogiad an Coishri on Choill
'S chuir iad orra an Airm ghaidh
'S an air Gualin gach Fuir mhoir
Is thog iad orra on Traibh.

G. 8.

- 11 Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Fhein;
An flidir shibh fein co na sloigh,
Nan ndisruigh sibh co Bhuidhin bhorb
Bheir an Deannal cruaidh san Straclid.

G. 9.

- 12 Sin nuair thuirr Connan a ris;
Co bail leat, a Righ, bhi ann?
Co shaoleadh tu Fhinn nan Cath
Bhiodh ann ach flath na righ?

G. 10.

- 13 Co gheomid an air Fhéin,
Rechidh a ghabhail sgeul don sluadh,
'S a bheiridh bugain e gun cleth,
'S gu beireadh e breith is buaidh?

G. 11.

- 14 Sin nuair huirr Conan a ris:
Co bail leat, a righ, dhul ann;
Ach Fearghus fíor ghlic do Mhachd,
O she chleachd bhi dul nan Cean?

G. 12.

- 15 Beir a Mhallachd, a Chonain mhaoil,
Huirt an Fearghus bu chaoim Cruth,
Racharsa ghabhail an Sgeil
Don Fhein 's cho baun air do Ghuth.

G. 13.

- 16 Ghluais an Fearghus armail og
Air an rod an Cuineam ban 'm fhear
'S dh fíorich e le Comhradh foil;
Co na Sloigh so hig air Lear?

g. 14.

- 17 Manus fuileach, fèisich, fial,
(G.) *A Mhean* Mac Rìogh Beatha nan Sgia dearg,
Crioch. Ard Rìogh Lochlan, Ceann nan Chiar,
Giolla bu mhor Fiabh as Fearg.

- 18 Cìod a ghluas a Bhuin bhorb,
O Rìoghachd Lochlan nan Colg seann
Mar han a mhcadacha air Thian
A hanig air Triath thair Lear?

g. 15.—*Various.*

Cia ass a ghabhadar a bhuidhin bhorb
Gas rièh Rìgh Lochlin na 'n Colg-seann,
A dhiaridh common na 'm Fian
Ma chian ris an Traidh fa near?

g. 16.

- 19 Air do laimhse, Fheargheas fhoile,
As an Fhein ga mòr do Shuim;
Cha ghabh sinn Cumha gun Bhran
Agus a bhcan a hoirt o Fhean

g. 17

- 20 Bheiridh an Fhein Comhrag cruaidh
Do d' shluadh ma 'm fuighe tu Bran
Is bheiridh Feau Comhrag tréun
Dhuit fein, ma 'm fuighe thu Bhean.

g. 18.

- 21 Hanig Fearghus mo Bhair fein
'S bu chosmhuil ri Grein a Chruth
'S dhisidh e Sgeile go foil
Ga b' osgaradh mor a Ghuth.

g. 19.

- 22 Mac Rìogh Lochlan sud faoi 'n Triath,
Go de 'n fa dhomh bhi ga chleth?
Cha ghabh e gun Chomhrac dlu
Na do Bhean 's do Chu faoi Lbreth.

g. 20.

- 23 Choidhe cha tugamse mo Bhean
Do dh' aon neach a ta fuidh 'n Ghréin
'S cha mho mheir mi Bran gu brath
Gus an teid am Bas 'n a Bheil.

g. 21.

- 24 Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Goll
'S mor an Glonn doin bi nar tosd
Nach tigamid Comhrac borb
Do Rìogh Lochlann nan Seidh breachd

- 25 Seachd Altramain Lochain lain¹
'S e labhair Goll gun fhas Cheilg
'S air libhse gur moran Sluaidh
Bheir mi 'n Brìgh 's am buaidh gu léir.
26 'S e huir an Tosgar bu mhor Prios.
Diongamsa Rìogh Inse Tore
'S Cinn a dha Clomhirlich dhucg
Leig faoi m' choimhir fein an coisg.

g. 22.

- 27 Iarla Muthuin (Munster) 's mor a
ghlonn
'S e, huir Dianamaid donn gun Ghluin.
Coisge mise sud dar Féin
No Tuitim fein air a shon.

g. 23.

- 28 Gur e ghabh Mì fein fos Laimh
Gad tha mi gun ehal a nochd
Rìogh Termin na 'n Comhrag teann
'S go sgarain a Cheann re Chorp.

g. 24.

- 29 Beribh Bearnachd 's bumilh Buaidh
Thuir Mac Cumhail na 'n Gruaidh
dearg,
Manus mac Gharra na 'n Sloigh
Diongaidh mise ge mor Fhearg.

g. 25.

- 30 Noiche sin duinne gu Lo
Bainmig lein a bli gun Checil
Fleagh gu fairsing, tion is Cóir
So bheidh aig an Fhein ga òl.

g. 26.

- 31 Chuneas mu 'n do 's car an Lo
A gabhail Doighansa Ghuirt
Meirg Rìogh Lochlin an Aigh
Ga bogail an Traidh nan nuchd.

g. 27.

- 32 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine ri Cran
Brattach Fhein bu gharg a Treish
Lomlan do Chlochaibh Oir
A guinne bu mhor a Meas.

g. 28.

- 33 Iommad Cloinadh Dorn chroin oir
Iommad srl ga chur ri erann
An eath mhic Cumhail Feau na 'n fleadh
Bu lionfar Sleadh o sair Ceann.

g. 29.

- 34 Iommad Colan iomad Triach,
Iommad Skia as Lurich dharamh
Iomad Draoiseach as Mac Rìogh
'S cha raibh fear riamh dhiu gun Arui.

g. 30.

- 35 Iommad Cloigid maiscach Cruaidh
Iommad Tuadh is iommad Gath
'N iath Rìogh Lochlan na 'm pios
Bu lionfar mac Rìogh is Flath.

g. 31.

Rinneadar an virmigh theann
Bu cosnadhach re grinn na 'n ord
Cath fuileach an da Rìogh
Gu ma ghuineach brìgh an Colg.

g. 32.

- 36 Rinneadar an 'Nuiridh chruaidh
'S bhriseadcar air Buaidh na 'n Gall,
Chrom sinn ar Cean an sa Chath;
Is rein gach Flath mar a gheall.

g. 33.

- 37 Thachair mac Cumhail na 'n Cuach
Agus Manus na 'n Ruagaidh,
Re Cheil' ann an Tiugh (*Tuitem*) an
Sluagh
Chlerich nach ba chruaidh an càs.

- 38 Go 'm be sud an Turleim tean,
Mar Dheann a bheiridh da Ord,
Cath fuileachd an da Rìogh
Go 'm bu ghuineach briogh an colg.

g. 34.

- 39 Air Brisseadh do sge an Dearg
Air eridh dhoibh Fearg as Fraoch
Theilg iad am Buil air an Lar
'S hug iad Spairn an da Laoich.

g. 35.

- 40 Cath fuileach an da Rìogh
'S an leinne bu chian an Closs
Bha Clachan agns Talamh trom
A mosgladh faoi Bhonn an Coss.

g. 36.

- 41 Leagar Rìogh Lochlan gan (an) adh
Am fianuich Chaich air an Raoch
'S aisan ged nach blonair Rìogh
Chuireadh Ceangal nan tri Chaoil.

g. 37.

- 42 Sin duair huir Connan macoil,
Mac Mornadh bha riabh ri Hòle,
Cumar riun Manus nan Lan
'S go scairrin an Ceann re Chorp.

g. 38.

- 43 Bha neil agam Cairdeas (*na caomh*) g.
Riutsa Chonnain mbaoil gun Fhaalt
O 'n harla mi 'n Crasan Fhein
'S ansa leam na bi fu 'd smachd.

g. 39.

- 44 O harla thu 'n Ghrasach fein
Cha 'n iomair mi Beud air Flath
Fuasgeath mi husa o 'n Fhein
A Lamh Fheun gu cur mor Chath.

L

¹ Probably the Baltic, which never ebbs.—Mac Nicol.

g. 40.

- 45 'S gheibh thu do Raoghín a ris
Nuair a treid thu do 'd Thir fein
Cairdeas is Cumunn do ghna
No do Lamh a chuir faoi 'm Fhein.

g. 41.

- 46 Cha chuir mi mo Lamh faoi 'd Fhein
'N cian a mhairtheas Cail am Chorp
Aon Bhuille Taoighe Fhein
'S aithreach Leinn no reinneas ort.

g. 42.

- 47 Mi fein agus Mathair is Goll
Triuir bo mho glonn san Fhein
Ged tha sinn gun Draosich no Colg
Ach easteachd ri Hord Cleir.

D. 12. CUBHA FHINN DO RIGH LOCHLIN.

Mac Nicol's Collection. 43 lines. Ossianic Ballad.
Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 1,
1872.

- 1 DEICH eiad cuilain deich eiad Cu,
Deich eiad slàibhrich air Milchu;
Deich eiad sealtuin chaoil chatha (*sleigh*)
Deich eiad Brat min Datha
2 Deich ceud Gearaltich cruaidh dearg, (*Each*)
Deich ceud nobul don or Dhearg,
Deich ceud maighdin le da Ghun,
Deich ceud mantul don slìd ur,
3 Deich ceud sonn a dherigh leat
Deich ceid shrian oir agus airtid.

RIGH LOCHLIN.

- 4 Gad a gheibhidh Rìogh Lochlin shud,
'S na bha Mhaoin 's do 'T sheidin an Eirin;
Cha fhilidh e T-shluaigh air ais,
Gus 'm Eirin nille air Earras.
5 Suil gun dug Rìgh Lochlin uaidh.

THE FLAGS.

- 1 Chunnair e Brattich a tin a mach agus Gille
Gaiste air a Ceann air a lasa do Dh'òr Eirínich
2 Dibhuille Duibhne dualich,
'Ni sud Brattich Mhic Treim-bluaghich;

DIBHUILLE.

- 3 Cha ni sud ach an Liath-luid-neach,
Brattach Dhiarmaid O Duibhne,
'S nar bhligh an Fhian nìl' a mach,
'Shi an Liath-luid-nìch bu toisich.
4 Suil gan dug Rìgh Loch, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 5 Cha ni sud ach an aoinchasach ruaidh
Brattach Chaoilte nan mor T-shluaidh
Brattach leis an sgóltear Cinn
'S le an doirtir Fuil gu aoibranibh.
6 Suil, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 7 Cha ni sud ach an Scuab ghabhidh
Bratach Oseair Chro-laidir,
'Snar a ruigte Cath nan clìar,
Cha biach fhàirich ach Scuab-ghabhidh.
8 Suil, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 9 Cha ni sud ach a Bhriachil Bhreochil
Brattach a Ghul mhoir mhic Morni,
Nach dug Troigh riabh air a hais,
Gus an do chrìchan an Tailibh trom ghlass.
10 Suil, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 11 'S misa dhuita na bheil ann,
Ha Ghile ghreine an sud a tighin
As naogh slàibhrin aist' a shìos,
Don or Bhuigh gun Dal sgiabh. (*Dail*)
12 Agus nao nao lan-ghaisgeach
Fo chean a huille slàibhrigh
A togairt air feo do T-shluaigh thibh

- 13 Mar Chliabh-tragha gu Traigh
Bigh gair chatha gad iummain.

H. 12. HOW MANUS, THE KING OF DENMARK,
CAME TO TAKE AWAY FINGAL'S WIFE BY FORCE.

284 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 11. Advocates' Library,
November 28, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Known to everybody in
Ireland, but no copy older than the 18th century known
to Hennessy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN one day began to tell Peter how Manus, the
King of Denmark, came to Ireland to make war on
Fingal, unless he would get his dog and wife.

The Heroes have seen one day a navy coming from the
north towards their shore, and when the navy came to
harbour, they send Fergus to ask what news, and from
what country they came from. They told him that they
came from Denmark for Fingal's wife and dog, or if he
would not deliver that willingly, that they would take
them by force. When Fingal heard the news, he pre-
pared for them the next day, then they drew up their
army on both sides. Fingal and Manus said that they
would try combat themselves first, and they ordered their
men not to go near them, and whoever would be Con-
queror that he would get his desire, and the army on both
sides would be spectators. Fingal defeated Manus, and
bound him hand and foot. Then he repented that he
came at all, and promised with an oath that he would
never come to war against him any more. Fingal upon
these conditions loosed him, and went away for his own
country, but on his way going home, his men said that
suppose Fingal was stronger than he, that they were
stronger than Fingal's men, and if he would allow them
to return back and give a battle, that they would surely
gain the victory, to which he consented. Then Fingal
asked of Manus, when he came to him the second time,
thus,—

- 'Dost thou remember valiant Manus,
Last day thy promising oath to all us?'
'Most mighty Fingal, that I do,
It's left upon the mountain dew.'

Then the battle began with swords unsheathed in hand
very smart, till not one was left of Manus's host alive,
except any person that asked pardon, or fled and hid
himself in a solitary place. But Peter Mac Alpin said to
Ossian that he had not much regard for his Histories and
Poems (at present), besides the Psalms of David. When
Ossian heard that, he said that if he would compare his
Psalms again to Fingal's melodious poems, that he would
separate his head from off his body.

Observe the Poem.

DAN 2.

- 1 A CHLEIRICH a chanas na sailm,
Air leam fein gu'r baoth do chiall;
Nach eiste tu tamull sgùl,
Air an Fhéinn nach cual thu riamh.
2 'Air do chubhi 'sa Mhic Fhinn,
Ge binn leat teachd air an Fheinn;
Fuaim nan sailm air feadh mo bheòil,
Gu 'r e sin is eòil leam féin.'
3 C' onì bi tu coi-meas do shalmaibh,
Re Fionn gaidheal nan arm noicht;
A Chleirich ge lán oil leam,
Gun sgaram do cheann o d' chorp.
4 Fuidh d' chomric tha' eams fhir mboir,
Laoidh do bheòil is binn leam fein;
'S na 'n alla chualas air Fionn,
Gur binn bhì teachd air an Fheinn.
5 Na 'm biodh tusa Chleirich chàich,
Againn air an traidh mu dheas;
Aig Eas loitheann nan sruth scímh,
Air ann Fheinn bu mhór do mbcas.
m. 2.
6 Beannachd air am an laoiach,
Bu gharg fraoch ri dol 's gach greis;
Ard Rìgh Lochlan ceann an t sloigh,
'S an air a shlointear an t-Eas.

- 7 'Se sin fein an t-Eas so shiàr,
Eas mu 'n deanamh an Fhianm Seilg;
Eas cìbhain a b' aille srath,
Bu lionmhor ann loin is deirg.
- M. 3.
- 8 Latha dhuinne fiadhaich san leirg,
Cha d' thainig an t seilg n' ar car;
Chunnamar na h ionadhaibh lóng,
Seoladh gús an traidh o near.
- M. 5.
- 9 Thainig an cablach gu tìr,
Buidheann nach bu mhidhur lein;
'S bu lionmhor sar phubul shróil,
Ga thogail dhoibh os an ceann.
- 10 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Cuthail d' a Fhinn,
'An d' fhidir sibh an cabhlaich árd;
No cia 's Ceannard air no sloigh,
Do ní 'n total mor is traidh.'
- 11 'Se fhreagair e Conan maol,
Mac Mornna bu chaoil gníomh;
Co shaoilas tu Fhinn uan each,
Do bhí sud ach Flath no Rìgh.
- 12 'Dh' fhiosraich a ris Flath nan cuach,
Do mhaithidh sluagh Inmse-fúil;
Co rachadh a ghabhail dín sgéul,
O 'n Fhinn bu mhaith buaidh is ágh.'
- 13 'Se fhreagar e Conan maol,
A Rìgh co shaoilas tu dhol an;
Ach Fearadhas fir ghlic do mhac,
Oir 's 'e chleachd bhí dol nan ceann.'
- 14 'Mallachd dhuita Choinain mhaol,
Do ra Fearadhas bu chaoil cruth;
Reacheamsa dh' fhaighail dhín sgéul,
O 'n Fhinn 's cho nan air do ghuth.'
- 15 'Dean thusa sin Fhearadhais fhéil,
Reach a dh' fhaighail sgéul o 'n t sluagh;
'S cho fhad is bhithcas tu beó,
Gu fuigheadh tu moran duais.'
- 16 'Dh' imich Fearadhais armach óg,
'S an ro d an có-dhail na 'm fear;
'S dh' fhiosraich é na comhra' fóill,
Co na sloigh thainig air lear?'
- 17 'Tha Manus orra na Thriath,
Mac Rìgh Meaghlach nan sgia' dearg;
Ard Rìgh Lochlan ceann nan chlar,
Gille is ro' mhor fia is fearg.
- 18 'Cìod e ghluais a bhuidheann bhorb,
O ard rioghachd Lochlan nan colbh sean;
Ma saan a mheadachadh air Feinn,
'S e beatha bhorb tréun thair lear.'
- 19 'Gur e ghluais a bhuidheann bhorb,
O ard rioghachd Lochlan nan arm bras;
Gu d' ugamaid a bhean o Fhionn,
Da ain-deoin leinn agus Bran.'
- 20 'Air a laimhsa Mhanuis mhóir,
As do shloigh cia mor do mhuir;
Cia mhead sa thainig leat thair tuinn (*lear*),
Cho tabhair sibh Bran thair tuinn.'
- 21 'Do bheir an Fhianm cómhrag cruaidh,
Do 'd shluagh nam fuigheadh tu Bran;
'S bheir Fionn cath tultuiseach dlú,
Dhuit fein ma 'm fuigh thu a bhean.'
- 22 'Air a laimhsa Fhearadhais fhéil,
As an Fhèinn cia mor do ghreann;
Cho ghabh mi cumha gu 'n Bhran,
Gun a bhean no cómhrag teann.'
- 23 'N sin phill Fearadhas mo bhrathair fein,
'S bu chosmhuil re grein a chruth;
B' fhoisneach a dh' innsadh é 'n sgéul,
Ge b' osgarra tréun a ghuth.
- 24 'Se ard Rìgh Lochlan a tha 's traidh,
Cìod é 'm fàth dhuinn bhí d' a chleith;
Gun chómhrag dìbhragach dlú,
Air ghea' do bhean 's do chú faí bhrèith.
- 25 Do dh' fhan Fionn fada na thosd,
'S bha moran sbrochd air an Fhèinn;
Oir bu phéin ro' dhoilich leó,
Am brosnadh mor a rinn an tréun.
- 26 Cha tabhair mise mo bhean,
Do dh' aon fhear a tha fuí 'n ghréin,
'S cho mho liubhreann Bran le' m dheóin,
'N fhea' sa bhios an deó am chré.
- 27 'Is labhair e ris re Goll,
'S mor an trom dhuinn bhí nar tosd;
Gu 'n chómhrag dìbhragach tréun,
A thabhairt dhoibh sud fein a noc.'
- 28 Bha freagradh aig Oscar dh' a,
'S cho bu nár dh' a teachd gu prop;
Leigeadh dhoibh codal gu lá,
Is bio' sa máireach air an corp.
- 29 'S do labhair Oscar a ris,
Dionamsa Rìgh innse toir;
'S ceann an da chomhairleach dhéug,
Cuiream iad gu léir o 'n corp.
- 30 'Seachd Iarlacha Locha luan, (*t. Maighreacan*)
'Se thuirt Momad mor gu 'n cheilg;
Iadsan fein ge mor an cruas,
Coisgidh mis' am buaidh san leirg.'
- 31 'Iarla Muthann is mor glonn, (*t. oighre chumainn*)
Do rá Diarmaid conn gu 'n oth 'n;
Coisgeamsa cia mór an t-eachd,
No tuiteam fein air a shon.'
- 32 'Tuir mas Innse toir 's mor eith,
Do rá Caoilte nimh nan leirg;
Iadsan cia mor feum is troíor,
Ní mi 'n lot 'san léon le feirg.'
- 33 'Seachd oighreacha' ghleann nam fuath,
Do rá Fearaghuin luath gu léon;
Cuasaichidh mi 'n corp le 'm airm,
Gus an traoigh an gaing 's an treóir.'
- 34 'Seachd Mic Maitheannis borb feirg, (*t. 33. Na-thais nan rosg borb*)
Do rá Garabh bu tréun laml;
Cuireamsa gu bas iad fein,
No tuiteam fein air a bhlar.'
- 35 'Seachd oighribh na Beirathair bgan, (*t. 34. Mai-ghre*)
Do rá Faoghlán bán gun ghó;
Coisgeamsa cia mor 's cia tréun,
No tuiteam fein air an lon.'
- 36 'Seachd Mic Luthaich O Rois ruaidh (*t. 35. Oir lùr uaine*)
Do rá Caoireall bu cruaidh gharg;
Coisgeamsa cia mor an teachd,
No tuiteam fein leó air ball.'
- 37 Da Mhac Mhanuis ceann an t-sluaigh, (*t. 36. Braithrean*)
Do rá Fearadhas buadhach gráidh;
'Coisgeamsa cia mór an gruaim,
'S dheanadh gníomh cruaidh sa bhlar.'
- 38 'S ann an sin a dubhras fein,
Ge ta mi mar tha mi noc;
Rìgh Garabh nan cómhrag teann, (*t. 37. Scairbhe*)
Gu sgareamsa cheann a chorp.'
- 39 'Mìle beannachd dhuibh is buaidh,
Do rá Mac Cuthail nan ruag áigh,
Manus mu 'n tional na sluaigh,
Coisgidh mise bhuidh sa bhlar.'
- 40 Air bhí dhuinn mar sin gu lá,
Cho bu ghná' leinn bhí gu 'n cheól,
Fion is fochlas, fóil is céir,
A bhiodh aig an Fhèinn mar nós.
- 41 Air madain an dara mháireach;
Ghluais iad a dh' fhaigail ar puit;
'S meirgeach Rìgh Lochlan an áigh,
Da thog' aill o thraidh 'n ar uehd.

- 42 Leig iad an gadhair fù 'n choill,
'S cheangail iad orra 'n àirm àigh;
Eallach gnaille gach fir mhóir,
Thogadar léo fein o'n traidh.
- 43 B' iomeadach ann clogaid cruaidh,
B' iomeadach ann tu' eum sgath;
'N enideach Rìgh Lochlan gu fìor,
'S cho raibh aon neach ann gun ghat.
- 44 B' iomead cloidheamh 's b' iomead sgia',
B' iomead Triath le luireach gharg;
B' iomead craosach air Mìc Rìgh,
'S cha raibh aon neach dhin gu 'n arm.
- 45 Thionail iad an ear san iar,
An sin an Fhinn as gach taobh;
Seachd Cathain na h'iorgaill gu prop, (I. 44. *enoc*)
Thionail sin mu mhac inghean aoigh. (*Taig*)
- 46 B' iomead cloidheamh an ceann bheirt óir,
B' iomead sról da chuir re creann;
Aig fuileachdaich Fhinn nam fleagh,
'S iomead sleagh bha os ar ceann.
- 47 Thog sinn Gill ghreine re creann,
Bratach, Fhinn, bu gharg 's gach greis;
'S i lán do chlochaibh do 'n ór,
A Phádraig nach bu mhór a meas.
- 48 Chuir sinn a mach dh' fhuilang d' oghrainn, (I. 47. *dorainn*)
Bratach Fhearadhaibh óigh no bhrathair
'S thog sinn a mach bratach Chaoilte,
'N Lia' luidagach b' aoibhneach dealradh.
- 49 Thogadh suns mo bhratach fein,
A shoille nar a ghreine an dúibhre;
'S thog sinn a mach an Lia luidagach, (I. 48. *luimneach*)
Bratach Dhiarmaid óig o duimhne.
- 50 Thog sin a' mach bratach Fhoghlain,
Ghuill is Oseair aobhaich amhlaich;
Agnas bratach gach ard cheannard
Bh' ann 's na Cathanaibh san nair sin.
- 51 'N sin thional Fionn Eirann gu tráidh, (I. 51. *Fionn*)
Thoir coineamh do chhlana gall,
Air toirt dhuinn ar cinn gu cath,
Deanamh gach flath mar a gheall.
- 52 Do thachair Manns nam buadh,
'S dea' Mhac Cuthail nan ruag áig;
Ra chéile 'n toiseach an t-sluaigh,
A Phádraig nach bu chruaidh an eas.
- 53 Thigeadar nathe 'n àirm áidh,
Cnaidh iad gu spáircachd laoiach;
Gu cónluag dibhragach teann,
'S fathram an lann air an raon.
- I. 53. (*various*)
Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluagh,
Air ar n' uilinn shuas sa ghleann;
'Sann leinne bu mhór an gníomh,
Na 'm faightheadh Manus d' air Fionn.
- 54 Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluagh,
Air uileann mu thnath a chnuic:
'S air leam fein gu bu mhór ar modh,
Cho deach aon hocch dhinn dá 'n cluich.
- 55 Thug iad an sin deannal cruaidh,
Mar nach d' ugas riamh re 'n linn;
Coi meas dhoibh a ncar no niar,
Cho 'n fhacas riamh ag fianntidh Fhinn. (I. 54. *Fiannachd*)
- 56 Clochan agus talamh trom,
Charaicheadh iad le spoimeach chos:
A charachd siar is a niar,
O! Phádraig nach bu chian gu 'n chlos.
- 57 Do leag Mac Cuthail uam buadh,
Manns nan ruag air an raon;
'S air leim fein nach b' onoir Rìgh,
Chuir Fionn ceangal nan tri chaol.

- 58 'Labhair an sin Conan maol,
Mac Moruna bha riamh re h' ole;
Gluais siar O Mhanns nan lann,
'S gu sgaream a cheann o chorp.'
- 59 'Cho 'n eil cáirdeas dhamb no gaol,
Rintsa Choinaín nuaol gu 'n chéil;
Tharladh mí fuí' ghraisaibh Fhinn,
'S céad fearr leam no bhí fuí' d' mhéin.'
- 60 'S mu tharladh tu fuí' n ghrásaibh féin,
Cho d' rinn mí riamh béud air flath;
Gheibh thu do chomas dhuit féin,
A lamh thréin a chuir mór chath.'
- 61 'S do dha roghain dhuit a ris,
No dal da thigh do d' thír féin;
Combanas, comman is grádh,
No do lann a thoirt do 'n Fheinn.'
- 62 'An fheadh sa bhios mise beó,
No bhios an deó ann am chorp;
Cho toir mí buille t' adhaidh Fhinn,
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.'
- 63 Dh' imich iad an sin a dholbh,
Do rioghaclad Lochlan nan colbh sean, (I. 62. *O riogh-chad Eireann*)
A eagmbuis bean 's a choin, (*Fhinn*)
Gu 'n bhliú' thoirt le 'n loinn do neach.
- 64 Bha iad fuí' aimheal ro mhór,
Air an t sligh dol d' an teach;
Nach do' fhéich iad a chuis air chóir,
'S gu biod fios ac co bu treis.
- 65 Se sin a dubhairt na sloigh,
A bhús le mór ghó an reachd;
Ge do bhuadaich ortsa Fionn,
Gheibh sinne buai' air arm gu beachd.
- 66 Chuir iad iompaid air an Rìgh,
Gu pilleadh a ris air ais;
An dochas gu faightheadh iad bnaidh,
Air an t-sluagh bu chruaidh 'n cath.
- 67 Phill iad an sin dh' ionnsuidh Fhinn,
'S thuirte re Manus gu 'n ghruamaich;
'C' áit am bheil do mhionnan mór;
'Fagas le gó fa' r an d' thuas.'
- 68 'N sin fhreagair e an laoch borh,
Air am bitheadh colg 's gach ghreis;
Dh' fthagas e air dhruac an fheoir,
Air an raon mhór ud mu dheas.
- 69 Thug sin an sin deannal cruaidh,
Da chéile gu buailteach cas;
Gus 'n do bhuadaich sinn gu euanna,
Air slugh Mhannis uabhrach bhras.
- 70 Mach o fhear a ghabh a shith,
No rinn a dhidinn gu géur;
Da chuideachd Rìgh Lochlan gu fìor,
Che deachaidh duine d'a thír fein.
- 71 Bhiceamsa briathair gu fìor,
Do 'n fhior Chriosdnidh fhuair a chéusa
Gu bu mhaith a chuir sa fhuaradh,
An latha sin sluagh na Feinne.

I. 4. THE INVATION OF MAGNUS. 296 lines.

A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 10. Advocates' Library,
April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE—A few various readings are printed in the margin of version H. in italics. Verses which are not in H. are printed below.

THE ARGUMENT.

MAGNUS, King of Denmark, sailed for Ireland with a strong fleet in order to deforce Fingal of his wife and famous dog (called Bran). At their arrival Fergus one of their most ancient Bards was sent by his Father Fingal to ask their design in their hostile appearance, and if for peace, to invite them to his Hall. Upon enquiry Fergus was told of their view which he communicated to Fingal. Upon the day following Fingal drew up his army and marched towards the shore in order to engage the Danes. Both armies met and Fingal and Magnus agreed to decide

the cause in a single combat, wherein Magnus was defeated and bound hand and feet upon the spot. Magnus was set at liberty upon giving oath that he would give no further trouble to Fingal for a year and a day. Magnus sails off for Denmark, and is upon his way persuaded by his army to return back and engage the Fingalians, observing to him that tho' Fingal was stronger than him that they by superiority would overturn Fingal's troops. After they landed and pitched their tents Fingal sent out a scout who spoke to them after this manner:—

C'ait am bheil mionnan mora Mhanuis ?
Fagas far an d' fhuaras.

Upon the scout's return Fingal marched against the Danes who he eagerly attacks. Magnus is kilt, and his whole army are either slain or taken Prisoners.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

I. 63.

Thog na trein an suil-gu h ard,
Air gach Baire thainig air leir ;
Mar chuile loch Leuga bha 'n aireamb,
Triall o 'n trai' san airde ncar.

I. 64.

Bha na sluaigh fui' ainmeal huan,
Air cuan stuathach nan tonn sgith ;
Nach do chomhraig Cathain nam Fiann,
Bu mhor frioth, is fliach san stri.

I. 65.

'S e comhairle thug na sloigh,
Air Manus mor nan long aigh ;
Tigh 'n thuige air an ais o 'n chuan,
Gu Maithibh sluaigh Innse phail.

I. 66.

A dubhradar ris an Rìogh,
'S mor an di dhunn triall an diu ;
Gun chomhrag catharra cruaidh,
A thoirt do 'n Fhianm mu 'n ghuais thair muir.

I. 67.

Phill na laoiach nan caogad borb,
'S bu mhor an toirn air an trai' ;
Mar fhuaim tuinne bha gach treud ;
Is fathram nan cèd nar da'.

H. 67. I. 68.

Chuir Fionn teachdire gu luath,
Gu Manus nan ruag 's nan giombh ;
C'ait am bheil do mhionnan mor,
Fhìr nach cum a choir ach cli.

H. 68. I. 69.

Fhreagair an Triath, gu fiata borb,
Air am bithidh, colg 's gach greis ;
Th' fhasas iad ann dealt an fheoir,
Air an lon ud siar mu dheas.

H. 69. I. 70.

Thug sinn an sin deann cruaidh,
Mar nach fac, 's cha chuala mi ;
Mar theirbte teine na aial,
Bha gach Triath a' sgathadh sìos.

I. 71.

Mar choill chionnach air an t sliabh,
'S an osag dhiann ann nan car,
B' amhail is slachdraich nan sonn,
Bha tuiteam fui' r bonn sa chath.

I. 72.

Thuit Manus arnann an t sluaigh,
Mar leug teine 'n cuan nan sruth ;
B' an-cibbinn iolach nan laoch,
'Nuair chualas gach taibh an guth.

H. 70. I. 73.

Mach o fhearr a dh' iarr a shith,
'S ghabh a 'hideinn far sgeith ;
Do chuicheadh Rìogh Lochlan, gu fìor,
Cho deachaidh duine d' a thair fein.

H. 71. I. 74.

Bheireamsa briathar d' om Rìogh,
Riamh ann strì nach d' fhuiling tair ;
Gun do thuit do na seachd Cathain.
Drian do mhaithibh Innse-phail.

I. VERSE 74, OTHERWISE.

Bheireamsa briathar do' m Rì,
Mu 'n deachai' crìoch air a ghreis ;
Ceathrar is ceart leth na 'm Fiann,
Th' fhas sinn air an t-sliabh mu dheas.

M. 7. COMHRAG FHEINN AGUS MHANUIS¹ 172 lines.

- 1 GE b' e bhiodh leinne an laoi,
Air an traidh tha siar fò dheas,
Aig uisge Laoi're na 'n sruth seamh,
Air an Fheinn bu mhor a mbeas.
- 2 Beannachd air anam an Laoich,
Bu gharbh fraoch anns gach treis,
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na 'n treun,
'S ann air a shloinnteadh an t-eas.
- 3 La dhuinn ag fìaghlach na 'n dearg
'S nach d' eirich an t-scalg 'nar car,
Gu faca sinn mìle bàrc
Air an traidh ag teachd air lear.
- 4 Sheasamh sinn uil' air an leirg,
'S thionail an Fheinn as gach iard,
Dh' fhiosrachadh co iad na sloigh,
Rinn cruinneachadh mor air traidh.
- 5 Thainig an cabhlach gu tìr,
Greadhuinn² nach bu mhin 'ar leinn,
Bu lion mhòr ann pùbail sroil,
Ga thoghbail leo os an ceinn.
- 6 Thog iad an gasradh o 'n choill ;
Ghlacadh leinn' ar 'n airm ghaidh,³
Da shleagh air gualainn gach fìr mhoir
Agus thog sin oirn gu traidh.
- 7 Cea a ghabhamaid na'r Feinn
A rachadh ghabhail seil d' an t-sluagh,
'S e radh Fionn flath gun cleith,
Gu 'm beireadh e brath is buaidh.
- 8 Sin nuair labhair Conan a ris
Co a Rìgh, b' ail leat a dhòl ann,
Ach Fearghus fìor ghile do mbac,
O 's e chleachd a dhòl na 'n ceann ?
- 9 Mallachd ort a Chonann mhaol,
Labhair Fearghus bu caoine cruth,
Rachain-se ghabhail seil
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' an air do ghnth.
- 10 Ghluais Fearghus armoil óg,
Air an rod an coinne na 'm fear,
'S dh' fhiaruch e le comhradh fòil,
Co iad na sloigh a thig air lear.
- 11 Manus fuileach fear'a fial,
Mac Rìgh Beatha na 'n sciath dearg,
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na clìar,
Giolla bu mhor fiamh⁴ is fearg.
- 12 Cìod a ghluais a bhuidhean bhorb,
O chricchaibh Lochlainn na 'n colg sear,
An ann a chuideacha na 'm Fiann
A thainig an triath thair leat ?
- 13 Air do laimhe Fhearghuis fheil,
As an Fheinn ge mor do mhuir,
Cha ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhràn,
No a bhean a thoirt o Fhionn.
- 14 As do laimh ge mor do dhoigh,
'S as do shloigh ge mor do mhuir,
Mhead agaibh 's thain' thair lear,
Cha tugadh sibh Bran air tuinn.
- 15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comhrag cruaidh,
Do d' shluagh mu 'm faigheadh tu Bràn
'S bheireadh Fionn comhrag treun
Duit fein mu 'm faigheadh tu bhean.
- 16 Thainig Fearghus mo bhrathair fein,
'S bu chosmhail re grein a cruth,
'S dh' innis e seula d' an Fheinn,
'S gu 'm b' oscaradh treun a ghuth.

¹ Magnus.

² Greadhuinn ?

³ Chaith' ?

⁴ Fraoch ?

- 17 Mac Rìgh Lochlainn sud o 'n traidh,
Cìod e 'm fath dhamh bhì ga chleath?
Cha ghabh e gun chomhrag dluth,
No do bhean 's do chuth a bhì foì bhreath.
- 18 De cha d' thugainn-se mo bhean
Do dh' aon fhear ata foì 'n ghreinn,
'S Cha mho bheirinn Bran gu brath,
No gu 'n d' theid am Bas am' bheul.
- 19 Labhair Mac Cuthaill re Goll,
Am mor an glonn duinn bhì 'nar tosd,
Nach tugadhmaid cath laidir borb
D' Ard Rìgh Lochlainn na 'n sciath breac?
- 20 Seachd altrumain an lochain lain,
'S e labhair Goll gu 'n fhas-cheilg,
Ge lionmhor acasan an sluagh,
Deangaidh mis' am buaidh 'san leirg.
- 21 Thuir an t-Oscar bu mhor brìgh,
Leig mise gu Rìgh Inne-torc,
Clann a dha chomhairlich dheug
Leig fa m' chomhair fein an cosg.
- 22 Labhair e Connall a ris,
Deangam-sa Rìgh Inne-con,
Is ceinn a shea-comhalta deug,
No biaidh mi fein ar an son.
- 23 Iarla Mumhan⁵ ge mor a ghlonn,
Labhair Diarmad donn na 'n con,⁶
Caisgidh mi sud d' ar Feinn,
No tuitidh mi fein ar a shon.
- 25 'S e feimeas a ghabh mi fein,
Ge ta mi gu 'n treine an nochd,
Rìgh Teurmann na 'n comrag teann
Gu 'n scaruinn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 25 Beiribh beannachd' beiribh buaidh,
Arsa Mac Cuthaill, na 'n gruaidh dearg,
Manus Mac Garadh na 'n sluagh,
Coisgear leam ge mor fhearg.
- 26 An oiche sinn duinne gu lo,
B' ainmic leinn a bhì' gun cheol,
Fleadh gu farsuing, fìon is ceir
Gheibhte aig an Fheinn nias leor.
- 27 Chuncas mu 'n do scar an lo
Gabhail doigh ann sa ghruith,
Meirgh' Rìgh Lochlainn an aigh
'Ga togbhail o' n traigh 'nar uchd.
- 28 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine re crann,
Bratach Fheinn bu ghaige treis
Lomlan do chlochaibh 'n òr,
'S ann leinne⁷ gu 'm bu mhor a meas.
- 29 'S iomad clòidheamh dorn-ohrann oir,
'S iomad srol ga chuir re crann,
Ann Cath Mhic Cuthaill na 'm fleadh,
'S bu lionmhor sleagh os ar ceann.
- 30 Iomad coitein iomad triath,
Iomad sciath is laireach gharbh,
Iomad tòiseach is Mac Rìgh,
Is nì 'n raibh fear dhuibh gu 'n airm.
- 31 Iomad clogaid maiscach cruaidh,
Iomad tuadh is iomadh gath
Ann cath Rìgh Lochlainn na 'm buadh,
Bu lionmhor ann Mac Rìgh is fath.
- 32 Rinneadar an urnaidh chruaidh,
Bhriseadar air sluagh na 'n Gall,
Chrom gach fear a cheann sa chath,
Is rinneadh leis gach fath mar gheall.
- 33 Thachair Mac Cuthaill na 'n cuach
Is Manus na 'n ruag aigh,
R'a cheile ann tuiteam an t-sluaigh,
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chruaidh an dail!
- 34 Gu 'm b' e sud an tuirin teann,
Mar ghreann a bheireadh da òrd,
Cath fuileach an da Rìgh,
Gu 'm bu ghluineach brìgh an colg!

⁵ Mudhan.⁷ Aigh an Fheinn bu.⁶ Gun on.

- 35 Air briseadh do sciath an Deirg,
Air eirigh dhoibh fearg is fraoch,
Thìg iad am buill air lár
'S thug iad spairn an da laoch.
- 36 'Nuair a thoiseach strìbh na 'n Triath,
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chian an clos!
Bha clochan agus talamh trom
Mosgladh foì spoirn an cos.
- 37 Leagadh Rìgh Lochlainn air an traidh,
Am fianais chaich air fhraoch,
Air-sin, ge d' nach b' onoir Rìgh,
Chuireadh ceangal na 'n trì chaoil.
- 38 Sin nuair thuirte Conan a ris,
Mac Morna bha riamh re h-òle,
Leigir mi gu Manus na 'n lann,
'S gu 'n scaruinn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 39 Cha 'n 'eil agam cairdeas no caoin,
Riuts' a' Choinaibh mhaol gu 'n iochd.
O tharladh mi 'n lamhaibh Fheinn
'S ionas leam na bhì foì d' smachd.
- 40 O tharladh tu m' lamhaibh fein,
Cha 'n imir mi beud air fath,
Fuasglaidh mi thusa o m' fheinn
A lamh thereun a chuir mor-chath.
- 41 'S gheabh thu do roghainn a ris,
Do chuir dhatbigh do d' thair fein,⁸
Cairdeas is comunn a ghnathach,
No do lamh a chuir fa m' Fheinn.
- 42 Fa t-Fheinn cha chuir mi mo lamh
An cian a mhaireas cail an chorp,
Aon bhuille t-aghaidh Fheinn
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.
- 43 Cha 'n ann ormsa rinn thu e,
'S ann duit fein a rinn thu 'n cròn;
Do na thug thu shluagh o d' thair
'S beag a philleas ris an sinn.

O. 14. EAS LAOIRE, NO CATH MHANUIS.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 73. 136 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 25, 1872.

NOTE.—The letter and figure M. 1, &c., refer to Gillies, which had been printed about 14 years. It will be seen how this varies from the book and from earlier versions.

- 1 A PHADEIR a chanadh na sailm,
Air leam fein gur baòth do chiall;
Nach cisd thu tamull ri m' sgeul,
Air an Fheinn nach fhac thu riamh.
- 2 Air do chumhsa Mhic Fhinn,
G'e binn leat teachd air an Fhinn,
Guth nan salm air feadh mo bheoil,
Gur e sid bu cheol leam fein.
- 3 Nam bitheadh tu comhda do shalm,
Rì rìgh tearmuin nan arm nochd;
A chleirich gur lan òle leam,
Nach sgaraim do cheann o d' chorp.
- M. 1.
- 4 Nam bitheadh tusa a chleirich aigh,
Air an traigh ud siar fo 'n ear;
Aig Eas Laoire nan sruth seamh,
Air an Fheinn bu mhor do mheas.
- M. 3.
- 5 Latha dhuinne siubhal bheann,
Cha do thachair an t-sealg nar car;
Chunnic sinn a teachd gu traigh,
Iomadh barc bu lionair fear (nall thar lear.)
- M. 6.
- 6 Thog sinn ar gas ruidh o 'n choill,
Bratach Fhinn bu gharg a greis;
Air a dìona an clochaibh oir (duna)
Air leinne gu 'm bu mhor a treis.

⁸ Nuair tharlas tu d' thair fein.

M. 7.*

- 7 Dh' fbaraid Mac Cuthail ga shluagh,
San uair bu mhoir a ghean;
Co theid nainn a ghabhail sgeoil,
Co iad na seoid a thain' thar lear?

M. 8.

- 8 Thuirt Conan mearachdach maol,
Co a righ a b' aill leat a dhòl ann?
Ach Fearghus fìor ghlic do Mhac,
On 'se chleachd bhì dol nan ceann.

M. 9.

- 9 Mallachd dhnitse Chonain mhaol,
Thuirt amf Fearghus bu caoin etuth;
Rachainnse a ghabhail sgeul,
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air a ghuth.

M. 10.

- 10 Ghluaisidh Fearghus armach og,
Sau rod an comhdhail nam fear;
'S dh' fhiosraich na choradh foil,
Co iad na seoid a thain' thar lear?

M. 11.

- 11 Manus fuilcach corrach fial
Mac rìgh Betha nan sgiath dearg;
Ard rìgh Lochlainn ceann nan clìar,
Gille bu mhor feach a 's fearg.

M. 12.

- 12 Cìod a ghluais a bhuidinn bhorb,
O rìghachd Lochlainn na colg sean?
An ann r chuideachadh nam Fiann,
A thainig bhur triall thar muir.

M. 13.

- 13 Air a laimhsa Fhearghuis threinn,
As an Fheinn ga mor a mhuir;
Cha ghabh sinu gun chomhrag fhear,
No bhean is bran a thoirt o Fhionn.

M. 14.

- 14 Air a laimhsa Mhanuis threinn,
Asad fein g'a mor do spion;
Air mhead sa thug thu leat thar lear,
Cha tugadh sibh Bran thar tuinn.

M. 15.

- 15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comhrag crnaidh,
Do d' shluagh nan kiodra iad Bran;
'S bheireadh Fionn comhrag treun,
Dhuirt fein mu 'n faigheadh tu bhean.

M. 16.

- 16 Gluasadh Fearghuis thugainn fein,
'S bu cosmhail ri deo greine a chruth;
Dh' innseadh e an sgeul gu foil,
'S gu 'm b' osgara mor a ghuth.

M. 17.

- 17 Sid e Manus air an traigh,
Cìod e' m fath dhuinn bhì ga chleth,
Cha ghabh e gan chomhrag dlu,
No do bhean 's do clu fo bhreth.

M. 18.

- 18 Chaidh cha tugainnsa mo bhean,
Da dh' aon fhear a sheall sa ghrein;
'S cha dealaich mi ri Bran gu brath,
Gus an teid am bas na bheul.

M. 19. 21.

- 19 Labhair an t-Oscar ri Goll,
'S mor an glonn dhuinn bhì nar tosd;
Chann a she-chomhulta deug,
Leig mar coinneamh fhein an casg.

- 20 Deangamsa Cithach nam buadh,
Thuirt Caoireal bu chruaidh colg;
G' an lethtrom a chuir air each,
G' e b' e laoch g' an tig am cho-dhail.

M. 23.

- 21 Iarla Mutha 's mor an sonn,
Thuirt an Dearmad donn g'an chealg,
Dheangainse e 'n lathair chaich,
No bithidh mo bhas air an leirg.

M. 32.

- 22 Chrom sinn ar ceann sa' chath,
Agus rinn gach flath mar gheall;
Bha ainm rìgh Lochlainn an aigh,
G'an togail air an traigh nar sgairt.

M. 33.

- 23 Chonnadh Manus agus Fionn,
Mar dheann a thigeadh o dhà ord;
Cath fuilcachdach an dà rìgh,
Gum bu guineach brìgh an colg.

M. 35.

- 24 Air an sgiathach air an leirg,
'S air sgoltadh an sgiath 's an lann;
Thug iad uatha an airm ghabhì,
'S chaidh iad gu spairn an da laoch.

M. 36.

- 25 Clachan agus talamh trom,
Mhosgladh sud fo bhonn an cos;
A sraoineachd an car san iar,
B' fhada 's cian a chluinnt an clos.

M. 37.

- 26 Leagadh Manus air an traigh,
Am fiannis chaich air an raon;
Airsan cha b' onoir rìgh,
Chuirthead ceangal nan trì chaol.

M. 38.

- 27 Thuirt Conan mearachdach maol mac Morna
Am fear bha riadh ri b-ole;
Cumar duinn Manus nan lann,
'S gu 'n sgarrain a cheann o a chorp.

M. 39.

- 28 Cha robh comhdhallas no caomh,
Eadar mise 's tu Chonain mhaol gun fhalt;
O 'n tharla mi to ghrasaibh Fhinn,
B' annsa leam no bhì fo d' smachd.

M. 40.

- 29 O 'n tharla tu fom' ghrasa' fein,
A lamh threun a chuir mor chath;
Nì mi do dhionadh om' Fheinn,
'S cha 'n iomar mi beud air flath.

M. 41.

- 30 Gheibh thu da roghain a ris,
Cead dol dathigh do d' thir fein;
No gaol, is comunn, is pairt,
Ach do lamh a thoirt do 'n Fheinn.

A NEW VERSE.

- 31 Rach dathigh do d' thir fein,
'S na tig air h-ais a dh' eighlach cron;
Lean fiadh do bheanntan ard,
'S na taghail gu brath a' m' chor.

A NEW VERSE.

- 32 Tha mo bhaighse ri neach gun treoir,
'S cuimhne leann an la a chaidh;
Foghlum ceart a' d' aros mor,
Sid a rìgh an ceo nach luidh.

M. 42.

- 33 Bheirinnse mo bhreathar a rìgh,
Am fad sa mhaireas eil nam chorp;
Nach toir mi buille t-aghaidh Fhinn,
'S aithreach leam na rinn sinn ort.

M. 39.

- 34 Cha b' ann ormasa rinn thu e,
'S am ort fein a reinn thu 'n call;
A mhead sa thaineadh leat thar lear
Cha teid iad air ais ach mall.

From Mr. Mac Intyre foresaid, Glenlyon.

S. 1. PART I.—A BHUIRBHURTACH, to line 97.

PART II.—CATH BHEINN EIDIN, from line 97 to the end. 1805. 399 lines.

From Mac Donald's Collection from Alexander Mac Rae in Gairloch, Ross-shire. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, June 11, 1872.

- 1 LA dhuinn air Tulach soir
'G amharc Erin mu ar tionnachal
Chunnaic sinn air bharran thonn
Aoghalt, athrachd, chuthal, chrom
- 2 Bha h' aogais air dreach a ghuaill
'Sa dend cairbartach enamh-ruadh
Bha crìon-fholt glas air a ceann
Mar choille chrìona, chrith-thean
- 3 Bha aon suil ronnach na ceann
'S bu luath i no ronnach muigh'r
Bha clòidheamh meirgeach fo crìos
Air gach taobh don chrithal chois
- 4 'S gur b' ainm don Fluagh nach tìom
A Bhuirbhurtach, mhaol ruagh mhorthin
Re amharc nam Fiann fo dheas
Gun ruith a bheisd na h' innis
- 5 Rinn i gean gun chomann duinn
Mharb i le h' abhachd cend laoch
'S a gaire na garbh chraos
- 6 Cait on robh sluagh bu chiallach
'S bu narich na sud agibhs'
Measg Fianna Inne-Fail
No air Mhathibh na h' Erin ?
- 7 Labhair laoch nach d' fhluaing sàr
Mac Moirna' dha m' b' ainm Coinean
A bhuidhin sin bha fann
Annta dh'cargadh do bhreim lann
- 8 Agus air sgath cullanach¹ nan con
Oirne na bhithid ga' muighadh
Cha n da-fhear dheug a b' fhearr san Fheinn
Thabhart Comhrag do 'n Bheisd
- 9 'S urrad eile ged bhithidh iad ann
Bhiodh marbh san aona bhall
- 10 Ach gheibh thu camha 's gabh còir
Caogad luna dhe 'n dearg or
Agus ga' m' b' fhearr or enodidh nan cloch
No cogadh nam Fiann fhaobharach
- 11 Ged fhoidhin buaidh² Erin uile
'H or 'sa h' airgid 's a crìonachd
B'fhearr leam fo choisgeard mo shleadh
Oscar is Reinne is Cairil.
- 12 O 'n se do plughair a thig dheth
Se dheibh thu gun chumha comhrag
'S caillidh tu dos do clunne-chrìon'
Re deagh mhac Ossian iarruidh
- 13 Dar dherich eòlg na Beisd'
Gan derich Fionn Flath na Feinne
Dherich Oiscean Flath nam fear
Dherich Oscar 's dherich Iollin
- 14 Gan derich Diarmad donn
Dheirich leis an lìon-bhuidhean
Dherich laoch nach tim 's aach tais
Dherich an Glas le mhor uart
- 15 Sin dar dherich iad uile
Eadar mhac Rì 's gach aon duin'
'S mar Bheisd' dhioghair 's a ghlean
- 16 Rinn iad Cro chrotha cathmhòr
Mar Mhuir ri clochan a mhol
Bha dol aig a Bhuirbhurtach orr'
- 17 Ach fhritheal i iad mu seach
Mar ruith sradagan lasarach
Ach an tus ionghal an aigh
Thuit cabhair air na Laoich lann
- 18 Thuit a Bhurbhurtach leis an Rì
Is ma thuit cha b' ann gun gan stri
Deachan cha d' fhuir e mach sud
O la Ceardoch Lou Mhic Liobhlin

¹ Cullanach, a dog boy, or dog-keeper, *gloss*.² Some say buur, cattle.

- 19 Ghluais an Gobh' leis a bhrìgh
Gu teach athair an ard Rì
Rinneadh bend ars' Gobhan nan cuan
Mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach ruagh
Rì.
- 20 Mar do slugadh i 'n talamh toll
No mar do thagh a mhuir leathan lom
Cha rath do dhaoir air an domhain
Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhoidhean
GOBH.
- 21 Cha ne mharbh i ach an Fhiann
Buidhean nach gabh roimh dhùine fianh
Cha d' theid Fuath no arrachd as
Ou t shluagh aluin fholt-bhuigh
Rì.
- 22 Bheir mise mo mhionnan Rì
Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhin
Nach fag mi do dh' Erin an aigh
Innis no Ealan no Tom
- 23 Nach tog mi 'n coir-thaobh mo laong
Dh' Erin churanda ao-throm
- 24 'S chuirin breabanich air muir
Ga togail as a tonna bhalladh
Le Crocan crom a ri tir
Ga tarring as a tamh-thonuadh
GOBH.
- 25 'S mor an luchd do luingeas ban
Erin uile dh' aon laimb
'S cha deach do luingeas air sàl
Na thogadh Cuigeadh do dh' Erin
- 26 Deich fìchid agus mìle Laong
Thog an Rì sud 's gum b' fheachd throm
Gu gcill Erin thabhart amach
Agus air shith na Feinne nam faradh.

MANUS.

S. 1.

- 27 Bha ceathrar air farthar a chuain
Do ghlan daoine' naise Inne-Fail
Oscar agus Reine Ruagh
Ossian nam buadh agus Cairil ard
FING.
- 28 'N d' fhiosraich sibh an deas no 'n tuagh
Co ni n' teannal chruaidh san traigh ?
Chan eil am ach Flath no Rì
Thuit Coinean maoil gun fholt
- 29 Och nam foidhais' am Fheinn
Fear a ghabhadh sgeul an t' sluagh
'S e labhair Fionn flath nam fear
Gum fòrdheadh e breith agus buaidh
CONAN.
- 30 Sin thubhart Coinean a risd'
Co a Rìgh b' aill leat dhol ann
Ach Feargus fìor-ghlic do mhac
O 'n se a chleachd a dhol nan ceann
FERG.
- 31 Mallachd dhuit a Coinean mbaol
Labhair Feargus bu chaoir cruth
Reachinse a ghabhat sgeul
Dha 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air do ghuth
- 32 Ghluais Feargus armal og
Air a rod an coimheadh nam fear
Dhoineich e le comhra foill
Cia na sloighs' tha air lear
LOCH.
- 33 Ma Manus oirne mar Thriath
Ard Rì Lochlin nan sgia airm
Se Rì Lochlin ceann na Triath
Gille bu mhor fiach us fearg.

FERG.

- 34 Thubhart Feargus rubh gu min
'N ann do chuideacha' nam Fiann
Thanig an Triath tha so air lear
'S Rì Lochlin orr mar cheann

LOCH.

- 35 Air do lamlha Fhearguis fheile
'S as an Fheinn cia mor do mhuirn
Cha ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhran
'S a bhean thabhart o' Fhionn

FEARG.

- 36 Tha Ri Lochlin air an traigh
Ciod e 'n sta a bhi ga chleith
Cha ghabh e cumh' o' Fhionn
Gun a bhean sa chn fo bhreith

FINGAL.

- 37 Cha d' thugams' sin bhean
Do dh' aon fhear tha fo 'n ghrein
'S cha mho dhealaichinn ri bran
'M feadh s' a bhiodh an deo 'mo chre
- 38 Ach air bhi fada dhuinn nar tosd
Gun smuinich Oscar an aigh
Dhol a labhairt re a sheannair
'S a Chleirich bu mhor an cas
- 39 Bheir mise mo bhriathar doigh
Thubhairt Oscar 's cha be 'n sgleo
Cia be laong as fhaide seoil
Mug iad air an turas leo
- 40 Gan seol i le'mfuil fo druin
Air neadh nach eil i nan coluin
- 41 S' b' fhearr na bhi gan iarudh thuinn o' thuinn
'M feidhean cruinn air aona bhall
- 42 Siud dar thubhart mi fein
Ged eil mi mar tha mi an ochd
Ri Lochlin nan Combrag theann
Gu sgaruin a cheann o' chorp
- 43 Sin dar thubhart Reine Ruadh
Cia mor a thac' a shluagh baoth
Naodh fichid do Gheard an Ri
Dhaimeoin an stri, bheir mi an sar
- 44 Gan dubhart Caoilte nam Fiann
'S cur a sgia air a lamh
Naodh fichid Curamh gun diomh
Dioldh mis iad air an traigh
- 45 Ghlac an Duth mac Rivin colg
Le guth borb 's e labhart air
Naonar a luchd combrag cheud
Nam chomhair Fein air an traigh
- 46 Sin dar thubhart Coinean re Goll
'S mor an glonn dut bhi nad thod
Nach d' thugamid cath laidir teann
Do Mhac Mheathau nan airm nochd'
- 47 Labhair Cuairte gill Fhinn
Tog dhìot do sheinn is bi slan
'S ged thanig iad nil' air thuinn
Cha mhor dhuibh theid air sal
- 48 Beirim beannachd 's beirim buaidh
Thubhart Mac Cumhil nan gruaidh dearg
Maonas Mac Garrie nam sloigh
Leigidh mis cea mor fhearg
- 49 Air mhoche erigh n' la air 'n mharach
Ghluais Fergus File gu gle dhan
Air chomhail mar bu choir
A b'iondsaidh Mathibh Ri Lochlin
- 50 Chuir e air a Luirach mhor
'S a Chlogaid de 'n or mu cheann
Gun chuir e a chloidheamh ri chrìos
'S a dha shleagh re lios 's a chrann
- 51 Bheannich e dar cha e mhan
Dh' fhear a sheasomh aite Ri
'S dhoinnich e le combradh foill
Ciod e a mor shluaghs' a tha air tir
- 52 'Saimideach thu reir mo bheachd
Co b' urra sa chleas dluth?
Ach Maonas Ri Lochlin nan Laong
Le fheachd trom gu cosnadh cliu

FERG.

- 53 'S aimideach a bluaill thu 'n speach
'S nach d' iomradh mi creach no toir
'S ge mor a thug sibh luibh an all
Gum feudadh sibh bhi gann a falbh

LOCH.

- 54 Co b' urra sa chleas dluth?

FEARG.

- 55 Ch b' urra sa chleas dluth
Ach Fionn ur a b' fhearr buaidh
Nach do theich roimh dhuine riabh
Ach gan teicheadh na ceuda uait

LOCH.

- 56 Ni mise cogadh oirbh le 'm fheachd
'S bheir mi creach o' Fhianna Fail
Bithidh Sgeollach ' agam 's Bran
'S bithidh Fionn sa bhean nam lamh

FEARG.

- 57 Feudidh tu a chantan gu beachd
Gur creach neart sin oirn gu brath
Ach cait am biodh Oscar og
Agus Ri nnn Fear mhoir ann 'n lamh

LOCH.

- 58 Dhechinn fein Oscar og
Ossian mor is Goll nan cnamh
Dechinn sliochd Ri nam Fiann
Is Fionna fial cia mor a lamh

FEARG.

- 59 Feudidh ta bhi triall an tir
Thubhart Fergus as caoin cruth
'S tu laoch as mo fo 'n ghrein
Ma dhearbhas tu fein do ghuth
- 60 Ciod e a choirre 's mo rinn Fionn
Man d' thanig sibhs a thogail gheall?

LOCH.

- 61 Se choirre 's mo rinn Fionn
Muisne Ri Lochlin nan gleann
Gur mharbhadh i 'n Erin shuas
Seal mas d' fhuairis le Clann—

FEARG.

- 62 Cha b' fhiach a choslas a bh' ann
Bha h' aogas air dreach a ghnaill
Bha crìon-fholt glas air a ceann
'S co dheanadh clann ri Fuath?

LOCH.

- 63 Cha b' fhuath bhann ach Bean
Cha robh i fann na tir fein
'S nam foidhidh i combrag naodhuar
Chuireadh i di air an Fheinn.

FEARG.

- 64 Chan fhaca sinne bean ann
Ach Cailleach chann 's i gann do cheill
Bha aon suil ghlonnach na ceann
'S chuir i annslachd air an Fhein

FIONN'S TRIBUTE.

- 65 Dheibidh sibh Cumh' 's gabhith coir
Caogaid Tunna do dhearg or
'S gum b' fhearr 'or cnodhinn nan cloch
No na bheir na Feachd da chuinn
- 66 Dheibh thu seachd ceud nighin bhais-gheal-bhan
Is seachd ceud Curadh theidha nan dail
Seachd ceud b' gun bhlobhan riabh
Seachd ceud Each le 'n deagh thriall
- 67 Seachd ceud Daimh chabair nam beann
Ghlacadh gun ghuth cinn no coin
Seachd ceud aogh le n' seachd ceud Maogh
Chuiradh an lamh an' Leitir Shoir
- 68 Seachd ceud seobhaga rinn sealg
Seachd ceud Gadhar garg am beinn
Seachd ceud Ealla dho 'n t' snamh
Seachd ceud Lach le Ràe air Leinn
- 69 Seachd ceud Ruagh-Cheare dhe 'n fhraoch
Seachd ceud Coillach-chraobh air chrann
Seachd ceud Iolair o' Thuath
Seachd ceud Earb' a luath ran gleann
- 70 Seachd ceud Cubhag seachd ceud cnach
Seachd ceud smeorach ' ghluais o' 'n bheinn
Seachd ceud Lon duth am beinn aird
Is seachd ceud ni nam b'aill' luibh

' Fingal's two dogs.

LOCH.

- 71 Ged fhoidhin buaidh Erin uile
'H or sa d' airgid 's a crionnachd
Cha phillinn mo Lòd air Sal
Ach am biodh Erin uile air earras

(Here follow the Banners, as in other versions.)

LOCH.

- 72 Co i a Bhrachs' Phili Dhuanaich
Ne sud Brach Mhic-treun Bhuaidhich
Chi mi Gille gathadh air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin ?

FEARG.

- 73 Cha re sud ach an Lia Luathnach
Bratach Dhiarmid og o' duinne
'S dar thigeadh an Fheinn a mach
Gheòbhidh an Lia-Luathnach toiseach.

LOCH.

- 74 Co i a Bhratach ud Phili Dhuainnich
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun Bhuaidhich
Chi mi Gille gath'sd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin.

FEARG.

- 75 Cha ne sud ach an Duth-Nea' (or Nimh')
Bratach Fhoilte Mhic Rea
Dar chruinnicheadh Cath na Clìar
Cha bhiodh iomradh ach air on Duth- Nea'

LOCH.

- 76 Co i a Bhratach ud Phili Dhuainich
Ne sud Bratach Mhic Treun Bhuaidhich
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin

FEARG.

- 77 Cha ne sud ach an aona-Chasach ruagh
Bratach Reine na mor shluagh
Bratach leis am briseadh eirn
'S leis an dorteadh Fuil gu faobartan.

LOCH.

- 78 Co i a Bhratach ud, Phili Dhuainnich
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun Bhuaidhich
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin

FEARG.

- 79 Cha ne sud ach a Sguab-ghabhi
Bratach Oscar chro-laidir
Leis an leigta cinn gun amhichin
'S nach tugadh troidh air a h' ais
Ach an criùlaidh an talamh trom-ghlas

- 80 Sgaoil sinn an Deo-ghreine re crann
Bratach Fhinn bu theann sa chath
Loma-lan do chlochan dha 'n or
'S ann luinn gu 'n bu mhor a meas—rath

LOCH.

- 81 Saolamid gun thuit a Bheinn——

FIONN'S BANNER.

FEARG.

'S darra dhuit na bheil ann
Geal-ghengach Mhic Cumail re crann
Is naodh slabhrin aise sios

- 82 Dh 'n or bhuidhe gun dall-sgiamh
Is naodh naodhnar a lann ghaigich
Fo cheann na h' uile slabhrich
Mar Chleath treamhadh gu traigh
Bithidh a gair-chath ga d' ioman.

LOCH.

- 83 'S breugach do bheul Phili bhinn
Cia mor agads' sluagh na Fenne
Trian na h' aganis do shluagh
Cha robh aguibh riabh an Erin.

FEARG.

- 84 Ge beag leatsa an Fhiamm theires
A Ri Lochlin na mor chamhlach
Bheir thu do theann leum fo 'n fheasgar
Roimh lanna glasa ni t-amhlacas.

- 85 'Arsin an toisich a chomhrag chruaidh
Se lathair Mac Cumhil nam buadh
Cromadh gach fear a cheann sa chath
Is deantar leis gach Flath mar gheall.
- 86 Bu lionmhor gnaillin ga maoladh
Agus coluin a snuagladh
Bu lionmhor ann tuitim fheasgich
O cirigh Greine gu feasgar.
- 87 'S cha deach faobhar airm gu muir
Ach aona mhile do shluagh bàrr
Theich iad mar shruth air bhara-bheann
Is sinne sa chath gan ioman.
- 88 Deich fìchid 's mìle sonn
Thuit eadar Garrie agus Goll
O 'n dherich a ghrian gu moch
Gus an deach i fo san annmoch.
- 89 Seachd Fìchid 's seachd Cathan
Na bha do shluagh aig Ri Mheathban
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh
'S le Cairil mor na corra-chnamh.
- 90 Bha Mac Cumhil 's a shluagh garg
Mar chaoir-theina na mor fhearg
Mar shardagan diana ris
'M feaduis a mhair Lochlinach ris.
- 91 Thachoir Mac Cumhil nam buadh
Is Maonas nan ruag aigh
Ri cheil an tuiteam an t' sluagh
'S ann luinn gum chruaidh an cas
- 92 Dar toisich stri nan laoch
'S ann luinn gum chian an clos
Bha clochan agus talamh trom
Fuasgladh o' bhonn an cos
- 93 Air briseadh don cloidhean ha dearg
Dheirich orr fearg agus fraoch
Thig iad am buill' air an lar
'S thug iad spair an do laoch.
- 94 Thuit Ri Lochlin an aigh
M' fianuis chai air an Fhraoch
'S airse ged nach b' onair Ri
Chuireadh ceangal nan trì-chaol.
- 95 Sin dar labhair Coinean maoil
Mac Moirne bha riabh bla riabh ri h'ole
Leigibh mise gu Maonas nan lann
'S gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp.
- 96 Cairdeas cha neil again no gaol
Dhuitsa Choinean mbaol gun fholt
'S o 'n thurladh mi 'n lannan Fhinn
'S auns a leam e na bli t' iochds'.
- 97 Cha n' iomar mi beun air Flath
Fuasglaidh mi thusa o m' Fheinn
A Laoich threin chuir mor-chath.
- 98 Dheibh thu do roghan a risd'
Dhol as gud thir fein
Cairdeas is commun is gaol
No thighin led lann gu m' Fheinn.
- 99 'M fadsa bhithis ceill am chorp
Cha bhual mi buille t' aghaidh Fhinn
'S aithreach leam na rinnis ort.
- 100 Cha n' ann ormsa rinn thu n' lochd
'S ann rinn thu 'n cron duit fein
Dhe 'n thug thu do shluagh o' d thir
'S beag a philleas a risd dhiubh sin.
- 101 Ach cia be thigeadh anns an uair
Gu mullaich Bhein-Eidin fhuar
Chan' fhac 's cha n' fhaic e gu brath
Urad do dh' fhaobh ann' aon la.

&c. MANUS. 30 lines.

Mrs. Taylor's, 7, Dalry Park Terrace, Edinburgh.
December 23, 1871.

I picked up—from the recitation of an old man—the
enclosed in Lewis three years ago. You will see how
closely it and Kennedy's version agree.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

MALCOLM MACPHEIL.

J. F. Campbell, Esq.

- 1 Là dhuinn a' fiadhach air leirg,
Cha do thachair an t-seulg n'ur còir;
Gu faea sinn mìle bàra,
Air sàl a' tighinn o near.
- 2 Thachair Mac Cumhail nan cuach,
'S Manus nan gruaidhean àigh;
Air leth air iomall an t-sluaigh,
'S a Chlèirich nach bu chruaidh an càs.
- 3 Stad sinne taobh air thaobh,
'S leinne bu chian an cìos;
'S nae faodab duine dhòl nou dàil,
Gus am faiceadh each an lachd.
- 4 Gidheadh ged nach b' onair rìgh,
Chaidh ceangal nan trì caoil air.
- 5 Oin thuirt Conan 's e thall,
'Ged tha mi mar tha mi noch;
Leig mise gu Manus nan long,
Ach an sgath mi cheann o chorp.'
- 6 'Cha 'n eil càirdeas 's cha 'n eil gaol,
Rintsa Chonain mhaol gun fhalt;
'S an tha mi fo ghraisan Fhinn,
'S e 's àill leam na bhì fo d' iochds.'
- 7 O' na thachair thu fo m' ghraisan féin,
Cha 'n iomair mi trènn air fath,
Leigidh mi thu dhachaidh a làmh thrèun,
'S iomadh a chur treun an cath.
- 8 'Gheibh thu do dha roghainn a ris,
'N uair a ruigas tu do thir féin,
Càirdeas is carantas is gaol,
Ach do làmh a bhì saor o 'n Fheinn.'

A. 17. FLEYGH. 84 lines.

In this a messenger comes over sea to ask Fionn and his warriors to embark, with their two famous hounds. They fall out with the Herald, and do not go. The last two verses are part of Oisèin's Lament to Padraig.

- 1 FLEYGH wor rinnì lay finni
Innoiss dowt a halgin
Fa hymmi dwn we ann
Deanow albin is errin
- 2 Fearis m'morn mor
Din reane fa gall glor
A waktow fleywi zar
O hanyth tow weanow errin
- 3 Di reggir sen finni wane
Fa math wle tor is tear
Dowrt gi wak fleywi zar
Na gi fley ane reywe in nerrin
- 4 Chongimìr huggin won tonn
Leich mor ayrriechtich foltinn
Gin ane dwu ag ach ay feyn
Fa math in toglach essane
- 5 Mir hanyth shay in gen nì wane
A dowrt in toglach fa keyve keyll
Tarsyth lomsth noss inni
Is ber cayd leich id di hymchill
- 6 Deych mek eicht morne mor
Ber let in dowss di henoyll
Fer is ocht zet chlonn feyne
Ber is oskir di zane wane
- 7 Ber deachnor di clannith smoil
Is feichit di clanni ronane
Ber di clanni mwìn let
Deachnor elli gin dermit
- 8 Ber let dermit o dwnith
Bar nì swr is no schalge
A feyn is kerrill id lwng
Deychnor di zanith is di zorrin
- 9 Ber cnor do zillew let
Fa farda how ym bee aggit
Agis twss fen a inni
A v'awasse erm zrinni

- 10 Ber C leich let er twnni
Di zna wntir inn v'kowl
Cskay gin m wi nor
Dinni m'kowl v'tranewor
- 11 Berssi let in nossa inni
In da chonni is ferri in nerrin
Ber bran is skoillin let
Lowt di zorrin i gimiecht
- 12 Na beith fudecheis ort a inni
Di ray in toglach ard evin
Tgggir fa woye id heith
Di we er ar sloye is soiche
- 13 Glor anwit hare id chenn
Ogle out hanik chwgggin
Min fayin tow in weanoss inn
Di wea di chen gin chollin
- 14 Di chora nì churffe in swm
A chonane meill nì beymin
Is mest in sloye di wee ann
Id ta tow agrow anwin
- 15 Errissyth clanni biskni ann
Erss conane in nani
Gowis gi neach zeuwe erm leich
Tig nì feanith ass gi ane teiwe
- 16 Marwar in sen mak di zinn
Feani gall a zassgi zrinn
As mak a zillin m'morn
Fa math in gath chrwnoywnyth
- 17 Errissyth arriss ann
Is daniss a wurrill
Fearyth yn beinni cwt
Ag gowle di chonan in nani
- 18 Di wersi a wraa feyn di zinn
Di ray gowle mor nim beymin
War conan na mess a chinni
Na bonfeit ass in tinechin
- 19 Ferris koill D' eichid in glen
Er nach leyr rawe cheith in ferrin
Ay gin fiss nyth feanith ag finn
Troyg in skail so halgin
- 20 Faddi lommi a halgin trane
Nach wagga na dunni zi nane
Ead a shelgi o zlenni gow glenn
Is nith aewlt no dymchol
- 21 Binvin lom ossin m'finni
Na hanich kenn nach deach zee
Ter gi dwni gar roye ann
Di binvin leom finni wley.

Fley.

FIONN'S EXPEDITION TO LOCHLAN.

D. F. O. P. 261 lines.

This ballad belongs to the Story of 'Manus,' but I am not certain that it is correctly placed in this order. This Scandinavian Herald might be reasonably explained as an old one-legged, one-armed, one-eyed Viking, with a gamutlet on; but as the five toes of his single foot covered two-thirds of the floor of the King's palace, a good deal must be allowed for poetical license. It is best to leave him as a Celtic myth. The King's questions, and the answers of the Feinne show that a great deal of the story is lost. I have nothing about the slaying of the King's sons, or the battles named. In the form of stories a great deal more of this Expedition to 'Beirbh' is told in the Islands. The stories I will place in translating. Mr. John Hawkins Simpson, in 1857, at page 209, printed a Mayo version of 'Fionn Mac Cumhal goes to Loughlin,' which is the same story.

D. 11. AN TATHACH IUNIGH. 67 lines.

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

- 1 LA dhuinn an Tigh Chronghlin nan Cloch,
Hanig gar 'nissuidh an Tatbh;
'S dholliche coig Meoir a Thraigh,
Trian do Dhurlar an Rìogh Thaigh.

- 2 Bha aoin Suil an Lar a Chinn,
Bha aoin Chas chli as a thoin;
Bha aoin Chrog usach as uchl.
'S bu duthidh I na Gualich Gothin.
- 3 Hog Connan an Dorn le Durichd,
Gu Hathich mor na haoin suiligh;
Stad a Chonnain fanna' d' cheil,
She a labhair Fion flath na Fein.
- 4 Bu bhor an Taobhir Reachd leom,
Gum buailte Teichdire Rìogh Lochlin;
Sheo a chiad La a bain u gu 'm Theich,
A nois Athaich Aonigh.
- 5 Fhìr as gorm aoin suil gun Tlachd,
Innsh duinne Toir¹ as linn michd;
Hauig me fon Lochlin lethlich,
Agus fon Chudiedh ghorm Tseighich.
- 6 Hoig mi shinigh nach ro male,
Hauig mi fo chriclibh Lochlin;
Ighin Rìogh Lochlin bha bhuig,
Chuir i Fios air Fion gun tairbeart.
- 7 Missigh labhairt ri Rìogh Flath nan Fian.
F dhol ga sìrigh gu Lochdruim-cliar:
Bha sheich ciad Fichid Cota shroil,
An Tigh Bhic Cubhail Mhic Treinbhoir.
- 8 Bha Clogid as Scia as Lurich,
Air gach Laoich iursich Ard-glunich;
Bha Innil gasta air gach Fear,
Fraoch toth air gach Laoich lannhear.
- 9 Bha Ullich air gach Fearr don Droing,
Do Luchd nan Ùrchair inuilte;
- 10 An dug shìbh am iunsuidh Cithich
Oran Buaigh? Ars Manus
- 11 'S mis 'a bharibh Cithich nam Buaigh,
Huirt Mac Cubhail nan Arm ruaigh;
Air an Traigh ha shiar mu Thuath,
Fenigh far 'n do thuit mor T-sibnauigh.

MANUS.

- 12 An dug shìbh gam iunsuidh Gorm T-shuil nan Cath?

- 13 'S mis 'a bharibh Gorm T-shuil nan Cath
She labhair an Tosgair arramach:
Gabhig mi fostaibh Marraigh an Fhìr.
Fon a thuit e leom au Iuril.

MANUS.

- 14 An dug shìbh gam iunsuidh Laibh nam Beud mo mhac fein?

- 15 'S mis 'a bharibh Laibh nam Beid
She labhair Diarmaid O Duibhne,
'S nar ro Math agguilbha chion,
Gad ha mi am Buisgair Fheribh Lochlin.

MANUS.

- 16 Ceanglibh an Fearrbogg ud.
17 Cait a bheil na Miunnin mor a Bhanis?

MANUS.

- 18 Ghagas far an duaras iad.
- 19 Harruing shin an shin air st'ie Fichid Scian,
'S gu la Bhrach gum' bard air Miagh;
She bharibh shin thrithir mun Fheir,
Shail mau dranig shin an Dorrast.
- 20 Bhrish shin Buaghinn an Tuir,
'S barbh shin an Dorsair,
- 21 Chaigh shin gu durragha steach,
Shog shin ubhlidh na Cairich;
Hainig shin air an Fhaichigh amach.
Nar Droing aigintich arramich.
- 22 Ghlaic shin Rìogh Lochlin nan Buaigh,
Hug shin lein e nìar gu Herin;
Sriabh uaigh shin amach
Bha Ciosh agguin air Feiribh Lochlin.

Crioche.

F. 11. MAR A CHUIR RIGH LOCHLUNN FIOS
FEALLSA GU FIONN MAC CUTHAIL.

Fletcher's Collection, page 18. 92 lines broken. Advocates' Library, January 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 'S AN aig tigh Chrom-ghlinn nan clach,
Thainig an Tathach ioghna;
Dh' fholuich cuig meoir a throighe,
Trian do dh' ùrlar ar Rìgh-thighe.
- 2 Bha aon chos fodha nach cli,
Aon suil air clar a chinn mhoir;
Bha aon lamh iarnuigh as uchl,
'S bu duighe i ua gualach gothain.
- 3 Thog Conan an dorn gun duire
Gu A' athach mòr na h-aon sula bhualadh.
- 4 Stad a Chonnain 's fan a' d' chèil,
Se labhair è Fionn fein,
Bu mhòr an t-aobhar reachd leam,
Thu bhualadh teachdair Rìgh Lochlunn am theachsa.

CEIST.

- 5 Nach è 'n diu an ceud latha,
Thaing thu gu m' theach Athaich ioghnaidh;
Fhìr is guirm' aon suil gun tlachd,
Innis dhomhsa t-airre is t-iompaigh?

FREAGRADH.

- 6 Thanaig mis' o 'n Lochlunn leathaich,
Is o 'n Chnidaicb ghorm shleaghaich;
Thug mi sinteag nach robh mall,
Thainig mi bho chricheibh Lochluinn.
- 7 'Chuir Inghean Rìgh Lochluin Bhà-bhuig,
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart;
Leamsa fios a dh' ionnsuidh 'u Triath,
Dol na h-iarraidh thair Lochdruim-cliar.'
- 8 Is è bhi seachdain bho màireach,
Aig cathair na Bèirbhe ann Lochluin.
- 9 Bha idh againn seachd ceud fhead còta sròil,
Ann tigh Mhic Cuthail, mhic Trenmhoir;
Bha da shleagh is lann 'us luireach,
Air gach laoch iorsuch àrd ghluimhor.
- 10 Bha inneal gasda air gach fear,
Agus fraoch teith air gach laoch lannhear;
Bha ùlach air gach fear do 'n droing,
Do luchd na 'n ùrchair innealta is dh' fhalbh sinn.
- 11 Rainig sinne Cathair na Bèirbhe ann Lochluin.
Thachair Rìgh Lochluin oirn a muigh 'us
chuir è fàilte chridheil oirn, agus thug e
cuireadh dhuinn a steach. Ghabhadh bhuainn
an sin ar cuid àrn, 'us chuir iad an tigh taisge
a muigh iad, ach thugadh dhuinn fein an iu-
chair ga gleitheadh. Thug iad a steach sinn an
sinn do Rìghthigh mòr bha aca 'us dhuine
dorsun an tuir sin do oirn. Do shuidh fear a
dhaoine Rìgh Lochluin air gach gualain do na h-
uile againne, agus bha fear eile a' frithealadh
do na h-uile truar a shuidh fùl 'n làn armaibh,
agus gun againn ach a mlaui sgianan foluich
oirn (mar ba ghnà leuin ann an ann cuunairt).
Bha 'n Rìgh na shuidhe air Cathair os-ar-ciunn,
d' ar nural 'us d' ar nearrail. Ach 'nuair bha
gach cuirm an deidh an cuir thairis 'S c' dh' iarr
an Rìgh fios Ceist.

- 12 Cò mharbh' mo mhaesa Ciothach nam buadh?

Am Freagradh.

- 13 Is mise mharbh do mhae Ciothach nam buadh,
'S è labhair è Goull arm ruidh,
Air an tràil' ud siar mu thnath,
Am feinne mun do thuit mòr shluagh.

- 14 Deir an Rìgh a rist.

- 15 Cò mharbh mo mhae Gorm-shuil nan eath;
'Is mise mharbh do mhaesa Gorm-shuil nan eath,
'S e labhair e an t-Oscar armach,
'S cha 'n-àicheadh mi às an fhir,
Bho 'n a thuit e leam san iorghaill.'

CEIST.

- 16 C' àite an dh' fhaig sibh mo mhae fein,
Lamh nam bèud am Bìngal-biaghla?

¹ History.

FREAGRADH.

- 17 'S mise mharbh lamh nam bèud,
Do mhaic fein am Bingal-briagh;
Se labhair è Diarmaid-o-duinne,
'S nìor robh math agaibh da chionn,
Ge d' tha mi 'm builsgain fir Lochlain.
- 18 Beirbh air an fhear bheag nd 's ceanghlaibh è,
Arsa Rìgh Lochlain
- 19 C' àite bheil na briathra mòra a Mhànais? Arsa Fionn.
- 20 Tharruing sinn an sin ar seachd ceud fichead sgian,
Agus aig meud ar gaisge bhu mhoid ar gnìomh;
Mhairbhte leinn truir mu 'n d' rainig sinn an doras,
- 21 Bhrìste leinn dorsan an tuir,
Agus mhairbhte leinn an dorsair,
Ach phill sin gu dùr a steach
Is thog sinn ulaidh na Cathrach.
- 22 'S bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,
Mar droing aigneach uallach;
Agus riamh bho sin a mach,
Tha cis againn a fearaibh Lochlain.

O. 38. CARRACHD RIGH LOCHLAIN AIR FIONN.
92 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 158. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

THE poem which follows, in the beginning, resembles the beginning of 'Roe,' see page 103, but the rest is different. It is called 'Carrachd Rìgh Lochlain air Fionn.' (Collector's note.)

- 1 TUR a chuir rìgh Lochlain fios gu Fionn,
San aig tigh chrom ghlèann nan clach;
Thainig oirnean an tathach ioghna,
Dh' fholuich cuig meoir a throidhe
Trian do urlar ar rìgh tigh.
- 2 Bha aon chos fo 'n nach robh eir,
Aon suil air clàr a chinn mhòir;
Bha aon lamh iarnaidh as uchd,
Bu duibhe i na gualach Gathaun.
- 3 Thog Conan an dorn g' an tiorea,
Gu athach mor na h-aon suil a bhualach;
Stad a Chonain 's fan a' d' cheill,
'Se labhair e Fionn fein.
- 4 Bu mhor an taobhar reachd leam,
Tha bhualach teachdìre rìgh a' m' theachsa;
Nach e 'n duigh an ceud iatha,
Thain' thu gum theach athach ioghna;
Fhìr is guirne suil gun tlachd,
Innis dhombas taire 's t-iompaidh.
- 6 Thainig mise o Lochlan lagbach (al. learach)
'Son chuideachd ghorm shleaghach;
Thug mi sìnteg nach robh mall,
Thainig mi o chriochlaibh Lochlain.
- 7 Chuir nighean rìgh Lochlain bhla bhuig,
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart;
Chuir i fios dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,
Dol ga h-iarraidh thar Loch druim clìar.
- 8 'Se bhì seachdan o maireach,
Aig Cathair na Beirbh an Lochlain;
Bha sìd againn seachd ceud fichead carra shroil
An tigh Mhic Cuthail, Mhic Treunmhoir.
- 9 Bha da shleagh, is laun is luireach,
Air gach laoch iorsach ard ghluinmhor;
Bha inneal gasda air gach fear,
Agus Fraoch leth air gach laoch lar.
- 10 Bha ulach air gach fear g' an droing,
Do luchd nan urcharan innealta.
- 11 Is Dh' fhalbh sinn.
Air sgiathaibh gaoithe a' sìubhal cuan,
Dh' fhalbh sinn gu h-ulach ard;
Mar coinnceamh chummaic sinn mar stuagh
Cathair na Beirbh an cois na traigh.

- 12 Thachair rìgh Lochlain oirnn a muigh,
'S chuir e fàilte chridheil oirnn;
Thug e cuire dhuinn a steach,
'S ged a thug cha 'n ann chum aigh.
- 13 Ghabhadh uainn ar cuid arm,
'S thaisgeadh iad an caru a muigh;
Thuga dhuinn fhein an luchar ghatha,
Cha smaoin gleithe bh' air ar n-uigh.
- 14 Chaidh slàn seachd do thigh 'n rìgh mhoir,
Dhuinne oirnn dorsan an tuir;
Shuidh fear a dhaoine rìgh Lochlain air gnallain
a h-uile fear againn: fear a frithealadh do na
h-uile truir. Iadsan fon lan armaibh, gun
againn ach ar sgeanach foluich.
An rìgh na shuidhe os ar ceann gar n-carail;
nuair bha gach cninn an deigh dol thairis.
Se dh' iarr an rìgh fios co mharbh mo mhaicsa,
Ceothach nam buadh.
- 15 'S mise mharbh do mhaic Ceothach nam buadh,
'Se labhair Goll nan arm Ruagh Chia 'n aicheadh.
Air an traigh nd sìar ma dheas,
Am Feinne ann do lot a chneas.
- 16 Co mharbh mo Mhaic Gormshuil nan cath?
- 17 'S mise a mharbh do Mhaic Gormshuil nan cath.
'Se labhair an t-Oscar armach.
Cha 'n aicheadh mi bas an fhìr.
O na thuit e leam san Tìorghuil.
- 18 C'ait an d' fbag sibh mo mhaic fein,
Lamh nam bèud am beag a bhriathra!
- 19 'S mise mharbh lamh nam bèud,
Do mhaic fein am Bèuga Briaghna.
'Se labhair Diarmad o Duighne,
'S nìor robh math agaibh ga cheann, (chionn)
- 20 Ged thu mi builsgain fir Lochlain,
- 21 Beiribh air an fhear bhragaid,
- 22 Ceanglaibh e ars rìgh Lochlain,
- 23 C'ait a bheil na briathra mòra Mhànais?
- 24 Dh' fbagas far an d' fhuaras.
- 25 Tharruing sinn seachd ceud fichead sgian,
Aig meud ar gaisge bu mhòr gnìomh,
Mhairbhte leinn truir m' an fhear.
Seall tu 'n d' rainig sinn an doras.
- 26 Bhrìsear leinn dorsan an tuir;
Mhairbhte leinn an dorsar dur,
Ach phill sinn laun gu dùr a steach,
'S thog sinn ulamh na Carachd.
- 27 Bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,
Eutrom aigeanaich uallach,
Agus riamh o sin a mach,
Bha cìos agalnn air fearaibh Lochlain.

This evidently differs from the other, though the character of the messengers answers the Champion of Cormac—from the MS. of Mr. Mac Iver foresaid. (Collector's note.)

P. 10. TURUS FHINN DO LOCHLUNN.

Staffa's Collection, page 65. 64 lines. Advocates' Library, February 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 INNIS thus dhuinn a Phadruig,
O 'n a 's tu a 's fearr meadhair,
Greis air Scialachd Fiannibh Fhinn,
La àrd a bha sinn an Cromagheann.
- 2 La dhuinn an Cromagheann nan clach,
Thaig oirn an t-athach angabhi;
Thuir e le gloir bluig nach tiom,
Nach càithe leinn cuid an Cromagheann.
- 3 'N sin labhair Fionn le guth mor,
Uist a Chonain 's coisg do dhorn,
'S mor an t-abhar reachda leinn
U bhualidh Teachdaire Rìgh Lochlunn

' Breuga Briaghna.

- 4 Ach fhuir as buirbe suil gun tlachd,
Sloinnsa dhuinn t-ar agus t-iomachd.
- 5 Thanig mis o Lochlunn Leathunn
O'n chuideachd chuirm fhleaghigh,
Thug mi treun cheim gun bhí mall
Ann an cein o chrioibh Lochlunn,
- 6 Thug nighin Riogh Lochlunn nam bla buig,
Dhuit fein Fhinn a gaol gun dearmad
'Us dh' iarr i ortsa Mhic Cuthaill,
A tabhairt o luchd a troma chleigh.
- 7 Cairibh air cotana sroil,
Air ar corpibh seanga sithar
Air Luirichin 'us math maise,
Seabhuill oir fúí fhilidh gasta.
- 8 Seiaht blrcae nan eangach dar dion
Trogamid a ghaol gun Iomaguinn,
Seiaht bhil oir 'us Lann 'us Luireach
Air gach Gill-Oglaoch Ard ghluinnich,
- 9 Inneal comhann air gach fear,
Fraoch Siubhail air gach Gille,
Ull' ach air gach aon do 'n dream,
Do luchd nan uarachairin Innealt,
- 10 Thog sinn ri drummachull a'chuain,
A Bhuidhinn 's cha b' fhrast air diongabhaill
Cath-eagar do dh' Fhiannibh Fhinn,
Gun smaointin eagal na Ionaghuin.
- 11 Latha dhuinn sa mheirbh ag òl,
Pobull Fhinn 'us Riogh air tonail
Ag òl sa 'g iomairt air leinn,
Sinn fein 'us sluaghan Riogh Lochlunn.
- 12 Sin labhair Riogh Lochlunn fein,
An dng sibh leibh Lamh nam beud,
Na Cùibhich mo mhachd eila,
Na Gomunn na Mìoghsul briatha.
- 13 Us mise mharbh lamh nam beud,
Ars Osgar 's ni b' iomadh breug
Gun taine do dhuine ga chionn,
Na na bheil do fhine 'n Lochlunn,
- 14 'S mis a mharbh Gomunn do mhac,
Arsa Raoini but gheal glachd,
Air Traigh a chliabhain fúí' thuath
Siar o rudha na morelchan,
- 15 'S mis a mharbh Clùth 'te do mhac eila
Arsa Diarmuid Donn o Duibhne;
'Us gabham re mar bhadh an fhuir,
O'n sann leam a thuit 'n Iorghuill,
- 16 Ghabh sinn air an fhaic' a mach,
Nar dream aiginnich nalich,
Seolt sinn roimh Dhorsibh an Tùir;
Agus thuair sinn buaidh air na Loch-Iannich.
- 17 Agus phill sinn air ar 'n ais a chum air 'n aite
fein a ris.

Q. 2. AIREAMH FIR DHUBHAIN.

Stewart's Book, Vol. II. p. 547.

As this book is by no means rare, I print this from a modern Irish MS., bought in Dublin. The figures are the same, but the words differ. As this is a numerical puzzle, the arrangement of the men who represent the numbers must always be the same. The Scotch and Irish words by which the numbers are remembered differ, but not materially. The problem is so to arrange two rival parties of 15, as to make every ninth man a foe and slay him. The game is very commonly played with black and white pebbles, ranged in a circle in alternate lots:

4. 5. 2. 1. 3. 1. 1. 2. 2. 3. 1. 2. 2. 1.

Beginning to count at 4, white for Fionn and his men, the 9th is the last of the first black lot of 5. The 18th is in a black lot of 2, and so all the 'black strangers' are cast out as nines, and slain by the craft of Fionn according to the tale. This arithmetical legend seems to fit where cunning was pitted against cunning.

GOLD PHINN AGUS DHUBHAIN.

- 4 Ceathrar fionn fiadha ar thùs
Fa merblar lion aniomthus
- 5 Cuigear dubha na n dail
de lucht derbh chogar dhubhain
- 2 dias o Fhinn borb g bheath
- 1 Fear o dhubhain teibhartach cath
- 3 Triur o mhac cubhuill fheill
- 1 As fear o dhubhain dhreich reidh
- 1 Suighios Fionn san mbroggh bhan
- 2 Gha dhias dhubhe ar a laimh deis
- 2 Is dias eile do mhuntar fhinn allmhuine
- 3 Truir o dhubhain mo chion
- 1 Fer fiadhaigh na n aghaidh sinn
- 2 dha fhear on loch nar lag lamh
- 2 dias o Fhinn
- 1 as fear o dhu ban

—30—

Copied December 29, 1871, from a modern Irish MS. bought in Dublin from O'Daly. See Stewart, p. 547, Vol. II., where the figures are the same, but the words differ.

AN BRUIGHEAN CAORTHUIN. 1603.

THIS Fenian tale seems to be a copy made by a Scotch scribe, who used Irish characters and orthography. The story is common in Irish MSS. of late date. This is an old copy, and the language looks still older. I give it as a sample of language, in hopes that some one will print the entire manuscript. The following note is by the gentleman who copied the fragment:—

Copied June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from a transcript made into current hand by the Rev. Donald Mac Intosh, 1804, from the Dunstaffnage MS., written by Ewen Mac Phail, dated, October 22, 1603.

Among the Gaelic MSS. in the Library there is also a transcript of 'Bruighean Caorthuin' made into current hand in 1812 by Ewen MacLachlan, Old Aberdeen, from another MS. now in the Library (see Appendix to Ossian, Vol. III. p. 566, ed. 1807). This MS. has no date, but the name 'Magnus Mac Muirich' appears on its first remaining leaf. It consists of five Tales in prose, interspersed with pieces of poetry that relate to the subject, a Vocabulary of obsolete words, and a short historical Poem on the Kings of Ireland.¹

On the page cited, MS. 2 is said to consist of 193 pages. The writing is ascribed to about 1600. The poetry is said to be very beautiful, and some of it is ascribed to Cuchulain. Probably this belonged to Clanranald's Bands, who were commonly educated in Ireland.—J. F. C.

The original is written, in Irish character, on paper, quarto, in a clear hand; but the ink is faded, and the MS. much damaged. This story seems to be a copy from some older writing. It is still current orally preserved. See 'Popular Tales,' vol. ii. Y. p. 168. See also 'Fionn le Feachd na Féinne air cùl Bheinn Eidin' a sealg,' orally collected, 1871, by Donald Mac Pherson.—June 20, 1872.

THE STORY OF THE ROWAN TREE DWELLING.

A FRAGMENT.

Ri UASAL oireadh ro gabhna flathas & saor lamhas ar na clithre treabhaidh Lochlunnach ar feachd naill i colgan cruaidh armach mac Do ain & do co onn (c)an & ard oireachdus laisan righ sios ar saithd na beirbh loch lùn bannaigh & rangadar an ceithre treabha Lochlanach na chomhaidhail la air IS ann sin do labuir righ Lochlain do ghuth ar mor folais ghlan imsin naonnadh & a feadh adubhuirt Lochlun ar se anaitidh dibh lochd no ainimh mar rigare nar tighearna oruinsa a dubhuirt eadh uile dathas aon fhear nar bareuidh a dubhuirt an righni mar sin daisa fein ar se is aith nild damb locht ro mhor oruin o sheadh (shean) creud-he an locht sin

[The ten following lines in the MS. are illegible.

Top of page 2.]

agus forglun na Lochannach is do chaidhe d. d. ar magh duireadnab fomharach & is an do thuirtabhain ce iodon. Ceaththam chalahd craos fhiacalch & is ann ata a feart an dun Ceaththam don taoph at uaidh do mlagh Duir. Is ann sin do duirt Niamhadh cruth tsolis inghean Neidh gConair slaghuidh & goona cloinn & is ann ata dfeart don taobh tsiair do sin & do tuit ann sin clanna Uancid & is ann ata abfeart ag clur Luighne & agann Uincid anarl Eateann do cheannladh bal' Loigh uidih Lamh fhada IS ann sin a dubhuirt ri L. l. isead is aillhomsa ar se dul an Eairinn dhaighuidh ciosa no sinnsr o

¹ MacLachlan's Analysis, p. 20.

Eaireann & dfaghuibh braghaidh gríll re comhall damh a dubhradar maíthe Lochlann gar maith le feim an turas sin re deanaíh & gar míste le a fad condearn e & a dubhuirí ri Lochlann gaisín¹ shuigh do chuir ar an L. i. uile & do chruinnidh chuige U. ruagh chathra ro mhór ar fáithe na Beirbe Lochlann aid & do dainighidh a longa & aluath bhara & do chuididh ionnta go híd mhach ligireach & thugadar leith samtach isin a bfaíge go hór neartmar & ní bfeuchadar dóe no dan f'ann da furadar no gar gabhadar chuam ad taisc eart Ulladh & tangadar athair co tinnceas nach & do gabhar ag arguin na críche co coim díochra & is e pa ri air Eirinn an tan sin iodhonn Corbinn mac Art mhic Cuinn ceud chathach & rainic fíos na trom dainíe sin go Teamhrindhe mur roibhe Conn ceud chathach & do chuir Corbinn deachda gur Healtuinn Laighean mar roibhe Fionn mac Cuphuill da radha ris an trom dainíh dóe iongbailh sin díochra deareanachailh íarna chuin strin sin d'Fionn do chuir trionar ar & cathup na Féinne tangadar go hobann athlanh da ionnsuige isin ubaile & tigid ag coime na nallmarach ina dromghadh disgire dasclitach & mór sugnadar don ruadh'ar no go rangadar ag comhdhailna Lochlan & ar taicín a ceile doigh tugadar ionnsuighe neamhais² naimh deamhuil fair a cheile & do tuistadar socheidh iondear ara nírg leith don tuireann treun neartmar sin. IS ann sin do fhearguidheann an Fian do an datha go Point & ll ferdan laidir dala Ghuill Morna ar bfaicín na Féinne ambaghal ag na Halhmarachuibh do ionnsuighe mara bfaicuid Meaighe rígh Lochlann & do nochd a lann íomhtha leathlan leadarach & ro gabhadar uruighe adh garbha anlamartaca di ar na Lochlannachuibh & diaigh sin tarla he fen & ri Lochlann da cheile Eac do rondadar comhrac disgir dachdae do endrain re cheile & do tuid ri Lochlann abfoir ceann an conhrúic sin do beamannuibh ghlac laidir Ghul mhic Morna & do bhriseadh air na Lochlannach o do find adriathl & a tigherna & do chuaidh ar trí mhic ri Lochan do chathadh ag an catha o do dhuit anatar & do mhrubh díos díobh & ainic Fionn an tres mac díobh, iodhonn, Níoch mac colgan & do churadh ar na Lochlannach ar dtuidd an trí treun fheas sin uadh & ní deacha eal' chach beatha as díobh gan mharbha & do ghabh Fionn Míoch & do bean aon íaslaghadhas & do goiradh ri Lochlan do mhídhach ar sin a dubhuirí Míoch re Fionn o do tugais manam damh a láthair cath & gar tuilleas has dfaghuil ní bfuicéam thu go brath & do bheara cíos na Lochlannach chugam an Eirinn & caidheud maille friotsa he & anfad agad go brath inthusa níodhaind do an se a bfochuir Finn & drong mor da mhuintir maiteadh frís seal fad do míodach aegoimhídh & a dubhuirí Conan mac Morna re Fionn is mor an guasachd duit a find ri Lochlan do beadh ad goimhídhach do gnath ar marbhadh a athar acath dhuit do radh Oisín mac Fhinn is níor do Chonan síd ar se & o nach aill le ri Lochlann sgaradh friotsa tabhair fearan do deannam tigiduis & na bíodh s'e ad comhídhach ní síad no do bise. In ann sin do goir Míoch mac Colgan euga & dubhuirí Fionn fríos toigís do deannamh & do dtíubhradh se fein a rogha do da trucha cheandh d fhearrán an Eirinn do & rugh Míodh do roghainn & truch e. aon tuath taoibh tuath dhi & aseadar gar gabh se an fearonn sin, iodhonn, Fairsinge an chuain do bhi eaidar an da tir sin & nach bíodh coimheud do gna fair adbhair eile far gabh se an fearonn sin anochus go bfeudhan se Lochlannaidh & Greugaidh do tabhairt lais ar an chuain sin an trath do geubha se baoghal faille re deannamh air na Fianaibh & do haindead³ an fonn sin le Míodach mac Colgan & do líondíoché tron conach aige ceithre bíadna ar se anordanadh⁴ sin aon do lo da dtíang Fionn & Fian Eirín do tséil & dfadhach fa trucha cheain⁵ ri & fa chríodhaibh bfear more ris a raitar hí Connal Gabhra a Mugh & do suigh Fíond na dunha tséilga ar tulach n faing sgana frís aratar fearonn na ag Connul anuid & drong dífanaibh Eacpíonn ma raon frís an'

Níor cian díobh annsin go bhfocadar aon go laoch da ionnsuighe & he mor míleanta ag teachd do láthair chuga & trealamh comh daingean catha uime, iodhonn, cotu suaitídhíhí sríol & ceambhairíocht cor chlochímhí buadhach uina cheann & agíth dond dath aluinn re na ghuabín chí & da shleagh tsíthí fhoda na laimh dheas & tainic do láithair & do bheannuidh d Fhionn & d Fhianuibh Eairinn & do fíaruidh Fionn sgeula dhe do raidhsean fear dana me ar se tainic re dan eugada IS iongnadh an cul⁶ fíu chatha & fíu chonhrúigíodh at síu mar sin.

IS fear dana nise ar se tanog re dan chugada trí hion⁷ dana do díol so ar Fionn & tarsi líonsa go brúigíuinn

caigin do bhruighnibh Eairinn & do geabhar do díol ann uinise a dubhuirí an toglaoch gabhainn mar díol uaidh ar son mo dhana a ciall do thuícan damh & eirínn fo geasuibh tu fon attaicín dainíh gabh dan ar Fionn in loisge teime uair go creach.

Ad coinnire teach isín tír, as nach tabhair geill do ri maith sean leor gabhadhí eon rígh teach tuigín sin ar Fionn is e sin brogh na boinne iodhonn, teach Aonghus oig mhic an Dagha or ní feudar a losgadli na creacha is e sin tuigín an roinn sin ar an fear danadh. Ad conuifre fear shu leith tuath nach beirsa a lan do luaidh ní fear leis anna re bhríth. No comhín agarbhí cluith, Tuicim sin ar Fionn is e sin clóidicanní Aonghasa oig ad conmarcas & ní fearr lais anna na brúithe ag eairadhaí enamh & corp do laimh eadhaidhí Aonghasa ciodhí mall a ceamtar gach tuath is laithe.

Ad conmar beannsa leith theas agas clann freu na cneas, iodhonn. Noach luath & asiad ahlann do conmarcas, Treana-Tuigín an bean sin, ad conmarcas, iodhonn, an boinn do leathí teas cneas, iodhonn, Bricíall chorera & a bhradam eaochair bregairí ciodhí mall nan sruth sin is laithe he Eaoch luath or sínbuidhí se an domhain re biadhúinn & no dhiongann each do luas an sínbail sin isí sin tuigín an raimn sin air an fear dana abhuir tuilleadh do dhan damh air Fíond deonuire ceathearnídh go mhuaidh fan neirgidís íomadh shuigh Eaochair or is Eaochuir tsat ciod ba frith ad coinnire Tuil⁸ caile tuigín sin ar Fionn is cara daonghus & tusa & ní cara damhsa & is íslighe do gabh se leathtreana luthgort fein & ad conuaircus beith beaga os bar dos & deagh bhe ag tional ag ennasagí & is íad sin an ceatharn ad conuaircus is níor sin ar an fear dana íshí sin tuigín sin an dana uad do rime asaduitse cia thusa fein a dubhart Conan mac Morna an nach aitheaochuir⁹ tusa he ní aithínn ar Fionn do aith-eanta mise & Osgar & Oisín creud noch aithínn uimí sí no mhuintir fein & ní aithínn an fear uad ar Fionn is do mhuintir fein sud ar Conan & ní caruid dhuit e & do budh cona de noach a namluidí daithíne no charuid oir isse do dheanadí do dho & is e sud Míodhach Mac Colgan & is leatsa do chuid athuir & a díe dearbhí brathair ag eath buidhe Beirbhe & do beannas aon íaslaghadh as fein & ata se ríceidár mblídhnaibh deug ag oígaochas agad & ní tuge bíadh no deocha duit frís an re sin. A dubhairt Míoch Mac Colgan ní mise as ciontach frís sin a Conain ar se nair us roibhe me aon mí rsín nach beith fleath agam fan comhair. & us thainic se da ceathainh & us no tuga eutreadh do & atan fleadh agam dóe anochd tigeadhse da chaithéannh & ata bruidhean air tuinn ata an fleadh & annsa ubruighín ata air tír do bheiríthar da ceathainh iodhonn euiríme Fionn fo geasaidhí uatha as laith le sin & a dubhuirí Fionn re h-Oisín ansa ann so & drong d'Fiann Eireann maille fríot & na leig díom-suighe brúighe anóiein iad & cuirfead fíos sgeula eugadas cionas a bías an bruidhean :

IS íad so an eugar do a fan abfochair Oisín isín duha tséal, iodhonn. Dúarmuid O Duibhne & Cailti mac Ronain & Fiacha Mac Finn & Fath Canantar mac mhic Con & Ainín sí mac Suíme tséalga & síad so do cuaidh le Fionn gus an mbrúighín iodhonn. Goll mac Morna & Conan Mac Morna & Mac Lughach luimneach laiceachadh & Sgiath bhreac bhreac mac Dathchain & Glas mac don a cearta bearta & da mhac Aodh bhígh mhic Fhinn & Duolgas & Conan mac an Leith Luachra & Gallan mac an Luachra & da ri Fheinnídh Chonnachd iodhonn. Coir cosluath ceud guinach & ceid chínnídhí mac Connal Cruacha & da ri Fhianuidh Fhian Laighean, iodhonn, Flaitheas bfear Leith broighe & Doncha mac Brennail & do chuaidh díachaínn le Fionn & do chuaidh Conan rompa steach ansín mbrúighín & ní fhaír aon ndúine íunite & fuair se ag comh maith do Brúighnibh ríamh & eudmíge síoda so masacha & bruit aille íodaltach or snaitheacha ar leath ugdh¹⁰ & ar urlar na brúighe & gach re clarínnte, iodhonn, clar gle gheal & clar dubh & clar gorm & clar naine & clar dearg & gach ar doman ar cheann do mol Conan go mor suíghula na Brúighe & do chuaidh asteach íunite an tan sin & do shuidhadar ar na bratubh síoda fuaradar argeionn insín mbrúighín & níor baill leo aneudmíge fein beith eateara & eudmídhna Brúighe & do bhi baladh sar mhaiseach ag teachd don tinnadh ionnus gur fasadh & gar meudughadh meannam aígíonta an baladh sín Dubhuirí Fionn ann sín IS iongna hion ar se fad go faghtar ní eigin do biadhadh na Brúighe sí clu-ginní dubhuirí Goll mac Morna ata ní iongantuigh leam peín ina sín, iodhonn, an tíne roibhe boladh suaghuidhí so maiseach ag teachd ann so dúinn gar breine hí anois na canna an domhain & is sí is mo deathach do deintibh an domhain uile a dubhuirí Glas mac Ainín Chearta beurtara ata ní ionganthadh leam fein ina sín, iodhonn, an Brúigh-

¹ gairm, gloss, in MS.² neo-thais, gloss.³ Ainmíched, gloss.⁴ anochadh, gloss.⁵ chríoch cain, gloss.⁶ culaidh, gloss.⁷ hionna, gloss.⁸ aithnigh, gloss.⁹ ugonn, gloss.

ean a roibhe gach re ndatha deurasamh-lachd gach uile datha gan aon clar anois innte ach iarna dhut daingniughadh ar e cheile re slataibh cruidhe caorthuin & re cula tuath & farchadh da mbualadh eire cheile a Dubhuirt Faolan mac Aodh bhig Finn ata ni is ionganthadhe leam spein ina sin. iodhon, an Bruighean ar a raibhadar seachd n doirsi ag teachd ann so dhuinn nach bfuil anois orrtha ach en doras & a dubhuirt Conan mac Morna ata ni is ionganthuide leam spein inasin. iodhon. euduighe siola & na bruit aille en sanhla do bhi fuinn¹⁰ ag suighe ann so duinn nach bfuil en smait fuinn anois diobh & dair leam gar bi hi ere na taluinn reurgreathadh anois & gar fuaire i no sneachdadh fhuar en oidheche IS ann sin a dubhuirt Fionn is geis damhsa abeadh am bruighin aon an doruis ar se & is eaguil leam garab bruighean a Fhail a bhrughean sa a bfuil muideh & gearradh druim ar taobh i di deanaibh mar sin air Conan & tug lamh laochadh tapadh ar armuibh & mor feud en cor do chor de IS ann sin a dubhuirt Goll mac morna a Fhinn cuir hortog fad gend fise & foilladh si duinn creud he an corsa oruinn is deacur leamas sin ar Fionn cioldh deacair is eigin damh a deanaibh.

Chuir Fionn ordog fan gend & do foillseadh. iodhon. fias & fior colus do IS annsin a do leig Fionn osna mhor as & a ghaimh ar son mhor saoghail a bfuaras go nuigid so uair ata ri Lochlann re ceithre bliadhni deug ag dealbh na faille chugain & a nois do fhuair se arach ar deanaibh agus tug se tre¹¹ fhear do Chrengachuibh lais dangoirtar righ an domhuinn mhoir & ata se righ deug na fairadh & seachd catha tional gach righ diobh & ata tri righ Inmsetile orrtha sin. iodhon. tri draoidhe duabhsaacha diabhladh & tren fhear talcra tren chaluia iad sin. iodhon. Nenuh & Agha & acuis anamana & is iad do chuir an uirne fuinn da bfuilmid ceangulite & ataid am bruighin anoisin & is gearr gottigid genirne cumhbais & ni feundaid ne an bhrughneas dfaigbail no go geomuirt fuil na tri righes do cuir annirsi fuinn duinn & ba truaigh laisan bfein an sgeul sin & do roumfad caoineadh-adhbhal mhor ag chuinsin.

A dubuirt Fionn na deanaidsi sin ach gabha mend meannuinn chugaidd re luchd euga oir ni roibhe do saoghal aguin ach abfuaran & sinnadh an dord fiansa dhuinn uair oiridhaidh duinn rea mbas & do rinuadar amlha sin. IS ann sin a dubhuirt Oisín mac Fhinn do gheal Fionn fios do chuir chugain da taitnadh an teannadh andeachuidh fris & agus cia do rachadh d fhios sgeul cugamsa achadas ar Fiacha mac Fhinn uair is ni duine oige annso rachadsa leat ar Inni mac Suibhne tealghe agus do ghaisadar rompa chum na brughne & do chualadar an Dord Fian ag seinnmhis go ceolmar & a dubhuirt Inni mac Seaga Suibhne IS ole ata ar ac an droing do ni an ceol sa ar se uair is re linn do broin is gnath re Fian. nith eirionn an ceolsa do dheanaibh do chuala Fionn comhradh na deise deagh laoch sin & a dubhuirt Fionn ane guth Fiacha mhic Fhinn so ar se-is e go dearbh ar Fiachadh na se na leig ni is neasa na sin duine e nair atamuid ceangult don talamh & duir Inmsetile & do fiarfuidh Fionn deasach na do bhi ina foireadh ata da dalta. iodhon. Ainnsi mac S. S. teaidhleas & na leig an gar eath rachna nallbharach e a dubhuirt ainnsi mac S. S. a Fhinn ar se do bole an luach oileanna damhsa teideadh riondasa an tan is cruaidh duit & tu an gasachd bais a dubhuirt Fionn o nach ail leatsa deitheadh ar se cuiridh fen & Fiacha ar an athsa ar sgath na brughne & cosuaidh he no go beura drong eigin dFiannuidh Eairionn cruibh do rimeadh ar amladh sin IS annsin a dubhuirt Fiacha a mhic S. ar se comeads an tathsa, &c.

¹⁰ Foghain, gloss.¹¹ Treun, gloss.B. 4. BRUIGHIN CHEISE CORUIN.¹

Twelve stanzas (by Fergus) forming part of the above tale, copied July, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from Rev. Donald Mac Intosh's Transcript of Ewen Mac Lean's MS., page 157; and fol. 105, or page 20 of Book II. of MS., finished December 9, 1690.

This was written at Ardhonail, in Argyllshire, in the Irish character. See Account of Texts quoted.—J. F. C.

1 BUADHACH sin a Ghuill go mbuaidh
Is prap ro fhoros na sluagh
Do bheithmhis nile gun chinn
Muna thiofas chugin

2 Giodh mor annar ro fhoirus riamh
Oruinne a Ghuill na nardghliadh
Do bu mo in cas oirne an uar
Ar mbeith ceangulite annuaimh

¹ See Lists of Authorities, No. 46.

- 3 Camog agus Cuillin chlar
Is leo do cheangladh an Fhian
Occus Iarnach fa garbh gleic
Do cheangal sin tre croibhneart
- 4 Nuar do bhail leo ar ceinn
Dho buan dinn gun eislinn
Do chuaidar na triar amach
Is d'fag siad amhsion go bronach
- 5 Nior eian doibh sin ar an leirg
Na tri deannhadh fa claon cerd
Go facadar ag teachd na gar
Goll mor is e na anar
- 6 Tiagaid na tri mnaí mora
Acmhdhail an churaidh chrodha
Occus comhracis riu tre rath
An dorus beoil na huamhadh
- 7 Nior ghnath leis cotrom a diarraidh
Goll mor anaighnadh fhiallaidh
Comhrucis rin go teann
Dar mharbh Camog is Cuillin
- 8 Daon bhille don loin luim
Aghearus iad aron fa ndruim
Gur thoreur Camog an bas
Is Cuillin gar cruidh an cas
- 9 Iadhas Iarnach leadh da druim
Gion calma an curaidh comhlhan
Iompus Iollain ri go ceart
Occus ceanglus i tre croibhneart
- 10 Nodhas Iollain an lann
Is di do bheanfadh an ceann
No gur gheall si an Fhian nile
Aisde o og go seann duine
- 11 Sgaolus Iollain di iar sin
Tigid aron don bhrughin
Agus sgaolus dinn uile
Eadar ri agus ro dhuine
- 12 Aon gar bhannochd uaine uile
O oglach go sean duine
Do Gholl ar mbreith amach
Don bhluine bhrighmur bhudhach.

Buadhach.

C. BRUIDHEAN CHEISE COREUNN.

I copy the following from fragments tied with 'Pope's' papers, but not in his hand. July 3, 1872.—D. M.

Ar bhi don fhein ceangalt anbruidhean Cheise Coreunn trid draodheachd le inghin Chontrain mhic aimideil agus air feachain do Fheargus air Goll a teachd dam fuasgladh a dh'hairt e na Loaidh.

- 1 BUADHACH sinne gus an dindh
Is bras ro eudheas an sluadh
Bha sinn uile gun chinn
Mun an tigeadi tusa thugainn
- 2 Ga mor gach nair dh' fhoir thu riamh
Oirne a Ghuill nan ard ghliadh
Bu mho an cas oirne an nair
Bha sinn ceangalt an aon uaimh
- 3 Caomag agus Cuillionn chlar
'S ann leo do cheangladh an Fhian
Agus Iornach le garbh gheas
Do chuibhrich sinne tre chroheart
- 4 An uair do baill leo air cinn
Do bhinn dinn gun eislan
Do chaidh an triur amach
Is dh' fhaig iad an fhian gun bronach, &c.

S. 9. IOMACHD NAODHNAR

(i. e. THE ENTERPRISE OF NINE).

52 lines.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, June 14, 1872.

This and the following version illustrate changes in oral recitations. The ballad is rare.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL with only eight of his train, resting themselves on the heath after the fatigue of the chase, are attacked by the King of Lochlin and his Troops. The Lochlins are slain and the nine Fingalians survive the battle.

- 1 OCH a shithean sin 's a thulaich
Air am bheil mi 'n dìgh lan boichdcaas
Bha mi nair 's a b' ionga leam
Bhi nam aonar ort'a'
- 2 Mis is m' aithair is mac Luthach
'N triuir sin dom chubhi 'n t' sealg
Nuair a nochda sin uar n arma
Gur e thuiteadh lùn Fíadha dearg
- 3 Oscar is Goll is Caoilte
Faoghan is Carril is Diarmaid
'S air m' ullain fein a Phadric
Gun cuireadh sinn far air fiadhach
- 4 Le air naodh coin 's le air naodh goodhir
'S le ar naodh sleaghana mora'
Is le ar naodh claidheamhna glas
Bu ghathad an toisich combrag
- 5 Leig sinn anna sin ar naodh gadhair
Thug sinn faoch ar feadh nam beannta
'S gan mharbhadh lein aghana donna
Agus Doimh throma nan gleannta'
- 6 Air bhi dhuinn bhi sgi airan tulach
Thanig thugain olach gabhoadh
Dhomich ri Fionn gu b' umhaill
'N tus' Mac Cumhail aghmbi
- 7 'S e sin mise Fionn nam buadhan
Cia be thusa do shluagh an domhain
'S mas ann thugain tha ar 'n iorghuil
Tha sinn naodhnar ma ar comhair
- 8 'S tana leam sin re 'n ar n' aodan
'S a luthad laoch treuna sleagh
Thanig a mach o' Ri Lochlin
Thogul creachan is cis dhibh
- 9 Air laimh t' athar 's do dha sheanair
'S air laimh do leannan shuarich
Da mhead 's tha sibh dhaoine ann
Rheir a naodhnar 's dhuibh bualadh
- 10 Dhimich an teachdair gu siubhlach
'S shuidhich iad iul mu ar comhair
Mharbh gach fear again duibh deichear
Sud mar reicadh sinn nar gnothach
- 11 Ach thug sinn sin an ruathar dàn
Bu lionmhor ann far a sluaigh
Bu lionmhor ann gaincadh sleagh'
Bu lionmhor ann fleasgach a sheaghadh
- 12 Bu lionmhor ann cloigin gan sgoltadh
Bu lionmhor ann coluin ga maoladh
Bu lionmhor ann fear criosa geal
A freasadh fol air na fraochadh
- 13 Ach 'n tin dhuinn sgur do chur a chath
'S na mathbhi uile dhiochairt
Shuidh sinn sin 's cha bu dochruidh
Fear is ochdar air an t'-shithean.

X. 2. DUAN NAN NAONAR.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail (56 lines), from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, orally collected in Caithness. Edinburgh, February 8, 1872.

This fragment belongs to the Norse Wars, and seems to fit in here.

- 1 SHITHEAN sin is thulach ard,
Air a bheil mi 'n dìgh làn giorfeas,
Bha mi nair is b' iognadh leam,
Gu 'm bithinn m' aonar ortsa,
- 2 Mi-fhein is m' ath' r 's nac an Lobhar,
An triuir do 'm b' dhubhaich an t-sealg:
'S nuair a rachadh sinn air gheus,
Se dh' eireadh dhuinn feidhean dhearg.
- 3 Oscar is Goll agus Caoilte,
Faolan is Coiréal is Diarmaid;
Och air m' olluinn fhein Phadruig,
Dheanannh sinn fith air fadhach.
- 4 Le naoi coin 'a le naoi gaodhair,
'S le naoi sleaghan geur gabhaidh;
'S le naoi claidheamhan geur glas
Bu ghasd iad an tús comhair.

- 5 Leag sin na coin is na gaodhair,
Bha faoghaid feadh nam beanntibh;
Se mharbhte leo aghau donn,
Is dainh thromh nan gleanntibh.
- 6 Air bhith dhuinn bhi sgith do 'n t-shocair
Chunnaic sinn tighinn colach gabhaidh;
Dh' fheoraich e dhuinn gu h-umhaill,
An tusa mac Chumhail aghnir?
- 7 'Se sin mise Fionn nam buadh,
Cia b' e thusa do shluagh an domhain;
'S ma 'sann ruinn tha ar 'n iorghuil,
Tha sinn macnar ma ur comhair.
- 8 Is tana leam sin ri ur 'n endan,
Is luthad trom cead laoch gabhaidh;
Thainig o righ Lochlin do chosmadh na h-Eirinn.
- 9 Air laimh t-athair is do sheanair,
Is air dà laimh do leannan shuarich;
'N aindeoin na chuireas sibh ri ur comhair
Bheir sinn dhuibh bualadh.
- 10 Dhalbh an teachdair gu siubhlach,
'S shuidhich e iul ma ur coinnceamh
Mharbh gach fear again duibh seiscar,
Sud mar reicadh leinn ur gnothach.
- 11 Thug sinn nis ruir dana,
'S bu lionmhoir gearradh sleagh;
'S bu lionmhoir sleagh air shios greis-laoch,
'S iomadh greis-laoch bha na luidhe.
- 12 Bu lionmhoir ann clagain ga spealtadh
Is fleasgach bha ri iognadh
Is fear shlios goal bha traoghadh,
Thala air na fraocha.
- 13 Bu mbath Gall an tús a chath ud,
Bu mbath m' athair fein is Caoilte ann;
Cha b' aithne dhomh co aca nach molainn,
'S! bu ionmholt a naonar.
- 14 Air bhith dhuinn bhi sgith do 'n fhluicach,
Is na mathbhibh chuir a dhìth orra;
Shuidh sinn 's cha bu doacaluch,¹
Fear is ochdnar air an t-shithean.

Crioch.

¹ *Doacal*, afflicted, from *dí* privative and *foel* a word; hence *doacal* etymologically means mute, silent, which is invariably the accompaniment of grief and sorrow.

P. 5. TURUS FHINN DO THIGH ODHACHA BEAGANICH. 1802.

Staffa's Collection, page 38. 177 lines. Advocates' Library, February 20, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This is a sample of the kind of repetition which is called 'Ursgeul,' = a noble or Heroic tale. It is not a fair sample of oral recitations; but as it was written in Mull about 1800, and was still remembered there in 1871, I print this curious story just as it is in the Advocates' Library. 'O Finna' is now called 'Rìgh Fionnaghal,' that is to say, King of the Fair Strangers. The Norsemen, distinguished from Danes, are so named in old Irish writings. At the end comes a man from Orkney, in a red garment, with a black dog, to challenge Bran. The well-known and greatly admired ballad of 'The Black Dog' follows. The whole seems to be part of the Northern endeavours to secure or destroy that mythical hound. Like other prose stories about the Feinne, this is more mythical than the verse.—J. F. C.

BHA FIONN agus aireamh mhor do dh' uaslaibh na Feinne maille ris aig seilg, agus seachran seilg orra san nair sin chunnic iad fear mor an ard, agus e tighin nan comh-dhail, agus for dhroch coltais air. Bha dorn Gullbunn do dara suil a muigh agus dorn Gullbunn do 'n t-suil eila stigh. An deidh fualte chuir air Fionn us air an Fheinn, thubhairt e cha chreid mi fein nach bheil seachran seilg oirh. Dh' fheargair an Fheinn e, agus thuir iad ris nach rabh, gun rabh an suil ria ged nach dh' fhuair iad fathist i.

Cia as dhuit fein arsa Fionn, agus ciod e brigh do thuris san aitea.

Thainig mis ars cisan air theachdaireachd a dh' iarnnuidh Fhinn agus a mhòr uaislin, chum cuirm as cuid oich gha-

bhail ann an tigh Odhacha-beaganich a nochd. Cha 'n fhad mis arsa a Fionn a fhreagar, oir tha mi fuidh gheallidh gu bhí aig Ban-rioghn Eas-ruaidh air an oiecha nochd fein.

Cha sin us coir dhuibh a dheanadh arsa Conan, ach da earraun a dheanadh air na daoibh a tha maille riut agus Goll a chuir air ceann an dara buidhli gu Ban-rioghn Eas-ruaidh, agus u fein air ceann na buidhli eila gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich Smath a labhair u Chonain arsa Fionn ni mis a mar a dh' iarr thu ach fema tu fein a bhí lean.

Roinn iad a chuideachd, agus chuaidh Fionn air ceann an dar buidhne, gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich da 'm bu chomhainni Rìogh-Finnla. Agus air ruidheachd dhoibh chuiridh Fionn sa chuid daoine ann an tigh mor fada farsinn gun aon neach a chumail cuideachd na caitheamh aimsiribh leo. Thuigh gach aon do chuideachd Fhinn air aon taobh don Tigh, be Conan fear coimhead chon Fhinn an uair Sin. Thuirt e ri Fionn an deigh greis don oieche dol thairis orra gun cheol, gun òl, gun aidhir, cha neil a chollas oirn arsa Conan gu fuigh sinn a bheag do thoilintin an so nochd. Tha mi toigeadh eiridh agus crann a chuir air an dorus, 'us gun duine leigidh a stigh tuilidh a nochd. Dean a Laochain arsa Fionn ma thoilichis tu fein. Dh' eirich Conan agus chuir e 'n crann air an dorus, agus sheas e fein an taice ris.

Cha b' fhad na dheidh so nair a chualas fosgladh san dorus.

Co sud arsa Conan? Tha 'n so mise machd mor O Finnla, agus sea garbh ghaisgich dheng leis, a tiogu a chumail cuideachd us caitheamh aimsirich le Fionn machd Cubhail a nochd. An leig mi stigh iad Fhinn arsa Conan. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein arsa Fionn. Thainig iad a stigh, agus shuidh iad air an taobh eila do 'n tigh, mo choinnibh Fhinn sa chuid daoine, us cha dubhairt aon neach ri neach eila faillte dhuit na cia do sgeula Thainig fosgladh ann san dorus. Co sud arsa Conan. Tha 'n so mise Nighin mhòr O Finnla, agus sia maidhuma-diag lean a tiogu a chumail crachdairachd us caitheamh aimsirich, re Fionn mac Cubhail a nochd. An leig mi stigh iad Fhinn arsa Conan. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein, arsa Fionn. Leigh Conan a stigh iad sud Thubhairt Nighin mhòr O Finnla, us i togail a guth air aird, cuiridh mi mo cheann rid cheann Fhinn ic Cubhail nach bheil fear dheth do chuideachd nach leag mis ann an coth-throm Gleachd. A Blitch arsa Conan eod e mam biodh a chroidh na dh' anam agad do cheann a chuir rim mhaighistisra. Theid mise Gheachd riut. An earamh a cheila ghabh iad. Air an dara car chuir i Conan air a dhruim air an urlar, agus cheangail i cheithir chaoil gu daor agus gu dainginn le cord agus le sea snaom-annaidh fhagail air. Bha Conan greis fuidh chuibhrich sin oir bha naire air Gaisgich Fhinn eiridh ga fhuasgladh, chionn gur a bean a cheangail e. Rachadh fear an drast sa rithist a mach a choinhead na h-oiecha, agus dh' fhuasgladh e snaoin san dol seachad.

Agus mar so lean iad gus an d' fhuasgladh an t-iomlan. Cho luath sa ghabh Conan a chasan an carann na h-Inghin a bha e an dara h-uair Leag e air a cheud char, oir bha e air fheargachadh gu h-anabharach. Nach bheil fios agaibh Fhinn ic Cubhail nach do leag mise bean na nighin riamh a rachadh gam 'euchinn ann an gleachd: nach rabh mi dh' fhear aice nan leagain i. Man leagain air a cois i. Tha 'n fios sin agam arsa Fionn. Bha Conan a dh' fhear aice 'n lathir na bha stigh. Nach bheil fios agads Fhinn nach bheil te bha mi riamh a dh' fhear aice nach d'ug mi 'n ceann dhith. Tha fios sin agam arsa Fionn agus bu leoir a dhonadas.

Thug Conan an ceann dhi, agus thog e leis i eadar cheann 'us chasan, agus thig e nach i air taobh muigh an Tighe, agus cha dubhairt aon neach ris gum b' ole. Chraun e 'n dorus agus sheas e aige: cha b' fhad na dheidh sin nair a chualas fosgladh san dorus. Co sud arsa Conan? Tha 'n so arsa fear a bha muigh mise tiogu le Tore gu Fionn mac Cubhail agus gu aas-lin cuiridh e mach daoine bheir a stigh e, sanu air son suipeir Fhinn a tha e. Bha fear an deigh fìor a dol a mach ach cha rabh a h-aon idir a pillidh. Sheall Conan a mach agus faicair aireamh do chuidhichidh Fhinn marbh air an Dùn. Chaidh Conan a mach agus ghrad thoiantach e 'n taobh air an rabh calg-neimh an Tuire ris an fhear a thug fonnas an tigh e, agus bha e marbh air ball.

Thug Conan a stigh an Tore agus Bhruch 'us dha' se e, agus roinn se na thri earannibh e. Thug e da earinn don Fheinn, 'us ghleidh e earinn eadar e fein agus na coin labhair aon do chuideachd O Finnla agus thubhairt e chuala mi riamh tonradh math air an Fheinn, mar dheagh bliataich agus chreid mi e gus a noch, ach tha mi faicsin a nois nach fìor e. 'Ne sin a tha u'g radh arsa Conan 'us e toirt an urchar sin do ghuala mhòr an Tuire a bha e creim, agus chumaisch e fearsa labhair man cheann, agus

spriod e 'n Teanachainn as ris a bhalla: ag radh se mo bharail gu bheil do leoir agadsa dheth. Cha do labhair neach gum b' ole do chuideachd Fhinn no O Finnla.

Cas na dheidh so thainig buaidh san dorus, co tha sud arsa Conan?

Tha 'n so fear aig a bheil cu dubh air eill, ag iarraidh comhrug chon air an Fheinn. An leig mi stigh e Fhinn ic Cubhail. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein arsa Fionn. Cho luath sa thainig ann cu dubh a stigh, am bad chon na Feinne ghabh e, us mharbh e tri chaoig cu air an Fheinn man d' fhuasgladh Bran. Ach cha do chumilich Conan a. Cha rabh neimh sa bhoigs ge do theirta Brog neimh ria, ach na b' flior gun rabh spuir neimh air Bran agus gu biodh e feumail air uairibh a bhrogsa bhi mo chois gan geard.

Bhog neimh a thoirt dheth chois Bhrain us bha 'n cu dubh a faotain a chuid a b' fhearr do bhran.

Labhair Fionn agus a dubhairt e shaoil mi riamh gum bu ghille math chon u gus a nochd a Chonain. Sann a so a chumilich Fionn nach dug e bhog neimh dhe chois Bhrain. Dh' eirich Conan ann an gradidh, a thoirt na Broige do Bhran, ach man d' fhuair e sin a dheanadh thug na coin sea fahann diag air Conan. Cho luath sa thair Bran a bhog ri lar dh' fhuair e chuid a b' fhearr an chu dubh, agus mharbh e thiotadh e. Be so 'n riasan man do chanadh Laoith a choin duigh, agus so i (see page 49).

N.B.—This venomous claw and golden shoe are accounted for in a long story orally collected by myself in 1871.—J.F.C.

P. 6. LAOIDH A CHOIN DUIGH. 115 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 49. Advocates' Library, February 20, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

The sequel in prose continues the story of Fionn's adventure with the Norsemen, who appear as magicians able to cast enchantments on their enemies. Bran by glamour is made to slay the Fenian women and children in the scening of deer.

- 1 LA gan dh' eirich flath na Fiann,
Greis man dh' eirich Griann air fonn;
Chuana sinn a tiogn on Traigh,
Fear carraidh dheigh sa choin duidh.
- 2 'S gile na gath greine ghnuis,
Sa dha ghruaidh air dhreach na suth,
'S gile na gach blath a chorp,
Ged thachar fholt a bhi dubh.
- 3 Cha do ghabh e eagal ro bhair,
Sann a dh' iarr e couhrug chon,
Leig sinn na coin chatha cheannudubh,
Leis nach bu mhiann dol air chuil
- 4 An cu dubh bu gharbh a threis,
Bhuidhneidh leis tri chaogad cu,
Dh' eirich Fionn a measg an t-shuaigh,
'S dh' amhaire e gu truagh air bran,
- 5 Nair dheargich e 'n tor na cheann,
Dh' eirich gart us greann air Bran,
Nair chrath Bran an t-slabhruch oir
Measg an t-sloigh man doirt an fhuil
- 6 'Sann a sin bha Scann-fhuil ghlan,
Fìdar Bran 'us 'n cu dubh,
Thug iad cuir eifeachadh gharbh,
'Us dhagadar mach 'n cu dubh.
- 7 Oganich us aille delbh
On thorachaidh leinn do chu,
Fios do shloinnich b' aill leinn uait
Na co 'n tior as na ghluais u.
- 8 Ti-mhi-fhortain se 'n diugh m' ainm,
Thani mi fuidh stoirn air con,
Shaoil mi nach rabh ann san Fheinn
Aona chu bhuidhnadh creuchd air Fìr.¹
- 9 Mar a bhi Geola nan car,
Agus Bran le miad a luis,
An cuilein man d'uite 'n Iall,
Cha 'n fhadadh e siar nar Dùn.

¹ Ainm a choin duibh.

- 10 'N sin thiodhlaichd an Fheinn gu leir,
An tri chaogad cu fein,
'Us thiodhlaich an Laoch a chu fein,
Air chul aonich 's air aghidh Grun
- 11 'S iomad grnagach dheud gheal og,
'Us bim Gloir 's 'us Guirme suil
Thiodhlichdadh an Dun nan Torc,
Bheiridh biadh a noch dom chu.

Cricioch.

Na dheidh so chaidh Conan a mach agus rug e air a chu dluidh air carball air dha bhi air fheargachadh airson na mharbhadh do choin Fhinn, agus air son a mhi ghnathich agus an droch aodheadh a thuair Fionn a mhaighistir, agus chuid daoine, phron, 'us bhrù, 'us mharbh e na dhanis air ga naimhidh air Taobh muigh an tighe. Ghlaodh aon do mhuinntir O Finnlà. 'O! ars eisan nach gheibh a mach agus gun caisgidh sibh a fear maol malluicht aig a bheil 'n cu dubh ria Earball.' 'Cha 'n fhag e duine beo man stad e.'

Leum gach aon do chuidichd Fhinn a mach as an tigh, a dh' fhaicis co bha ann, agus dh' fhagadh Fionn na aonar. Dh' eirch na bha stigh do mhuinntir O Finnlà, chum Fionn a mharbhadh agus chuir iad air Imain e gu Oisín an tighe. Chrom gach aon a chaidh a mach an ceann sa cath maille re Conan. Bha Fionn san anns' an eigin mhoir. Thug e eadh air an sgiath shnithaich. Chluimte i ann an cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn. Cha tugtha uair sam bith eadh orr' ach uair a bhlidh Fionn na Eigin, agus mar a digidh comhadh ga Ionsuidh, na dugadh i 'n treas eadh, bhiodh e caithe, chuata odh Fhinn gun b' ainm Oscar an eadh, agus a dubhairte, tha mo shean-athair ann an eigin mhoir. Leum gach aon ann an Beart-thuimhlich, agus cho luath sa rang Oscar, chaidh e stigh air druim an tighe. Cha rabh e comas dha dol a stigh air an doras, a chionn gun rabh Geard laidir air. Chaidh e eadar a th' sean athair agus muinntir O Finnlà, agus shaor e sheanathair as an lamhaibh. Agus cha dh' fhag iad fear Innse sgeoil, na chumadh Tuairc asgeil, ach machd mor O Finnlà, chaidh eisan a mach air mullach an tighe, agus thair e as orra.

Air madiun an la b' fhoisge ghabh na bha lathir dhiu 'n turas gu pillidh ions' an aite fein. Agus thachir machd O Finnlà ri ann an coltas eila, oir bha draoidh-eachd aige. Thubhairt e ri Fionn, a bheil an cu sin math, tha arsa Fionn? A marbh e feidh? marbhich arsa Fionn. Cuiridh mise geall ars eisan nach marbh. Tha e ruir arsa Fionn. Mo thachris na feidh oirn. Cha b' fhada dhoibh nar sin, nair a chumadh iad aireamh lion-mhor dhiubh Stig Fionn Bran, ach cha ghabhadh Bran stuidh naidhe. Cha deannadh each a chluasan a mhaoladh agus fheamman a chrathadh. Nach dubhairt mise ruir arsa fear a thachir orra.

Faic a nois gu bheil do gheall ort. Stig Fionn an dara h-uair e. Ach cha deannadh Bran ach a chuasan a mhaoladh, 'us earball a chrathadh. An treas uair bhuid Fionn e agus ri siubhal a ghabh bran agus thug e fotha s' tharl a, 'us triod us rompa, agus cha mhor nach dug e dith air an Inulan diubh. Nair a chaidh an Fheinn gu aite fein, cha dh' fhuair iad mnathan na clann rompa. Bha iad air a mharbhadh le Bran ga aindeoin, oir chuir machd Righ Finnlà fu gheasabh iad.

D. 20. LAOIDH A CHOIN DUITH. 38 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 4, 1872.

- 1 SHE chunnig shin tin fo 'n Traigh,
Fearr Earra gheing as Coin duigh;
'S gille nan Gegan a T-shnuigh,
Bha dha ghruaigh air Dhiath nan suth.
- 2 'S gille na gach Bla a Chorp,
Gad harla ga Fhailt bhi duth;
Egil cha do dhaibh e robhin,
She dhiar e oirn Coibhrig Chonn.
- 3 Leigadar rissin Coinn Chaich,
Lois nach bu ghna dol air Cul;
She 'n Cu duth bu ghairbhe Greis,
Thorelhir leis tri chaogid Cu.
- 4 Dherich Fionn ann meang an T-shluaigh
'S ghaibhric e gu cruaidh air Bran;
Dhearragich a dha T-shuil na chean,
Dherich gairt as Grean air Bran.

- 5 Nar chrath Bran an T-slaibhrigh oir,
Meang an T-sloigh le 'n doirte Fuil;
San an shin bla Scannirt Ghlan,
Eidir Bran as an Cu duth.

- 6 Thug iad Cuir efichdich gharag,
Fagadar mairibh an Cu duth;

- 7 Oganich as ail'gh dealbh,
Neis fon horechir lein do chu;
Fios do Loinnigh' bail lein uait,
Na co 'n Tir as 'ndo Ghluais n.

- 8 Ebhin Ossain be sud mainn,
Hanig mo stoirm air Conn;
Haoil mi nach ro sud nar Fein,
Na bhuinigh creichdin air For.

- 9 'S ma bluthir Geola nan car,
Agus Bran aig meid a Luigh;
Cha ro Cullain mun druid' la,
A ghlaghig For shiar mun Dun.

- 10 Suiraidh maodin deud-ghal og,
'S binne Gloir sas bui eul;
Ha na suithidh 'n Dun nan Torc,
Ehcrigh Biagh a nochd do 'm Chuith.

Cricioch.

F. 15. RANN A CHOIN DUIBH. 60 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 117. Advocates' Library.
Feb. 7, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Eachdraidh air fear a thainig a thagairt comhrug chon air Fionn agus air an Fheinn uile.

- 1 Moch eiridh rinn flath nam Fiann,
Seal mun d' eirich grian air magh;
Chunnachdar a tighinn o 'n leirg,
Fear chochl deirg 'sa choin duibh.
- 2 Beibhin è ri ambrace suas,
Bha dha ghruaidh air dhreach nan subh;
Bu ghile na chaile a dhend.
Fhailt o tharladh dha bhi dubh.
- 3 Thainig thugin gu mur Fhinn,
Fleasgach grunn sa bhar mur lon;
Bho fhail an fhir ghabh e sga,
'S ann a dh' iarr e air each comhrug chon.
- 4 Fhuasgladar uile coin chaich,
Leis nach bu ghnath dol air cul;
An cu dubh bu gharbh a gheis,
Mharbha leis naoi caogad cu.
- 5 'Sann an sin a labhair Fionn,
Si shodh an Iorhuil is cha bheag;
A' tionndadh bho charruill an t-sloigh,
Is dh' ambric e gruamach air Bran.
- 6 Nuair chrall Bran an t-slabhruidh oir,
A meang an t-sloigh bu gharbh a gaoil;
Dh' eirich gart is greann air Bran,
Gu bhi an seallban a choin duibh.
- 7 Buinibh an iall do 'n chulean gu fior,
Bu mhaith a ghnioch gus an diugh;
Is gu faichdeadh sibh sgairneart ghan,
Eidir Bran an an cu dubh.
- 8 Leig iad na coin sroin ri sroin,
Meang an t-sloigh gun do dhòirt iad fuil;
Le Comhrug diambar gu dhu,
Gus 'n do mharbha an cu dubh.
- 9 Ach fhir ud a thainig gur Feinn,
Bho 's ann leinn a mharbhadh do chu;
Innis do shloinne na t-ainm,
No co an tir as an d' thainig thu.
- 10 Eibhin Oissian b'e sud m' ainm,
Thainig mi fodb stoirm air coln;
Shaoilean nach robh sud nar Feinn,
Aon chu chuireadh creuchd air For.
- 11 Mur bhi Geola nan car,
Agus Bran le miad a luis;
An cuilean mu 'n duineadh thu an iall,
Cha 'n fhagadh mo Thriath san duin.

- 12 Dun a choin duibh an dun ud shior,
Flath nam Fiann bu gheall a mhór;
M'achuings air Padruic nam fear,
Gu'm faichdar a leachd san dùn.
- 13 'S ioma maoidean deud gheall og,
Bu bhuidhe cúl is bu ghuirme suil;
Tha na 'n suidh an dun nan tore,
A bheireadh a nochd biadh do 'n chu.
- 14 Thiolaidh sinne am fíorlach fíal,
An leabuidh chruaidh chon an cu;
Gur e thiolaidh sinn nar Feinn,
Aon fhichead deug caogad cu.
- 15 Deichid cend fichead na narm glan,
An la shin a mharbh Bran an cu;
Bha aig mac Chuthail nan corin óir,
Aig iomairt is aig òl san dùn.

H. 14. HOW BRAN KILLED THE BLACK DOG. 84 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 48. Advocates' Library,
December 5, 1871.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Story known to Hennessy :
Poem not.

A MAN early in the morning came to the Heroes with a Black Dog, named For (means literally a Dog who would go far and near to get venison and prey for himself), in hopes that he would kill all their Dogs, and killed 150, till they loosed the vanquisher Bran. Observe the Poem.

DAN 10.

- 1 Ait bhí dhuinn la sa Bheinn t-seilg,
Bu phuthar leinn bhí gu 'n choin;
Ag eisteachd re gáraraich ian,
Re bnuirich fíadha agus lon.
- 2 Do rinn sinn ár ann gu 'n chealg,
Le 'r conaibh 's le 'r 'n arnaibh neimh;
'S thainig sinn d' ar teach tra' neóin,
Gu subhachí ceolmhór le gean.
- 3 'N oidheche sin dhuinn an teach Fhinn,
Ochóin bu bhinn ann air cor;
Re dhuinne bhí sgathadh thúad,
Re caitheamh ean, fíadha is lon.
- 4 Moch eiridh rinn Fionn 'n ath lá,
Mu 'n d' ainig grian ar a bhruth;
Is chunnaig e teachd o 'n leirg,
Fear chochaill deirg is choin daidh.
- 5 'S ann mar so do bha a shuadh,
Bha dha ghruaidh air dhreach nan sugh;
'S bu ghile nan canach a chneas,
Ge d' tharladh d' a fholt bhí dubh.
- 6 Thainig thugainn gu mór chrá,
'N Gille grinn 's a bhár mar lon;
Air urrlam cho luidheamh sgá,
'G iarruidh air cach combrag chon.
- 7 Leig sinn thuige 'n tus a bhlaí,
Gach greadhain a b' fhearr bhia 'n ar múr;
An cú dubh bu gharg a ghreis,
Mharbhadh leis tri chaogad cú.
- 8 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,
'S e so an iorgaill nach lag; ' (1. s' mor svel)
Thiondaidh e chlud ris an t-shabha,
'S dh' amhaire e le gruaim air Bran.
- 9 'N sin chrath Bran an t-slabhruidh óir,
A meag an t-sloigh bu mhór a ghal;
Do las a dha shúil na cheann,
Is dh' eirich grann air gu cath.
- 10 'B nineadh an iall do 'm chú gu fíor,
Bu mhaith a ghniomh gús an diú;
'S gu faicamaid sgannail ghlan,
Eidear Bran is an cú dubh.
- 11 Leig iad na coin sróin re sróin,
Meag an t-sloigh do dhóirt iad fuil;
B' e sin an deobhaidh ludair gharg,
Mu 'n d' fíagadh leis marbh an cú dubh.

- 12 'Fhíor ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,
O 'n mharbhadh leinn fein do chú;
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh aúis dhuinn,
Is an tír as na ghluais thú.'
- 13 'Eibhainn Oisain gur e 'm ainmsa,
O ríogh'chd tore mu stoilbh ar con;
Shaoil m' nach raibh ann 's an Fhéinn,
Aon chu dheanamh créuc air For.
- 14 'Mar bhiththeadh'í Geola nan car,
Agus Bran le mead a lúidh;
Cha raibh eú mu 'n duinte 'n iall,
Dh' fíagadh mo thriath beo 'n ar Túr.'
- 15 'S maith a chuma bh' air mo chnsa,
Bha alt lúidh fad o cheann;
Meadhan leathann, leodhar-chliabh,
Uileann fíar agus speir chlam.'
- 16 'Sboga buidh 'ta air Bran,
Da thaobh dhubhl, agus tárr geal;
Drim uaine re suinn san t-seilg,
'S da chluais bhiorach, chorrach dhearg.'
- 17 'S iomad gruageach fhionn gheall donn,
Is gurme súil 's is ór bhuidh folt;
Tha an duthaich mhic Rígh Torc,
Bheireadh biadh do 'm chusa noc.'
- 18 'N sin thíodhlac am fíor laoch fíal,
An leabuidh chaol chria' a chú;
'S do thíodhlacaibh leis an Fhíann,
'S an Dún shíar trí chaogad cú.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhainn Oisain naimn,
'S cho bu bhudhach leis a theachd;
O na chaill é a dhea' chú,
Bu mhór colas ludi is neart.
- 20 'S deich céud fichead do 'n arm ghlan,
'N la sin a mharbh Bran an cú;
Bh' aig Mac Cluthaill nan corin óir,
Re h-iomairt 's re h-ól san Túr.
- 21 Creid thusa Phádraig gur fíor,
Gu raibh sinn nair bu mhaith cliú;
A chleirich ge d' tha mise noc,
Ann am aon chéilainn bhoichd a d' mhúr.

I. 7. AN CU DUBH. 84 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 60. Advocates' Library,
April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

As this is a second version, written by the same man, I
give variations only.

THE fame of Fingal's Hounds for the game was spread over a great part of the world, especially that of his own Grayhound, Bran. A man came from Inis-torc (supposed to be the Orkneys) with a large and monstrous Black Dog, not doubting but he could kill all the dogs that pertained to Fingal. At his arrival, For, being the name of the Black Dog answered to, engaged and kilt three fifties of Fingal's hounds. Fingal liberated Bran, which soon dispatched For. Fingal seemed to have had an extraordinary notion of chasing and training these animals being found very useful upon several occasions, especially for the game, and chasing and banishing wild beasts.

AN CU DUBH.

- 2 Do rinn sinn ár air an leirg,
Bu mhór ar seilg is ar coin;
B' armach, eibhinn sinn tra'-noin,
'N teach Ríogh Phaile Triath gun ón.
- 3 Triath na féile b' eibhinn tím,
Ag caitheamh ean agus lon
- 9 Bu bhorh a ghreann, 's bu bhuirbe sgál.
- 12 Fhíor ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,
On' thorchair leinn fein do chú;
Do dh' fhearradh an domhain gu leir,
Cho 'n eil fíosam fein co thu.

¹ Mathair Bran, agus bha a colg no a fionnadh min.

- 13 Eibhlinn-cosgar gur e m' ainm,
O Innse-torc na 'stoilbh ar con ;
- 14 Mar bhitheadh Geola nan gath, (? *Syeolan*)
Agus Bran le mead luigh ;
- 16 Spogan buidh' ta air Bran,
Tarr-geal uaine dhath san leirg ;
Suil mar airneig spuirean comhlach,
'Sda ehluais bhiorach, chrodha dhearg.
- 17 'S iomad gruagach rinn-gheal, àrbhuidh,
'S guirme suil, 's is aille folt ;
Th' ann an Innse-torc nan armann,
Dheauamh bhaidh ri 'm Chusa noe.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhinn-cosgar uaim,
Cha bu bhndhar leis a theachd ;
O na thorehair leinn a Chu,
Bu mhor alla ludh is neart.

DUN AN OIR. D. F. H. I. O.

THIS Golden Mound or Fort or Castle is identified with a castle on the island of Cape Clear, at the southern extremity of Ireland. See note page 127, Book of the Dean of Lismore, and Miscell. of Celt. Soc. p. 143. In the poem noted it is mentioned as a remote place, from which guests came to Castle Sween, in Argyllshire, about 1472. The Tribe who owned the Golden Castle are named in 'The Lay of the Heads' as slayers of Cuchullin, who were themselves slain by Connal. This ballad, therefore, seems to describe an outbreak of an old feud between the Northern and Southern tribes of Ireland, during a pause in the Norse Wars. Of the six warriors engaged, one may either be 'Fergus Sweetlips,' Fionn's son, or their Norse ally, who appears in a later ballad as a foe. Many places in Gaelic countries are named 'Golden.' A Golden Rock is in Sutherland ; and a Golden Mountain is in Jura ; somewhere in the middle of Scotland is a place called 'Dun an Oir,' which has been identified with a Fenian story. In this ballad the place meant was in the West, and the narrator was speaking to Padruig, on the Hill of the Feinne, that is on or about the Hill of Allen. Probably some place on the West coast of Ireland was meant. This exploit is mentioned in one of the ballads about Caoilte. See above : page 55, line 89.

D. 19. CATH NA 'N SEISEIR. 62 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by D. Mac Pherson.
May 3, 1872.

- 1 SEISEAR ga 'm biodhmaid na 'n Rìogh,
Cho bi 'n T-seishear bu bheag Briogh,
Sgar Ban dia Fearragan Fial.
Coilt is Caoireal nan gorm Shrian.
- 2 Leig sinn air Cuachan re Sruth,
Is reinn sinn an Tòl gun Ghuth,
Cuach Fhein a bhuidhin an Geall,
Shiabhlaidh i na haonaran.
- 3 Thaineic seachd Sheashear air Ceann,
Don T-sluagh fhuilleach fhaobhar fhionn,
'S a 'm Fear bu taribh dhiubh sinn,
Go 'n 'diongadh e Ceud an Ceud an Comhrac.
- 4 Bhiodh na Bhragad gach Fir mhoir,
Scabull daingean do 'n dearg shrol,
Osean na Craoisiche nimhe,
Lanna saobhlir 's iad doth-e-chaithe.
- 5 Da Laireach an Eidibh Theann
Ma Chuirp sheanga na 'n saor-chlann
Bhiodh air naachdar sin orr' uille,
Earreadh Uaine air aon Dath.
- 6 Thairg Fean doibh Cumha mhor
An Earreadh fein de 'n dearg shrol,
Cend Ban no Baintreach sa bhron
'S fear os a Chean sa Chomh-ol.
- 7
Se huirt Chann a Chuilg na 'n Cleass
Cho bhi sinne reidh go Hoiche.

- 8 Sin nuair dhiosluigh Fean a Gloir,
'S e 'g amhrac ar Sluadh a Chomh-cil,
Bheil sibh gabhail Teabheachd dheth,
Dul a bhualadh na 'n seachd Sheisear ?
- 9 Bha mi Latha 'n Ruaig na 'n Gleann,
Huirt an Tosgar bo mhor Greann,
'S reinn mi Gniobh bu dorra leann,
Na 'n Ceinn a bhuintin do Sheishear.
- 10 'S huirt Fearragan mac an Rìogh,
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhiobh,
'S eho chuir e Truim air Neach cille,
Na thig slan o 'm Ioruidhaille.
- 11 Diongidh misidh Sheissir cille
Se huirt Caoril nan arm gaiste
Is cha chuir e trom air Chuch
Aoin Laoch a hig am Chobhail.
- 12 Labhair caoilte nan Arm nibh'
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhiubh,
Go ma dearg o bhun go barr,
'M Ball an tairgin mo Gheur-lann.
- 13 Gur mairg a dhagadh air Dail
Diaish leis an crumte Craint,
Marbhaidh mise 's Goll a Ghaisge,
Air da Sheishear 's an aoin Aitcal.
- 14 Chrom sinn ar Cinn anns a Chath,
Is reinn gach Flath mar a gheall ;
Mharbh mi fein mo Sheishear ar tus ;
Sud a Phladrie mo ehead Chuis.
Mharabh Osgar Sheishear is Fear (? Fean)
Se mo dhoeun bhi ga iomradh.
- 15 An Fear m dheire bha aig Fean
Mar bhuinne eadar dha leann,
Ghabh e, is bu mhor an Teachd,
Ar seachd Buillin na aoin Sgedh,
'S mar bhiodh Osgar nan ceud Radh
Cheangladh e sinne nar Sheisear.

F. 10. RANN AN FHIR SHICHD' IR.
DUN AN OIR. 35 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 10. Advocates' Library,
January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this version the poetry is broken. The same lines can be recognised in other versions, which follow.

- LATHA araid' bha Fionn sa bheinn sheilg,
agus seiscar do 'n Fheinn comhla ris ;
chunnacas Laoch a teachd na 'n comhail ris
an do chan Fionn am fear Shicld' ir,
ag radh
- 1 Fhir Shicld' ir sin agus fhir Shicld' ir,
Ciod an t-àite as an d' thigeadh tu ?
 - 2 Thainig mis' a Dùn-an-òir,
An Dùn a ta an fhiar ;
An Dùn nach d' thugadh a gheil riamh,
Nach d' thugadh a bhiroighean a muigh,
'S d' am biodh a naimhdean diomach
 - 3 Rainig Sinne Dùn-an-òir,
'S chrom sinn ar einn nu 'n cho-òl ;
'S thainig seachd seiscar d' fhearaidh mòr
na ar ceann.
 - 4 Do shluagh fuileach faobhar arm,
'S am fear bu tàire dhiu sud
Gu 'n diongadh è ceud an còmlurag.
 - 5 Bha mu bhraide gach fir mhoir,
Sgabull daite do 'n dearg òr ;
Craosach mhaile na 'n làmh neimhe,
'S lannan leobhra' bha dò-chaithe.
 - 6 Tùs slòigh 'n àm dol san teagmhail,
Agus deire tighinn a mach ;
Bho se' thoga buaigh na buidhne,
 - 7 Deir Fionn.
Ma dh' fhàg sibh air deireadh clair,
Dithist leis an croimear cnai
Diongaidh mis' 'us Goull a ghaisge,
Air da sheiscar a dh' aon aithim.

8 Ach bha 'm fear mu dheire bh' aig Fionn,
Mar Sheobhag cadar dhà lion;
Fhrithéal è 's bu mhòr an feum,
Air seachd buillean na aon sgeith
'S mur bhith Oscar nan rath,
Cheangail è sinne mar seiscar.

H. 13. HOW FINGAL, WITH SIX OF HIS NOBLES,
WERE INCHANTED TO GO TO KEEP WAR WITH CLANN
CHUILAGADAN IN THE GOLDEN HILL. 88 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 57. Advocates' Library,
December 7, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Except as part of the Cu-
chullin Story, this is not known to Hennessy in any
shape.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day with six of his Nobles, was walk-
ing out, and they saw a Fairy, coming unto them, when
he came he looked narrowly on Caoilte, and Caoilte asked
of him from whence did he come, thus:—

You little wise man,
From whence did you come?

I did come from the Golden Hill,
Which lieth still westward;
Its prisoners were never got out,
Unconquered in all war.

For what reason did you come,
To us most mighty hands,
Who are unconquered yet by men,
And exceeds all in war?

I came to enchant you six men,
With Master to our hands,
To dine with us to day in Hill,
And then to keep us War.

Then the conjurer ran away, when he enchanted them
to follow him to the Golden Hill, Caoilte keeps him
always in his sight; and had a faggot of sticks, and he
would stab a stick in the . . . of every hill, and mount,
that the rest would know where to follow him, which he
use to do always when he would be in extremely hurry,
and he would cast three shadows then, his two foot, and
his head, when he came to the hill, he found a Table
covered and all kind of victuals and liquor on it, which
was to be found in that age. In a while after that the
rest all came one by one, each according to his swiftness,
and tho' they were both hungry and thirsty and also
tired, they were afraid to eat or drink any, for fear of
punishment; since there was none present to invite them,
but one of them said, because it was presented to them
that they would take some of it, they were not long eat-
ing when Four Men came among them, and the weakest of
which would kill one hundred in conflict; Fingal offered
them a great reward for to touch him not, but they said
since they were able to do it, that they would take no
reward, but their six heads and to make himself a pri-
soner, then they rather to give an attempt to them, tho'
they were sure to fall, than to surrender otherwise; they
began and killed them all, and brought home with them
their arms, apparel, and every precious things which they
had in their Tower.

DAN 13.

1 LATHA bha Fionn is seiscar ag ól,
'S iad nan suidh mu 'n aon bhórd;
Thaig seachd seiscar 'n ar ceann,
Do shluagh fuileachdach faodhbhar arm.

2 B' iad sin na gaisich ro mhór,
A b' uallmharra cruthachd croic;
'S am fear a bu táire dhui,
Gu 'n dìongadh e céud gu 'n diú.

3 Bha clog mu cheann gach fir mhóir,
An comhdach clocharra córr;
Is cotaibh ionnealta grinn,
Mu chuirp thréun na fear neo' thím.

4 Ghabh sinn eagal rompa nile,
Nach d' ghabh sinn riamh roi aon bhuidheann;
Gu marbhadh iad sinn gu 'n sóradh,
Oir cho deach neach riamh o'n combrag.

5 Do thaig Fionn dhoibh canna mhór,
Corr agus céud unc do dh' ór;
Céud sath ris nach deachidh srian,
Is céud bean bhantrach choi' fhial.

6 Céud cloidheamh 's céud earradh óir,
Is suidh os a cheann ann 's gach ól;
Coimhdachd Rìgh 'm baile mór,
'S dol a dh' fbulang lús a leóin.

7 Se thuit na curina tréine,
O na 's comasach dhuinne dheanamh,
Cho ghabh sinn canna no geall,
Ach bhar sea cinna air aon bhall.

8 An sin dh' iosaich Fionn a ghloir,
Is sheall e air luchd a choi' óil;
A dhaoine 'n gabha' sibh deisainn,
Dhol a bhualadh nan seachd seisair.

9 Se thuit an t-Oscar bu mhór greann,
'An lá chuireadh ruig nan gleann;
Riun mi túrn bu chruaidhe leam,
No ge d' bheiream an ceann do sheiscar.'

10 'Dìongaidh mise seiscar dhiú,
Do rá Fearraghuin bu mhór lúth;
Cho chuir e lé-trom air cáich,
Aon laoch a theid o 'm láimh.'

11 'Dìongaidh mise seiscar eile,
Do ra' Caircall nan arm teine;
'S dearg mo fhraoch re sgalladh cheann,
'N nair a nochdam' mo chrua' lann.'

12 'Dìongams' Caoilte nan lámh luath,
Fear is seiscar do 'n mhór shluagh;
Gu 'r guineach iomairt mo lámh,
'N nair a nochdam lann gu h-ár.'

13 Dìongams Oisain is grad lámh,
Mo sheiscar fein air aon bhlár;
Cho chuir e dragh air aon aitim,
Aaon fhear theid o Ghearr-nam-callunn.

14 'Mu dh' fhadh gu deireadh cláir,
Dias leis an creumhar cnáit;
'Dìongaidh mis' is Goll a ghaigidh,
Ar da sheiscar a dh' aon aital.'

15 Lean sinn an an sin air a chéile,
Seiscar do Mhaithidh na Féinne;
Is Clann Chuilgadu nan cleas,
Gu 'm bu choidhliant ar coi' ghleac.

16 Do 'n shiubhail mi 'n bhuidh bhraonach,
Cho 'n fhacas riamh an coi' baodhlach;
'G eisteachd re slacraich ar 'n arm,
Mar bhuailt innain le trom fhaithrich.

17 Dhiogas mo sheiscar air thús,
A fhádraig 's bu mhór a chliú;
Dhiog Oscar a seiscar le aon bhéum,
Mo sgéul goirt a bhí d' a iomradh,

18 Rinn na curina mar gheall,
Mar rinn mise 's mo ghradh calma;
Ach am fear mu dheireadh a bh' aig Fionn,
Bha mar bhuinn' eidear dha lionn.

19 Ghlac e 's bu mhór an téuchd,
Ar seachd buillean na aon sgé;
'S mar bhiitheadh masg Ocair le rath,
Mharbhadh e sinne le gath.

20 Dl' imich sinn o Dhún an óir,
Gu subhach le gean gu 'n león;
'N deidh cosgairt na tréun aitim,
Gheibha' buaidh 's gach blár is batait.

21 Thug sinn leirn an airm 's an eideach,
'S gach gné shéudaibh bu mhó féume;
Le moran do dh' ór an Tearmainn,
Gu sólasach gu Tigh-teamhra.

22 Creid thusa chleirich na h-Eirann,
Gu raibh sinn uair bu mhór eibhneas;
Ge d' nach maithrean aon anois dhui,
Ach mis' am aonar gu snitheach.

I. 5. DUN AN OIR. 92 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 56. Advocates' Library, April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

As this is a second version written by the same man I give variations only.

THE GOLDEN HILL.

FINGAL and six of his nobles and brave Heroes were taking their walk on an evening and saw a Fairy like person making towards them, who Fingal knew to be with Intelligence from far and address'd him as follows:—

FHIR shicir toir fios duinn,
Cia 'n t-uil as an d' thigeadh tu ?
Thainig mis O Dhun an oir,
An dnn ud siar nan Triath fontruinn ;
An dun as nach d' thuigte bhraidean a mach,
'S da' am bithidh a naimhde diomach,
Ciod e ghlaais o Dhun nan clìar,
An t-oglaoch fiato, gearr ;
A dh' ionnsuidh Cathanaibh na Feinn,
Nach d' fhuiligh beud am blar ?
Thainig mis' am theachdair cuilg ;
O Chlann Chuilgeadan nan cleas ;
A tha ri feist a thoirt do 'n Fheinn,
Do mhead sa dh' eile leis.

Fingal instantaneously followed this scout to the Golden Hill, where they arrived much fatigued and found none of Clan-chuilgeadan at home. The Women treated them very hospitably and were eating and drinking by the time Clan-chuilgeadan came upon them (being 42 in number) who attempted immediately to make Fingal prisoner and kill his attendants. Fingal offers them great many rewards, to no purpose, and be friends. The brave Fingalians seeing they had either to do or die encountered and kilt Clan-chuilgeadan and came home victorious to Tara, loaded with arms and valuable accoutrements from the Golden Hill.

- 1 LATHA chuaidh Fionn do Dhun an Oir,
E fein sa sheiscar mun aon bhor ;
Thainig seachd seisir nar ceann,
Do shluagh fuileachdach, fao bhar arm.
- 3 Is cota creithilte grunn,
Ma chuirp nan treun nach bu tim.
- 4 Mar fhuaim tuinne chluint an comhradh,
'S cha deachaidh neach riamh o 'n comhrag.
- 6 Ceud cloidheamh, ceud earrad buaidh,
Ceud ceann-beairt is sligneach chruaidh ;
Coimhdeachd Rìogh anns gach toir,
'S dol a d' fhuilang tus an leoin.
- 8 Dhol a bheuma nan seachd seiscar.
- 16 'G eisteachd ri slachdraich nan dornn,
Gach beum mar innein nan ord.
- 19 Mar bithidh Masg Osear nan geusan,
Mharbhadh e sinne 'nar seiscar.
- 20 Dh' imich sinn o Dhun an Oir,
Gu subhach eibhinn gun leon ;
An deidh Clann-chuilgeadan nan bèam
A chosgairt 's bu mhor an sgeul.
- 21 Bu deunach bantrachd nan sonn,
A caoidh na dh' eng air an tom ;
Mar ghàrrach ean air an tràidh,
Chluinte iolach bhroin gach mnaith.
- 22 Thug sinn leinn an arma geura,
Liobhaidh, leudara, san t-eug-bhail ;
Gu muirneach, miolainte, meannach,
Triall thair gach magh gu Tigh-teamhra.
- 23 Creid thusa Phadraig nan clìar,
Gu raibh sinn la bu mhor miadh ;
Ged nach maithrean ach mise noc,
Am aonaran snithich fuidh sprochd.

O. 4. DAN AN FHIR SHICAIR. 73 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 15. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 16, 1872.

In this version are lines which do not seem to belong to the ballad.

- 1 CHUNNACAS tighin o 'n lear,
An t-aincìl mor athach iogha ;
Fhir Shicair nan ceuma borb,
Ciod an t-ait as an tigeadh tu ?

- 2 Thainig mise á Dun an oir,
An Dun ata an aird an Iar ;
An Dun nach tug a ghcill riamh,
'S gu 'n bithcadh a naimhdean diomach.

- 3 Tainig sinne Dun an oir,
'S chroma ar cinn man cho-ol ;
Thainig seachd seisir 'nar ceann,
Do shluagh fuileach faor arm.

- 4 An fear bu taire dhui, sud,
Gu 'n deanga e ceud an comhrag ;
Bha ma bhraigh gach fir nìohr,
Sgapul daite dhe 'n oir dhearg
Craosach nàille nan laimh nìmhie
'S launan liobhra bha do-chaithe.

- 5 Thaig Fionn doibh cumha mor,
Thaigeadh leis ceud unga òir.
Ceud saoi ris nach deacha srian.
Ceud bean bhantrach co-fial,
Tus sloigh 'n 'am dol san tngmhair,
Agus deire tighinn a mach,
O 'se thogadh buaidh na buaighne.

- 6 Ach fhreagair na cuiridhean calma.
O 's comasach dhuinn a dheanamb,
Cha ghabhar lein cumha no geall,
Ach 'ur cinn uile air aon bhall.

- 7 An sin dh' islich Fionn a ghloir,
Sheall e air luchd a cho-oil ;
Dhaoinc an gabh sibh fuathas deth,
Dol a bhualadh nan seachd seisir ?

- 8 Deir an t-Oscar bu mhor greann,
An la thngadh ruag nan gleann ;
Rinneadh gruimh bu chruaidh leam,
No na cinn a bhinn do sheisir.

- 9 Deangar leamsa seisir eile,
'Se thairt Caorall nan arm gasda ;
Ba dearg fraoch a sgaradh cheann (sgatha)
Deangail mise seisir rìgh.

- 10 'Se thairt Feargu an ghloir mbin,
Cha chuir iad leatrom air chach ;
Gach aon laoch a thig a' m' choail. (cho-dhail)
Deangaidh Caoilte nan cas luath,
Fear is seisir do 'n mhor shluagh.

- 11 Deangaidh fear saothrach nan ramh,
A sheisir fein air aon bhall ;
Deir Fionn Mac Cuthail
Ma dh' fhaig sibh air deire clair,
Dithis leis an croimear enamh,
Diongaidh mise 's Goll na gaisge,
An dà sheisir a dh' aon aitim.

- 12 Bha 'm fear ma dheirebh aig Fionn,
Mar sheodhag cadar dha lion ;
Fhrighail e 's bu mhor an feam,
Aiar seachd buillean na h-aon sgeth ;
'S mar bhi Osear nan nadh.
Cheangail e sinne 'nar seisir.

The following fourteen lines do not seem to belong to the rest in any way, but they are written here, so I leave them.

- 13 Croillidh mi ceud maoslach mhaol,
Air gleann Esgadail dan laogh ;
Ceud Douran 's ceud damh alluidh,
Nach d' fhaig an cuibhne an ard bheann.
- 14 Ceud comhladh do 'n breamh ghlas,
Air a bhuain san fhaileach gheamhraidh,
Chuirinn sid a steach am maireach,
Air bhuidheachas mo leannan.
Air greigh do cachaibh donn dearg,
F'o cholainn do fheara feannaid ;
'Se 'n diol do cachaibh co-sheilg,
'S iad uile do dhi armacha,
Caoithidh iad mise an sith bhrugh,
Ach cha tig mi tuille a' d' amharachd.

TEANNADACHD MOR NA FEINNE.

I AM puzzled where to place this ballad. According to peasant reciters, people from many foreign realms joined the Feinne when their fame had spread. They had

beaten Manus, the Northern invader, and the Southern tribes at Dan-an-Oir. According to this ballad, two recruits, of whom one was a son of 'Leir,' or Liuir, who seems to have reigned in the Isle of Man, took umbrage, and deserted to the King of Lochlann. According to current tradition, the warrior had a love-mark on his brow, 'Sugh Seirc.' The Northern Queen, who was a daughter of the King of France, and newly married, eloped with the deserters, who returned to their comrades. The injured King pursued. Fionn sent a princess, probably one of Cormac's ten daughters, to offer gifts, and herself. The invaders would have nothing less than Fionn's head. The Lady blessed them, and rode away. The Banners were hoisted, in a passage which is very old, and common to several ballads, and battle was joined. Goll and his tribe, backed by the Clanna Baoisgne, after eight days, nearly exterminated the Northmen, but a third, or two thirds, of the Irish army died. It somewhere appears that Fearragín had served with the Feinne, and that he, not Manus, enticed them to Lochlann.

More of this family appear in prose tales, serving with the Feinne, and slaying giants in Ireland.

This ballad is very popular. Copies of it were in Irish MSS. before 1784, and these are in Dublin still. In December, 1871, Mr. Hennessy, who is well read in old Irish MSS., did not know this ballad, of which I had Kennedy's version.

Something like the story is told by Mac Pherson in the *Battle of Lora* (p. 111, edit. 1762), but that is not the ballad story. 'No Gaelic for Mac Pherson's poem exists. It is certain that this ballad pervaded all Scotland more than a hundred years ago, and that it was then commonly recited. A great many versions were orally collected:—1. Pope, 1739, had a version which he called *Dibirid fli*. Apparently it was the same which begins *Dibir Dighe* in Mac Donald's collection. 2. Mac Nicol of Lismore, had two fragments, about 1755, 192 lines. 3. About the same time, Fletcher of Achalader had 224 lines. 4. Kennedy had 248, and 268 lines collected in Argyllshire. 5. In 1780, Hill got 46 lines in Argyllshire. 6. In 1784, Mac Arthur had 10 lines, got in Mull. 7. About the same time Bishop Young had 159 lines. 8. In 1786, Gillies had 226. 9. About 1800, Dr. Irvine got 194 lines from a man who learned the ballad from his grandmother, in Mac Pherson's country. This version contains many lines which are not in Gillies', printed at Perth, 1786, and lines which are in no other version known to me. 10. At some late date Mac Donald got 84 lines from George Mackay, in Dalvig House, parish of Farr, aged 55; John Mackay, Knockbreac, parish of Durness, aged 50; and Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, parish of Eddrachellis, aged 61, in Sutherland. 11. In 1816, Mac Callum printed 180 lines and 95. 12. In 1862, I had 106 lines orally collected in Barra and Uist by Mac Lenn. 13. In 1871-2, I found that the ballad was known to many, and got a great deal of the story from old men in the outer Islands, but few could then recite the ballad itself. I have collated all these, more than 2040 lines. Were I to fuse the versions, they would make about 300 lines. I print D. Mac Nicol's version, in his own orthography; extracts from F., which is very like D.; Kennedy's first version, H.; and extracts from his second, I.; extracts from O., and from S. The books quoted can be read. All that is in them, and all that I have collected is represented in the following samples of this curious old historical ballad. It belongs to the Norse Wars. The language is not like the old written language. I believe this to be a popular traditional ballad that was first written early in last century. When it was composed I am unable to guess, but part of it was old in 1512.

D. 14. CATH BEIN EDIN. 112 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by D. Mac Pherson, May 3, 1872.—J.F.C.

TEANNTACH MOR NA FEINNE.

1 LA ga 'n raibh Padric na Mhùr
Gan Sàilm bhí air Uigh ach òl
Cluaidhe Thigh Osseim mhic Fhinn
O san leis bu bhín a Ghloir.

2 Fàilte dhuit a shean Fhìr shuairc
'T ionsaidh air chuir a thànig sinn,
A Laoch mhìl baile Dreach,
'S dearbh nach deir thu neach snad ni.

3 Sgeul a bail linn fhaotain uait,
Ogha Chumhail, bu chruaigh Colg,
'N teantach 's mo an raibh an Fhian,
O na ghiu thu rianh nan Long.

4 Dhinsinse sin dhuit gan Tamh,
Ghiolla Phadric na 'n Salm grinn,
Teantach smo an raibh na Fir,
On a ghineadh Fianachd Fheinn.

5 Dearmad Fleagha ga 'n drin Feann
'S an Albhidh ri Linn nan Laoch,
Air Chuid don Fhein shuas Drum dearg,
Gu 'n derich a 'n Fearg san Fraoch.

6 Ma dhìbir sibh sinne ma 'n Ol,
Huirt Mac Ronain le Ghloir bhinn,
Bherinse is Ailte ur
Freiteach Bliana ri Mur Fheinn.

7 Thog iad gu sgiobalt an Triath
An Cloimh sa 'n Sgiadh dan Luing
An Deish Fhenidh, Armach, Fhial
Go Rìogh'chd Lochlan na 'n Sgia slim.

8 Muinteris Bliana do 'n Rìogh
Se thug an Deish a bhfar Dreach
Mac Rìogh Carchair' nan Sleigh Geur,
Agus Ailte nach 'd eur neach.

9 Thug Bean Rìogh' Lochlan nan Sgiadh donn
Gaol gu trom 'scha bannu go deas
Do dh' Ailte greadhnach an Fhuilte deirg
Dh' folbh' I leish an Ceilg sàim Braid.

10 Dh' folbh' I leish a Leabaidh 'n Rìogh,
Sud an Gniomh ma 'n doirte Fuil,
Sa nionsaidh Flaithes na 'm Fhian,
Ghabhladar an Triath thar muir.

11 Fhionnail Rìogh Lochlan a Shuadh
Cabhlaich ernaidh sam bhì go deas,³
Se dheireadh leis re aon Uair,
Na naodh Rìoghre sa 'n Shuadh leis.

12 Lochlanich a Bhuin bhorb,
'S ro mhaith 'n Colg re dul an Cein,
Thug iad ur Freitiche Triath,
Nach pillcadh iad Srian na 'n deigh.

13 Thogadar an Abhaist' ard,
Re Crìch Èire garbh an Greish
'S chuirthear a 'n Puible a mhuigh⁴
Gaoirid on Bhruth an raibh Feann.

14 Teachdaireachd thanig nar Ceann,⁶
Teachdaireachd' chuir ringo Truadha,
Comhrac cruidh o Fhiana Fail,
{ Fhetin air an Traigh mu thna } *Interlined.*
{ Gur e bail leo fhaotain uain. }

*Note.—Here fit in verses 15 to 32,
Fletcher's version.*

15 Fhregair Ailte 'n Comhrac treun,
Fear thabhairt Lan-gheil sgach Cath
{ Ceann ali mhic Leir na lir, } *Inter-*
{ Ceann Mhic Neamhi, 's Ceann Mhic Lir } *lined.*
Maoithear leis an dara Beum.

16 Seachd fìchid Ceannairt dar Foin,
Agus Ailte fein air Tùs
Thuit sud le Laimh Fheargain mhor,
Ma 'n deachaidh na Stoigh an dlus.

17 Se raite Feann Flath nan Cuach
'Se gamhrac air Shuadh Iuse fail,
Co dhiongas Fearagain san Greish,
Mu 'n leigemid Leis air tair?

18 Se nì ghabhadh sud le Goll,
An Sonn nach burraiste chluidh,
Diongamsa Fearagain san Greish,
Leigir edir air Cleis Luidh.

19 Cuchulan is Diarmaid Donn,
Fearra-chu crom is mac an Deirg, (Leidh)
Dhìdion o Bhuillibh an Laoch
Cuir dish air gach Taobh d' Sgeth.

¹ Riumachain.

² Adras gu treish.

³ gu tiugh.

⁴ Bann riogh.

⁵ Colvurs.

⁶ gu Fionn.

⁷ Sgeil Fiom a.

- 20 Buin leat an seachd fichid Fear mor,
Nach uras a chloidh ar Chul,
Cuir air Laimh Shoisgeal mo Rìogh
Chlannaibh morna na 'n Gniobh borb.
- 21 Buin leat Cath feugra na Fein
Nach d fheidir Ceann thoirt air Cùl,
Cuir sud air do Ghualin deish,
De Shìol Cumhail na 'n Cles luth.
- 22 Oehd Oiolin duinn is oehd Lo
A sior ehuir ar air as Tloigh;
Ceann Rìogh Lochlan na 'n Sgia donn
'S e mhasidhe Goll air an 9th Lo.
- 23 Thille is seachd fichid sonn,
Thuit sud le Gara 's le Goll,
On a gherich a Ghrian moch,
Gus an deacha I siarr Annmoch.
- 24 Seachd fichid do Chlanaibh Rìogh,
Bu mhor Gaisge agus Guioimh,
Thuit sud le Osgar an aith,
Is le Caorreal Cues-bhann.
- 25 Air a Bhaiste thug thu orm,
Chlerich a chanfas na Saim
Thuit leumsa 's le Feann nam Fleagh
Coihmhiona Ceann ris a Chearthair.
- 26 Ach nan fuighe E Cothron nan Airm,
Deadh mhae Innil nan Lann glass,
San Albhaidh na 'n abairte Thriath,
Cho ghlaodhta ach an Fhian as.
- 27 Tuille agus Leth air Fein,
Thuit sud air an T-slabh fa dheas,
Ach na 'n lughamid a Ghrian,
Cha mho na Trian thanig as.
- 28 Ach nan lughamid an Rìogh
A Phadric, le 'm mian gach salm,
Ge 'd thanig Droing dar Maithibh as,
Cho drin sinn ar Leas na La.

D. 13. COBHAIKLE A CHINN AIG FION. 80 lines.

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

- 1 COBHAIKLE a chin aig Fion,
'S aig Maithibh Eirin gu leir;
Nighin Rìogh nan gaibhte naip,
Gun faithidh e sa bhean fein.
- 2 Hug shinne gha nighin Rìogh,
Bu ghuirne suil 's bu ghriune meir;
Chuir shin ga coibhidiehd ceud Eich,
A' bear rish an dechdidh strìan.
- 3 Chuir shin ga coibhidiehd ceud Each,
A bear rish an dechhigh strìan;
As ceud mariech air am muin,
Le Cullidh T-shriol (oir) le 'n laiste Gniobh.
- 4 San herrin I air an Raoin,
'S ghagadar na' doigh na Heich;
San a hug I ceim ga ehoir,
'S da nhlil oir na Laibh dheis.
- 5 Da Chaillin 'air Gualin a Guin,
Dealibh a Chruin fo Gheil nam port;
Do naichd 's e Pubil Fhinn,
Innis duin a Bhrigh sa Bheichd.
- 6 Mo Naichds 'e Pubil Fhinn,
Gu 'n Insin a Bhrigh gu ceart;
Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,
Gun' dimmir I gniobh gu ceart.
- 7 Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,
'S gun 'dimmir I Gniobh gu ceart;
Cairdeas as Commn ri Fionn,
Gun faigh du 's mi na Geall.
- 8 Dheothidh du shud as ceid Leig,
As eiad shend don Tairbhi T-shaoir;
Dheothidh du ceud shoebhac suaire,
Air am bithidh Duaidh nan Ian.

' Chaimnil.

- 9 Dheothidh du shud as ceud Corn,
Dhianigh do 'n Uisg ghorm an Fion;
'S ga be dhologh aiste Deoich,
Cha reichidh a Hart am meud.
- 10 Gheobhidh du shud as ceud Mios,
Cuir sa Rìogh a Bheathidh 'naigh;
'S ga be ghlethidh iad rim beo,
Chumigh iad Duin og do Ghna.
- 11 Dheobhidh du shud as ceud Graoidh,
As lan Glinne do Chroigh ban;
Mar gaibh u shin beannichd leat,
Hoir leat do Bhean 's dian ruin shi.
- 12 Co duginse Shith do Dhaill,
Na Mhaithibh Eirin gu leir;
Ach Fionn fein a dhoil fo 'm Bhreth,
Agus Creich a hoirt gu Traidh.
- 13 Ach cha d'ug u leat do neirt,
Na bherigh a Chreigh gu Traigh;
Fallaigh mishe 's beannichd leat,
Fon ehaigh Teinnich bun do riunn.
- 14 Cha nailbh thuss' a ebiabh nan cleichd,
Rìobhin fhairiste Bheoil bhinn;
Gheobhidh du no sheide saoir,
'S guilain u fein ri 'm Haibh deis.
- 15 Cha 'n fhan mish' a Chean nan Clair,
Fonach traoigh mi Tiabh na Fhearg;
Fonach faithin saoir fom Bhreth,
Cean na Deishe bu ghann eial.
- 16 Cha 'n fhagin aguibh do Dhearras,
Do Dfion na Dfherin na Hulloich;
Ach Erin na eroichdan Glass,
A hogbhail leom ann am Loingis.
- 17 Gun thiuntaich I riuthidh a Cuil,
'S mhareich I Cuirsu gu dian;
'B iummid Sroil ga hoiggaill suas,
'Nordibh gu lua chaidh an Fhian.
- 18 Doilfin nie Ghailin fon Gheirg,
Muime Fhearragin as ni 'm breig;
Ri faeinn a Chinn ga Daulte,
Righ bu neo aithidh a himmiehd.
- 19 Goul & Oscar an aigh,
Connal as Caorrl Cneas-bhan;
Mo bhuilher mi 's Fionn nan Fleigh;
Gam bunnigh I 'n ceann don Cheirir.
- 20 Mar Fearr chaidh as o Boul airm,
Na chaigh le Maim don Gheirg;
Do Rìogh Lochlin na ga ni,
Cha dranaig riabh an Tìr fein.

F. 12. TEANNDACHD MOR NA FEINNE, AGUS
MAILLE RIS, ORDAMH, AGUS TEACHD A MACH NAM BRA-
TAICHEAN. 224 lines. Extracts.

Fletcher's Collection, page 49. Advocates' Library,
Feb. 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

I. PAIRT.

- 13 'M fOGUS do 'n rugha 'n raibh Fionn.
- 23 Gheibhe tu sud is ceud erios,
'S cha d' theid slios m' an d' theid iad eug;
Chaisge iad leum-dromma 's sgios;
Leug riomhach nam buéal bàn.
- 24 Gheibhe tu sud is ciad long,
Sgoilte tonn air bluninne borb;
Air an luchdacha gu teann,
Deis gach aon-ni a b' fhearr doigh
- 25 Gheibhe agus ciad mac Rìgh.
Bhuineadh cis air ehlhiech bhuirb;
Gheibhe is eiad scobhag shuairc,
Air am bithieadh buaigh nan eun,

This also occurs in Manns.

II. PAIRT.

Sgaol Fearrghus a Bhratach re crann,
Mar chomthar gun do dhuilt Rìgh
Lochlunn cumhadh.

- 1 Air faicsinn 'sin ghluais an Fheinn ghaolach gu foil.
M' am biodh Eirinn níl' air earras.
- 2 Thainig sluagh thair iomch' rum thonn,
Thainig sud 's bu trom am feachd ;
Suil gon d' thug Rìgh Lochlunn uaith,
Chunnaic è Bratach a tighinn a mach,
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,
Air lasadh do dh' òr Eireannach.

DEIR RÌGH LOCHLUNN.

- 3 'Co i a Bhratach sid Iulla dhuanach,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein-bhuaghaich,
Chì mi Giulla gasda air a ceann
'S i fein aig togra thair sluagh.'
- DEIR FEARRGHUS.
- 4 Cha nì sud ach an Liath-luidhmeach,
Bratach Dhiarmad-odh-duimhne ;
'N tra thigeadh an Fheinn uile 'mach,
Ghabbadh an Liath-lui' neach toiseach,
'S gur h' è bu shnaicheas don t-srol-bhuighe
Toiseach teachd is deire falbh.
- 5 'Cia i 'Bhratach so Iulla dhuanach,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein bhuaghaich
Chì mi Giulla,' &c.
- 6 Cha nì sud ach an aon chosach (ruadh)
Bratach Rhaoinc na mor shluagh ;
Bratach leis an sgoiltear cinn
'S le doirtear fuil gu h-aobrainibh
- 7 'Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghuanach,
An i sud Bratach,' &c.
- 8 Cha nì sud ach a Bhriachail-bhròchuil,
Bratach Ghuill mhoir mhic Mòrne ;
Nach d' thug troigh riabh air a h-ais,
Gu 's 'n do chrith an talamh trom-ghlas.

- 9 'Co i Bhratach so Iulla,' &c.
- 10 Cha nì sud ach an Dubh-nimhe,
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reathe ;
Air a mhiad 's gu 'm bi sa chath,
Cha bhiodh iomra ach air an Du'-nimhe.
- 11 Cha i Bhratach so Iulla ghuanach,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein-bhuaghaich.
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,
'S i lasadh le h-òr aoibhinn.
- 12 Cha nì sud ach an sgnab-ghabhaidh,
Bratach Oiscair chrodia laidir ;
Nair a ruigte cath na clair,
Cha b' fhuil' fàrnach ach an Sgnab-ghabhaidh.
- 13 Ach thog sinn' Deò-ghreine ra crann,
Bratach Fhinn bu teann 'sa chath ;
Lom' lan do chlochamh 'n òr,
'S cosmhail bu mhor meas is rath
- 14 'S air faicsinn dha bratach Fhinn,
'Shaoileadh e gu 'n thuit a bheinn.'

FEARRGHUS.

- 15 'S duilich dhuita na bheil ann.
Gath-greine Mhic Cuthail ra crann ;
Is naoi slabhruidhean aiste sìos,
Do 'n òr bhuighe, gun dall sgiamh,
Ags naoi naoi làn-ghaisreach.
Fu' cheann na b-uile slabhruidh
Aig togairt air feadh do shluagh.
Mar chliath treogbaidh gu traigh
Thoir an aire dhuit fcin,
Biodh gair chatha ga d' iomairn.

RÌGH LOCHLUNN.

- 16 'S brengach do bheul fhilì bhinn,
'Trian na ta agamsa do shluagh ;
Cha rabh agaibhse sann Eirinn.'

DEIR FEARRGHUS.

- 17 Ga beag leatsa an Fheinn thearc so,
Bheir thu d' gheann mu 'n d' thig am feasgar,
Roimhe 'n lana glasa no nì thu d' th aimbneas.

BROSNUCHA FHINN.

- 18 'Cromaibh blur cinn sa chath,
'S deanadh gath Flath mar a gheall.'

- 19 Seachd fichead d' mbaithibh air Feinne,
'S Ailte fein air an tùs,
Thuit sud le laimh Earragain mhor,
M' an deachnaidh na sloigh an t-lùs,
- 20 D' fhuirich Fionn fada na thosd,
Luigh sproc air 'n Fheinn gu leir ;
'Co dhioghas dhomh Earragain so ghreis,
No 'n leigeamaid leis air tair ?'
- 21 Sin mair a labhair Goull,
An sonn bla docair a chlaoidh,
Leigear mi 's Earragain sa ghreis,
'S gu 'n feachnaidh air cleas luigh,
- 22 Mac-luthinn agus Ciaran crom,
Diarmad donn is Mac-an-leigh,
Ga d' dhiona bho bhuillinn an laoch,
Tog dithis air gach taobh mar sge,
- 23 Seachd fichead agns mìle sonn,
Thuit sud le Garra' is le Goull ;
Dha urrad le Oscar an aidh,
'S le Caoiréal cora cnaidh.
- 24 'S air an ainm a thug thu crm,
Iulla Phadruic nan sahn bhinn ;
Gun do thuit leom fein 's le Fionn,
Choi-lion cean ris a chearthar,
- 25 Mur rabh daine ann,
Chuaidh 'mach o bheul airm ;
Na theich le maoin do 'n Ghreig,
Do Rìgh Lochlunn no da shluagh,
Cha deachnaidh duine d' a thair fein.
- 26 Thuit sinne cor is leth air Fiann,
Air an traigh tha sìar fo dheas ;
Ach n' an lughainne a ghrian
Cha mho na air trian a thair as.

H. 15. THE BEST BATTLE THAT THE HEROES
EVER FOUGHT. 248 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library,
November 27, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two Kings came to Fingal, named Aile and Caoilte, to learn his art of war, hunting, &c. The custom of the Heroes was, that they would make a Feast every Thursday in the year. But the first Thursday after they came the Heroes forgot to hold the feast; Aile and Caoilte thought it was for them they delay'd to hold it. In a short time afterwards the Heroes went all to the mountains to hunt, they left Aile and Caoilte at home to take care of their Habitation (since they were strangers, to rest themselves), there came a heavy shower of hail stones, and the Heroes asked of Fingal what he would give to each of them if the shower was gold (to entice him). Fingal said that he would give a great sum to every one of them, because they would love him; but he did not mind to mention Aile and Caoilte. Fingal would place every man of honour at the foremost end of the table, and every man according to his rank would sit there till they would come to the least. They were one day in haste in going away on some Journey, and they did not mind to call them in time, and they sat that day on the Hindmost end of the Table. They thought then that the Heroes had not much regard for them at all. Immediately they swore that they would stay no longer with the Heroes, and that they would not dine with them for a year and a day. They went away then to Denmark, and bound themselves to serve the King for a year and a day, that they would learn his Art of War, Eloquence, &c. When the said time was expired, the Queen fell in love with Aile, they ran away and Caoilte along with them to the Heroes for refuge. The King of Denmark gathered nine Kings with their host along with his own, to revenge himself on Aile and the Heroes, for to gave him refuge. Then the Heroes fought the sorest battle that ever they fought in their life, as you may observe by the following Poem:—

DAN 1.

- 1 LATHA bha Pádraig na mhúir,
Cha robh Saim air iugh ach sgeúl ; (ag ol)
'Chuaidh 'e thigh Oisain Mac Fhinn, (Mhic)
Oir Sann leis bu bhinn a bheul. (gloir)

* Labhair Oisain an so mar gu bu neach eile labhradh.
' Gluais.

- 2 'Fáilte 2 dhuita! shean f'hir shuairce,
T' ionnsuidh air chuair thainig nu; 3
Laogh mhíli' is caoin dearg dreach,
Cha d' eur thu rianmh neach mu ní.
- 3 'Sgéul 4 a b' áill leam flaghail 5 nait,
Ogha Chuthaill bu ehnaidh colg;
An teanntachd 'as Moghadh 'n raibh.
'N Cath is teinne chuir an Fhíann
O na ghen thu rianmh nan lorg,
- 4 Bheiramsa lán dearb bh dhuít,
Ille Fhíadraig nan sailm bínn,
Mu 'n chath 's teinne chuir na fir,
A na gheinnamh fiamtidh Fhínn.
- 5 Dearmad fleagha do rinn Fíonn
An Albheinn ri linn nan laích,
Bha euid do 'n Fhínn fú dhinn dearg,
'S dh' eirich orra fearg is fraoch.
- 6 Dhoir iad sinne san ór, (ol)
Mae Roinn nan gloir ceún binn
Dubhairt Caoilte is doilh leinn,
'S ní mo fhuair sinn mar bu choir
Ionad suidhe mor mhór Fhínn.
- 7 'An eiric a mi-mbeas dhuinn,
'S o neach do chum fleagh na Féist,
Bheir mis is tus Ailli' úr,
Freiteach bliadhna re mur na Feinn.'
- 8 'N sin thogadar orra gu triall,
An clóidheamh san sgia' nan luing;
'N diais laoch bu chaoin dearg dreach,
Gu Rígh Lochlan nan srian slíom,
- 9 'S bu Rígh air Lochlan san uair,
Fear a gheibhadh buaidh' sgaich blár:
Fearraghuin mac 6 aon fhear nan long,
O' Rígh bu mbaith a lann sa lámh.
- 10 Muintearas bliadhna do 'n Rígh,
Thug an diais bu chaoin dearg dreach,
Caoilte Mac Rannaghuin 7 nan sleagh geúd
Agus Aillidh nach d' eur neach.
- 11 Ach Ban Rígh Lochlan nan sgia donn,
Ghabh i gaol trom nach roibh deas;
Air Aillidh greadhnach nan arm dearg,
Gus an d' rinn i chealg ud leis.
- 12 Ghluais i a leabaidh an Rígh,
B' e sin an gníomh mun dhoirteadh fuil;
'S gu Albheinn aobhneach na 'm fiann,
Thogadar an triall thair muir.
- 13 'Mo chomric orts Fhínn nan coin,
Labhair e ghu cro-dhearg aill;
Nuair tharlas mi 'n cás na toraichd
Tensairgibh mi sloigh Rígh Fháil.'
- 14 'Gabbam do chomric thair muir,
Roimh aon neach a sheall sa ghréin;
Tra tharlas tu an cás san toir
Gabbidh 'n slogh do dhíon fú 'n sgeith.'
- 15 Thionail Rígh Lochlan a shluagh,
'N cabhlach a bha gu cruaidh deas;
'S e na thional e mún thuath
Naói Ríghridh san sluagh leis,
- 16 Sheól iad an cabhlach gu h-árd,
Gu ríoghachd Eirinn bu ghearg ágh;
'S gu h-Albheinn oigheach na 'm fiann,
Thogadar an triall o thráidh.
- 17 Shíuthích iad an Píplean gu luath,
Rígh Lochlan sa shluagh nach raibh tiom,
Air na tillichean a nuigh,
Gairid o' n bhrúth an raibh Fíonn.
- 18 Teachdaireachd thainig o 'n Rígh;
An sgeúl tím chuir ruinn gu truaigh;
No 'n laodhad Innsabh phail
Cómhrag fear do mhuintir Fhínn,
Fhaghail air a ghliun nu thuath.
- 19 Fhrecagair Aillidh o 'n cómhrag cruaidh,
'N sgeúl truaigh sin thainig an ecíll;
Ceann aillidh dea' mhae Rígh Liuir,
Thuit leis air an dara heim.
- 20 Deich Ceannaird fhíchead d' ar Féinn,
Is Aillidh féin air an tús;
Thuit sud le lámh Fhearraghuin mhóir
Ma 'n deachaidh na slóigh an dlús.
- 21 Thuit nach fhadadh againn teach,
No amhuinn no béinn no tulach,
Ach Eirinn na eragan glas,
Nach d' nigte steach ann na loingas.
- 22 Do thairg Fíonn dhoibh eumha mhór
Do na sloigh thainig an ecíll, (ceinn)
'S do Rígh Lochlan nan colbh sean,
Faraon agus a bhean féin.
- 23 Thug sinne dhoibh ingíon rígh
p. 89. 'S guirne suil sa 's gille deud
Chuir sinn gu coimhdeachd ceud each
As fearr ris n' deachadh srian.
- 24 Ach Lochlanaich a bhuidheann bhorb,
Aig mead an colg is an ágh
Cha ghabha iad eumha fú 'n ghrian,
Gun an Fhíann a chuir nan dáil.
- 25 'S eud marcach air a muin
p. 89. Le 'n earradh sroil on laiste grian
Nuair theirrin 'n sin air 'n t-sraid
Sa a' fhaig i no deigh na heich.
- 26 Cha mho ghabhadh Fearraghuin mor,
Aig mead a dhóchas as féin
Duais no bhcan air tír no tuinn,
Ach suinn Eirinn bhí fú mhéin.
- 27 Ach comhair eile chinn aig Fíonn,
'S aig maithaibh Eirinn gu léir,
Inghean Rígh nan 8 gaibhte uath,
A thabhairt dhosan na géill.
- 28 Fhuairadh an sin inghean Rígh, (ur)
Bu ghuirne súil 's bu ghriune méar,
Bha smuagh a ghnúis mar a ghrian
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 's a gné.
- 29 Chuir sinn d' a coimhdeachd eud each,
Bho mhaith ris an deachdhi sriann;
Is eud marcach air a muin,
An eulaidh shróil bu lasrach fia.
- 30 'N uair a thurlog iad air an raon,
'S a fhaig iad nan deidh na h-eich;
Thug i céum an sin d' a cóir
'S d'a bhail óir na lámh dheis,
- 31 'Coid do nuaghachds' o phobull Fhínn,
Ainuir ghrinn sa chabh nan cleare,
'S an t' adhbhar mu 'n d' ainig thu féin,
Aithris gu 'n chaid e le gean.
- 32 'Se mo nuaghachds' o phobull Fhínn
Gu 'n innseam dhuit e gu 'n cháird;
O 'n rinn do bhean ort beairt chlí
'S a dh' imair i e gu cearr.
- 33 Cairdeas is common re Fíonn,
'S gu fuigheadh tu mí na geall;
Anois 's a ris feadh mo láith
'S gach aon séud is ághoir thall.
- 34 Gheibhadh tu sin is eud léng,
Is eud séud an talla saor;
Gheibhadh tu sin is eud soobhag,
Air am hitheadh buaidh gach aon.
- 35 Gheibhadh tu sin is eud erios
'N shíos mu 'm bí cha tuit am blár,
Coisgidh iad leum drom is sgíos,
Séud riombach na 'm bucal léan. (anlag)
- 36 Gheibhadh tu sin is eud cornn,
A ní do 'n bhuinn ghorm an fíon,
'S ge b'e dh' olas asta dedh,
Cho bhí dhochartas gu 'n díon.

2 Umlachd.

3 Suinn.

4 Fios.

5 fhaotain.

6 Bè athair a bu mho loingas a bha r'a fhaighail san aimsir sin.

7 Mac Ríogh Connachain.

8 This 24th Stanza claims as his own composition.

9 Nan dual arbhui óir.

- 35 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud mias,
An luchuirt Rìgh am beatha 'n àigh ;
'S a b'è ghleadhas iad re bheò,
Cumidh iad òg an duine ghna,
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud lórg,
A sgoiteas tònn air mhuinne borb ;
Air an luchdeachadh gu trom,
Leis gach aon nì 's buadhaich colg,
From 37 to 53 are not in I.
- 37 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud each,
Cho mhaith ris an deachidh srian,
Is céud maraich air a muin,
An culaidh shróil is lasrach fia ¹⁰
- 38 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud Ghréadh ;
Is lán ghinne do chrobb hán
Is mar a gabh thus iad sin,
Thoir leat do bhean 's dean ruinn saimh.
- 39 Cha tobbair mi sibh gu brath,
Do mbaitheadh Eirinn gu léir ;
Gus am fuigheam Fionn fú 'm bhreith,
Is a chreach a thoirt leam féin.
- 40 Cha d' ug thu féin leat do neart,
Choidh na chuireas Fionn fú 'd bhreith,
'No bhuidhneas a chreach dhuit fein,
Ach folbhaidh mis' is beannachd leat.'
- 41 'Cho 'n fholbh thusa chiahb nan cleare,
A rìgh bhinn fharast a bheòil bhinn,
Gheibheadh tu gach seud gu saor,
'S ceanghlam thu re 'm thaobh geal slin.'
- 42 'Cho 'n fhan mise Cheann nan clair,
O nach traidh mi d' fhia no d' fhearg,
'S o nach fhuighean féin o d' bhéul,
Sith dh' fhianm Eirann gu 'n chath searbh.'
- 43 Cha tabhair mi sith do dh' Fhionn,
Air son aon nì tha fú 'n ghreim,
O 'n thug e tearman do 'n fhear,
A mbeall nam mo dhean bhean fein.
- 44 'N sin charich i rin a cúl
'S mharaich i d' ar eòirt gu dian,
B' iomad sról gu chur a suas,
An ordamh luath chuaidh an Fhianm.
- 45 Dh' inich Fionn an sin air thús
Dea mhac Cuthail a ghnuis ghil,
A Chumail Comhrag ris an Rìgh,
'N gnìomh sin mun do thuit na fir.
- 46 'S deich fichead air a lannh dheis,
Do shìochd Cuthail nan cleas lú ;
Agus naoi fichead fear mòr,
Bu dochair a chuir air ceul,
- 47 Dh' fhiosraich an sin flath nan cuach,
Do Mhaithheadh sluagh Innsa fail ;
Co dhìogadh Fearraguin sa ghreis,
Mu 'n deanadh ar mì leas le tair.'
- 48 Do bha fhreagradh sin aig Goll
Are sonn bu dochair a chlaoidh
Leigear nì 's Fearraguin sa ghreis,
'S gu feuchainn a chleasaibh lú,
- 49 Cuimhnich cath feargarra na Fèinn
'S Chlanna moruna nan cleas lú,
Is mac Cuthail nan arm noicht,
Air a threnne chleasaibh lú.
- 50 Thor leat seachd fichead fear mòr
Do Chlanna moruna nan cleas lú,
A dh' fheitheamh air eacoir an fhir,
Cuir Sin air thaobh cùil.
- 51 Mac Lubhidh is Diarmaid donn,
Oscar crom, is mac an Léig,
A' d' dhìon o bhuillean an Laóich,
Biodh diais air gach taobh do' d' sgè.
- 52 'N sin chuaidh sinn an dáil a chèile,
Slógh nan deich Rìgh is Suinn Eirann,
'S bu luaithe na greann ghash carrich,
Sinn a dol an tús na t-eúg' bhail.

¹⁰ Is fearr cruth.

- 53 Bu luaithe no millidh sruthan,
A ruigh an aon slugan o árdaihb ;
Bhiodh a béucaich gu tréun meannach,
Le toirm Geamhraidh o gach fásach.
- 54 Cho bheacadh tréun thonn na tuinne,
'N uair bhuaill iad re créugaibh ard ;
Le neart na gaoith tuath san fhaoilach
Cho stuaghda re gaoir an ard chath.

The three following poems belong to some other poem, i.e., Dearg Mac Druibhail.

P. 93. DR. YOUNG.

- 55 Oehd laithean duine gun tamh
Sior dheanabh ar air no sloigh
Cean in rìgh Lochlunn no 'n sgiath donn
Se buidhin Goll air a naothaobh lath
- 56 Ceart choimeas cómhrag nam fear,
Cho 'n fhac mi riamh re 'm la ;
Ceann Rìgh Lochlan nan sgá donn,
Bhuidhin Goll air an naoi' amh trá'.
- 57 Tréunlamh ingheann Bhalcain o 'n Ghréig,
Muime Fhearraghuin gun aon bhréig
'N uair thugadh an Ceann da Dalta
Rí bu' neo' amhuidh a céill,
- 58 Bha Goll ann, 's Oscar an àigh,
Conall 's Coireall a chneas bháin :
Mar bithidh mi 's Fionn nam fleagh,
Gu 'n d' ugalh i 'n ceann do 'n cheathrar.
- 58 Deich fichead is mile sonn,
Ceith ir fichead is coig mile sonn (5080)
Thuit sud le Garadh 's le Goll ;
Uighir le Oscar an àigh ;
A dha arradh le Oscar an aigh (10160)
'S uighir le Coireall is Sonn,
- 59 Air a bheastadh thugas orm,
Phádraig a chanas na sailm ;
Gu 'n do thuit leam féin 's le Fionn,
Ceann is nighir ris a cheathrar.
- 60 O 'n dh' eirich a Ghríán moch thrá,
Gus an deachidh i sìar an moch ;
Cómhrag aon fhear air an t-sliabh
'S beag nach do thuit iad gu b-iomlan.
- 61 Mach o mhead sa chuaidh leinn fein,
No theich air a bhéigh mu dheas ;
Do Rìgh Lochlan is da Shluabh,
Cho deachadh duine dhia uainn as.
- 62 Ach luthaems' air anam mo Rìgh,
Mu' deachidh crìoch air a ghreis ;
Ceathrar is ceart leith nam fiann,
Thuit sin air an t-sliabh mu dheas.

I. 6. FEARGIN.—A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 1. 204, 64 torn out, = 268 lines. Advocates' Library, April 3, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this manuscript about 64 lines are torn out. Marginal notes in various hands bear upon each writer's own share in the Ossianic Controversy. Extracts.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALLY the son of Lear, and Cailte the son of Rangin, (two petty Kings in the South of Scotland) were sent by their Fathers, Lear and Rangin, to Fingal to be disciplined in the arts of War, Hunting, and Poetry, during their minority. Fingal at their arrival happened to be engaged by Clan-Chuigildan, a rebellious Clan who took up arms against the Lawful King of Ireland, in which he became victorious, and came home loaded with plunder, which was distributed among the Fingalians according to their rank. Ally and Cailte expected a share of the Prize, as well as those who fought for it ; they likewise expected that Fingal ought to hold a feast on account of his victory and their arrival, and that they should occupy the foremost seats in the King's Hall. Fingal being not in his own Hall could not observe these rules to which he was accustomed. Ally and Cailte protested against staying any longer under the tuition of Fingal, and set sail for

¹ See the *Lallad of Dun an oir*.

Feargin, King of Denmark, to whom they promised obedience during their popularity, on condition he would treat them as becometh their rank, and discipline them in the sciences above mentioned; to which Feargin consented. Soon after their arrival the Queen of Denmark (Feargin's spouse) fell in love with Ally with whom she fled accompanied with Cailte to Fingal for protection. Feargin raised a powerful army, and all the Kings of Scandinavia with their troops, being nine in number, and sailed for Ireland, assuring themselves of a total defeat of Fingal and overrun his Dominions if he should attempt to protect Ally the delinquent. The outrageous Danes landed, and Fingal sent Ally accompanied with thirty of his bravest men to Feargin to ask his pardon, and offer him his wife back. Feargin kilt the thirty men and Ally leading the van. Fingal equipt his grandiloquent daughter Semhrosig accompanied with one hundred chosen men on Horse-back, and proposed herself to Feargin in place of his own wife, with great many warlike rewards and provisions, and proclaim peace with her father, which he obstinately refused. At the return of Semhrosig Fingal marched against the Danes, who were totally overturned. Fingal lost in the action upwards of one-half of his army, on which account this battle is reckoned to have been the most severe day the Fingalians ever fought.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpin.

- 5 Rì linn do Mhac Rannghuin og,
'S do Aillidh an t-ogan treun;
Teachd, gu mac Cumhail nan sluagh,
Gu Anna nan duan 's nan teud.
 - 6 Bha Fionn an cath Dhun-an-oir,
'S Rìogh nan sloigh bu mhor ann gnìomh.
Measg clann-chuilegeadan nan cleas,
 - 7 Philleadar mo Thriath a b' fhearr cliù,
Chum an tuir 's nach diulta dainh;
B' eibhinn aidheatrach an Fhian,
Mar thoirm ealtain ian gu traidh.
 - 8 Ann Auana do chlànn nan laoch:
 - 10 An comain an teirbirt dhuinne,
'S nach do chum iad fleagh nan ceud,
Bheir mis' 's tus' Aillidh ur,
Freiteach bliadhn' ri mur na Feinn.
 - 12 Fearghinn mac aon fhear nan long;
 - 15 'S gu h-Anna aobhach nam Fiann.
 - 16 O 'n Mhereir-bhàn sheol na laoiach,
Leis a ghaoith air chuantaidh near;
Clos cho d' rinn i 'n port air seimh-shruth,
Ach mar can gu mein nam fear
 - 18 Gabham do chomraic thair muir,
Dhea Mhic Lùir nan arman treun;
 - 20 Gu rìogh'chd Eirinn bu gharg àr;
Gu h-Anna aigheach nam Fiann,
 - 22 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn,
 - 23 Ach Eirinn na crogan creaithe',
Nach d' thuigte steach ann na loingeas.
 - 27 Cho ghabhadh iad cumha fùl 'n gheirn,
Ach an Fheinn a chur nan dail.
 - 28 Cha ghabhadh Fearginn nan ruag,
Cis o 'n t-sluagh air son a mhà;
Ach Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn,
'Sa suinn a chosgairt fùl' phua.
- Here the Princess gets a name.
- 29 'S aig Maithibh Eirinn nam peall;
Semhrosig nan dual arbhuidh oir,
A thaibhairt dhosan na geall.
 - 30 Fhuaradh a mach Seimhrosig ur,
Bu ghuirne suil 's bu ghrinne near;
Bha snagha a gnais mar a ghrian,
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 'sa gne.
 - 31 Chuir sin d'a coimhead ceud each,
A b' fhearr ris an deachaidh srian;
Is ceud maraich air pbeill oir,
'N eulaidh loineach bu mor fiadh (miadh)
 - 33 Ciod do sgeul o phobull Fhinn,
Annir bhinn an-reinn-fhuilth thlà;
'S an t-a' bhar mun d' thainig gu tuinn,
Airis dhuinn, ma 's leinn do ghradh.

- 34 'Se mo sgeuls' o phobull Fhinn,
A laoiach nach fionn ann tus a bhlaire;
O 'n rinn do bheann ort beairt chli;
'Sa dh' inir i 'n gnìomh gu ceurr.
- 35 Cairdeas is comann ri Fionn,
'S gu fuigheadh tu mi na geall;
Le run dileas fearu-phàille,
'S gach aon seud is aghoir thall.
- 36 Gheibheadh tu seud is cend lung,
Is cend send ann tuail nìdh saor;
Gheibheadh tu sin is cend seothag
Air am bithidh buaidh gach taobh.
- 40 Le ionnas na tonn a folbhl.
- 57 'Ghluais sinn uile le Rìogh-phàille,
Triath nan armann, b' fhearr san strì;
Bu chosnuil ri toirm an-fhlaich,
Sinn a' doll an dail a ghniomh.
- 58 Mar ghaoth earaich, no lon sleibhe,
Bha gach treud a' triall nar ceann;
Mar shrath uisge chluinte 'n benmna,
A' tuiteam far sgò nam beann.
- 59 Mar leachda' tainne san fhaoilich,
Sruth dian a' maoma nan dail;
B' ambail is slachdraich nan laoch so,
A' cosgairt na dh' aom o 'n traidh.
- 61 Treunlamh Mac Bhalcain o' n Ghreig (muline)
Aide Fhearginn 's cho 'n aona bhreug;
Nuair chunnaig e 'n ceann d' a dhalta,
- 62 Thug e 'n ceann le shleagh do 'n cheathrar.
- 63 Is le Cairill, an t-armann donn.
- 64 Air an iargain thruim so th' orm,
A Phadraig nach dean stoibh a h-eineach;
- 65 Osa dh' eireadh a ghrian moch,
Dhuinne gun chlos fad tri la;
Comhrag Rìogh Lochlan nan sluagh,
'Sa chath chruaidh ann gairte bron.

¹ Pages 7 and 8 are wanting.

M. 8. TEANNTACH MOR NA FEINNE. 236 lines.

- 1 DEARMAD fheadha gu 'n d' rinn Fionn,
San Albhainn' re linn nan laoch,
Air euid d'an Fheinn shuas Druium-dearg,
Gun d' erich am fearg 's am faoch.
- 2 Ma dhibir sibh sinn mu 'n ol,
Thuir Mao Ronain le glòir bhinn,
Bheirims agus Alde ùr
Breiteach bla'na re mur Fheinn.
- 3 Thog iad gu sciobalt an triall,
An cloidheamh 's an sciath d'an luing,
An diais fheinnidh, armaidh, fhial,
Gu Rìgh Lochlainn na 'n srian slìom.
- 4 Bu Rìgh air Lochlainn san nair,
Fear a bhuidheadh buaidh gach blar,
Earragan Mac Ainuir nan long,
Gu 'm bu mhaith a lann 's a lamb.
- 5 Muintearas bliana d'an Rìgh,
Tug an diais a b' fhearr dreach,
Moe Rìgh Conchair na 'n sleagh geur,
Agus Ailde nach d' ear neach.
- 6 Thug Bann-ri'nn Lochlann na 'n sciath donn,
Trom ghaol trom 's cha b' ann gu deas,
Ba ilde greadhnach an fhuilte deirg,
Is dh'fhalbh i an ceilg lois.²
- 7 Ghluais i leis a leabai 'n Rìgh,
Sud an gnìomh mu 'n doirtear fuil,
'S a dh' ionnsuidh Flaithias na 'm Fionn,
Thogadar an triall thair muir.
- 8 Chruinnich Rìgh Lochlainn a shluagh,
Cabhlaich cruaidh a dh'fhas gu deas,
'S e dh'eirich re aon nair
Na naoi Rìghrin 's an sluagh leis.

¹ Almhain.

² Leis.

- 9 Lochlainnich a bhuidheann bhorb,
Is ro mbaith colg re dol am fein,
Thug iad am mionna ag triall
Nach pilleadh iad is Fiann nan diaidh.
- 10 Thogadar an Albaist ard,
Seach críocha Eirinn nan colg teann,
'S ann Albain leathann na 'm Fiann,
Thugadar an Triath air traidh.
- 11 Shuidhieh iad am puibh gu tiugh,
Rígh Lochlainn 's a shluagh nach tim,
Air an tulach a bha muigh,
Guairid o 'n bhrughann raibh Fionn.
- 12 Teachdairachd thainig gu Fionn,
Teachdairachd chuir rian gu truaidh,
Comhrag dluth d' Fhiannaibh Fheinn,
Fhaotain air na gleinn nu thuath.
- 13 Thairg Fionn doibh cumha mor,
Do na sloigh a thain' ann ceiu,
Do Rígh Lochlainn nam arm sean,
Far aon is a bhean fein.
- 14 Comhairle chinne aig Fionn
'S aig maitiubh na Feinne gu leir,
Nighean rígh na 'n gabhtadh uap,
Thoir do Rígh Lochlainn nan arm geur.
- 15 Ach Lochlainnich a bhuidheann bhorb,
Aig feabhas an colg is am mein,
Ni 'm b' ail leo cumha chunnaic grian,
'S an Fhianh flagail na 'n diaidh.
- 16 Ach Mun foghain leasta sin,
Thoir leat do bhean is dean rinn sith.

EARRAGAN.

- 17 Cha d' thugainn-se sith d' Ailde fein,
Mo mhaithaibh na Feinne gu brath,
Ach Fionn fein a chuir fo 'm bhreth
Is a chreach a thoir gu traidh.
- 18 Cha 'tug thusa leat do neart,
Do bhrígh mo bheachd-sa, thair sal,
Na chuireadh dhuit Fionn fo d' bhreth,
No na bheir a chreach gu traidh,
- 19 Fhreagair Ailde na 'n comhrag cruaidh.
Seul a thainig truaidh dha fein,
Ceann mhic Níemhe 's mhic Lir
Madhar leis an dara beum.
- 20 Seachd fichead do mhaithibh ar Feinne,
Agus Ailde fein air thus,
Thuit sud le laimh Earragán mhoir,
Mu 'n deachaidh na sloigh ann dlus.
- 21 'S e labhair Fionn flath na 'm buadh,
'S e 'g ambarc air shluagh lúise-fail,
Co dhéangas Earragán sa ghreis
Mu 'n leigcamaid leis ar tair?
- 22 Do bhi freagradh sud aig Goll,
An sonn bu deacair a chlaoidh,
Deanamsa Earragán sa ghreis,
Leagar eadrinn le 'r cleas-luidh.
- 23 Caimhnicibh cath feargarra Feinne,
A Chlauna Morna 's mor cli
A Chlanna Baoige na 'n arm deas,
Leigibh ris blur dea-ghníomh.
- 24 Beir leat Oissain is Diarmad donn,
Fearr-chuth eom is Mac an Leigh,
Ga d' dhionadh o bhuilbhabh an haich,
Cuir diais air gach taobh mar sceith.
- 25 Buin leat cath feargarra na Feinne
Nach d'fhidir ceum a thoir air eul,
Cuir sud air do ghualain deas,
Do shíol Chumhail nan cleas-ludh.
- 26 Ochd latha dhuinne gun tanh
Sior chuir air ais an t-slogh,
Ceann Rígh Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn
Bhuighinn Goll an naodhamb lo.
- 27 Naoi fichead is míle sonn
Thuit sud le Garaidh 's le Goll,
O na dh' eirich a Ghrian moch
Gus an deachaidh is siar anmoch.
- 28 Seachd fichead do chlannaibh Rígh,
Ga 'm bu dual gaisg' is mor ghníomh,
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh
Is le Cairioll Corra-chnaimh.
- 29 Mun' fear a chuaidh as o fhaobhar arm,
No 'n comhrag le maon do threig,
Do rígh Lochlainn no do shluagh,
Cha deachaidh duine do thair fein.
- 30 Na 'm faigheadh e co'throm na 'n arm,
Earragán Mac Ainnir na 'n arm glas,
'S an Albhuidh na 'n alhair, air Triath,
Cha ghactadh ach an Fhianh as.
- 31 Corr agus leath ar Fionn,
Thuit sud air an t-sliabh nu dheas,
Ach na 'n luadhimid a Ghrian,
Cha mho na ar trian thainig as,
- 32 Ach na 'n luadhimid ar Rígh,
Cha mhnaoi is Triath fo bhrígh,
'S ge d' thainig d' ar maitiubh as,
Cha d'rinn sinn ar leas san lo.

NA BRATICHEAN.

MANUS, RÍGH LOCHLAINN.

- 33 Ge d' gheabhadh Rígh Lochlainn sud,
Na bha mhaoin 's do shuda 'n Eirinn,
Cha philleadh e shluagh air ais,
Gus am biodh Eirinn, uil' air carras.

OISSAIN.

- 34 Scaoil Fearghus a Bhratách o chrann,
Mar chomhar gu 'n dhiult Rígh Lochlainn cumha,
Ghluais an Fhianh ghaolach gu foill
Gus am biodh Eirinn uil' air carras.
- 35 Thainig slugh fairim chairim nan tonn,
Thainig sud 's bu throm an fheachd;
36 Suil d' an tug Rígh Lochlainn uaidh,
Chunnaic e Bratách ag tith'n amach,
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,
Air a lasadh do dh' ór Eircannach.

MANUS.

- 37 Cia i a Bhratáchsa Fhili dhuanaich;
An i sud Bratách Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich?
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,
Is i fein ag togradh thair³ slughadh.

FEARGHUS.

- 38 Cha 'n i sud ach an Liath-luineach,⁴
Bratách Dhiarmuid o Duibhne,
'N tra thigeadh an Fhianh uil' amach,
Ghabhadh an Liath-luineach toiseach.

MANUS.

- 39 Cia i a Bhratách-sa Fhili dhuanaich,
An i sud Bratách Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich?
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,
Is i fein ag togradh thair slughadh.

FEARGHUS.

- 40 Cha 'n i sud ach an Aon-chosach⁵ ruadh,
Bratách Raine na 'm mor shluagh,
Bratách leis an sgoiltear ceinn
'S le 'n doirtear fuil gu aobranabh.

MANUS.

- 41 Cia i Bhratách-sa Fhili dhuanaich,
An i sud Bratách Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich?
Chi mí gille gasta air a ceann,
Is i fein ag togradh thair slugh.

FEARGHUS.

- 42 Cha 'n i sud ach a Bhriachaill Bhrochaill,
Bratách Ghuill mhoir mhic Morna,
Nach d' thug traigh rianh air a b-ais;
Gus 'n do chrith an talamh trom glas,
43 Gur h e bu shuaimhneas d' an t-srol bhuidhe,
Toiseach teachd is deireadh falbh.

³ Bhar.⁴ Lúidnacch.⁵ Fhionn-chosach.

MANUS.

- 44 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhuanaich,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich ?
Chi mi gille garta air a ceann,
Is i fean ag togradh thair slughadh.

FEARGHUS.

- 45 Cha 'n i sud ach an Dubh-nimhe,
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reatha;
Air mheadh d' am bitheadh sa chath,
Cha bhiodh iomradh ach air an Duibh-nimhe.

MANUS.

- 46 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhuanaich ?
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich !
Agnis gille gasta air a ceann,
's i lasaradh le h-òr aoibhin.

FEARGHUS.

- 47 Cha 'n i sud ach an sguab-ghabhaidh,
Bratach Oseair chrodha laidir,
Nuair a rigteadh cath na 'n eliar
Cha b' fhuia a fàraich ach an sguab-ghabhaidh.

OISSAIN.

- 48 Thog sinn an Deo-ghreine⁶ re crann,
Bratach Fheinn bu teann sa chath,
Lom-lan do chlochaibh an or
'S cosmhuil gu 'm bu mhor a (meas) rath.

MANUS.

- 49 Saoilidh mi gu 'n thuit a bheinn.

FEARGHUS.

- 50 Is doilich dhuise na bheil ann,
Gath-greine Mhic Cumhail re crann,
Is maoi slabhraidh aiste sios
Do 'n or bhuighe gun dàd-siomh;

- 51 Agus naoi naoi lan ghaisteach,
Fo cheann na h-uile slabhraidh,
Ag togairt air feadh do shluagh,
Mar chliath⁷ traidhach gu traidh

- 52 Biaidh gair chatha ga d' iomain.

MANUS.

- 53 Brengach do bheul Fhili bheinn,
Trian na ta agam ann so do shluagh
Cha robh riamh agaibh-s' ann Eirium.
Ge beag leats' an Fhianm thearc-sa.⁸
54 Bheir thu do theann leim mu 'n tig am feascar
Roimh lanna glas, no ni thu d' ainmleas.

FIONN.

- 55 Cromaibh bhur ceinn sa chath,
'S deanadh gach fath mar gheall.

OISSAIN.

- 56 Bu liona ceann ga mhaoladh,
Ag us gualain ga shnagheadh,
O eirigh Greine gu feascar.

- 57 Cha deach' o fhaobhar lann gu loingis,
Ach aon mhile do shluagh barr;
Theich iad mar shruth o bharrabh bheann,
Is sinne san chath ga 'n iomain.

- 58 Bu lionmhor Fiannaidh agus soun,
Agus enraidh bu throm trost;
Ach samhail d' Osear mo mhaic-sa
Cha robh aca bhos no thall.

- 59 Seachd cathai do bhall an t-sluaigh
Thuit sud le Osear na 'm buadh,
'S an naonar mac a bh' aig Manns Ruadh.

- 60 Seachd ficead agus mìle soun
Thuit sud eadar Conan is Goll;
Ach Mac Cumhail 's a shluagh garg,
Mar chaor theine na 'm mor fhearg;

- 61 Le shradagaibh diana cas,
Bha buille gach laoiach ann sa ghreis
Fhad 's a mhair Lochlannaich ris.

⁶ A Ghile-ghreine.⁷ Chliabh. ⁸ Earrasnidh-se.

O. 9. TEANNDACHD MHOR NA FEINNE.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 41. 194 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 21, 1872.

This was orally collected near Dunkeld, about 1800. I have carefully collated it with all the older versions which I have. To save space, I print only lines which do not occur elsewhere—20; and 6 with various readings. 168 lines are in other versions, and vary chiefly in orthography and names; e.g., by a very natural change, we get 'Albain' for Mac Nicol's 'Albhidh,' Kennedy's 'Albhenn,' Fletcher's 'Albaum,' Kennedy's 'Auna,' Gillies' 'Albhainn.' The place meant clearly is 'Almhuin,' according to Irish orthography, and according to these Scotch reciters. But scribes so write the sound, that modern writers contend for Mac Pherson's 'geography,' and call 'the Hill of Allen,' 'Scotland,' 'Almhuin,' 'Alba.'

TEANNDACHD MHOR NA FEINNE. Extracts.

- 12 Gu Albain bheag ladaich nam Fiann;

- 43 De righ Lochlain, no de shluagh,
Cha deach duine do 'n tir fein;
Dh' fhaig sinn coir as leth air Finn,
Air an traigh bha siar fo dheas.

- 44 Ach nan tugbainna a' Ghrian,
Cha mhotha na ar trian thainig as;

- 45 Ach nan lughamaid ar Righ,
Chaidh mnaid Triath fo bhron;
Ged thainig de' r maitlibh as,
Cha d' riun sinu ar leas san la.

- 46 Tog arsa Fionn, gu grad,
Teg gu h-arda cliu an Laoich;
Bu neartmhor na Triath na bhad,
Ged tha e 'n diugh fo bhac an fhaioich.

- 47 'S iomadh suil an Lochlainn fhuair,
Sileadh suas gu frasach geur;
Cha 'n fhaic sibh a chaoidh na thaar,
An curridh nis a leag air feur.

- 48 Tha thalla gun chlin gun chlar,
'S damhaich lan broin m' an fhear;
Ard righ Lochlainn donn an sar,
Se mi agh thug o thu thar lear.

- 49 Chuinnibh fuaim a Chaoilte ciara,
Dh' fhalbh aighir nan eliar 's nan con;
Am bheil a thannasg a' siubhal gn fialadh,
Na thuit an Triath am beann nan lon.

Charles Robertson learn'd this poem from his said grandmother, and also heard it from others many years ago.

S. 5. DIBIR DLIGHE. 84 lines.

(i.e., THE NEGLECT OF RIGHT.)

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, June 1872.

This version contains lines which are not in other manuscripts. There are many slight variations in words, &c., which I have not thought worth notice. The following is the Collector's

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL gives an entertainment to his Heroes, but neglects Alvin and the King of Ron's son. They, taking this as an affront, took their journey to Lochlin. After being some time there the King of Lochlin's wife fell in love with Alvin. Having made an elopement, they return to their native country. In consequence of this rape, the King of Lochlin collects his troops and navy, and invades Scotland, where it is said the Fingolians were at the time. A keen and bloody battle ensued, in which most of the Lochlins fell. Gaul encounters the King in person, and after a long and severe engagement, the latter falls.

- 1 La do Phadric san Tuir
Gun churam air ach 'g ol
An tigh Ossian mhoir mhic Fhinn
Gur aon luinn bu bliun.

- 2 Fios bu mthath linn fhuaidhean nat
Ogh' Chumbail 's cruaidh colg
'N cath 's cruaidh chuir an Fheinn
Se bha mi fein air a lorg.

- 3 Agams' tha dheagh bhrath dhuìt
Phadric sheinnis na sailm bhinn
'N cath is cruaidh chuir na fir
O'n la Ghinneadh Feinn o' bhinn
- 4 'N Dibir-Dligh do rinn Fionn
San Albhi' ri linn nan laoch
Air euid don Fheinn air Drum-dearg²
Dherich orr am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 5 Dhibir iad sinne san ol
Mac Ri Rona bu do-luinn
Agus Elblin³ Mac lavir Ruaigh⁴
Buidhean a dheargadh gu cruaidh rinn.
- 6 Dhimich an dithis ud don' Iar
'S thog iad an triall usainn air muir
Do thir Ri Lochlin nan laong
Gur ann luinn bu trom an cean
- 7 Thug bean Ri Lochlin nan laong
'N troma-ghradh nach robh ro-dheas
Do dh' Elblin greadheach nan airm
Rinnis les a cheilg gun fhios.
- 8 Ghluais i e leabaidh an Ri
(Sud an gnìomh mu 'n dhortar fail)
Gu h' Albhi flathach nam Fiann
Thog iad leo an triall gu muir.
- 9 Gan thog Ri Lochlin nan laong
Fheachd gu trom re chur an geill
Deich Cathan fìchid o' Thuath
Don t' sluagh b' fheachd bha fo n' ghreinn.
- 10 Aon Cath deng bla sinn nan dail
Do Fhiannidh Fail bu mhath grunn
Taghadh gach fear a rug bean
San teagheach ghan an robh Fionn
- 11 Par dh' fhas an Ri lom-lan rachd
Thog e a Bhratach re crann
'Shuidhich e a luingeas gu tingh
Muigh o'n bhruth 'u robh Fionn.
- 12 Gach treas claidheamh 's gach treas cù
'S gach treas Luireach ur n' n' Fheinn
Gach treas maighidin o'gem fhearg
Thabhart do Ri Lochlin sa bhean feinn
- 13 Bhagair Elblin comhrag cruaidh'
Sgeul through re chur an leud
Bhineas le Iorghil nan lann
A cheann air 'n dara beum
- 14 Deich Ceannaidan fìchid do n' ar Feinn
Is ceann Elblin feinn air thus
Gan thuit le lamh Iorghil mhoir
Mun deach na fir anns an luths'
- 15 Dhoimnich Mac Cumhail nan Cuach
Re mathibh sluagh Innse Fail
Co choinichas Iorghil re dreis
Mun leigadh sibh leis ar sar
- 16 Gar e fhreagair esan Goll
Sonn bha deacair ri chlaoidh
Mis agus Iorghil re dreis
Leigar eadain an cleas duth.
- 17 Beannachd bhi ais do bheul
'S minic a labhair thu sgeul mhath
Chuir leat cath a chlaidheamh chruaidh
'S ioma neach a chuidh le chath.
- 18 Gabh Oscar is Diarmid donn
Carril eom is Mac an Leith
Dod dhedean o' bheuma 'n Laoich
Dithis air gach taobh dhèd sge
- 19 Tri la is tri oidhch gun bhiaidh
Bha na firs' an sgainnir dhearg
Ach na bhineas le Mac Moirni nan lann
A cheann air an t' seachda tra.

- 20 Moch neach a dhalbh le moim
No neach a chaidh as don Ghreig
Aon do chuideachd Ri Lochlin
Cha deach dh' atheidh gu thir feinn.
- 21 Fear agus ceart leth nam Fiann
Thuit air an t-sluagh fo dheas
Ach ma dhiinnis mi mo sgeul gu fìor
Cha deach a bheag 's ar trian as.

A. 16. YMICH OCHTYR. 52 lines.

CATH SEISIR. The Defeat of Carthonn. Tuirbhs re lein tarlach dara. Bardachd Dheireannach Oisein. Carthonn, &c.

ASSUMING that the conquest of Fearagin and nine Northern Kings ends the Norse Wars, and frees the Feinne, their next exploit seems to follow in this ballad. It is rare. Eight Warriors: Oscar, Caoilte, Mac Luaith, Fionn, Diarmaid, Oisein, Raodhne, and Caoilte, went forth to war in Italy, France, Spain, and Britain, where they fought and conquered, as Oisein, one of the band, tells Padruig. In Kennedy's version, they are but six. In Kennedy's second version, name, argument, and story, are changed. To this belong fragments of Oisein's Lament. One came to me from Islay, in 1859; the other came from Dr. Mac Lauchlan, with its pedigree, March 31, 1872. This last fragment was printed in the *Inverness Courier*, with a translation and dissertation by 'Nether Lochaber.' The versions here printed explain points which seemed obscure. Whether this be of the time of Charles II., or a poem by Ossian, it certainly is very unlike Mac Pherson's Ossian, and very like other popular ballads. It has the characteristic Celtic imagery, which 'Ossian's Poems' have not. This poet, in Oisein's character, identifies himself with his natural, familiar woodland image of withering solitary age. He is not *like* the last nut in the hush. He *is* that solitary, withered, relic of past seasons, wavering in the autumn breeze, about to fall; the last of six. These were, Oscar, Caoilte, Oisein, Ruadhne, Goll, and Gorri. The King of Greece, in the 2nd verse, identifies the story, which was the same in all versions. In Kennedy's second version, lines marked * were altered. They suit a new 'Argument.' Where Kennedy's English 'Arguments' are his own his Gaelic Poems remain like others of their kind. When his English improves, his oral ballads yield to Arguments which are not his. The Feinne become Mac Phersonic, *pro tanto*. Something vaguely like part of this story, was in Mac Pherson's English, p. 127, 1762. In the latest editions, vol. I., p. 192, are 371 lines of Gaelic, of which I cannot find one in this ballad. No Gaelic for the end of Carthonn exists, unless it has been found or composed since 1871.

YMICH OCHTYR.

- 1 COYA lwm ymich ochtyr
Chor tocht er my venyn
Cut da nymich cha chellwim
Gin gur wellwn gi calmi
- 2 Oskir is keilt crowth
Is m'lowith fa molytr
Finn agis Dermid deadzale
Quogr leytych zar nochtyr
- 3 Misse agis rynth is kerrill
Keyve in norrin gin lochti
Chinnimyr er creithe bauwe
Gir wea anmy n nochtyr
- 4 Ymich orrin skail darwe
Inni gi calm fane sottill,
Daggimyr downe vec cowle
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 5 Zawrmir downe re albin
Bi chalne dwne a rochtin
Hut reith lay m'kowlie,
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 6 Er zorttymir zwle tagsin
Ymith class inta is corkir
Finni a wade gi brow
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 7 Huggymir cath sin neddall
Di fre tegwalle na portev
Rugimyr hoye is cowe
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr

¹ Fingal's Hall.² Red or bloody hill.—Mac Donald.³ Alvin, the same with Aho, in the Battle of Lora.⁴ This is similar in Mac Pherson's Battle of Lora.—J. Mac Donald.

- 8 Hugimír caith ní frankgi
O sann dí fre gi doggír
Zowimír geylle is cove
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 9 Hugimír cath ne spáne
A tantyn is a techtyryn
Quboye r my ray fane doyno
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 10 Hugimír caith brettin
Bí zeglich ay is be doggír
Hoggymír gayle doyno
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 11 Warrimír Crom ní carne
Er fargi is ay er ottill
Foyrrymír gi ter owille
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 12 Na rey harnik ní clossich
A phatrik ossil hochmyn
Finni wayde er cove
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 13 Noewe a manmsyth pladrick
Is hard cawe is sochyr
O phakgyth missi id coithr
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr.
Cowin lwm.

H. 16. HOW SIX PERSONS WENT FROM FINGAL
TO LIFT TAXES FROM ALL KINGS, OR ELSE TO KEEP
WAR WITH HIM. 60 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 31. Advocates' Library,
Dec. 1, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Dec. 4, 1871, Dublin.—As Tradition this story
is common in Ireland, but the ballad was not identified
by Mr. Hennessy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THERE went away six persons of the choice and ablest
of the Heroes from Fingal to lift tribute on every King ;
or else to keep war with Fingal ; they first went away to
the King of England (for Scotland was paying a yearly
tribute to him) for to get the down off him, and when they
got that, they did not go no further. Observe
the Poem.

DAN 5.

- 1 'S BRISTEACH mo chroidhe sa Phádraig,
'S mí tigh 'n air na bha sinn deanamh ;
'Nois ged nach maithrean Mac Chuthaill,
Leam is cumhainn cuid d' a bheasaibh.
- 2 Gu 'n inmsean dhuibhsa Mhic Alpainn,
Aig bheil beannachadh nile Eirann ;
An treabhantas do rinn seisear,
Nach gabhadh eagal no éuradh.
- 3 Ailis sin dhamh Oisín náríoch,
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leóir abhachd ;
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,
D' ar laoiach éibhneach, threisail áluin.
- 4 Ghluaisamar o 'n chathair amháich,
Seisear fear armach do bhuidheann ;
A dh' iarruidh freagradh gach tíre,
'S a thogail cís do Mac Chuthaill.
- 5 Do ghluais sinn an tús ar teachd' reachd,
Dhionnsuidh Rígh Sasgan nan gúr lann ;
Ochóin ! bu mheannach ar 'n aigneadh, theachd
ro deisainn.
- 6 Teachdaireachd chuir gu Rígh Sasgan,
Do bhí nearta bu clubhaidh ;
Géill a thoirt dhuinn air ar 'n eagal,
Air ghe' freagradh do Mhac Chuthaill.
- 7 Do shreagair dhuinne 'n Rígh buadhach,
Do bhí nabhair agus treise ;
Nach d' ngadh e géill no freagradh,
Is gu b' ion eagal do 'n t-sheis.
- 8 Do thogamar ris air sléanghan,
'S gu b' ann r' a ádhaidh air bratach ;
Re aithris air ár nan gaisceach,
Bla mnáí o 'n fhairsneach gu galach.

- 9 Thogamar leinne d' an uaisle,
Cuig cend gu 'n fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn ;
Sin dhuitsa sgéul a mhic Alpainn,
Aig bheil Laideann agus Beurla.
- 10 Sin na rinn sin suas do bhruidheann,
Lo tilgail ar saighde calma ;
Is na thog sinn d' an uaisle,
Mu 'n d' fhuasgail sinn bann do dh' Albainn.
- 11 Bu diais dhíu mise 's Coillte.
Bu triar dhíu Paoghlan fearbhuidh ;
B' e 'n ecathraim dhíu 'n t-Aogh Mac Rossaich,
'S b' e 'n cuige dhíu 'n t-Oscar calma
- 12 B' e 'n Seathamh dhíu Mílidh áluin,
Nach do chlaón riamh bair re' n chuimhne ;
'S a noc gu' r m'ladach a' ta mí,
Re tíu bhí 'g áireamh na búidhne.
- 13 Phill sinn air ar 'n ais do dh' Eirinn,
Sinn mar cheathair éibhneach shutha ;
Agheilleachdain air a bhagar,
Do bhí feartean Fhinn mhic Chuthaill.
- 14 Rainig sinne na seachd Cathain,
Dream nach deachd riamh air theicheadhl.
'S air clor réidh na fola Feinne,
Che raibh dhinne 'n sin ach seisear.
- 15 B' iad sin fein a chuigeair ehnthach,
A dh' flog gu trom dubbach mise ;
Dh' flog iad urseam mo chleibh snitheach,
Agus crún mo chroidhe bristeach.

I. 11. THE DEFEAT OF CARTHONN. 72 lines.

A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 26. Advocates' Library,
April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE DEFEAT OF CARTHONN.

It is very probable that this Carthonn or rather Carthonn, is the usurper Carausias, who had frequently fought and overcame the Caledonians and forced their neighbour Kings and Lords that possessed the south countries of Scotland to pay him a yearly tribute. These oppressed petty Kings sent for Fingal to whom they agreed to pay him an adequate tribute, upon condition he would rid them of the tyranny of Carausias and recall the Tribute, to which Fingal consented, and sent off three hundred men of the flower of his Bands commanded by six of his brave and most valourous champions to reclaim the tribute of Carthonn, who at their arrival upon demanding the tribute (or appoint a day to engage Fingal and his army), were furiously attacked by Carthonn's Legions, of whom the brave Caledonians took 500 prisoners to Scotland where they were kept under close confinement till Carthonn laid down the tribute. This and several other successes helped greatly to establish Fingal's authority over all Scotland, and procured him the love and favour of his neighbouring Kings. The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine or St. Patrick.

All this is an afterthought. See above, A. 16. H. 16.—
J. F. C.

- 1 'S BRISTEACH mo chroidhcas Phádraic,
'S mí tigh 'n air na bha sinn dearamh ;
Noo ge d' nach maithrean Mac Cumhail ;
Leam is cumhainn cuid da bheusaibh.
- 2 *Gn insinn duitse Mhic Alpainn,
*Bheireadh claiseachd do dhe' sgeula ;
Ann treabhantas do rinn seisear,
Nach gabhadh eagal no curadh.
- 3 Ailis sin damh Oisín naraich (dhainich)
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leóir abhachd ;
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,
*Le 'n laoiach bu treise sa ghabhadh,
- 4 Ghluaisamar o 'n Chathair amháich,
Seisear fear armach le 'r buidheann ;
*A dh' iarruidh freagradh ar Ríghradh,
'S a thogail cís do Mhac Cumhail.
- 5 Ghluaisamar an tús ar teachd' reachd,
Dh' ionnsuidh Rí' Sasgann nan gúr lann ;
*Ochóin ! bu mheannach san astar,
*Na laoiach a chaisgeadh an t-eng-bhail.

- 6 *Teacdaireachd chuir gu Rìogh Carthonn,
 *Do bhri' calmachd, mar bu chubhaidh;
 Geill a thoirt duinn air ar 'n eagal,
 Air neo-freagradh do Mhac Cumhail.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhuinne Rìogh buaghar,
 Do bhri' nabhair agus treise;
 Nach d' thugadh e geill no freagradh.
 Is gu b' ion eagail do 'n t-seisear.
- 8 *Dhoirt iad chugainne na sluaigh,
 *Mar theachd a chunain air rna' rugha,
 *Gu beucach, buidheach 'n ar co' ail,
 *S nach tuigt' an comhra' san nighe.
- 9 *Mar èitil nan ean ann soiminn,
 *S doinnean a dubhadh an àbharr;
 *Bha toirm nan Treonach, na millidh,
 *Le gathan liobhaidh, gu 'r bearnadh.
- 10 Do thogamar ris ar sleighan,
 'S gu b' ann ri aghaidh ar bratach,
 Rì aithris air àr nan gaigeach,
 Bha mnà' o 'n fhairsuigh gu galach.
- 11 *Mar shileadh nam beann air aonach,
 *Bha 'n crenclidan nan laoch a' dortadh;
 *Mar ghaoth charranach Beinn-anna,
 *Bha gair nam fann ann sa chòmhrag.
- 12 Thugamar leinne da 'n Uaislibh,
 Cuig ceud gun fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;
 Sin duitse sgeul a Mhic Alpainn,
 *Ga 'm biodh Laidinn agus Greigis.
- 13 Sin mar rinn sinn suas do bhraidean,
 Le tilgeil ar saighdean cahna;
 Is na thog sinn da 'n Uaislibh,
 *Ma 'n d' fhuasgail a chis do dh' Albinn.
- 14 Bu diais din mis' is Caoilte;
 *B' e 'n treasamh dhiu 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,
 *B' e 'n ceathranh dhiu 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,
 'S b' e 'n cuigeamh dhiu 'n t-Oscar calma.
- 15 *B' e 'n seathamh dhiu Aogh Mac Dàire,
 Nach do chlaon riann bair ri 'm chuinnhe;
 A noc gur muladach ata mi,
 Rì tim bhì 'g aiceamh na buidhne.
- 16 *Philleadar air ar 'n ais do dh' Albinn,
 Sinn mar cheathairn armaich, shuthaich;
 A gheilleachdain air a bhagradh,
 Do bhri' feartan Fhinn Mhic Cumhail.
- 17 Do rainig sinn na seachd Cathain,
 Dream nach do chuidh riann air theicheamh;
 'S air clor rè na folbha Fimnidh,
 *Rainig sinn iad sin nar seisear.
- 18 Gu b' iad sin a chuireag chruthach,
 A dh' fhag gu trom dubhach mise;
 Dh' fhag iad ursann mo chleibh snithich,
 Agus crun mo chroidhe bristeach.

Z. 9. TUIRHS RE LEIN TARLACH DARA.

Sent by Ion Mac Fergus, Port Weemss, Islay. Cend
 Mios Feadharadh 10 Iadh. 1859.

SEISEAR bhraithrean sin air sliochd
 Seisear sinn nach d' fhlidir lochd;
 Is cha mhair ean t' de 'n seisear gu beachd
 Air an Lìch ach mise nochd.

This verse is printed in Kennedy's Hymns, page 102,
 as 'Cumha nam braithrean,' which Kennedy got from a
 Craignish man, who could recite more of the Poems of
 Ossian than any other between the Mull of Kintyre and
 Highbridge in Lochaber.

X. 5. BARDACHD DHEIREANNACH OISEIN.

36 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished
 by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh,
 January 29, 1872.

- 1 SEISEAR sinne saor o shliochd,
 Seisear nach do smaonaich lochd;
 Chaidh fear dhòth 'n t-seisear fo llic,
 'S mor fath mo chlisgidh nochd.

- 2 Cuigear sinne 'dol air ghleus,
 Sid e thugad rìgh na Gréig;
 On 's dearmad dhuinn a dhòl air chuairt,
 Bhùineadh uaine fear an treud.
- 3 Ceathrar sinn a' scalg ré seal,
 De bhuidhinn armaibh nach gabh g'
 Air cho cruaidh 's gan cuirte leann eath,
 Bhùineadh uaine fear na fir.
- 4 Triùir sinn 'an gnìomhan còr,
 'G aithris thairis air chleas arm;
 Shìubhail a' Ghrian o ear gu iar,
 'S bhùineadh uaine an Triath gun chealg.
- 5 Suidhidh sinn 'nar dithis a muigh,
 Sgailidh sinn fo nar geau;
 Thainig an t-Aog mar bu dlìghe,
 'S bhùin e uamsa 'n dara fear.
- 6 Mise 'n am ònar 'n an dèigh,
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs;
 Cha d' thainig air thalamh 'nuas,
 Aon neach leis nach cruaidh an càs.
- 7 'S mi 'n aon chnò 'dh' fhàs 's a mhogan,
 Gun chnò eile 'n am fhasgadhl;
 'S gearr mo bhogadh gu fuitam,
 'S a ghaoth' dol fotham gu farsuing.
- 8 'S mi 'n aon chraobh a dh' fhàs 's a chnoc,
 Mar stoc a bhuaileas an tonn;
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,
 'S maing do 'n fàgair a lann lom.
- 9 Caoillte, Goll, agus Gorri,
 Agus Oscar, uallach shìos-ghéal;
 Mise 'us Ruidhne o 'n a mbeannb bheinn,
 Gu-m b'e sid ainn an t-seisear.

'The above verses have been taken down, by Farquhar
 Mac Donnell Plockton, from the recitation of an old
 man, Farquhar Mac Rae, Kintail, who on his deathbed
 repeated them a day or two before his death.'

'Plockton, Lochalsh, February 1, 1866.'

M. 14. LAOIDH LAOMUINN MHIC AN UAIMH-
FHIR. 106 lines.

Gillies, page 302.

I have one other version of this ballad; Gillies gives
 no hint where he got it before 1786. It is part of the
 Dialogue between Oisein and Pádraig, with the same
 actors in it. Laomuin, the Giant's son, would seem to
 have something to do with the name of Beinn Laomuin
 (Ben Lomond.) Supposing him to be one of the people
 conquered in the last ballad, I place him here. The rhythm
 of this differs from the usual rhythm of these ballads.

- 1 Is eian o sin a Thulach ard,
 Gu facas air do bharr nair
 A bhuigheann nach diultadh roimh neach,
 Ge d' tha thu 'n diu gun teach gun tuar.
- 2 'S ann ortsa bhiodh Laomann mor
 Mac Nuagh-fhir 'a chlaoi gach treis,
 Fear a cluir Alb fo aon chain,
 Le spionna dha laimh 's a chleis.
- 3 Acrineachd, a h-àirgid 's a h-or,
 A h-iasga geal, a feoil 's a fion,
 A lenga logmhor is a maoin
 Ghabhadh leis an laoch gun fhiach.
- 4 A ris thainig cairioll 's an Fhiann
 Mac Rìgh Aiba na 'n sciath 'n oir;
 Cha bu ladhaid thu sud ma d' rath
 A thulach dhaite dleic' ghlan snuagh.
- 5 Bha sinn ann eath nìar thiom,
 Nach do phill re aite cruaidh,
 Gun casbhuidh faobhair no rainn,
 Ge mor a bh'air ar ceinn do shluagh.
- 6 Thainig Diarmad 's Caoilte cruaidh,
 Fo 'n bhataich enchdach arm-ruaidh,
 Le 'n eathaibh millteach gun dail
 Bu dearg sochair an iomairaidh.

'Cha bhì mi 's an laoch a riar.

- 7 Thainig an ceathramh Cath d' ar Feinn,
Curaidh bu mhaith feim air tos,
An laoch nach tgeadh briathar tais,
Iolunn bras Mac Mornai moir.
- 8 Naoi mic-fhicead Mornai moir
Thainig chugainn le 'n sloigh mhear,
Naoi ficead sciath gharg ann goil,
A dheangadh cend gach aon fhear.
- 9 Thainig chugainn Faolan fial,
Deich cend sciath is cloidheamh glas,
Goisridh do mhaithibh na 'm Fiann,
Gu Dun-laomunn nan cialh cas.
- 10 Glaisein connachdach na 'n tonn
Choncas an cath trom ag teachd,
Fa choinne Feinn flathail Fiann
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n cialh cas.
- 11 Thainig chugainn Galdui' mor
Agus Fiannachd Abarneachduinn,
Fa choinne Feinn flathail Fiann,
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n cialh cas.
- 12 Thainig chugainn an deis noin
Cath Fheinn Mhic Cumhail Mhic Treunmhoir;
Gu 'm b' i sud an Toire greadhnach
Fionn fein 's a lan teaghlach.
- 13 Thainig an Fhianh ghaolach gu mor.
Leis na glas laoiach bu chruaidh neart;
Sluagh, fothrom is caithreim na 'm Fiann,
Thainig sin, 's bu trom am feachd.
- 14 Bha fear rompa bu caoine ghloir,
Gun easbhuidh sioda na saor-shroil,
Bhiodh air taobh deas an fhir mhoir
An cuiseir gasta an-mor.
- 15 Or gu pailt air na h-carluinn
Air slios an laoiach mhoir mheannmich
- 16 Chuige thionailleadh an Fhianh
As gach sliabh an ear 's an iar.
Bu lionar sin a bha sinn ann
Lirach agus lann is fear.
- 17 Corr agus naoi mile Bure
Dh' iath sinn iad mu Dhun na 'n dos;
Raineadh sinn Tulach na 'm blath
Ghabh sinn tur is tamh is fois.
- 18 Chuaidh sinn fo 'n Ghil-ghreine
Seachd catha na gna Fheinne,
Fo 'n cbrann chiuil bu mthath buaidh,
Foi 'n Reilin daite arm-ruaidh.
- 19 Chunnaic sinn mu 'n cuairt d' an Dan
Comhlaoich re daoradh dluth shleagh,
'S an laoch fuileach air an ceann,
'S cinnteach gu 'm bu sean a bhias.²
- 20 Dh' eirich Laomunn gu deas,
Air teachd oirne greis d' an lo,
'S iomadh lamh agus cos
A theasgadh leis agus ceann.
- 21 'S iomad sleagh a choreradh leis,
'S lionar cneas sna chuir e lann,
Bu lionar draoisach 'nar Feinn,
B' aillsidh creachdan fo laimh.
- 22 Dh' eirich Oscar an aignidh mhoir,
A chosgadh 'n fhir bha 'n gar dho;
Dhosaon cembrag claoagal laoch
Niar dh'eitich an saoi sa chleo.
- 23 An t-Oscar mor bras-bhuilleach
Fear a reubadh gach cath,
An tuil mhor gharbh ghasta,
Ur nuacan an ard-flath.
- 24 Mo mhac-sa bhuadhaich an enoe,
Le h-Oscar a thuit an t-aoidh,
'S ioma' reuba bha na chorp,
'S ioma' loit na dheas-thaobh.

- 25 Seachd rathain do 'n Almhain nìr
Ga leighas ann cuirt na 'n Gall,
'S cha dubhairt Oscar aich no ìd,
Ge h-ioma enead a bha ann.
- 26 Is mise Oisain dea' mhac Fheinn,
Is ann rinn gu leigeadh e run;
An la sin bu mhor mo rath,
Bu mhi an dara cath air thus.
- 27 Beir mo bheannachd nam an nochd,
Beir m' amam bochd gu Dia;
Soruidd nam ad' chuideachd Fheinn;
Leinn a Thulach ard is cian.

THE STORY OF DEARG.

The last story was a broken history of a blood feud between Celts and Scandinavians, lasting through several generations, and ending in the 'tightest battle' the Heroes ever fought. This seems to be another story of a blood feud. We are told that Cumhall, Fionn's father, slew the father of Dearg mac an Deirg. A prose story tells that Oisain's mother was daughter of Dearg, and that she was enchanted, wooed, and won under the form of a deer. In a third story the Feinne go hunting with Dearg. To test his wife, they pretend that he has been slain by a boar. The wife prepares the funeral feast, sings a ballad, and dies. Dearg invades Ireland from Scotland; some specify Mull as his kingdom. The Feinne, who had gone from Ireland to hunt with Dearg, fight him when he invades their country, and Goll slays him in a ballad. Of this ballad 10 versions are known to me:—1. About 1690 a version was written at Ardechoill, 267 lines. 2. About 1750 Mac Nicol wrote a version at Lismore, 290 lines. 3, 4. Kennedy wrote two versions, 256 and 256. 5. About 1780 Bishop Young got 36 lines in Scotland somewhere. 6. About 1800 Dr. Irvine got 38 lines about Dunkeld. 7. Mac Donald got 60 lines in the North of Scotland. 8. Mac Callum printed 294 lines in 1813. 9. In 1862 a great many people knew the story, and some few could repeat parts of this ballad. 10. Mac Donald's version, S., I never heard, but I read his version in June 1872.

Fionn next went from Ireland to Scotland to hunt. He fell asleep. Diarag og Mac Righ Deighir, one of the Feinne was with him. A stranger wished to avenge his father on Fionn. Diarag defended Fionn, and was slain. Fionn awoke, lifted the dead warrior, lamented him, and had him buried at Albhi, where the Feinne were buried.

The next bit of the story is well known as a ballad. Conn, the son of Dearg, possibly brother to Diarag og, came from Scotland to Ireland to avenge his father's death on the Feinne. Goll, who slew the father, also slew the son. The warrior is described as a giant. The Story then concerns four generations: Cumhall, Fionn, Oisain, Oscar:—Irish at blood feud with:—Dreabhal, Dearg, Dearg Mac an Deirg, and Conn Mac an Deirg, Scotch chiefs alternately friends and foes, but with the vendetta always behind. Dearg's wife says (O. 28., verse 2) that she was the daughter of Laomain, the son of Roc. In M. 14. Laomain, the Giant's son, is invaded and overcome. But Roc (p. 63) was the name of the one-eyed, one-legged runner slain by Fionn;—brother of the Smiths, who were allies of Manns, the Scandinavian foe. So the whole system hangs together. A great many stories are all brought to the same point. Whatever the story may be, it ends about Teamhra, or Albhinn, the seats of the Irish High King and his army. According to tradition, 'The praise of Goll was sung after the slaying of Conn Mac an Deirg.'

Verses (35 to 37. D. Conn Mac an Deirg) indicate another blood feud between the Clanna Baoisgne and Clanna Morna, which began in the days of Cumhall and ended in the overthrow of the Feinne.

Parts of this series of ballads have been identified with passages in Mac Pherson's 'Calthon and Colmal,' p. 219, edit. 1762. I cannot see the resemblance. Dr. Smith seems to have composed a poem upon this theme, p. 277. edit. 1780, 'Dargo the Son of Druiel.' The Argument contains part of the Story of Dearg, but the poem itself and the Gaelic equivalent differ entirely from the Gaelic ballads which Dr. Smith's neighbours, Mac Nicol and Kennedy, gathered orally in the same parish and district. Of Conn Mac an Deirg, I have D., 188 lines; F., 210; H., 130; L., 176; L., 170; M., 144; O., 159; S., 116; Z., orally collected by myself, 16, 158; 17, 66; 19, 139; 27, 191; 32, 60. In 1871 I heard the ballad sung by peasants in the Highlands. Of this story in verse I have of Dearg's Story, 1513; of his son's story,

² Sean, no teann a mheas.

2,047; in all, 3,560 lines, which I have collated. I print a selection below. Were they fused these would make about 600 lines, but to fuse them would be to lose the variations which seem to bear upon subjects of general interest, namely, Philology and Tradition.

D. 16. DUAN AN DEIRG. 290 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballads. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, February 29, 1872.

A comparison of this version with Kennedy's proves that they had no written original from which to copy. Both wrote from oral recitation in different districts, and their versions vary accordingly.

- 1 GLEIS air caithreim an Fhìr mhoir,
Thaiginn thugain an cend uair;
An treun Laoch bha lan do dh' oil,
B' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreithin. (Treithin)
- 2 Thug e a Mhuinnin do,
An cend La aig dol air sail;
Nach faighadh e geil air bith;
Aigh aon Fhìauaigh air Fheobhas.
- 3 Go Thasg nan Fìann as mor Goil,
Ghuasaidh an Dearg Mac Dreithin,
An oir fo Thùr nam Fear fionn,
Gu erichibh Iaradh Fear Eirín.
- 4 An Dithist Laoch nach d' fhuillinn Tair,
Aig aibhric a Chuain chobhair bhàin;
Bha Raoidhne Rod-gheal Mac Finn,
San Caoil Crogha Mac Cribhinn Rìghin.
- 5 Tra-shoir an Tì thin thair chuan,
Thuitidir nan Guilibh Suainn,
Gus an do ghaibh Barc an Fhìr Bhoir,
Car air an Traigh dan gear Choibhaidh.
- 6 Thug an Laoch fa theintidh Dreich,
Leim thair a crannibh crasach;
'S tharraing e a Bharc air snaigheadh,
Air an Traigh dhil ghlaimeich.
- 7 Bha Fault Fion-bhuir mar or cheard,
Oscion a mhaillleathin nach Duigh;
'Sa dha Ghearc ghorra mar ghlaimeidh,
'S bu dhealbhb-ghnuis do 'n mhilidh.
- 8 Bha dha shleigh chruan-reilhir chath,
An Laibh Mhic an ard Fhlath;
'Sgiath oir air a ghaluich chith,
Aig Mac asal an ard Rìogh.
- 9 Lann nibhe ri lioadair chorp,
Aig an Laoch gun eagal coibhraig;
Neul euntuidh clocharra corr,
O 'n mhilidh shocharra shuil-ghorm.
- 10 Geil gaisgaidh an Doibhin Toir,
A choissin an Dearg Mac Dreithin;
Air mheid a Thappa air Dheilbhb,
Air choibhrag ceart air cheudibh.
- 11 Dhuisgidh Raoidhne Rod nìr Thiom,
'San Caoil Ceutanaeh crogha calma;
Glacadar an airm Laoch nan Laibh,
Agus Ruidheadar na choibhdhail.
- 12 Habhair sgeul dhuinn Fhìr mhoir,
Oirn' a ta gaibhne a Chuainn;
Da Mhac Rìogh le sar phailt shinn,
Dion lan uaislin na h-Eirín,
- 13 An Toisg fo 'n taine mi nois,
Cho 'n inn aon neach da ain-fhios;
'S mi 'n Dearg Mac Rìogh nam Fear fionn,
'G iarraidh an Rìoghachd Eirín.
- 14 Labhair Raoidhne 'n aigne mhir,
Cìod e an Rìoghan Dearg Mac Dreithin;
Freigairt na geil air Tìr Fail,
Com am faigheadh tus e Laoich Iumlan.
- 15 Ge maith shìbhs' a Dheishe Laoich,
Do bhrìgh Farnaidd & Fraoich;
Co bhacca dhim a gabhail,
A glacadh na hìom gabhail.

- 16 Nan sloinise dhuitsa na cathan,
A Dheirg Mhic an ard-Fhlath;
Shìonbhar an Teibhra Laoch Laimn,
A dh' eiridh riutsa da'd choibhrag.
- 17 'S mo Bhriathar ge borb do Raitlin,
Deir an Caoil Ceutanaeh crogha calma;
Gun rachains do'd dheichuin anois,
A Laoich ud a thairg thairris.
- 18 Air a chaol crogha bu mhat Dreich,
Leimidh an Dearg gu dasanach;
Le Fraoch mor & le feirg,
'S maing air an do bhuail an treun Laoch.
- 19 Dhianaigh an Dearg coibhrag cruaidh,
'S an Caoil crogha le mor nàil;
Agus thug iad Torrinn deas teann,
Re sgolta sgiath & chath-bharra.
- 20 Gum iomraba na Deishe,
Ann san Iurraghail nìr thairris;
Gu do cheangladh leis an dearg,
An Caoil crogha san Chroth-linn.
- 21 Dh' eirich Raoidhne Rod-nìr thiom,
An deis an Caoil crogha do cheirpild;
Mac Rìogh na Fein gu sar,
Choibhid an Treun-fhear 'sga chonbhail.
- 22 B' iongantach an cheasibh Goil,
Eattara san air chruaidh Feime,
Gus 'n do cheangladh leis an Dearg,
Raoidhne nan Rod 's nan Luath bheumanan.
- 23 'S ro mhaith 'n gnioibh san Cala dhuit,
Shinne mar Dithis do cheangal.
Fuasgail an Crioplaidd Laoch Laimn,
'S bigh shine na dithist na 'd thiomchail.
- 24 Fuasglaidh an Dearg 's nìr threish Fìach
Coibhreach na Dushe do Laoch;
'S ghlaibhe an Briathar leth far leth,
Nach toga shiad arm na Aoghaidh.
- 25 Ghuasadar an shìu gu Teibhra,
Gu Cormaig a bhoir Theoghlaich;
Mac Dreithin nan gear Lann buaghach,
Gu Triath Teabhra nan deagh Luaidhreach.
- 26 Dh' eirigh na Fìr shìu a Thoabhra,
Fìr mhòra dhìreacha dheallabach;
'S gu 'm b' iurama Fear dhonu-bhroit-shroil,
An tiomchìoll Chormaig an ceud uair.
- 27 Labhair Triath Teabhra gun oir,
Suighibhse Chliar chalma churanta;
'S cha 'n nabhar dhuibh Fearg an Fhìr,
'S na Togaibh airm na aoghaidh.
- 28 Air Eachdaridh na Faiche dho,
Dho Mhac Dreithin nam mor seleo;
Leigas na Roidin Riaghailteach,
- 29 Bheannuich an Dearg le glòir bhinn,
Do Thriath Teabhra gu aobhinn;
Agus fhreagair am Fìath agus Dornuinn,
De Chath mhilidh na treun oige.
- 30 Suighidh an Dearg is nuon thiom,
Agus fiarruiche 'ard Rìogh Eirín;
Do bhrìgh do Thuruish gu Teabhra,
Iunish e Laoich mhoir mheannuich.
- 31 She beachd mo Thuruish dhuit,
Mhic Airt Churanta Chormaig;
Treis do dh' Eirín bu mhaith leom,
Na Fiass bheumanan mu d' Thiomchìoll.
- 32 Geil Eirín do tabhairt air mair,
'S maing a dhìaraigh i a treun Fhìr;
A Fìsh cha choissin i gu brach,
A deis a tabhan le aon oghach.
- 33 Mu 'n faighinse nalsa Chormaig,
Fìathas uille gun Dornuinn;
Coibhrag chug ceud do chlànnibh curaidh,
Uaisle Mhic Airt ghrinn churant.

- 34 Chuir Cormaig a chend calma,
A chluidheadh an Deirg ga Bhuaintir;
Da chend eille bu ghuibhí dhó,
Chlaoidh an Dearg san aon Ló.
- 35 Chuir e Teachdarichd gu luath, luath,
Gu Mac Cubhail a mhór shluaidh;
Thainic air an Lamabhaircach,
Mac Cubhail gu mor-dhailich.
- 36 Le nao míle gaisceach glan,
Nach pillidh ascail na scainuir;
Aillibh oir mu cheann gach Fír,
Do shluaidh Fhine a h-Albhuinn.
- 37 Sgiatha Fithidh le 'n Imilbh oir,
Le 'n Earraidh sheibhidh saobh-shroil;
'S gheabh slugh Mhic Morna nan ereach,
Cuirm is poit an Taigh Teabhradh.
- 38 B' e Iomrpa Mhic Ríogh na Míonn,
Air Tighin a steach ga'r Pobbal;
Thug na nao míle cleass Luth,
'S ann ab' aobhar Iomruinn.
- 39 Gun bhannuich Fíonn gun Dail,
'S fhreagair an Dearg Dreach-bhor dha;
'S dhíar e Cubha gu luath,
Air Mac Cubhail na Coibhrag.
- 40 O 'n La 's math do Laibhsa Fhír,
'She thubhairt Flath Feinn Albhuinn;
Thoirbheartinse Braidín 'd dhuit,
A Dheirg air Eggal coibhrag.
- 41 Mas sann thuggamsa thrialfas shith,
A Laochidh le 'r claighin solluist;
Uaile ceud ullabh Fhínn,
A Mhic Cubhail airm ghínn.
- 42 Chuir Fíonn a chend calma,
A chlaoidh an Deirg da mhuintir
Air Chonn 's air Dhorn Mac Snaíl,
'S air Lann Mac Lonain.
- 43 Thuit Connan Mac an Lein,
Agus an Dorn da reir;
Thuit le Laibh gun Lochd,
Ceud Fear Fuilleach faobhar-nochd.
- 44 Dh' eirigh Faolan le Feirg mhoir,
'S togair a Mheirg shaoiridh shroil;
Agnis phrosnuichir a Chip Chatha,
Dol a chosnadh mhic an ard Fhlath.
- 45 Gith Teine gith Cailce cruaidh,
Do bli dheth 'n Lannuibh san uair;
Agnis Gith eille do nimbe,
Do bli do Lannuibh na Mhílidh.
- 46 Gun do thaisgeadar an Lannaibh,
Air an Corpadh caobha cnas-ghealla;
'S gun do ghlaic iad cuim a cheile,
An deis an urnaidh do aoidhail.
- 47 Gun do cheanladh leis an Dearg,
Faolan Crogha nan Caoibhrúin,
48 A Ghuil Mhic Morna nach míolta,
Gníobh do mhir Crogha na Calmhuinn;
Caisg dhíom coibhrag an Fhíir,
Bheirigh Gaisge a nuhór shluaidh.
- 49 'S leat fein shud air tus do Dhala,
Trian Cubhadh & Feudalach;
Deich ceud Uighe do 'n oir fa thri
Gheibha tu uams' ars an Ard Ríogh.
- 50 Gad a Dhraotar le Feine,
Clanna Morna Mhunga bhuighe;
Bheirín fein mo Choibne dhuit,
A Ríogh na Heirín da 'd Fhúrtachd.
- 51 Shin mar a ghluasadh Mac Morna,
Na chullaidh Chatha, chruaidh choibhraig;
A chasg Uabhar an Laoch Láin,
'S mairg a phrosnuiche na choibh-dhail.
- 52 Shinn nar thogadar an Fhola,
An Dithist mhílidh ro ghlanua;
Le snaidheadh chloggad is sgiath,
Eadar Mac Dreithín is Iulluín.

² Hostages.

- 53 Shin nar thogadar an cleass,
Aig an Dreinnadar an mor chleass;
'S aig 'n do Thost Fír Bírín uille
Rí Fíass-bheumanan na h-Iurraghaille.
- 54 Sheichd oichín & sheichd Ló,
Far m bu tuirsich Míe is mnai;
Gus am fac iad Goll Mor,
An uachdar air an Dearg aibhidh.
- 55 Fuair Goll mar a ghealladh leis,
Fo Mhac Cubhail gun aineas;
'S bu bhuigheach an Flath gun duair,
Do choibhrag Iulluín arm-ruaidh.
- 56 La is Bliaghan an Dubhar Ghuile,
An deigh bhí coibhrag an Laoch Láin;
Bha Mac Morna le Fíos,
An Taigh Teabhra ga leigheas.
- 57 Míse Fear is Fíli Fhíonn,
Air sgath Feine Mhic Cuibhail;
Teachd an Trein Fhíir air Tuinn,
Trian a ghaisgidh níor dh' Ínnish.

VARIOUS.

- 58 *Ca bheil h-uille neach dhú shin,
She labhair an Dearg Mac Dreithín
'S gun fiacha mídde ra cheila,
Mar Fheichín is mar an-fheichín.

H. 17. HOW DEARG WAS KILLED BY GOLL.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 83. 256 lines. Advocates' Library, December 14, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Not known to Hennessy.—J.F.C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THERE was a king on a part of Scotland called Dreachbhall, or rather Draó-bhoil, means an Inchanter in Battle, who would get victory over any set of people by his evil wisdom, and he had a son named Dearg; for his cheeks was very red and most beautiful to behold. When he came to manhood, and had learnt how to make use of arms, he thought proper to go to Ireland, in expectation that he would gain all that Island to himself, against all the force of the Cornac. But if they would give him a reward for his fear, he would not want no more, but if not, he wants 100 of their best Champions at once to keep com-fight with him. He killed 1,200 of Cornac's best Champions in one day; then he sent for Fingal, who lives at Abirin (at that time) in the said Kingdom, for to get his aid. Fingal came, and Dearg killed 200 of his best Heroes in one day; then he send Goll to him, and the Duel last six days and a half before he could kill him; and he was a day and a year lying with his wounds before he was cured.

DAN 21.

- 1 GREIS air caitheam an fhíir mhoir
A thainig oirne chend oir;
An trenn laoch s' e lan do mhéar ghoil,
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreach-bhail.
- 2 Thug e freiteach an laoch lán.
Seal mu 'n d' ainig e thair sáil;
Nach pillleadh gu 'n ghéil gu móir-thír,
Do bhri' na Feinn' s Chornaic cómhraig.
- 3 Gu nós na Feinn' s bu gharg a lon,
Dh' imich an Dearg Mac Dreachbhall o noir;
O thír na 'm tíor feara tréuna,
Gu eriochaibh síorann Fiann Eirann.
- 4 Air dol do 'n laoch lom a shecladh,
Seal mu 'n d' uabhair e gu cómhraig;
Do chomlaraich an Dearg déad gheal,
Air Beinn éndain nan slugh aobhain.
- 5 Diais do bha aig an tráidh,
Coimhead a chainn choibhair bháin;
B' iad sin Rígh nan ród mac Fhínn,
'S an Caol-ero mac Ribhinn bhínn.
- 6 Cho do dh' fhair iadsan an cuan,
Ach thuit iad nan síoram suan;
Gus an d' ainig Bát an fhíir mhoir,
Air an tráidh mháin da 'n ceart chóir.

- 7 Chnaidh an tréun laoch bu mhór neart,
An gathaibh a chaol ebrann neo-meat;
Leag e beairteachadh gu teóna,
'S tharruing i gu cithé caolais.
- 8 Dh' imich an Dearg bu mhaith dreach,
Chucasan an sin a steach
'S bha fholt donn bhuidh mar ór ceard,
Os ceann a chuirp a b' áille dreach.
- 9 Bha da dhearc shuil ghorma ghloin,
Ann an gnúis a mhillidh bhail;
'S bha dha ghruaigh cho dearg re corcair,
'S cho chaoín re iughar nan cuocaibh.
- 10 Bha da shleagh reamhar gu sgathadh,
An laimh mhic Rígh nan ann latha;
'S cloidheamh sínte r'a shlios garbh-gheal,
Gheibha buaidh air sluaigh d' an calma.
- 11 Bha clogadh do 'n teannada mu 'n cheann,
Ba tréun aoidheach, neartmhor calm;
Is sgia' uain air gualain chli,
Deadh mhac nasal an árd Rígh.
- 12 Barr áill is gaisgidh an t-shaógghail,
Do choisain an Dearg mac Draobhoil;
A mead an gilead, an aóibhneas,
An cómhrag deise 's an ceatfaidh.
- 13 Bha a mhillidh clocharra córr,
Fuaidh chochalach úr-ar ghorm;
'S bha lann nimhe gu cláidh 's gu léonadh,
Air leis gun eagal cómhraig.
- 14 Ghluais an diais bu mhór ágh,
Na choinneadh nach d' fhuaing tair,
Dhol a dh' fhaighail sgéula dhe',
Cia e, no cia as a theachd.
- 15 'Ailis sgéula dhuinn fhuir mhóir,
Oirne tha coimhead an t-slóigh;
'S diais laoch sar mhaith sinn,
Do dh' uaisle maithaibh fiann Fhinn.'
- 16 'Ma san chugams' thainig bhuir treis,
Cho deachaidh aon laoch riamh o 'm ghreis,
'S mi an Dearg mac Rígh nam Fionn,
Thoir Eirinn gu leir o Fhionn.'
- 17 'A Dheirg nan iomadidh sgleó,
'S faoin do bharail, cia ro mhór;
Treise do lámh is do chuim,
Gu dean thu re 'r la an túrnn.'
- 18 'Mar a fuigheam fein gu deónach,
Géill air eagal mo gharbh chómhraig;
Gheibh Eirinn Dhamh fein re 'm linn,
A dhainn-deoin Chormaic is Fhinn.'
- 19 'Na 'm feacha' tusa re 'r maitheadh,
A Dheirg mhic Rígh nan ann lathaibh;
'S iomad laoch a gheibh' d' ar seorla,
Nach stuatha' tu choidh r'a chómhrag.'
- 20 'C' áit am bheil aon laoch dhiu sin,
Se labhair an Dearg le cith;
'S gu feachamaide r' a chéile,
Le fiathach mór 's le haon réite.'
- 21 'Air a ghlórsa ge binn aoidheach,
'S e labhair an Caol-cro céatfach,
Gu reachamsa fein gu d' chlaidh,
O na thainig thu thair tuinn.'
- 22 Chnaidh iad an sin chuig a chéile,
Na fir mhóra bu léoir gúire;
Choi-sgreaddh gach beann d' an lannaibh,
'S chrithaichadh am blár fúí 'n casaibh.
- 23 B' e sin an cómhrag teth teann,
A sgoltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann;
Gus 'n do chlaidheadh leis an Dearg,
An Caol-cro, is a thréun fhearg.
- 24 Chuir e a chaol gu teann daingann,
Na cuigear fuaidh 'n aona cheangal;
'S cho raibh fannadh air gu cómhrag,
Na 's mo na tréun tuinn re mór ghaoith.
- 25 Dh' eirich Rígh nan Ród gu sgiobalt,
'N deidh an Caol-cro a chriophadh;
Mac Rígh na Féinne gu 'n táir,
'N coinnceadh an tréun fir 's na dháil.
- 26 Bhuail iad an sin air a chéile,
Mar bhriseadh tréun tuinn ag eibhaich;
Agus chluinte toirm is gaóirich,
Ae mar shraun ghaoith teach thair aonach.
- 27 B' e sin an cómhrag ro ghar,
A sgoltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann;
Gus 'n do chlaidheadh leis an Dearg,
Rígh nan Ród, is a thréun fhearg.
- 28 Cheangail s' e e gu teann gabhidh,
'S cho raibh sin na thróm d' a lamban;
Oir cheangladh e céud lán árnaicht,
Do thréun laoiach fhuileachdach chalma.
- 29 'S maith do ghluionh agus do ghabhail,
Sin faraoan a bhí fuaidh d' cheangal;
Fuasgail air cuibhreach a laoiach lán,
Is tog sinne faraoan mu d' láimh.'
- 30 'O' na tharladh dhuinn fúí d' mheín,
Deansa iochd oirnn le deadh ghné;
'S their sinn briathair dhuit gu deonach,
Nach tog airm a' d' aidhaidh 'n cómhrag.'
- 31 Dh' fhuasgail an Dearg bu mhór neart,
Cuibhreach na' deis' bha 'n deadh dreach;
'S cho d' iarr e briathair air neach,
Ach leig e mn sgaol iad as.
- 32 Ghluais iadsan an dara mháireach,
Gu teach Chormaic na mór abhacht;
'S mac Drebabhaill nan geur lann buadhlach,
Gu teach Auna na mor shluaghaidh.
- 33 Rainig iad poball Rígh Auna,
Na fir bha mór díreach calma;
'S b' iomaid neach le dhonn bhrat sróil,
Mu theach Chormaic teachd d' ar coir.
- 34 'N sin labhair Cormaic gu 'n oth 'n,
'Suidheadh a chliar chalm san tród;
Na stuathadh re feirg an fhuir,
'S na togadh bhuir 'n airm dh' a gin.'
- 35 Air suidh do 'n Dearg, 's nior thím,
Sin a dh' fhiosraich ard rígh Eirann;
'Bri' do thurais-sa thair mair,
Innis dhuinne laoiach mhóir thruid.'
- 36 'Se bri' mo thurais o Albain,
Ard-rígh Churanta Chormaic;
Géill Eirinn do bhuntain leom,
No fras bléumanna' gu 'n chom.'
- 37 'Geill Eirinn thabhairt thair mair,
Gí de ge d' iannadh tréun truid;
'S eis nach togar i gu brath,
Air tathach le aon lámh.'
- 38 'Mar a fuigheams' naisla Chormaic,
Matheas agus duais gu deonach;
Cómhrag céud do chlanna curidh,
'S áill leam fhaighail gu aon tulaich.'
- 39 'N sin do chuir Cormac céud calma,
A chlaidh an Deirg a dh' aon aurra;
Thuit an céud sin le roid bhorbsan,
Is ceud eile mbuintir Chormaic.
- 40 'N uair chunnaig an Rígh an Dearg,
'Dol air a luthcheas le fearg;
Chuir e teachdaire gu luath,
Gu mac Chuthaill na mor shluagh.
- 41 Thainig orra 'n dara mháireach,
Fionn Mac Chuthaill na mór dhálach,
Le seachd míle gaisgeach allail,
Nach sgiuthadh air ais le sgannail.
- 42 Bha sgia' uain' an iomaig óir,
Air earradh síde séud óir;
'S bha sailm mhór nu cheann gach feinnidh,
Air fir Fhinn a h-Albheinn eibhainn.

- 43 Air teachd gn sa mhagh dhuinne,
'N ar buidheann chumta shuthach;
Thog an Dearg mac Rìgh nam Fionn,
Pubull mòr gu fulang teann,
- 44 An sin 'n tra thainig Fionn féin,
Is a phobull d' a dheadh réir;
Bheannaich e gu binn do 'n Dearg,
Do 'n óg innealta dhon dhearg.
- 45 Do bheannachd sa Dhearg áluin,
'S deirge gruaidh na sùbhan fàisach;
'S gile bian no canach seilbhe,
No úr shnachd air bharra ghéuge.'
- 46 'Fhìr is ághoir neart is uaisle,
Raibh mar charraig re h-uchd bualte;
Imis dhamsa brì do thurais,
O Albinn nan armaicht eiridh.'
- 47 'Innseams' sin dhuit Fhinn gu 'n tàir,
Is do d' shluagh o Albainn àrd;
A dh' iarruidh cumha neo còmhrag,
Orta mbic Chuthaill a 'm órachd.'
- 48 'Air a laimha ge maith 'n gabhadh,
Se labhair Fionn nam béum gáidheal;
Cha toir mise géill dhuit deonach,
A Dhearg air eagal do chómhrag.'
- 49 'Mar a fuigheams' uait' Fhinn shuthaich,
Duais mhór air eagal mo luinne;
Cómhrag ceud do dh' fhearra calma,
'S áill leam flaghail air a bhall so.'
- 50 'An sin do chuir Fionn céud calma,
A chlaoidh an Deirge a dh' aon aurra;
Thuit an cend sin le roid glábhaidh,
Is céud eile shluagh Rìgh Pháile.'
- 51 'N sin 'n uair chunnaig Fionn an Dearg
A dol a' ris air a luthcheas;
Bhrosnaich e a chip chatha,
Is uaislean 'sa mhór mhaithaibh.
- 52 Dh' eirich Faoghlán am fear mhor,
Le chraosaich rinn iomad león;
A dhòl a dhiongail an laoidh tain,
'S bu mhaire a bhrosnaich e na dháil.
- 53 B' e sin an còmhrag nach b' fháinn,
A sgoltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann;
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,
Faoghlán fuileach le thréun fhearg.
- 54 'A Ghuill mhic Mórna na mor ghníomh,
A churaidh chrodha, 's tréun air dìon;
Nach coisg thu còmhrag an fhir mhóir,
A lamb a ghaisgidh sa lamb mhór.'
- 55 'Gheibh tu suidh' air thús 's gach áit,
Da drian bo is each, is áil;
Deich céud unca do 'n ór fhiar,
Is nas móda o 'n ard Rìgh.
- 56 'Ge do thuit le d' chinneach fuileach,
Clanna Mornn' Mngaridh uile;
Cho duilt mi mo chonadh dhuit,
A Rìgh Pháil re d' fheum an diu.'
- 57 Dh' eirich Goll 's nín d' fhulaing táir,
Na chulaidh éididh iomlan;
'S na h-airm sheanta do bha 'm bruid,
Thog mac Mórna milidh 'n truid.
- 58 Bhuail iad an sin ait a chéile,
Gu cruaidh enidreach, is cho bhreugach;
Chuaidh 'n leirg air chrith fú' an easaibh,
'S chuaidh teine d' an arma glasa.
- 59 Bhuailleadh iad gu neartmhor do bhiidh,
Mar dha mhúinne bliodh re còmhrag;
Choi'-éighadh creagaibh is beanntidh,
Re airm nan curine calma.
- 60 Se la agus aon tra' déug,
A thug na curine sa bheum,
Mu 'n do chlaoidh Goll nam béumaibh,
'N Dearg mór a cheart reigin.

- 61 'S ole a chuir a ruinn an Dearg,
Dhiol e oirna throm fhearg;
Thuit leis da cheud do dh' fhir Fhinn,
'S uighir do fhir Chormaic ghrinn.
- 62 Thuit sin leis an da la,
D' ar fir bu mho neart is ágh;
Gu 's an do rharbh Goll nam beumaibh
E 'n sanchdamh la cheart reigin.
- 63 La is bliadhna 'n leabaidh Goll,
An deidh leadairt an laoidh lúin;
An tigh teamhra' gu 'n fhios,
Bha mac Mórna dá leigbas.
- 64 'S mise Oisain, filidh dubhach,
Bha do ghna' am Fiann Mhic Chuthaill;
'S mu dh' éng am fear ud air thoisach,
Gu 'r cian re ailis ar dochann.

I. 12. BAS DHEIRG. 256 lines. *Extracts.*

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 31. *Advocates' Library*,
April 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

DEARG the son of Dreathal is handed down by tradition in this manner. That he was a petty Lord of an island called Imis-dreithin. That his Father Dreathal or Draobail was kilt by Comhal (Fingal's Father) on account of his frequent invasions into Ireland, and his alliance to the Danes. When Darg came to Man's state he sailed with 100 chosen men to Ireland, and protested he would be revenged upon both Cormac (then King of that realm) and Fingal for the death of his Father Dreathal. Upon the first day after his arrival he engaged 200 of Cormac's army, who were all slain. Cormac sent an express for Fingal, who happened to be not far off. Fingal and his army arrived, and two hundred men are sent out to engage Darg's party. In this action both parties are kilt. None remained now to disturb them, but Darg, who is engaged and kilt after a conflict of six days by Goll the son of Moirne, who lies sic of his wounds for a year and a day.

- 1 GREIS air caithream an fhir mhóir,
A thainig oirnn le ceud shloigh;
An trean laoch bu mhaith sa bhail,
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Drebhail.
- 3 Gu tìr nam fìor fheara trenna,
An crìochaibh fòireann Fiann Eireann.
- 4 Air doll do 'n laoch throm a sheoladh,
Leag a' snìil ar lar a taomaidh,
'S tharuing i an sglithe caolais.
- 8 Bha fholt fionn-bhuidh mar or ceard,
10 Bha da shleagh liobhar gu sgathadh,
Ann laimh Mhic Rìogh nan ann-latha;
Cloidheamh sìnte air shìos a Ghaidheil,
Gheibheadh buai' air sluaigh Rìgh Phàile.
- 11 Bha clogaid do' n tointe mu cheann,
An laoidh, cheutaich, neartmhor; calma;
12 Ann comhrag deise sann t-eug-bhail.
- 13 Is lóinn nìmh a choisgeadh torachd,
Air a leis gnn eagal comhraig.
- 19 'S iomad laoch dhinn dhòl an torachd,
Nach stuatha tu choi'ch a chomrag.
- 21 Gu feuchausa fein an turnn,
Ona thainig thu thar tuinn.
- 22 Thug iad an sin chuige cheile,
Na suinn bu trom ann san t-cug-bhail;
Choi'-éightheadh gach beann d' am beum.
Chreithnich an leirg le fearg nan treun.
- 24 Ach mar threun tuinn ri h-euchd doillinn.
- 26 Sheas na suinn ri h-uchd a cheile,
Mar bhrìste buinne bha 'm beumaibh;
Is chluinte torrainn nan laoch,
Mar chreag Ulan roi 'n iom-ghaoth.
- 27 An comhrag sin, bu gharg, teann,
28 Cheangail e 'n sonn air an traidh,
Cha raibh sin na throm da lann;
Oir cheangladh e ceud gun armadh,
Do threun laoidh fhuileachdach Chormaic.
- 30 Noch dhuinn cinich ann dea' ghné;
'S bheir sinn freitich dhuit gu deonach,
Gur leat ar 'n airm, is ar conaibh.

- 34 Na stuathadh ri fearg nam fear,
'S na togadh ur 'n airm gu mear.
- 35 Bri' do thuras-sa d' ar rioghachd,
Innis dhuinne, laoih, mhor, mhillidh.
- 37 'S cis i' choi' ch nach tog u 'n comhrag,
Air a tathach le d' cheud og-laoch.
- 38 Cis is luachmhoir na mo thorachd;
- 42 'S bha sai'l mhor mu cheann gach Feinnidh,
Air fir Fhinn nan arma geura.
- 45 No cathamh cuir air bharr ghenga.'
[The introduction of Morven is worth notice.]
- 47 Orta Mhic Cumhail na mor bheann.
- 49 Mar a fuigheams' Fhinn na feile,
Duais Mhic Riogh, gun strì, gun eura',
- 55 A thi dh' eiris air thus na seilg,
Gheibh thu drian do mhaoin gach leirg;
- 56 Ge do thuit le d' chinneach borb,
Clanna Mungairidh nan colbh;
- 58 Bhuid na suinn air druim a cheile,
Gu cruaidh cuidreach, is cho bhreugach;
Chreithnich an leirg 's chlig na snaigh
Nach d' thigeadh Mac Moirne uait.
- 59 Bha 'n airm liobhara sa bhail,
Mar thein' na nial sa mhagh;
Dh' eigh na creagan sgread na glinn,
Da' m beumannaibh druim air dhruim.
- 60 Mun do mharbh Goll nan gear lann,
- 61 Thuit leis ceithir cheud d' ar sluagh,
'S an leith sud air Fionn nam buadh.
- 62 Thuit sud leinn an Dearg mor, mear,
'S na laoih a thug e air leir;
Trein nam buadh bu chruaidh san toir
'S trugh a thuit san iomairt-sgleo.
- 63 'N tigh Teambra, gun fhios nan coi' each,
Do bha Mac Moirne ga choimhead.
- 64 Bu deirach, tursach ann Fhian, A' caoidh nan treun air an t-sliabh;
Ma thuit an Dearg bu trom docair,
Bu chian ri aill ar dochain.

S. 8. DUAN DHIARAG, i.e., DIARAG'S POEM. 60 lines.
COLLECTOR'S ARGUMENT.

A KING of the name of McCanno, whose father, it seems, Fingal had slain, comes to revenge his death upon the Fingalians. He finds Fingal asleep on the heath, and Diarag, who was an intimate companion of Fingal's, sitting beside him. Diarag, rather than disturb Fingal, encounters the King in person, and falls in the action. Fingal awoke, found Diarag expiring at his side, and not finding the perpetrator, pours out his lamentations over his lifeless body.

- 1 SCEUL th' agam air Fionn fìor ghlic
'S air Diarag og nan geallamh
'S air macan nan colg dhìomhasach
Thanig anios a tìr Rì Channibh.
- 2 Air Mac Cumhail Mhic treunmhoir
Sud an sceul tha mi ginne
Thanig e do shealg do Alba
'S ann a Erin urghlan Innsin.
- 3 Geisdachd ri fuaim na srutha
Sri gutha nan Eoin Cheinne
San thuit suain nach robh gu h' catron
Air Fionn-ghlic ogh Threunmhoir
- 4 Gun luidh sin air Fionn na Feinne
'S e air Tulach fhiorglas sheamhoir
Gun bhi maille ris don Fheannadh
Ach Diarag og mac Rì Deighir
- 5 Labhrin riut am briathra fionald
Agus dhinnsin dhut mo sgeul
Ma se Fionn is e na chadal
Na tognar 's dhol do dh' fheuchan.
- 6 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag
Cha 'n iosaich mis an ceums' duit
Ach an diobhlail mi fein m' athair
Air Fionn oir gur flath nam Fiann e.

- 7 'S baoh a ghloir a theiradh tusan
Mhic Ceannibh o' ghleann sleibhe
Bithidh do cheann do'd dhìmus fhàbh thu
Led ghloir chinn air ro-bheag ceill.
- 8 Sin ghluais fearg an da Ghrugair
Agus thugadh iad gu cheil
'S b' fhaid a chluinte no glaathil Curra'
Faoh am buillean 's am beuman.
- 9 Tharruing iad sleaghan nìmh
Tharruing iad claidheamhan gearr
Bha cuirp is cnamhan gun gearradh
'S iad sìor ehur fol air a cheile.
- 10 Sin dar dhuig Fionn na sleagha gabhi
'S e 'n lathair nam fear chalmund
Thog e air a dheas laimh Diarag
'S e shìnte sin gun annuin.
- 11 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag
Nam dhìdean dhomh do thearnadh
Trugh nach bu naodh naonar do 'm mhaithibh
Chaidh dhith do 'm ch Chaitibh, t'aitse
- 12 'S e mor an-Eric sin air Diarag
'S labhair ris an sluagh lamhich
'S a luithad laoch treun re chathamh
Bh' agads' do shluagh na h' Albhi.
- 13 So an lamh nach dioladh mise
Re m' aois no' re m' aineol
Ach an d' thanig an fheachd dhubhach
Thugads' o' thir Channibh.
- 14 Sud am meur bu ghlinn air theudan.
Fo 'n bheil bu ro mhat guth
Sud an lamh a b' fhearr an ionas
Cha ionald riabh san t' sruth.
- 15 Togamid e chladh na h' Albhi
Far an t' iolair na Fein
Agus beannachd a bhi air t' anam
A dheagh Mhic Alpin Fheile.

M. 11. DEARG MAC DEIRG. 40 lines.

BHA fhios aig an Dearg gu 'n robh mór ghradh aig a mhnaoi dho; ghabh cuid fa laimh a dhearbhadh dho nach robe agradh treilh-dhireach, agus chum na criche-sin; chuir iad teachdair d'a h-ionnsuidh, le cuid eadach lan fola, a dh' innsadh dh'i gu do mharbhadh an Dearg le Fiachullach. Air cluintin an seil dhubhaich, chum i an dan so, ghabh i air a clairsich e, bhris a cridhe agus chao-chail i.

- 1 An Dearg Mac Deirg gur mis a bhean;
Air an fhear ni 'n d' fhidir lochd;
Ni 'm bheil saoi nach d'fhuair a leireadh²
'S truaidh ata mi fein an nochd.
- 2 Dearg Mac Cholla³ craobh d' an Tu'r⁴
Leis an seinnte gu ciuin cruit;
'S ionmhuinn aoidh air nach luidh fearg:
Chlaoidheadh an Dearg leis a mhuc.
- 3 B' ionmhuinn t-aghaidh mhin-dearg mhor,
Bu deacair a cloth ann an cath
Sin is cridhe farsuing fial,
'S bu ghile na Ghrian a dhath.
- 4 Mac Cuinn⁵ a Innis Da-bhi,
B' ionmhuinn Rìgh air son ar sealbh;⁶
Giolla gun ghaol bo no eich
Re am creich, ach claidheamh Dearg.
- 5 Ni 'n eitic e duine mu d' ni,
'S ni 'n d' iarr ni air neach fo 'n Gbrein:
Fear bu mho 's bu ghlaime dealbh:
Cha 'n fhacas ann ach Dearg fein.
- 6 Ni 'n d' iarr tha duine fa sheud,
Ni 'n d' rinn breug 's ni 'n d' fhidir lochd;
'S niar mho dhiult thu comrag arm
O neach 'gan robh an 'n na chorp.
- 7 'S mi nighean Laomuinn Mhic Roidh,
Dha 'n tric 'na phronnadh or air cheird;⁷
Ge b' iomadh ga m' iarruidh saoi
B' fhearr leam bhi 'nam mhnaoi aig Dearg.

¹ Sud am fear nach.

² Leir.

³ Mac cholla.

⁴ An iuil.

⁵ Print, picture.

⁶ Saoghu'.

⁷ B' ionnann 's Rìgh ar sealbh.

- 8 Gur mi nighean Athain fheinn
Leis am fiosaichteadh gach dealbh ;
O sgaradh mo cheud fhear uam
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 9 Sud a sheabhaic 's a dha choin,
Leis an doilich 's cron na sealg ;
An tea leis am b' ionnmuinn an truir
Cuirear i nochd uir le Dearg.
- 10 Bha mi ann tigh an rair,^a
Dia an t-sliabh sin Chnoc na learg,
'S baidh mi ann an uaigh an nochd
Mu 'n scarar mo chorp re Dearg.

^a Le ceard. ⁹ Gorta.

O. 24. DEARG MAC DEIRG. 28 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 116. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

Rannan briste, or Fragments of Poems, from Captain Morrison Greenock, upwards of 80 years. 1801.

- 1 DEARG Mac Deirg gur mise bhean,
Air an fhear cha didir lochd ;
Cha 'n eil saoi nach d' fhuair a leira,
Gur truagh tha mi fein de nochd.
- 2 'S mi nighean Laomain mbic Roe,
Do 'n tric a phronna òr nan ceard ;
Ge b' ioma ga 'm iarraidh saoi,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leam bhi nam mhnaoi aig Dearg.
- 3 Gur mi nighean aithin Fhinn,
Leis am fiosaichteadh gach dealbh ;
O 'n sgaradh mo cheud ghradh uam,
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 4 Mac Cuiun á Innis Da-bhi,
'S ionnmuinn righ, a sona ur sealbh ;
Gille gun ghaol bo no eich,
Ri am creich ach cloidhe dearg.
- 5 'S ionnmuinn t-aghaidh mbin dearg mhor,
Bu deachdair a cloth 'n cath ;
Sin is Cridhe farsuing fial,
Bu ghile na a ghrian a dhath.
- 6 Sud a sheobhag sa dha choin,
Le 'n deanar moran cron an sealg ;
Am fear lem b' ionmhainn an truir,
Cuirear iad san uir le Dearg.
- 7 Bha mi ann an tigh an Raoir,
Air an t-sliabh sin chnoc na leirg ;
Bithidh mi ann an uaigh a nochd,
Mar sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg.

Multum caret.

O. 28. DEARG MAC DRUIDHAN. 11 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 121. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

DEARG MAC DRUIDHAN. (al. DROIGHAN)

- 1 TREIS air chaithrean an fhir mhoir,
Thainig an oir fo dhiombuidh (haigh)
An treun fhear as e lan do ghoid,
An Dearg dana Mac Druidhan.
- 2 An oir o thir na fear Fionn,
Gu sìth thoir rann Fiannachd Eirin,

Chuid eile air chall ach an Rann ma Dheiri.
- 3 Seachd oidliche agus seachd la,
Bu tuirseach Mic agus mna ;
Sgathadh chlogaid is cheann,
Edar Goll agus Mac Druidhan.

Got from Mr. Macdonald, of Dalchosnie,
February 26, 1801.

D. 17. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 188 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Advocates' Library. Copied by D. Mac Pherson, May 3, 1872.

- 1 SGEALA air Conn mac an Deirg
Air a lionadh le trom Fheirg,
Dol a dhileadh Athar gun Fheall
Air (Chriocheibh ro-mhor) na Herin.
(Uislich 's air Mhaithibh)
- 2 Airis duinne, Osshain narich,
Mhic Fhein nasail so-ghradaigh,
Sgelaichd air Chonn fearrdha fearroil
An sonn calma ciun ceannail.
- 3 Cia bo mho Conn na 'n Dearg mor,
Osshain na 'n Briathra Binn-bheoil ;
No 'm bionnan dealbh dho is Dreach
'S do 'n Dearg mhor, mhearr, mheannnach ?
- 4 Bu mho Conn gu mor mor
Tighin an aradh air sloigh
Tarruing a Luinge a Steach
An Cnuibhag Cuain is Caolais.
- 5 Shuidh e air an Tulich gar coir,
An Fiuilidh cranta ro-mhor,
Sgabhadh e ga Chlesibh gargadh
Siar an am Baileibh na 'n Niamoilte.
- 6 Chaidh e 'n frilimibh nan Neul,
Os airt Cionn an sa ath-mhoil, (or mhiad)
Is ni 'm baile neach faoi 'n Ghréin.
No Conn nan Arm faobhar gheur.
- 7 Grnaidh choreur mar Eughar caoin
Rosg gorm faoi Mhala chorrich, chaol ;
Falt orcheardail, grinnail, grinn,
Fear mor meannnach, fearroil eibhin.
- 8 Colg nimhe re Liodairt Chorp,
Aig Laoich teug-bhuailteach na mor ole,
Bhiodh a Chlainn re sgadh Sgeidhe
Aig an Laoich ri ath-réite.
- 9 Buaidh sgach Ball an raibh e riabh
Air ghaige air meud a ghníomh,
Ghabh e coibhlan Neart gun Sgiós,
Re tabhairt Geil a moir chois.
- 10 Go 'n tugainse Briathar cinteach,
A Phadric, ge nar ri ins' e
Gur ghabh an Fhian Eagal nille,
Nach do ghabh iad riabh roinne aoin Duinne.
- 11 Ri faiesin doibh Conna Choinn
Mar Onna Marha le Toinn,
Agus Falachd an Fhir mhoir,
An coinnibh Athar a dhioladh.
- 12 Se buirt Connan maol mac Morna,
Leiger buige an ceud uair mi,
'S go 'm buinin an Cean a mach
Do Chonn di-measach, uaibhreach.
- 13 Marmhasg oirt a Chonnain mhaol,
Nach sguir thu 'd Lonnan a choidhch,
Cha bhuinne thu 'n Cean do Chonn,
'S e buirt Osgar na mor-ghlonn.
- 14 Ghasidh Connan le (mu) mhi-cheil,
Dhaideoin na Feine gu leir,
An Coineabh Choinn bhuaidhaich bhrais,
Mar Char Tuaghal na Aime-leas.
- 15 Nuair chonnaire Conn bu chaoin Dealbh,
Connan a dol an sealbh Arm,
Thug e sioca air an Daol,
'S e teachadh gu luadh do Dh' Albhidh.
- 16 'S iommad Crap is Baile is Meall,
Bha gat a suas air droch Cheann,
Air Cean Chonnain mhaol gu reamhar,
'S na coig Caol san aoin Cheangal.
- 17 Beannachd air an Laimh a reinn sin
'S e labhair Fear na 'n Cruth nuadh,
'S go ma Turis gun eridh dhuil,
A Chonnain mhi-cheile gun Fhealt.
- 18 'N sin se Comhairle chinn doibh
Deagh Mhac Fhein bu bhinn Gloir
Chuir ghabhail sgenla 'n Fhear dhocair
Gluasidh Fearghas binn Fhoclach.

- 19 Ghuasidh Fearghas binn, badhach,
Glic ciallach mor-dhalach
Air Comhairl' Athar mar bu chòir
Ghabhail Sgeul do Chonn ro mhor.
- 20 A Chuin mhor, bhuadhaich, bhrais,
Fhìr shùgich, ait, eibhin,
Ghabhail sgeul Thanas o Fhean
Cea Path do Thuis do D'h erin.
- 21 Insimse sinn duit gu beachd,
Fheargheas, agus buin e leat,
Eirig Mathar bail leum uaihbse,
O Mhaithibh Teaghlach ar mor uaisle.
- 22 Cean Fhein 's dha Mhic mhora,
Ghuill, Ghrìdh agus Gharadh,
'S cinn Chlann Morna gu Huile
Fheatuin an Eirig aon Duine.
- 23 Na Erin o Hoim go Toinn,
A gheileachd in do 'n aoin Chuig,
Na comhrag coig Cead dar Fimeadh
Phaotain air Mhadain a Marach.
- 24 Ghuasidh Fhearghuis thughain fhein,
A Phadric, ni 'n Canam Breug,
Go 'n do thosd an Fhein uille,
Re chuintin Sgeul an aoin Duinne
- 25 Cia do sgeula o 'n Fhear mhor,
Se raite Fean Flath an sloigh,
Ailis dùine e go propadh
'S na ceil oirn' e a dh' aoin olcaid.
- 26 Se mo sgeula o 'n Fhear mhor,
Gur ail leis Cend dar sloigh
Phaotain air Mhadain a Maroch,
Gu Comhrag na Diath-mhaileadh.
- 27 Se labhair cuig Cend dar Fimeadh,
Cuisgidh sinne a Inath Mhìre ;
Cha robh sud doibh mar a radh
Bhì dul ann san Iomhairt bhaite
- 28 Iug e a mach Cloimh an Deirg mhoir
Le conna Catha cheud Uair,
Thug e ruadhair Fhìr an Gran
Mar Shcabhaic measg Ealta mhin-enn.
- 29 Biomad Fear sa Ghair a bhoss,
Iomad Laimeh ann is leath-choss,
Iomrad Cloigin ann is Ceann,
Cuipr gun choigleadh air a Bhall.
- 30 Cuig Cend eile ge 'd bhì ann,
Go 'n tuiteadh iad air aoin Bhall,
Is Conn a cuileadh a Sgiadh,
'G iarraidh Comhrac 's go m' b' ain-riar.
- 31 Hagh sinn seachd fìchid Fear mor,
Do Mhaithibh Teaghlach ar mor sloigh
Hoirt a chinn do mhac an Deirg,
'S dhaithnigh sinn Fear faoi Throm-fheirg.
- 32 Chaidh ar seachd Fìchid no dhail,
'S ann orra thanie an Di-mhail,
Thug e ruadhair Fir forthuin
Bu luidhe e na Roth Gall-mhuillinn.
- 33 Thuit ar seachd fìchid Fear mor,
Babhar Tuirse e 's Do-bhroin ;
Go 'n 'd leig an Fhein gair Chruaidh
Re dioghugha a mhoir-shluaidh.
- 34 Fhìr a chleachd mo chabhair riamh,
Ghoill Mhic Morna no mor-ghnìomh,
Bu mhian Suile gach 'b aile
'S a Phrionsa Tola na Dio-mhaladh.
- 35 'S dana leam Conn bagra ort
'S air Clanna Morna gu huille,
Nach buinne thu 'n Cean deth gu fearroil
Mar rein thu ga Athair roimhe.
- 36 Dheanainse sin duitse Fhein,
Fhìr na 'n breathra, blath, binn,
Chuir gach Fuidh 's folachd air cuil,
'S go biodhmaid uille dh' aoin Run.
- 37 Gedo mharbhadh thu m' Fhein uille,
Gu diothugha an aoin Duinne ;
Bhithin fein 's mo Threuna leat
A Rìogh na Feine ga d' chabhair.

- 38 Ghuaisidh Goll na Chulaidh Chruaidh,
Ann an Fianis a mhor-shluagh,
Bu gheal, dearg gnais an Fhìr,
Na Hore garg dul an Tus Iorudhail.
- 39 Huidheachad an sin na Cìp Chatha
A dhoil a habhairt an ard Latha,
'S na Airm sheanta a bha 'm Braid,
Thog Mac Morna mileant Iad.
- 40 Nuair chaidh iad an Dail a Cheile,
Cha naclais riabh an Co-Baoibhail ;
Na Curidhinn bu gharmh Cith,
Chuir iad an Tulich air bhall-Crith.
- 41 Dith Fola do chnaimhbh an Cuipr,
Dith Teinne do 'n Armaibh nochd,
Dith Calce do sgrìabh 'n Aidh,
Dul siar ans na Hìormailtibh.
- 42 Biomad Gaoir do Theinne ruadh,
Teachd o Fhaobhar an arm Cradh
Os cionn na Ceanna bheartibh corrich
'S iad a cuimhich na mor fhalachd.
- 43 An da Churidh bu gharibh Cith
Chuir iad an Tullich air bhall-Crith
Le 'm Beumibh bu leor meud,
'S bha 'n Fhein uille gan easteachd.
- 44 Seachd Laethe agus aon tra Deug,
Bu tuisich Michd agus Mraidh,
Gus 'n do huit le Goll na 'm Beum,
Ann Sonn mor air cheart egin.
- 45 Gair eibhin gun d' reinn an Fhian,
Nach dreimibh leo roimhe riabh,
Re faicsin doibh Ghoill Mhic Morna
Nuair air Chonn Treun-toirich.
- 46 Se labhairt Chonnain a Sas,
'N diaghaidh Lonnain a mhi-ghrais.
Naoidh Raidhin do Gholl an aigh
Da leaghas mun raibh e slan.
- 47 An seachd Fìchid sair cuig cend,
A Phadric, ni 'n Canam Breug,
Gon d' thuit sud le Mac an Deirg,
Is bu chruin air Fein na dheaghlaidh.
Crìoch.

F. 17. EACHDRAIDH A BHA EADAR PADRUIC
AGUS OISSAIN MO CHOHN MAC AN DEIRG.
210 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 161. Advocates' Library,
February 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Collated with Mac Nicol's version: this has many variations, which follow. This evidently is an ill-written version of a very good oral recitation.

- 2 AIR maitheamh is uaisleabh na Feinne.
- 3 A mhic Fhinn shuairche shoth ghraich ;
Sgiallach air Chonn, fhearr fearail ;
- 5 A' toirt a bharcan a steach,
Air an traigh ghil ghainmheach.
- 6 A dol siar am bailceabh nan Iarmailtean.
- 8 Bha folt buidhe mar òr ceaurid,
Bhos ceann gealla ghuala a mhaileadh.
- 9 An laoch mòr mear muirneach fearail-eibhin
Bha chal neatha ri leaduirt chorp ;
Aig laoch teagaisg na mòr ole,
- 13 Ach coimhrle a chinn aig Fionn,
Is aig maitheadh na Feinne gu leir ;
Cò rachadh a ghabhail sgeulachd do 'n choltach,
Ach gluaisidh Fearguth beul dearg binn fhoch-
dlach.
- 14 Gluaisidh Fearguth gu ba binn,
Gu glic, suairce sòth ghradhach ;
- 15 Do mhac an Deirg bu gharibh cleachd,
Bheannich Fearguth gu fìor glie ;
Is fheargair Conn e mur bu choir,
Fearguth siolanta binn a bheoil.

FHREAGAIR CONN.

- 17 Dh' innsin-sa naicid dhuit Fhearghuth bainse-leat,
Eiric m' athar a b' aill leam uaibhse,

FEARGHUTH.

- 18 Ciod an eiric a bhi thu 'g iarruidh air d' athair,
CONN.

- 19 Ceann Fhinn sa dha mhic mhoir,
Ghuill, Ghriuir, Airteair, Chaoirail, agus Chormag,
Uaislean Chlanna Morna uile fhaoinn au eiric
aon duine.

Na eiric bho thuinn gu tuinn.

- 20 A gheilichdean do m' an a Chuinn,
Na coig ceud bh' naibhse air mhoch mhaduin a
maireach,
Is gu 'n sgarin an Cinn re 'n Corp,
A dhaingean Fhinn agus Chormag.

THUIRT FEARGHUTH.

- 23 Gur e b' aill leis fhaoinn naibhse,
Air mhoch maduin a maireach,
Deich ceud gar Fiannaibh,
Is gun sgaradh e an Cinn re 'n corp
A dh' aindeoin Fhinn agus Chormag.

- 24 Is gun buineadh midne an ceann a muidh,
Do chonn dimeasach uaimhreach.

- 25 Ach air dhuine dol na dhail,
Ni an robh sud duinn mar a ghrathain;
Thug e rnathar fir am foirrin.
Bu luaithe e na roth galla mhuilin.
Dol troimh ialt do dh' ianuibh an t-sleibh.

- 26 Air an fhaiche is e 'g iarruidh combruig

- 27 Is d' fhaireach sinne Fionn foidh throm fheirg.

[This is a kind of Chorus repeated.

- 28 Chaidh air seachd fichead na dhail,
Is thug e ruathar fir a ghna,
'S iomad fear sa ghair a bhos,
'S iomad lamh a bh' ann is cos,
'S iomad claigean bh' ann is ceann,
Is cuirp gun choigleadh air aon a pheall,
Is urrad eile ged bhiodh iad ann.
Gu 'n tuitfeadh foth aon a cheann,
Is bha Conn a caileadh a sgiath,
Air an fhaiche g iarruidh combruig gu han fhial.

- 30 Ionnach orst a Chonain mhaoil,
Deich ceud ad leitheabh air traith,
Cha d'ugadh ceann Chuinn an Iomain,
Ni 'm buineadh thusach an ceann do Chonn,

- 31 Do labhair Osgar na mor ghlonn,
Ach gluaisidh Conan mu mhi cheill;
A dhaingean na Feinne gu leir,
An combail Chuinn bhuidheag bhras,

- 32 Mu char tna'll ga ailmhes,
Nnair a chunnaic an Conn bu chaoin cruth,
A teicheadh dhachidh gu h Alabuinn,
'S iomad cnap is faob is meall,
Bha 'g eiridh suas air dhroch ceann,
Air mhaoil Chonain gu dearbh deamhin
Chuir e a choig caoil foidh naon cheanguil

- 33 'S iomad screud is iolach chruidh,
Bh' aig Conan am fannis an t-sluaigh;
'S bu luaithe na fuaimne tuinne a teachd,
Is an Fhianm uileadh 'g eisdeachd

- 34 Gu ma slan do 'n laimh a shin duit,
'S e labhair Fionn nan crodh nuadh;
Gu ma turas gun ghnioimh eiridh leat,
A Chonain mhaoil mhi cheil.

- 35 A mhiann subhla bhois gach bhain.
Aurd fhlaith na teagmhach.

- 37 Cuir fuachd is falachd air cul,

- 39 An sin nuair a shuidh iad na prui-p-chatla
A dhol a thoirt an aurd latha;
Na h-airn tseandachd a bhachda am braidh,
Gun do thog mac Moirnie melenta iad

- 40 An sin nuair chaidh Goll na chulaich chruaidh
Na phrop am fannis an t-sluaigh;
Bughal dearg gnus an fhir,
Na thore aurd an tus na hiarghuill,

- 41 An sin air dhoibh dol an dail a cheil,
A d' fhaichin co a b' fhearr beuman;
Chniredh iad di caileadh d' an sgiabhibh
Is di teineadh gan armaibh.

- 42 Di foladh do chnacuibh an cuirp,
Le 'm baileabh baidhbail,
Dol siar am baileabh nan iarmailtean

- 43 Am folt a falbh le gaoth nam beann,
Le sgleo nan cuiridhean co teann;
An da churridh bu gharbh lith,
Chuir iad an tullich air bhalla chrith.

- 44 'S iomadh caoir do theincadh ruaibh,
Bha teachd o neimh nan arm faobhar cruaidh.
'S ceann nan ceannabheirtibh corrach,
Is iad a cuimhneacha na mòr fhalachd.

- 45 Latha agus aon tra deug,
A chum iad combrag is ni 'm breug;
Gun do bhuithin Goll nam beuman,
Ceann a Chuinn mhoir air lòm eigin.

- 46 Gair gun do leig an Fhianm,
Nach do leig a leithid roimhe riamh;
Air faichidh doibh Goll a crodhadh;
An uachdar air Chonn treun torachd.

- 47 Bhi fuaigladh Chonain e sàs,
An deis lonan a mhi ghrais,
Naoth raithean do Gholl an aidh,
Ga leithis mu 'n robh e slan,
Aig òl fionadh a dh' oiche sa la,
Sa stroiche òir le trom a dhaimh.

Crioch.

H. 18. HOW CONN, THE SON OF DEARG, CAME TO REVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH ON THE HEROES. 180 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 92. Advocates' Library, December 15, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Except a general knowledge of the story, not known to Hennessy.

CONN came to revenge his Father's death on the Heroes, to Ireland, and he was but a child when his Father was slain, and killed 1540 of the ablest of the Heroes, in three day's time, but he was killed by Goll, at the end of seven days.

DAN 22.

- 1 SGEULACHD air Chonn mac an Deirg
Air a fionadh le trom fheirg;
A dhol bas athar gu treabhadh,
Air fianntidh fearail 'n h-Eirann.

- 2 'Ailis sin dhamh Oisain nàraich,
A shean fhir shuaire theò-ghràdhaich;
Sgéalachd air Chonn fearaidh fearail,
An sonn calma, caomhe, ceanaill.'

- 3 'Am b' ionann d' a dhealb is d' a dhreach,
'S do 'n Dearg mhor, thréun, mbeannach mhearg;
Na 'n raibh e cho chalm gu léon,
Ris an fhear a b' athair dhó.'

- 4 Bu mhoda Conn na e gu mor,
A teachd am fiadhnais ar sloigh;
A tarraing a luinge caoile,
An cithe cuain agus caolais.

- 5 Shuidh air an tulaich d' ar coir,
'N fhuaidh churanta ro mhór;
Bha ghruidh choreair mar iughar caoin,
Rosg náll agus mala ro chaoil.

- 6 Aigneadh mhór do 'n fhine ghrinn,
Mor, meannach, fearail, eibhinn;
Bha lanna nimh gu leadair chorp,
Air slios an laoih gun eagal trod.

- 7 C' áit am b' áille laóich fuí 'n ghréin,
Na Conn nan arm faodhbhar, géur;
A leithid cho 'n fhacas riamh,
'G imtheachd rathaid na mór shliagh.
- 8 Ghabh sinn eagal roimhe uile,
Nach do ghabh sinn riamh roimh aon dhuine;
'S an a chíte con-fhathadh Chúinn,
Mar on fhathadh mara re tréun túinn.
- 9 Se chomhairle chinn aig Fionn,
'S aig uaisle Eirann nach b' fhann;
Chuir a dh' fhaghail sgéul 'n fhear dhocrach,
Fearadhas béul dearg, binn fhoclach,
- 10 Ghluais Fearadhas gu binn bádhach
Gu muirneach, meadhach mor aghach;
Air chomhairl' athar mar bu choir,
A dh' fhaghail sgéul do Chonn ro mhór,
- 11 ' Fhír mhoir a thainig d' ar fios,
Do radh Fearadhas fíor ghíe;
Sgéul a b' áill leam fhaghail uait,
Cíod e fath do theachds' o chuan.'
- 12 'Se fath mo theachdsa gu beachd,
Fhearadhais ma 's áill leat;
Éiric 'm athar a b' áill leamsa,
Do dh' uaisle fiann Eirann 's Albann.'
- 13 'Ceann Ghuill is Ghreathair mac Mornna,
Fhinn agus a dha mhic mhoirdha;
Is ceann Chormaic agus Oseair,
'S na bheil sibh beó dh' Fhiann nochdamh.'
- 14 'Is Éirinn o thuinn gu tuinn,
Fhaghail dhannh fein fuí 'm aon chuim;
Sin no cuig céud d' ar fiúe máireach,
Gu cómhrag dibhbragach dana.'
- 15 'Cho b' ionann sa radh air dóidh,
A Chuinn le d' iomadidh sgíeo;
Nan d' igadh cuig céud d' ar fine,
Choisgeadh iadsan do luath mhíre.'
- 16 Phill Fearadhas mo dheag' bhrathair,
A dh' inns' an sgoiil mar a b' ábhaist;
Do 'n Fhéinn gu socrach foillidh,
Ge b' osgarra tréun a chomhradh.
- 17 'Conn mac an Deirg sud tha 's tráidh,
O Albúin nam beanntídh árd;
Gu marbhadh Ghreathair is Ghuill,
Is Chormaic is Oseair chruinn.'
- 18 'Fhinn agus a dha mac mór,
Chormaic is ar 'n nile shlóigh,
Sin is Éirinn 'n éiric athar,
No cuig céud fuí íochd an ath-la.'
- 19 Bha 'n Fhéinn uile 'n sin du bhrónach,
Le eagal roimh 'n churidh cómhraig;
Gu marbhadh e 'n Fheinn le cuthach,
Is sluagh Chormaic fein le luinne.
- 20 'Dh' fhiosrach Fionn an sin gu 'n sólas,
Co reachadh an dáil an ógain;
'S gu fuidheadh e duais gu deónach,
Nan d' igeadh e níos o chómhrag.'
- 21 'Se fhreagair e Conan mac Mornn',
Leigear m' chuide céud óir;
'S gu d' ngainn dhe 'n ceann gu fearail,
Mar thainig d' a athair cheanag.'
- 22 'Mallachd dhuitsa Choinain mhaoil,
Cha sguir thu d' lonan a choidhech;
Deich céud a' d' leithid air traidh,
Cho chuireadh ceann Chuinn gu lár.'
- 23 A dh' aingain na Féinne gu léir,
Do ghluais Conan le mhí-chéill,
A dh' ionnsuidh Chuinn bhuaidhaich, bhras,
Gu car ainhleis gu luath cas.
- 24 'N uair chunnaig Conn bu chaoin dealbh,
Conan a dol an seilbh arm;
Thug e sítheadh gus an daoi',
'S e teicheadh naith ag caoi'.
- 25 B' iomad crap, is faob, is meall,
Bha 'g éiridh air a dhroch ceann;
'S chuir caoil Choinain gu daingeann,
Na 'n cuigar fuidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 26 B' iomad sgairt aig 's íolach chruaidh,
Re am cruinneachadh a mhór shluaigh;
Bu labhairte no fuaim tuinne, teachd,
An Fhiann uile d' a eisteachd.
- 27 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghniomh dhó,
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn a cheud ló;
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,
Mar sheobhag roimh caitainn éan,
- 28 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgia',
'S e 'g iarraidh cómhrag gu dian;
Air Féinn Inse pháil is Freoine,
Le misg dhearg catha gu 'n soradh.
- 29 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghniomh dho,
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an dara ló;
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,
Mar sheobhag roimh caitainn éan.
- 30 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgia' moire,
'S e sior iarraidh tuillidh cómhraig;
Air Mac Chuthaill bu mhaith eólas,
'S gu deanadh e lot is leónadh.
- 31 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghniomh dhó,
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an treas ló;
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,
Mar sheobhag roimh caitainn éan.
- 32 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgia' móire,
'S e sior iarraidh tuillidh cómhraig;
Air Fiann Eirann agus Albann,
'S gu deardh gu leir a marbhadh.
- 33 B' iomad ar garraich a bhos,
B' iomad lánh ann is leith chos;
B' iomad claigeann ann is ceann,
'S cuirp nan caiginn air aon bhall.
- 34 Thagh sinn seachd fichead fear mór,
Do mbaitlaibh teaghlach ar sloigh;
A thoir a chinn do mhac an Deirg,
'N uair chunnaig sinn Fionn fuí throm fheirg,
- 35 Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mór,
Adhbhar turs' agus do-bróin;
Chómhraigidh am fear bu táire,
Céud calma nach b' fiánn an gabhadh.
- 36 Thug Conn ruathar fir chutbaich,
Bu luait' e no galla mhúilinn;
'S e caileadh a sgia' le sólas,
A sior iarraidh tuillidh cómhraig.
- 37 'A Ghuill mhic Mornna na mor ghniomh,
O! 's tu chleachd ar cabhair riamh;
Cha 'n ann oirn tha Conn a bagradh,
Ach ortsa Ghuill is mó aigneadh.'
- 38 'Dearbhamsa sin leats Fhinn,
Fhír nam briathraibh bláth binn;
Cuireamaid fuath agus falachd air eúl,
'S b' biodhmaid níl' air an aon rún.'
- 39 'N sin chuaidh Goll na chulaidh chruai,
Ann an fiadhnais a mhór shluaigh;
Is bu chraobh dhearg gnúis an fhir,
A dol an tús na h-íogail mhir.
- 40 Na curina bu gharg cith,
Chuireadh iad an tulach air chriht;
Le 'm beumanna mead air mbead,
'S iad a cuimhneacha' neo' mbéin.
- 41 Le sgreadail an lanna garbha,
R' a chéile le géur neart calma;
Chuireadh iasg nan cuntaidh stuadhach,
Ann an caoite caole fuáraidh.
- 42 Chuireadh feidh nam beanntídh árd,
Gus na gleanntídh fhuaidh fasaich;
'S ealtach binn fhoclach nan coilltach,
Ann 's na speura le crith oílte.
- 43 Cho 'n fhaca mí riamh re 'm láithibh,
An leithid an cath no 'n gabhadh;
Chuireadh díth teine da 'n lanna,
'S díth fola da 'n cneas geala.

- 44 Seachd oidhechean, is seachd lá,
Gu bu tursach fir is mnaith;
Gus an do chlaoidh Goll nam beumaibh.
An Cónn mór a cheart reigainn.
- 45 Seachd ràidhean do Gholl an aigh,
D' a leigheas gus an raibh e slán;
Ag eisteachd ceòl a dh' oidhche 's do lá,
'S caithreamh òir fuidh throma dhaimh.

I. 14. BAS CHUINN.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 40. 176 lines. Advocates' Library, April 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

CON being a Minor when his Father Darg was kilt by Goll, whose death he sincerely regreted, and whose loss time could not efface until he would be revenged upon Fingal and Goll. When CON came to man's state he sailed from Inis-drain, or rather Inis-drethin, with a Band of 500 chosen men, in hopes of a compleat conquest, make himsel King of Ireland, overturn Cormac the King and Fingal and his valiant Bands. At his arrival he engaged 500 chosen men, which were all kilt. Upon the day following other 500 men were turn'd out to engage CON and his valiant Band, who were all slain. Upon the third Day other 500 men were turned out by Fingal of the flower of his army to encounter CON, who all fell in the action, which occasioned great lamentations among the Fingalians seeing CON always victorious. CON's army being by this time reduced to 140 men, Fingal upon the fourth day minsters his army, and picks up 140 of the best and most experienced warriors out of the Bands of Baisge and Moirne to encounter CON, who all fell in the attack. CON is left alone now without a single man to assist him, and desires to be engaged by Cormac, Fingal or Goll in a single combat. Goll undertook the fight, which continued for seven days with equal courage and ardour. At last the brave and valorous CON fell by the hands of the mighty and tremendous Goll the son of Moirne.

- 2 AILTS sin duinn Oiseinn naraich,
3 Na 'n raibh e co chalm san leirg,
Ri Mac Drebhail bu trom fheing.
- 9 Chur a ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhoerach,
12 Eiric m' Athar is aill leom,
Neo' fras bheumanna' gum chom.
- 15 Cho b' ionann sa radh air choir,
18 'S na ghluaisis d' ar shuaigh san toir;
Is Eirinn an eiric an Deirg,
No eug ceud fui' bheum san leirg.
- 19 Bha Cormaic fui' thime throm,
Riogh na Feinne, 's an treun Goll;
Mu phrosnachadh an laoiach lain,
Bn docair s' ann iomar-bhaidh.
- 20 Dh' fhiosraich mo Riogh, flath nan cuach,
Do mhaithibh Eirinn nam buadh;
Co reachadh an dàil nam fear,
Dhiongail an combraig air lear.
- 21 Mar thainig d' a Athair le Goll.
- 23 A dh' ionnsuidh Chuinn, bu trom greis,
An tnu 's cha b' ann air a leas.
- 28 A mesg chothann, gun sgath combraig.
- 29 Chuai' Conn rompa gun fhia',
Mar sheobhag roi' ealtainn ian.
- 30 Air Mac Cumhail nan arm geur,
'S nan sonn bu docaire beum.
- 32 Air na Fiantaidh gorma ceu'ach,
Na suinn bu docair san t-eug-bhail.
- 36 Thug Conn ruathar fir eutach,
'S bu luaithe no ghrian a shiubhal;
Ag iarraidh combraig na Feinn,
'S gnn duine beo, ach e fein.
- 39 'S bu chraobh, or-dhearg gunis nam fear,
A' dol an tus na h iorgail mhear.
- 41 Chuireadh feidh nan sleibhidh ard,
Gus na gleantaibh fuaruidh fas;
'S eanlach binn-fhoelach nam beann,
'S an a' bharr le sgreidil lann.

- 42 Cho 'n faca mi riamh ri 'm linn,
An leithid ann comhrag Fhinn;
Chuireadh dìth teine d' an lanna,
'S dìth fola d' an encasibh geala.

M. 12. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 144 lines.

- 1 AITHRIS dhuinne, Oisain dhanaich,
Mhic Fhinn shuairce sho-ghràdhaich,
Sgheulachd air Chonn feartha fearail,
An sonn calma, caoin, ceannail.
- 2 Sgeulachd air Chonn mac an Deirg,
Air a ònadh le trom fheirg
Dol a dhìoladh Athar gun fheall
Air uaislibh 's air maithibh na Fèinne.
- 3 Cja bu mhò Conn na 'n Dearg mòr,
Oisain nam briathra binn bhcoil?
No 'm b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach
'S do 'n Dearg mhòr, mhear, mheannnach?
- OISAIN.
- 4 Bu mhò Conn gu mòr, mòr,
A' teachd an garadh ar slòigh,
A' tarruing a luinge a steach
'An cumhang cuain agus caolais.
- 5 Shuidh e air an tulaich 'gar còir
Am fuaidh curanta ro-mhòr,
Mar thràgha mara re treun thunn,
Aig ro-mheud falachd an t-suinn.
- 6 Chaidh e 'm frithleanaibh nan neul
Os ar cinn san ath-mheud;
Is ghabhadh e d' a chleasaibh gairge
Siar ann am baileibh na h-iarmailte.
- 7 A mhac-samhail cha 'n fhacas riamh
Ag imeachd uaigha mo mòr shliabh;
'S cha b' àillidh nach fo 'n ghréin
Na Conn nan arm faobhar-gheur.
- 8 Gruaidh choreuir mar iubhar-chaor;
Rosg chorach ghorma fuaidh mhala chaoil;
Falt ùr, òr-bhuidh, amlach, grunn,
Air an òg mheannnach, fhearail, aoibhinu.
- 9 Colg nimhe gu liodairt chorp
Aig laoch àghimhor nan trom ló:
Bhiodh a claidheamh làimh r'a sgéibh,
Air an laoch re h-aimeh-réit.
- 10 Buaidh sgach ball an robh e riamh
Air ghaisge, air meud a ghniomh;
'S gu 'm b' iomadh laoch a bha gun sgios
A' tabhairt da géill agus mòr chis.

CONAN.

- 11 'Se labhair Conan maol mac Morna,
'Leigear thuige an ceud nair mi,
'S gu 'm buin mi an ceann a mach
Do Chonn di-measach naibhreach.'

OSCAR.

- 12 'Marbhaig ort, a Chonain mhaoil,
Nach sguir thu d' ònan a chaoidh?
Cha bhuineadh tu 'n ceann do Chonn,
Do ràdh Oscar nam mòr ghloinn.
- 13 Gluaisidh Conan na mi-chéill
A dh' aindeoin na Fèinne gu léir
An coinneamh Chuinn bhadaibh bhrais
Mu char tuathal aimeh-leas.
- 14 'Nuair a chummaic an Conn bu chaoin dealbh.
Conan dol 'an seallbaidh arm,
Rug e le sìchl air an daoidh
'Se teicheadh gu luath uath.
- 15 B' iomad sgread is iolach chruaidh
O bheul Chonain nam diom-bhuadh:
Chaidh air Conan maol gu deimhin
Na eùg enoill fuaidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 16 'Beannachd aig an làimh rinn sin,
'Se labhair Fionn a' chruth ghil.
Is sheall iad an sin air a chéile
Mòran do mhaithibh na Fèinne.

- 17 Gur i chomhairle chinn doibh
Sár mhac Fhinn bu chaoine glòir
Chur a ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhoerach :
Ghuaisidh Fearguth binn-fhoclach.
- FEARGUTH.
- 18 'A Cluin mhòir, bhuadhaich, bhrais,
Fhìr shùgaich, ait, aobhinn,
A ghabhail sgeula thàinig mi.
Cìod é fàth do thuruis do 'n tìr ?
- CONN.
- 19 'Innseamsa mo sgeul dhuitse,
Fhearguth, agus buin leat e.
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam uaibhse,
O 'r maithibh is o 'r mòr uaislibh.
- 20 'Ceann Ghuill 'sa dhà mhic mhòir,
Ceann Fhinn flath an t-slòigh ;
Cinn chlanna Morna uile
Fhaotainn 'an éiric aon duine :
- 21 'An tìr uile o thuinn gu tuinn
A ghéilleachduinn do m' aon chuing ;
No còmhlag cuig ceud d' ar fìneadh,
Fhaotainn air madainn am màireach.'
- 22 An sin labhair cuig ceud d' ar fìneadh,
'Caisgidh sinne a luath mhìreadh.'
Cha robh sud doibh mar a ràdh
Re dol anns an iomarbhaidh.
- 23 Thug e mach claidheamh 'n Deirg mhòir
Le conhladh catha sa' cheud nair.
Thug e ruathar fir forthuinn,
Mar sheolbhag measg ealta mhin enn.
- 24 B' iomad cruth a chaochail greann,
Is cuirp ath-chumta le eruadhias lann :
Iomad làmh ann is leth chos,
Iomad cloigeann thall 'sa bhos.
- 25 Cùig ceud eile ged' bhiodh ann
Gu 'n tuiteadh sin air aon bhall ;
Is Conn a' ceadadh a sgiath,
Ag iarraidh còmhraigh, 's gu 'm b' an-iar.
- 26 Thogh sinn seachd fichead fear mòr
Do mhaithibh theaghlach ar mòr shlòigh
A thoirt a' chinn do mhac an Deirg ;
Is dh' aithnich sinn Feann fuith throm fheirg.
- 27 Chaidh ar seachd fichead 'na dhàil ;
'S ann orra thàinig an diobhail :
A' dol 'an eumascgadh na buidhinn
Bu luaithe c na roth Gall-mhuilinn.
- 28 Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mòr ;
B' aobhar tuis' e is do-brùin :
Gu 'n do leig an Fhiann gair chruaidh
Re dìothachadh a' mhòr shluaigh.
- FIONN.
- 29 'A Ghuill mhic Morna nam mòr ghnìomh,
Fhìr a chleachd ar còbhair riamh,
A mbiann sùile gach baile,
A laoch làidir na teugnhaile,
- 30 'Is dána leam Conn a bhagradh ort,
Is air clanna Morna uile,
Nach buineadh tu 'n ceann dheth gu fearail
Mar a rinn thu dheth athair roimhe.'
- GOLL.
- 31 'Dheanainnse sin dhuitse, Fhinn,
Fhìr nam briathra blàtha binn.
Cuireamaid fuath is falachd air cùl,
Biomaid uile dh' aon rùn.
- 32 'Ged' mharbhta an Fhiann uile
Gu dìothachadh an aon duine,
Blithinn féin 's mo threuna leat,
A rìgh na Féinne, 'gad chobhair.'
- 33 Ghuaisidh Goll 'na chulaidh chruaidh
Ann am fannais a' mhòr shluaigh.
Bu gheal is dearg gunis an fhìr
Re dol 'an tùs na h-iorghuile.
- 34 Dh' éirich frith, is fearg, is fraoch
Air dà mhalaidh an dà mhòr laoch.
An dà chruaidh bu mhòr eith,
Chuir iad an tulach air bhall-chrith.

- 35 Aon là deug agus tràth
Gu 'm bu tuisreach mic is mnà,
Gus 'na thuit le Goll nam beumannan
An sonn mòr air cheart éigiu.
- 36 Gàir aobhinn gu 'n d' rinn an Fhiann
Nach d' rinneadh leo roimhe riamh
Re faicinn Ghuill chròdhla 'n uachdar
Air Chonn meannmach, mòr, uaibhrach.

O. 7. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 159 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 29. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 20, 1872.

THIS version collated with Gillies proves that the book had not affected oral tradition in the Eastern Highlands ; compared with the Western versions, it is easy to see how a popular ballad changes. All that is in Gillies is in the older versions ; but in the East there is a tendency towards the Caledonian Fingalian theory, which changes words. In the same district Mac Pherson took no notice of this traditional ballad. Not a line of it is in his Gaelic.

- 1 SGEULACHD air Conn Mac an Deirg,
Lìomta le mor throm fheirg
Teachd dhioladh bas athar gun fheall,
Air uaislibh 's maithibh na Féinne.
- 2 An sgeul sin ruinig Fionn,
An Farnail nan creugan Ard ;
Sheall mu 'n cuairt air armuin ghreadhnach,
Ghreus gach laoch gu bhùil chath sgith.
- 3 Co dhiu 'is mo Conn n' an Dearg Mor,
'S e labhair Oseair nam binn ghloir ?
No 'm b'ionann Dealbh agus Dreach,
Do Chonn Mor mear meannmach ?
- 4 Chunnacas Conn thar steudaibh glasa,
A' tarrauing a luinge a steach,
Ann Carrais Cuain nan caolas.
- 5 Shuidh air an Tulach 'nar coir,
Am Fìu Curranda, dian, mor,
Gabhail do chleasa gu garg,
Ann am barca nau iarmailtean (thaca na h-earmailt)
- 6 Bha lann nimhe a liodairt chorp,
Aig a Chonn theughalach na mor ole ;
Ealtuinn cheardail ghan ghriun,
Air an fhear mhor, uhear, mheannmach,
A 's e gu fearrail suilbhear eibhinn,
A mhac samhail cha 'n fhacas riamh,
A' siubhal sratha, no mor shliabh.
- 7 Gruaidh chorcara mar Iudhar caoin,
Rosg ghorm fo mhala chaoil ;
Suil a tilgeadh teine ruaidh,
A' loisgeadh gnaisge na mor shluaigh.
- 8 Bha lann fo sga a sge,
Aig an laoch gu aireite ;
Dh' ionar o iomadh cleas luthaidh,
Do 'n Fhèinn gu 'm b' aobhar tuisre.
- 9 'S e comhaire chinn aig Fionn fein,
'S aig maithibh na Féinne gu leir ;
Deagh Mhac Fhinn bu bbiune glòir,
A chair thuige an cend thos,
Dh' fhiosrachadh sgeul dhe 'n fhear dhoerach
Chuir sinn Fearas beul dearg binn fhoclach.
- 10 Chuinn mhòir mhir mheannmach,
Gheig uir ghil dhealbhaich ;
'Se m' fhiosrachadh dhìot gu beachd,
Cìod fath do thuruis a dh' Albuinn ?
- 11 Dh' innisne sin duit gun chleth,
Fhearas mas aill beir leat ?
Eiric m' athar b' aill leam uath,
Na bheil sibh a Mhatha san Fhèinne. (al. Eirin)
- 12 Ceann Fhinn oirt 's Ghuill,
Cinn chlann Morna uile ;
Fhaotainn an éiric aon duine
No còmhlag cuig ceud uath.
Do 'r maithibh 's do 'r garbh shluaigh,
Gu 'm buinninn ra cinn diubh a mach,
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn as Chormag.

- 13 'N uair phill Fearas o 'n fhear mhor,
'S e labhair Fionn flath an t-sloigh;
Innis an sgeul dhuinn gu nochte,
Na ceil oirm dh' aon lochd.
- 14 'Se sid Conn Mac an Deirg,
Air a lionadh le trom fhearg;
Teachd a dhioladh bas athar gun fheall
Air naislibh is maithibh na Feinne.
- 15 Eiric athar is aill leis,
O na bheil sibh mhaithibh 'n Eirin,
Ceann Fhinn oirt a Ghnill,
Cinn chlauna Morna uile.
- 16 Phaotainn an eiric aon duine,
No comhrag euig ceud uath,
Do 'r maithibh, 's do 'r garbh shluagh,
Gu buineadh e na cinn diubh mach,
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn 's Chormaic.
- 17 An sin thuir Conn mac Maoil Mac Morna,
Leigear thuinge mi 'n ceud thos,
As gu 'm buinn an ceann a mach
Dhe 'n Chonn dhineasach nabhrach.
- 18 Inich ort Chonain mhaol,
Cha sgair thu do loimeis ri d' shaothal
Cha tugadh tu 'n ceann de Chonn,
'S e labhair Osear na mor ghlomn.
- 19 Ghluais Conan na mi-cheil,
Dh' aindeoin na Feinne gu leir;
An carann Chunn bhuidhich brais,
An car bu tualle dh' eirich leis.
- 20 B' iomad sgread is iolach chruaidh,
Bh'aig Conan nan diombuaidh;
B' iomad faob is crap, is meall,
Ag atadh suas air a dhroch ceann.
- 21 Air ceann Chonain gu reamhar,
'S a chuig caoil an aon cheangal,
Bu chruaidhe eigh na toirm tuinne,
Is an Fheinn uile ga eisceadh.
- 22 An sin thuir fichead fear Finne,
Leagaidh sinne a luath mhire;
Rachadh Conn a romha sud,
Mar sheobhag troimh caltainn eun.
- 23 Thug e ruadhar fir ri foirre,
Nas luath ma roth muillein;
B' iomadh ionnhas 's an bar a bhos,
B' iomadh lamh ann 's leth chos.
- 24 Airp gun chogull air aon bhall; (al. cuirp)
Uiread eile ged bhiodh ann;
Thuiteadh le Conn air aon bhar.
- 25 Bha conn a' caice a sgiath,
Ag eigheach comhraig le an-rian,
Chuir sinn euig fichead fear uain
G' ar maithibh 's g' ar mor shluagh,
A thoirt a' chin a Mhic an Deirg,
Dh' aithnich sinn Fionn fo throm fheirg.
- 26 Rachadh Conn troimh sud,
Mar sheobhag troimh caltainn eun
Rha Conn a' caice a sgiath
Ag eigheach comhraig gu dian.
- 27 Dheagh Mhic Morna nam mor ghmiomh,
Fhir a chleachd mo chomhair riamh;
Nach truagh leat conn a' bagairt ort,
Is air chlauna Morna nan gear lot?
- 28 Nach d' thugadh tu an ceann deth,
Mar a thug thu dhe athair roimhe?
Dheanainse sin duitse, Fhinn,
Fhir nam briathar blatha binn.
- 29 Chaidh gach fuachd 's falachd air chul,
Biothad uile a dh' aon run;
An sin chaidh Goll na chulaidh churaidh,
An tiannas a mhor shluagh.
- 30 Bu gheall dearg gnais an fhir,
Na mhicall garbh an tus Iorghuill,
Ghluais e gu ciocrasach dana,
Dh' ionnsuidh na tughbhalach.

- 31 Tha ceth teine de 'n airn chruaidh,
Tha ceth fala de chnaimh an cuirp.
- 32 Tiomadh caor theine ruaidh
Teachd o nimb nan arm chruaidh,
Os ceann nan ceann bhcartain carrach,
Is iad a' cuimhneach na mor fhalachd.
- 33 An da chuiridh bu mhor eith,
Chuir iad an tullaich air chrith
Am folt sguabadh gaoth nan gleann,
Gleac nan curridhean bhac co teann.
- 34 Seachd laithean agus na tra,
Bu tursach fir is unai,
Aig na bhuidhinn Goll na mor bheum,
Ann Conn mor a cheart eigin.
- 35 Aon ghair eibhinn rinn an Fhian,
Nach do rinn a leithid riamh,
Iri faicinn dhoibh Ghull an uachdar,
Air Conn treun, bras, nabhrach.
- 36 Tri raian aig gun robh slan,
Toirt Chonain chrin a sas,
Leigheas Ghull mhic Morna.
- 37 Sgeulach air Chonn feara fearail,
An son mor calma ceanaill.

X. 9. DUAN CHOINN MAC AN LEIRG.

171 lines.

Copied by Maleolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, February 9, 1872.

THIS was orally collected in Caithness, 19th and 20th April, 1854, by George MacLeod and James Cumming, from the oral recitations of Christina Sutherland or Widow Simpson. She was born 1775 in Rhea, on the West of Sutherland. I print it because Sutherland Gaelic is not often printed. Lines in this MS. are not numbered. It is printed as written, in paragraphs.

- 1 INNIS dhuinn Oissein naraich,
Mhic Fhinn naisle shuaire sho ghradhich;
*Do sgeul air Conn, Fearg, is Fearail,
*Na soinn chalmant coghineal.
- 2 Co bu mho Conn na 'n Dearg mòr,
Oissein nam briathar ceolbhinn;
Am b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach,
Is do 'n Dearg mhaiseach mhoralach.
- 3 Bu mho Conn gu mòr mòr,
Teachd o mhara le shloigh;
*Tarruing a luingeas a steach,
*Gu teamhair¹ cuain is caolas.
- 4 *Bha sgiath nimh air gu leagadh a chorp,
*Air crios teug-bhoil na mòr ole;
*Is claidheamh air sgath a sgeith;
*Air an loch ud gu h-aimhreachith.
- *Bha gruaig cuire² air mar iuthar caomh,
*Rosg gorm, an dà mhala cho chaol;
*Folt buidhe aghmhor teardail,
*Uasal fearal aoibhlinn grinn.
- 6 Sheas air an tulach ma ur comhair,
Mìlidh curannt' bha ro mhor;
Leis an gabhta' chleas gu garbh,
Ann am³ bailleul na h-iarmaid.
- 7 Bheircams' mo bhrithar ciunt,
Phadruig cha bu nar ri imns';
Gu na ghabh sinn d' cagal
Roimh uile is nach do ghabh,
Sinn riamh roimh aon duine.
- 8 *'S e chomhair a dh' inntig aig Fionn;
'S aig fearibh naille Eirin;
Aig clann na mara muirne,
Deagh mhic Fhinn o'm binn gloir,
'Chuir ghabbail o 'n loch dh' shocarach,
Bhaigheach bhinn fhocalach.

¹ Teamhair, a shaded walk on a hill, hence *Teamhair cuain*, a harbour or bay naturally protected from storm.

² *Gruag cuire*, curling hair like the gentle yew.

³ In sword exercises the thrusts and cuts made thro' the air.

- 9 Ghluais Fergus air combairl athair, mar bu choir,
Do ghabhail sgeul churaidh
O Chonn bu ro mhor.
- 10 Bheannaich Fergus le glòir bhinn,
Do Chonn tairise⁴ bhla ro' Fhian; ;
Fhreagair Conn e mar bu choir.
Fherguis fhilidh fhir choir.
Mhic an fhir⁵ dhimeasidh mhear,
Dhuainn bhualadh dheud ghlil,
Thainig a ghabhail sgeul o Fhionn.
'Cia fath do thoechd do Eirinn?'
- 11 Fios mo thurnis ann gu beachd,
Fherguis nam b' fhear a b' aill leat?
Eirie m' athair a b' aill leam,
Dhìbhlse mhaithibh fir Eirinn.
- 12 Gu ceann Ghoill is dà mhac Mhuirn,
Fhinn is Chribhinn 's Chori-Chorn;
Gu ceann Chlonnairt na Muirne uile,
Gu 'n dìtheachadh mar aon duine,
Cormaic Mac Airt agus Fionn.
'S na th' beo do fhearibh Eirinn.
O thuinn gu tuinn fhaotainn
Dhomsa fo 'n aon chuinge,
Comrag air coig ceud ur sloigh;
Air mhoch mhaduinn a maraich,
Gu sgarinn an eiu o 'n corp
An aindheon Fhinn is Chormaic.
Gluaisidh Fergus thugain fein,
Phadruig na abairim breug.
- 13 Chlost sinn sud an Fheinn nile,
'G eisdeachd ri sgeul Fherguis,
Labhair Fionn flath nur sloigh
Fherguis cìod do sgeul o 'n fhear mhòr?
Innis duinn gu beachd.
'S na ceil romhainn nà h-ainiochd.
- 14 Se mo sgeulsa o 'n fhear mhor,
Nach fhicarr leis gun choig ceud ur sloigh
Air mhoch mhaduinn a màirich,
Gu cath comhraig diobhalaich,
Gu ceann Ghoill, is da mhac Mhuirn,
Fhinn is Chribhinn 's Chori-Chorn,
Gu ceann Chlonnairt : na Muirne uile
Gu 'n dìtheachadh mar aon duine,
Cormaic Mac Airt agus Fionn,
'S na tha beo do dh' fhearibh Eirinn,
O thuinn gu tuinn fhaotainn
Dhomsa fo 'n aon chuinge,
Labhair Conon mac Muirn mor,
Leigibh mise chuige sa cheud doigh
Gu sgarainn an ceann ud de,
Air a cheann diomsa air a cheann desa,
Beir a mholach !—a Chonoin mhaoil!
So an onoir nach fhaidh thu chaidh,
Cia fath gu 'n coisgeadh tu Conn
Fhuirbidh⁶ Oscar na mor lom.
- 15 Ghluaisidh Conon le mbi-cheil,
'N aghaidh na Feinn gu leir,
'N aghaidh Choinn bhualadh bhrais,
Gu car tuasaideach aimb leis,
Dar chunnaic an laoch bu chaoin a dealbh,
Coinean dol an seallh uan arm
Thug e sidheadh do 'n fhear,
Is ghabh e teicheadh a choin fhalbhaidh.
Ach 's lionmhor scread is iolach cruaidh.
Bha a'g Conoin ri aon uair,
Bu luath e na tuirn tuile teachd,
'S an Fheinn uile ga choimhead,
Bu lionmhor enapain agus meall.
Bha 'g eiridh suas air a dhroch ceann,
Air maoile Choinnean gu reamhar.
Na coig enoil sa 'n aon cheangail,
- Bheannachd aig an laimh shin iut.
Labhair Fionn flath na Fiann,
Gu na turus gun cìridh dhuit,
Choinnean dhona mhi cheillidh.
- 16 Ach chuir sinn ur coig ceud a mach,
Gu mear meannarach moralach
Cha an laoch ud trompa gun ghrainn,
Mar sheobhag dol troimh altan mhin eun,
Is mas tionndadh tu barr a bhois
Bu lionmhor leth-laime agus cos,
Bu lionmhor colluinn bha gun cheann,
Nan coimlean marbh air 'n aon lamh,
Coig ceud eile cìod bhiodh iad ann,
Bhiodh iad marbh air 'n aon bhonn,
Ghluais sinn seachd fichead fear mór,
Ionnas ga 'n d' thainig an diobhal oirne
Chaidh e trompa mar mhaoil muileann,
Bu luath e na rotha gall mhuleann
Thuit na seachd fichead fear mor
Ionnas ga 'n d' thainig an diobhal oirne,
Far an d' rinn an Fheinn an gair cruaidh,
Bhi dìtheachadh ur mor shluagh,
Fhir nach d' aitheachadh cablain riannh
Air thapiachd 's air mhor ghniomh,
Mhiann suile gach borr :⁷
Is phrionnsa gach teugbhoill,
Nach fhaic thu Conn 's e maoitheadh ortsa,
Ghoill churaidh gach namhaid,
Nach cuiradh tu an ceann ud de gu fearal
Mar chuir thu de athair roimhe,
Dheanainn sin dhuits' Fhian.
'Bhriathraibh nan ceol bhinn,
- 17 Na 'n cuireamaid gach fearg is fuil air chul,
'S gu 'm bidheamaid uile de 'n aon runn,
Dar bha Goll na chullaidh chruaidh'cht,
Am fianuis fhlaithaibh is a mhor shluagh
Bha geal dearg an gruise an fhir,
'S bha shealladh garg an tús gach iorghuill
Shin an da churadh bu mhor eith⁸
Chuirte leo tulach air ball-chrith,
Le an ceumibh b' fhearrail lian,
An Fheinn uile ga 'n coimhead
Bha cith fala chruinn chorp,
De las-fhaobhar nan arm nochd
Ann bail eul nan sgairtibh gu ard.
Is e dol sìos do 'n iarmailt.
Latha is aon trath deug.
Bha na laoch ud nan sgainnir dheirg
Ach na thuit le Goll nam beum
Conn mor air cheart 's air eigin,
Sin an gair aoibhinn thug an Fheinn
Mar nach d' thug fos droigh a riannh
Bhi faicinn Ghoill chruadhant.
An uachdair air Conn treun.
Is fuasgladh Chonain a càs.
'Eideadh cuir lannan na mi ghrais,
Seachd ràithean do Gholl an aigh
Gu 'leigheas ach am bi e slàn,
'G eisdeachd ciul a dh' oidheh sa lò
I! pronnadh òr fo thromh dhainh.
Sin mo sgeulsa air Conn mhic an Deirg.
Thainig thugain fo throm fheirg
Do dhìoladh bàs athair gun fheallsa,
Oirbhe mhaithibh fir Eirinn.

(Cia fad an duan ruigear a cheann gnath
fhocal.)

Crioche.⁹

⁷ Borr, a bully, a noble, a prince. Borr also means a court, such as that of a King.

⁸ Cith, ardour; *Cith-fala*, a shower of blood. *Cith fala chruinn chorp* is a rare, yet most elegant and descriptive, term for any liquid falling in frequent and heavy drops. *Cruinn chorp*, round bodied, spherical. *Cith* contains the idea of the falling shower with all its ordinary accompaniments. The Poet, as if this were not enough, tells that the shower of blood was *cruinn chorp*.

⁹ The annotations are the Collector's.

⁴ Fingal's pledge of fidelity. *Tairis*, trustworthiness.

⁵ Proud and sportive.

⁶ Fuirbith, in derision, ironically, You who are so strong as Oscar.

X. 9. BAS CHUINN. Extracts.

Copied by Malcolm Maephail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh, February 7, 1872. 106 lines. Orally collected in Tiree, 1857, by Mr. Cumming, from a man locally known as Alisier Mor. He learned it from a man who went to America afterwards. Of this version I print Mr. Cumming's Gaelic Argument and lines which vary from other versions, or are not written elsewhere. Lines in this MS. are not numbered.

Mas fhior beul-aris chomhmuich Conn san Eilean Mhuil-each an deigh bàs athair, a mharbhadh an Eirinn. Air do Chonn thiginn gu lan neart ruinnich e bas athair a dhioladh. Ruig e Eirinn chum na crìch so. 'S cha robh duine sheasamh roimh. Chuireadh teachdar do dh' Albain os iosal an riochd deirceach a dh' fhaicinn an robh doigh ann air an fèndta buaidh fhaotain air Conn. Thaing an teachdair Eirimeach gu ruig Mull gu tigh uathair Chuinn. Neach a dh' fharraid dhe na choigreach co e, is cia da da, is cìod a naigheadh a bh' aig.

Phreagair easan gun d' thainig e a Eirinn, gum bu deirceach e, 's nach robh naigheadh aig ach gun d' thugadh buaidh air Conn-Mac an Deirg. Eu-comasach ars ma-thair Chuinn, oir nan cumtadh fion dearg is mnathan o Chonn cha neil an Eirinn na dh' gheabhadh buaidh air. Mar so fhuair na h-Eirinnich mach an doigh an claidheadh iad Conn; oir thug an teachdair dhachaidh air; air ball chuireadh meadhonach claidh Chuinn ri sghaidh is an deigh sin chaill e bhuadhan do chionnsuichte.

- 1 Co dhiu is mo Conn no 'n Dearg mor ?
No Oiscean nam briathraibh binne bheil;
No 'n ionnan dealbh agus dreach,
- 4 Dha fein 's do 'n Deargum mheannach.
Chuir e 'dha shleagh air a sgàth,
Teughbhoileachd na mor lochd;
'S a chaitheamh air sgath laoiach,
- 8 Gun eagal aimbreat.
Eiric m' athair a b' aill leam,
O uilsean uile na h-Eirinn;
Ceann Chonain 's dha mbic Ghuill,
- 12 Ghuill is Chonain is Chormaic.
Is na bheil beo do mhaithibh Eirinn,
No Eirinn o thuinn gu tuinn,
'Gheileachdan do m' aon chuim,
- 16 No enig ceud fear mor chair so
A chomhrag ri m' fhear-dioladhais maireach,
Sin mar labhair Coirliomhan,
Leagaibh mis' do ionnsuidh;
- 20 'S gun d' thugainn an ceann de,
Thubhairt Fionn.
Heisd thusa Choirliomhan,
Na bi tighinn air comhadh cho cli sin;
Cha cheannsaichean e gun fhoill,
- 24 Le da thrìan 's na bheil an Eirinn.
Bu lionmhoir sin a chluinnt ann,
Pluc is garbh mheall,
Glaodh is iolach ard,
- 28 Ann am beul Chonain
Cuim an deannuis' sin ruit Fhinn,
Fhìr nam briathraibh binne bheil,
'S gur fhein a thuit clann a Morla a mhor theachd,
- 32 Thigeamaid is suitheamaid a dh' aon ruinn,
'S cuireamaid fuath is folach air chul,
It chuireannsa mo Threun a leat,
A rìgh na Feinn gar comhadh,
- 36 Nuair bha Goll dol an cula chomhraig
A nuair sin am fianais a mhòr shloigh,
Chuir e sgiath bhucadeach,
Bhacadeach air a laimh chlì
- 40 Slacan cruadhach curanata,
Claidheamh na laimh dheis,
Fhàit mhor mhaiseach fhearail ghrian,
Iuthair gharbh eibhinn,
- 44 Gruadh corrach mar iuthair chaon,
Fo rosg na mala cuma chaol,
Air an seoladh ann an caol blicortan corrach,
Is e ri cuimhneachadh na mor oile,
- 48 Sin dar thoisich an da laoch bu gharbh sgiath,
Chuireadh an talamh air balla chrìth,
Ri sgoltadh na sgeana sgiathach,
Is sgoltadh na sgiathibh sgealbach,

- 52 Rì doirtcadh na fola moir,
Fo lamhan ùnachdach a cheile,
Gus an d' thainig an oidheche,
'S 'n d' thainig sìthichean nach as na cuic,
- 56 Gabhail iognadh is mor aithir.

B. 6. AN DEARG MAC DRUIBHÉIL. 1690.

Copied June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from Rev. Donald Mac Intosh's Transcript of E. Mac Lean's Manuscript, p. 169, and fol. iii, or p. 31, Book II. of MS. 1690. The original, written at Ardenail, in Argyll, is in the 'Irish' character.

This Poem ought to be placed first, as the oldest bit of the Story of Dearg. I only got the copy July 8, so it is placed here.

The note copied with this poem is curious, there is not a line of Mac Pherson's Gaelic Ossian in this composition which is quoted to prove 'authenticity.' It is an epitome of the usual Arguments: 'Because these Heroic Ballads were current, an epic poem, which differs from them, in every respect, is authentic; and they are spurious, corrupt editions of the Epic, of which there is no trace outside of the printed books.'

'... I AM happy to add, that Mr. Kennedy's ignorance will turn out rather favourable than otherwise for Ossian's authenticity in the part of the proofs which respects the transmission of his Poems to our times. This will appear from the curious circumstance I am now to mention.

'I have collated the Poem in Kennedy's called 'Bas Dhearg' (page 32 of his MS.) with a Poem 'Dearg Mac Druibheil,' transcribed by Mr. Mac Intosh from a MS. of Major Mac Lachlan, written, in 1690, by Ewen Mac Lean, who copied it from an older MS. The Poems are the same in substance, and correspond astonishingly as to measure and expressions, many lines are precisely the same in both. This coincidence is the more striking because the old copy is in the Irish dialect and Mr. Kennedy's in our vernacular Gaelic. The Poem, too, has every claim to antiquity which internal evidence can yield ...'

Letter from Rev. James Mac Donald, Minister of Anstruther, dated January 3, 1803, to Mr. Lewis Gordon, Depute Sec., H. S., Edinburgh.—D. C. M., July 3, 1872.

DEARG MAC DRUIBHÉIL.

- 1 TREIS ar caithrem an fhir mhoir
Do thanic an oir fa deaghabhail
An tren fhear a bhì lan do ghoil
An Dearg dana mac Draobhill
- 2 Briathra go thug an laoch lan
Seall far thrial se ar sall
Nach geibhladh gun gheille leis
O gach Feinidh da fheabhas
- 3 Gus na Fianuibh bèarr goil
Triallas a Dearg mac Draobhill
Onoir o thir na fear Fionn
Ga crìochadh oirar Fian Eirionn
- 4 'N uair thanic an laoch lan
Ar animearmist comhan
Gabbas an Dearg dead gheal cuan
Go Bein Eadin mor shluagh
- 5 Dias noch ar chumhail dail
Chaidh choimhead an chuan cobhar ban
Feidh na roid' geal mhac Fhinn
Agus an Caol crodha mac Chreamuinn
- 6 Sin dias rach ar coimhead cuain
Ach tuitim na seairum suain
No ghabh bare an fhir mhoir
Caladh is trachd naimhidh
- 7 Leimidh an Dearg bu mhaith dreach
Ar tir do chranuibh a chroiseach
Tharuing e a bharc bu maith snas
Ar an trachd gheall ghainmhidh
- 8 Folt fionbuidh mar or cèrd
Os eion amhach in gruaidh 'n Dearg
Da dreach gormshuil gar gloinn
Bu ghlan gnuis a mhuilidh

¹ Swift, gloss, in MS.

- 9 Da leccion remor chatha²
An laimh mhic an athar fhilatha
Sgiath oir ar aghuallan chli
Ag mac uasal an ard ri
- 10 Lann nimhe le leadart corp
Agan laoch gan eagla comhruc
Mhian chumhluigh chlochara chor
Fan mhlidh fochar suil ghorm
- 11 Geall gaisgadh an an domhan toir
Ar mhead ar neart ar dheilbh
Air chomhrac cheart ar cheduibh
- 12 Eirghus Reidh na roid mac Fhinn
Agus an Caol erodha mac creabhinn
Do ghlacadar an airm nan dorn
Is reathadur na chomhdhail
- 13 Tabhar sgela duin a fhir mhoir
Os ornin ata coimhead an chuan
Da mhac ri gu sar bhuaidh sinu
D Fiannaibh lan naisle Eirionn
- 14 Crioche as an tlanic me anois
- 15 Is me an Dearg mhic ri na bFionn
Ag teachd do dhiarmuidh ardriabhach Eirionn
Labhrus rer unaghaidh mbire
Go dian leis an Dearg mac Draoihbhil
- 16 Nì bfuaidh tusa a laoiach lan
Urram no geill feraibh Fail
Cia maith siese a dhias laoch
Canus formud agus fiach
- 17 Cia bhacas diom a gabhail
Da nairisid duit gach flath
A Dheirg mhoir mhic an ard fhilatha
Gur biomadh an Teamhrae laochlann
- 18 Neaoch a gheibhadh leat comhlan
Ca bfuil aon reach diobh a nois
(Os maithrionn an Dearg mac Draoihbhil)
Gu bfechmiste ar a cheile
- 19 Ar bhac agus ar naimhreite
- 20 Dar mo bhriathar giodh pro libh
Do radh an Caol erodha mac Creirinn
Rachia me do chlaioithsi a nois
A laoiach iad a thanic thairis
- 21 Air chaol erodha bu mhaith dreach
Leimns in Dearg dasachdach
Le feirg mhor is le fiacha
Mar gar bluail in trein laoch
- 22 Do fhogar an Dearg comhrac chruaidh
Gus an Chaol chrodha go mor unail
Thugadar an toran teath teann
Le sgoilte sgiath agus caura³
- 23 Gur beath iomghreis na deisi sin
Ausan ionmaigh do bhi e eatora
No gur cheangla san rolan roth
An Caol erodha san g Comhlann
- 24 Eirghus Re na road Mac Fhinn
Tareis an Chaol Chrodh do chreachda
Mac Ri na Feinne gan tor
Ag coine an fhir mhoir sna chomhdhail
- 25 Gur biomdha geleas ansa gala
An san iorghrail mar leig thairis
No gur cheangla cruaidh an ceim
Re na rod na luath bheim
- 26 Maith an gnioimh dhuit san ghail
Uaitsi sinne aron do chreapill
Fuasgail ar cuimhraich a laochlan
Beir leat sin ad timchioll
- 27 Duasgail Dearg nan arm siach
Cuimhrich na deise deadh laoch
Is do ghabha bhriathar air gach fear
Nach togfadh airm na agbaidh.
- 28 Gluasadar an sin go Teamhradh
Dfhios Chormac sa mhor theaghluidh
Mac Draoihbhil na gear lann buaidh
Gu triath Teamhrach na ndeluidh.
- 29 Do eirghadar amach fir Theamhradh
Fir mhor dheagh croidhach dhealbhaich
Gur biomadh fear duin bhruit sroil
Attiomchiol Chormac na geodach
- 30 Labhrus triath Theamhra gan onn
Snidh a chliair chalma chuirinn
Nì huarfiche diobh meirg aon fhir
Nach togadh airm na agbaidh
- 31 Suidhis treinfhir Iunis Fail
Greis ar cheil an chomhdhail
Le teachd chuga dho go dana
Fear foistnach fìor mhalla
- 32 Se teachd ausna naidbinh dho
Do mac Draoihbhil na mor ghleo
Don og innlta chuimsach
Leagadar an rod re shoilsach
- 33 Beannidhs an Dearg da ghloir bhinn
Do thriath Teamhrach go haobhin
Is do fhreagair an flath gun do dobruinn
Chathmhilidh na tren fhodhla
- 34 Le suidhe don Dearg noch ar thinn
Labhrus ar ri Eirionn
Brigh do thuris gu Teamhradh
Airis a laoiach mhoir mheannmadh
- 35 Gur be beachd mo thuras duit
A Mhic Art Ceuranta mhic Chormac
Treise na h-Eirionn gur bail leom
Dar neamh fis bheamena tiomchioll
- 36 Geilluid Eirionn ar muir
Giodh gur minic shaor siad treinfhir
Nì fritur sin fogur gu bruth
Eire tabhach le aon oglach
- 37 Ciodh nach ail leatsa chormic
Flathus a thabhart dum gan dobruinn
Comhrac ced do chlann curadh
Uaitse a mhic Art a Nulladh
- 38 Do churios me curaidh calma
Achlaioith anocgnuir Fhinn almhura
Thog ameirg noch ar tim
Le fearg moir do chum an chomhlain
- 39 Gur be comhras a mhic ri na bhfionn
An ced sin do thuitim na chomhlann
An da ched eile fa ghniomh do
Do chlaoidh an Dearg an enlo
- 40 Nuar chonarc Teamhra Dill
An Dearg ar deanamh na hurkaidh
Bhrosnuidh teachd go luath
Tar mac Cumhail na mor shluagh
- 41 Agus tanic chugan iarmarach
Mac Cumhail ga mor dhalach
Tri mile gaisgach geas glan
Nach fuar osadh no sgannill
- 42 Fleise oir fo chean gach fir
Do mhuintir Fhinn o h-Almhuin
Sgiath fhioldadh go hiomchar air
So Eairion sioda sigi sir shroil
- 43 Gath minic lan is luirach
Fa gach laoch og ard sugach
Inniol lasta ar gach fear fruioch
Deoibhtur ar gach laoch lan gheal
- 44 Le teachd anns na madhimh dhoimh
In t-sluagh curanta chumhluigh
Toghbhus an Dearg bu maith dreach
An pabil oirthuidh iollanach
- 45 Chuaidh fo Chormac an tim
Cur faile ar feinnibh o Ealmhuin
Fuar eluioite Mhio Murn na gercach
Pog is cureadh attighe Teamhradh
- 46 Ghluais mac Ri na bFionn
Asteach nain ansa pubill
Do thog tri chaog leis luidh
Fa mor an tabhur iomghrais.
- 47 Gluaisis Mac Cumhail theil
As teach uair ara chead leim
Agus beannuidhs se don Dearg
Don og aithelach fhionard

² Re mor chatha, gloss.³ Cabhara, gloss.

- 48 Beamugbus Fionn noch fhruiluing tar
Freagras an Dearg dreach dhana
Do gar cumha go laith liom
Ar mac Cumhail no comhlan
- 49 Cia math do lamhsa fhlir
Do raidh faith na Feinidh o Ealmhuin
Braighe na h-Eirion ni beiridhmise duit
A Dheirg le h-eagla do chomhruc
- 50 Mas thugamsa do thriall sibh
Aleachradh osleibhte Laighcan
Fear chomhrac ced ullamh sin
Uaitse a mhic Cumhail arm grinn
- 51 De chuiris no ched ansin
Do chlaoidh in Dearg dom mhuintir
Do chuiris mo dhorna mo choun mhic smoil
Do chuiris mo Chonn mac Chonan
- 52 Tuit mac Conan mhic aleigh
Thuit an dorn nach roibh go re
Is do mharbha le na laimh gun lochd
Gach ceda fear gu faobhar nochd
- 53 Nuar chonarc mac Cumhail fhléil
An dearg ur deananh na hurluidhe
De bhrosnaich se a chip chatha
Do chosg mic anathur fhlatha
- 54 Eiroghios Faolan le fearg mbor
Ghlac ameirg tsaoidhadrh shroil
Glacadar cumpara cheile
Tareis anuradh do Draibheil
- 55 No gur chlaoidhadrh leis an Dearg an
Faolan calma na ceamh chealg
A mhic morna nach meata
Chacon chrodheata calma
- 56 Coisg dlin comhlan an fhlir mhoir
A cheann ghaigeadh an mor shluagh
Deich ced naonnuighe fa thri
Uaimsi duit ar antard riogh
- 57 Agus is leat fein o shoin amach
Trian a cumha fa hedola
Cia gur fhogradh le teinnidh
Clanna Morna no morbhuaidh
- 58 Mo chumhnadh do bheirad duit
A Ri na Feinnadh go turtachd
Eirghus Goll nach ar fuilng tar
Na chulidh eiddh iomashlan
- 59 Chosg chomhlan an laoi lan
Mar bhrosnuidh na chomdhail
Tugus an Dearg do chlaoidh Ghuill
Na bairm uimhe do bhi agcoige
- 60 Thanic se go diomsach dana
Gi ciochrach anait teagmhala
Chumhleadar aboltanur re cheile
An dius dileanta deagh laoch
- 61 Re snoidlie chloigean is cheann
Liuidhe mac Draibheil is Iollan
Bheathadar mur sin fa gbreis
No go tugadar an mor theais
- 62 No gur thost fir Eiroinn nile
Le clos beimanach na hiorguile
Dith teine, dith cailce, dith cruaidh
Do bhi da sgatbuilbh san uair
- 63 Agus dith fola do nimhe
Bhi fo chriosanach na miliah
Beathadar comhrac tri lá
Far thursach mic agus mna.
- 64 No gur chlaoidhadrh an Dearg an
Le mac Morna na bemanadh
Do fuar Goll mar gheulla leis
O mhac Cumhail gan ainbhios
- 65 Gar bnidhach an flaitb go mbuadh
Do chomhrac Iollan arm ruadh
Luidhe bliadhna anathur Ghuill
Tareis comhrac an laoi lonn
- 66 Attigh Teamhradh gon fhios
Agus Feinidh mhic Morna da leighios
- 67 Do rin an Dearg dithchiol borb
Oruin le na moir cholg
Thuit ced dar muimtir na throd
Agus tre ched do mhuintir Chormaic
- 68 Is mi Fergus filie Fhionn
O gnuidh Feinie mhic Cumhail
O thrial on feroin ar tuin
Trian agaigidh ni airoisomh.

Finiid.

THE PRAISE OF GOLL, AND OF FIONN.

A. M. N. V. Y.

THESE two Poems are in short metre, and would fit a quick cheery tune. The first is attributed to Fionn's son, Fergus of the Sweet Mouth, the other to Fionn's son, Oisein.

Tradition places 'The Praise of Goll,' after the victory over Conn Mac an Deirg. The Poem is still remembered in fragments in the Isles.

'The Praise of Fionn' is forgotten. Oisein sings the praises of his Father; but his song is half a Lament to Padraig. After a reconciliation between the rival Tribes, family rejoicings came naturally, so these two are placed together. With them is M. 13, from Gillies. N. 7. Miss Brooke's Irish version, is at page 298, edit. 1789. Mr. Mac Lean has transcribed this. No Irish type is available. V. 14, is another version printed by Mac Callum. Y. 5, is at page 293, vol. iii. 'Popular Tales,' and was orally collected in Barra, before 1862.

A. 22. ZOELL. 141 lines.

A HOUDIR SO SEIS FARRIS FILLI.

- 1 ARD agne zwle,
Fer coggi finn
Leich loyyir loonn,
Owil ne timmi.
- 2 Seir anich soss,
Ser snaig heive
Murrich er sloyg,
Goole crowich keive
- 3 Mak mornyth marri,
Fa croith in goll
A clew fa schen,
Far geinnoll sen
- 4 Reith finnth fayl,
Ne timmi glor
Ne seywe a chail,
Leich eyre mor

- 5 Noor heyd a gayth,
Rayme flath feich
Ga meine a chness,
Ne in tass in neith

- 6 A waid ne i myn,
Oosi geagi torri
Say is glenny gen,
Eyddi ni skoll

- 7 Ooss barri benn,
Errir sen ryuu
Fa heggill lenn,
A hagri hecht rinn

- 8 Derrim rwt a inn,
Na drillis noonn
Di warr agli zwle,
Hagni gi tromm

- 9 Gin chur ra wath,
Si cath ne in doe
Inseich chayth,
Kinscleich sloe

- 10 A anich ne min,
Fullich in fer
Dossi ni skoll,
Ossil a zen

- 11 Wrrik a locg,
Torvirdych fayll
A throst cayth is boyn,
Foss flath a chayl

- 12 Dwn na olt,
A wrunni mir chelk
Wmlane mi chorp,
Lomlane da herk

- 13 Memnycht a weiss,
Dalweich a znwss
Ne elle re ooss gowle,
Ne chell ort a inn
- 14 Tress ni doon,
A zasga zrin
Flaaoil foss,
Daytholl a kness
- 15 Er zoole ne cless,
Ne slim cr hass
Broontych a zale,
Convych a royr
- 16 Ferriddi mein,
Melleddi moyr
Da rayth gi brayth,
Aw agis eich
- 17 Nawch ri cayth,
Lawch a leich
Claa chonis woyn,
Sonnis ni wayne
- 18 Monmurrycht coyn,
Illericht dane
Loyvin er aw,
Croyth na grewith
- 19 Loyvir a layve,
Royg ni reith
Sonnis ni rowd,
Sollis a zaid
- 20 Curris say layve,
Gych trayn da wayd
Boyn rowni a nir,
Boy corrik er
- 21 Leydwich a zolli,
Egni in sterr
Leich ewnych loonn,
Neawnych la lynn
- 22 Targissi goole,
Argissicht lynni
Leich arm mar,
Fargycht ra chin
- 23 Colg convych er,
Onchon cr zoll
Fer zalle ni gonn,
Royt zraw ni ban
- 24 Beith dawe gin non,
Di znua na zarr
La beowe rod,
A rot ne in tlaa
- 25 Meith ni grayth,
A zrayth fa blaa
Seyor a chrow,
Awzor a rath
- 26 Ne in tranith shrow,
Na reym in gayth
Math morn is dane,
Fa oryith a zoyl
Innoyr a zloyr,
Beith woyn a chrayn
- 27 Trayth mairi mer,
Fayle ferri a chorri
Gin tayr na zerr,
A zaille er forri
- 28 Mak teadis cheiwe,
Nach tregi dawe
Gin choggi reith,
Nar laggi a layve
- 29 Oowir a cholk,
Is borbe a zloa
Nor ertis arg,
Trane shelga zea
- 30 *A v^e coule zrinu,*
Coythwil ess gyle
See boynych di zoell,
Gin noa gin nawle

- 31 In ness rame lay,
A zuayu zoo
Werrin gin chelga,
Trayn selga zoo
- 32 Ni twlli a ann,
Far nass i gor
Graw tenni inn,
Trane chon a zooll
- 33 Treg heich a zwle,
Be seichith ronn
Nad ray gin ving,
Trane feich fiun
- 34 Zoywidsi sinni,
Arriss a ayll
Is skeil mi zroyim,
Ne wor mi wane
- 35 Carri gin kelg,
Bail tanni derg
Anich si low,
A clow oss ard.
Ard agni zwl.

A. 23. FINN FLA RE NO VANE.
120 lines.

ACTOR HUJUS OSSANE M'FINN.

- 1 Sai la guss in dei
Oy nach vaga mai finn
Chanaka remi rai
Sai boo zar lyn
- 2 *Mak neyn oe heik*
Rce nyth wolych trom
Meddi is mo raith
Mo cheyl is mo chon
- 3 Fa filla fa flaa
Fa ree er girre
Finn fla re no vane
Fa treach er gych ter
- 4 Fa meille mor marre
Fa lowor er lerg
Fa shawok glan geith
Fa seith er gi carde
- 5 Fa hillanich carda
Fa markyth nor verve
Fa hollow cr zneith
Fa steith er gi scherm
- 6 Fa fer chart a wrail
Fa tawicht toye
Fa hynseith naige
Fa brathia er boye
- 7 Fa hai in techter ard
Er chalm is er keol
Fa dwlta nyn dawf
O zaik graig ni glar
- 8 A kness mir a galk
A zroie mir in ross
Bi zlan gorm a rosk
A holt myr in tor
- 9 Fa dwle dawf is doonna
Fa haryth nyn aw
Fa hollow cr znee
Fa meine ri mnawe
- 10 Fa hai meille mor
Mak mwra gi mygh
Bar lynyth nyn land
An cranua os gych ig
- 11 Fa saywar in rygh
A vodla mor zlass nyth
Din zort zar zewe
Terf nochia thra . . .
- 12 . . . brone bane
. . . er nyth tloye
Fa bi chroy cham
- 13 Fa chossnw in greit
Fa vanve ni bann
Gin dug in flath
Trechaid cath fa chann
- 14 *Er scattyth o zea*
MCowle nor chail
Id deir fa zoo
Ne closs goo na vail
- 15 Ner earne er nach
Zor air voo ynd
Cha royye ach re grane
Re reyv vass a chynn
- 16 *Neir aik pest in locht*
Na arrych in noef
Neryn nyn neve
Ner varve in ser soyye
- 17 Ne hynasse znere
A beine gin de bra
Ner ynasse voym trane
A voye si waa
- 18 Ach is olk id tam
In dei ind ni vane
Di quhy less in flath
Gi math wa na ze
- 19 Gin angnow in vor
Gin annith glan geith
Gin nor in mne ree
Is gin wre ni leich
- 20 Is tursych id tam
In dei chinni ni gaid
Is me in crann er creith
Is me keive er naik
- 21 Is me chuoo cheith
Is me in teach gin schrane
Achadane mi nor
Is me in toath gin treath
- 22 *Is me ossin m'fynn*
Er trane ym zneith
Nad be voa finn
Di bi lwu gi neith
- 23 Vii sliss er y hyg
M'Kowl gyn blygh
Vii ftyhit skae cliss
Er gi sliss deu sen
- 24 Kegit ymme oole
In dymchale mi ree
Kegit leich gin ymzwn
Syth gith ymme zeive
- 25 X^t pley bane
Na hallith re hoil
X^t urskir gorma
X^t corn in noor
- 26 Ach bi wath in traive
A wag finni ni vane
Gyn dochil gin drow
Gyn glw is gyn gley
- 27 Gyn talkis ind er
In err za ayne
Ag doler gi nae
Di weith cach za rar
- 28 *Finn flath in tloye*
Sothran er a lou
Re nyn wle aig
Roy zwnni ni ner zwlt
- 29 Ner zwlt finn ree nath
Ga bi veg a lynn
Char churre ass i heach
Nach zor danyth ann
- 30 Math in donna finn
Math in donna ai
Noch char helic nath
Lai zor helic sai.
Sai.

M. 13. AIR GOLL MAC MORN.

36 lines.

1 ARD aignidh Ghuill
Fear cogaidh Fhinn,
Laogh leoghar-lonn,
Fulangach, nach tiom,

2 Laogh fionn, fial,
A 's mìle glòir;
Nì 'n saobh a chiall,
Laogh aobhaidh mòr.

3 A mhèine mèin,
'Sa sgòimh gun chroin,
'S e 's gloine gean,
Oide nan sgòil.

4 Nì bheil rìgh os Goll;
Nì 'n ceil ort, Fhinn:
Treise na 'n tonn,
Air ghaigse grunn,

5 Leòghan air àgh,
Cròdha 'na ghnìomh,
Ncartmhor a làmh,
Rogha nan rìgh:

6 Cliath chòmhraig bhuan
Do shonas nam Fhinn,
Mordhalach sluaigh,
Iorghuileach dian:

7 Buan rùn an fhir,
Buaidh chòmhraig air,
Leunnach a ghoil,
Euchdach a stair.

8 Fear deud-gheal caomh,
Nach tréig a dhàimh;
'An cogadh rìgh
Nì 'n lag làmh;

9 Proinnteach a ghàir,
Confhach a threoir;
Fiùranda mìn,
Mileanta mòr.

N. 7. ROSG GHOILL MAC MORN.

Copied and divided by Hector Mac Lean, June 21, 1872. From Miss Brooke's Irish Collection.

1 ARD aigheach Goll,
Fear cogaidh Finn.
Laogh leabhair lonn.
Foghail nach tim,

2 Goll cruthach caomh.
Saor, eieach suadh.
Saorsnasidhach athaobh,
Maraighe na sluagh.

3 Mac Morna mear
Fa cròdha aghal;
A chliu fa sean,
Fear seimeamhuil sin.

4 Laogh feinnidhe fial,
Is gile glòir;
Nì saobh a chiall,
Laogh àobhdha mór.

5 Nì tais do ní,
Mar théid accath;
Réim flatha faoi;
Ce mìn a chneas.

6 A mhéin ni mion,
Sa sgóimh gan ghron;
Is se 's gloine dhíor
Oide na Sgol.

7 Nìor lag a làmh,
Fear déidgheal caomh;
Nach theigean Dáimh
A cogadh riamh.

8 Os barraibh beann,
Iarras ort roinn;
Sa heagal linn,
A thagra riort Fhinn.

9 Ge trom a chliu,
'S maith Goll um nìdh;
Gidh mór ni tréith,
Sáith sluaigh do rìgh.

10 Caidreamh na ndámh,
Leadrach na slóigh;
Tonn fairge thrén,
Goll meannnach mór.

11 Budh heagal dhuit a Fhinn
Laogh cinnte ceart;
Fraoch mhílte a ncart
A deirim riort.

12 A Fhinn an fhuilte tais
Air Goll na bris;
A mheirge ní tais
Is maig thagmhus ris.

13 Flaith gan fheall;
Gráin chéad ar Gholl;
Air mhéad ar theann,
A ceath ní tim.

14 A deirim riort a Fhinn,
Comhail is geall;
Sith bhuan do Gholl
Gan fhuath, gan fheall.

15 Haigneachd go trom.
A deirim riort a Fhinn,
Na ndrithlis ndonn;
Bí ar eagla Ghuill.

16 Ge buan re maith,
A ceath ní dóigh;
Ionnsaightheach ágh,
Cionscalach slóigh.

17 Uasal a ghean,
A eieach ní mion;
Fuilteach an fear,
Duasa na sgol.

18 Oirdheirceach re sluaigh,
Toirbheartach trén;
Cosg catha is buan,
Fós flath e.

19 As fial lomlán da sheire,
Doime ina fholt;
A bhrúinne mar chaile,
Lomlan a chorp.

20 Eire fa chíos
Budh cóir dha chúis;
Is meannnach bhíos
Is dealbhadh a ghúis.

21 An gaisgidheach grunn
Ní bhfuil ní os Goll;
Ní cheilim ort Fhinn,
Is treise e na tonn.

22 Flaithcamhuil a fhós,
Daitcamhuil a chneas;
Ar Goll na clis
Ní slim a ttrcas.

23 Mileata mór,
Bronntach a dháil;
Confadhach a threoir,
A fhearg go brut ágh.

24 Agus fíoch a bhuannachd ar
chádh,
Lámhachadh laoch;
Rogha na riogh
Leomhan ar ágh.

25 Cródha na ghníomh,
Leabhar a lámh;
Cleath chonus bhuan,
Sonas na bhfian.

26 Mórdhálach, caoin;
Iorghalach dian;
Eigheach astair,
Buan rùn an fhir.

27 Buaidh comhlann air,
Leidmheach, aghail;
Sonas na rod.
Solais a dhead.

28 Cuiridh se lean
Air gach tréan da mhéad;
Do ghnáth na ghar
Organ na ceon.

29 Ro ghrádh na mban,
Bíon dáimh mar sin;
Flaith leasgach caoimh,
Flathechleach úr.

30 Fear clise saor,
Fear bris múr;
Na ccaoiseach ecòrr,
Leathan a lann.

31 Cathar Goll,
Rithaoiseach teann;
Treig thfíoch a Ghuill,
Bí siódhda rinn.

32 Re do réidh gan mheirg,
Trián fíodhaidh o Fhionn
Ní fuar mo mhéin,
Tréighimse ní fíoch.

33 Díth a Fhearguis fhéil,
Do gnuir mo ghruairn;
A chara gan choilg,
A bhéal tana dearg.

34 A eieach ar lúth,
Do chliu os áird

THE STORY OF LIUR.

I know only two versions of this ballad, both written by Kennedy. He tells the story in his quaint English Arguments. Four different Yarns here join:—1st, the General History of the Finne; 2nd, the Blood-feud of Fearagin or Erragon and the Norse Wars; 3rd, the Blood-feud of Goll and Fionn; 4th, the Story of Liur, whose son eloped with the wife of Erragon. Dr. Smith had Kennedy's first copy, and quotes a stanza (page 268, Gaelic, 1787, 'Sean Dana') of a similar ballad. He introduces Dan 'Linghair' in his poem of 'Conn.' The translation is at page 306, Engl. edit. 1780, 'Cuthon, the son of Dargo.' Mac Pherson's Caledonian Fingal is instead of 'Fionn';

'Selma' is instead of Teamhra or Almhain; and Conn Mac an Deirg is named anew like Liur. Possibly Shakspeare's 'King Lear' may be the same person. A mythical Manx king, Lir, often appears in Irish tales.

H. 20. HOW LIUR MADE PEACE BETWEEN FINGAL AND GOLL. 128 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 73. Advocates' Library, December 5, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Dublin, December 9, 1871. Not known to Hennessey at all.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DISPUTE rose betwixt Fingal and Goll one day till they cast out. Goll went away to gather his army, and to get assistance from other Kings to give battle to Fingal. Fingal then went to an intimate friend named Liur, who was a King, to get his assistance; and when the time of battle came Liur made a peace between them. Liur before he died was beging from house to house, he happen to come where Fingal was hunting one day, then he recomences him all the kindnesses ever he had done to him, got him his Lands and all things which he had before.

DAN 9.

- 1 LATHA chuaidh Fionn do thigh Linir,
Le aon fhlichead déug fear gu fíor;
'S bu cheannard trí naomair fear feachd,
An t-aon fhear bu táire dhinn.
- 2 Shuidh bean Liuir air gualain Fhinn,
Shuidh Fionn air le' ghuallain Liuir;
Shuidh Rígh Arta na re Aogh,
Aogh Mac Garabh a ghnúis ghíl.
- 3 Shuidh Conclair is Cormaic cruinn,
Na re Aogh a b' áille bian;
'So sin a' ris a mach,
Shuidh gach neach bh' ann air am biadh.
- 4 Bha cruitcan da shúinn san teach,
'S dáin da ghabhail gu ceart chóir;
Bha bodha druinais air gach clár,
A deanadh gairdeachas is céol.
- 5 Mar sin dhuinne caitheamh tím,
'S gu bu bhinn leam féin ar dóidh;
Gu 'n easbluigh air mil no air fíon,
No air sídhlaireadh is céol.
- 6 Mar sin bha gu la roi' n dáil,
Gu subhach, samhach gu 'n bhrón;
Gus an d' ainig mor shluabh Ghuill,
'N 'ar fradharc air tuinn d' ar cóir.
- 7 'S ann an sin air labhair Fionn,
'Chi mi ní is an ait leam;
Chi mi thall ud cabhlach Ghuill,
Seóladh a nall gu Drim feann.'
- 8 'Is chi mi bhratach gu b-árd,
An gathaibh chrann thair Drim blagh;
'Sa chomraic ud as mo oheann,
Nach raibh mi ann coí' leon sleagh,
- 9 'Comhairle Cailleich cluain,
Comhairle chruaidh dhúinn gu beachd;
Gach neach tha sibh eolach gu gniomh,
Deongidh sibh trí air an fhear.'
- 10 'Sann an sin a labhair Liur,
Tha comain agam air Goll;
'S ma sa cumbain leis an fhear,
Bu ro aithridh mi air fonn.'
- 11 'N sin ghluais Liur an co'-ail Ghuill,
Triuir air cachamh is e féin;
Is bheannaich e gu bhinn dho',
Mar a nochda glóir mo sgéil.
- 12 'Gu beannaich an t-agh thu Ghuill,
Fhír is fearr a' ta fuilbh 'n ghréin;
Fhír is fhearr comain is coir,
'S fhearr thu gu mór na mí féin.
- 13 'An eumhain leat la an eich bhric?
Air fraochan os cionn Tom eliar;
Thug mise dhuit an t-each glas,
Bheireadh tu gu bras do 'n t-slabh.'
- 14 O 'n rinn thusa sin a Liuir,
Fír is fhóilidh tha fuilbh 'n ghréin;
Ma tha t-athechninge a bhos,
Eirich agus gheibh gu réidh.'
- 15 'Oighe do bha 'm thigh an róir,
Fionn Mac Chuthaill tóibh mar thuinn;
Thu da leigail slán thair slabh,
O 'n tharladh mo bhia 'na bhróinn.'

Dh' ordaich a bhean chomhairlachidh bh' aig, Liur,
do dhaoine Fionn fear a dhól mu chomhair triuir

do dhaoine Ghuill o na bha iad cho lionmhor;
Mharbhadh each Ghuill latha, agus mhairbhte e
fein mar an ceudna, mar a d' thuga Liur an
t-each glas dha.

- 16 'Imichaihbha air ar 'n ais,
A shluabh bras o Inne freóine;
'S mar ghabhsa an t-anam 'n ar corp,
No briseadh focal mo bheóil.'
- 17 Ghluais sinn uile do thigh Linir,
Is fhuair sinn ann mil is fíon;
Ge d' tha e 'n díu na fhasach fuar,
Bha e uair a b' áros Rígh.
- 18 Do chunnaig mise tigh Liuir,
'S bu lionmhor ann mil is fíon;
'S chunnaig mi na dheidh sin,
Liur 's a bhean fhail fuilbh dhí.
- 19 'S chunnaig mi na dheidh sin,
Gu 'n speis dhí aig fear no mnaoi;
Aig imeachd o thigh gu tigh,
Dh' fhencch cá 'n tigh a b' fhearr dha mhaoín.
- 20 Latha do bha Fionn a sealg,
Le Fheinn chalma aig Beinn luire;
Co chunnaig fad o lamb,
Ach an t-árd Rígh d' a b' ainm Liur,
- 21 Dh' imich gu grad na dháil,
Le gean agus gradh is subh;
'S cho d' leig e neach leis do chach,
Cham 's nach cuirte náir air Liur.
- 22 Se do bheatha féin a Liur,
Fhír a chomain ghasa ghriinn;
Fhuair mi moran do' d chuid,
'S cho d' iarr thu dadam da chionn.
- 23 Thug thu dhamh 's ta d' shuidh ag ól,
Aon fhlichead déug bo le 'n laoidh;
Is baorthan an cois gach bó,
Air Fraoch os ceann Drim caol.
- 24 Thug thu dhamh naoi fíchead each,
Gu 'm iomeachair a cás claoil;
'S aon fhlichead déug fuil 'm beairt,
Da 'm thabhairt gu tráidh steach thair tuinn.
- 25 'Thug thu sin dham gu 'n bhréng,
Gu 'n éura' gu fóilidh cóir;
Gu 'n luach no díoleadh da cheann,
Fhír is eóilidh caint is glóir.'
- 26 'Cho mhise féin anois Liur,
Ors am fear a bu mhór íochd;
B' fhearr leam bás fuilang am theach,
No gu 'n gaibhte mí na riochd.'
- 27 'Gu deimhin 's tu féin 'nois Liur,
Ors 'm fear a b' áille bian;
'S air an ádhbhar sin gheibh thu,
Coí' dhíoleadh a d' úir gu fíal.'
- 28 'Bheir mi dhuit bó air a bhó,
Bheir mi dhuit each air an each;
'S bheir mi dhuit lóing air an lóing,
Da d' thabhairt gu tráidh tuinn a steach.'
- 29 'Fuasglaidh mí dhuit d' fhearrann saor,
O gach aon lán laoch d' am bheil;
Ní mí thu a d' thoeach lán,
'S cuiridh mí thu slán gu d' theach.'
- 30 Choí' lion e dha sin mar ráibh,
'N tra' chaith iad sea laith a cluich;
Chuir e da thigh e mar gheall,
Is céad calm d' a dhíon o uile.'
- 31 'Sin agaibh iomlaid an da Rígh,
Mar dh' íochd iad caomhneas da chéil;
Bu sheirceil, caomhannach, cóir,
Gu 'n an-íochd no gó iad féin.
- 32 'Míle beannachd dhuit gach ré,
'Oisinn fhóilidh binn glóir;
Air son an sgeoil co mai' blagh,
'S a dh' aithris thu dham re 'm bheó.

I. 15. KING LEAR.—A POEM. 124 lines. Extracts, Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 44. Advocates' Library, April 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL and Gaul had disputed upon a certain topic, as they had frequently had wrangled for several rights and privileges Gaul had formerly held when supreme King of Clan Moirne. Gaul went to levy an army among his Friends and Allies to Inis-froon to re-enforce himself and give battle to Fingal. Fingal went to Lear a petty King in Ireland, upon whose aid he depended if Gaul was to surprise him, by whom Fingal and his army are entertained very hospitably. Gaul arrived with a powerful army to engage Fingal, upon which the amicable and courteous Lear marched with three attendants to meet Gaul, who he reconciles with Fingal by his affability and easy address, and invites him to his hospitable Hall, where he makes up amity and good friendship between the two Clans. Lear in his old days was reduced into a state of indigency, whether by the tyranny of the usurping Kings of Ireland or by the brutal force of the Danes is hard to determine. However, it is clear that he was reduced to poverty, and beg'd his livelihood from one place to another, and happened to come to Fingal in disguise who knew him, replaced him in his regal authority and all the properties which he formerly possessed, and requited him all former favours done him, which had been many and great. We can find no instances in any History that can excel that of the hospitable, generous, and benevolent Fingal requiting the noble, amicable, and charitable Lear all former favours done him with the greatest gratitude and tenderest sensation of love and compassion. The Poem begins with Fingal's arrival at Lear's splendid Hall, wherein they are entertained with great decorum, plentifulness, and the Music of Eards and Harpers.

LIUR.

- 1 LE aon fhichead deng fear gu gnìomh ;
- 3 Lamh ri Aogh a b' aobhach fiadh ;
- 4 Bha cruinnean g' an seinn sam teach,
- 'S dain g' an gabhail, seach gu lo ;
- 'S blagh-bhinn druinneis air gach clàr,
- A deanadh gairdeachais is ceol.
- 6 Teach na feile, teach na baigh,
- 'M bu mhòr àbhachd nan ceud sloigh ;
- Gus an d' thainig cabhlach Ghuill,
- Am fiadharc air tuinn d' ar coir.
- 8 Is chi m' bratach an àigh,
- Ann gathaibh charran seach Druim-bhagh.
- 9 Comhairle Chormaic nam buadh,
- Comhairle chruaidh dhuinn gu beachd ;
- 15 Oigh do bha 'm thigh an raor, (aogh)
- 17 Ghluais iad uile do thigh Liuir,
- 19 Channaig m' feile nam fear,
- 20 Ach an t-Aghor d' am b' ainm Liur.
- 24 Gu 'm iomachar a cas Chuinn ;
- 'S aon fhichead deng Long fai' m beairt.
- 27 Ors an fear a b' aille 'n Fhiann,
- Gheibh thu 'n comain do dhean' ruin,
- Coi-dhioladh a d' reir gu fial.
- 29 Choi-lion mo Rìogh mar a gheall,
- Mo Rìogh gun fheall do Rì-Liur ;
- An fiontruinn dh' eicidh maraon,
- A bhean 'san laoch bu mhòr cur.
- 30 Chuiread ceud calma gu dhion,
- Gus an tir ann d' fhuair e iol ;
- B' eibhinn aithreach an Fhiann,
- A triall leis an Triath gu mhur.
- 31 'S e sin iomaid an da Rìogh,
- Mar dh' iochd iad einach na fèil ;
- Bu cheanail caomhanach, coir,
- Gunn an-ìochd na go am beus.

These mutual presents of Fingal and Lear may with propriety be compared to those of Solomon to Hiram, King of Tyre.—(Kennedy's note.)

THE LAY OF THE MAIDEN.

O'Donovan's Catalogue, 266.

II. 2. 17. Trinity College, Dublin.

'AN ancient romantic Fenian tale, Bas an Mhacain Mór Mic Rìgh Na Easpaig. He was killed, according to the story, by the Great Warrior Oscar, the grandson of Finn Mac Cumhail, in the reign of Cormac Mac ; but the whole story is purely legendary, but still worth attention, as it preserves some ancient Irish notions.' (Two leaves of small folio, vellum, bound up with part of the Book of Leacan.) It somewhere appears that this champion had a cat's head, and that Oscar's first exploit was this victory.

At least three metrical stories about distressed damsels are preserved :—

1. A Princess of Lochlann is pursued by Dearg, a Greek Warrior. They come to the Feinne while they are out hunting, and the end of the story is that Goll binds the mighty Greek.
2. The Princess of the Land under the Waves is pursued by Maighre Borb. They come by sea to the Feinne at Easruagh. Goll slays the pursuer, and the Lady lives with Fionn for a year as his wife.
3. A Princess of Greece is pursued by Illin or Iolun, Prince of Spain, to the mound on which the Feinne dwelt. The pursuer binds Fionn's younger sons, and slays the Lady. Oscar, Fionn's grandson, slays the Spaniard ; Oisein tells the story to Padruig, and points to the graves.
4. This story first appeared in print in Mac Pherson's 'Fragments,' 1760, pp. 26 to 30. It begins thus :—

'Son of the noble Fingal,
Oscian, Prince of men !
What tears run down the cheeks of age ?
What shades thy mighty soul ?

Memory, son of Alpin,
Memory wounds the aged.
Of former times are my thoughts ;
My thoughts are of the mighty Fingal.'

Mac Pherson's 'Oscian' then tells the story. The daughter of Cremor, Prince of Inverne, is pursued by Ullin. They come over sea to Fingal. The Pursuer binds his three sons, and slays the Lady. Oscar slays him. Oscian tells the story to the Son of Alpin, and points to the graves.

5. The story next appeared (P. 45, Fingal, Book 3, edit. 1762), as an episode in an Epic, transformed, and polished. 'Oscar I was young like thee when lovely Fainasolis came, that sunbeam, that mild light of love,' &c. The Lady, 'The Maid of Craca,' is pursued by 'Borbar ;' he slays the Lady ; Oscian slays him, and he tells the story to his son Oscar. Craca is supposed, in a foot-note, to be one of the Shetland Islands.

In the latest edition of Ossian's poems (1870, vol. I., p. 496) Mac Pherson's last version is printed as his translation from his Gaelic original ; but there is no Gaelic original for this episode.

I have got together more than 2,500 lines of versions of these ballads, of which the oldest was written about 1512, and the latest I wrote myself in Barra, in 1871, from the dictation of a man who cannot read. I suppose that Mac Pherson paraphrased a version, and that he worked it into his Fingal, together with similar paraphrases of genuine ballads, and his own imaginations. Readers may judge for themselves from the samples which follow. Of the first ballad, I have but one version ; of the second, and third I have many ; of the fourth and fifth, none. Here is a list :—

| | Lines | | Lines |
|--------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|-------|
| A. 18. Easruag . . . | 162 | D. 18. An Iovin . . . | 106 |
| D. 19. Eas Ruaidh . . . | 139 | D. 29. An Iomhuinn . . . | 32 |
| H. 19. Maighre Borb . . . | 124 | P. 18. Duan na h-Inghin . . . | 128 |
| I. 13. Maire Borb . . . | 128 | L. 2. Duan na h-Inghin . . . | 100 |
| M. 10. Cath, Rìgh Sorcha . . . | 136 | M. 9. Duan na h-Inghin . . . | 84 |
| N. 5. Maire Borb . . . | 164 | S. 2. Duan na h-Inghin . . . | 84 |
| S. 3. The Fall of Roya . . . | 104 | V. 11. Duan na h-Inghin . . . | 139 |
| | 553 | | 654 |

Of No. 1, 82 lines ; of 2, 953 ; of 3, 654 ; of fragments gathered by Dr. Mac Lauchlan, 288 ; of fragments gathered by myself, 418. Twenty-three versions, 2,395 lines. Versions, heard in 1870-1871, were not counted, but they were numerous.

P. 11. LAOIDH MAODH-CHABIR 'US CHAMAGICH. 82 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 69. Advocates' Library, Feb. 24, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

I HAVE NO other version of this ballad. It is written for repeating every half stanza, which manner of singing Heroic Ballads I heard in 1871.

THE Princess of Lochlann comes to the Feinne for protection. Her dress is described. She is followed by a personage who is not easy to explain. He seems to be a Greek, and his name is Dearg, Mac Na Deirga Däsniche. This name is applied to Deer in a legend, and Dearg's sister was transformed into a Hind, according to another. This warrior overthrew eleven hundred of Fionn's men, and was himself overthrown and bound by Goll, who held him to ransom.

- 1 LA gan rabh fiann alabinn,
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-o grianan,
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-na dälch,
Nach d' fuair Fionn riamh a lagidh,
- 2 Air maol fhionn chnoc ra dalich,
Na d' fhuair fionn riamh a lagadh
Dh' eirich fionn gu fauntachd
Gu h' ard os cionn na feinne,
- 3 Dh' eirich fionn, &c.
Sgaoladar na fhianuis,
Lüchd seilge gach a sleibha
- 4 Sgaolada, &c.
Man dug an lüchd seilge sin,
An athannan o cheila
- 5 Man dug, &c.
Chunnachdadar sna maoghannan,
Bean sa h-nidhe ro threun 'ar
- 6 Chunnachdadar, &c.
A Bhaobh fharsinn mhoralach
Tiogn thuginn mar mhnaoi mhalla.
- 7 A Bhaobh, &c.
Amhluidh 's do bha 'n og blean sin,
Bha orrase buaidh dealbha
- 8 Amhluidh, &c.
Brat do 'n t-sida bluidhe bha,
Mo nighean an t-seanga bheoin,
- 9 Brat do 'n,
Folt dualach donna thlath
Le ochd oireanna fheadha,
- 10 Folt
Brat do neaghuinn orlucht,
An in-chuino öir na braghid.
- 11 Brat
Air cheangal le h-ör dearg,
Sud nímpe sa Phadruig,
- 12 Air
Air an tulie fhod bhuidhe,
Eada rinn ga feuchin
- 13 Air an
Do dh' fiosruich fionn finla
Do Nionaig cas thanig
- 14 Do dh' fiosruich
O chathir na Sochai
Thainn ars an nionag
- 15 O chathir
'S nighean do dh' Ard Righ Lochlunn mi
Maodhchabir a b' ainm dhuine
- 16 'S Nighean 'n
Se 'n Righ a bha 'r an Inno
Gan d' rugadh mo mhathir
- 17 Se
Sann sa chabar Lochlunnach
A rugadh mi san oiche
- 18 Sann
Dhaoladh mi san fhearann
Us se Gealluch l' 'n air mo Bhrathir
- 19 Dhaoladh
Rugadh mi mar Bhanacheila
Don Dearg muinn mac an dreugrahuinn

- 20 Rugadh
An Dearg mor bha toibhenmach
Cha d' fhuair e toil mo mheanmnadh
- 21 An Dearg
Gan rabh an curi cath-mili
O 'n latha sin gan leanmhuinn
- 22 Gun rabh
Gum b' iomadh Tonn Thorr-hhuan
Fuidh sparradh an Deirg-Eibhinnich
- 23 Gum b' iomadh
Thiubhail mis an Domhan,
Agus m' aghair air gach aon neach
- 24 Thiubhail
Fear ghabhail mo chuimrichdäsa,
Cla d' fhuaras riamh a mbichd Cubhuill,
- 25 Fear
Ne cagal an Deirg mhoir-chuiseh
A theachd o Rìoghachd na Greiga,
- 26 Ne
Nach gabhainnsa do chuimric 's,
Arsa Fionn Flath na Feinne.
- 27 Nach
Gabhäsa Ghuill mo chuimricsa
A ghaoil a dh' fearubh Morna
- 28 Gabhäsa
O nach bheil nan chumhachdabh
Bhi n aghaigh au fhuir mhor achdannich
- 29 O nach
Cuirims an Ad-mbullich
Arsa Goll an lamh bu treina
- 30 Cuirims
Nach bhuil air an Domhan
Laoch a gheibha tu air eigin
- 31 Nach
Cha b' fhada fuin chuinnie sin
Do dh' fearamh Fiann Eirinn.
- 32 Cha
Nair chunnachdar a sonna mhili
A tign o 'n bheinn gu cheila
- 33 Nair
Mac na Deirga Däsniche
Nach facas riamh mhac samhla
- 34 Mac
Na chaoiribh dearg mar bharr-lasir
Tiogn thuginn gu dian dana
- 35 Na
Bha lann liobh ro-gharbh-mhor,
Aig an an Laoch an ceannu dearna,
- 36 Bha
Far fearibh na feorni
Maodhchabir sna bearnibh
- 37 Far
Deich ciad toisich Tuarasdil
'S ciad eila leis na bhuidhaidh
- 38 Deich
Mo leagadh an Deirg Mhorchuisich
Gum b' ann dar Feinn a chlaoidhadh
- 39 Mo
Nair mhothnich Goll gnìomhachdach
Fiannabh Fhinn gan leagadh
- 40 Nair
Dh' eirich e na fhior-theasamh
Mo iomachd mhic an Dreagmhuina
- 41 Dh' eirich
Dh' eirich an da chath-mhili
Gu bras an aigh'ch a cheila
- 42 Dh' eirich
Eidar an da ro-mhili
Gum b' ole an iognadh treina
- 43 Eidar
Sann le 'n casan morchuisach
A mhosgladh iad Trom talabhinn

- 44 Sann
Nochdadh an fhail ghrinnis leo
Del n innibh a cheila
- 45 Nachdadh
Bhiota forra forragharg
Na Laoich sin man cloit' ad
- 46 Bhiota
B' e deiridh an imarsgeilsa
Dimeas mhich an Dreugmuinn
- 47 B' e
Gun dug Goll leis ceangailt
Ann a fiadhnais fheara Morane,
- 48 Gun
Us Mile Marg o 'n Dearg
A thoirt a nall a Rioghachd na Greig
- 49 Us
Sud thoirt do Gholl geamlahor
Airson Dheing thoirt uaidh' air eigin.

A. 18. ESSROYG. 80 lines.

A HOUDLE SOO OSSEIN.

- 1 ANNIT doif skayle beg er finn,
Ne skayle nach currein soym
Er v'coule fay math golle,
Fa cowin sen rame ray
- 2 Di wamyn beggane sloyeg,
Ag *essroyg* nym uegginn mawle
Di ehemyn fa holta yr trae,
Currych mor is ben ann
- 3 Keigit leich zownych mane leich,
Fa math er gneicit er gych gart
Fir rar ness is marg a cheith,
Di gowmist er gi ter nert
- 4 Derrymir wlli gi dane,
Ach finn no wane is gowle
Dethow churrych fa hard keym
Wa na reym scoltyth nyn doun
- 5 Ne yarnyth tam in na techt
Gir zoywe calle si fort ynaa
Yth techt dey her in ness
Derre ass m'cayve mnaa
- 6 Gilli a darli no syth graanne,
Is ser mayne nossyth dalwee
In nynin hanyk in gane,
Di waymin feyn rompyth sorve
- 7 Heg thuggin gu pupaill finn,
Is banneis gi grin doyth
Reggir m'kowie na heiner,
In bannow beinn gin toyth
- 8 Darrit in reith fa math drach,
Gi hard di neyn dath zlan
Ca trawe as danith in wan,
Toywr skaylli gi gar rowne
- 9 Neyn may re heir fa hune,
Innosit gyth erwn my zayll
Ne elli trawe fa neyin grane
Nar caris feyn di leich feal
- 10 A reithyin hwlle gi royd
A neyn oyk is math dalwe
In tosga fa daneis an gane
Tawiris doyth pen gi darve
- 11 Mi chomryth ort mass tow finn,
Di rae run in makayve mna
Daywis towr loyryth is di loye
Gave mi chomre gi loyth tra
- 12 Derrich in reith fa math fiss
Sloneit a niss ca ter a hei
Goym rayd chomre a wen
Er gi far za will in greit
- 13 Tay la feich a techt er murri
Leich is math gol er mi lorga
Mak re na Sorchir is geire erme
Is do fa ann in *Dyr borb*
- 14 Di churris gessi ne chenn
Gi berre fin may er saylle
Is nach bein aggi mir wnee
Gar wath a ynee is awge
- 15 Di rayc osgir gi glor mir
Far sin di chosk gi reith
Gin gar for finn di yess,
Ne rach tow less mir wneith
- 16 Di chemyn techt her stead
Leich si wayd oss gi far
Sowle ni furga gi dane
Si nwle chadai zoyve a wen
- 17 Clokgit tenn toygne ma chenui
Far nar heme is bi tren
Skar yawwanych you er a zess
A drum lin cless era claa
- 18 Clawe tromte tortoyl nae gann
Gi tenn er teive in ir vor
A gymirt class assi chind
Is a techt in genn tloye
- 19 Za voneis zasz gi moya
A sessow in gawlow skay
Er nert er zask er zolle
Ne elle far mir achay
- 20 Naill flath is rosk reith
In kenn in ir fa keive crow
Math in noyth fa gall a zayd
Is loayth a stayd ne si srow
- 21 Tanik in stead sin in deir
Sin far nar weine riss in nayne
Kegit leich wemir ann
Zonyth ra hynsyth gar nar
- 22 Er eggill in ir is a heoyth
Ne royve leich zin gan zrane
- 23 Da twne mir hanik in deir
Darrit in reith fa math elu
In nathin tow feyn a wen
In na sud in fer a der tow
- 24 Haneym a v'coule a ynd
Is fowir linn a zi tane
Darg say miss wa less
Ga math di thress a inn ayll
- 25 Derre oskir agus Gowle
Bi worbe coskir lonn ni gath
Nane sessow in gar in tloye
Eddir in far mor si flath
- 26 Hanik in leich bi wath thacht
Le feich is lay nart no genn
Aggis foddeis woyn in wen
Di we gar a zolin inn
- 27 Tuk m'Morn in turchir dane
Gi croy na zey din tleyg
Nor anni in turchir nar lay
Za sky gin darny da wli
- 28 Di crath oskir fa mor ferg
A chrissi yerg za layve claa
Aggis marveis stayd in ir mor
In teaach a rinyth lai
- 29 Nor hut in stayd er in lerg
Zimpoo la ferg is la feich
Agis fokgris borbe in teme
Corik er in kegitt in leich
- 30 In tewe moe zinsyth fene is dian
Kegit leich nar heim no zall
Gar waat in tessow sid drost
Di zyle in gask la nyth lawe
- 31 Varrit da willi gi marri
Gi dane di gi far zew sin
De nemist wlli fa bur
Mir hu ac coryk fir
- 32 Chaywill tre nenor gi moy
Sin nirrill chroy solli di seur
Ga croy chaywill ni de cheill
Er gi eine dew sin a churr

- 33 Di zrwt gowle in nagni vir
Gu leddirt in ir in gor roit
Ga bea chewic eads in sin
Bì zarve in gell siu gløe
- 34 Horchir m'Morn la laive
M're nyth sorchir skaylle mor
Is margk trave in danik in ven
Fa hut in far in gar roit
- 35 Is er tttym in ir vor
In gar zi choyn croye in ceme
Di we neyn re heir fa hwne
Bleygin ac finn ansyth nane
- 36 Flann m'Morn croy in cass
Hor bass fa mor in teacht
Ne reive leich a danik as zeive
Gin a chneis lane di chreht
- 37 Mathirsyth feine by wath tlacht
Neach a wackyth reive neir er
In nis ass derri dym zaeith
Er inn is annit doth skayll.
Annit doth skayll.
- 38 Do zawe sea churre no o skay
Leith na thraa zor rove ann
Na gin dug ayr mor er ir wane
Is gin drank se a feyn fyynn.
- 39 Mir wee kegik leich garve
In daall in narm zo gi loor
Wemist gin choywir fa smach
Da goyvys woyu in cor
- 40 Di weit in glywe gin tocht
A clyyth chorp agus skay
Co math chorik pen a deiss
Ne aykyth reiss er mi ray
- 41 Eligir aggin ag in ess
Fer bi wath tressi is gneive
Curir fa wraith gi moyer
Fane oyr in nonor mi reith
- 42 Deyth bleyin zoolle in narm naye
In leith worb nar loyeth in reith
M'Morn fa deyiss laum
Gai leygriss ag finn ni fleygh.

D. 19. EASS RUADH.

Mac Nicol's Collection. 139 lines. Ossianic Ballad.
Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, February
27, 1872.

THIS is the same as A. 18. 'Mac Riogh na Sorch' is supposed to be the son of the King of Portugal. It is exceedingly curious to note the changes which have taken place in this ballad, written by the Dean of Lismore about 1512, and by the Minister of Lismore about 1755 to 70. Every line has changed, but so as to preserve something like the sound, and something nearly equivalent to the meaning of each line, and each quatrain. A few verses have been forgotten; one verse in the second version is not in the first. The Story and the Ballad continue the same in spite of the changes.

A better illustration of the power of tradition I never saw.—J.F.C.

- 1 LAITHIDH dhuinne beggan shuaidh,
Aig Eass Ruaidh nan Egin mall
Chuncas aig sheola air Lear,
Curach mor & Beann ann.
- 2 Sheisibh shinn uille gu dìon,
Moch Fionn nan Fiann & Goll;
Aig aibhric a Churich b' airde leim;
'S bean da reir a scoltadh Thonn.
- 3 Aithne eha dreim neach ach tost,
Gus 'n do ghaibh i Calla sa phort sheibh;
Shin nar dh' eirigh air an Eass,
Thanig as Macca Mnaoi.
- 4 B' ionninn dearsa dhith 's do 'n Gheirn,
'S bu thaoir a Mein ann 's gach Dealbh;
Inghin og thanig an Cein,
Beathemid fein roipe sòirbh.
- 5 Bheannaich I do phobul Fhinn,
Gun bheannaich I gu binn doibh;
Fhreagar Mac Cubhail na Fein,
Gu h-ubhail grunn dith 's gu foil.
- 6 Dh' fhairid an Rìodh bu mhath Fios,
Cia t-aird a nighin ghlan ur;
Nach innis u dhuinn a Bheann,
Cò 'n Treabh as an tainig tu.
- 7 'S Inghinn mi do Rìogh Fa-thuinn,
Dh' insin Shin dhuit ge Cruinn mo Dhail;
Nach h-eil Tir mu 'n do Dh' iath Griann,
Nach d' iarras thusa a Fhlath Phail.
- 8 Do bhrìgh do Thurish air gach Rod,
Inghin og as ro mhath dealbh;
An t-abhar mu 'n tainig tu 'n lein,
Nach tabhair thu fein du'n a Dhearbh;
- 9 Ort mo Choinirib mas tu Fionn,
Thoir dhaibh Linn a Mhacca Mhnaì;
Do bhrìgh Furluinn is do Bhuidh,
Glac mo Choinirib gu luath tradh.
- 10 Glacam do choinirib a Bhean,
Dh' aoin Fhear da bheil an Crich;
Ach innis dhuine gu beachd,
Co an neach bhiodh air do Thì.
- 11 Ta ga 'm Bheor-uidh ruagidh air Muir,
Laach bu bhor guin air mo Lorg;
Mac Rìogh na Sorch' 's gear air,
Neach thin da 'm b' ainm Maidhre-borb.
- 12 Geassin a chuirin na cheann,
Fhadas bhithidh Fionn air sail;
Nach rachadh du leis mar mnaoi,
Ge math a ghniobh is a Laibh.
- 13 Labhair Osgar le Gloir bhirr,
An Laoch a chaisgidh sud gach Reir;
Gad nach foirinn Fionn fa Gheass,
Cha rachadh tu leis mar mnaoi.
- 14 Bliaghna dhuinne san Labh threinn,
Chuncas an steud air an Leir;
Agus a mheid as gach Fear
Shuabhal na Fairge gu dian
San Rod cheudna reinn a Bhean.
- 15 Bha cloggadd teann tuinntaidh nan cheann,
Air an Fhear nach bu thiom 's bu threan;
Sgiath dhuinnich nach teid air a h-aish,
O Inlaig gu eneas a chleibh.
- 16 Bha claidhbh trom toirtoil nach gann,
Do bhi an Laibh an Fhìr mhòir
Aig iomhairt a chlessibh gu dian
A teachd ann Druimlibh a chuain.
- 17 Bha neul Flath & Rosg Rìogh,
An ceann an Fhìr bu chaoin cruth;
Gabh mhaidh a shuaigh 's geile dheid,
Bu luathidh' steud na na shruth.
- 18 Badde labhan na creann Inghir,
'S bu bhinne na Eoin chiul a ghuth;
Tighin o 'n Tuinn gus a chrich,
Aig 'n do fharraid an Rìogh bu mhath cliu.
- 19 An saolleadh tu fhéin a Bhean,
'Ne thad an Fear a deiradht tu;
Saolidh mi Mhic Cubhail Fheinn,
Gur a Coibhlan nach tìom e,
Gun taig eisin mo bheath leis
Ge mor do neart as an Fheinn.
- 20 Thainig an Laoch bu bhor Thachd,
Le Fraoich as le neart nar ceann;
Cha 'd fharraid e Curridh na Triath,
Na Laoch gar Fiaibh gu raibh ann.
- 21 Sheisibh Osgar sheisibh Goll,
Bu mhòr Cosg air Lonn an cath;
Nan Dist an Iummil an t-shìoldh
Eddar an Fear mor sam Flath.
- 22 Do fhadich e leis a Bhean,
Do bhi 'n cairbh Gualin Fheinn;
Thug e Tair mhòir air an Fheinn,
Gus an d' rainig e fein Fionn.

- 23 Thug Mae Morn an urchair threun,
Gu crothidh as a dheidh da shleagh;
'S cha do bheam an urchair da chre,
Ach reinneadar da sgeith da Leath.
- 24 Do thilg Osgar an aigh,
A chraosich dhearg as a Laibh chliath
As maratar leis steud an Fhír,
'S mor am beud a chiuneadh leinn.
- 25 Do thuit an steud air an Leirg,
Thiuntaidh e le Feirg 's le Fraoich;
Dh' fhogair ge bu mhor an Taom,
Coibhrag air an ar cogaid Laoch.
- 26 Tuilleadh dhiomsa fein 's do Fhionn,
Chaidh ceud nach bu tiom na dhail;
Ge bu mhath an aigne san Tosd,
Gl eall eisin an cosgair le Laibh.
- 27 Clann a Morna cruaidh an eas,
Fhlaír Bas ge gaírg am Beud;
Cha raibh neach a thainigas,
Nach raibh chneaslach laoi do chreuchd.
- 28 Bliadhna dhoibhsin gun airm aigh,
Gach Laoch gaírg a shath a shleagh;
Nan Laithidh fa theagasc Fhinn,
Dan leighis aig Fionn nan Fleagh.
- 29 Dh' eirich Goll an aignuidh mhir,
A Liodairt an Fhír san chaol-rod;
Ge b' e chithidh iad an tbin,
Bu bhor an gail' is an scio.
- 30 Bha claighinín soc ri soc,
Re liodairt chorp & seath;
Tinnil catba' bh' aig an Deiss,
Cha 'n fhacais ris roibh riabh.
- 31 Ga do ehlaidh Mac Morna le Laibh,
Mac Ríogh na Sorcha as theibh snuaidh;
'S maírg Treabh an daing a Bhean,
Leis 'n do Thuit am Fear an chuan.
- 32 Thiolica a choir an Fass,
An Gilli bu mhaith cleas as elith;
Churigh mu Bhrathidh gach Meoir,
Fain oir an onnoir mo Ríogh.
- 33 Bha Inghin Ríogh Bhara fo thuinín,
Fad Bliadhan aig Fionn ann san Fheín;
An Deigh Tuitim an Fír mhoir,
O Choitba Chuain truaigh an sceul.
- 34 Mathair fein bu ro-mbath Dreach,
Laoch do dhuilt e neach da Thruadh no Threín;
A nois o 's deire dba' m' chliuth
Gu suim gur aithne dhaibh 'n sceul.

H. 19. HOW MAIGHRE BORB, THE SON OF THE
KING OF SORACHA, WAS KILT BY GOLL.
124 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 22. Advocates' Library,
November 29, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Known to everybody in
Ireland, but no copy older than the Dean's known to
Hennessy: A. 18, above.

It is curious to watch the minute changes that have
taken place in one man's version of this old ballad: so I
print his two Arguments, and his various readings.

THE ARGUMENT.

MAIGHRE BORB was courting the daughter of the King of
Tir-fuidh-thuinn; and she was not willing to marry him;
they happened to be one day walking out together, and
he said to her, 'Who is in life under the sun that is able
to keep you from me now?' 'You are wrong,' says she,
'I shall go to Fingal to Ireland, and he will defend me
from you for a year and a day;' he ordered her to go to
Fingal immediately, and that he would take her from him,
the spite of all his might and force. She went away with
some attendance to Fingal to defend her from him, he
pursued her in hopes that he would take her from Fingal;
for he was of extraordinary height and bigness, and of
strength accordingly, besides being a great Inchanter or
Conjurer, but nevertheless he was kilt by Goll at last. Ob-
serve the Poem.

DAN 3.

- 1 THA sgéul beag agam air Fionn,
A chuireas m' i' suim gach uair;
Air dea' mhac Cuthail na 'm fleadh,
Leis am buinte blagh is buaidh.
- 2 Ailís sin dham Oisain fhéilidh,
Nach d' éir aon neach riamh na sgéul,
Cíod an gníomh rinn dea' mhac Cuthaill,
Bhíod tu cuimhneacha' gu b'eibhneach.
- 3 Latha bho Fionn is began shluaigh,
Aig Eas-ruaidh nan leag sruth máll;
Chunnacas a seóladh o near,
Curachan óir is aon bhean ánn.¹
- 4 Sheascamar uil air an tom,
'S Flath nam fiann agus Goll trom;
A feithcamh a churachain a b' fhearr gléus
Is e na reis a sgolteadhí thonn.
- 5 Air a churach cha' d' hugh smál,
Clos ch d' rinn am port no támh;
Gus an d' raing e an t-Eas.
Is dh' eirich aiste maíse mná.²
- 6 B' íoneann dealradh dh' i' 's do 'n ghréin,
Is b' fhearr gu mór a méin no dealbh;
A bhean a thainig an céill,
Bha sinn gu léir roip' gu 'n fheall.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pubul Fhinn,
Is bheannaithe i gu grinn dó;
Fhreagair Mac Cuthail gu grinn,
A beannachadh binn le dóidh.
- 8 ' Mo chomraic ort mas tu Fionn
Labhair rinn a macaoidh mná;
Le feodhas t-ainme 's do bluaidh,
Mo chomraic ort gu luath tráth.
- 9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Rígh bu mhaith dealbh,
Cia as teachd na triall gheal úr;
Cia an t-ainm a ghoirte rí,
No cia b' athair dh' i' air thúis.
- 10 ' Inghéan Rígh Tir-fuidh-thuinn,
Dh' mnsin dhuit gu cruinn mo sgéul;
Cho 'n eil ríoghachd an d' eirich grian,
Nach d' iarras dhutsa Rígh Fhinn.
- 11 ' Brí do thurais as gach ród,
Ainm óg is gloine gné;
'S an t-adhbhar mu 'n d' ainig thu 'n Fheinn,
Aithris gu 'n dáil dhannh fein é.'
- 12 ' Torachd a tha orm air muir,
Laoch is trom guín air mo lorg
Mac Rígh Soracha' nan sgia' airm,
Triath d' an goirear Maighre horh.'
- 13 ' Geasan do chuir s' e am cheann,
Nach cumeadh Fionn mí o sháil;
'S nach bithaínn bliadhna aige mar mhnaoi,
Cia mór leis a ghníomh is ágh.'
- 14 ' Labhair an gaisgeach le glóir mhir,
'N laoch leis an coisgear gach Rígh;
Gus an liubbreadh Fionn a gheasan,
Nach reachaimsa leis gu síor.'
- 15 ' Glacam do chomraic a bhean,
Roi' aon neach a tha an clé;
'S a dh' ain deóin a Mhaighre bhuirb,
Fad bliadhna gheibh thu nam díon.'
- 16 Chunnacamar a tigh 'n air stéud,
Laoch do bha mhead thair gach fear;
A caithreamh na fairge gu dian,
An t-iúl ciadn' thainig a bhean.
- 17 B' fhad a leac bu gheal a dhéud,
'S bu mhíre stéud no gach sruth;
Adhaidh fhlaithail is rosg ríoghail,
'N ceann mbílidh bu chaoin cruth.
- 18 Bha clóidheamh trom toirtail nach gann,
Teannte re síos an fhir mhóir;
Sgiath chreinneach dhúbh air a leis,
'S e 'g' iomairt air chleasaidh gach doidh.

¹ Cho b' ór e ged bha e cho loinrach re h-ór.

² No macaoidh mna.

19 'Deir ruinn mar a thainig thu' Clí,
Dh' fhiosraich mo Rìgh bu mhai clí;
An aithnich thu fein a bhean,
'N e sud am fear a deir thu.'

20 Aithnicheams' e nùic Chuthaill Fhinn,
'S gur puthar leam e do d' Fheinn,
Tairgidh e mise thoirt leis,
G' e mór ar treis aibh féin.

Not in I.

21 'Mo cheud beannachd dhuit a' nois,
Is dean mise fein a dhion;
O 'n ghaiseach is buirhe gruaim,
O 'n a dh' fhuathaich mi roi ghnuimh.'

22 'N laoch sin a thainig o 'n chuan,
A eagmhuis shuaigh bu mhor prís;
Do bhuidhinn é leis a bhean,
'S i gairid o laimh mo Rìgh.

23 Dh' eirich Oscar, 's dh' eirich Goll,
Bheireadh losgaidh lom 's gach cath;
'S dh' eirich iad nìle na sloigh,
Eidcar am fear mór 's am Flath.

24 Goll mac Mornn nan urachair tréun,
Asa dheidh do thilg e sleagh;
B' i 'n urachair bu truíne 's bu tréine,
D' a sgé do rinn da blagh.

25 Thilg an t-Oscar le lán fhéirg,
A chraosach dhearg le laimh chli;
Do mharbhadh leis stéud an fhir,
'S mór an cion do rinneadh lé.

26 Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,
An laoch bu mhor fearg is prís;
'S chlaoidh é naoi naonair gu luath,
'S an iorgaill chruaidh shluaidh shith.

27 Mar bhlithead an eagad laoch gárg,
Bhí 'g iomairt ar 'n arm fai leith;
Dh' fhagadh é sinne fui' sbrochd,
'S cho ghaibhte uainne cosg leis.

28 Goll Mac Mornna nan lámh tréun,
Bhuail s'e e gu gearr le shealg;
Mu chothair a chroidhe le threoir,
'S thuit e air an lon gu 'n fheith.

29 Thug e dha buille na dha,
Gus ae d' fhag an deó a chré;
Bu mhaing aen bhean mu 'n de thuit,
A leithid do chleitheach treun.

30 Thiodhlaicadh leinn taobh an Eas.
Macaidd mor nan cleas 's nan guimh;
'S chuir sinn mu bhradhaidh gach meoir;
Fáinn óir an onoir mo Rìgh.

31 Bha inghean Rìgh Tir fui' thuinn,
Bliadhna shlan aig Fionn 's an Fheinn;
An deigh tuiteam an fhir mhoir,
Le neart an t-sluaigh 's mor sgéul.

I. 13. MAIREBORR, MAID OF CRACO, OR EAS-RUAGH.—A POEM. 128 lines. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 20. Advocates' Library, April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Kennedy's Geography is not to be depended upon, but it is the traditional geography attributed to this ballad.

'Sorcha' is either 'Portugal' or 'Ardnamurchan.' 'The Land under the Waves' is either 'Holland' or the small Island of 'Trece.' 'Sorcha' means 'Light,' and possibly this may be a Gaelic form of 'Saracen Land.'

THE ARGUMENT.

MAIRE-BORR, the son of the King of Soracha or Ardnamurchan, a District of Argyleshire, fell in love with Semhchruth, daughter of the King of that Island Tirrie, then Tir-fui-thinn. Semhchruth, being not fond of Maireborr, seeing her Father willing, they should make it up, sailed (accompanied with a few hands) thro' the night to Ireland, to be protected by the great generous and hospitable Fingal, who at her arrival was hunting along with a

small party at Eas-ruai. Semhchruth made up to Fingal, and made known her story.

Fingal undertook to secure her for a year and attack Maireborr if he should attempt to take her off by force. Presently Maireborr approached upon the shore, mounted his steed and took away Semhchruth who sat upon Fingal's right hand upon the Hill. Goll threw after him his spear and broke his shield. Oscar kilt his steed. Maireborr seeing himself so desperately handled, attacked and overturned four-score and one of Fingal's party. And if Fingal had not sent fifty men one after another off to Bera for their arms, he would have been overcome by Maireborr and his small Party, and have taken off the captive Lady. Maireborr is kilt by Goll, and interr'd with great solemnity by the Fingalians.

Semhchruth resided in Fingal's Hall for a twelvemonth mourning for the brave and valourous Maireborr.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

MAIREBORR.

1 CHA raibh ann ach fear is ceud;

Leis am bui'nte blagh 'sgach enchd.

2 Ailis sin damh Oisein thim,
Laoich is binne bhriathraich beul;
Cìod e 'n guimh rinn dea Rì-phàile,
Triath nam fleagha, nam blar, 's nam beum.

4 Flath nam Fiann, is an triath Goll;

6 Bha sinn gu leir roipe soirbh.

7 Is bheannaich i gu binn do;

8 Labhair ruinn dea' mlaish gach mnà;

9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Rìogh a b' fhearr dealbh,
Cia as teachd na Triath ghil ùr;
Bu deirge gruaidh, bu bhinne guth,
'S bu ghile cruth no ghrian air mur.

10 Inghean Rìogh Tìre-fui-thuinn,

13 Nach cumadh Fionn mi na dhàil;
'S nach bithinn blia 'n aig mar mo mhiann,

14 Nach reachainnsa leis sa guimh.

15 Roi' aon fhear a' ta ann ch;
Re blia 'n bi 'n tuilg 's an sith.

16 Chunacamar a' tigh 'n mar ean,

18 Sgia' chreimneach, dhu air a leis,

21 Mar èitil nan ean ri guoith,
Bha 'n laoch a tign 'n air ar muin;
Suntach, sligheach, sran-ard eum,
Mar steud eigs a' ruigh le srath.

22 Labhair a bhean fhionn gheal og,
Fhinn nan corm gur an cruas;
Tionaladh ann Fhiann na cho-ail,
So i 'n torachd-'s leoir a luas.

27 'Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,
An laoch bu mhor fearg agus prís;
'Chlaoi' e naoinaonair gu luath,
'S an iorgail chruaidh, shluaidh shith.

29 Goll tha' Moirne nan arm gearr,
Bhuail e 'n treun laoch ann sa bhaìl
Thuit an t-armaicht, ceannal calma,
An lamh gharbh a b' fhearr sa mhagh.

30 Triath na Sorach bu doirbh ri leon,
Chail e 'n deo, 's bu mhor am heud;²

32 Bha inghean Rìogh Tir-fui-thuinn,
Bhia' na aig Fionn ann san Fheinn;
An deidh tuiteam an fhir mhoir,
Le neart an t-sloigh, 's cruai' an sgeul.

¹ We are apt to believe this passage to be a mere fiction, and beyond credibility that Maireborr could vanquish upwards of fourscore of the followers of Fingal's army; yet we find in Sacred History many actions more wonderful. Abishai, the son of Zeruiah, had lifted up 'his spear against 300 of the Philistines, whom he all slew at one time.' (Collector's note.)

² In Kennedy's first version they hit him when he was down: in this second version they say that it was a great pity he lost his life.—J. F. C.

M. 9. DAN NA H-INGHIN. 84 lines.
Gillies, page 35.

- 1 LA d'an robh sinn uille an Fhiann,
Air sliabh Sealmath nan sruth dian,
Choncas ag teachd sa' mhaigh,
Inghean 's i 'g imeachd 'na h-aonar;
- 2 An inghean bu ghloine sinuagh,
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruaidh:
Bha dà rosg àillidh 'na ceann,
'S i 'g amharc fàlachaidh m'a timchioll.
- 3 Bha léine do 'n t-sròl a b' hìre
Ma cneas grùdhach, caoin, cùraidh,
Is gu 'm b' àillidh na 'n gath-gréine
A bràghad a suas o caomh léine.
- 4 Chuir i comruich air Fionn,
'S air Goll muirneach Mac Morna,
'S air Oscar an aigh,
Làmh chosgair gach teugmhail.

AN INGHEAN.

- 5 'Mo chomruich oirbh, Fhianna matha,
Eadar chloinn rìgh is ard fhlattha.'
Ceist gach aon fhir do theaghlach Fhinn,
San uair sin thugadh do 'n Inghin.
- 6 Dh' éirich Fionn féin 'na cèmhair,
'A rìoghainn donn bhois gheal nàrach,
Am bheil tòrachd air do lorg,
A gheug mhàlta nan saor cholg?'

AN INGHEAN.

- 7 'Tha sin tòrachd orm féin,
Fhinn uasal is rìoghail Féinn,
Inlann an airm dheirg a 's àillidh,
Mac oighre rìgh na h-Iarsmaile.'
- CAIREALL, ROIDHNE, FAOLAN, AGUS FEARGUTH.
- 8 Dh' éirich ceathrar mac Fhinn gu baoth,
Caireall agus Roidhne ruadh,
Faolan agus Fearguth òg;
'S dh' àrdaich iad 'an glòir san nair.
- 9 'C' àit' am bheil e 'n oir no 'n iar,
No ann an ceithir rannaibh an domhain,
Nach fàgadh canchaim a chinn,
Mum buineadh e leis thu, Inghean.'

AN INGHEAN.

- 10 'S mòr m' eagala, Fhianna matha,
D' ar leadairt is d' ar mòr dhòrainn.
Tha 'm fear mòr, mileanta, treun,
Fùranta, mear, bras san teugmhail.'

FIONN.

- 11 'Suidh thus' an so air ar sgàth,
Inghean o 'm màlta combràdh,
'S cha bhuin am fear mòr thu leis,
Ge mòr do dhòchas as fheobhas.'
- 12 Choncas am fear mòr uainn
Ag teannadh gu cal' as a' chuan,
Ag tarraing a luinge gu ùr,
Toirt gu 'r 'n ionnsuidh le h-ainm-màin.
- 13 Mar illbhinn aillbhinn chraige,
Mar stuadhan ainmheasach thuaginn,
'Na chaoiribh teinntidh o chladh,
Gu 'm b' e sin coslas a' mhilidh.
- 14 Bha senchd do 'n t-sròl bhuidhe mu 'n fhear,
A cheannbheairt chlochara nàmhain;
A lùreach mhòr iursach mallach,
'Sa dhà shleagh 'nan cuilg re ghualainn;
- 15 A chlaidheamh mòr frosnach neimhneach,
Cruidh cosgara 's e co'-dhireach:
Sgiath innealt, òrbhail', le 'm briste blagh,
Air dorn toisgealt' a' mhilidh.
- 16 Thug e ruathar fir gun chéill;
Cha do bheannaich e dh' Fhionn no 'n Fhéinn.
Leum an t-saighid le sàr bheachd,
'S thorchair le a làimh, an Inghean,
- 17 'S cheangail e ceathrar mhac Fhinn;
'S bha 'n t-Iulann gu h-armach eutrom.

- 18 Thionndaidh mo mhac-s', air an leirg,
An t-Oscar 'se làn do throm fheirg;
'S thug e 'n aire gu dùr, dàna,
Air an òglach mhòr, a tháinig.
- 19 B' e sin an còmhrag creuchdach,
Fuileachdach, feumannach,
Bos-luath, beumannach,
Ard-leumannach, grábhaidh.
- 20 Mar abhuinn a' ruith le gleann
Bha sgrios am fola cho teann;
Mar chaoiribh dearga o theallach
Torran nan laoch namhadach.
- 21 Ach thug Osgar beum feartha mear
Gu h-Iulann ard an deud ghil,
'S' thorchair leis a' bheum ghráncil
Mac oighre rìgh na h-Iarsmaile.

M. 10. CATH RIGH SORCHA. 136 lines.
Gillies, page 162.

- 1 TA sgeul beag agam air Fionn,
Ge b' chuirradh an suim ò
Air Mac Cuthail bu dearg dreach,
'S eibhinn leam re mo rè.
- 2 Lath dhuinn air bheagan sluaigh,
Aig eas ruadh na n' éiginn mail,
Chunnacas fù sheòl o 'n Ear
Curachan oir is bean ann.
- 3 Caogaid Laoch sinne fa thre.
Bu mhaith air gnìomh cairt,
Fir nar deigh gur maig do chi,
Ge be tìr am bi mid cuairt.
- 4 Dh' eirigh sinn uile gu dian,
Ach Fionn n' am Fiann agus Goll,
Dh' fheithcamh an Curachan a b' 'airde
'S do bhì treun aig sgolta thonn.
- 5 Nìor ghabh si eiradh no cosg,
Nìor ghabh si caladh a 'm port gnàth,
Air teachd don churachan air an eas,
'Se dheirich as macaibh Mnà.
- 6 B' ionann dealra dhi 'S do n' Ghrèin,
'Saoibhir a mead, maith a deilbh,
An Inghin ùr do thàinig an cèin,
Do bha sinn fein roimpe soirbh.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pobull Fhinn,
Is bheannuigh i gu grunn dhà
Fhreagair Mac Cuthail gu binn
Am beannacha a roin li dhà
- 8 'Brìgh do thuais air gach ròd,
Inghean òg as àlta dealbh,
Airs an toisach do sgèul,
Cia thu feiu no creud e d' ainm.'
- 9 'S Inghean nà do Rìgh na Sàin (*Sweden*)
Innsim Dhuit gu cruinn mo sgeul,
Is nì bhuil sruth fù luith grian,
Nach suibhlain, air iartas Fhianuibh fial.
- 10 Mo chomarich ort fein ma 's tu Fionn
Se thuir ruinn an macaibh mnà,
Do bhri do mhorachd 's do bhuaidh,
Gabh mo Chomruich nam gu trà,
- 11 'Ghabhamsa do Chomruich a bhean,
Thair aon fhear ga bheil sa Chrìch,
Labhair mo Rìgh bu mhaith fios,
Cia noise atà air do thì.'
- 12 Fiachaibh ata orm thair muir,
Triath is mòr gael air mo lorg
Mac Rìgh na Sorch a 's gèur Airm,
Gur e 's ainm dha Daighre borb,
- 13 Do chuirfeas geasa ann a cheann,
Gu 'm beireadh Fionn mi air sàil,
'S nach bithin aigesan mar mhaoi,
Ge mòr leis a ghnìomh is àgh.
- 14 Se thuthairt Oscar le ghloir Mhìr,
An Laoch sin a chaisgeadh gach Rìgh,
No gu 'n cuireadh Tìonn do Gheis,
Nì 'n rachadh tù leis mar mhaoi.

- 15 Chunnaca a teachd air steud,
Fear 's a mbeud thar gach fear,
Marceach na fairge gu dian.
'San iùl chendua, thainig a bhean.
- 16 Da Chraòiseach Catha na dhòrn.
A teachd san ròd air a stèud,
Air ghile, air dheirge, 's air dlireach,
Nì 'm fua mar neach mar e,
- 17 Do bhi flath agus rosg Rìgh,
'S an aoghaidh b' aille li is cruth,
Bu bhinne a ghuth no gach teud,
'S bu mhìreadh a stend no gach sruth.
- 18 Cloidheamh trom trosdail uach gann,
An teannt air taobh an fhir mhòir,
Sgiath leobhar nach mochd air ais,
Se g 'iomairt a chleasa corr.
- 19 O thinn trà thainig se gu tìr,
Labhair mo Rìgh bu mhaith cliù,
An aithnigh thu fein a bhean,
'Ne sud an fear a deir thù?
- 20 Aithneachas a Mhic Cathail ghrinn
'S mòr am pughar leibh gur he,
Tairgidh se mise a bhinn leis,
(Ge mòr bbur treis) as an Fhcin.
- 21 Na dean 'sa bòsd a bhean,
As aon fhear da bhuil da phòr,
Ge 'd shìubhladh se n' domhain gu leir
Gheibh 't san Fheinn fear da chomh,
- 22 Dheirich Cairioll agus Goll,
Dias a fhuair an losgadh trom an cath,
'Nan seasamh an gar an t' sloigh,
Eadar am fear mòr 's na Flath.
- 23 Nì 'n d'fheuch é lann no sgiath,
Do Laoch na Triath 'n rabh ann,
Gu 'n draoinn é tair air an Fheinn,
Gus an d' thainig é gu Fionn,
- 24 Air teachd do oig fhear bu mhaith, dreach
Thugaim le neart, feachd, is feirg,
Gu 'n d' fhuaidich e uainn a bhean
Bhì 'n deas-ghar do laimh Fhinn eilg,
- 25 Thug Mac morn an urchair dhian,
Gu fada na dheigh do shleagh,
An urchair nìor chuaidhe da reir,
'S da stend chearna sì da bhòidh.
- 26 'N trà thuit an stend air an leirg,
Thionuda e le feirg 's le frach,
Smaointich e ge cruaidh an eas,
Comhrag na 'n trì chaogad Laoch.
- 27 Mar-bhith na laoch a bhi garg,
Is fhagail doibh do t' airm an leoir,
Bhìdh siad fa chobhair a smachd,
Da 'n geibhte naithe a cheart choir.
- 28 Leig e nàd naonar gu luath.
San iarguil chruaidh mu 'n do sguir,
Coangal guineach nan trì chaol,
Air gach Laoch dhiubh sin do chuir,
- 29 Claun Morna cruaidh an eas,
Fhuair iad bàs bu mhor an sgeul,
'S nì n' raibh aon neach a chuaidhe as,
Gun a chneas fa iona crèuchd.
- 30 Dheirigh Goll an aigne mhir,
Leadairt an fhir an cath gh' leo,
Ge be chifadh iad an sin,
Bu gharbh an gaol is an sgleò.
- 31 Re sgoltadh sgiath, 's re leadairt chorp,
Gu feartha fear trean calma cruaidh,
Na leoghainn laidir, ghineach, dhigir,
Araon comh chiorrach gu buaidh.
- 32 Do chlaoidh Iolainn na mòr fheachd
Mac Rìgh na Sorch a sgeul truagh,
Gur mairg gus an t'ainig a bhean,
Far thuit am fear an chuan.
- 33 Do Dhalaicmar aig an eas,
An gaisgeach bu mher treis is brìgh,
Is chuirfadh air fa bharr gach meoir,
Fail òir ann onoir mo Rìgh.

- 34 Do bhi inghean Rìgh fa thuinn, (under waves)
Bladhna na mhnai aig Feann san fheinn
Taréis tuitam an fhir mhòir,
Le neart an t-sloigh, truagh an sgeul!

In the last verse the name is the same as it was in A. In verse 9 the name has the same sound, and has the meaning given in italic.—J. F. C.

S. 3. THE FALL OF ROYA, OR THE KING OF SORA'S SON.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, from Mac Donald's Collection. Made in the North of Scotland about 1800. This is the same ballad, in a different dialect of Gaelic, and interesting to students of Gaelic. Therefore I print it, though it is repetition.

THE ARGUMENT.

A WOMAN pursued by the King of Sora's son, by name Mayro Borb, escapes to the Fingalians and claims their protection. The Royal Hero appears and falls upon the Fingalians, kills a number of their troops; at last, in single combat with Gaul, he falls on the field of battle.

- 1 LA do Fhionn as bheagan sluaigh
Aig Eas-Ruagh Mhacair mna
Chunnacas a seoladh o 'n Ear
Cuireach oir agus beann ann
- 2 Sheasamh sinn nìle air an t'sliabh
Be Fionn nam Fiann agus Goll
'G amhare Curach bu chiuu ceum
'Si gu trean a sgoltadh thonn
- 3 Cha d' rinn i fuireach no tamh
'S cha mho ghabh fois am port gnà
Aeh 'g imeachd gu bruch an Eis
'Se dheirich as Macear mna
- 4 'Se labhair ruinn Macear mna
Gabh mo chomrich ma 's tu Fionn
Air ghaol t'earlaid is do bhuaidh
Gabh mo chomrich gu luath trath
- 5 Dheanims' sin ruits a bhean
Seach aon neach athafon gheir
Na 'n innisidh tu dhomb re seal
Co 'm Fear a th' air a slith
- 6 Geasimh tha orms' re mair
Laoch is trom toir air mo lorg
Mac Rìgh Sorch na sgiathan airm
'S gur e 's ainm dha Maighre Borb
- 7 Geasimh cha chuir am' cheann
Gu 'n d' thiginn gu Fionn air sal
'S gu 'm bithin aige mar mhnai
Aig feamhas aoidh agus aill
- 8 Sin dhuinn an tus ar bruidhna
Dhoineachd man Rì bu mhath fios
'N atnìchadh tu nìs a bhean
'N e sud am fear a th' air do shith
- 9 Ocha dan Mhic Cumbail Fhinn
'S pughar teinn leam gur e
'S tairgidh e mis a thabhart leis
Cia mor do threis as an Fheinn
- 10 Cha d' ghlac claidheamh na dhorn
'S cha mho chuir sleagh o 's chionn
Aon fhear a dheiradh tu uainn
A dhaideoin sluaigh Inne Fail
- 11 Chunnacas tighin air 'n steud
Am fear mòr 's a mbeud as gach fear
Marcaeh' na fairge gu dian
'N siubhal ceudn' rinn a bhean
- 12 Bu dubh a cheann 's bu gheall e dheud
Bu luath air an stend e na gach sruth
B' fhuaid a lamhan no cruinn iuil
Bu bhinne no coinn ciuil a ghuth
- 13 A chlogaid gu teitidh mu cheann
Air 'n Laoch nach tim 's nach fla
Sgiath chruaidh mheamnach air a leas
A 'g iomard chleas air a chle
- 14 Claidheamh trom toirteal nach pill
Gu dluth ri taobh an fhir mhoir
Dha-shleagh ghaigseal 's cruaidh rinn
Nan seasamh air eul a sgé

- 15 Dherich Oscar 's dherich Goll
Broisbainn bha tron sa chath
Sheas iad air garadh an t-sloigh
Eadar 'm Fear mor sam Flatli
- 16 Cha d' ath e do churrag no thriath
Na dh' onoir Mhic Ri gu robh ann
Ach sior chuir far air an Fheinn
Gus 'n dranig e fein air Fionn
- 17 Thanig an Laoch bu mhor tlachd
Thugain le ncart 's le gnìomh
'S gan d' fhuaidh e uainn a bhean
Bha air guallin deas an Ri
- 18 Thilg Oscar ann an sin na dheigh
'N urchair nach bu re an t-sleagh
'S mun do sgath i idir re chle
Rinn i dhe a sge da-bhluidh
- 19 Chraith an t-Oscar bu mhor feirg
A Chraosach dhearg as a lamh chlithe
Leis an urchair thuit steud an fhir
'S mor an cion a chinnech leo
- 20 'N cra thuit an steud air an leirg
Thionnda' e le fearg 's le fraoch
Bhagair e cia bu mhor an beum
Comhrag treun air cheuda laoiach
- 21 Chuir sinn tri chaogaid do Laoich ghar
A chosg meannmema 'n oig mhir
'S chuire ceangal nan tri chaoil
Orra is fuil air taobh gach fir
- 22 Chlann Mhic Moirni smor 'n gnìomh
Gan chaochail iad be 'n truagh seul
Cha roibh a h-aon diubh thanig as
Nach robh o 'n ciosa lan do chreachd
- 23 Mar bithidh tri chaogaid do Laoich ghar
Bha dh' annas airm ann ar comhair
Bhithimid fo plughair gun smachd
Nam feuchaid dhasan ceart choir
- 24 Dherich Goll nan aigriadh mhir
Fianal an Fhir bu mhor feum
Coltas ann comhrag an dithis
Chan fhaca mi rithead na dheigh
- 25 Thuit le Goll nan aignadh mhir
Mac Ri na Sorach ba sgeul thruagh
'S maig ait as na ghluais a bhean
'N tra thuig i seal a dhinnisidh chuain
- 26 Nis tiolaic mid fo bhonn an Ejs
'M fear mor 's a mhead 'as gach fear
'S¹ euranid mu chainneal gach meoir
Faithin air mar onoir mhic Ri.
- ¹ al. 'S euranid mar on air ain an Ri
Faithin air mu chainneal gach meoir.

D. 20. AN INVINN. 1766. 106 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, May 3, 1872.

- 1 OSSAIN uasail mhic Finn,
'S tu 'd shuidh air an Tullich eibhin,
A Laoich mhoir mhligh nach mettidh
Gun faic misidh Brou air Hintin.
- 2 Cuid do dhaoibhar mo bhroin fein,
A Chlerich, mas àil leat eist,
Chunnaire mi uair Teoghlich Fhinn,
Bha e mear, mor, meorich eibhin.
- 3 Air an Tullich sheo bha 'n Fhian
(Bha shiu uil ann a dhaoin riar)
'S co Chunnig shin tin san Mhaoigh
Ach Ighin huggin 's i na haoinir.
- 4 An 'Nighin ùr a 'bailidh snuidh
Bu gheal as bu dearg a Gruaidh,
Bu ghilidh na gach Gath Greine,
A Braidh buas fa caoil Lenigh.
- 5 Bha da Rose gharichdich na Ceann,
Bha Earridh àin ma Timchil,
Bha Duuidh do 'n or ma Brigid
Bha slabhridh oir ma caoin àrin,
Bha Leuidh don Tsroil ab ùridh,
Le ra cneas graich sheibh, Cùlin.

- 6 Hug shin air trom-ghaoil di uille,
An Teoghlich shin Fhinn e Allabhin¹
Gun neich do 'n Fhein Gaoil do mhuaoi fein,
Ach do 'n Ninbhinn.
- 7 Chuir i a Comrich air Fionn,
An Righin 'si gu bog gheal binn;
Chuir i a Comrich air Goll,
Be sud Laoich alin nan some
Air Oscar mac Ossain au an Righ
'S air a Chaoil Chroigh mac Greidh.
- 8 Ma Chomrich oirbh Fhianuibh mais
Eddar Chlannibh Righ as Fhlath
Co sheo torichd air do Lorg
A Nighin uir as aoibhir colg.
- 9 Ila shin a torichd orm fein
Fhir uasail as ribhich fein,
Illin mor milainte mear,
Oiridh air Righ na Hespaite.
- 10 Gur eigeoir leom Fhianuibh phail
E gar leidirt as gar dorin
Am Fear mor milainte treun
'S airm gu faobharich rein-gleir.
- 11 Cait an raibh c an Niar na 'n Noir,
Na o Cheir raintibh an Dobhain,
Nach faiceidh Eannachin a Chinn
Man legimid leis thu Inbhinn.
- 12 Inbhinn bhois-gheal, bhog-gheal, bhinn,
Ighin ùr nan gorm-rose mall,
Suidh ussa an seo air me sga,
Inghin ga graunte do Chobhra
Man doir am Fear mor u leis,
Ga mor leat do *Dhoigh* as Fheothis. (Bhost)
- 13 Chunnaire shin am Fear mor uain
Caibh gu Callidh an Chuan,
A tarruing a Luinge gu Tir
'Sa teachd huggin le Ilanna-méin.
- 14 Gu 'm be sud am Fear mor *màlte* (miltich)
Na stuaidh annibh allabharigh,
Le Fraoich feirg gu Fianuibh Fhinn,
'S e teahd na Chaoir Heinte gheal.
- 15 Bha Chlaibh mor froissuch neibhnich
Cruidh osgaridh co-dhùrich (interlined)
An Ceau-bheirt hoerich fhir chintich,
Bha Scia Oir le 'm briste Bhaigh,
An Dorn Toisgealt a Mhìlidh.
- 16 Bha Lurich ard iursich uarich (uallich)
Bha sa threin Scabail breachd buaich,
Bha Ceanna bheirt chlochara sheibh
Oscion Aghaidh hochridh Immacain.
- 17 Bha Danidh do 'n noir mu 'n Fhear,
'S ceansichidh shididh gan ceangal,
'S da Thleidh fa 'm bunn bu chruaidh reinn
Nan Cuilg shesibh suns ra ghualin.
- 18 Hug e ruathir Fir gun Cheil,
'S cha do bheannuich e Dhionn na 'n Fhein
Bharibh e Ciad do Dhianibh Fhinn
Agus mheribhte leis an Iunabhin.
- 19 Cheangil e Faolan mac Fhinn
As tri naoinar da Luchd leannabhin
Do 'n Chinnidh bhoir mheamnuich mhear
'S bha 'n Tillin gu harramich etrin.
- 20 Hinntaidh mo mhac's air an Leirg
Oscar 's e lan do Throm Fheirg,
Sgun do dhuabir e Cobhrig
Es an Fhear bhor bhois-gheal bha rarich
- 21 Hiuntaidh Iullin ri 'm mhac fein
'S dheante leo cobhrig trein
O 's fear Ceanriach coich Ceann-dearg
Grad-leimnich, bras-bheamnich, ainnasich.
- 22 Mar Hruibh aunn le Gleann,
Bha Serios am Fòidh co tean,
Mar Chaoir Heinte tin e Teallich
Toirin nan Laoich naudich.

¹ Or Allabhatt.

- 23 Hug Oscar Beim fearraghlan Fir,
Gu Iliun arramich deid-ghlann,
She mhaigh e leis Bheim gbrannt
Cean mbie Rìogh na Hespainte.
- 24 Air an Tullich sheo ha Leachd,
A Mhic Alpin, ha sheo fir;
Leachd na mnaidh air an taoibh eille
A Dheo mhic Alpin e Hallabhidh.
- 25 Bha leinnidh gum bo mha eìd,
'S nach roibh aoin neich dhin ach sheid
Ach Beannichd air an nannin gu leir
'S lugis beannichd eil air Ossau.

Crioich.

D. 22. AN IONMHUINN. 22 lines various.
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac
Pherson, May 11, 1872.

13 various.

CHUNNAIC sinn am fear mòr uainn
Ag caithheadh gu cala o 'n chuan
Ag tarruing a luinge gu tìr
'S a teachd chugainn le h-an-mein.

14 various.

Gu 'm b' e sud an fear mòr millteach
Na stuidh ainneamh, allamharaich,
Le fraoch feirg' gu Fiannaibh Fheinn,
'S e teachd na chaoir theinidh chugainn.

15 various.

Bha chlaidheamh mòr frosnach, neimhneach,
Cruaidh cosearra coi-dhireach
Bha sgiath ordhladh bhriathraidh bladh
Ann dorn toisgealt a mhillidh.

16 various.

Bha luireach ard, Irseach, uallach,
Fo thrèun sgabull breac, buagbach;
Bha ceann-lheirt chlochara sheinich
Os cionn aghaidh shoeraidh a mhacaimh.

17 various.

'S da shleagh o 'm bun bu chruaidh rainn
Na 'n cuilg seasamh suas ri gbulalainn.

22 various.

Mar shruthadh amhain le gleann
Bha sgrìos am fola coi-teann,
Mar chaoir theinte teachd a teallach,
Toradh Toirinn nan Laoch namhadach.

F. 18. DUAN NA H-INGHINN. 128 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library,
January 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 Ach Oisain nasail mbie Fhinn,
'S tu a' d shuidh air 'n tulaich eibhinn;
Laoich mbòir mhileant' nach meat,
Gu faiceamsa bròn air t-intinn.
- 2 Dh' innsins' aobhar mo bhòirín féin,
A Phádraig na 'm b' áill leats' éisd:
Mí cuimhneachadh air Féinn nam Fiann,
Bhí air an tulaich so dh' aon rian.
- 3 Air an tulaich (so) bha sinn araon,
Ille Phádraig (naonh) na breith saoir;
Chunnaic mis' nair teaghlach Fhinn,
'S iad gu mear, mòr, meánach, aoibhinn.
- 4 Air an tulaich so bha 'n Fhian, n,
Latha dhinn' ann dhaon rian;
Chunnaic sinn bean ann sa Mhaoth,
'S i teachd thugainn na b-aonar.
- 5 'N ainneir úr a b' áille snuadh,
Bu ghile 'us bu d'óige gruaidh;
Bu ghile na gach gath gréine,
'Bragud shuas fuí' caomh léine.
- 6 Bha dà rosg ársnach na ceann,
Bha earradh áluin nu tinnicholl;
Bha dùmhna do 'n òr mu brágrad,
Bha slabhruidh òr mu caoin áraidh.
- 7 'S bha léine d' an t-sròl a b' áireadh,
Leath ri cneas grádlach, caomh, curaídh;
8 Thug sinne air tromma ghaol uile,
An teaghlach sin Fhinn a b-Albainn;
Gun aon fhear dhinn ga mhaol féin;
Ach air gaol uile do 'n Inbhin.
- 9 Chuir iseadh còmrach air Fionn,
'N ribhinn 's i gu bos-ghéal bin; n;
Chuir ise còmrach air Goull,
'S b' e sid laoch áluin nan sonn.
- 10 Air Oscar mac Oisain fhéile,
Is air a Chaol-chrogha mac Grudhein;
'Mo chòmhruich oirbh Fhianna maithé,
Eadar chlanna Rìgh is Fhlaithean.'
- 11 Cò thà tòrachd air do lòrg,
Ainneir úr a 's áille dealbh;
'Tha sin a tòrachd orm féin,
Fhìr nasail a 's riobhach Fèinn.'
- 12 'An t-Iolun mòr milcanta, mear,
Oighre Rìgh na b-Eispainte';
- 14 'S eagal leamsa Fhianna Phàil,
Bhí d' ar leadairt 'us d' ar doruinn,
Leis an fhear mhòr mhileanta thrèun,
'Airm iurauta, roinne-ghœur.'
- 15 Dh' eirich suas ceathrar mac Fhinn,
Caoirreal, agus Raine ruadh;
Faolan, agns, Fearguth òg,
Is dh' árdach iad an glòir san uair.
- 16 C' àite an d' imich é nìar na noir,
Na bho cheithir áirdibh 'n domhunn;
Nach faiceamaid eannchuin a chinn,
Mu 'n leigamaid leis thu Inbhin.
- 17 A ghènn bhoone-ghéal, bhosgeal ghinn,
Inghinn úr nan gorm-rosg eibhinn;
Luadh thusa ann so air ar sgáthne,
Inghcan ge dana' do chòmhradh.
- 18 'S cha d' thoir am fear mòr thu leis,
Ge mòr leat do dhòigh is fheothas;
Chunnaic leinne fear mòr bhuainn,
A' caithheadh a chalaidh 's a chuain.
- 19 'S è tarruing a luigeas gu tìr,
'S è teachd thugainn le h-aon-meir.
- 20 B' e sid 'm fear mòr bosgheil mi-nàrach,
'N a stuaghaibh alluidh altharadh,
Na fhaach fèirge gu Fiannaibh Fhinn,
'S è teachd 'na chaoir theintich, thugainn.
- 21 Bha chlaidhe mòr frosnach neimhneich,
Is è cruaidh cosgura, co-direach;
Bha sgiath òr m' am bristeadh bllaith,
Ann dorn toisgeal a mhill.
- 22 Bha luireach ard-iorsach naibhreach,
Bha treun sgabull breachd buagbach;
Bha ceanna-bheairt chlochara shèimbidh,
Oscionn adhlaidh shòchri'-ghaisgich.
- 23 Bha seachda do 'n òr mu 'n fhear,
Bha ceansuichean sìoda gu 'n ceangal;
Bha dha shleagh 'os bun, bu cruaidhe, roinn,
'S iad na 'n cuilg sheasamh ra ghnuainibh.
- 24 Thug è ruathar fir gun chéil,
'S nìor bheannaich è dh' Fhionn na 'n Fheinn,
Mhaibhte leis ceud d' fhianna Fhinn,
Agus mhaibhte leis an Inbhin.
- 25 Cheangail è Faolan mac Fhinn,
Is trì naoithnear do luchd leanmhunn;
Do 'n chinne mhòr mhileanta, thrèun,
'S bha an t-Iolun gu h-armach eatrom.
- 26 Thionndaidh mo mhacsa air an leirg,
Oscar 's è làn do thròm fheirg;
Saun a dhu'abair è geur chòmhbrug,
As an fhear mhòr bhosgeal mhi-narach.
- 27 Thionndaidh 'n t-Iolunn ri 'm mhac féin,
Is dheanta leo còmhbrug treun;
Bho 's fear mòr creamhach creuchdach,
Bas-luath, bras-mheineach, ard-leannach.

- 28 Mar shruthadh amhuinn le gleann,
Bha sgrios am fola co-teann ;
Mar chaoir theinntich teachd à teallach
Bha terra na 'n laoch namhadach.
- 29 Thug Oscar bèum fearraghlan fear,
Gu h-Iohann armach deud-ghlau ;
Sann a bhui e leis a bheum ghraunda,
Ceann mac Rìgh na h-Eispaime.
- 30 Air an tulaich so tha leac,
Dheadh Mhic-Alpin tha so fìor ;
'S tha leac na mnaì air an taobh eile,
A dheadh Mhic-Alpin a h-Albainn.
- 31 Air leinne gum bu mhaith iad,
'S cha robh 'naon neach dhiubh ach siad,
Bennachd air 'n anam araon,
Is thugadh beannachd eile air Oisain.

X. 3. LAOIDH NA NHIGHINNE. 52 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, January 30, 1872.

THIS was orally collected for me. by Mr. Carmichael, in Skye. A copy was sent to Dr. Mac Lauchlan afterwards.

Eachun Donullach—Eachun mac Iain mhic Iain, mhic Eoghain an Talainh—sgèir anns an Eilean Sgiathanach.

- 1 LA dhomh romh 'u Fheinn a mnaigh,
'S mi nam shuidhe air tulaich Coire-siar,
Chuanacas a tighinn o' n mbaogh,
Nighean 's i g-meachd na h-onar
- 2 Nighean a b' ailli snadh,
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruaidh,
B' ailli no gathan na greine,
Geala bhrollach fo caol leine,
- 3 Bha lacha 's gaire na ceann,
'U's slanhraidh oir mu gal bhraigh (*pro bhrè*).
- 4 An gaol a thug iad uile dhi,
O tleaglach mar Fhinn na h-Eileibhinn,
Cha robh speis aig duine 's an Fheinn,
Ga mhnai fein ach an nighinn,
- 5 Mo chomraich air Fionn nam Fiann,
'S mo chomraich air Fiann nam flath,
Edar rìgh agus ard fhilath,
- 6 Mo chomraich air Diarmad domh,
'S air Faolan nam faotba (? rogha) sonn,
Air Goll 's air Oscar an aigh,
Luchd chasgairt na teugnhalach,
- 7 Tog do chomraich dhìomh a bhean, (Goll)
'S gur mi 's laige tha fo' n ghrein,
'S laige mi nam Boc nae snail,
'S laige mi na Greanachar nae Greanacharbhig
- 8 'S gur mi 's laig thig no thainig.
'S ionagh mor leam thu bhi lag, (oighe)
'S mi ga d' fhaicim an ana-bheachd,
- 9 'S gur tu 's cuimichte da chois,
Dhe 'n shluagh aluinn chruinn choitchean,
- 10 Chunnacas am fear mor ud uainn,
Tadhachd cala as a chuan,
Tarruing a luinge gu tìr,
Tighinn thugain gu h-ana min,
- 11 Le fhraoch uèdh 's le chruaidh chlogaid,
Be sud am fear mor mall,
Mar stuaidh dhirich as gach gleann,
Le cheanna-bheairt chlochorra chomhar
- 12 'S einn shochair a mbac,
Be sud am fear mor gun chiall,
Mharbh ciad do dh' Fhianntaichean na Feinn,
Agus an nighean
- 13 Thionndaidh mo mhac air an leirg,
Oscar 's e lan do throm fheirg,
Rinn e combrag ris gu garg,
Gu faobharach fuilteach garbh,
- 14 Gu ceann-rù dorn-rù tulaichain,
Mar chaora (chaoire) teinteach teallaich,
Bha fuam nan laoch na-udach (? namhaidich)

- 15 Thug Oscar am beum faradhantach bras,
A' r' gille donn an deud ghlain,
Sgaradh leis a bheum ghruineil,
Oighro araid an caspuig.

THE BATTLE OF FINTRATH.

FIONN traigh means 'white strand.' In Islay, to the north-west, near Balsa, is a white sandy beach, on which, as it is said, Fionn and his people fought a great battle with the Northmen. The place is called 'Fionn-traigh,' and is said to take its name from Fionn. The ballad taken from the Dean's Book is not now remembered, but part of the story of it is localised. Mr. John Hawkins Simpson, in 1857, published a translation of an Irish version: 'The Battle of Ventry Harbour. The battle at the harbour of Ventry (*fair strand*) is supposed to have been fought about A.D. 240. A translation of the Epic poem relating to the battle is here given. It is not known who was the author of this very ancient work.'

Then follows a good English version of an exceedingly wild, extravagant Irish prose story, which has the marks of old manuscript tales. All the Kings known to the composer of the story, including the Kings of India and France and the Emperor of the World, invade Ireland. Fionn beats them in Homeric single combats. The Ossianic Society of Dublin were about to publish 'Cath Fhinn Tragh,' an account 'of the battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the third century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the Rev. James Goodman, A.B.'

'This battle lasted for 366 days; the copy at the disposal of the Society is the earliest known to exist, having been copied from a vellum manuscript of the fifteenth century, now deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver.'

Unfortunately the Ossianic Society came to an end after printing six volumes, in 1861; so this 'Battle of Ventry' is buried in the Bodleian, which has no catalogue of Irish manuscripts.

This victory over the whole world seems to place Fionn at his highest point, so I place it, after victories over single foreign champions. Possibly, a real battle might have been fought somewhere, at sometime, during the reign of Cormac; but the battle described never was fought by men anywhere. The 'fabulous romantic' tale of Cath Finn Tragh was mentioned by Keating. See p. 344, O. Mahony's translation.

A. 19. TRAYE FINTRATH. 168 lines.

ACTOR HUIJS OSSIN.

- 1 LAY za deach say zai keill,
Pati^k zrynn ni bachal . . .
Rug e in tossin less er wurn,
Gov was aa gi . . . sl . . .
- 2 Is di bail awzail uoid,
Ossan nan roak nach teym
Coo in tein neaach gin a loyith,
Smow char groym er feanow fyinn
- 3 A cleryth ni bachill brek,
Bi wor ym beacht zat reid lin
A churri a wrayr a znaath,
Ne wai zaw er fanaw fyinn
- 4 Onyth harly zat gin noine,
A Ossin gin doll nane dey
Bee say er chathris gi braa,
How gathris di znaa nyn fane
- 5 Kegit blyin di bein boa,
A geyskych reid choel syth heill
Ne hynossit zat gow maik,
A luit eacht a rin feanow fyinn
- 6 Fa ranew in doyn traane,
Wa aggrinn fene er gyth . . .
Keiss ga bokwail gow fare fin,
Na noe in tegwail . . .
- 7 Ne reive anysth si doythn vor,
Nach da bi choir bea na . . .
Ne reive in nalwe nin laun brek,
A darveith . . .

- 8 Da nynnosit zeive in ness,
A Ossin nin gress noch mein,
Coo yn tein neach bi zar lave,
Wa sreyith . . .
- 9 Mor in feine, a churris orm,
A cleyrith oyd nyth f . . .
Ni hynossit gow lay looin,
Ne way loye . . .
- 10 Onyth harlyth how nane dey,
A Ossin da dane . . .
Coo nyth leich bar lat mait skay,
Ri dol din ane ansyth gath
- 11 Oskir is keilt is gowle,
Is m'lowith nyn lanni maath
Fa hymchill v'kowle ayl
Boyin di bi raa si chath
- 12 Farzone fyllych m'ynreith
Is kerill ri sneive zaath
Dermin daath ahin gyn nawle,
Re hor skaath chin bi waath
- 13 Collyth m'cheilt er wley myuni,
Kyrkeith curri nyn genk maath
Agus rynnith m'ynreith,
Myrychin nar wenyth in gaath
- 14 Felane foltinn bi wakith ind,
Agus garryth in deim narv
Derring m'doyrin gyn none
Aygh m'garryth bi waath law
- 15 Me fene is g. m'smail
Is dyryth darrith m'ronane
Tre mek nyth kerd gyn chalk,
Re oyr hentyth di barm yark
- 16 Mir a zana ma zat goo,
A cleryth wor furt nyth mynni
Cha noch banit dossyth din nane
Ach gith fer fane a braath a zille
- 17 Soo id chaithir is gawe di fenni
Is wayassi in narm gi ler
Gi cin neach ga bi zar laive,
Hanyth o chaithir guss in nane
- 18 Hanyth reith lochlin er ler,
Daor done skaa by wor gnaa
Di wraa keiss erriu er koyne,
Fane deyryth r sloyg gyth ler
- 19 Hanyth ith chawr zar wane,
Twoa dey hug ass gi knok
Carbryth loachtr bi waath lawe,
liij chayth slane gow port
- 20 Vii caythin hanik in nane
Huggar in near o lea cunnin
Ne . . . sa nyth deacha rir gertow,
Oo roe zein slane o zaryth dwani
- 21 Is sai waa na chawlyth long,
Daryth deown syth hylch fene
Xxx caath feit di loyth
Nath dea woyin dar der feine
- 22 Waa ga weow er in trae,
Cown krer bi lawo gin locht
Ruk sloyg nyn hynea zeive,
Is di hog ea kenni reith er knok
- 23 Cown m'reith wlith nin eacht,
Agus dollir nan greath trom
Di zagamir er in tra
Er ym bayth fo zar tonni
- 24 Iij mee doythith ga bi rane,
Yth toythit o lar yn long
Fer tenni is kerkil a flwk,
A zaik sinni a gorp gi lommi
- 25 Oor arnyth neyn reith grekga,
Agus forni nyn beyme trom
Di zagamir fa zaar byve,
Is ner aig synn in vyve fa bron
- 26 Iij mee reith lochlin
Bi a chaser sein de neive arm
Ne tre balwe one vorrin or,
Neyn deacha sayd voyn ach marg

- 27 Re in doythith ga bi wor,
Dare done skayth bi zall gnaa
Di zaig siun sin a chorp er trae,
Er ni lot fo wait nyn nane
- 28 Di loyew in doythith trane
Neyn deacha woyne fene sin nar
Ach reith ni franki mir hea
An lyn say brea er in nail
- 29 Er eggill in oskir wl,
Cha di leggi ay voyeni er lar
Gow glen baltan mir ta best,
Is and di zawe ay foss is tawe
- 30 *Er traye fintrath* ni goyn
Fer in churri ni sloye in tar
Er reow in doythith trane,
Di zoil sein fene er sar
- 31 Di bimmi o reith r narm,
Leich a waa marve er in lar
Di bimmi clawe agus skayth
Na blaya har er in traye
- 32 Er traye fintrathin nyn port,
Di bimmi ann corp ferrane
Di bimmi leich fa zar byve,
Is di bimmi ann fyve ar
- 33 Phatrik V'Alpin ail,
Neyn danith zar wane wo rae
Ach da cath eggr gyn locht
Is ny roif in gorp slane
- 34 Cath di clanni bisskyni zeive,
Bocin noch char vennyth in law
Cath di clanni mornyth nyn grath
Is in darne lay clannow smail
- 35 Er fr lawsyth ath balgin trane,
Say zaik sin dar wane sin nar
Coyk cathin eggr zar sloyg
A legga woyne er in tra
- 36 xxxth ea feizit gin rath,
Deccheayd feithyt gith cath zeive
Zarremay loyg zar zoynn,
Nach dranik er toynn a reiss
- 37 A halgin da wraggin clar,
O baillait deym pen gych skail
Gow dngkai caa zawryth nyth glann,
Noch cha danik ken r lay
- 38 Di rynnin sin a gawli long,
Agus argit trom in reith
In noor sin cydda sin neycht,
In neirrin er gi lea dee
- 39 A Phatrik matha ny mynn
An id keilli a waym bass
Cur feyn talla her mo knees
Oss aggit hay fiss mo skail
- 40 Ossin o taa tow skeith,
Dane a noss di heith gou bass
Gan turnigin is ear tlws,
Is gew Dea mowch gi lay
- 41 Ar sleyve Seyane la hain
Agus ni sloye er a lar
Meichall is mur is mac Dey,
Dy hoyrt fene er an law
- 42 In da espil deyk si wlay
Gi clerych may is gi faye
Edwrme agis efrin or di
Wi gi croy er my lay.
Lay.

A. 25. NEYN A WRATA INN. 84 lines.

THE MAID OF THE WHITE MANTLE.

THIS ballad, or the story of it, is known in Irish writings. It is not remembered in Scotland now. It indicates cause for strife amongst the Feinne, and names many of their wives. Though it does not immediately belong to any Story in the series, it fits where the Feinne have reached their glory, and begin to decline.

A HOWDIR SO —.

- 1 LAA zane deach Finn di zoill
In nalve is ner ymmit sloyg
Sessir hann is sessir far
Iyn zhil is anneir ncht zaall
- 2 Finn fayn is Dermot gin on
Keilt is ossain is oskir
Conan meithl gom maal er myg
Agus mnau nin vi leith sen
- 3 Mygin is ban einn bi zane
Is annir ncht zall mi wan feyn
Gornlay aolli is dow rosg
Neaof is neyn enneiss
- 4 Nor a zoif meska no mnau
Tugsiddir in gussi raa
Nach royf er in doythyn teg
Sessir ban in goyth inrylk
- 5 A dowirt an nymilt gyn on
Is Tulych carnich in doythyn
Ga maanth sewse is ymmith ban
Nach drynn fes ach re in ar
- 6 Gerrid er ve zawe mir sen
Tanik in van dar rochtin
Ein wrata wumpa gin alda
Agus e n iyn naygh
- 7 Tanik neyn a wrata inn
An vaenissi v'kowl
Banichis din re gin non
Agis swis na arrygh
- 8 Feafryth finn skail zyi
Din neyn lwechr lawzill
A wan a wrat gin alda
Keid a rad ow is tein naygh
- 9 As giss dym wrat gin alda
Ban ann ac na emnaygh
Nocht chay naygh dein fame wrat
Ach ben m ir gyn ralocht
- 10 Tawir ym brat dym wreith feyn
Do ter conane mor gyn chaele
Go westmist im brear mir
A twg na mnawe wo chanew
- 11 Gawis ben chonnane ym brat
Is curris wumpa la rachta
Gom bea sen an loyth locht
Dar lek rys wile a gall ocht
- 12 Mir a chonnik connan meil
Ym brat er cassyth fa teyf
Tawris in chreissyth gin neaf
Agis marveis in neyn
- 13 Gawis ben dermoit a zeil
Ym brat wo wreil chonnann meil
Noch char farr a wassi zyi
Cassi ym brat fa keiyf
- 14 Gawis ben oskyr na zey
Ym brad coo adda coyve ray
Ga loyvir skayth a wrat inn
Noch char ally a hymlyn
- 15 Gawis myghinis gi aal ym brad
Is di churri fa cann
Di chass is di chwarr mir sen ym brat
Gi loa fa clossew
- 16 Tawir ym brata er m'raa
Dym wneissi is ne cwss clae
Go vestmist in ness gon nou
Tres elli da hynlith dewe
- 17 Di warynsi brair riss
Agis ne brair eggiss
Nach darnis di weiss ri far
Ach dol dutsi in neiss lenew
- 18 Nochtis ben vek ree a teef
Curris umpi ym brat fer chei . .
A sayth eddir chass is lawe
Na gi ley er a lwygnane

- 19 Anc phoik doaris in braed
O wak o zwyne darmit
Di reissi ym brad own laar
Mor wea sce na hymuirraue
- 20 Tawrew mi wrat doyf a wnaa
Is me ncin in derg zrana
Noch cha dernis di locht
Ach fess ri finn fyvir noch
- 21 Ber mo wallych is ymith woygin
Se der m'kowl gin boy
A dagis fa mhaalych er mnawe
Na tyr huggin anc lay.
Lay.

CAOILTE'S RABBLE.

THIS curious production is not remembered in any shape, so far as I know. It indicates a quarrel between King Cormac and his General. In a list of the Irish collection of the Rev. James Goodman of Skibbereen, I find mention of 'The Quarrel of Cormac and Finn at Teamhair.' In this old Scotch version Caoilte rescues his chief and kinsman from Cormac. In the next ballad Oisein slays Cormac. According to current Scotch tradition, and Keating's History of Ireland, Cormac choked on a salmon bone. The very bone is specified in Scotch tales.

A. 28. C'HORYMRYTH KEILTA. 288 lines.

A HOWDIR SO KEILT M'RONANE.

- 1 HEYM tosk zoskla fyinn
Gow tawri ni draive nevin
Gow hormy moyr mhorlat mhuir
Gow cornik m'art inir
- 2 Ner cleacht me meith my zlooon
Orss affwllych fer eddrwme
Gi waldeis feynth fail
Oss word locht a foyall
- 3 Warwemir in leich lan
Mir a warwemir in craye
Di charmsidir leich fane lay
Mir a charssnuir a ray
- 4 Hugssmir a cann gin cherri
Guss a gnok oss boyamir
Di rynis feyn boya tra
Di roynis fogryth owlay
- 5 Di warwiss mun er zlinn
Fer gi inwal in nerrin
Di roynissi boya tra
Di roynissi fogryth owlay
- 6 Di raddis mun er zlinn
Gwl gi inte in nerrin
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 7 Ni leith di legin fa boywa
Doybis sin nerrin awwor
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 8 Ni dorssa er a beith a zeith zark
A dosslin ead gi hymard
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 9 Ni gart abbe um halvon
Di loskgin eid gu lassal
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 10 Noch char aggis reim linn
Aa na mullin in nerrin
Insin di leyggiddir rwim
Eech albin is errin
- 11 Teym beach er loyss mi chass
Gr ranegiss ross illirzlass
In sin glossimsi schear
Gow taura ni widdir chane
- 12 Ner barrin eine each zeiss
Zea roym in dawra za essin
Tugis in dawra fa laa
Ben in ir chommi za cheilli

- 13 Is ben in r chomisso nach gwss
In fer comisso ella
Tugis in dawri gi beach
Ben carbre zi cornik
- 14 Is ben chormik er sin
Di raddis ee zi charbre
Tugis lwm claywa in reith
Uch fa hay mor a wree
- 15 Mi clawe feyn fa gin gutti
Fagwm in droyl chulk chormik
In sin di quhoys in nwnn
Is caddi in dorsser owyn
- 16 Inn nygyth sin doef ge beacht
Is me bi kyllor ze chormik
Is bert ooklachs is tei
Hawle a vaonissi reith errin
- 17 Ga zaynith leve raa mi zloor
Da hwle cheilt yn kyllnor
Na habbirs sen er finn
Er ardre ny feyn voltynn
- 18 Ga tamsi in layve id tei
Na ber tar er may wntir
Ni hay sin agne cheilt
Far a will ay in vorwilty
- 19 Cha mir sen a conuil chynni
Er a will dor er talvian
In sin tarnik toylli
Ag in re ro zast rawor
- 20 m choss geyn in genn ni genn
Teym less a is tee cotkin
In sin chayis fa zass
Di bi wlyg ay di maylass
- 21 Acs tuggis lwm yn zoyn
Kone esgin ard orwayll
Eynit lwm in nee riss a ben
Ers in re fati firzzlin
- 22 Balli kness cheilti za zoyn
Di chone essgin orwoyl
Na habbirs sen a re
Er wiss in ryth a zillin
- 23 Brarryth broggodych a derri
Corsi hoieh er orvidi
Er a layve a keilt chaylle
Mir wee finn flaa cyni
- 24 Gid tani ne burfin gyle
Derrow albin no errin
Er maneach do gi beacht
A deaffryth mis zi chormik
- 25 Gawa tow cow thlaa
Woyne zoskla mydda
Ne warrir fin lat id te
Er ane chowe er talwon
- 26 Ach ane chow a keilt chaye
Da bi toylling tow faywayll
Da waya a tow zoif re lay
Lawnon woada di gi feayne
- 27 Di zoyve tow bed er gi
Cart cove ewnnvill
Di nasgis in brar mir
Er chormik m^e art inir
- 28 Gin leggi gi ray in re
Da waya ay ni feyweill
Mar nasgis in brar beynn
Er re errin ni nwlt inn
- 29 In deymow gar zeggir royeve
Heymsyth ze in dymf
Glossin turris o hawre
Fa turris fr gi mannee
- 30 Do hymow ni heltin
Gar skeltyth a chwdydychi
Tuggis lwm ii zelt zark
Is ii znew ignyth ym ard
- 31 Aggis fey fy za won ii lach
Sin loch a seyllin
ii hynnyth sleycewllin
ii zaw awlle a burrin
- 32 ii zessivey zowrane zurm
ii chellych fey a farzhrum
ii hyane kylyt creive
Di latteve zrom zawreim
- 33 ii zoyvrane a hen a mach
O charri donnwane doyyr
ii cillin o thrae leith lee
ii rulli a port larga
- 34 mii snekga on vrosota wane
ii anoyk charga d . . .
ii eachte one eachte ard
ii smoyrych letteth lom ard
- 35 ii zroyllane downe yve
ii cheinkych ni coryve
ii chur one chorriin cleyth
ii harreich mwe o foyall
- 36 ii illir chargi ni glach
ii hawik a keyndyth
ii fess o locht melwa
ii cherk ussga o locht erne
- 37 ii cherk reich one vowna math
ii zergin zow locha
ii chreithrane mw cowlin
ii wentane my foylliu
- 38 ii cheythane a glenn awlle
ii zalvon ni sen awle
ii phedda oywrii a claa
ii onchon o chroda clach
- 39 ii zoyane o thrae za wan
ii erboyk loychir yr
ii chollum one chess chur
ii lon a lettir fin chwle
- 40 ii eddoyk letter roye
ii thrudda tawrych teyve oyr
ii choneyn a schee doe doynn
ii wuk awlle cloyth elur
- 41 ii choyag o zrom dave
ii ane oywryth layn de
ii yghrgane lanenyth furrih
ii chreithir one chreive roye
- 42 ii sperr hawk in swi o cleyve gla
ii loch lay o lwnycht
ii oyr ane one woyi
ii ussock on vownych wor
- 43 ii oynlayk a lon chnoyth
ii brok a creich ollonych
ii rynyth strayth sinnyth
ii zlassoyk o wroch urri
- 44 ii chrottych o chonych zawlwe
ii weil won wor hawni
ii earrinnyth phillhorrych
ii awllinnych seith boygh
- 45 ii zassidi one wyg wylle
ii cheith cheinekyche chnaw chyle
ii woyok oo wrowych brn
ii neiskin o zowdyr
- 46 ii zerrin o leyve za ane
Da chyill wreane turle
ii annan ar o wy walz
ii chonlane zatta o zranard
- 47 ii zrin zarrych o zruing
ii vromargane on vor cheyyl
ii wlyrrych o zowne ni barga
ii eli zalle on zaltraach
- 48 ii royin o challow charga
ii wuk wor on woraga
ii eskar locht m'lanene
ii zarzart my ni nellane
- 49 ii ane vek o wess a chwle
ii eggin ess v'mowrn
ii ellit zlinni zlinn smoyl
ii woyif o haach mow mor
- 50 ii onchon loyath o loch conu
ii eychat a hoyw chroychin
ii chyraa schee zoyvlane zil
ii vuk vwlow vlyr

- 51 Rath is ker chorkrych chass
Tugis lwm o einnis
Tugis lum each agis lar
Di zrey vassych vanyname
- 52 Tarve is be zarri o zrwu kein
Tugis lwm o wuru vunchane
Do chonni di chounew ni wane
Di hir cornik orruu gi dane Teym
- 53 Gi neith zar chursin ym chenn
Tugis lwm is teym
Er in dymyselyth ull doyf
Gow lar ane ew
- 54 Nor a baillwme a meyw
Zobbedir voyme ach skeillych
Di choy in feaych woym o zess
Di bi wlya dom awles
- 55 Di rukgis er in glenn da wan
O orrir loch a lurgin
Di quhoy ni lach fa layve
Nach chussit faywail
- 56 Ter schroyow berwe brass
Gow aych inn zowlass
Di zowis e er wrawit
Gin ger walaa heach hanye
- 57 Tugis lwm ee lach gin wacht
Dosli fin o chornik
Ne fooris zolk roya
Heg rwm nyg ve me boe
- 58 Cha deyd ass mi chree
Chinn gin nawleggir may in dalvon
Lass ane nane beg lassane nane
Dolle a chass ymon
- 59 Er ni tulleyh er gi ay
Cor fa lawe rg lassyn ane
I chonwaille fyinn ag in layve
Er seiltin gin ead wawne
- 60 Is vin zeyntyth ay sin de hoyrt
Er a gowe diinn fosslow zoywayl
In dymyschow sin mir sin
Ner toylling fir in doeythin
- 61 Tugis ead gow taura lwm
Gow mowr a vor hyle
Doss gi zokkir a kin
Oppir ead in nyich sin
- 62 Caythir a wee si walli
Er ix dorss fossgillyth
Cornik hug zeyve in teacht
Mir zoy ym bea gi skei
- 63 Mir chonni may za gwryth
Sin wrow arsing ill wrunyeh
Legga brudlychyth gawe
Vin a guddichyth greithane
- 64 Huggi ay brow slatzall sellis doyf
Er chegit fre zorre
Gi in dorris deyve downtyth
Ner way in soyeve cond in . .
- 65 Ead sin is tee gi bronych
Miss a mwe gi anoyith
Mi chree cove connis
Fa la er gi in dorris
- 66 Ga mor nolk foris royth
Wonyth skeythow choolyth
Ner leigis ane deyve a mach
Gi tra erre in in varrich
- 67 Anmai ny hyrri skeilyth
A chorymyrth keilta.
Ach a wag sin teyve ra teyve
Ne dor chornik za soyeve
- 68 Nor a leggi finn a mach
Di skeillidir gi skeilytht
Cha deacha deis na trear
Wo hawra zeive er in . .
- 69 Mi reith feyn agus reach fenn
Merrolta cheme wass mi chinn
Ni tre neachin fa darryth zoyve
Ni troyth sin di hymysichow

70 We skay zoym er mi clow
Credldwm in crist is ow
Mimirehe ass in cw inn
Gar vewwm lwm ne weym . .

71 Gar wadda mi leymsi har
In dawr lochra ni wayn,
Is fadda in laym ragis ter
xx kead try in dawr

72 In sen fa lowvr mi leym
Wagis si viddircheyn
Gin ach bar mi choss a geill
Mawl gith tosk er deym.
Teym tosk.

OISEIN'S COURTING. D. 28. L. C. M. 15.

THIS ballad is rare. I have three versions, which differ chiefly in spelling. Besides the names of Heroes who flourish elsewhere, three are named who seldom act. Twelve go to seek a Bride for Oisein; she was the foreign love of Cormac. There was a fight with Cormac and the Furbolg. Oisein beheaded Cormac. This is the end of a quarrel between the High King and his army, and makes another blood-fend, which ends only in the Catastrophe. Oisein is made to tell this to a woman. In text L. 6, Dr. Young identifies this with an episode in Fingal (book 4, Clerk's Ossian, vol. II. p. 3). There is not a line of this ballad in the latest Gaelic text of Ossian, though it was twice printed before 1786.

D. 28. NINGHIN IUNSA. 70 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, May 11, 1872.

Compared with Gillies, page 11, May 24, 1872, with Hector Mac Lean.—J.F.C.

- 1 'S Cuth Duinne far nach Ionbhain
Deirimsa riutsa Nighin Iunsa
Gu raibh mi m' dheo-laoh air bheirt eille
Gad ha mi m' sheann Laoch san Lathas'.
- 2 La gu deachas leimn
Eibhir-Aluin Chas-fhalt Fheinn
Shi Ninghin fa 'm Geallabach Glac
Leannan Chacgriach Chormaich.
- 3 Gun do ghluais shin gu sruth Locha leige
An da Fhearr-dheug a b' fhearr fuidh 'n Ghrein
Ge be fhidreadh air Ruin
Robhain bu teichbheach droch Cuth.
8 in Gillies.
- 4 Dh' fhosgladh dhuinn an Grianan Corr
Air a Thughadh do 'n Chloth dhuinn
Lion Meannmeadh shinn uille
'Gaibhrac Eibhir Chas-fhalt Bhui.
7 in Gillies.
- 5 Labhair Brian' 's cha duirt e Breug
Gad bhiogh ann da ninghin-deug
Aig feobhas do Chliuth san Fheinn
Bhiogha Cheud Roghin diubh aig Ossian.
10 in Gillies.
- 6 Gun ghlaais shinn gu Druim Dha-Th
S bla Cormaic robbin na Long-phort
'Se dar fethibh gu dana
Le sheac Catha deug do 'n deo-mhath-shlnath.
11 in Gillies.
- 7 Shuadh Chormaich gu do Chass
Aig na ghaibh an sliaigh bla-lassar
12 in Gillies.
- 8 Ochdfhear do bhi aig Cormaic Cruinn
Ionnan an Gniobh dh' fhearibh-bolg
Mac Olla 's Daire nan Creuchd
Mac Tosgair² treun & Taog.
13 in Gillies.
- 9 Freasdal Baighach Mac an Riogh
Daire nan Gniobh bu bhor aigh
Daora 'b fhearr fullang san Chuigh
'Smeirge Chormaich Chruinn na Laibh.
1 Bran.

² Toscar for the first time mentioned. D.M.—Scribe's note. Supposed to be a mistake for an t-Oscar.

NINGHIN IUNSA.

14 in Gillies.

- 10 Oehd-fhear do bhi aig Oissain ard
Iunnan san Cath ga dhion
Molla mac Sgeine gu fial
Sgeuliche fial Flath nam Fiann.
15 in Gillies.
- 11 Faolan & Caoril Cass
'N Duibh mac Rìobhain nìor thais Colg
Toscar an tus shìar na Chlann
Chnadh fo 'n Chrann an ceann nam Fear bolg.
16 in Gillies.

- 12 Thachair Tosgar thachair Daol
Taibh ri Taibh an Lath' an shluaidh
Bha Coibhrig an da Churidh Chaoibh
Mar gun doirtigh Gaoth a Cuan
17 in Gillies.
- 13 Bu Choibhbrig dha Leobhan shinn
'S cho n' iarruidh e sgian da 'n goin
Ge bu mhath Saoirsneachd nam Fear
Bu bheo na Taosgibh am Fial.
18 in Gillies.

- 14 Chuibhniche Tosgar air a Sgithin
Arm bu mhiann leis an Fhear mhaith
Chuir e naoidh Goibhig an Taobh Dhaol
Sheal bog mu n' do chlasin an Cath.
19 in Gillies.
- 15 Bha Cormaic aig Corbadh an t-shuaidh
Mar Fhuaim Uird le Deirinnibh Laibh
Giarruidh gu Hoissain gach Uair
San Cath cruaidh do bheir e dha.
20 in Gillies.

- 16 Do sgoilt Oissain air an T-sliabh
Caogid Sgiath gu Cormaic Cruinn
'S gun bhris Cormaic mac Airt
Caogid Lann ghlass air an Druim.
NINGHIN IUNSA.
21 in Gillies.

- 17 Thugas an Ceann do Chormaic Cruinn
Air an T-sliabh gus a Nochd
'S gun do ghluais mi leis gu Flath Fail,
'S an Ceann sin am Laibh air Fhailt.
22 in Gillies.

- 18 Ge be ghinse dhoibhsa shin
An La sin a cuir a Chath
Fheiridh rium mar bha mi nochd
Gum faigheadh e ole fo 'm Laibh.

The story of this is, that the Feinne went to Loch Leige to seek the sweetheart of Cormac, Eamhair. They killed Cormac, and Oisein carried home his head.

M. 15. SUIREADH OISEIN AIR EAMHAIR ALUINN. 88 lines.

- 1 'Is Cuth duine far nach Fionduin²
Deirimse riutsa nighean Iunnas,
Gu 'n raibh mi 'm dhea' laoch air bheirt eile,
Ge ta mi 'm sheann laoch san latha-s'.
2 Latha gu 'n deachaidh leinn,
Eamhair aluinn fholt-ghrinn,
Nighean bu gbéal-lamhach glac,
Leannan coirigh Chormaic.
3 Ghluais sinn gu saoth Loch Leige (perhaps *taobh*)
An da fhear-dheug a b' fhear fò 'n ghrèin,
Ge b' e dh' fhlidireadh ar run,
Romhain bu theichmheach droch euth.
4 Bheannich an sin Bran³ mac Leacan
D' an t-sluagh aluinn, ard, gheal-ghlacach,
Gu narach, treoirach, mèo-mheata,
Nach do phill seannal no ascal.
5 Dh' fharaid e dh' inn an glòir bhinn,
Ciod e an taise⁴ mu 'n d' thainig sinn?
Caolte fhrèagair air ar ceann,
A dhiarraidh do nighin ortsa.

- 6 Co dha ta sibh ga h-iarraidh?
Do dh' Oisein uasal mac Fheinn,
'S i mo nearac a gheabh thu.
A Laoic h-laidir long-phortaich.
7 Labhair Brán 's ni dubhairt breug,
Ge do bhiodh agam da nighin deug,
Aig feabhas do chliuth san Fheinn,
Bhiodh a cheud nighean aig Oisein.
8 Dh' fhosgladh dhuinn an Grianan⁵ corr,
Air a thluthadh do chloth dhuinn, (perhaps *clùth*)
Lion meannna sinn nìle,
'G amhare Eamhair chas-fholt bhuidhe.
9 'Nuair a chunnaire Eamhair fhial
Oisein Mac Fheinn flath na 'm Fiann,
Thug an Ribhin a b' aille dreach
Gaoil a h-anna d' an dea' mhac.
10 Gu 'n ghluais sinn gu Druim da-thore,
'S bha cormac romhain na long-phort,
'S e dar feitheamh gu dana,
Le seachd catha d' an dea' mhalaidh.⁶
11 Shnagh Chormaic gu 'n do chás
Aig na ghabh an shlabh bla lasair.
12 Oehd-fhear do bhi aig Cormac cruinn,
Ionann an gnìomh dh' Fhearaibh-Bolg,
Mac Colla is Daire nan crendich,
Mac Toscair' treun agus Taog.
13 Fcasdal baghach Mac an Rìgh,
Daire na 'n gnìomh bu mhor agu,
Daol bu mhaith fulang sa chuing,
'S Meirge Chormaic Chruinn na laimh.
14 Oehd-fhear bhi aig Oisein ard,
Ionann sa chath gharg ga dhion,
Mulla Mac Sein agus Fial,
Sgeulaiche fìor flath na Feinn'.
15 Faolan agus Cairiol càs,
Dubh Mac Ribhin nìor thais colg,
Toscar an tus siar a Chlann,
Chaidh fò 'n chruann an' ceann na 'm Fearbolg.⁷
16 Thachair Toscar thachair Daol,
Taobh re taobh an lath' an t-sluaigh,
Bha comhrag an da churaidh chaoimh
Mar gu 'n doirtedh gaoth a cuan.
17 Bu chomhrag dha leomhain⁸ sin
'S cha 'n iarradh e scian d' an guin,
Ge bu mhaith saoirsneachd na 'm fear,
Bu cheo na taosgaidh am fial.

- 18 Chuibhniche Toscar air an scein,
Arm bu mhiann leis an fhear mhaith,
Chuir e naoi guine, an taobh Dhaol,
Sealan beag mu 'n chlaon an cath.
19 Bha comhrag ag borbaidh an t-sluaigh,
Mar fhuaim uird le dearnaibh lamh,
Ag iarraidh gu Oisein gach uair
'S an cath cruaidh do bheir e dhoibh.
20 Do scoilt Oisein air an t-sliabh
Caogad sciath gu Cormac Cruinn,
'S gu 'n bhris Cormac mac Art
Caogad lann ghlas air an druim.
21 Thugas an ceann do Chormac Cruinn
Air an t-sliabh gus an nochd,
'S gun do ghluais gu Flath Fail,
'S an ceann sin am laimh air f'bolt.

- 22 Ge b' e dh' innseadh dhamsa sin
An la sin ag cuir a chath',
Deireadh rium mar tha mi nochd
Gu 'm faigheadh e ole o m' laimh.

⁵ A round turret or tent.⁶ Mhal-shluagh?⁷ Ceann na 'm Bolg.⁸ Leoghain.

THE FAIR MAID'S HILL. A. H. I.

THE oldest version known is here reprinted from the Dean's Book, arranged according to the metre. Hunting rights were always matters of dispute; and here, as it

¹ Lit. A man is a chief when he is not a Fingal.² Iundrium, ionduinn?³ Brian.⁴ Taiscealadh, taisge?

seems, the army have taken the King's preserves, in addition to their own. This hunting song is remembered in the Long Island in 1871, but the most of it has been reduced to mere narrative.

It is worth remark, that the method of hunting described here, corresponds to the description of a similar hunt by Taylor, the Water Poet, in the reign of James 6th. V. 13, p. 197, Mac Callum, is a short version of this. A great many hunting stories are current in the Highlands still.

A. 20. SLEYVE NY BAN FINN. 68 lines.

AUCTOR HUGUS OSSIN.

- 1 LA zay deacha finn mo rayth,
Di helg er sleyve ny ban finn
Tri meillith wathyou ny wayn,
Ne zcaath skaow vass in ginn
- 2 Ossin is vinni lwmmi di zloyr,
Bannicht foiss er amny fin
Agnis innis gach wayd feyg,
Hwtti er sleyve ny ban finn.
- 3 Ga mor lowe crathamar slee,
Or ni deatha voylte in loy
Di hutti er sleyve ny ban finn,
Di zeyith lay fin nyth wlygh
- 4 Innis doyf royth gith skayle,
Bannith er a waill gin zoith
A bayig eaddith no ermmi,
A doll leive a helg gi lay
- 5 Di weith eaddith agus ermmi,
A doll leine a helg mir senni
Ni weith fance zeive ym zoe,
Gin leynith roylle is men
- 6 Gin chottone schee schave,
Gin lurch sparr zeyr zlynn
Gin chenvar clooth di chorriith,
S zay ley in norn gi fer
- 7 Gin skay neynith warryth boye,
Gin lanni chroye eskoltith kenn
A nearryth in doythinn fayn scheath,
Ne royth nath bi zer no finn
- 8 Is schea a barri enicht is awge,
Ne zeath lav vassa chinn
Doll in dastill a choyn zill,
Gi aggin er farri mir finn
- 9 Cath egr a choymir shear,
A helg er sleyve ni ban finn
A phatrik ayd chinni ni glar,
Di balin grann vass ir giinni
- 10 Noyr a bwyth finni r gonni
Da binni seirri agus shear
Gow gyir o chnok gow enok,
A meskeith hork is feaygh
- 11 Di weith finn agus brann,
Nane swe selli er in tleyve
Gyth fer rewe in nayd helg,
No ger eirryth kolg in feark
- 12 Di leggy mir tre m cowe,
A barri lowe syth way gi garga
Warwe gith cowe zewe da eyg
Selli fa neyd yn eyll na hard
- 13 Di hwtti vi meill feyg bar
Er a zlann di weith fane tleyve
A haggus eyg agus arbe
Ne zarne selgi mir sen reywe
- 14 Gir bee deirriith ir selgi hear,
A clarre oyd ni glar is ni glok
Deich kayd kow fa lawre loyr
Hutti fa leon x c tork
- 15 Di huttidir lyne ni twrk,
A roynith ni helg er in lerga
Mir a weyg r lanith is r lawe
Di verdis air er in telga
- 16 A phatrik ui baichill fear,
A wakka tow hear no horri
Selga in lay raid lin
A waynew fin bi woith no sen

17 Ach sen solga a roinith finn
V'alpin ni minni blayth
Gar ni goyllane ansi cheille,
Gi bi winni laym ane lay

Lay za deach.

H. 21. THE BEST DAY THAT THE HEROES EVER HUNTED. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 69. Advocates' Library. December 11, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Not known to Hennessy, but nevertheless in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society. Dublin, December 17, 1871.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THEY loosed 3000 dog and each dog killed two deers which was 6000, and Bran had slain 6001, tho' he was but a puppy, which makes 12001; but the one-third part of their dogs (which was at that day 1000) fell by 100 wild Boars, for they killed them all by their arrows and spears; for they did never go to hunt, or any other way, without being in compleat armour, for it was dangerous at that time to travel a quarter of a mile otherwise.

DAN 17.

- 1 LATHA da deachaidh sinn siar,
A shealg air sliabh na 'm ban fionn;
'S mile do Mhaithaibh nam Fiann,
Cho deachaidh riamh os a cheann.
- 2 Oisain gu 'r binn leam do ghlóir,
Beannachd fos air anam Fhinn;
Ailis dhúinne cin lion fiadh,
Thuit libh air sliabh nam ban Fionn.
- 3 Ailis o thoisnach do sgeul,
Beannachd air do bheul faidheoidh;
'M biodh bhuir 'n eideamh is bhuir 'n airm,
A dol lúh 'n bheinn t-seilg gach ló.
- 4 Gu 'n ar 'n eideamh 's gu 'n ar 'n airm,
Cho reacheamaid a sheilg nan cnoc,
Bhíodh air gach feinnidh gach ló,
Léine shroil 's air eill da choin.
- 5 Bhíodh cóit air do 'n t-síde sbéimh,
Lútreach, is Barghil r' a shlios;
Is ceannbheairt chochalla chórr,
'S a dha shleagh an dornn gach fir.
- 6 Bhíodh sgia úain air a gheibha' buaidh,
'S cloidheamh cruaidh gu sgoltadh cheann
Bodha (*meadhach*) agus iudhair,
'S caogad guinach ann am balg.
- 7 Sinbhail an domhan mu seach,
'S cho 'n fhuigh thu ann neach mar Fhionn
A b' fhearr inmhe 'sa b' fhearr ágh,
Cho deachaidh lámh os a cheann.
- 8 Re cath teagair bha sinn siar,
A sealg air sliabh na 'm ban Fionn;
A Phádraig a cheann nan clár,
B' áluin a ghrian os ar ceann.
- 9 'N nair a shuidhich Fionn a choin,
Air an t-srath a bha fúí 'n t-shlabh;
Shnídh gach feinnidh air tom seilg,
Gus an d' cirich sgeilg nam fiadh.
- 10 Dh' fhuasgail sinn trí míle cú,
Bu mhaith lúth, sa bha ro ghar;
'S mbarbh gach cú dhúin sin da fhiadh,
Seal mu 'n deachaidh iall air aird.
- 11 Iodhnadh 's mo 'a chunnacas riamh,
No chuala Fiann Inne pháil;
Gu d' mbarbh Bran is e na chuilin,
Fiadh agus idhíir re each.
- 12 Leag¹ sinn naoi míle fia' barr,
Air an t-srath a' ta fuilidh 'n t-shlabh;
A Phádraig san agams tha beachd,
Sealg mar sud cho 'n fhacas riamh.

¹ . . . 9000 Harts, besides Hinds and Roes.

- 13 Thuit leinn naoi míle fiadh bar,
A eagrhuís carb agus adh;
Thuit sin air sliabh nam ban fionn,
Do dh' fhíadhaich le Fíonn nam fleagh.
- 14 Ach an deireadh ar seilgne shiar,
A Phádraig nan clár 's nan clog;
Deich céud cu le 'n slabhruidh óir,
Thuit sin faidheoidh le céud torc.
- 15 'S ann leinn mharbhadh na tuire
A rinn na h-uile air an leirg,
'S mar bhitheadh ar lamha 's ar lann
Cho deanamh air air an t-seilg.
- 16 Biomadh laoch fuileachdaich fíal,
Na sheasamh air sliabh Imise-erót,
Gu 'n ach iall a chog na láimh,
'S e píleadh o ár nan torc.
- 17 Sealg mar sud cho d' rinn sinn riamh,
A dhea' Mhic Ailpáin na mionn tlá;
Gath do cheoláin ann sa chill,
'S mór bu bhíne leam an lá.

I. 8. SLIABH NAM BEANN FIONN. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 29. Advocates' Library,
April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE FAIR HILLS.—A POEM. Extracts.

OSIAN recollects by this poem the best day the Heroes had ever hunted the deer upon a place, called Sliabh nam beann Fíonn, i. e., The fair and beautiful Hills. 3,000 Heroes handsomely accounted entered these Mountains with 3,000 Dogs or Hounds, each Grey-hound had slain two Deer, and Bran, Fingal's Grey-hound, slew as many as all the rest. 1,000 of their hounds fell by wild Boars, and beasts, and 1,000 of their Men were so far overcome with fatigue, before they kilt the Boars and gathered the venison, of which ever after they did not get the better.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpin.

- 3 BEANNACHD air do bheul n' ní ceol;
4 Cho reachamhaid a sheilg i an lon;
5 Bhíodh cot air do 'n fhítidh sheimh,
6 'S cloidheamh cruaidh, bu mhaith sa cholg;
7 Botha cruadhach air dhea' luthadh,
8 Chuireadh sinbhal fúí 'n gath bolg.
9 A b' fhearr cineach, sa b' fhearr agh.
10 Bu gharg luth ri aonach ard;
11 Thuit leinn naoi míle fiadh bar.

H. 22. HOW GOLL FELL A HUNDRED OF CLANNA BAOISGE WRESTLING. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 36. Advocates' Library,
Dec. 2, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, Dec. 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy. Not found in the Catalogues of Royal Irish Academy. This carries the blood-feud between Goll and the Clanna Baoisgne into the hunting field.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day hunting and Goll was not present, they began to let their dogs after a wild swine, for diversion, and to know which of their dogs would be the vanquisher; Conan, Goll's brother, ordered them to stop the dogs till his brother would come: Faolan, Fingal's son, rose and fell Conan; who was viewing them but Goll, he ran, and before he stop, he laid down one hundred of them on the Hill, a bloody battle immediately began, but not deadly.

DAN 7.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bhi 'n gleann diamhair,
Bha sinn re fiathach Muc alte;
'S bha Fíonn 'éin ann, Caoilte 's Oisain,
Luchd a bhrosnachla gach sealga.
- 2 Bha sinn uil' ann clann Mhic Cluthaill,
Bha farao ann Coireall céarnnach;
'S an t-Oscar óg laidair neartmhor,
Nach cuireadh an cath air chàird.
- 3 Ochagáin air taobh a ghlinne,
Shuidh sinn uile Clanna Baoisge;
Do shuidh moad mor air bharradh.
'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar daoin ain.

- 4 Chuir sinn air coin ris an fhíreach,
Gu claidh is milleadh na béiste;
Dh' fheachainn co d' ar conaibh grumach,
A gheibheadh lán bhuaí' air bréine.
- 5 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,
B' e aon laoch comais gach áite;
'No leigadh bhuir gathair gu fíreach,
Gu 'n chlann 'm athairsa bli láthair.'
- 6 'S ann an sin dh' eirich Faodhlán,
B' e aon laoch spírmneachd gach gnóthaich;
'S ann dhuinne bu lóir a dhonas,
Gun d' ug e leagadh do Chonan.
- 7 An sin do thainig Goll grumach,
Bu shar bhenneannach 's bu chruaí' builleán,
Seal mun d' fhaodar leinn a chruaill,
Do leag e céud air an tulaich.
- 8 'S ann an sin a dh' eirich Oscar,
'N laoch leis an coisgte 'n cruaidh chómhrag;
Mar bhitheadh dhamh 's deachainn mo ghealladh,
'S ann dhuitsa b' aithreach ann borbadh.
- 9 Urram cho 'n fhuigh thusa namsa,
'Se labhair Goll grumach re Oscar;
Gu 'r h-ann leamsa thuit do Shinnir,
'S bu dearg lúintidh le mor lotaibh.
- 10 'N ar measna dh' eirich a' bhuidhin,
Bhorb na curina r'a chéile;
Bu lionmhór sgia' bhreac air leith lámh,
Agus lann bu leathan gle gheal.
- 11 Chuaidh gach fear air eul a chloidheamh,
'S chuaidh gach Flath air eul sgéitha;
Chum 's gu d' fheachamhaid le 'r gathaibh,
Cia bu treise dhinn no chéile.
- 12 Chuaidh Goll mor na chulaidh chathna,
'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar daoin ain;
Aig truímead 's aig tricead a bhuilleán,
'N sin air chlaignaibh Chlanna baoisge.
- 13 S ann an sin a labhair Conall,
'Ma 's beó duine Chlanna baoisge;
Díolamh an fheall is a mheodhair,
'N dui' air chlaignaibh Chlanna mornna.'
- 14 'N sin do fhreagair an Rígh Féinne,
G' e maith do chomhairls 'a Chonail;
Fuadh 'n íochdasa thainig Clanna mornna,
'S b' iad aon laoch shorg-ghic an domhain.
- 15 An sin do dh' eirich Fíonn fíalaídh,
Is Diarmaid déud gheal o duimhne;
'S chuir iad na saoi' ean o chéile
Ge d' bu mhor iargain na bruidhne.
- 16 A togail dhuinn ris a mbullach,
'S a díreach re uilean an t-sléibhe;
Ge do tharladh gu 'n bhi marbh dhuinn,
B' iomadach ann osnaigh chléibhe.
- 17 Bu lionmhór ann cuirp gu sílleach,
Agus laoch fúí' ionad creacaibh;
'N deidh nu 'm builleán troma dóbhídh,
Thug Goll mac mornna mbie neamhair.

I. 9. GLEANN DIAMHAIR. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 63. 72 lines. Advocates' Library, April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE SOLITARY VALE.

THE Fingalians were hunting and chasing Wild Beasts and wild Boars thro' the woods and Mountains. The tribe of Baisge wanted to set of their Dogs after the Boar in Gaul's absence. Conan who was always a Foamer of strife and wrangles with his impertinent loquacity stopt their Dogs until his Brother Gull and his Hounds would draw near and see the sport. Instantly Faolan (one of Fingal's sons) fell on Conan and beat him smartly. Gaul approached and saw his Brother so severely used in his absence, fell furiously upon Clan-Baisge and overturned one hundred of them upon the Hill before his career could be retarded. Thereupon a battle ensued between the two Clans in which the invincible and brave Caledonian Gaul was like to overcome the Tribe of Baisge. The amicable Fingal and courteous Dermid restored peace and amity between both Clans.

- 1 Bha Fionn fein ann, Caoilt, is Toscar,
Luchd a phrosnachadh gach sealga.
- 3 Shuigh sinn uil' ann 's Clanna-ruri;
Do shuigh Momad mor air bharrach,
Cha bu toiseach rath a dhuinne.
- 4 Chuir sinn ar coin ris an neidach,
A chlaoi', muice nan calg geura;
Bu treine gainne nan cuileann,
Bha friodh mullaich mar choill chreithich.
- 5 B' e aon laoch conais gach aite;
No leigibh ur gadhair fui 'n flireach.
- 11 Chum 's gu feuchamaid gun athamb,
- 12 'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar taith-ne;
- 13 Mar charraig air aodann tuinne,
Air an eireadh buinnean arda;
Bha 'n laoch a teirbirt gach buille,
Beuma guineach docair gabhaidh.

H. 23. HOW FINGAL AND GOLL CAST OUT HUNTING THE LEANA. 132 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 38. Advocates' Library,
December 4, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy.

I HAVE no trace of this particular composition, but I have many stories about great mythical deer hunts. In this case the scene is laid in Glen Eite, in Argyllshire, not far from the Royal Castles of Dunstaffnage, and ancient forts. In verse 20 Fionn is called 'High King of Connaught,' though he is in Morven, and in verse 26, the illustrations are drawn from Beinn Eidian, the Hill of Howth.

If these ballads be historical, this belongs to the Dalriads who came to Argyllshire about A.D. 311, and later. The story is part of the Blood-fend of Fionn and Goll, the cause of which is in the next ballad.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day hunting at a place called Leana, nigh Gleneilte, in Argyllshire, and either of the parties was too lazy, and they were not doing so much as themselves, Goll and Fingal thought proper to divide the muirs, and that every one would stay on his own side; their agreement was that whoever would shut the Deer (if he would go after he would get the arrow), on whatever ground he would fall that it would be theirs which had the ground by Lot; Oscar struck a hart, and fell on Goll's march and took it away, but Goll, according to their agreement, would not allow him the hart since it was his own, they cast out that moment, and a bloody battle began betwixt both parties.

DAN 8.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne sealg na Leana,
A tathach an fheidh o 'n Chlach leadh'd,
Shuidh mi fein air Guala buidh;
'S shuidh Mac Chuthaill air Coir-easain.
- 2 Shuidh Caoilte air Coire-domhnail,
Fear a chomhdacha' ar Féinne;
'S cho d' flag a choin no gathair a bhos
Aon fhiadh gu 'n tathach gu h-Eite.
- 3 Shuidh Diarmaid donn gheal o duimhne,
Gille muirneach na morchuis;
Maille r'a fhir thréune chatha,
Thall air uilean enoc na h-Og' ghnais.
- 4 Shuidh Mac Mornna san Lia' ghumb 's,
Tacan siar o Ghuala chuirn;
'S g' b' e chidheadh sealg nam fear,
Bu lionmhor ann bás daimh dhuinn.
- 5 Mu 'n d' ainig deireadh an ló,
Dh' eirich gníomh bu doilich léinn,
Eidear iodhleann nan arm glas,
Agus Osear Mac Rìgh 'n leirg.
- 6 Damh do mharbh Oscar an àigh,
Tacan beng o bheulamh Ghúill;
'S thug Goll a bhriathar gu beachd.
Nach feuchadh é blas an daimh dhuinn.
- 7 Do thog Oscar e dh' a fein,
'S e 'g eisteach re briathar Ghúill;
'S gu b' eisean an Gille fial,
Thog e air a sgí 'sa lúin.

- 8 Thainig an t-Oscar donn gu Athair,
Thainig Maithadh Chlanna baioise;
Thainig orma sgí na cobhair,
'S thainig Colla, mac cruaidh Chaoilte.
- 9 Thainig Fionn fein an ceannard,
Bu chran teann air Chlanna baioise,
'S labhair e le iolach uabhair,
Thugaibh urram 's biadh do 'm dhaoine.
- 10 Thainig Fionn bán Mac Chuanthan,
Le aon flichead déug furaill ghaigreach;
'S le nìdhir eile do dh' fhiantidh,
Do thainig Maighre Mac Baistail.
- 11 Thainig a Macaidh dubh sìobhalt,
Gille gu 'n di meas lan dógbraim;
Le aon flichead déug sgia' nach fannaich,
'S cho bu charaid Chlanna mornna.
- 12 Thainig Mac Nic o-theanraig,
A bu roi' mhaith thun an trotain;
Le aon flichead déug sgia' nach sgannail,
'S a bu roi' mhaith theannadadh totail.
- 13 Le deich ceud eiridh do dh' fhiantidh,
Do thainig Diarmaid o dùimhne;
Le 'n gathaidh fiata, feargach fuileach,
Gu fìor mhulleach slabh Mhic súimhne.
- 14 Thainig Caoilte fiamh gach catha,
Le cuig céud 's trì laoiach gu súimhne;
Le 'n lanna' fìor chruaidhe geala,
An gleus catha chum ar coibhreach.
- 15 Le deich ceud 's flichead laoch calma,
Do thainig Garbh lámh Mac Mornna;
Gu fiodhleann nan armaibh fada,
D' a theanadh o 'r tional mór-ne.
- 16 Le trì fichead tréun laoch catha,
Do thainig Garbh Mac Mornna;
'S bu cheannard air trì fìr fheachda,
Gach aon neach dhin teachd gu comhrag.
- 17 Le céud ursann chath gu 'n athadh,
Do thainig Grad lamh gu deonach;
'S na bha air eul gach eiridh,
Truir laoch fuileachdach gu cómhraig.
- 18 Thainig le cuig fìchead calma,
Daor' airmaitach Innse freóine;
Gu Momad na 'm builleann grada,
'S cho bu rathail d' ar fìr mór-ne.
- 19 'Beannachd dhuit 's no fuilaing táir,
A Ghúill mhoir do radh Conan;
Thoir cath do 'n Fhinn gu 'n laigsa,
'S do rath fein a Rìgh cho donaid.'
- 20 'No deansa sin orsa Daóire,
'S fàirde ciall a comhairleachadh;
Beannachd dhuit is fuilaing táir;
Do dh' Fhionn árd Rìgh Connachda.'
- 21 'C' om am fuilaingeamsa táir,
Do dh' Fhionn, 's na gabhsa a pháirt,
'N uair bheiradh é mo dhlighe dhim,
C' om am fuilaingam e gu brath.'
- 22 Thionail Fionn an sin a shloigh,
Gu Momad mór nan tréun builleann;
Bu lionmhor ann bratach úr dhearg,
Agus laoiach fuidh Lúirich bhuidh.
- 23 Bha deich dorsan air slabh Ghúill,
'S iad eagnaichd drim air dhrim gu dochann;
Is bha eogad Luireach sholuis,
A coimhead gac aon dorais.
- 24 'N sin chuidh na fìr r' a chéile,
Gu fuileachdach tréumhhor cruaidhe;
'S b' iomad corp a bha d' an sineadh,
Le buillean a Mhìlidh ghramaich.
- 25 Gu b' iomad leith lamh, is leith chos,
An deis an leadairt le géur lann;
Le buillean a Chuinne chrodha,
Bha air an lón shios gu 'n eiridh.
- 26 'S an a chluinte fuaim a luinne,
Mar chreag ulean no Beinn endain;
A sgathadh chnaman is feòla,
B' e sin an sgéul bróin nach b' éibhneach.

- 27 Chluinte fuaim air buillean uile,
Mar thoirm tuinne re la gabhaidh;
No mar Easaichaibh na 'm beanntaibh,
Tuiteam ann gach gleann chaol fasaich.
- 28 Cho raibh brochd no torchd, no taobhan,
Bh' ann an sgilp no 'n creag no 'n uamh;
Nach do theich ann an gleantidh,
'S ann am beanntidh fada uainn.
- 29 'Oscar an cumhain no chomain,
'N uair a bha an Fhianm da leonadh;
Thug mi airm laoiach a' d' laimh,
'S no chonamh nach b' fhann an còmbraig.
- 30 'G' e do dheanamh tu dhamh fein,
Gach aon mhaith a bha fù 'n ghréin;
'C' om am fuilangeam tailceas Fhinn,
'N fhear sa bhios an deò am chré.'
- 31 'Cho 'n iongeantach leams og Fhinn,
Bhi neo chumailach air fhocal;
'S a bhi borb gu 'n iochd gu 'n dáimh,
R' a thréun naimhde re la dochaint.'
- 32 Cho deachidh an Fheinn le gráin,
Lead aon iomaire o 'n bhlar;
O' na dh' eirich a ghrian moch,
Gus an deach i siar a thámh.
- 33 Theic Mae Morna bu mhor gníomh,
Is mu theich cho b' ann gu 'n dí;
Thorchair drian d' ar Féinne leis,
'S dh' fhaig mise fuidl leòn gu sior.

I. 10. THE CONFLICT OF LEANA. 132 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 33. Advocates' Library,
April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

UPON this day Fingal and Gaul seem'd to have divided
the Forests and Mountains into two equal parts, whereby
the two Clans were bound by this agreement, that the
one Clan shou'd not encroach upon the others Property
during the time they were to hunt, and that the Deer
shot belonged to whoever Party that occupied the ground
whereon he was to fall. Soon after they entered the
Mountains and Muirs of Glen-eat, Glenurchy and Glen-
finlas in Argyle-shire. Oscar had had chased a stag close
upon Gaul's marches and wounded him. The stag fell
upon Gaul's property. Oscar pursued him and took him
away. Gaul (according to terms of Agreement) wou'd
have the stag, but Oscar wou'd not part with him. Upon
this dispute the two Clans were gathered together and an
engagement ensued in which great many of Clan-baisg
were killed, but the brave and valorous Gaul was at last
defeated, and Ossian acknowledges to get wounded, of
which he was lame ever after.

LEANA. Extracts.

- 2 Shuidh mi fein air Gnala-chuilinu,
3 Thall air uilean cnoc nan Ogan.
7 Thug e leis am fiadh, sa loinn.
8 'S thainig Colla Mac cruaidh Chailte.
9 Thugar nrram buaidh do 'm dhaoin
10 Thainig Fionn bàna Mac Cuathan,
Le aon fhichead deng curaidh gaisgidh.
11 Thainig a Mhaeraidh o 'n Isbein,
Gilleau gun mbio-mheat an doruinn.
12 Thainig Mac Rìogh na Eite,
Nan launa geur 's nan trodan.
13 Le deich ceud 's fichead do dh' fhiantaidh.
14 Le cuig ceud sonn gu sliabh suimhne,
Na laoiach bu docair le geur loinn.
15 Gu Iolann nan arma geura,
'S bu mhor am beud do Rìogh Phaile.
16 'S e na bha air cul gach curaidh,
Triuir laoch fhuileachdach gu coi-stri.
17 Do thainig Grad-lamh gu conamh,
'S bu cheamard air trì fir fheachda,
Gach laoch neartnhor teachd gu comhrag.
18 Gu Monadh nam buillean treuna,
'N laoch nach curadh an cruai'-chomhrag.
20 'S fheairde Triath a chomhairleachadh.

- 22 B' iomadach ann bratach ur-ghorm,
Agus laoch ann luraich Iuthaidh.
23 Bha deich dorsan air Cathain Ghnail.
24 Bhuail sinn an sin air a cheile,
Mar dha bhuinn air sge' nan cùntaidh;
B' iomad laoch a thuit gun eiridh,
Le buillean a Mhìlhidh ghruamaich.
26 A' sghabhadh nan sonn sa chomhrag,
Sgeula broin ata an-eibhinn.
27 Chluinte toirm ar beum sa chumrag,
Mar fhuain tuinne ri la gabhaidh.
28 Cha raibh broc, no tore, no baobhan,
Bh' ann an eos nan creag, no 'n uaimh.
29 Nuair a bha thu 'm bruid ga d' leonadh,
Thug airm laoiach ann a d' laimh.
30 'N fhea' sa bhiodh an deò am chré.
31 A bhi borb gun iochd no baidh,
'S ann iomar-bbaidh na luchd coisgairt.
32 Cha do theich an Fheum le grain,
Lead aon iomaire le sgath.
33 'S dh' fhaig mise fùil leòn gun leighcas.

HOW CUMHAL WAS SLAIN. A. F. O.

IN this ballad, which is old, Fionn and Garradh, of the
tribe of Morna, sit at a Pass, and Garradh tells how he
and his tribe slew Fionn's father. I will tell all that I
have learned about this story when I translate. The
ballad seems to fit here amongst Hunting Songs and
tribal quarrels. The first is from the Dean's Book, 1512.
The second is from the Collection of Fletcher, who could
not himself write what he could recite. The third is
from the Collection of Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, about
A.D. 1800. The ballad is therefore ancient, and it was
widely known in Scotland. In the Dean's Book this
fragment is joined to a bit of Cuchullin's Story, to which
it does not belong. It is at page 75, Gaelic. Page 1 above.

A. 21. KINNIS DI WARVE SEW COWLL?
72 lines.

- 1 feyne in tulg churr
Ay deis er gi
Ilw a feyne agus garri
Teive er heive in naue tr za
2 Gin darrith Finn di zarri
Er su zoith na arrith
Or is twss do wee ann
Kinnis di warve sew cowll
3 Di weyr si zwt mi wrarri
Er bee zwt orm za earre
Gir heith mi laive laytich lomh
Chur in kead za in gowll
4 For in caddrew zoiss sin
A clanni morn mar zilli
Is wulling is reawor zoif
Zess dew matir a varwi
5 Mass for in catdrew leat sin
Inn vec cowill a halwin
Leig in carri dr bwskinni
Is tog in nallydis chatchin
6 A dog mis zew lawe
A clann morn is mor grane
Fa toylling missi wlle
For gir gow deith eine dwn
7 Mass di zlassi tussi sin
Ymichtin er slycht haithr
Bith lemenor sinni er liuni
Mir weith ein eillytin chowale
8 Gowl chor sinn in woyew
Cowlc huc orm mor withwr
Gowl di zoichir a mach sinn
A greithew ni geith
9 Chor dram zeine in nalbin inn
Is dram elle in dow lochlinn
In tress dram si zreyg zilli
Bedit woe cheyl r . .

- 10 Wemir seableyn deyg
A hagwss errin is ner wrag
Ner weg in smach downith
Sinni gin er dew zagkin
- 11 In kead lay choymir er teir
Zinse errin or weimin
Warveir dein is ner wraik a ray
Xvi e dein lay
- 12 Di warvis clanna morn
Dau leichew is . . .
Cha roif eine dwn zew sen
Nach cow caydi di v . . .
- 13 Gonith caslane da galnew
Clanni morn mor vanmuth
In ginni feyn bi leytech
Ann a weaniss far nerrin
- 14 Er a lawsi olach ni wane
Cha nakgis horri no bar
Bine neith hug pask er mai hwle
Ach fagsin a choskir
- 15 Hug say teim fume chree
Re fagsin ni slintee
Huggimur neiu teyg
A crithew mowin mor zerg
- 16 A royth gasge in r
Bassid zown owin a warvi
Gyn deyve er in twlli hawle
Yumbi woa dwani clann chwle
- 17 Ronimir reith nach royye maule
Gus in ty in roif cowl
Huggimur gwn zothiu gr fr
In gorp chwall zor slewe
- 18 Gir gar ruggi missi ann
In nor a warve she cowl
Ne gneive roym scho ma haa
Dielmissi orr wa mer lay.
Lay za roymir.

F. 3. MAR A CHAIDH CUTHUL A MHRABHADH.

Fletcher's Collection, page 122. Advocates' Library,
January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS version is very much broken. Many passages have returned to prose, and some were written as prose, which turn out to be quatrains, e.g. No. 9, which can nevertheless be identified with No. 18 of the oldest version.

THUIET Fionn ri Cairidh Mornne.

Bho nach d' rugadh mise san àm,
Cionnus a mharbh sibh Cuthal ?

B' e Cuthal Athair Fhionn,
Deir Garra.

- 1 Is e Cuthal a rinn oirune an tàir,
'S e rinn a' mòr sgaradh,
'S fhada dh' fhògar Cuthal sinne
A mach air chriochabh nan coimhach.
- A. Verse 2.
- 2 Chaidh dream againn do dh' Albainn,
Is dream eile do 'n Du-lochlan,
'S an treas dream do 'n Ghreige a muigh,
Air chriochaibh nan coimheach.
- A. II.
- 3 A cheud latha do bha sinne,
Air foid Eirinn nan gorm lann,
Mharbh e dhinn is bann r 'a 'n aireamh,
Seachd ceud deug air aon leanuin.
- 4 Do mharbhadh do Chlanna Moirne,
D' ar Fiannaibh 's d' ar maithibh;
Is rinn e an sin càrn d' ar cnamhan,
Ann am fiadhnais na Feinne.
- 5 'S e rinn trom air cridheachan,
Air cuing a bhi na bhi na slinndeiribh.

An sin an nair a thug iad an aireadh,
Cuthal a' tighinn dhachaidh an deidh;
Dh' fhaighinn fios sho a mharbhadh,
Do chlanna Moirne, bha fios aig
Garadh gu 'n bu toil le Cuthal na mnathan.

Chuir Garadh a phluithar a mach, gu tachart ri
Cuthal mu 'n tigeudh e far an robh iad; Bha do
bhuaidh air Cuthal 'nuair a tharladh e ri muaoi gu
'n tuiteadh e na chadul. Agus co-luath 's a thach-
air ise ris thuit e na chadul.

Thainig Mor-nin-Taoichd a mach agus glaoth i le
h-ard iolaich, ma bheò duine do Chlanna Moirne,
a dhìoladh na maithean.

A. 17.

- 6 Thug 'ear leinne rnith nach robh mall,
'S raing sinn an tigh san robh Cuthal,
'S chuir sinn guin ghoirt gach fear.
Ga shleagh ann an corp Cuthail.
- 7 Bheuchdadh è mur gu 'm biodh mart ann,
'S raoichdeadh è mur gu 'm biodh torc ann
Is ge nach b' onair e mhae Rìgh,
Bhranna Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 8 Sin agadsa Fhinn mhic Cuthail,
Beagan do sgeula mu d' athair;
Guu fhuath gun fholachd o shin,
Gun eiseamail na gun urram.
D' thubhairt Fionn an sin.
- A. 18.
- 9 Ge nach d' rugadh mise
Ri linn Chuthail na 'n gear lann.
Au gnioimh a rinn, sibhse gu tàireal
Diolaidh, mise ann au aon là è.
A deir Garadh.
- 10 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin fhir,
Bhiodh 'g iomachd an slighe t-athar;
Cuirse ad cairdeas air cul,
'S tog do 'n fholachd choit-chionta.

O. 3. BAS CHUTHAIL.¹ 90 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 11, 1801. Copied by Malcolm
Macphail. Edinburgh, March 25, 1872.

THE old ballad and the current story are in this composition, so that both can be certainly recognised. But upon their ruins some new hand has built up a Mac Phersonic structure, which lacks the merit of the works of that able architect. Verse 2 has a good deal of one of the addresses to the Sun about it.

¹ Cuthal is sometimes spelt Cumhal, and Cuhhal. I consider the first as the most correct. Collector's note.

- 1 INNIS Ullin nam binu ghlòr,
Beud chlanna Morna air M' athair;
- 2 Phìll Cuthal le aoibhneas,
Mar ghrian ag eirigh gun smal,
Rian a thalla buadhach gaire
A' cur failt air rìgh nan Cath.
- 3 Bha cheumnan dearg le fuil riabh,
'S lionmhor osna eraidh na dheigh;
'S lionmhor treun a thuit air lair;
Rinn e clann a Morna tana.
- 4 Gu 'n robh gean air is gair,
Bha braon a tuiteam o 'n speur,
Fraoch ag eiridh gu h-ard,
An ceo bha lasadh le ioghnadh,
As torran broin a buireadh bais.
- 5 Chunnaic Garra ceum au fhir,
Chunnaic 'sa chridhe g'a chradh;
Bha smuain a snamham fuil,
Bha aghuin a' sireadh aich.
- 6 Le smeatha breige a dh' fholuich run,
Chuir e failt air Cu nan ceud,
Failt ort a Chuthail bhuaidhaich,
Failt is buaidh leat anns gach ball.
- 7 Chuir thu t-sealg gu h-ard uabhrach,
'S maith do philleadh natha gun chall
Gabh mo phuithar is aille dealbh,
Biodh air di-chuimhn sealg an Duin.

- 8 'S leat i ga mor beartas,
Dean do cheart ri, is do run;
Mar reult an oidheche shambe,
Dealradh air linne bhuig,
Las a maise a cruth erodhearg.
- 9 Bu deas direach grinn a ceum,
Mar gheug uaine fo lan meas,
Thug an righ a throm ghaol trom,
Do igbinn Mhorna nan cruaidh cholg.
- 10 Chaill e luathas, thuit fo gheasaibh,
Cùridh riamh nach d' fhuair a chlaoidh;
Sgith is funn an ghlèann nan lon,
Cha b' ioghnaidh ged a dhonadh e.
- 11 Cheangail iad an righ mu lar,
Rinn iad tair ga chuir fo smachd;
Mharbhte leo an cùridh cahua,
Bu mhor 'armachd ag neart.
- 12 Mar cheo air mullach na beinne,
'S don shion a' bagradh mu 'n cnairt d'i,
Sheall Fionn is osna broin.
O chom a' dusgadh.
Cha bhi Cuthal gun dioladh.
- 13 Chunnacas tighinn nar dail,
Garra Mor a mhi aigh;
Las ar fearg mar chaor theallach,
Thog gach fear a shleagh o thalamh.
- 14 Thuir Fionn o nuch d' rugadh mi san àm,
Cia mar mharbh sibh Cuthal?
- 15 'S e Cuthal a rinn oirnn an tair.
'S e rinn oirnn am mor sgaradh,
'S fada dh' fhogair sinne Cuthal
A mach air chrìochan nan cìomheach.
- 16 Bheuca e mar gu 'm bi mart aunn,
Roicèadh e mar gu 'n bi Torc ann;
'S ged nach b' onoir e mbach righ,
Bhrann Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 17 'S in agadsa Fhinn Mhic Cuthal,
Beagan do sgeulaibh t' athar;
Gun fhuachd gun fhalachd o sin,
Gun eiseamail gun urram.—

THUATHAID FIONN.

- 18 Ged nach d' rugamsa ri linn nan geur lan,
An gnìomh a rinn sibh gu tarail,
Diolamsa an aon la e,

- 19 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin Fhir,
Bhi 'g imeachd an slighe d' athar,
Cuirs a cairdeas air chul, (naimhdeas)
'S tog do 'n fhalachd mhiruinn.

- 20 Cairdeas cha do thoill sibh nam,
Chlanna Morna na mór naill;
'S mar bithinn baigheil ribh,
'S fada o 'n a chlaoidh 'ur faram.

GAREE.

- 21 Mar chreag an aonaich ud shuas,
Cruaidh sheasnuach ata sinn;
'S enirear an cath gun fheall,
'S air lubar ceann do chlanna Baoisge.

- 22 Chaidh cuilín is aighir mu 'n cnairt,
Dh' fhogar bròn gu fuachd nam beann;
Dh' ulluich gach gaisgeach e fein,
Gu euchd caithream nan lann.

- 23 Dh' fhalbh an oidheche san ceo duinte,
'S ghoir a chuach air bharraibh chrann;
Dhuigs a' mhaduinn o leaba san ear,
'S dh' o' a' ghrian gach leachd is fonn.

THE DEATH OF BRAN. D. F. M. O. Z.

THIS probably was the great traditional dog fight, in which Gráinne saw the love-mark on Diarmaid's brow. The first two verses are curious, because they make the Wren, who is king of all birds everywhere, Fionn's doctor. I print D. M. is the same so far as it goes. F. is nearly the same. O. is a mosaic of fragments. Z. is a fragment with another fragment tacked on to it, in the mind of an old man who is now living in Ness, Lewis. This bit about Fionn's cup belongs to the Death of Diar-

maid, but I have no other version of it. The story is part of the blood-feud of Fionn and Goll. The Hound which caused all the Norse Wars dies at last by the hand of his master's favourite son; and here begins the obituary of the Heroes, who conquer each other, because nobody can conquer them.

D. 22. CHAIDH BRAN A MHARAIGH. 56 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 5, 1872.

- 1 LAG a's lag oirn ars a chorr,
'S faddidh eom mo Luing' am dheigh;
Nam bristin se I a nochd,
Cait am faighin Lass na Leigh?
- 2 Leithidh mish' I ars an Dreolan,
Fon leithis mi moran robhid;
A Chorrigh ha fos mo chion,
'S mishe leithis Fion nam Fleigh,
- 3 An La bharibh shin an Torc liath
'S iummid Fian a bhan 'sa T-shleigh;
'S iummid Cuilain T-aobh-gheal sheang;
Bha taibh ri taibh san Bheinne bhuig,
- 4 Nar a tsuich Fion an Tealg,
Shin nar ghaibh Brann Fearg ra Chuid;
Throid an da Choin an san T-sliabh,
Bran gu dian agus Cu Ghuill.
- 5 Man daodas smachd chuir air Bran,
Dheallch e naogh nilt ra Dhruim;
Dherich Gonn Mor Mac Smaile,
Cuis nach bu choir mu Cheann Coin.
- 6 Bhagair e 'n Laibh an ro Bran,
Gun Dail boirt da ach a bharraigh;
Dherich Ossain beg nachd Fhinn,
'S coig ceid deig an cothail Ghuill,
- 7 Labhair e an Cora ard,
Cuising do T-shluagh garg a Ghuill,
Bhuail mi Buille don Eil bhuigh,
'S do na Balagibh F-iundirrmich.
- 8 Dhanlig mi an Tor na Cheann,
'S truaigh reinn mi 'm Beid ro i sheann;
T-sheoil mo Chulain har a Ghualin,
'S gu 'm iunigh leis mi ga bhuaidh.
- 9 T-shruthidh e na Frassibh Falla,
Fo Raignin mearrigh glannigh;
An laibh leis 'ndo bhuail mi Bran,
'S truaigh nach han fon Ghualin a scar.
- 10 Mun dreinn mi am Beid a bhos,
Gar truaidh nach hann eig a chaitbis;
Ciod a Bhuaidh a bhigh air Bran,
Arsa Connan naibhric mear.
- 11 Fon ab aois Cullain do Bhran,
'S fon a chuir mi Connal air;
Cha nachd eis am Fianbich Fail,
Lorg Feigh an deis flaghail
- 12 Ba bhath e hauthin Dorain Duin.
Ba bhath e hoirt Eig e Hothin;
Gun bear Bran a mharraigh Broe,
Na Coin an Talauid' a thanig.
- 13 Cheid Leiggidh a huair Bran riabh,
Air Druim na Coille coir lia;
Naonar do gach Fiagh air bith,
Bharibh Bran air a cheud Rith.
- 14 Cassibh bnaigh bha aig Bran,
Da T-shlios dhuthidh as Tarrageal;
Druim uaine ma'n iaghidh' an T-calg,
Da Chluais chorriche chro-dhearg.

¹Sui.

Crioch.

F. 15. MAR A CHAIDH BRAN A MHAREHADH. Fletcher's Collection, page 127. 58 lines. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

PHONETIC spellings in this version are of value for the local dialect. It is very close to Mac Nicol's version.

- 1 'S FHADA lag arsa Chorr,
'S fada erom mo lurga 'm dheigh;
'S cha na Briscansa mo chasan,
Cia mar gheibinn lus na leigh.
- 2 Leighsidh mis' thu arsa 'n Dreolan,
Bho leighis mi moran romhad,
A chorr ud' tha os mo cheann,
'S 'mise a leighis Fionn na fleadh.
- 3 An latha mharbh sinn an torc liath,
'S iomad Fiann bha ann sa shleagh;
'S iomad cuilean caomh gheal caomh,
Bha taobh retaobh sa mhointich bhuig.
- 4 Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg
'S am a Ghabh Bran fearg r' a chuid;
Throid an da choin ann san t-sliabh,
Bran gu dian agus cu Ghuill.
- 5 Mu 'n fhaod siun smachd a chuir air Bran,
Thug e na naoi uilt o dhrum,
- 6 An sin 'n uair chunnaig,
Goll mar thachair ghabh e fearg.
- 7 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac smail,
Cuis nach bu choir mu Cheann coin;
Bhagair e 'n lamh san robh Bran,
Gun dail thoirt da ach a mharbhadh.
- 8 Dh' eirich Oisain beag mac Fhionn,
Is seach ceud deng an cothail Ghuill;
Is labhair e an comhradh aird
Caisgeam d shluagh a Ghuill.
- 9 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eile bhuidh,
Is do na bailgeabh iundairnich,
'S dh' adhlacaidh an tor na cheann,
'S truagh rinneadh 'n beud co-teann.
- 10 B' ioghna leam chuillean ffin,
Mise ga bhuiladh le h-eil;
Is shileadh e na frasa fola,
Air a rosgabh ranna ghilana.
- 11 An lamh leis an do bhuilleadh Bran,
'S truagh nach ann o' n' ghualain sgar;
Mu 'n d' rinneadh am beud a bhos,
'S truagh nach ann eug a chaidheas.
- 12 Ciod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,
Arsa Connan uaibhreac near;
- 13 Bho b' aois cuilean do Bhran,
'S o dhuineadh con-ial-air;
Cha 'n fhacas a niar na' n oir,
Lorg feidh an deigh fhagalach.
- 14 Bu mhaith e thathan dorain duin,
Is cha mhac thoirt eise g-hamhuin;
B' fhearr Bran a mharbha' na brochd,
Na coin na talmhin a thainig.
- 15 A cheud leigeadh a fhuair Bran riamh,
Air druim na coille corra-liath;
Naoinear do gach fiadh air bith,
Thuit le Bran air a chiad ruidh.
- 16 Cosa buidhe bhiodh aig Bran,
Da shlios dhubha is tar geal;
Druim uaine an suidheadh sealg,
Da chluais chorrach chro-dhearg.

M. 16. MU MHARBHADH BHRAN. 46 lines.

- 1 AN la mharbh sinn an Torc,
'S iomad Fiann a bha san t-sliabh,
'S iomad Cuilean taobh gheal sealg,
Bha taobh re taobh sa bheinn bhuig.
- 2 'Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg,
'Sin nuair a ghabh bran fearg r' a chuid;
Throid an da choin sa 'n t-sliabh
Bran gu dian agus Cu Ghuill.
- 3 Mun d' fhacas smachd a chuir air Bran,
Dhealaich e naoi uilt ra dhrum,
Dh' eirich Goll mor mac smail,
Cuis nach ba choir mu cheann coin

- 4 Bhagair e 'n lamh an raibh Bran
Gun dail a thoirt da ach a mharbha,
Dheirich Ossian beag mac Fhionn,
'S eug ceud deng an cothail Ghuill.
- 5 Thainig bran ann enairt,
Sann leam bu chruaidh gu 'n tainig,
Bhuail mi buille do 'n eil bhuighe,
'S do na bailgibh fui an dairenich,
- 6 Dh' adhlac me 'n tor na cheann,
'S truagh a roinn me ann beud ra theinn!
Sheall nio chuilain thair a ghualain
Bioghmadh leis mi ga bhuiladh;
- 7 An lamh sin leis an do bhuilleadh Bran,
'S truagh on ghualain nach do sgath,
- 8 Mun d' rinn mi am beud a bhos,
Gur truagh nach ann eug a chuidheas
- 9 — Ciod a bhuaidh a bhih air Bran?
(Arsa Connan uaibhreac near)
- 10 On a 'b aois Cuilean do Bhran,
'S on chuir mi riabh Coin-ial air;
Cha 'n fhacas le Fiandaibh fail,
Lorg feigh an deigh 's fhagail.
- 11 'S bu mhaith e thoirt a Bhrac a tuill,
Bu mhaith thu chumam Dorain duin.
- 12 Ach eud leigeadh fhuair Bran,
Air druim na caoilleadh coir-liath,
Naonar do gach Fiadh air bith,
Mharbh Bran air a cheud rith.
- 13 Cosa buighe bhiodh aig Bran,
Da shlios duth, is tar geal;
Druim uaine on suighe sealg,
Cluasa corracha cro dhearg.
- 14 An lamh sin leis an do bhuilleadh Bran
Struagh o 'n ghualain nach do sgath.

O. 2. CUMADH BHRAN. 137 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 5. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.
Edinburgh, March 15, 1872.

This is a fusion of fragments of three different ballads:—
The Battle of Mantus, the Song of the Black Dog, and
the Slaying of Bran. I print it to show what happens
to popular songs when they are going out of fashion,
and get into the hands of scribes out of the mouths
of forgetful reciters.

- 1 'S FADA lag mi arsa choir,
'S fada erom mo lorg a' m' dheigh;
Ach nam brinsinna mo chosan,
Cia mar gheibhinn lus an leigh.
- 2 Leighidh mise thu, arsa Dreolan.
S' mi leigheas moran romhad;
A choir ud tha os mo cheann,
'S 'mise leigheas Fionn nam Flath.
- 3 An latha a mharb sinn an Torc liath,
'S iomadh Fionn a bh' ann le 'shleagh;
'S iomadh cuilean coim gheall caomh,
Bha taobh ri taobh sa' mhointich bhuig,
'Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg,
'S ann a ghabh Bran fearg ri chuid.
- 4 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eile bhuighe,
'S do na lalgaibh iondarnach;
Dh' adhlacadh an Tor na' cheann,
'S truagh rinneam beud co teann.
- 5 B' ioghna leam chuillean a bhuiladh le h-eille,
Is shileadh e na frasau fala;
Air a roisgibh roinn ' ghilana.
An lamh leis na bhuilleadh Bran,
'S truagh nach ann o 'n ghualain a sgar,²
M' an d' rinneadh am beud a bhos,
'S truagh nach ann do 'n eug a chaitheas.
- 6 'S iomadh cleachda cruaidh dian,
San robh Bren triath uan ch;
'S truagh a nis a dhol do 'n eug,
'S nach faic a' m' dheigh mo chù.

Bran's
death.

¹ rann.² sgath.

- Black dog. 7 Chunnacas la a teachd o 'n leirg,
Fear a chobhuil deirg sa chulan duibh;
Bha Ailde na dheigh agus Nuath. (al. mar nuath)
'S dha ghruaigh air dhath nan sugh.
- 8 Bu ghile nan cobhar a chorp,
'S 'hòlt sinn-teach e dabh;
'Leigeamsa sar chailean no Rìgh,
Cha 'n fhiach guiomh g' an chuir air chul.
- 9 An cu dubh is gairbhe treis,
Mharbhadh leis trì mìle Cu.
Ach 'nuaire thainig deirceadh an lù
Labhair Fionn gach gloir cheart
Dh' eirich e measg an t-sluaigh,
'S dh' ambaire e gu tragh air Bran.
- Goll's dog-fight. 10 Throidcas dà choin air an t-sliabh,
Bran gu dian is Cu Ghuill;
M' an dh' fheadh sinn smachd chuir air Bran
Thug e na naoi uilt o dhrum.
Oganaich o 'n thain' thu steach,
Sid mar thorechadh do chù.
- 11 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac Smail,
Cuis nach bu choir ma choin a leas³ cheann;
'S bhagair e 'n lamh an robh Bran
Gun dail a thabhairt ach a mharbhadh.
- 12 Dh' eirich Oisean beg Mac Fhinn,
'S seachd ceud deng an combail Ghuill;
Labhair e an comra iad,
Caisgeam do stuagh gharg a Ghuill.
- 13 Mhosgail clachan 's talamh trom,
Mhosgail sid fo bhonn an eos;
Ma dheire geill do Oisean thug
Goll mor nan cleas leith.⁴
- 14 Thainig oganach a' m' dhail,
Ciabh bhlath a leagh mo chre;
Thog e 'n t-sleagh gu uabhrach dian.
'S sheol gu fadhaic chum mo bholg.
- 15 Ach sealan mu 'n racladh tn eug,
Imis dhomh fein co thu;
Eibhin, Oisean gur e m' ainm,
Thainig mi o storm le m' choin.
- 16 Shaoileam nach faighinn san Fheinn,
Na chuirceadh creuchd air For;
Ma ri⁵ d'homh siubhlach nan ear,
Agus Bran le meud a luth;
Cha 'n thaca mi cu san Fheinn,
Nach fhagainn a' m' dheigh san Dun.
- 17 Dun a' choin duibh, Dun os niar,
Far an eireadh grien gu moch,
Sin thuirt Conan maoil gun fholt,
Faighear dhomh m' nasachd nan lann,
'S gu 'n sgathain an ceann de chorp,
- Manus. 18 Cha' 'neil cairdeas agam ruit,
A Chonain mhaol gun fholt;
B'annas leam bhifogheasaibh. (alias foghrasaibh)
Fhinn na bhi fo d' smachd.
- 19 Ma tharladh dhuit, fom gheasaibh fein,
Cha 'n inear mise beud air flath;
Ach cuiream thu do d' thir fein,
Lamh threan a rinn mor chath.
- 20 Gheibh thu do roighinn a ris,
Cleamhnas, no Connun, no pairt,
No do lamh a chur fo 'n Fheinn.
Cha dean mise ort Fhinn,
Am fad a bhlithas an deo a 'm chorp,
Aon bhuille t-aghaidh, fhilath gu brath.
'S aithreach leam na rinn mi ort.
Cha 'n ann ormsa rinn thu e,
Ach ort fein tha bhlath a nochd.

³ Ias.⁴ Bagh bhagair riamh.

Labhair Caslto bh nàine Cruth.

Tha ghloca na Feinne uile.

A Chaoilte air dol a dh' aon bhrenim ean

No seola na mnaid sitha.

A chaidh an aon riochd ruinne.

⁵ Marbhi.

There follow four lines which I saw only in one edition, which are probably modern, and which are scarcely intelligible. I did not think myself, however, justifiable in rejecting them altogether. Collector's note.

- 21 Ach mar teid e do 'n Ghreig,
No rìghachd na greine air ais;
Aon duine cha teid do thir fein,
A thainig a dheigh a mach.
- 22 Ciod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,
Arsa Conan uabhrach mear;
O b' aois cuilein do Bhran,
'S o dhrunadh con iall air
Cha 'n fhacas an Ear no 'n Iar,
Lorg Feidh a riamh a dh' fhag e.
- 23 Bu mhaith e thagun Donran diuin,
Cha mhiosa thoirt eigs a h-amhainn;
B' fhearr Bran a mharbhadh nam broc,
No Coin na taluinn⁶ a thainig.
- 24 A chend lagadh fhuair Bran riamh,
Air druim no Coille Coire liath;
Naonar do gach fiadh air bith,
Thuiteadh le Bran air a' cheud ruidh.
- 25 Casa⁷ buidh bha air Bran,
Da shlios dhubha 's turra gheal;
Druim uaine air cuilean na seilge,⁸
Da chluas Chorrach, chro dhearga,⁹
'S truaigh a nochd bhi gad dhith.

⁶ a Albuin.⁷ Otherwise thus described:—

Bha cosa dubha air Bran,

Da thaoibh bhuidhe is tarr gheal,

Druim uaine air cuilean na seilge.

⁸ Al. druim uaine air an suidheadh seal.⁹ Bhiorach.

Z. BRAN. 10 lines.

Written by Mac Phail, from Murray, 1866.

- 1 SPOGAN buidhe bha aig Bran,
Da shlios Dhubh 'us tarr gheal;
Druim uaine air dhreach na seilge,
'S da chluais chomhanta-cho-dhearg.
- 2 Cha do shil mi deur a riamh,
Ach mu Bhran 'us mu Oseair aill;
Mu mhac ionmhuinn an taoibh ghil,
'S mu Chreachail a chnamh no chridh.
- 3 Ach an lamh leis na bhuail mise Bran,
'S truaigh nach an bho 'n ghuailean sgar.

Z. CUACH FHINN. 8 lines.

Written by Mac Phail, from Murray, 1866.

THESE TWO verses belong to a mythical ballad; but the rest I have never found.—J.F.C.

- I AN corn thug i do Threun,
'S an sgian gheur do Fhionn;
Soilse 'us rath-dorcha-dubh,
Chite sud am fad a crinn.
- 2 Cha robh deoch a dheidheadh 'sa chorp,
Nach deannadh fion dearg na beor,
Na deoch bhrìgha laidir ghlan,
Air am bitheadh iad sea aig òl.

FIONN'S CONVERSATION WITH AILBHE.

THE story told, is, that Fionn made love to Cormac's daughter. He married one, who eloped with Diarmaid; so I suppose that he consoled himself. These Questions are current in the Scotch Islands. I have Q. 3., in Stewart's Book. Y. 6., p. 36. In December, 1871, I found two copies in Dublin. H. 3. 9. A quarto paper MS., described by O'Donovan, p. 296, transcribed during the last half-century, by Maurice O'Gorman, from some ancient vellum MS., from Sir John Sebright's collection, purchased at Col. Vallancy's sale, June, 1792. It contains a Law Tract, copied from the Book of Ballymote; a Description of Tara, copied from H. 2. 16; a satirical Poem, ancient; the Questions, which I copied; and Cormac's advice to his Son, of which, a copy is in the Book of Ballymote.

The second version is in H. I. 15, p. 653, (1738). 'The Psalter of Tara,' O'Donovan's Catalogue, p. 86. The con-

position is described as, 'a curious specimen of old Irish proverbial sayings.' The book is a large paper folio, of 961 pages, beautifully written. It purports to contain copies of older vellum MSS., such as the Book of Leinster, of the 12th century. 'Fionn's Conversation with Ailbhe,' is like the vernacular of Scotland, and the North of Ireland. It differs from the first version. Mr. Whitley Stokes was kind enough to transcribe it. He says, 'the MS. is horribly corrupt, and of some passages I can make nothing.' From this I gather that the language is vernacular, spelt by an unlearned scribe. I give both versions: my own first attempt at transcribing from an Irish manuscript, and a transcript by one of the best living Celtic scholars, who is familiar with the difficulties of the oldest Irish manuscripts.

For lack of Irish type, 7 stands for et=agus=and. 4 for ar. 7¹/₄ means ct-ar. Sh7uibh means she7uibh. úr 7 crón means úr *oetus* críon. 2 means r.

This sample may help to explain how difficult it is to read the contracted Irish writings of country scribes.

Page 58, H. 3. 9. Trin. Coll.

SLÁNNECH seghuinn Fhinn h-bhaiscne fri h-aillbe grubh-ri Inghen Corbmaic Seann.

- 1 Cíodh as lionmhe ina fêr ar Fion? Drúchd ar an inghen.
 - 2 Cíodh as teò ina tine ar F—? Gnuis dhuife maith graneguid aoidhidh gan biadh aige doib ar an i.
 - 3 Cíodh as luaithe ina gaoith ol F—? Memna mna ar an i.
 - 4 Cíodh as milliis ina mil ol F—? Biathra tochmhúiree ar an i.
 - 5 Cíodh as duibhe ina fiach ol F—? Ég ar an i.
 - 6 Cíodh as r bhe ina neibhe ol F—? Athais namhot ar an i.
 - 7 Cíodh as faobhre ina clíon ol F—? Cíall mna 7⁴ dha f⁴ 4 an i.
 - 8 Cíodh as fer do sh7uibh ar F—? Sgían ar an i.
 - 9 C. as maointe ina dtúim ar F—? Dearna f'a lecaim ar an i.
 - 10 C. as ling f'a g^e hús ar F—? Tenchoir ghobhain ar a. i.
 - 11 C. as gile ina snea ar F—? Firine ar a. i.
 - 12 C. lion crú fil accoil ar F—? Adho ar an i. i. úr 7 crón.
 - 13 C. as aille dath ar F—? Ruidhedh saor cloíne ar a. i. Aníar amolta no an aortha.
 - 14 C. as b'osa ina curáil ar F—? Aign7h mna 7⁴ 2 f⁴ ar an i. (etar da fhear).
 - 15 C. ar nach gabh glas ina slabhre ar F—? Rosg.
 - 16 C. as f⁴ do mhnaoi ar F—? Tlás fos feile ar a. i.
 - 17 C. as f⁴ do rosg ar F—? Fuar dorecha codladh ar a. i.
 - 18 C. lion each inghes taillte ar F—? A dho ar a. i. i. firec, 7 bainec.
 - 19 C. as f⁴ do bhíadh ar F—? Blios ar a. i.
 - 20 C. as f⁴ do láoch ar F—? Griomh ard 7 uail isiol ar a. i.
 - 21 C. as mesa do bhíadh ar F—? Sblíonach ar a. i. 7 ól cōza ar c. long⁴.
- Maith tra a. i. ar Fion mainbh eoll reasa do cozm^e do luidhfin let. imthiaghóir coill seach caillte ar a. i. do meill^t tlas gan corcar, eabhoz lion gan mliodh. imthiaghóz taillte g^e chairpte. Ranoz forbo gan faobhra iengoid eich g^e s'ana. dlúighth^t f'oi cen tuathoibh. brist^t enu g^e dédu. Toghadh cách athogha tochmhúire, sech Cozm^e. Dia bhfaghoinis t h'in uachóir do dhentaoc b'in iochtair diom Ru^t

Page 653. H. 1. 15.

CUMHBRIATHAR¹ FINN 7 AILBHE.

- 1 Cídh is letheo na rian [sea]? ar Fionn. Is letheo in ceo, ar Ailbhe inghen² Cormaic, uar gabaidh se ar mnir 7 a tír.
- 2 Cídh is ferr do sheadaibh? ar fionn. Scian ar Ailbhe.

¹ MS. cuinbratar.

² MS. ingea.

3 Cídh is gile na sneachta³? ar Fionn. Firinne bhar Ailbhe.

4 Caidh is luabhu [sic] berbthar [sic] re gach lucht? ar Fionn. Tenchar gabhann bar Ailbhe.

5 Cred is ma[o]ithi na clumh? ar Fion[n]. Derru re leacain ar Ailbhe.

6 Ca lin crann adchí suil? ar Fionn. Adó ar in ingen. i. úr 7 crón.

vii. Ca mac beo genes o mnaí mairbh? ar Fionn. Fadad ingui [sic] gaim [sic] air in ingen.

8 Caidh⁴ is ailli dath? ar Fionn. Ruidhiudh saorchlainne ar in ingen.

9 Cid his briseidh na eularaib⁵? ar Fionn. Aigendh mna baithe canhaire ar in inghen.

10 Cídh in [sic] nach gabh glas? ar Fionn. Rosg daon'a im caraid ar in inghen.

11 Cídh is maith do rosc? ar Fionn. Fuar olar [sic] dorecha ar in inghen.

xii. Cídh is mesa do rosg? ar Fionn. Gres gris gorta ar in inghen.

13 Cídh is ferr do righ? ar Fionn. Gníomh ard uail iseall ar in ingen.

14 Cídh is fearr do mnaí? ar Fionn. Tlas fos feile ar in inghen.

15 Cídh is ferr do biudh? ar Fionn. Blicht ar in inghen uair maith a the, maith a thuigh, maith a thana, maith a ur, maith a críon.

16 Cídh⁶ biadh is mesa⁷ ar domhan? ar Fionn. Sphionach dorchoirp [sic] te ar in inghen.

17 Cídh is teo na teni? ar Fionn. Gnuis fhir fel gos degaid damha gan a cuid aige ar an inghen.

18 Cídh is luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Men[ma] mna ar in inghen.

19 Cídh is milliis namil? ar Fionn. Briathra carad im chuirm vel tochaire ar an inghen.

20 Cídh is duibhe na fiach? ar Fionn. E'ug ar in ingen.

xxi. Cídh is ad maille na fara⁸? ar Fionn. Comhaire fir bhaith ar in inghen.

xxii. Cídh is ollraichi [sic] na saill tuirc mesa? ar Fionn. Miosgais doberhar ar shearc ar in inghen.

xxiii. Cídh is failti cimesgi [sic]? ar Fionn. Boidhi mna fos macamh ar in inghen.

xxiv. Cídh is truma slataibh? ar Fionn. Fuacht ar in inghen.

25 Cídh as [s]erbblí [ná] neimh? ar Fionn. Aithais namhad ar in inghen.

26 Cídh is geri na clóidneih? ar Fionn. Cíall mna bhis idir da fer ar in ingen.

27 Ca lion cach tegaid go Temraidh⁹? ar Fionn. A dhó ar in ingen. i. baineach 7 fearach.

xxviii. Cídh as tana nan tuisgi? ar Fionn. De bar in ingen.

29 Cídh as luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Menma¹⁰ duine bar in inghen.

xxx. Cídh is lethiu corbladh [sic]? ar Fionn. Lethiu lear ar in inghen.

xxxi. Cídh as gairbi carrag? ar Fionn. Traigh tairgeach ar Ailbhe.

Maith trath a ingen ar Fionn. minbhadh milliudh recha no cana do Cormac ar is faomfainn [sic] tocht i caoinhtcach do chuip.

NOTE.—The Roman numbers are not in H. 3. 9., or Stewart, or 'Popular Tales.' The first in Stewart, and H. 3. 9., and 'Popular Tales,' is not here. The whole lot makes 32.

³ MS. sneachtadh.

⁴ MS. ciadh.

⁶ MS. cadh.

⁵ A cucumber.

⁷ MS. mesadh.

⁸ Is this a mistake for iathlu, 'a Cat'?

⁹ What number of steeds go to Tara?

¹⁰ MS. menma.

THE STORY OF DIARMAID.

I print (A. 26. H. 24. J. 18.) (H. 25. I. 19. M. 17. O. 25.) (A. 27. D. 21. H. 26. I. 20. M. 18. O. 12. Z. 6. &c.) These

three lots tell three parts of the story, cover dates 1512 to 1872, and great part of Scotland.

I do not print C. 3.; J. 6. 7.; V. 15.; Y. 6. 7. 8.; Z. 50. 67., and a great many scraps and large fragments collected by myself, which I mean to use when I translate.

The Story of Diarmaid runs with the Story of Fionn and his family from the beginning. He is described as a man, gifted, like his comrades, with superhuman attributes. He was invulnerable, save in the sole of his foot. On his brow was a love-mark, 'sugh seirce,' the woman who saw it loved Diarmaid. The character, like all the rest, is consistent in every story, and every scrap of verse. The elopement of Diarmaid with Gráinne is an old Aryan story, founded, as I believe, upon human nature. It has been a theme for poets, and it has got entangled with many histories. Fragments of this particular elopement are known to unlearned speakers of Gaelic all over Scotland. In Ireland it is mentioned in a very old list as one of 150 chief stories which bards used to recite before Kings and Princes; it is known to readers by old and modern Irish writings and books. It is perfectly familiar to the Gaelic speaking population; but the rest of the population know very little about it. The skeleton of the story is in the Story of King Arthur, and it is in the Tale of Troy. This is the skeleton:—After a great many adventures, Fionn, the old leader and chief of his tribe, courts or marries Gráinne, daughter of Cormac mac Art (H. I.). Kennedy tells the story in his quaint English Arguments. At a great feast, during a dog-fight, the Helen of the Drama sees the mark on Diarmaid's brow, loves the nephew, schemes to entice him, succeeds by wiles, and they elope. Fionn, the uncle, makes love to another sister, as above in the last ballad. Diarmaid laments for his comrades. (A. H. I.) The unfaithful wife is unfaithful to her lover. The husband, uncle, and commander, Fionn, with the Feinne, pursue the fugitives. At Newry (H. I.) Fionn's tribe quarrel, and Goll's rival tribe rejoice. Thereupon, Fionn counsels his grandson Oscar (H. O.), whom he wishes to succeed him. After many adventures, through the cunning of Fionn, whose gift was a knowledge tooth, Diarmaid is enticed into a bear hunt. He slays the Bear, which no one else could overcome. The uncle bids him measure the Bear against the bristles; he wounds the sole of his foot with a poisoned spike, which was the Bear's mythical gift. The uncle will not cure him with his mythical cup. He recites his exploits, declares that he is Diarmaid of Newry, Connaght, and Beaura, and he expires. The whole story is exceedingly mythical and exceedingly old.

From ballads we learn the place of other ballads. Diarmaid mentions:—1. Latha shuimhne; 2. Am bhríth chaorain; 3. Tigh Teanbra; 4. Latha bhothain. 1. I have not got; 2. is at page 86 above; 3. I believe to be 'The Lay of the Butlet,' which follows in the Story of Goll; 4. I cannot identify, but I have many stories about adventures in booths. In other versions of this ballad other exploits are named; Y. page 70, verse 22, mentions—5. The Combat of Connall, and a Battle with Cairbre, which I have not got. After he is dead, somebody sings a Lament for Diarmaid, Gráinne, and two Grayhounds.

The Dublin Ossianic Society published a prose Irish version of the Pursuit of Diarmaid and Gráinne in 1855. The earliest and the latest versions, oral and manuscript, agree as to the story; and cross-references to other parts of the Fenian story abound in these Scotch ballads. From Cape Clear to the Ord of Caithness the story is known, and localised. 'Gráinne's Bed' is in the island of Tiree, and such beds are shown all over Ireland. The well and knoll where the tragedy ended are near Oban, near Loch Carron, in Skye, and somewhere in Sutherland. Beinn Gulban, where the Bear was roused, is in Sligo and Skye, and somewhere in the middle of Scotland; where also is Gleann Sith, where the mythical Bear abode, with his mythical owner, Mala Lith. The Campbell tribe are said to descend from Diarmaid; their crest is said to commemorate the slaying of this mythical Bear; in short, the Story of Diarmaid is traced in topography, genealogy, and Gaelic mythology throughout the regions where Gaelic is spoken. 'Against the bristles' of the national myth. Mac Pherson printed in 1760 fragment vii., at page 31. Ossian tells the Son of Alpin that Dermid and Oscar were one. They killed Dargo (Goll killed Dearg). Dargo's daughter, who was Oscar's grandmother, was loved by both (one was her grandson), but she loved Oscar. Dermid politely requests Oscar to pierce his bosom. Oscar ignorantly calls his uncle 'Son of Mornay,' politely refuses, and begs him to wield his sword, and slay him. They fight by the streams of Branno, and Dermid dies. Oscar grieves, tells a big story to Dargo's daughter,

and makes her shoot him by stratagem accidentally. They converse awhile, she stabs herself, and begs to be buried with Dermid. (Oscar was killed at the battle of Gabhra.) The Deer feed on their graves. Miss Dargo was Oisain's mother, and a woman transformed into a deer. The story of the ballads is all there; but, like the sun's image on a rough sea, it is broken and scattered, changed and altered, so that the real shape of it utterly disappears in the reflections of a clever but distorted mind.

The following quotation bears upon the Death of Diarmaid, and the mythical Mistress of the mythical Wild Boar. I owe the reference to Mr. Hector Mac Lean, who first called my attention to Tacitus, cap. 45, 'Germania,' in December, 1862. Bohn's edit., Tacitus, 'Germany,' 1854.

'On the right shore of the Suevic Sea' dwell the Tribes of the Aestii, whose dress and customs are the same with those of the Suevi, but their language more resembles the British.³ They worship the Mother of the Gods⁴; and, as the symbol of their superstition, they carry about with them the figures of wild Boars.⁵ This serves them in place of armour and every other defence; it renders the votary of the Goddess safe, even in the midst of foes. Their weapons are chiefly clubs, iron being little used among them.

¹ The Baltic Sea.

² Now the Kingdom of Prussia, the Duchies of Samogitia and Courland, the Palatinates of Livonia and Aesthonia, in the name of which last the ancient appellation of these people is preserved.

³ Because the inhabitants of this extreme part of Germany retained the Scythico-Celtic language which long prevailed in Britain.

⁴ A Deity of Scythian origin, called Frea, or Fricka. See Mallet's 'Introduction to History of Denmark.'

⁵ Many vestiges of this superstition remain to this day in Sweden. The peasants, in the month of February, the season formerly sacred to Frea, make little images of Boars, in paste which they apply to various superstitious uses. (see Eccard.) A figure of a Mater Deum, with the Boar, is given by Mr. Pennant, in his 'Tour in Scotland,' 1769, page 268, engraven from a stone found at the great Station at Netherby, in Cumberland.

A. 26. 1512. DYTH WYLELYSS MYSCHI ZRAYNNYTH. 41 lines.

- 1 Dyth wylelyss myschi zraynnnyth
Hwnggis nayrri w'cowle
Wee myr it tayne sin nagyn
Is bert nach fadyr a wilyng
- 2 Dyth zhagis clwycht is conzar
Er choipan zaw neyss tayr
Dyth zhagis nnan gin gillaa
Is dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 3 Dyth zhagis mard is meygzege
Curme is greygzin is garae
Dyth zhagis clwithi fylli
Is dyth willis myschi a zraynna
- 4 Keiltar mor is m'lowith
Deyss er nach drwugi tayraa
In feyth nayr roywaa ryntaa
Dyth wilelis mischi a zraynna
- 5 Gold is oskyr is osseyne
Acma nach corriht partaa
Dyth bynnwyne leo sen synnyth
Dyth wylelyss myschi a zraynna
- 6 Fynn fane in agnaa raawoyr
Is woyg zaifnost failtaa
Dyth zhagis nurndnych hee
Is dyth wilelys mischi a zraynna
- 7 Myr aweyss in noyf chaythi
Zoyshi ne hewyr zayrraa
A coyad oywaa byggi
Dyth wilelis mischi a zraynna
- 8 It doll ter wennew borri'aa
Is er wollyth forynnyn ban . .
Ne mor nach tursyeh synnaa
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 9 It doll ter ess roygby roinyth
Is beg nar obyry my wayle
Faa rohwyr gelti glinni
Di villiss missi a zraynnnyth

10 Waym gi faddi is gi haazar
A tastil eyrri ani
Is trane di woyr sen sinni
Di williss mischi zrany.
Di willis missi.

H. 24. HOW FINGAL GOT GRAINE TO BE HIS WIFE, AND SHE WENT AWAY WITH DIARMAID. 88 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 100. Advocates' Library, December 16, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 17, 1871.—Story known to everybody in Ireland; this version not known to Hennessy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE King of Denmark sent a Messenger to Fingal to Ireland, to inchant him to go to visit him, and not to take with him any of his own men, since he would give him men to convey him, till he would send him home safe again. Fingal answered the King of Denmark's order, and went away with the Ambassador. When they came to the King's Court, the Inchanter said, 'Here is Fingal now, and do with him as you please.' The King had no business with Fingal, but to torment and punish him few days, and then to kill him; they began to lay hands on him, but he drew his sword, and killed eighty-one of them, before he stopt, but unluckily he broke his sword. Then they bind him hand and foot, and the King ordered him to be put in the day time under the dropping of the Roasts, and in the night time under the dropping of the Lintels. They did so, and confin'd him in that sad and woeful condition during a fortnight, then they loosed him, and asked of him whether he would chuse to be beheaded by the sword, than to suffer more punishment, or to go through a valley that was in the Kingdom where no man would not pass, by reason of evil spirits and wild beasts that was in the valley, for in Ossian's works besides Spirits or Ghosts of departed men, we find some instances of another kind of Machinery spirits of a superior nature to Ghosts and some other of Fairy beasts that were troublesome and ruinous to men in lonesome places, and Fingal choosed rather to go and pass through the Glean, than to fall by their arms or to suffer more punishment. Away he went, and got no arms but his own broken sword, he entered into the Glean and went through it by great dangers too tedious to be mentioned, and the hindmost end of it a wild dog exquisitely fierce met him and his mouth open he was in great confusion what would he do since he had no arms, but he remembered that his stepmother gave him a belt (named in Gaelic *Con-taod*) and that she ordered him to take a special care of it, and that he would have some use of it sometimes, he took it out of his pocket, and shook it to the dog, when he saw it he became tame, and fawning to him where he was, he tied the Rope about him, and brought it along with him, he traveled on forward and at last a smith's house met him, he ordered him to mend his sword, and the smith mended it. There was a fair Virgin along with him exquisitely pretty named Graine, and the smith took her away against her will, and they hide themselves in that lonesome valley but she inchanting the smith not to lay with her for a year and a day. She fell in love with him and besieged him to kill the smith, and that she would go with himself, which Fingal did very willingly; then they went away and stole one of the King of Denmark's vessels and came safe home to Ireland.

When Fingal came home the Heroes made a great feast, and Fingal and Graine were married together. When they were at meat Graine saw the loving spot that was in Diarmaid's forehead, that instant she fell in love with him, and with the leave of the company she took Diarmaid to the door, then she said unto him with inchantment, 'Thou must be my husband, and go along with me'; he refused to be her husband, saying, 'I will not go with you in the day nor in the night, a foot nor on horse back, without or within a house, in light in darkness, in company or alone.'

When Diarmaid said thus, he returned into the company. Graine was contriving in her mind how she would break Diarmaid's inchantment. She left her bed about the break of day, and found an ass. She brought the ass to the door of the house and walked Diarmaid, and said, 'Thou must now go with, for it is not day nor night, light nor darkness, I am not on horseback nor on foot, I am not in Company nor alone, neither am I within or without a house, therefore your inchantment is loosed, and you must be my husband and go with me.' Then Diarmaid was obliged to go along with her, and lost his

Friends and his Effects, his joy was turned into grief; they would not walk publicly but privately thro' lonesome places, such as woods, deserts, valleys, for fear of the Heroes, and their abode were rocks, caves, or dens, and their food were fruit, venison and fish. They came over to Scotland, and on their traveling they found a cave at Lochow side in Argyleshire where a Giant was living named Ciach, meaning Fierceness, he and Diarmaid began to play on Dice, the Gigantic gained the play, and took from Diarmaid his wife (for she rather stay than be traveling any more with Diarmaid), and since he had nothing more to give.

They departed then, and the unlucky hero went away alone like a beggar from Country to Country, and sometimes thereafter he came to Ciach's cave for a night's quarter, the giant made him sit down, Diarmaid had a salmon, he began to roast and dress it for himself, and when it was ready he gave the first piece to Graine, then she knew him; for Diarmaid was inchanting not to eat or drink in any place where women would be till they would take the first of it: That he would not hear the howling of dogs chaising, that he would not answer and follow them: That he would not see any people playing, but he would direct the one that would be going wrong: And that he would never refuse the Heroes anything that they would desire him to do: He and the Gigantic cast out some way or other, and Diarmaid killed him. Graine stabbed a knife in Diarmaid's thigh, (for she endeavoured to kill him when he killed the Giant). Diarmaid ran away and did not touch her: then she do not know what she would do. She thought proper to follow him to be his wife again the second time, and overtook him about the dawn of day at a mountain in Argyleshire near Cintire, named Siabhghail, the Heron cried and she asked of him, why did she cry so early; he answered her, and lamented his fate by her faults in these following verses.

DAN 33.

- 1 'S roon a ghoiras a Chórr,
Air an lóu a' ta 'n Sliabh-gaol,
A mhic o duimhne d'an d' ug mi grábh,
Ciod e 'm fáth mu 'n d' rinn i 'n glaoth.'
- 2 'A Ghráine inghean Ghormla' nan stéud,
A bhean nach d' rinn an céum cóir;
Inneamsa sin dhuit gu ceart,
Do lean a cas re leac réot.'
- 3 'A Ghráine is áille snuagh,
No bláth chraun uaine fu' bháth;
Ach tha do ghrádh cho iona luath,
Re neoil fhuachd an tús an la.'
- 4 'S olc a dh' imir thu do bhéus,
'N uair dh' fhuasgail gu léir mo rádh;
Chuir thu mi gu h-ánradh cruaidh;
'S truagh a rinn thu orm a Ghráin.'
- 5 'Thug thu mi o lúchbairt Rìgh,
Gu bí 'm dhibarach re 'm la;
No mar chumhachag na h-oidhch,
Ag caoidh aoibhneas feadh gach áit.'
- 6 'S ann tha mi mar agh na fíadh,
Feadh ghléanntidh diambair gach la',
Cho mhiannach leam fhaicsinn non
D' an raibh gaol dhanh teach nan slógh.
- 7 'Threig mi mo dhaoine gu léir,
Bu ghile é'n sneachd air fáir,
Bha 'n croidhe dhanh ionmhúinn fial,
Ma a ghrian 's speuran ard.'
- 8 'Ach lion iad anois le fuath,
Dhanb a suas mar chuan nach traoidh,
O na mbeall thu mi a Ghráin,
O! Cho b' ághor dhanh do ghaol.'
- 9 'Chail mi 'm f'hearran leat re 'm ré,
'S mo chabhlach bréid gheal gu air sail (brath)
Chail mo shéuda agus 'm ór,
'S goirt a léon thu mi le d' ghrádh.'
- 10 'Chail mo dhútbaich is mo dhaimh,
'S 'm fhuir nach b' fliann air chulamh sgé';
Chail mi caoinbneas agus grádh,
Fheara Pháil 's nam Fiann gu léir.'
- 11 'Chail mi aoibhneas agus ceól,
Chail mi coir air 'm onair féin;
Threig Eirínn mi 's na bheil ann,
Air son d' aon ghrádh is do spéis.'

- 12 'Cho 'n fhaod mi pilleadh gu bráth,
Re Fianntidh Pháil bu mhór daimh;
'S fuathaich le Fionn mo bheus,
No na' bhéiste is géire greann.'
- 13 'A Chráine is gile cruth (snuagh)
Cho b' fhearr do ghluasad dhuit féin;
Roghnaich thu dol leams' mar fhuath,
No bhí 'n suaimhneas Rígh na Féinn.'
- 14 'A Diarmaid is gile gnúis,
No sneachd úr, no canch sléibh;
B' ionmhuinne leam fuaim do bheoil,
No na bha do shról san Fheirn.'
- 15 'E' ionmhuinne leam dreach do shúl,
'S do rosgaibh úr ghorm mar fhéur;
No na bha do neart 's do dh' ór,
An talla mór Rígh na Féinn.'
- 16 'S am ball seirce bha d' ághaidh ghil,
B' ionmhuinne no míl' air srabh;
'N uair a chunnaig mi e shuas,
B' ionmhuinne no sbluagh 's Rígh Pháil.'
- 17 'Thuit mo chroidhe féin a síos,
'N uair chunnaig m' d' iomhaidh 's d áill,
'S mar a fuighinnis thu re 'm thaobh,
Cho bhithainn is t-shaogh 'l aon la.' (mar tha)
- 18 'A laoiach chaoimh is gile bos,
Ge d' 's mi rinn do lochd gu léir;
Gabhais arís leam mar mhnaói,
'S bheir mi móid a chaidh nach treig.'
- 19 'C' om an gabhamsa mar mhnaói,
'Thusa' bhean cia maith do ghlóir, (maoth)
Aon le a threig Rígh na Féinn (dhibir)
Is mi féin na dheidh gun ghó.'
- 20 'Is ge do threig mise Fionn,
Mun tuitim le caoidh is brón;
'S ge do threig mi rís thu féin,
'N uair bha mi gu léir lan leoint.'
- 21 'Cho treig mi thu 'nois a chaidh,
Ach grádh ionmhuinn dhuit síor fhas;
Mar mheanganaibh úr a craoibh,
Le teas caomhail fad mo lá.'
- 22 'Coil-ion thusa bhean do rádh,
'S ge do mbár thu mi gu brón;
Gabhaidh mi riut fein mar mhnaói,
Ge d' roghnaich thu 'm Foghuhair mór.'

They followed them one another as before, and continued in an island, where was a cave in a rock and an hid Bed: though any one would find the cave out, he would never find the Bed, and there was also fresh water in't: and that Rock is supposed to be a small island at the coast of North Knapdale named in Gallie Carri-andaimh, opposite to Dura in Argylshire, for both things is in it unto this day.

¹ Liobharachd.

I. 18. THE DEATH OF DIARMAID. 92 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 91. Advocates' Library, April 8, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Story of Dermid as handed down by tradition in the following manner, is both tedious and tragical; but we shall narrate it as brief and perspicuous as the connexion of the Poem will admit. Fingal had set out on an Expedition to Denmark, where at his arrival he and his attendants were very hospitably entertained by Gormala, or Gorm-lamh, then King of that realm, who had a beautiful Daughter, named Grany, or Gradhighean, signifies the Loveliest of Maids, with whom Fingal fell in love and married to the great joy and satisfaction of both parties especially Gormala, the King, not doubting thro' this connection and alliance with Fingal, but he might be re-established in such parts of the Hebrides and Western Islands of Scotland, as Fingal did not himself occupy. 'Tis on this Expedition that Fingal is said to have taken Geolay, the dame of Bran, his famous and well-known Dog, in the Glen of Ghosts, which defied the experience of the Danes to catch for many years before. It is by a Charm or Belt (called Con-tuod), left Fingal by his Foster mother this monstrous Bitch was taken. Fingal set sail

for Scotland and arrived at Dunscaich in Sky, where he held a feast for some days, and sailed from thence to Ireland, and arrived at Turra, where a general and sumptuous feast was holden, which was attended by the seven valorous and most victorious Caledonian Bands. Dermid O Duimhne, being a brave and eminent warrior, Lord of Conacht, and Fingal's near friend or nephew, was seated opposite to Fingal and his wife at the table whose beautiful complexion graceful mein agreeable carriage, great actions and harmonious voice procured him the applause of all the Fingalians and admiration of Grany, who fell in love with him, and who watched an opportunity to run away with him. Upon discovery of her growing passion and incisions proposal, Dermid strenuously refused to consent to such perfidious scheme which might be of dismal consequences to both, and swore that he never would go with her by night nor by day; on foot nor on horseback: within nor without; with company nor alone. Grany being artful and perspicacious enough to accomplish her treacherous design, she got herself equipt by the dawn of day, and seated upon a Pole she got fixed across the door of Turra, and sent for Dermid, and told him his oaths were to no effect. That it was neither night nor day, that she was neither upon horseback nor a foot, neither within nor without, with company nor alone. Thus the brave and beautiful Dermid O Duimhne found himself wheedled by a treacherous woman, for whose insinuating humour and base love he forgoes his honour and possessions, protector and friends. They then fled to Scotland and lived among the woods and most solitary places and caves upon fish and venison. They of an evening happened to light upon a Cave where a Giant lodged called Cithich Mac Daoil with whom they stayed that night; next morning Cithich quarrelled with Dermid for the wife, whom he wanted to stay with himself, finding herself inclinable. Dermid finding himself engaged by both Cithich and his own incisions Wife kilt the Gigantic, and left Grany to do for herself, and fled towards a Mountain in South Knapdale, near Cuntire, in Argylshire, called to this day Shlah-gaioil, where he is pursued and overtaken by Grany, his wife, who addressed herself to him in the following manner, and who is pardoned by the good-natured and tender hearted Diarmaid, Shlah-gaioil, signifies the Hill of Love, on account love and amity was restored between Diarmaid and his wife.

NOTE.—The lines which follow differ from the first version; the rest are identical or vary so little that they need not be printed twice.

DIARMAID. Extracts.

- 4 'S TRUACH a dh' imir thu do bheus,
Dh' fhuasgaill thu gach roi' la;
Stiur thu mi gu h-àrdach cruaidh,
- 5 Stiur thu mi o aros Rìogh,
Bu mhór prìs, gun iomar-bhaigh;
Teach na feileachd teach nan sluagh,
Am bu lua'-ghaireach na baird.
- 6 Thug u mi o luchuirt Fhinn,
An bu bhinn na teuda ciuil;
An din' mar Mhenbhaigh nam beann,
'S bronach, fann tha mi gun mhur.
- 8 Bha 'n croidhe dhamb daimheil dlu,
Mar a ghrian ann iul an la.
- 10 Chaill mi m' fhearran agus m' fheil,
'S mo chabhlach breideach nan tonn;
- 11 'S m' fhlair a b' fhearr ann cath nan cèud;
Chaill mi cineach agus ceol,
- 12 Chaill mo run a bhòs, is thall;
Chaill mo cheanal agus 'an Tur,
Bu mho cliu ann Innis Ghall.
- 13 Fu Fiantaidh Phail, nan gearr lann;
14 B' ole an ghnasad, 's cruaidh an sgeul;
Roghnaich thu allmhaidh nam beann,
Seach a bhì aig Fionn 's an Fheinn.
- 15 A Diarmaid is glaine gnúis,
No na bha cheol 's an Fheinn.
- 16 'S do ruigs úr mar osnach rè;
No na bha do thuilmhaidh oir,
Ann talla mór Rìogh na Féinn.
- 17 Am ball seirce bha t-aghaidh ghlain,
B' annsa na sa mlagh, na bha;
Nuair a chunnaig mi do shuadh,
B' ionmhuinne no nuall Rìogh Phail.

? Cormac.

? Sgeoluan.

- 18 Las mo run, is leagh mo chroidh,
'N uair chunnaig hìobhearachd t-aill;
Mar a fuighinnse do ghaoil,
Cho bhithinn is t-sbaigh 'l mar tha.
- 19 A laoiach chaoimh is gile bos,
'S mor mo lochd, ach 's mor an sgeul;
Gabhsa inghean Ghorra na sonn,
Bheir mi moid nan tom nach treig.
- 20 Aon tè dhlìbir Rìgh na Feinn,
'S a thug speis do 'n Amhair mhoir.
- 21 Ge do dhlìbir mise Fionn,
O na b' annsa leam do ghloir;
Cha do thaobh mi 'm Fainhair treun,
'S mor a b' eibhinne do cheol.
- 22 Cho treig mi thu choi'ch a ruin,
Ach gradh as ur a sior fhas,
Mar mheanganaibh maoth nan craobh,
Le teas ghradh nach traoidh gu brath.

H. 25. HOW THE HEROES FOUND OUT DIARMAID AND HIS WIFE IN THE NEWRY, AND HOW OSCAR KEPT HIM FROM BEING EXECUTED THAT DAY.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 107. 212 lines. Advocates' Library, Dec. 18, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER some continuance in Carric-an-daimh, Diarmaid went to a great wood in Ireland named Newry, to hide themselves there from the Heroes: they one day saw a Ran-tree full of Berries, they climb'd into the top of it, and were gathering some of the fruit. The Heroes were hunting in the woods that day, they were getting no sport: they were tir'd and said that they would sit down there it self, they all sit down among the trees; Oscar and Fingal happened to sit aside the Ran-tree under Diarmaid, and began to play on Dice, for to see which of them would play on the Fiddle.¹ Oscar was not playing right, Fingal wish they began again, Diarmaid saw that Oscar was not playing right, (and to perform his promise, see) he cast a berry down on the table so straight, they looked up and saw Diarmaid and Graine in the tree; immediately Fingal ordered Diarmaid to be executed, but Oscar would not allow him to execute Diarmaid that day, because it was directing himself Fingal noticed him; Ossian and all his sons came to Oscar to wage a battle to Fingal and all his Heroes and preserved Diarmaid from being executed that day.

¹ Fiddle is a corruption for 'fithchioll,' a chess-board, or board for playing some game.

DAN 24.

- 1 'S CUMHAIN leam an iomairt ud,
A bha aig Flath na 'm Fiann;
E fein is mo mhac,
'S ann Iughar so shiar.
- 2 Shuidheadar san Iughar,
Eidear Mhith is Mhaith;
Is theannadar re h-ìomairt,
An t-Oscar is am Flath.
- 3 Theannadar re h-ìomairt,
Is cha b' i 'n iomairt bhaoth;
S dh' iomairthead an Fhìdhal,
Eidear an dhaìs laoch.
- 4 Dh' iomairt iad an Fhìdhal,
Eatarra gu propail,
Gus an d' eirich an fhocal,
Eidear Fionn is Oscar.
- 5 Bheamar fein ann,
Is bha mo dhiaìs mac;
Air leith ghualainn Fhinn,
'S gur h-ann leinn a' b' aith.
- 6 Dh' iomairadh an ceud chluich,
Air Oscar le Fionn;
Mar tha mi d' a aithris dhuìt,
Gu ro' mhaith 's cumhain leam.
- 7 Air iomairt na h-ath chluiche,
Dh' eirich an t-òlc braghaid;
Air leigail do Dhiarmaid,
An caorann air a chlar.

- 8 'N uair a chunnaig Oscar
An caorann air chlàr;
Rug e air gu dea' thapadh,
Is chuir e fear na àit.
- 9 Air aithneach nan caorann,
D' aonnan sin do dh' Fhionn,
Labhair e gu faodlibharach,
'Tha neach os ar cionn.'
- 10 Chunnaig sin gu b' àrd,
Os ar ceann san Iudhar;
Diarmaid agus Graine,
So an sgeul is cumhain.
- 11 So mar bhiodh na briathraibh,
Eidear ruinn gach la;
Bhiodh na cnogall mallaichd,
D' a thabhairt air Graine.
- 12 'N sin labhair Fionn falidh,
'N laoch eiranta cosgar;
'B' e teagasg dìreach Dhiarmaid,
Is iomairt ealamh Oscar.'
- 13 Labhair an sin Oscar,
Gu cosarach calma;
'Nach fhaodadh an laoch Diarmaid,
A briathraibh a shal' cha.
- 14 'Na cuir mi air mhearaichain,
A laoch cha maith do làmh;
Air ghea' b'ìdh an Sheasgair,
Thall sa bhos mu 'n chlàr.'
- 15 'S cho s'innar an Fhìdhal so,
Am feast ann am fhia' nais;
Gus am fuigh mise,
A ni a' ta mi 'g iarruidh.'
- 16 'Labhair an sin Oscar,
Mo dhean' mhac 's mo rùn;
Cia Rìgh do na feara so,
Ann sam bheil do shùil.'
- 17 'An eiric na h-as-umhlachd,
A fhuair mi as bhuir leith,
Cho b' uilair leam Diarmaid,
Fhagail fuidh mo bhreith.'
- 18 'S'òlc a bhreith Rìgh Fheinne,
A bheil tu fein Fhinn;
G' e fuathach leat Diarmaid,
Bu choir a leigail leinn.'
- 19 'Cho 'n òlc a bhreith Rìgh Fèinne,
Bheir mi fein air mealtor;
A dh' imich le Gráinne,
'S an diu gu dán rinn falsachd.'
- 20 Labhair an sin Oscar,
'Cho d' rinn e riamh d' fhaol;
'S nam biodh laoch d' ar 'n uireasbhuidh,
Bu choir a chuir ruinn.'
- 21 An sin do labhair Fhoghlán,
Deadh mhac eile Fhinn,
'Gur ro bhorb leinn Oscar,
A labhras tu ruin.'
- 22 'Cìod dheanamh tu Fhoghláin,
Re dol an lathair cathanaibh;
Gu gearrainn do chnámhan,
Mar bhiththead ánsachd d' athar.'
- 23 'Bha fhreagrachd sud aig Fhoghlán,
'S cho bu fhreagrachd meathaich,
Bheireamsa dhuìt Oscar,
Mo dhulain a' d' aghaidh.'
- 24 'Nin urrainn thu Fhoghláin,
No aon neach mun chlàr;
Aaon fhocal d' an abairnna,
Ghabhail claidh os laimh.'
- 25 'Gur mór an guth sin Oscar,
Fhìr nan cosgar catha;
Gun toir thu oirn eiridh,
'S an iorgail le 'r 'n athair.'
- 26 'Cia maith thus' is d' athair,
'S na cathaibh gun tiome;
Gu toir mi mac o duimhne,
O Chlanna baosisge uile.'

- 27 'Bu mhor dhuit sin Osear,
Do radh Goll tósd nam beumaibh;
Gun doir thu 'n laoch d' ar ain deoin,
O thionail Fiann na h-Eirann.'
- 28 'S duiladha leam do bhrosnacha,
A Ghuill chesgara threabhaich;
'No 'n Fhéinn bhi dhamh mi fhreagarach,
'S gach laoch le bhagairt treabhdh.¹
- 29 'Ma se sin a deir thu,
Fhírlé 'n caomhe d' fhacal;
Dean do dhiocheall dhuinn,
Air an turra sin a ghlaic thu.'
- 30 'An turra so 'nois a ghlacamsa,
An láthair na Féinne,
Ni 'm fadair gu bheil agaibhsa,
Na bheirais dhom e reigainn.'
- 31 'S mór a chúis a deir thu,
Ge maith gu léon is leadairt,
Dean do dhiocheall dhuinn,²
Air an turra sin a sheasamh.'
- 32 'An túrnn so' nois a ghlacamsa,
Am fiadhnais feara Pháil;
Druid a'nuas a Dhiarmaid,
Is glacams' thu air láimh.'
- 33 'Thig mis orsa Diarmaid,
Chngadsa 's gu d' athair;
Gur mór leam bhuir barantais,
A dhol an láthair catha.'
- 34 Thainig Diarmaid chugainne,
'S cho b' ann air ar leas;
B' iomadach laoch againne,
A dhiothnaichadh sa ghreis.
- 35 B' iomadach corp crécacaidh,
Ce urlamh na Féinne, (Fuí)
Agus lanna leadarach,
Ag leadairt a chéile.
- 36 Cho 'n fhlacas re' m chuimhne,
Urlamh bu mhó géire,
No clann Fhinn is Oisain,
Air corpaibh a chéile.
- 37 Seachd céud 's fichead Toisach
Do mhuintir Osear úr,
Chuir Faoghlan gu dea' thapadh,
Le aon laimh air cúl.
- 38 An sin do labhair Osear,
Fear chosnadh mor urantais,
Feach co le 'n deacair,
Bhi feachainn greis d' ar fulangas.
- 39 Bu chosmhúil re fuain tuinne,
Guth na luinn' aig Osear,
'S bu deacair r' a aireamh,
Na bha armaibh a cosgairt.
- 40 Bu luath' e no eas oghann,
No seobhag tríd na h-ealtainn,
'S gu 'm bu leóir a dheacirachd,
Na phronnadh e fuí chasaibh.
- 41 'Gun togar oirnn mar innisge,
'S am feaste mar sgéil;
Gun na laoiach so theasgainn,
O leadairt a chéile.'
- 42 'An sin do labhair Conan,
'S e cuimhneachadh na falachd;
Leigar do Chlanna Baoisge,
Cuip a chéile ghearradh.'
- 43 'S mise Conan iongantach,
Is tusa Goll nam beumaibh;
Leig do Chlann Fhinn is Oisain,
Air corpaibh a chéile.'
- 44 'An cumhain leat an t-iomruagadh,
A riun iad oirnn a h-Eirinn;
O Rioghachd na Feadailte,
Gu rioghachd na Gréige.'

- 45 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,
'S na Beagaibh fuí' mhealamh;
'S nac leigadh an t-eagalán dhuinn,
Loc cadail a dheanamh.'
- 46 'Nach cumhain leat roimhe sin,
Gu coidleamaid gu suaimhneach;
Air urlair nan leabaiche,
An cleitaiche sról vainne.'
- 47 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,
An rioghachd Breatain blá' mhor;
Aig Cunnall d' ar 'n iomruagadh,
'S aig Iodhlan a bhrathair.'
- 48 'Cho 'n fhaod mi fein innseadh,
Gu deiradh an domhain ór- bhúidh,
Na thuit an sin le Cuthall,
Do Mhaithedh Chlanna Mornna.'
- 49 Seachd láithe do bhiamar,
Tiomcheall air an Iudhar;
Seach ceud, is caogad Toisach,
Do thuit ann gu h-uilidh.
- 50 A nochda' ceart an sgéile,
Dhuit a chéann nan cliair;
Do thuit caogad laoch,
Le' m fhaodhbhar do 'n Fhiann.
- 51 Is briathair nach bréugach,
Dhamhsa fein re rádh;
Do thuit céud calma,
A thuileadh air cách.
- Differently placed in I.
- 52 'N sin labhair Fiann re h-Osear,
'A laoiach cuir cosg air h-armaibh;
Mam bí Clanna Mornna,
Na 'r deith beó an Albheinn.' (Albainn in I.)
- 53 Sin e 'n d' úr-sgéul fíor,
Dhuitsa Chleirich chaich;
Mar dl' eirich an d' iomhriseadh,
Eidear Fianntidh Pháil.

Oscar kept Diarmaid from being killed that day, and told Ossian the very fact, how Graine loosed his enchantment, and all what happened to them since the time they left them, but Fingal would not believe him, and his wrath increased more and more against him, since he lost so many of his men by his fault that day, and for that reason the unlucky Heroe was obliged to fled from Fingal a second time to preserve his life.

Verses 43 to 51 tell part of the Story of Cumhal and Iodhlan, and of the feud between the clans of Morna and Baoisgne. Conan Mac Morna speaks.—J. F. C.

I. 19. DIARMAID. 304 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 96. Advocates' Library, April 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN this forlorn and desolate state Dermid and Grany pursued their journey to a small in the Chanel between the Continent and the Island of Turra, supposed to be Carig-an-daimh, but it is more probable, it has been Carrig-fergus, where they lodged, hid for some time till they got an opportunity to move into the woods of Newry, that country was a property of Diarmid, but is confiscated in favours of Fingal on account of his misdeemeanour in complying to run off with Grany. Dermid was upon oath that he should ever pursue the horn and howling of Dogs in the chaise. That he should relieve the distressed and help to redress the injured. That he should oppose the strong and assist the feeble hand. That he should to contuse the Winer and direct the Losser to reclaim his loss at Gambling. That he should ever obey the highest power or the voice of Fingal, &c. All these vows helped in their turn to shorten his days and hasten his death. Fingal and his Bands happened to be on a hunting party, came into the woods of Newry and rested himself under the shadow of the very rantee, whereto Dermid and Grany had climbed when they observed Fingal coming. Fingal and Oscar began to Gamble in which the later had lost three times after another. Dermid upon recollection of his oath directed Oscar by the berries upon every point he should move whereby Oscar won and Dermid was discovered, who was ordered by Fingal to be instantly executed. Oscar

¹ I. 28. A bagairt sgréadail geurlann.

² I. 31. No dibreidh ao rúa
O na's duth ach dhuit bhi seasadh.

insisted upon his reprove. Disputes ran so high that the whole tribe of Clan Baise were divided into two factions the one with Fingal and the other with Oscar. A bloody engagement ensued in which Oscar was like to overpower his Grand Father. Peace is patched up with loss upon both sides, and Dermid is acquitted for that Day. The following part of this Poem is composed by Ossian in a Lyrick verse, which renders it very agreeable and entertaining and can easily be played upon the Lyre or any Stringed Instrument. It is known in the original among the Caledonians by the name of 'Crosanachd an Iughair', signifying, the Lyrick of Newry—but orthographically one is ready to take it to be, Our bad luck at Newry.

NOTE.—After this introduction, follows a copy of the ballad written in the First Collection, lent to Dr. Smith. A few variations are noticed. The chief is the alteration, of verse 52, from Albleinn to Albainn.

M. 17. BRIATHRAN FHINN RE OSCAR. 26 lines.

- 1 A mhic mo Mhic, 'se thuir an Rìgh,
Oscar, a rìgh nan òg fhialth,
Choinnaic mi dealra do loinne, 's b' e m'uaill
- 4 Bhi 'g amharc do bhuaidh sa' chath.
Lean gu dlùth re cliù do shìnsreachd,
'S na dìbr a bhi mar iadsan.
'N uair bu bheo Treunmhor nan rath,
- 8 Is Trathull athair nan treun laoch,
Chuir iad gach cath le buaidh,
Is bhuanuach iad cliù gach teugmhail;
Is mairidh an iomradh san dàin
- 12 Air chuimhn aig na baird 'an dèigh so—
O! Oscar, claidh thus' au treun-armach,
'S thoir tearmann do 'n lag-làmhach fheumach;
Bi mar bhuinne-shruth reothairt gèamhraidh
- 16 Thoir gleachd do naimhdean na Féinne,
Ach mar fhann-ghaoth shèimh thlà shamhraidh
Bi dhoibhsin a shìreas do chobhair—
Mar sin bha Treunmhor nam buadh
- 20 'S bha Trathull nan ruag 'na dhéigh ann:
'S bha Fionn 'na thaidhe do 'n fhann,
'Ga dhion o ainneart luchd cucoir.
'Na aobhar shìnnin no làmh,
- 24 Le fáilte rachainn 'na choinneamh,
Is gheibheadh e fasgadh is càird
Fo sgàil dhritheilneach mo loinne.

O. 25. COMHAIRLE OISEIN DO OSCAIR. 6 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 117. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

In this fragment the adviser of Oscar is changed from Fionn to Oisein.—J. F. C.

COMHAIRLE OISEIN AIR OSCAR AN TUSEUCHD.

OSCAR caomh an treun armach;
Bi cuin ris an anfhann fheumach;
Bi mar shruth reodhairt gheamhraidh,
A eithe naimhdean na Féinne,
Ach mar thoit chiun sheamh bhlaith shamhraidh
Dhoibhsan tha 'n gantar eigin.

A. 27. 1512. DERMIT M'O'ZWNE. 104 lines.

A HOUDIE SO ALLANE M'ROTREE.

- 1 GLENSCHEE in glenn so rame heive,
A binn feig agus lon,
Menik redeis in naue,
Ar on trath so in dey agon
- 2 A glen so fa wenn Zwlbin zwrm,
Is haald tulchi fa zran
Ner wanew a roythi gi dark,
In dey helga o Inn ni wane
- 3 Estith beg ma zalew leith
A chuddycht cheive so woyrn
Er wenn Zwlbin is er inn fail,
Is er M'ezoyrn skayl troyg
- 4 Gur lai finn fa troyg in shelga,
Er V'ezwn is derk lei
Zwll di wenn Zwlbin di helga,
In turkgi nach fadin erm zei

- 5 Lai M'ezwnn narm ay,
Da by gin dorchirre in tork
Gillir royth ha zoill finn,
Is sche assuc rin do locht
- 6 Er fa harlow a zail,
M'ozunn graw nin sgoll
Ach so in skayl fa tursych mnaan,
Gavr less di layve an tork.
- 7 Zingywail di lach ni wane,
Da gurri ca assi gnok
In schenn tork selhee bi garv,
Di vag balleryeh na helve mok
- 8 Soeyth finn is derk dreach,
Fa wenn Zwlbin zlass in telga
Di fre dimit less in tork,
Mor in telga a rin a shelga
- 9 Di clastieh cozar ni wane,
Nor si narm teach fa a cann
Ersi in a vest o swoyn,
Is glossis woyth er a glenn
- 10 Curris ri faggin niu leich,
In shen tork schee er freich borb
Bi geyr no ganyth sleygh,
Bi transeygh na gath bolga
- 11 M'ozwnn ni narm geyr,
Fragor less in na vest olk
Wa teive reyll trom narynyth gay,
Curri sleygh in dayl in turk
- 12 Brissir an cran less fa thre,
Si chran fa reir er in mwk
In sleygh o wasi waryerka vlaye,
Rait less nochchar hay na corp
- 13 Targir in tau lann o troyle,
Di chlossin mor loye in narm
Marviss M'ozunn fest,
Di hanyth feyn do hess slane
- 14 Tuttis sprocht er Inn ne wane,
Is soyis sea si gnok
Makozunn nar dult dayve,
Olk less a hecht slane o tork
- 15 Er weith zoyth faddi no host,
A durt gar wolga ri ray
Tothiss a zermut o hocht,
Ga maid try sin tork so id taa
- 16 Char zult ay achonyth finn
Olk leinn gin a heacht da hygh
Toissi tork er a zrum,
M'ozunn nach tromie trygh
- 17 Toiss na ye reiss,
A yermut gi meine a torc,
Fa lattis trogyh ya chinn,
A zil nin narm rind gort
- 18 Ymbeis be hurrus goye,
Agus toissi zayve in tork
Ganne i freich neive garve,
Boonn in leich bi zarg in drod
- 19 Tuttis in sin er in rein,
M'O'Zwne nar eyve fealle
Na la di heive in turk,
Ach sen ayd zut gi dorve
- 20 A ta schai in swn fa creay,
M'O'Zwne keawe in gleacht
Invakane fullich ni wane,
Sin tuli so chayme fa art
- 21 Saywic swlzyme essroye,
Far la berri boye gi ayr
In dey a horehirt la tork,
Fa hulchin a chnokso a taa
- 22 Dermut M'O'Zwne oyill,
Hutton tra ead nin noor
Bi gil a wrai no grane,
Bu derk a wail no blai k . .
- 23 Fa boe innis a alt,
Fadda rosk barglan fa lesga
Gurme agus glassi na hwle,
Maissi is cassi gowl ni gleacht

- 24 Binnis is grinnis na zloyr,
Gil no zoid varzerk vlaa
Mayd agis evycht sin leich,
Seng is ser no kness bayn
- 25 Coythtyc is maaltor ban,
M'O'Zwne bi vor boye
In turri char hog swle,
O chorreich wr er a zroy
- 26 Immir deit eyde is each,
Fer in neygin creach nar charre
Gilli a bar gasga is seith,
Ach troyg mair a teich so glenn.
Glennschee.

D. 21. MAR MHAIRIBH DIARMAID AN TORC NETHIDH. 66 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad No. xi. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 4, 1872.

- 1 EISTEIBH beg mas aill leibh Laoibh,
Air Chuidichd O Chaoid sheo chaidh;¹
Air Bein Ghullibin sair Fion fial,
'S air Mac o Duibhne nan secul truaidh.
- 2 Dhimir iad 's bu bhor an Fheal,
Air Mac o Duibhne bu dearg Beul;
Dol do Bhein Ghullibin a T-shealg,
Tuire nach feididh arm a chlaoidh.
- 3 Dharich a Bheist as a suain,
Dhaibhire i napidh an Glean;
Dhairich I Faragra nan Fian,
Teachd a noir san nìar na ceann.
- 4 Mac O Duibhne nach' dob Daibh,
Chuir e 'n T-shleigh an dail an Tuire;
Bhrist e inte an crann mu Thri,
Bu reachdar leis a bhi san Mhuic.
- 5 Harruing e t-shean Laun fo 'n Truail,
A bhuinig Buaidh ans gach Blar;
Bhairibh Mac O Duibhne a Bheist,
Haichr dha fein a bhi slan.
- 6 Huidh shin uille air aoin Chnoc,
Laidh mor shroecht air Cean Flath fail;
Air bhi gha fadda na Thost,
Labhair e's gum ole a Chail.
- 7 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid fo soc,
Cia miad Troigh san Torc a niar;
8 Shia Traighin deig do dhfhir thobhis,
Ha an Frioigh na Muice fiaglich;
Cha ne shin iddir a Tobhis,
Tobhis a rist I Dhiarmaid.
- 9 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid a rist,
Na aoghidh gu minn an Torc;
'S leitsa do Raethin ga Chionn,
Iulligh nan arm rein-gheur goirt.
- 10 Dherich e, 's be 'n Turris gaidh,
As thobhis e ghaibh an Torc;
Houll am Frith bla nibhai garg,
Bonn an Laoich bu gharg san Trodd.
- 11 Aoin Deoch ghosa e d' euaich Fhinn,
Fhir nan Briaridh blatha binn;
Fon chaill mo Bhriugh 's mo Bhlaigh,
Ochoin gur a truaigh mar dobhior.
- 12 Cha doir mishe dhuit mo Chuach,
'S cha bho choibhris mi air Hiota;
Fon 's beg a reinn thu dom Leas,
'S gur mor a reinn thu dom, aibhleas.
- 13 Cha dreinn mishe Cronn ort riabh,
Houll na Bhos an oir na 'n iar;
Ach inmiehd le Grain am Braid,
Sa Huar gam thobhairt fo Graidh.
- 14 Gleann shi an Gleann sheo rar Taoibh,
'S Slionbhor Guth Feigh ann as Loin;
Gleann an trioc an roibh an Fhian,
Anoir san nìar an Deigh nan Conn.

¹ sheo chaidh uain.

- 15 An Gleann shin fos Beinn Ghullibin Ghuirm
'S aligh Tullachan ha fon Gheirn;
'S trioc a bha na shruthain derry,
An Deigh nan Fian bhi shealg an Fheigh.
- 16 Shinn e na t-shin air an Raoin,
Mac O Duibh air haibh Feall;
Na t-shiugh ri Taibh an Tuire,
Shin seul fhaithin duit gu dearribh.
- 17 Giulligh Eddidh oir as Each,
San Eigin nan creich nach gann;
Laibh bu bhor Gaisge a Gmionb
Ochain mar ha 'n T-saigh san Ghleann.
Crioche.

H. 26. HOW DIARMAID WAS KILLED

BY A WILD BOAR.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page H6. 344 lines. Advocates' Library, Dec. 20, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

DIARMAID and Graine deserted from Fingal to a place called Eas-ruidhle, in the county of An . . . a steep river which empties itself into the . . . and made his abode in the woods there also . . . The Heroes were passing by the sea shore at the end of the Cataract one day, and Fingal saw a spear that Diarmaid cut off a stick in the water, and immediately knew that Diarmaid was in the woods thereabout, for the spear curled round nine times, and it was . . . quarters long; there was none in Ireland that could do the like) loosed his dogs and let them through the wood after a wild cat which meet them there (for he knew that Diarmaid would not break his vows, see. When Diarmaid heard the dogs howling he appeared unto them; then Fingal did not know how to kill him because he was an excellent warrior unconquered in combats; unless he would break his law, and this was it, he would let but one go to fight with any person once, (for he knew that they would conquer the whole world by that regulation;) and for another reason none of his best Heroes would answer him to kill Diarmaid since he was guiltless in taking away his. But Fingal was very cunning, he went to a . . . a mountain, called Beinnghulban, to kill . . . iperous Boar, who was always slaying their Dog and none of them did never venture to go nigh him for fear of being killed. Fingal ordered Diarmaid to kill the Boar; according to his vow, see. Diarmaid obeyed Fingal, went after the Boar and killed him.

Fingal was very sorry that he came safe from the Boar without any detriment; Diarmaid was enchanted, tho' he would get a wound in any part of his body, it would not be deadly, but there was a Mole spot on the sole of his right feet, and if anything would bleed it, he would empty all his blood to the ground till the last drop: Fingal knew that, and he ordered Diarmaid to measure bare feet the Boar, and that they know how many foot in length that was betwixt his snout and his tail, on his back; he measured the beast downward with great care and leisure and nothing happened to him: Then Fingal desired him to measure the horrid Boar upward against his Bristles, and that he would get any reward or request he would ask: The unfortunate Hero was in great confusion for he dare not break either of his oaths, nor measure the beast upward, but he knew if Fingal would fetch to him out of the Fount, in his own golden Cup, by his own hand and the will of his heart, that it would quench the issue of his wound. He measured the Boar upward on his back . . . Bristles wounded the spot, then his blood ran down on the Hill like a rivulet's . . . He asked then a drink of the Spring of Fingal, but he would not gave that until he lost the least drop of his blood and fall on the heath; Then the Bards and his . . . lamented over his grave exquisite bitterly, and repents more than ever he did, that he put the excellent warrior who was also his nephew to such a shameful painful and pitiful death.

DAN 25.

- 1 'S GLEANN sith an gleann so 'r ar taobh,
Far am biodh faidh fhaidh is lon;
'S gnàthaichte ruidheadh an Fhian,
'S an srath shiar an deidh nan con.
- 2 Eisteadh beag, mar àill libh Laoibh,
Air a chuideachd chaoimh so ghluais;
Air Beinn-Ghulbann 's Flath na 'm Fhian,
'S mac o duimhne nan sgial truaigh.

- 3 'C' om nach eisteachaid re d' Laoidh,
Oisain ionmhuin 's binne glóir;
No eoin nan cladaich ag caoidhran
No eoin choíll re teachd an ló.
- 4 Latha do bha mo Rìgh fialaidh,
. . . fhiantuidh nach b' fhiadhach sgà',
sealg feadh ghleanntina diambuir
Theirrin sìun sìos gus an tràidh.
- 5 . . sin chunnaig mo Rìghsa,
. . ir thus fìor f'hir thrùine Pháil;
. . shlisag na cuartaig fhinn gheal,
'Sì naoi filte teachd gu sàil.
- 6 Rug e orra na bhois fhoir-ghlain,
'S dh' amhairc gu bior-shuilach g'cùr;
Thomhais e i le chois mhaistich,
'S b' e fad cuig tràidhe is réis.
- 7 An sin do labhair gu fiathaich,
'S e Diarmaid rinn so gun bhréug;
'S cho 'n aon neach do dh' fhearra Chormaic,
No do cholgaraich na Féinn.
- 8 Dh' eitich mo Rìghsa gun bhréug,
'Nach gabhadh e b'èidh no deoch;
Gus am faicte guáis an fhéinidh,
Ma bha 'n Eirinn beò an sloc.'
- 9 Chuir sinn ar gadhair fui 'n t-sliagh,
'S fui 'n choilltich ro' dhiamhair chaoin;
A deidh fìa' chat nan carnn,
'S gu cluicadh e 'n sgairinn san gaoir.
- 10 Chual an laoch nach b' fhann am blár,
Gaoir an áird re shìos an t-sleibh;
Agus labhair e r' a mhaoi,
'Cho' n eist mi gadhair na Féinne.'
- 11 'A Dhiarmaid eist na gadhair,
'S nach eil ann ach fadhadh bhréige:
'S deacair taobain re Mac Chuthail,
Leis is cumhair bhí gun chéile.'
- 12 'Ge de cho 'n eist mi na gadhair,
'S taodhlidh mí gach fadhadh sleibhe,
Bu nár nan leigain mo shealg dhir
Air son an-rún Rìgh na Féinne.'
- 13 Do thainig Diarmaid gus a gheann,
Gu Féinn ainmeil Inse pháile;
Is b' ait an sealadh le Fionn,
A thigbain nan ceann 'n lámhe.
- 14 Chuaidh sinn gu Beinn-ghulbann ghuirn,
'S áille tulach tha fuilidh 'n ghréin;
Bu ghnáthaicht' le a shrathaibh dearg,
Sealg bhí orra dh' Fhionn na Féinn.
- 15 B' i Beinn-ghulbann leab an tuire,
A bha tric fuilidh chosaibh fhiadh;
Mu chomhair deadh mhac o duimhne,
Do chaill Grainne cónn sa ciall.
- 16 Shuidhich Fionn 's bu dearg a leac,
Mu Bheinn-ghulbann ghlaiss an t-sealg;
'Fair a Dhiarmaid air an torc,
'S mor an lechd a rinn an fheall.'
- 17 'G eisteachd re con-ghaoir nam Fiann,
Near sa nìar a teachd n' ar ceann,
Dhuigs an an-beist as a suain,
'S dh' imich i uainn air a gheann.
- 18 Chuir air re faicsinn nan laoch,
Sean torc nimhe nam fraoch borb;
Bu treine gháinne nam fiodh,
'S bu ghéire gath nan gath bolg.
- 19 'Sean torc diambair do tha 'n sud,
Lán do fhuil alluidh 's do ghuin;
A Dhiarmaid mhic o duimh u fhéil,
Leansa féin an an-beist uile.'
- 20 Lean an laoch bu tal'mhidh lámh,
An an beist a' b' áirde friodh;
Charaich e chuiqe 's na dháil,
Mar fhuaim tuinne n' áirde lith.
- 21 An t-sleagh o' n bhois bhar-ghil bháin,
Chuir eiscan na dháil ga lot;
Do bhris e 'n craun air na thri,
'S dh' fhag e 'n ceann aic shios na chorp.
- 22 Tharraing e 'n t-sean lann a truaill,
Leis am buidhte buaidh 's gach blár;
Thorchair le O duimhne bhéist,
'S thainig e fein uaithe slán.
- 23 Do luilidh sproichd air Plath nam Fiann,
'N tra' shuidh e siar air a chnoc;
Leasan cho bu turas áigh,
Diarmaid a theachd slán o' n torc.
- 24 Air bhí dh' a tamull na thest,
Labhair e 's gu b' ole re rádh;
'A Dhiarmaid tomhais an torc,
Cia lion troidh o theochd ga shail.'
- 25 Riamh cho d' eitich aon ní 'n Fhéinn,
A chuir iad r' a ré na dháil;
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dhruim,
'S thainig e féin uaithe slán.
- 26 'Tomhais na adhaidh aris,
A Dhiarmaid 's ma ní do lot;
Do roth athehuing' dhuit d' a cheann,
Ille nan arm ranna ghéur goirt.'
- 27 Thomhais e 's bu mhór a sgá',
Mac O duimhne dhoibh an torc;
'S ghúin am friodhan barr ghéur trom,
Bonn an laoch bu gharg san trod.
- 28 Do thuit e 'n sin air an t-sliagh,
Mac O duimhne ciabh nan cleare;
Aon laoch fuileach dach na 'm Fiann,
Air an tulaich siar o' n teach.
- 29 Bha fhuil a ruilidh o chorp caóin,
Mar shruth caol o fhuaran árd;
Bu truaidh bhí faicsinn a leóin,
Gun ehlonta no gó fuilidh chraí.'
- 30 Ge d' bu deirge ghruaidh nan t-subh,
Bhíodh air uilean chnuic san fhéur;
Dh' fhás iad gu dubh nealach nain,
Mar neal fuar air neart na gréin.
- 31 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 32 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do ghóí' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 33 'De cha d' rinn mi d' aimh-leas riamh,
Thall no bhos, an ear nan iar;
Ach Grainne dholbh leam am bruid,
'N uair a bhris i orra mo bhríathr.'
- 34 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 35 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do ghóí' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 36 . . m bu chumbain keat latha shuine (shui
mhne)
. . . o 'n eil fíth a bhí da chuimhneach;
. . . o mharbhas tri, is ocd ceud dhuit,
. . . meigs chothann, 's le 'm ghéur chuinsair.'
- 37 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 38 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deach,
A choisgas do ghóí' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 39 'Am bruth chaorainn bha thu 'n láimh,
O! Fhinn bu mhaith dhuit mi feinach;
'N uair a bha 'n Deud-ghéal, gu d' ghuin,
'S tu ann an eagainn sau d' éug-bhail.'
- 40 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'

- 41 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu fàidheoidh do 'm mbi-leas.'
- 42 'La eile bu mhaith dhuit mise,
An Tigh teamhra' 's tu mor iomgain;
Bu mhi 'n cogarrach sa bhail,
'S mi gu d' chosnamb as gach iorgaill.'
- 43 'Aon deoch, anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhìr nam brathraibh bláth, subhach;
On dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhail,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 44 De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu fàidheoidh do 'm mbi-leas.'
- 45 'Tri mic Inse Tir-fuidh thuinn,
Mharbh mi iad uile d' an ain-deoin;
'S dh' ionail mi nam fuil thu steach,
Ge do chlaoidh thu mi le h-an-íochd.'
- 46 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhìr nam brathraibh binn 's na cabh;
O 'n chaill mi mo bhrí' 's mo bhlagh,
Deoch do 'n fhuaran, nee' na tabhair.'
- 47 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do lot gu siorruidh;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu fàidheoidh do 'm mbi-leas.'
- 48 'Nam bu chumhain leat la Chonaill ('Chothain')
Bha Cairlnuidh roimhad sa mbuintir;
Thu fein is an Fhianan ai d' dheidh,
O! 's truagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 49 'Na 'm biodh fios aig mná' na h-Oighe,
Mise sheoldadh ann san luib so;
Bu tursach am fir nan ádhart,
O! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 50 'Gur mi Diarmaid an Iudhair,
Chonnachd, agus Baidh, 's Béure;
'S mi dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,
Neach air an raibh rothe deilbhe.'
- 51 'S mi dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,
Bheirinn tódhaidh do gach ur 'chair;
Thug barr air gach fear le fàdhaid,
O! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 52 'S mi seobhag shuil ghorm Eas-ruidh,
Leom a bheirte buaidh 's gach blár;
O! struagh mo thorachairt le muic,
Mu thulachainn a chnuic so' ta.'
- 53 Do thiodhlac sinne fàidheoidh,
Le cumha, le brón 's le snith;
Aon mhacaidh fuilteach nam Fiann,
Air an tulaich siar fuilidh lic.
- 54 'Nuair a chnannaig Gráinne uile,
Gu do chinreadh e fuilidh 'n lár;
Chaill i h-aithne is a gné,
'S thuit i an neal air a bhlar.
- 55 Nuair dh' aithrich i as a pná;
Sheinn i le crá' is le brón;
Clú Dhiarmaid bu ghile snuagh,
Sios gu duainidh air an lon.
- 56 'Tha leaba deis' ann sa charraig,
Bha Fionn da farrad ré bhliadhna;
Tha sruth' os a ceann do sháile,
'S cha fhliuchadh mo ghradhsa Diarmaid.'
- 57 'S' i sinn an leab an raibh Leadan,
A thogadh t-éug-bhail air fiadhach;
Am fear nach do smuaintich eagal,
Roimh cheilair nan can san t-sliagh nd.'
- 58 'Ochóin b' i sin uair a chúsaidh,
Gur goirt 's gur géur dhamsa h-iar-guin,
Do ghorm-shuil a bhí gun leirsinn,
Fhìr a b' eibhinn beul is briathraibh.'
- 59 'Gur tu mac peathar an Ard-Rígh,
Bha gu badhach ághor fàidh;
O! struagh a chuir e gu bás thu,
Gun bhion fáth a ghraidh a Dhiarmaid.'
- 60 'Bu tn aon laoiach feara Pháile,
A dh' fhaotainn buaidh láir an combrag;
Thug bárr orr' uile ann 's gach cluiche,
'S thug an subhachas 's an sólas.'
- 61 'Bu ghile da chneas nan canach,
No úr shneachd an gleannuidh caola;
Thug do cluth barr air an t-sluagh níl';
Fhìr bu deirge gruaidh nan caorann.'
- 62 'Bu ghuirne do suil nan dearg,
A bhiodh air uilean chercach bheann árd,
'S bu chiuine prioba do rosgaibh,
No osnach lábas féur gach fair.'
- 63 'Bu ghile do dhéud nan gagan,
A bhiodh air chrathadh feadh an lá;
'S bu bhinne fuaim do bheoil ionmhuinn.
No céol eoin choilteach, 's gach clár.'
- 64 'Mar dhrisinná' gréine tha d' fhalt,
Gu fionn bhuidh casarlach gradhach;
Tha do chneas cho mhín san cobhar,
Fhìr a b' fhadhaintach 's gach áite.'
- 65 'S dubhach mi gun iolach sólais,
Ach turs' is brón a sior eibhich;
A chruit chiuil is binne maire,
Cha tog mo chroidhe gu h-éibhneas.'
- 66 'Thuit mo spiorad an euan stuadhach,
Gun chlos, gun suaimhneas ag gártaich;
A sior chuinneacha' do nosaibh,
Och! Mo leonadh is mi gun abhachd.'
- 67 'Cho chluinn mi tuille do chónhra',
A b' éibhnaiche no céol Fiodhail;
No 'n sneadach 's na gleannuidh físaich,
'S dubh a dh' fhuag gu bráth mo chroidhé.'
- 68 'Cho 'n fhaic mi mi 's mó do ghluísas,
No deádradh do shuil ghorm shuiteamh;
Ochóin s mi fuilidh thuilteach gabhaidh,
Cho 'n eirich gu bráth gu lois.''
- 69 'S doracha do chomhluidh fú' 'n fhód,
Is cumhan do leab réot gun fhuinn;
'S cho dearla mhadaidn gu lá bhráth,
A dhuigsas tu a' d' phna a shuinn.'
- 70 'Ach folaiche chaoidh ann san úir,
Mhiannaiche gach súil do chiahlag;
Bennachd leat fein is le d' áille,
Anois agus gu brath a Dhiarmaid.'
- 71 'Dh' ullaich gach filidh a chlársach,
A shéinn meladh do 'n lán laoch chúinn;
Gu do-bhronach 's gu ro thime,
Céol 's bu shnithach fann gach súil.'
- 72 'Gu ma beannaicht' thusa Dhiarmaid,
Fhìr a' b' fhearr briathraibh is ágh;
Do na tha am fantachd Eirann,
'S an-aoibhinn an diu ar gair.'
- 73 'Bha do neart mar thuiltach nise,
A dol a sios a chlaoidh do námh,
An cabhaig mar iolair nan spéur,
No stéud eisg a ruigh air sáil.'
- 74 'A Thriath Bhéura b' áille leadan,
No aon fhileasgach san Fheinn;
Gu ma samhach a raibh d' ór-chul,
Fuidh chudrom an loin gach ré.'
- 75 'Ní 's mo cha 'n fhaicair thu air chuan,
Air an eireadh snathán árd,
No 'n doire re sealg an fheidh,
No 'n blár chéud a sgatha' chnamh.'
- 76 'Cho mhó chluintar nual do bheóil,
A bu bhinne na glóir nan can;
An Tigh-teamhra' gu lá bhráth,
Fhìr bu ro mhaith grádh is gné.'
- 77 'Gur dubhach an diu gach rosg,
Bu gheal do bhos, 's bu ghil' do chneas;
Bu tréun tabhachdach thu laoiach,
Bu phailt mais, is aoiagh' is clearc.'
- 78 'Mile mallachd air an lá
A thug Gráinne grádh do d' ghnúiss
B' e sin a chair Fionn gu bréin,
'S a chuir thu a' d' thréin gu h-úir.'

- 79 'G' e b' iomad daoine agus neart,
Mu d' thiomcheall a chleare nan áill ;
'S tu lamh a b' fhearr iomaire is ágh,
Ochain do na tha sa ghleann.'
- 80 'Ach mbealladh do chuma gach bean,
A mhic o duimhne bh mheur buaidh,
'S do shuiridhe cha d' thog do shuil,
Gus an deach úir air do ghruaidh.'
- 81 'Cha do ghlac cloidheamh na dhorrann,
Nam brat sróil is fhearr san Fheinn ;
Aon neach a bheireadh tu nainn,
A dh' aingain sluagh Rìgh na Feinn.'
- 82 'S cha mho ghlac e sgia' na lann,
Neach d' an raibh ceann teachd a' d' ghao' ;
Mhic o duimhne ud a' ta marbh,
'N uair a bha thu 'n arm nan laoch.'
- 83 'Ach o na dholbh thu le Grannin,
Feadh gach áit' mar fhuath no cilt ;
Ghabh gach duine dhinn ort fuath,
'S gu h-araid Fionn 's truagh an sgeúl.'
- 84 'Cho 'n ionadh mi bhi gun chli,
Is dubhach, tiarnaidh gun sólas ;
'S a linthead curidh tréun calma,
Thuit dhinn air gach áin an cómhrag.'
- 85 'Thuit iad uil' ach mis' am aonar,
Mar chrann mosgain, maol, gun duileach ;
Gach darag maóthan is ógan,
Ge d' bu lionmhur mor re 'n tuireadh.'
- 86 'Ge d' tha 'n diu gun tréin no comhdach,
Bu mhor mo chonadh 's mo lúth ;
Gun easbuidh daoine no nith,
Dh' fhas sin saoghal mu seach dhuinn.'

I. 20. BAS DHIARMAID O DUIMHNE. 320 lines.
Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 104. Advocates' Library,
April 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER the battle of Newry was over, Dermid related to Fingal how Grany had enchanted him to run away with her, and implored his pardon; but Fingal's incredulity and inclemency would not permit him to forgive so atrocious a crime as Dermid was constrained to be guilty of. Therefore Dermid and Grany were obliged to fly a second time from the awful presence of Fingal, and continue their Hermitage in the lonesome Woods and dark Caverns of the Rocks as formerly. Fingal upon the day following went to the woods, and loosed his Hounds after a wild Cat he spied hard by him, in order he should alarm Dermid to the sport. Dermid heard the howling of the Dogs and bawling of the Huntsmen; against the instigation of Grany would appear in the chase and throw himself into the hands of Fingal a second time, who wished his death, could it be carried on accidentally without being a wilful murder. Upon the ensuing day Fingal ordered his Bands to go a hunting to a mountain called Bengul-ban. A huge and viperous wild boar hunted this mountain, which defied all the artifice of Fingal's army and strength of their hounds to kill. The dogs alarmed and pursued the Boar, but durst not come near him. Fingal ordered Dermid to pursue and kill the Boar, and that he would be freely pardoned for his offence. Dermid pursued, attacked, and kilt the dreadful Boar. Fingal recollected that there was a Mole or Mark on the sole of Dermid's right foot, which if touched by the venomous gristles of the Boar that he should bleed to death. Accordingly he commanded Dermid to measure the Boar, and find out his length from the snout to the tail. Dermid measured the Boar downward and came off safe. Fingal ordered him to measure the Boar upward, to which Dermid consented on condition Fingal would grant him a speedy remedy if he happened to be wounded, whereto Fingal agreed. The brave, valorous, and beautiful Dermid O Duim measured the Boar against the gristles, wherewith he got wounded, and Fingal after he is fallen refused him any remedy, not suspecting his death would be occasioned so suddenly by so slight a wound. We can find few or no instances of this nature in all the actions of Fingal, which has been occasioned by the inconstant and perfidious Grany including Dermid to the detestable crime of adultery. Fingal is seldom possessed with the spirit of cruelty and revenge. We find him of a compassionate disposition, even to his professed enemies; hospitable to all strangers.

Full of tenderness and charity to the afflicted; Ready to relieve the miserable, and inclined to Forgive offenders. Slow to cast out with the strong, and powerful to overcome them in war, which is manifested by his advice to his grand son Oscar, one of which we take the liberty to mention here.

- 1 O OSCAIR ! Claidh an calma treun,
Ach dìon fuit' d' sgeith am fann ;
An aghaidh namham tabhair beum,
Mar neart sruth leug nam beann.
- 2 Bi mar an osag sheimh sa mhaigh,
Do 'n dream is laige gnìomh ;
Gu maoinach, meinaich, meat a leon,
Na 'n coimheach broin a strìochd.
- 3 Na tabhair beum, ach gus am fèum,
Do chom is treine dhìon ;
No h-ob bhi mall gu comhragg lann,
Mar eagal call do d' Rìogh.

The following Poem or Lament of Dermid opens upon hunting of the Boar, Dermid expostulating his innocence, enumerating his frequent and great services, and imploring a remedy of Fingal. After his death Grany laments over him in a moving and pathetic manner. Then the Bards sung to his praise and memory in a very tragical and beautiful strain. And Fingal mourned for him many days in the Hall of Turra and Tur-ana.

Note.—Here follow lines which differ from the other version (H.). All the rest are identical, and in the same order.—J.F.C. June 6, 1872. Collated with H. Mac Lean.

- 3 OISEINN fheilidh is binne ceòl,
No coin air linnidh nan leug,
Mar choill cheud tha fann do bheoil.
- 4 Latha do bha mo Rìogh Fionn,
Is fhiantaidh bu treun am blar ;
A' sealg fea' ghleantaidh is leirg,
Theiring a mbeirgeach gu traidh.
- 5 Do chunnaig mi Thriath gear ur,
Bu mhor iul measg fheara Phail ;
Sliseag nua' gu cuan nan tonn,
Air traidh nan clach donn, 's nam bare.
- 6 Ghlac Mac Cumhail an t-sleis og,
A b' fhearr doidh na cornaibh cruinn ;
'S ann leinne bu mhor an t-euchd,
Bha seachd reisean ann a druim.
- 7 Do labhair Rìogh Phail nan cuach,
'Se Diarmaid truagh rinn an t-euchd ;
Cho 'n gon fhear do Chathain Chormaic,
No ghabh tamh fuit' chollbh na Feinn.
- 8 Dh' cìth mi Rìogh bu mhor miadh,
Nach gabhadh e biadh no deoch ;
Gus am fuighte Diarmaid donn,
Ma bha 'n Èirinn nan lon phort.
- 10 Chnail an laoch, nach b' fhamm am blar,
Gadhair bhan ri slìos an t-sleibhe ;
Agus labhair e ri Graine,
Cho 'n eist mi ri gair na Feinne.
- 13 Thainig Diarmaid gus a ghleann,
Gu Feinn m' anasach Inne-Phaile ;
Is b' ait an sealdh le Fionn,
E tigh' n os ar cionn air fàire.
- 36 Mharbhas trì fichead, is ceud duit,
Bu mhor m' fheum le lanna cuinscar.
- 48 Na 'n bh chumhainn leat latha Clothann,
Bha Cairbridh roimhead, 's a mhuintir ;
Thu fein is an Fhianh a d' adhaidh,
O ! 's truagh m' adhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.
- 50 Gur mise Diarmaid an t-udhair,
Chonnaeab, agus Buidh, 's Beura ;
'S mi dalta Naòis nam fear bodha,
Laoch air an raibh rotha deilbhe.
- 51 'S mi dalta Naòis nam fear bodha,
- 54 'N uair chunnaig inghean Ghormala nan steud,
An treun na luighe 's an ùir ;
Chail e h-aithne,—thuit san fheur,
Mar leug gu n' charuchadh sùl.

- 55 Tra dh' airich i as a pnà,
Sheinn gu craiteach iolach bhròin ;
Clù Dhiarmaid bu ghile snuadh,
Shios gu duainidh air an lòn.
- 59 Gur tu mac peathar Rìogh Phaile,
60 Bu tu aon laoch fhearr Phaile,
A bhuidhinn buai' làir ann comhrag ;
Thug barr orr uile 's gach luth-chleas,
'S thug a d' ghlùlan, sugach, solach,
- 61 Bu ghile do chneas no 'n canach,
No 'n cathadh 's na gleannaibh caola ;
Dhealradh do chruth ann 'sna leirgean,
Fhìr bu deirge leac no 'n caorann.
- 62 Bu ghuirme do shuil no 'n dearc,
Air uileann nan leacann ard ;
'S bu chiùine iomairt do rosg,
No 'n seimh osnach air fear fair.
- 63 Mar dbrisinne greine t-fhàlt,
Am-lubach, cas-lubach, ar-bhuidh ;
Tha do chneas co geal 'san cothar,
A laoiach, nach d' fhodhain na blàir dhuit.
- 64 'S dubhach mi, gun iolach sholais,
Ach tursa bhroin a' sìor eughach ;
A chrìit chiuil is binne mire,
Cho duigs mo chroidhe gu h-eibhneas.
- 65 Thuit m' aigheadh 's ann aigéal stuathach,
Gun chlos no suaimhneas a' garraich ;
A sìor chuimhneacha' do nosaibh,
Och! Mo threodhaid bhroin gun abhachd.
- 67 Nì 's mo cho 'n fhaiccar do ghnais,
A dhealradh gu h-arr ann tur Chonail ;
Ochoin! Mì! fù! thuitteach gabhaidh,
C'uin a thig a ghraidh ort solas.
- 68 'S dorchda do bhuthainn fù 'n fhod,
'S cumbann reot do leaba leom ;
Cho dearl' a mhadainn, gu la bhrath,
A dhuigsas mo ghradh an sonn.
- 71 Gu ma h-aghòr thusa Dhiarmaid,
Fhìr is fearr briathra' is agh ;
Do na tha am Fianntachd Eirann,
'S an-eibhinn an diu' ar gair.
- 73 A thriach Bheura b' aille loinreadh,
No aon ogan tha san Fheinn ;
Gu ma samhach a roibh t-br-chul,
Fù! chudram an loin gach re.
- 77 Mìle mallachd air an la,
A thug Graine gradh do d' chruth,
Chuir sin Fionn nam Flath o cheill,
'S truagh an sgoul mar dh' eug u 'n diu'.
- 78 Ge h-iomad laoch bu mhòr neart,
Mu thiomchall nan clearean aill ;
'S lamh a b' fhearr iomairt, is agh,
Ochaid-do na bha sa ghleann.
- 80 Arm ann nasal nan luath bheum.
- 82 Ach o na dh' fholhb e le Grain,
Fèa' nan carun mar fhuath nan eug ;
Ghabh gach duine dhinn air grain,
Is Rìogh Phaile's truagh an sgoul.
- 84 Bu lionmhor sloigh aig Mac Cumhaill.

M. 18. BAS DHIARMUID. 104 lines.

- 1 EISTIRH beag ¹ ma 's aill libh laoidh
Air a chuideachd' chaoimh so chuaidh,
Air Grainne, air Fionn fial
'S air Mac o Duimhne nan scial truadh.
- 2 'N Gleann sìth sin 's an gleann r'a thaobh ²
Far 'm bu bhinn guth feidh ³ is loin,
Far am nìnic an robh 'n Fhianann
An Ear 's an iar an diaidh an con.
- 3 Air an t-suth sin Ghulbunn ghuirm
Is aillidh' tulachain tha fò 'n ghreinn,
'S tric a bha na sruthain dearg
An diaidh na 'm Fianm bhith sealg an fheidh.

¹ Beagan. ² R'a'r thaobh. ³ Fead feidh.

- 4 Dh' imir iad 's bu mhòr a chealg
Air Mac o Duimhne bu dearg li,
Dol do Bheinn-Ghulbunn a chealg
Tuire nach feadadh airm a chaoidh.
- 5 A Dhiarmuid na freagair an fhaghaidh
'S na tadhaill am fiadhach breige,
Na rach teann air Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
O 's cumhadh leis a bhì gun cheile.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban a Ghrainne
Na toill-se naire do d' cheile,
Fhurgairinn-se guth na seilge
Dh' ain-deoin feirge fìr ⁴ na Feinne.
- 7 Dhuigs iad a bbeist as a shuain,
Bha freicadan air shuas an gleann,
'G eisteachd re garaich nam Fianm
Is iad gu dian fo cheann.⁵
- 8 An seann torc nìmh a bha garg
Thainig o Bhall ard nan Alla-mhuc,
B' fhaide iongna na gath sleagha
Bu treise fhriogh na gath builge.
- 9 Leig iad ris na deadh ghadhair,
Gadhair Fhinn is fìr na seilge,
Chuir iad a mhuc a bhan le hiodra ⁶
'S bha na t-eun choin air a tionntadh.
- 10 A mhic o Duimhne fhlir threinn,
Ma 's e 's gu 'n d'riuncadh euchda leat,
Bith-se cumhneach air do laimh,
So an tì fa 'n dearnar leat.
- 11 Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh,
Air faicinn do a bleist uile,
O 'n t-slos thaobh-ghéal shlamhnuich thla
Chas e 'n t-sleagh an sail an tuire.
- 12 Tharruing e 'n t-sleagh o 'n dorn gheal bhan
Chum a sathadh ann a chorp,
Bhriseadh leis an cran na thri
Gun aon mhir dh' e bhith san torc.
- 13 Tharruing e 'n t-seann lann as an truail,
O 's i bhuidhneadh buaidh 's gach blar,
'S mharbhadh leis an uile bbeist
Is thearinn e na dhiaidh slan.
- 14 Luidh spoc air Fionn fial
Is leig e sìar e ris a chnoc,
Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh
A dhol as gu slan o 'n torc.
- 15 Air dh' a bhith tamull na thosd
Labhair Fionn 's gu 'm b' olc r'a radh ;
A Dhiarmuid tomhais an torc
Cia meud traigh o shoc gu shail.
- 16 Cha do dhùlt e achuing' Fhinn,
'S aithreach leinn a theachd o 'n tigh,
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dbruin
Mac o Duimhne nìor throm traigh
- 17 Se traighe deuga do dh' fhior thomhas
A tha 'n druim na muice fiadhuich,
Chia 'n e sin idir a thomhas
Tomhais e ris a Dhiarmaid.
- 18 A Dhiarmuid tomhais a ris
Na aghuidh gu min an torc ;
Roghainn a gheabhadh tu ga cheann
Togha nan lano rinn-ghœur goirt.
- 19 Thomhais e, 's cha bu trus aigh,
Mac o Duimhne nach trom traigh ;
Tholl am friogh nìmh bha garg
Bonn an laoiach bu gharg san trod.
- 20 Aon deoch dhamh-s' a' d' chuaich Fhinn
Dheadh mhic mo rìgh do m' chabhair ;
O chaill mi mo bhlagh 's mo bhrìgh,
Ochoin! is truadh mi mur tabhair.
- 21 Cha toir mise dhuit deoch
'S cha mho choisgeas mi air h-iota,
O 'S beag a rinn thu do m' leas
'S is mòr a rinn thu do m' aimhleas.

⁴ Fhear. ⁵ Is iad ag cuir gu dian mu cheann.

⁶ Mhan gu leath-trath.

- 22 Cha d' rinn mise eon ort riamh
Thall no bhos, an car n 'n iar;
Ach im'cachd le Graine am braid
'S a tuar gam' thabhairt fo gheasuibh.
- 23 Thuit se an sin fo chreuchd,
Mac o Duimhne ciabh nan cleachd,
Sar mhae fulangach uau Fian, n,
Air an tuluich siar fa dheas.
- 24 Cumhachdach gu mealladh bhan
Mac o Duimhne bu mhor buaidh;
An t-suircadh cha do thog a suil
O chaidh an uir do ghruidh.
- 25 Bha guirme bha glaise na shuil,
Bha mine bha maise na ghruidh,
Bha spionnadh bha tabhachd san laoch
Bha sud saor fo chneas ban.
- 26 Dh' adhluidh iad air aon tuluich,
Air sith-dhuan na mpoice fiadhuich,
Graine Ni Chormaig a churruich,
Da choin gheal' agus Diarmud.

O. 12. BAS DHIARMAD O DUIGNE. 131 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 60. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.

- 1 An gleann Si, san gleann ri thaobh,
An gleann an tric an robh fead laoiach;
Eoin is Lomhuinn;
Far an tric an robh an Fheinn;
An ear 's an iar deigh nan con.
- 2 Air an t-shi Ghulbuin ghuirm,
Air an tulaich is aille fo 'n ghrein;
Air an tric an robh froidhean dearga,
An deigh sealg fir na Feinne,
- 3 Eisdilb tamull ma 's aill leibh,
Air a' chuideachd claoimh so chuidh;
Air beinn Ghulbunn, air Fionna fail,
Air Mac O Duighne nan sgeul truagh (sgial)
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn bu chruaidh cheilg,
Air Mac O Duighne bu deirge lith;
Dhol a bheinn Ghulbunn shealg an tuire,
Nach d' fheadar leis na h-airm ga dhith.
- 5 Dhiamaid na ruig an fhagad,
'S na taoghail am fiadhach leirge;
Na rach teann air Fionn Mac Cuthail,
O' s dubhach thu bli gun cheille.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban, a Ghraine,
Na toillsa tamaill do d' cheud ghradh;
Rachainse dh' amhare na seilge,
Cheart aindeoin feirg fir na Feinne.
- 7 Cha d' fhas mi riamh a' m' chrionaich chrithunn,
'S ionnan sa chreag mo runsa;
Co a shealladh air graine le toigh,
Nam fasadh Diarmad na mheall unich.
- 8 B' e mo mhiann bli 'n cois na seilge,
An toir air Torc a' chraois namhainn;
'S tric a leag mi 'n lon a ludhas,
- 9 Shuas air eudainn beinn a Ghulbhuinn,
Dh' fhalbh Mac O Duighne le ceum ard;
Bu dubhach bu chraiteach Graine.
- 10 Shil a deoir Mar fhros na Maidne,
Mar cheò glas bha da shuil (al. a gnais)
Cha 'n fhaic mi tuille Diarmaid,
Tha m' anam gu dian na dheigh,
- 11 Mhic Cuthail bi baigheil ri 'n leannan,
Cha bheannachd dhuit m' aighir a chlaoidh;
Dhuig iad an uile bheist as a shuain,
Freicedan air chluas gach beann.
- 12 'G eisdeachd ri Coin ghairach nam Fian, n,
'S iad gu dian a ruith fo ceann;
Leig iad rithe na deagh gathair,
Gathair ann fir na Feinne.
- 13 Thug iad a' mhuc bhan ga leadradh,
'S na sair choim gheala ga teumadh (ga tionn-
daidh)
B' fhaide e teanga na gath sleagha,
B' fhaide a friogh na gath builge.
- 14 An seann Torc nimhe bha garg,
A ghineadh o ardail nan tore;
Bhriseadh leis an dorn gheal bhlar,
Thaehda dha na bha na chorp,
Bhriseadh leis an crann na thri,
Gu 'n aon mhir dhe dhol san tore.
- 15 Tharruig e 'n seann lann dubh o 'n truail,
O 'n si b' ioghna buaidh sgach blar;
Mharbha leis an Uile bheist,
As thearnadh na dheigh e fein slan,
- 16 An sin luidh sproc air Fionn nam Fian, n,
Luidh e siar ris a chnoc;
Air dha bli tamull na thosd,
Labhair 's gum b' ole a radh.
- 17 Dhiarmad tomhais an tore,
Cia meud troidh o shoc gu carr?
Na duitteam t-achuinnich Fhinn,
O 'n 's dan leam cinnteach tighinn o t-iochd!
- 18 Dhiarmad tomhais e ris,
Na aghaidh gu min an tore;
Uam gheibh tu g' a chionn
Tagha nan laun geur bhar goirt.
- 19 Thomhais Diarmad bu tuirseach da,
Mac O Duighne nan trom troidh;
Tholl am friogh nimhe bha garg,
Buinn an loich bu gharbh an troid. (al. bu gharg)
- 20 Aon deach a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Laoich Mhic Cuthail o 'n chro choinich
O 'n theirgear mo bhrigh, 's mo bhlath,
Laoich foir no na doir dhuit. (al. no na deoir
dhuit)
- 21 O 's aithne dhi leigheas gach feachd, (gach
creuchd)
Cha 'n eil leigheas ann mo chuaich;
A Dhiarmad 's truagh leam do chor,
'S truagh leam Graine bhi gad' chaidh
- 22 'S truagh an gnìomh a rinn an tore,
Gam chaidhsa cha bhi Graine aild;
Ged 'sann gu bas a theid mi nochd,
'S aithne dhi cleas nan lub,
A t-iulsa tha teid g' a toil.
- 23 Tha gaol domh daingean mar chrios;
Tha misneach mar Ghailbhin ard,
G' a mor a h-osna cha leig fios,
Ged thuit mi le slioh mo namh.
- 24 Co so tighinn mar cheò,
'S a deoir a srutha gun chaid,
Cò ach Graine 's binne glair,
Annir cha bheo do d' ghradh.
- 25 Mar Ghill eigin nach deach snac till,
Mar Mhacan is aille nan t-sugh;
Ochadan gad' chaidh saghleann (mar t-aoidh)
Bha guirme, bha glaise na shuil,
Bha mine, bha maise na ghruidh,
Bha spionnadh, bha tabhachd sano lach.
Bhi sid saor o shliosean ban,
- 26 'S truagh mise bli gad chaidh,
Ne m' ainmsa, cha 'n uigh do ghrain,
Marbhaig air an tore,
Ach cha 'n e a rinn m' ole san àm.
- 27 Cha 'n e, ach Fionn nan cleasan laoth,
Mallachd aig m' fhaobh gun tamh;
A Ghraim na bi-sa a' d' dhiom,
Tha Fionn mar Dhiarmad gu d' dhion.
- 28 Dh' fhalbh e 's b' ole leam,
Cha 'n e me run a rinn an gnìomh;
29 Thuit Graine gun cobhair a h-aigh,
Air gnais Ailde Dhiarmad duinn,
Stad a chreuchd bha doirt a fhuil,
Truagh a bhuil an lo sin duinn.

¹ O 's cinnteach leam tigeinn lochd.

- 30 Dh' aidhlaicheadh iad air aon tulach,
Air friodhnaich na Muice fadhaich;
Graine nighean Tormaid Mhic Curri,
Da choin gheala as Diarmad.
- 31 A Ghulbhrunn, cluinnear do chaidh,
'S beag m' uigh dhol gu t-ianach;
Codail a thuire 'n ad chonnuich,
Tha do chomhnuigh seasgair dìonach.
- 32 Laidh smal air an Fheinne,
M' athair fein bha dheth diomach,
Chlarsach na tog fonn a bhroin,
Tha deoir a cheana a' taomadh.

From the recitation of Archd. Stewart, man-servant in Dalchosnie, 19th Feb., 1801.

Z. 6. DIARMAID. 56 lines.

Written by Macphail from the recitation of Norman Murray, Habost, Ness, Lewis, 1866.

I HAVE a great many more versions of this, orally collected by myself and by other collectors in late years. The song is well known in the Islands of South Uist and Barra, 1871. This is a sample of decay, and curious for that reason.

LAOIDH DHIARMAID.

FISDIER beag ma 's aill leibh laoidh,
Air a bhuidheann chaoimh a dh' fhalbh uainn,
'S mac-o-Duimhne nan seugl traugh.

- 1 Tha srath a 'm beinn Ghulbhean, ghuirm,
'S àrda tulach fo 'n a ghreinn;
Far an suidheadh sinn pùbail agb,
'D ol do 'n t-seilg le Fionn nam Fiann.
- 2 Triall do bheinn Ghulbhean a shealg,
Air muc nach fèudar ainm dhi;
Dhuisc an uilbhias a sauin,
'S dh' imich i bh' uainn air a ghleann.
- 3 'N uair chuala i tartar nam Fiann,
Ghabh i an Ear san I iar fo ceann;
'N uair chuala i tartar nan laoch,
'S i 'n gleann Sith an robh Fraoch borh.
- 4 Bu deirge i na graine fiodha,
'S bu gheire friogha nan gath balg;
Blaiseadh leatha an t-sleagh mar stri,
An crann bu riogha fo na mhuc.
- 5 Bho 'n bhus 's deirge eillich bhlàth,
'S bu chradh leinn nach b' ann na corp;
'C uim' nach ciosuicheadh tu an tore,
Le tarun nan laoch bu mhor naimhdeas.
- 6 Air bli dha fada na thosd,
Labhair e ge b' olc ri radh;
Tharraing e an t-seann lann bho 'n truail,
Or bu leasan buaidh guch blàir.
- 7 Dhiarmaid tomhais an tore,
'C 'ia lion troidh o top a ta;
Thomhais e mhuc air a druim,
Mac-o-Duimhne nach truime troidh.
- 8 Dhiarmaid tomhais i rist,
'Na aghaidh 's mine an tore;
Thiomdadh 's cha bu turns aigh,
Cha d' thomhais ach a dha san tore,
- 9 Chaidh a gath nimh bu mhor craidh,
A 'm bonn an laoch nach tà san trod;
Aon deoch an uisge dhonn Phinn,
'S gheibh thu athcheuinge da chinn.
- 10 Rogha nan arm rionn gear gort,
Chi thu air a chnoc ud thall;
Cha tabhair mise dhuisteach deoch,
'S na 's mo cha choisg mi air t-iota.
- 11 Cha d' rinn thu riamh dhomh leas,
Nach d' rinn thu 'n aon uair dhomh dh' aimhleas;
B' fhada leis an Fheinn bu chuimhne,
Mar a bithcadh Fionn gha iarraidh.

- 12 Ge bu ghorm an dè an tullach,
Bu dearg e 'n diudh le fuil Dhiarmaid;
Thiolaidheadh sud anns an tullach,
Fo thunnachd na muie fadhaich.
- 13 Grainne ni-Chormaich, ni-Chuilleann,
Le da dhealbhb chuillean 'us Diarmaid;
Gu 'm b' fhada, 'us gu 'm bu buidhe fhalt,
Mall a rosg us fada a leac.
- 14 Bha maise 'us guirne na shuillean,
Maise 'us caise an cul nan clench;
'S mionaig a ruitheadh an Fheinn,
Air an t-sliabh an deigh nan con.

&. EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

Addressed to Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod, by a Lady, sent April 18, 1872, from Dunregan.

THIS shows that Heroic Ballads are known to the very poorest classes in the Highlands, and that they are localised everywhere.

'Beinn Ianaibheig, a peaked hill above the Bay of Portree, was once called *Beinn Gulluan*, where Diarmad, the friend of Fionn, was wounded when measuring the wild boar.

'At Sgor is the grave of Diarmad; and at Benmore is *Tobar-an-Tuire*, from which, when dying, he besought Fionn to fetch him a drink.

'Margaret Macleod, a poor forlorn woman at Portree, knows these places, and can sing the songs about them.'

THE STORY OF GOLL MAC MORNA.

P*. 3. (D. 23. I. 16. O. 20. Z. 25.) (H. 27. I. 17. P. 8. X. 13. &.) (A. 24.)

THE Story is told by Kennedy in his 'Arguments,' and the Ballads tell it for Gaelic readers. I will tell it in English when I translate. Goll was the nickname of Iodhlan; it means 'one eyed.' The name was earned in a story about a trip to Lochlann, which I picked up orally. The hero was Chief of the Clanna Morna, the biggest and strongest of the Feinne, with the title of 'Gaisgench na Feinne.' In this capacity he, like Bhima, in the 'Mahābhārata,' was concerned about the Commissariat. He had a right to all the marrow, and all that could be got out of the bones. Fionn, Chief of the Clanna Baoisgne, quartered his grandson Oscar upon Goll. He was called names equivalent to Gnawbones and Lickpot, and so played the character whom Dasent named Boots.

Gnawbones slew a dragon in a prose story, which I have got and will translate. He earned his nickname of Oscar, and rose from cook's mate to be a chief. As Goll got old Fionn quartered his youngest son upon Goll; when he grew up he challenged Goll, and proved the strongest. They fought, and Fionn's son was slain. Thereupon the ancient blood-feud about the slaying of Fionn's Father by the Clanna Morna, whom he had driven and oppressed, broke out. Fionn's tribe, as I was told, in 1871, in South Uist, bound Goll, and set him with his face to a gale in a sand-drift, so he was blinded; then they drove him into a cave, and thence on to a rocky point, where he starved to death. His wife came to him, and he bade her marry a Spanish warrior, the only one who ever had vanquished him. In the Ballads which follow it is easy to trace this story, which may be true. It is curious to trace the changes. In 1512, they were going to seek a man's head; in 1871, the story current amongst the people savours of the ways of Lapps, who live on venison and set great store by marrow bones; but, in 1760 or thereabouts, the poetry savours of chivalry.

Instead of the quarrel about marrow bones and food, which must have been a real cause of strife amongst hunters in the middle of the third century, Caoireal hangs his shield above the shield of Goll in the House of Almuin. (D. 5. below.) Possibly that pretension was a cause of strife when the Poem was composed or shortly before; but the popular tradition is most probable.

A curious underground dwelling in North Uist, discovered a few years ago, was strewn with marrow bones, beef bones, mutton bones, and deer's horns, and edible shells. In Ireland cattle raids were fertile causes of strife, and famines caused cattle raids. In the hands of Dr. Smith, the marrow bones and shields turned into sentiment as any English reader can see by turning to 'Gaelic Antiquities, Edinburgh, 1780, by John Smith, Minister of Kilbrandon, Argyllshire.'

P*. 3. LAMH-FHAD. 146 lines.

Rev. Alexander Campbell's MS. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July 16, 1872.

WHILE printing these sheets a collection made, about 1803, by the Rev. Alexander Campbell, Minister of Portree, in Skye, was found in the Gaelic drawer at the Advocates' Library. I got a list of the contents, and marked it P*. Some person unknown condemned the collection thus: 'Style low; versification harsh and chusny,' 'Dargo pretty correct,' and so on. Wishing to judge for myself, and let others judge, I got this extract.

A story about Longhand and Goll, in Lochlann, is current in 1871. I wrote it myself in 'Uist from the telling of Mac Isaig. A story and ballad of the same purport were mentioned by Hill as current about Loch Awe in 1780. It is quoted by Dr. Donald Smith, p. 120, 'Appendix, Report on Ossian, 1805.' That story and this ballad belong to Fionn's Expedition to Lochlann. See above, p. 83. They explain how 'Iollan' got the name of 'Goll' = One-eyed. A ballad called 'Laoich an Duiriu,' or the Lay of the Buftet, is often mentioned in Scotland as one to be greatly admired, and a standard for Lays; but I have never found anyone able to repeat it. A ballad known by that name is common in Modern Irish MSS. In one, which I have, the chief characters, are Iollain Mac Morna, or Goll, and Lughaidh Lagha. In another Lughaidh Lamha is the name. In Mr. Campbell's Skye ballad the Metre is peculiar. A pronoun connected with the Sun is written e = he, instead of i = she, which is a mistake, because the noun is correctly made feminine by its aspiration. The sentiment is foreign to ballads, and belongs to a later class of Gaelic songs. I conclude that this is a modern version of the old ballad which is known as the Lay of the Fist, or Buftet, or Cluff, of which I have no other Scotch version.

- 1 CHAIDH Fionn is Oscar is Mac Morn'
'S moran do mbaitheamh nam Fiann
'Lochlann le cuireadh o Tarcum
Gu cairdeas is gaol a choinhead
- 2 Gu sìth am bannamh gun cheilg
Cheangal gu dian 's gu daing an
- 3 Tiaruinte dh' imeach na h-armuin
Gun chunnart gun ghabhadh gu calla
Choinnich slioc Lochlann air traigh rin
'S an t-ard Rìgh dh' altuich am beatha
- 4 Seac la agus oich' gun sri,
Ri ceol 's ri iomairt 's ri aighear
Bha Fionn is Tarcum nan long
'S a laoch gu fonnar ga chaithibh
- 5 Ach 's mealta gun fhuras a saoghal
Ge broscalach faoilteal a shealladh
Chì' thu e dìreadh 's a tearuadh
'S tric e na scaileadh mar fhaileas
- 6 Tha Ghrian sa mhadain ag soillseadh
'S e g eiri gun nial air athar
Le mor theas togaidd e 'n driuchd
Gu suilbhir seallaidh gach fearainn
- 7 Ach duthaidh go h'alamh na speuran
Tathaidh neoil thuaidh air na beannamh
Chitir an dealan a dearsadh
'S cluintir an tairnean le forum
- 8 Silidh an t-uisge gun mnath' alt
Diridh e nuas oirnn na mbeallan
Croicidh an tui o 'n a bheinn
'S an earbag teachaidh gu falach
- 9 Mar sin caochlaidh ur dochas
'S dolas leannuidh fo ghruaim
'N diudh tha thu aobhach gun douruinn
'S labhraidh le solas do bheul
- 10 Treigidh a maireach do bharraill
Thig norr'uinn faireas le fuaim;
Gun fhios thig saighid cho guinneach
'S tuislidh le turraig do cheum.
- 11 Rinn Tarcum feadhachas mhor
Bha Fionn 's mbaitheamh fo ghean
Sa dochas gu n' chairid an Rìgh
Is sìoth nach bristeadh e tuillidh.
- 12 Ach mealta bha fhocall 's a ghnìomh
Ceilg rinn e shnìomh gun am milleadh
A ghluin sa neimhdeas dha 'n Fheinn
Cheil e fo dhuthar nam faolladh

- 13 Bha Lamhfhad gu borb aig a chuiln
Mac baath na Muirirdeach ruaidh
'S b' ionmhuinn le Tarcum an laoch
Ge b' aognaidh aogas 's a ghabhail
- 14 Scian orbhui chlocharra cheannghéal,
Riabh ris nach do dhicailach Mac Chu'aill;
Grom thuair Lamhfhad le feall orr,
'S b' aill leis dha fein gun gleidh
- 15 Ach ghlaic Mac Morn i na laimh
Is Lamhfhad ged dh' iarr cha 'n fhaidh
Tus na h-iorghuil 's na douruin
Gu truagh se Tarcum choireach
- 16 Dh' eirich greann is fearg a laoch
Ach Goll cha chaochladh am bluarth
Cha d' thngadh e seachad gun sri
Scian bludhar an Rìgh si aig'.
- 17 'Com am bheil thu dasgadh iorghuil?
Com bheil thu 'g iarrui dosuin?
Do dh' Fhionnghleal buinidh an scian
'S do Lamhfhad a chaoidh cha tabhair
- 18 Suidh fhir mhoir 's na mill a chuiln
Na bacadh toil-inntinn na cuideachd
Na brist snaim daingann na sìoth
Rinn blur Rìghre treun an cheangal.
- 19 Cha d' dh' eist an t-umpaidh an laoch
Cha d' gheill e le sìoth dha chomhair
Dh' arduich e ghuth fiadhaich cruaidh
'S chluinthe fada fuaim a mhuineal
- 20 'Is tric se Morna a rinn thu bend
Air maitheamh is treunfhir Lochlann
Cha till thu tuilleadh air sal
Gu brath cha tarruing thu clodheamh.'
- 21 Tharruing e 'n dorn le laimh chearr;
Mac Morna ghearr e gu fuilteach
Thuit e fein alamh na dheigh
Bho lar cha d' dh' eirich e tuilleadh
- 22 Sparr Goll a scian orbhui na thaobh
Chraobh fhuil a choim as a dèadh
Ghlaoch e gu cruaidh chaill e chlì
Cha b' urrainn Tarcum ga chobhair
- 23 Glac' mid ars' Tarcum blur 'n airm
Suas eirimh uile shliochd Lochlann
Doirtibh fuil nam Fiantidh gu lar
Na teichidh aon-anon duibh dhachaigh
- 24 Tuitedh iad le 'r faobhair chruaidh
'S biodh aobhneas air mna'an 'n fhearain
Tuillidh cha chaill oighean an gaoil
'S mac cha bhi mathair a tuiredh
- 25 Bidh Morbheinn 's a feidh aig Laoich
Nach strìochd a dh' iorghuil na dh' eagall
Fionnghéal 's a ghaigheach san uir
Cha dhùisgir tuillidh dhuinn cogadh
- 26 Bha 'n Fheinn gun chlogaid gun seith
Gun cheilg cha d' snuainteach air cogadh
Gun duil ri tuasaid no sri
Gu sìothail na suidhe ma 'n t-shligeadh
- 27 Ach alamh ghlachd iad an airm
'S ged' thionail na ceudan curri
Dhion iad an cuideachd gu treun
'S an ceum a ghluasad gu loingeas
- 28 Rheubadh lamh Osair an aigh
Le gear lann guineach Rìgh Lochlann
Ach searadh eisin gu teann
'S bu tianhaidh buillean nam gaisgeach
- 29 Bha forum a sciath san shluasaid
Mar fhuaimneach thartarrach chreige
Nuair bhuailis dealan i'm fuathas
Ga blòidhidh na caoban le ghlaoidhir
- 30 Mar sin chluinnte fuaim an sciath
Gu mor uaibhreac anns a' chath
'S dh' arduich air gach taobh an iorghuil
Aig 'n d' rainig an traigh na maitheamh
- 31 Bhiodh Tarcum na Oscar 'n nair sin
Na sineadh gu luath gun anam
Mar brist a sleaghan na cheile
'S gu na dh' eighmh mac Chumhail air Oscar

- 32 A mhic mo mhic Oseair aigh
Bachd do lamh is fàg an t-ainceol
Tha ghaoth na deannamh gu Mòrbheinn
'S air siuil bhana ard ri 'n crannaibh
- 33 Chaill Tarcum urram de laoiach
Bhuinig thu cliu air 's an deannal
Nach d' choisinn sinn buaidh na h-àraich
Riinn feum mar b' abhaist dhe 'r lannamh
- 34 Sheas an iorgbuil seuir an t-shri
Sheol laoiach nam Fiann bho'n chala
Is chluinnte neimhdean na 'n deigh
Ri glaoidhaich eildoi gun aighear
- 35 Deach agus fichead fear mor
Gu fuilteach leonadh le'r lannibh
'S a dha dheug eile 'sa naoith
Sin thuit air an raoin gun anam
- 36 Chaill sinne Faoilte guu ghruaim
Is Luath-chas dhireadh nam bealach
Dithis bu shuthach aig cuilim
'S nach tiuntaibh an cùl san deannal
- 37 Thog Fionn leis an Coirp ar sàl
Air ard bheinn chaireach sau talamh
Bha mnaoi fad bliadhna gan caonidh
Is Righinn tuircadh an caulla.

LAOIDH AN DOIRNN. 124 lines. Irish. Extracts.
THE story current in Scotland makes this a quarrel in Lochlann. The Irish ballad makes it a civil broil in Ireland, at a feast at the King's House, at Teamlra, in the reign of Lughaidh Mac Con, who reigned, according to Keating, A.D. 182—212. Oisein, who was present, is made to tell the story to Padruig, whose mission began A.D. 432. I have made shift to copy ten verses from a second Irish copy of this Lay, in which there are 124 lines. I bought both MSS. from Mr. John O'Daly, Dublin, in December, 1871, and I know nothing of their pedigree. If I have erred in reading, I have not done it on purpose. Irish is not my business, but I have done my best to copy it letter by letter.—J.F.C.

OISEIN.

- 1 Do chuadh mar go tos Teamhrail,
As bu lionmhar lian teacht ar d-Teaghlaidh;
Ar chuir Mac Con na g-cath,
Rìgh Eireann àrd fhlaith.
- 2 Is e buidhin do tháinig nár g-cionn,
Do mbathaibh Eireann gan feall,
Da árd rìgh catha ceata,
Mac Con a 's Fionn flaith na Feinne.
- 3 Cormac Mac Iollaidh chais,
Dear bhrathair Mhèic Con Mac a Mhàthar;
Brasair bèara fear do bhuaidh,
Rìgh Laigheann re h-ìomad sluagh.
- 4 Tháinig eugainn as Cruachna,
Liagan luathneach luachra;
An tréin fhear do bhí lan do ghóil,
Iollann Mac Mórna fortail,
- 5 Do shuidh Iollann Mac Mórna Mór,
Gach fear díobh an-ìonad air;
Fìr Eireann ag-Cathair n-uáil,
Ag-tìgh rìgh Teamhrail na mór sluagh.
- 6 Do shuigh Lughaidh Láma na g-creach,
Ar ghualainn Ghoill go dána;
Ar aghaidh Fhinn Mhìc Cumhaill,
As ar ghualainn Bhrasair Bhéara.
- 7 Ann sin adubhairt Lughaid Láma focal,
A 's nìor bh-feirde friotal,
Bheir muintirí marseo a d-tìr Chuinn,
Nì fhacadh tusa a threan Ghoill.

GOLL.

- 8 Do chonaic mise Muintir mhór mhaith,
A d-tìgh Chuinn cend catha ag òl;
Buillidh dho dá samhlui a ngleann Catha,
Da ghnuis nasal a 's árd fhlaitha.
- LUGH.
- 9 Nìor comòradh rainn Chonn,
De Mac Conn ar toinn;
Buillidh da samhlui a ngleann Catha,
As dà ghnuis usal ardfhlaitha.

GOLL.

- 10 Do dhligh tusa guth thabhairt ar Chonn,
Tur mhairbh se do shinsir
Gur ab e do mhairbh io-seai
Mogha Nuaclat as Maieamadh Mac Luigheach.

D. 23. A CHIOS CHNAIMH. 66 lines.

Copied from Mac Nicol's Collection by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 3, 1872.

THIS fragment is part of the quarrel between Caoirreal, Fionn's youngest son, and Goll, chief of the Clanna Morna.

- 1 SIN iad hugaibh hun an Oil,
Air mo shithse maodhain mhòr,
Gun aon Sgiadh air duinne dhibh,
Gun a còmhaidach uille dh' or.
- 2 Dath na 'm Flath air dhath an Eag
Dath an S sneachda thig a nuas
Dath as aile no air Chlach,
Rosg Rìogh orr uille gu feir.
- 3 Ha aon Duin' air thus an Sluaidh
'S na biodh a Mheud mar ha Bhuaidh.
Cha d' imigh e 'm Fear ga Choish
Aon Neach ga 'n cumhaidh ris comhrac.
- 4 Caoirreal ceutach mar bu Dual
A chi thu ar thus au T-sluaidh,
Da Trian Ruim ort Fhein gan Fheall
Rheiteichir a Rum roimh Chaoirreal.
- 5 Go 'n chuir Caorreal ma Mhì-cheil
Am Flaitheas a Shean-atl' fein,
A sgiadh oscom sgeithe Ghoill
Am an Tulachin Tighe na Halbhaidh.
- 6 Go de bheireadh sinn duit, Fhìr,
Do sgiadh chuir aicinn mo sgeithe?
Gar m' fheabhas do Mhac Flath,
Agus mo chruas a chuir Chath,
Mo mhi mion re Bannal Bhan,
Agus mo bhí fial re Fhìl.
- 7 Dh' fairid Caorreal seach a Lamh,
Dheadh Mhìc Cumhail na 'n Arm sean
Cia ma 'm biodh a Chios Chnamh
Ga cuir uille a dhaoen Lathair?
- 8 A Chios Chnamha, a Chiois Chamha,
Gur maig leinne air 'n do thar Thu
'N fheoil ma 'n do las meanma an Fhìr,
Cho raibh 'n sud ach Ciois trian fìr.
- 9 Ge be bheireadh nain an Smior,
Chion agus nach bann dom dheoin,
Bheirinn breiteich ris a Chnamh,
Go La bhrath nach blaisinn Feoil.
- 10 Cnamh an Daimh aillidh san T-sliabh
Gun a chuir an coire riamh,
Thugthar sud an Laimh na Deishe
Air an lar nar fianishe.
- 11 Leanabidh leanabidh is Laoich làn,
Cho 'n ann' Comh' fhad theid an Comhrac,
Cho leanabidh is Mac Rìogh thar soal,
On Tim the e fein air airtheast.
- 12 Dheridh Sheishear laidir Laoich
Edir an Leanabh san Toglaich
Gun Fhìu na sgein air an Crios
Air Eagal a Cheile mbarbhadh.
- 13 Se huir Connan maol mac Morna
'M fear a bhadh riamh ris an ole
Thugthar dhamsa ma Sgian fein,
S go 'm bithin thall eattora.
- 14 Se huir Oiscean beg mac Fhein,
Leith mar leith air an leath Roinn
Thugthar dhamsa mo Sgian fein,
'S thugthar a sgian fein do Chonnan.
- 15 'S iomad Og an Earradh Gaisge
Agus Laoch ar faicinn Gabhaidh,
'S iomad Laoch luanaich air Lannaobh,
Gheibhte thall ma Cheannaibh Chnamha.

¹ Gem bheilim.

16 Am facadh tu Iongnadh riamh
A Chlerich, channadh gach Clàr²
Bu mho na 'n Fhein uill a theachd slan,
Ga 'n edrigin ou aon Chnainh.

² Cleas?

I. 16. BAS CHAIRILL. 128 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 117. Advocates' Library, April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—This fragment is a second bit of the Quarrel between Cairrill and Goll. It describes the death of the young Hero, and ends with Fionn's Lament for his son. It is not in Kennedy's First Collection. It seems to be more modern than the other, but it is fine Gaelic poetry.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE manner by which the death of this famous Hero was brought about was very tragical, whose story is related traditionally as follows :—Gaul being the most experienced Warrior of all the Bands of Fingal; and the only one living of the royal race of Clan Moirne, of whom he held command under the famous Flag and special advice of Fingal, and who upon all occasions and at all solemnities was honoured and regarded above any Man of either Clan—Gaul having always occupied the next seat to Fingal, and enjoyed the best and most delicious Messes, especially a Roast or Colop (called Mirmora) over and above the wont ratio of all the Grand Bands created him in his declining years ill will and aversion, by the ambitious Sons of Fingal, in particular Caril.—This Mirmora, or rather Mircorra, was a favourite Mess of Fingal and Gaul, which was but a choice Colop chopped and mixed with marrow and herb seeds: It is described thus :—

Mirmora nan laothan saille,
Mar shruth meal air barach gheugan;
Is greadhainn nan lus ga charadh,
Do Mhomad armann nan gear-lann.

This Mirmora and every other reward conferred upon Gaul was claimed by Caril, finding himself the bravest and most accomplished Champion among the Sons of Fingal, seeing Gaul aged and unfit for distant services, disputed his birth by dint of arms. The invincible Gaul and inveterate Caril entered the lists and engaged each other in wrestling whereby they could not decide the cause that day, being both equally overcome.

The day following they met, well clad in armour, furnished with sword and Lance (against the persuasion of Fingal) whereby they shewed great courage and bravery, and Gaul gave the decisive stroke to Caril, who has been lamented by Fingal for many days. Gaul fled and hid himself in a Cave full of grief and sorrow, not chosing to rely upon the friendship of Fingal till his days of mourning elapsed. The Poem opens at their engagement and ends by Fingal and the Bard's lament over Caril's corpse.

BAS CHAIRILL.

- 1 Ann Tigh-teamhra nan cruite citil,
Air dhuinne bhi steach mu' n ol;
Dhuig an iomar-bhaidh na laoiach,
Cairill caomh, is Momad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na Suinn,
Bu truinge no 'n tuinn cuilg an cos;
Sroimich an cuim chluinthe cian,
'S an Fhiann gu cianail fui' sprochd.
- 3 Chachan agus talmhinn trom,
Threachailte le 'm buinn san stri;
A cliairachd re fad an la,
Gun fhios cia dhiu b' fhearr sa ghniomh.
- 4 Air madainn an dara mhàireach,
Chua' na suinn an dail a cheile;
Cairill cuilgeara nam bnadh,
Agus Goll nan cruai' lann geura.
- 5 Dh' iathadh, dh' imiridh, agus thàirneadh,
Iad gu naisinnich sa chumasg;
Gu cuidreach, cudramach, gabhaidh
Bu chian le each gair am builean.
- 6 Bu mhinig teine d' an armaibh,
'S cothar garbh d' an cneasa' geala;
Chua' an slaghan righne bhernadh,
'S an sgiathan gu lar a ghearadh.

7 Thuit Cairill caoin, calma, ceanail,
Gun anail fui' n Chuinne-chrotha;
'S beudach, baolach, borb am buille,
Leag an curaich sa chruai' chombrag.

8 Mo laogh, mo leanabh, mo ghradhsha,
'S truagh a chraidh do bhas an t-athair;
Do radh Fionn an aiguidh chianail,
Bu truinge no ghrian fui' phlathadh.

9 O Chairill! A Mhie, a ruine!
Dhruid do shuil, is ghlaib do dheud-geal;
Ghluais do neart mar osag uamsa,
Chaochail do shnuidh mar bhla' gheugan.

10 Cho 'n fhaicear ni 's mo do thighin,
Air an t-slighe chum na coi-stri;
Cho mho chluinn mi fuaim do sgeithe,
Ghail nam beum a' teachd do 'm chonamh.

11 'S truagh nach b' ann le ain-neart choimheach.
No Rìogh an domhain a bhuailt u;
'S bheirinnse t-eiric a Chairill,
O Chrigail nan arm buidhar,

12 Beannachd dhuit a Chairill Cheutaich,
'S iomad eud a dhiong thu 'n combrag;
B' fhad a thrial u, b' fhaide chlu ort,
Ann 's gach iul ann d' fhuaras eolas.

13 Bu mhuirneach, misneachail, meannach,
Thu 'n Tigh-teamhra measg nan ceudan;
A laoiach fìnlilichdich san torachd,
Sgeula broin an diu' mar dh' eng u.

14 'S truagh nach ann cathan mhillidh,
Leaigt u mhin laoiach nan dual arbhuidh;
Bhiodh sliochd Cumhail toirt diu torachd.
Fea' gach roid g' an leon san araich.

15 'S tursach, deurach ceol na Feinne,
Caoi' an treun laoiach, b' eibhin gaire;
'S tiamhaidh, dolach Fionn ga d' bhron,
Nach faicear beo u 'n teach nan armann.

16 'S dosgach eug a ghaigich enchdoil,
Thuit gun t-eug-bhail ann sa chumasg;
Mar neul oiche ghluais e nainne,
'S e sin an sgeul truagh is cunlainn.

17 Oighean Shora seinnear bron leo,
A leith an Ogain chaoimh, aillidh;
Mar cheo nam beann tha gach muthainn,
'S nithich, cumhach air lag mharan.

18 Tha 'n laoch araiseil toirteil, talmhaidh,
Gun iomairt gun arm, gun uigheam;
'S cumhann conart, t-ionad comhuidh,
Chois an loim-gur mor am putthar

19 Air euan nan leug, seian a ghluas e,
Air sumainne uathmhunn, cair-gheal;
Ceolmhor, ceileireach san leig,
Re tin seilg' a tathach lan-daimh.

20 A laoiach, mheidhich, mhuirnich, bhàdhaich,
Labhraich laidir luinnich, bheinnich;
Mar shruth neartmhor u measg namhan
Soraich leai a ghraidh nan gear-lann.

O. 20. GOLL IS CAORULL. 16 lines.

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

This fragment, got near Dunkeld, is part of the same ballad of which two fragments are given above.

C.

- 1 BHEIRINN boid ris a chraimh,
Gu brath nach blaisinn an fheoil;
Nan tugta dhìom an smear (smior)
Cheana 's nach b' ann a' m' dheoir.

G.

- 2 Chailleadh tu a smior,
Ga mor do chion air feoil;
B' fhearr do Ghaigeach luidhe air airm,
Na gaoil a thoirt a bhàran fheoir.

C.

- 3 Air bhar an fheoir, ga mor do thair,
'S tric a sharuich thu 'n damh donn;
Ruag thu 'n eild air a bhar,
'S a dh' eirich tra ri ard nan tom.

G.

- 4 Chaoral 's beag mo speis,
Do d' chull nach robh riamh ach gann;
Cha 'n fhuir' cuis lann air son smior,
'S eu ni troda ma chnaimh.

Z. 25. COIREAL. 60 lines.

Orally collected by Hector Mac Lean, in Barra, September 30, 1860.

So far as it goes, this version is almost word for word the same as Kennedy's version, 1. The man who sang this, lives still, in Barra. As Kennedy's manuscript never was published, this shows what national memory is capable of accomplishing. Donald Mac Phie could, and did, repeat and sing to slow tunes, nearly all the Heroic Ballads which Gillies printed in 1786. The book is very rare. He did not know any part of the Gratis edition of Ossian, distributed in 1818; but the Catechist quoted used to give readings from that book.

National memory will not be instructed, but is ignorantly conservative.

Z. 38. is another version, of 44 lines, written by Alexander Carmichael, and recited by Kenneth Morrison, in Skye, about 1860. A second version was recited to the same collector, by Kenneth. I have them both in vol. 12 of my unpublished collection, see Index, vol. iv., 329, 330. How old this ballad may be, or who composed it, I cannot guess, but it is more than a hundred years old: it was known in Dunkeld, Barra, Skye, and Ceantire, long ago, and it is commonly sung still by the uneducated classes, in spite of the educated, who try to put down this kind of entertainment.

COIREAL. 'S ann a thaobh blàs Choiril a bhà inlòran aig Fionn do Gholl gus an do mharbh e Conn Mac an Deirg.

- 1 AN taigh Teamhra nan cruite cinil,
Air dhuinn a blith steach ru 'n ol,
Dhuisg ann an iomar blaidh na laoiach,—
Coireal caomh a 's Mòmad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneach na suinn,
Bu trime na 'n tuinn cuilg an cas,
Strònaich an arm chluimnte cian,
'S an Fhinn gu cianail fo sprochd.
- 3 Clachan agus talamhan trom,
Treachailte le 'm buinn 's an stri;
Clarachd aca fad an la,
Gun fhios co dhiu b' fhearr 's a' gniomh.
- 4 Air madainn an la 'r na mhaireach,
Chaidh na suinn an dàil a cheile,—
Coireal cuilgearra nam buadh,
Agus Goll nan cruaidh-lann geura.
- 5 Fad 'iadhaidh, dh' iomaireadh, agus thairneadh.
Iad gun nàisneachd anns a' chumas;
Gu cuidreach, cudthromach, gabhaidh,
Bu clian le each gàir an builean.
- 6 Bu mbing teine d' an armaibh;
Cobhar garbh dh' an encaisibh geala;
Chaidh an sleaghan ruighne 'bhearnadh,
'S an sgiathan gu làr a ghearradh.
- 7 Thuit Coireal caomh, calma, ceanail,
Gun anail, fo 'n Gholl chròdha;
'S beudach, baoghalach, borb am buille,
'Leag an curaidh 's a' chruaidh chomhrag.
- 8 Mo ghlaol' mo leanab'! mo gbradhais!
'S truagh a chruaidh do bhàs an t-athair!
Gu 'n robh Fionn an aigne chianail,
'Bu trime na 'ghrian fo phlathadh.
- 9 O! Choiril! a mhic! a rùinail!
Dhruid do sbùil a 's ghlaos do dheudach;
Dh' fhalbh do dhreach mar oiteig, nam-sa;
Chaochail do shuaidh mar bhùth gheugan.
- 10 Cha 'n fhaicear na 's mò do thighinn.
Air an t-slighe chum na comh-stri;
Cha mhò a chluinnear fuaim do sgéithe,
A ghaoil nam beum, a' tighinn gu m' eomhnuidh.

- 11 Is truagh nach b' ann an cathan mhilidh
A leag' thu, 'mhìn-laoiach nan dual orbhuidh;
Bhiodh sliochd Chumbail 'toirt dhiu tòrachd,
Feadh gach ròid 'gan leon 's an araich.
- 12 Is truagh nach b' ann le ainneart choimheach,
Na rìgh an Dòmhain a bhuailt' thu,
Is bheirinn-sa t' eirig, a Choiril;
O Bhreannaich nan arm bhuidhar.
- 13 Beannachd dhuit a Choiril cheutaich,
'S iomadh ceud a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;
B' fhada 'thriall thu, 's b' fhaide cliù ort,
Anns gach inil an d' fhuaradh colas.
- 14 Bu mhuirneach, misneachail, meanmnach
Thu 'n taigh Teamhra 'measg nan ceudan;—
A laoiach fhuileachdaich 's an tòrachd,
Sgeul a bhròin, an diugh, gu 'n d' eug thu.
- 15 A laoiach mhithich, mhùimich, bhàghaich,
Labbraich, làidir, lainnich, bheumhaich;
Mar shruth nearar thu 'measg nàmhaid;
Soraibh leat a ghràidh nan geur-lann.

From Donald Mac Phie, Brenbhaig, Barra, who says he learnt it from Roderick Mac Donald, Catechist, North Uist, about 32 years ago. Mac Donald died shortly afterwards, at an advanced age. Breubhaig, Barra, September 30, 1860.

H. 27. HOW GOLL DIED. 288 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 128. Advocates' Library, December 22, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This version was given to Dr. Smith. With it compare 'Gaul, a Poem,' p. 150, edition 1780, and 'Tiomna Ghnuil' ('Gaul's last will'), 1787, 'Sean Dana,' page 40. The Doctor says in a note that the most common editions are much adulterated by a mixture of the Ursgeuls or 'tales of later times.' He quotes mention of Goll Mac Morna in Barbour, &c. But nevertheless Mac Lauchlan of Old Alerdeen declared that Dr. Smith himself composed his 'edition' of Gaul. I have never been able to find any trace of it outside of these two books. Nevertheless, they contain the usual traces of the traditional poetry in a curiously altered yarn upon which the poetry is strung.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL had a son named Coirall who was an excellent warrior, and learnt in all the art of war. Goll was the foremost Hero in the Company, besides Fingal (for he was the first man that would go down in battle, and the last one that would come up). The reward he had for that, was a great Collop every day of the venison, called by them, Mìomrath, and equal share with the rest again; likewise all the marrow of the bones (for there were none of them so big as Goll, and accordingly he would eat and do more than). Coirall was in enmity with Goll for having such a reward, and said: If he was worthy, that he might have this Reward for himself before any other. He ordered Goll to come, and that they would try a single Combat and whoever would be the victor that he would have the Reward afterwards. Goll answered him, and began first to wrestle, the solid ground would shake under them, with their vast strength, but the one would not overcome the other. Again they began with their Arms, and tried several ways, they had for fighting; their swords would glance like a wandering star, and the sweat running down from their bodies like small rivulets' stream on the plain, and that of a bloody colour, with equal skill and strength, so that the one could not overcome the other. Lastly they tried the Cross-beam (that is a large piece of Timber they had betwixt them, a cross, and the one drawing it from the other). The one sat on the inside, the other on the outside of the threshold of their house before they gave over, they broke the door, and Coirall gained the victory.

Goll was sore vexed that Coirall had gained the victory, and took it as a great affront and shame; Then he asked of Fingal how he would kill Coirall, and Fingal did never refused a petition to any one; he told him if he would go to the middle of the shore and to give a trial there again, when the flowing would come and the waters would become deep, that he might overcome Coirall, because he was lower than him; but if he would kill him that he would lose the kindness of the Heroes now and forever. Goll rather did than to loose his Reward and to sustain affront also; they went away to the shore with their Arms, and began to strike each other, and so lasted until the tide came to Coirall higher than the navel and

could not stand no longer in the water, then Goll killed him. Goll fled then into a cave full of blood and wounds for he durst not go to the Heroes any more, since he killed Coirall. When Oscar heard where Goll was, he went to see him into the cave (for they were fellow-companions in every place and battle), and after a while's conversation, Oscar went away, and Goll cast his spear after him, and if he would not have his shield on him, he would fall on the spot. Oscar let him alone, but unluckily to him Oscar's shield got some damage, and when Fingal saw the shield, he ordered the Heroes to go and kill Goll. They all went away to kill Goll, but he ran into a Peninsula that runs into the sea, and Fingal set watch on the Isthmus, so that he could not come out till he would starve in the Island. He made there his last will to his wife, and told her the man she would marry after him, and starv'd at the end of twelve days and a half on the Peninsula.

DAN 26.

- 1 'A Rìghinn is binne ceòl,
Gluais gu nàrach 's na gabh bròn;
Mar bu bheairt shubhlach le saoi,
'S mar bu chubhlaidh do dheà' mhnaoi.'
- 2 'Na faicar do dhéur a bhos,
A rìghinn is mine bos;
No dean déur mu nì nach fhuigh,
Agus na dean an tìr fhaill.'
- 3 'Cuimhnich d' airgead 's cuimhnich d' ór,
Cuimhnich do shìde 's do shùrl;
Cuimhnich sìor leamhuinn an fhir,
'S ole a thig diodhlain bean dea' fhir.'
- 4 'Cuimhnich air do mhiosair mheamnach,
A bhiodh againn an Tigh-teamhra;
'Nuair bhiodhmaid air magh na bàrach,
Bhiodh gach aon neach dhinn re gard' chas.'
- 5 'Cuimhnich air do sheachd coin sheilge,
Thug mi dhuit an cath Chruai'-leirge;
'S gach aon chn dhù sin gun sòradh,
Gu marbhadh s' e fiadh na onrachd.'
- 6 'C' àit am fuigh mi calma còmhraig,
A dheà' Ghuill mheamnach mhic mornna;
'S maith is aithne dhamhsa 'n lán laoch,
'Aogh mac na Caillich 'n Spàilte.'
- 7 'Air a laimhsa Ghuill ghreadhnaich,
Air fhineach is air a dhaoine;
Cha bhi mo chomann glan caoin,
Aig aon mhac Caillich a choidich.'
- 8 'Nì mac Caillich a tha 'n Aogh,
Ach mac na mná 's fhearr san t-saogh'l;
An t-shaor shlat do 'n chinneadh Oscar,
'S an lamh fheura is fhearr gu Lochlan.'
- 9 'Beiridh tu dh' a naonar mac,
Agus inghean is geal glae;
Gur aithne dhamh béud a bhos,
Gun d' theid i éug d' a ceud toraich.'
- 10 'Aine nan suidheadh tu air lár,
Gun innsainn dhuit úr-rachd;
Air an dea' churidh dhána,
Mhead sa dh' aithrich mo threun lamhsa.'
- 11 'Latha do bha air Chruachan curidh,
Shinn air fhineach Fhinn mhic Chuthail;
Bha sinn fein agus Aogh ghlinnaich,
'S ann ag ól agus ag iomairt.'
- 12 'S ann uamsa thuit an guth dona,
Ris an do ghabh Fionn a chorrach;
'S labhair e gu fiadhlach cró'-dhearg;
A sìor iarruidh tuilidh còmhraig.'
- 13 'De man sguir mis agus tú,
'D' ar 'neud is d' ar 'n nanh-rún;
Cha bhi d' ar comann glan griinn,
Ach an dara fear an Eirinn.'
- 14 'Gun tòir m' ort a mhic Mornna,
Sgur do d' thair-fhocail 's do d' chómbrag;
Gu b' fhearr dhuit úr-labhr 'mhuinnhe,
No bhi sìor mharbhadh mo mhuinntir.'
- 15 'N sin labhair fear cinneadh gach fearg,
B' e sin Breacan mac Rìgh Cro-dhearg;
Greasamar na laoch so luidhe,
Tha na laoch air mheisg a mire.'
- 16 'Chuaidh Fionn a chodail air thús,
Chosgar 'n éud is ar namh-rún;
Is na bruidhn' agus na t-éug-bhail,
O! 's ann d' a bu chubhlaidh geur-bhail.'
- 17 'N oidhche sin dhuinne gu ló,
Sinn re h-iomairt is re h-ol;
'G eisteachd re gáirach luchd ciuil,
'S re duain fhilidh bu bhliun bór.'
- 18 'Bha sinn nìl' air theachd an ló,
Re h-intheachd do dh' Innse-freoin;
Bha fuaimneach air ann gu Ìomhior,
Agus mná a' dol nan diolaid.'
- 19 'Rainig sinn Corrair-an-leirg,
'S do bha an amhuinn na feirg;
'N nair bhiodh i na muinne bras,
Cha 'n fhéadadh aon ucach dol thairt.'
- 20 'An sin dhuinn gu meadhan ló,
Gus an sgaoileadh an fionna-cheó;
Ag éisteachd re fuaim nan gleann,
Gus an traoidladh i gu fiann.'
- 21 'Amhara d' d' thugamar nam,
Air an t-slighe a bha nì fhuath;
Gu faicamar Rìgh na Fionne,
Cosgairt nam fiadh, is fhir thréune.'
- 22 'Do Rainig mi aigneadh mhor,
Ge d' nach raibh nì Ìomhior sloigh;
Gun do dheasaich mi mo lothainn;
Air an t-slighe a bha na chomhair.'
- 23 'Do chunnaig sinn a teachd maraich,
An-mhor treabhach, se ro-ghasde;
'S gu b' e maraich na meisg chothan,
Maraich a b' áille san domhan.'
- 24 'Maraich cuirnnainach, eas-dhonn,
Sa Chuirne ghlas air a ghnalain;
Fuidh sgé phoiblidh gu neo' thime,
'S fuidh éideadh sróil agus sligheach.'
- 25 'Air each ceann-fhionn ceannard, cleasach,
Fad mhuinealach, mhaó, chneasach;
B' e 'n stéud eotrom, úrar, mhearcach,
Fuidh 'n tí eibhinn, uasal, mheamnach.'
- 26 'Ghluais iad uile 'n sin Fiann Eirann,
A dh' fhagail sgéul do 'n treun fhear;
Ciod a b' ainm dh' a, nì na bhanthainn,
No ciad e ádhbhar a thurais.'
- 27 'Dh' innis eisean gu neo' sgáthach,
Aogh mac na Caillich 'n Spàilte;
A dh' iarruidh mo roghain d' ar mná,
Cia dhù 's aingain libh 'no 's áill.'
- 28 'Do fhreagair e Fionn gun lán,
'S faoin do dhuit a churidh lán;
Gu 'm fuigh thu do mhiann d' ar mnáith,
A dh' aingain dea Fhianntidh Pháil.'
- 29 'Mar a fuigheamsa gu deonach,
Mo roghain d' ar mnáithaibh ór-bhuidh;
Cómhrag naoi naonair d' ar calmaibh,
'S áill leam fhagail air a bhall so.'
- 30 'Chuir iad naoi naonair laoch calma,
A chlaoidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aúra;
'S thuit iad uile leis an-égan,
Air uilean an t-sleibh na onrachd.'
- 31 'An sin chuir Fionn caogad ceannard,
A chlaoidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aúra;
'S thuit iad ach fearr ghain is faoghlán,
Agus Mor-lámh bu chruaidh baoghlaich.'
- 32 'Ghluais iad an sin le mór phnímhán;
Leis gu teach Fhinn na mór ábhachd;
An deidh an curine calma,
Gheibh buaidh is blagh 's gach an la.'
- 33 'An sin do chuir Fionn mac Chuthail,
Fios chugam fein gu luath lùnach;
'S du fuighinn, sìth, 's duais gun aireamh,
Nan d' thiginn a chlaoidh an lán laoch.'
- 34 'Dh' imich m' fein le 'm fhir mheamnach,
Gu luath luinnach gu Tigh-teamhra;
Air iartas beoil Fhinn mhic Chuthail,
Gu coimhead a mná 'n mhuinnach.'

- 35 'Thug e leis gun gheilt roi 'n lámhan,
A roghain d'a mnaithaibh sar-gheal;
Co cho' alaich e gun flann-chruith,
Ach mi feiu is 'm fheara calma.'
- 36 'Bu tréun mearcaich an eich shonraicht,
Thug tri ruaig roimhainn mar sheochdain;
Is do dh' fhaig e marbh air an drim,
Naoi naonair gach aon uair dhúin.'
- 37 'Do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Fhiliadh,
'S do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Mhinne;
Do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Pháil,
'S do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Aille.'
- 38 'Do mharbha' leis Aogh mac Doire,
Fear a dhioladh gach mor bhaile;
Fear nach do dh' éir riamh aon neach,
A bhíadh no dheoch le fiaradh leamb.'
- 39 'Ghluaiscamar fein ann na dháil,
Is ma ghluais cha b' ann gun cháil;
Mar ncart na tuinne gu mór thír,
B' amhluidh sin ar builleann cómhraig.'
- 40 'Eisean cha d' fhodhain d' a ghníomh,
Is cha d' fhodhain dhosan mí;
Thug e spuir sa Bhan-righ leis,
'S mharcaich e san amhuinn deis.'
- 41 'Ghluaiscamar fein ann san áth,
'S de ma ghluais cha b' ann mar thá;
'N nair bha an saoghal air sórd,
Gu bu nós dhamh laoch a leon.'
- 42 'Thairncamar cloidicamh a truil,
'N deidh briseadh air sleugh lán-chruai';
'S deacair inns' no aithris ulladh,
Do bhuailleana rgn cruai' cuidreach.'
- 43 'Mar fhadhadh teine a dornn,
'S mar cabhal air cloidicamh gorm;
Do dh' iníoch a sgiathsan nach cruinne,
'S gun do dh' iníoch mo sgiaths' uile.'
- 44 'Eisean cha d' fhodhain d' a ghníomh,
Is cha d' fhadhain dhosan mí;
Thug leis a spuir sa chéile (cheile)
'S mharcaich e san amhuinn chéudna.'
- 45 'N sin thainig Fionn fein a' mach,
An Righ ca-trom sua'ree glan; (suairee)
Thug e sgairt as air an fhaithiche,
Is tri pogan do 'n mharcaich.'
- 46 'Mile fáilte dhuits' Aogh áluin,
A mhic Righ na h-Eas-spáilte;
Cia na sloigh a bh' air do cleann,
Aitis Aoigh uam beumaibh calm.'
- 47 'Sluagh alain, árd-gheal, neartmhór,
Treorach, náraich, 's iad nó' meate;
Gun casbhuidh air each no air duine,
An treise nan dreach nan cruithreachd.'
- 48 'Na h-ursanna catha calma,
Gheibhna buaidh gach sluaigh is armait;
'S ann dhamh fein a bha san dán,
Teachd o bhuilleann trom an lámh.'
- 49 'Rinn iad an sin reit is ól,
Fionn is Aogh ba chalma dornn;
Gabh mo chomhairle' is mo ghrádh,
'S rig le d' mhaithreas e gun cháid.'
- 50 'O! 's coma leam ciod a ní mí,
Mar an d' thig thu steach a mhílidh;
Tuilidh mi air sgá' a chuain so,
Fuaidh ullach broin agus uamhan.'
- 51 'Aine fagsa chreag chruaidh,
A righinn is gile suagh;
Gas an cinn fraoch air nuir mear,
Cha d' theid mi chugad a steach.'
- 52 'Tri triathibh fíchead dhamh gun bhíadh,
Mar nach railh neach roimhann riamh;
A bhí air sgáth na fáirge fuair,
Ag ól an t-sáile shearbh ruaidh.'
- 53 'Nach tárr thusa steach a laoih,
'S dean an codal so re 'm thaobh;
Is bhoireansa dhuit mar ioclaith,
Do d' chabhair bainne mo chioche.'
- 54 'S measa na sin mar a tha,
Inghean Chonaill chaoimh an áigh;
Comhairle mná near na niar,
Cha ghabh 's cha do ghabhsa riamh.'
- 55 'Oir do dh' fholbh mo cháil a choideh,
Mar mhaóth sheachd no duileach cóill;
Mar chrionas gach luibh sa Gheamhradh,
Dhubh mo chroidhe le nimh is campar.'
- 56 'Is dh' fholbh 'm aimsir agus 'm úin,
Mar gach cách a chuaidh san úir;
Cha mho gháiras grian air fáire,
No madain a dhuigsa 'm árdan.'
- 57 'Beannachd leatsa Aine ghradhach,
'S leis gach ní, is neach, is ábhaich;
Ach ullachadh 'm fheara cómhraig,
Uaigh dhamh air an eilain ór-bhuí 's.'
- 58 'Thuit an tréun laoch air a charrag,
Ge d' bu mhór a neart sna cathain;
Aon laoch faileachdach na Féinne,
'N nair a dh' éite cath is t-eng bhaile.'
- 59 Thuit Aine 'n sin air a bháir,
Fuaidh thúsra, gun treis no cáil;
Is labhair i le tann cómhraigh,
Air an amhaíl so do-bhrónach.'
- 60 'A laoih mhílidh bu mhór maithreas,
'S truaigh thu chaochla' air sgeir mhare;
A dhiobhail deoch ach an súile;
Fhíur a gheibhna buaidh 's gach gabhadh.'
- 61 'Ní 's mo cha chluinair thu sgathadh,
Na naimhde mar ghénga barach;
Na do ghnth an teach nan céda,
Fhíur bu mhór blagh, fonn, is tréine.'
- 62 'Bha neart do chuin mar thréun tuine,
'S na blára mar fíadhl air chnathach,
Na mar sheolbag a meag caulaich,
Na iolair neartmhór gun mheinnach.'
- 63 'Cha b'e airm Righridh chuir gu bás,
Thu laoiach an truid, bu mhór áill;
Ach fuaidh, is oerus, agus iota,
Air sgá' a chuain fhuairidh fhíor-ghlain.'
- 64 'A Thriath síos Alba bu mhór agh,
Samach do leaba, gu lá bhrath;
Cho d' thig a mhaidain sin a chloidhch,
A dhuigsa tu o úir gu soils.'
- 65 'Threig thu Tigh-teambra' gu siornuidh,
Is Fionn fáilaidh is mor ghníomhaich;
Bu tu tréun a dhion 'a gach cómhrag,
Tha 'n diu cumbach is cha' neónach.'
- 66 'Cha chluinn gu bráth fuain do sgétha,
'S cha mho tharlais orm le h-eibhneas;
'S truaigh a thachair dhamh an óraichd,
Fuaidh mhór thine, suithach, brónach.'
- 67 'Cha mhó chí do shíuil air chuantidh,
Na do bhratach d'athach naime;
Na oran do rímbach armaicht,
Bu bhínn iol-ghair air stuath chalma.'
- 68 'Cha mhó chí mí sa bhéinn t-seilg,
Thu Ghuille mhearaich bu mhaí' eirmis;
Na cothann do ghadhair sheange,
Air aonach roí' d' fhir mhór, mheannach.'
- 69 'Thuit mo chroidh' gun drisla deábiach,
Ann an dubbachas gun ábhaich;
Mar a gúrian dorecha le nealaibh,
Nach dean gáir air béinn nan seimh-ghleann.'
- 70 Tha mí lan sháibhach ag amhare,
Air do launa gorma glana;
Fhuair buaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,
Fhíur bu mhaí' cruth, mór treun, solach.'
- 71 'A chip chatha bu mhear cómhrag,
Gu ma beannaichte do chomhnuigh;
Séinneam a chliú gu neo' éibhinn,
Le deó dheireannach mo chreabbaig.'
- 72 'Cho 'n ionadh mí bhí gun sólas,
'S mí mar chraoibh an gleann na h-on rachd;
Mu seach dh' fhaig iad mí gam leiradh,
Le nimh-chrá' gach la nan deidh uil.'

I. 17. BAS GHUILL. 288 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 121. Advocates' Library, April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS second version has been considerably altered. Verses are recast, and names are changed in accordance with the changes in the Argument which are remarkable. It seems that Kennedy was falling into the fashion of his time, and altering his texts. The lines which are left out are repetitions of the first version. Whoever composed this wrote very good Gaelic poetry a hundred years ago.

THE DEATH OF GAUL. Extracts.

THE ARGUMENT.

GAUL the son of Moirne remains in the cave whereto he fled after he kilt Caril in a melancholy and forlorn condition, without any other company than his wife, and was frequently visited by Oscar, his trusty companion, they being the only two that were sent upon the most dangerous enterprises by Fingal. Notwithstanding Oscar's great love and favour, Gaul was afraid he would sometime discover his place of abode to Fingal who seemed still inclinable to be revenged upon him for the death of Caril. Gaul of a day Oscar had gone to see him, when they departed threw his spear after him whereby Oscar was slightly wounded. Oscar did not chose to requite the injury, went home, and was soon obliged to divulge how it happened with him to get wounded to Fingal, who instantly ordered Gaul to be pursued and banished. Gaul fled into an Island or Peninsula. Fingal ordered not to pursue him any further, and planted a watch upon the Isthmus in case he should make his escape. Thus the great, valorous, and invincible Caledonian, Gaul, the Chief of the Clan of Moirne furnished upon the desolate Island where he lived for eleven days upon dilse and vegetables. The Poem begins by Gaul comforting his wife Malag who sat upon the opposite shore giving her a charge to carry his effects with her from the Hall of Fingal, and to marry Aogh, a former lover of hers, of whom he gives an account how he had engaged him at a river called Corcar-an-deirg. After his death Malag laments over his grave in a most tragical strain.

- 2 No dean bron mu ni nach fuigh
A choi' ch no dean tìr shaigh.
- 3 Toir leat t-airgead, agus t-òr
Toir leat do sheudan, 's do shròl;
Cùmhnich s'or leanmhuin an fhuir,
'S ole na h-aonaran bean dea' fhuir.
- 5 Na coin luthar, himneach, laidir
Mharbhadh feidh ann an cuilg na damhair.
- 8 An t-saor shlat do 'n fhine chosgar,
- 10 A Mhalag nan suighe tu air iar,
Gun insinn duit ur-sgeul;
- 15 An caomb Brecan Mac Rìogh Cro-dhearg;
Greasmar na sloigh so luighe,
Tha laoiach air mheisg a' mire.
- 16 Laoch na ful gun iomar-bhàidh,
Bu mhor speis do dh' fhianta' Phail.
- 17 Ag eisteachd ri seinn luchd cinil,
- 18 Bha fuaimneachd laan oirn' ag eiridh,
- 19 Nuair bhiodh i na buinne bras,
- 20 Ag eisteachd ri fuaim nam beann,
'S Corcair a' traodhadh nan gleann.
- 21 A' cosgairt nam fiadh bu mhor feileach.
- 23 Gu b' e macan na misg-chothann.
- 24 Fui' sge' chreimnich gu neo thime,
Le eideadh loinneach, is sligheach.
- 26 Ghluais iad uile Fianan na h-Eireann,
A dh' faghail sgeula do 'n treun laoch;
Dh' fhiosraich Fionn gu meighach, baghach,
A thras laoch drùn gach bearna.
- 27 Dh' innis an laoch gu neo-sgàthach,
Aogh Mac Mhanalain o 'n Spailte;
Dh' iarruidh mna' a' d' bhantrachd Fhinn,
Is aille cruth is suaidh cinn.
- 28 Do fhreagair e Fionn gun on,
'S faoin do thrìall o Inse-toir;
Gu fuigh u rodhan na mna;
A dh' aidneoin dea' Fhiantaidh Phail.
- 30 Air uilean an t-sleibh air lonan.

- 31 An sin chuir Fionn caogad toiseach,
A chlaoi Aogh ghil, coarta comhla;
Thuit iad ach Fearginn is Faoghlan,
Agus Morlamh nam beum baoghlaich
- 32 Ghluais iad uile le mor phànman,
Leis gu teach Fhinn na mor àbhaich;
An deidh nan eir' aine treuna,
Bu mhor buaidh ann cumasg cheudan.
- 33 An sin do chuir Fionn Mac Cumhail,
Fios clingam fein gu Sliabh buidh;
'S gu fuighinn Sith, is eis aghor,
- 35 Thug e leis sa ghreis an t-àrmann,
Seimhrosag nam buadh, nam bos bana;
Co eomhlaich e gun fhuam-chrith,
Ach mi fein nach treigeadh bantrachd.
- 38 Fear nach diobradh an eua' ghabhadh;
Laoch nach do dh' eir rianh ann neach.
- 39 Is mu ghluais, cho b' ann mar thà;
Mar neart na tuinne gu mor-thìr,
B' amhluidh sin ar beum sa chomhrag.
- 40 Thug e steud sa Bhan-riogh leis.
- 44 Thug e leis a steud sa chèile,
- 47 Gun easbhuidh sa ghreis air duine,
An treise no 'n dreach, no 'n cuma.
- 48 Na suinn chathla, chalma, chalgach,
Bu mhor, treunbach, euchdach, armach.
- 49 Rinn laoiach sith reit, is ol,
Fionn is Aogh le 'n glaoite ceol,
A Mhalag nam ban glac mo ghradh,
Srìg an Triath nach iargain agh.
- 50 O ! 's coma leom cìod a nì mi,
Mar a tarr u steach a mhlidh;
'S cian mo bhron air sgu' a chuain,
Ag caoi guch lo na dh' imich uainn.
- 51 Cho 'n fhaic u mi choi'ch air lear.
- 55 Dh' fholbh mo chàil agus mo chli,
Mar chathadh cuir, no coill chrin;
Mar mheantas an luich sa mhaigh,
Mbeath mo chroidh nach dìongaite 'm fàil.
- 56 Ghluais mo laith mo bhàl' mo mhuirnn,
Mar gach àl a chuai' san uir;
C' uin a ghaireas grian air fàire.
- 57 Ainneir eg nan rosgaibh ciùin,
'Sguir a' d' bhron,—na leon do rùn;
Beannachd leat a ghraidh nam ban,
'S cianail bas Och 's cian a dh' fhan.
- 58 Thuit an treun laoch air an traidh,
Bu mhor neart ann cneas nam blar;
Aon laoch fuileachdach na Feinne,
Ann comhrag lann, ri am na t-eug-bhail.
- 59 Thuit geng nan ciabh air a bhlar,
Mar ghealach fui' neul an là;
Dhuig a h-aigneachd, his a comhradh,
B' fhaan a guth, gu tursach bronach.
- 60 A laoiach mhlidh, bu mhor agh,
'S truagh do dhiobradh air tìr tràit;
- 61 Nì 's mo cho chluinnear u sgathadh
Na naimhde mar ghenga' barrach;
Do ghuth Chluinte cian thair ceudan,
C' uin a chluinn mi fuaim do sgeithe.
- 62 Bha neart mo ghràidh mar ghair tuinne,
Ann 's na blaraibh, b' aghoir buille;
Mar sheobhag u measg nan eun,
No iolair nam beann gun mheinn.
- 63 Cho b' airm Rìoghraidh chuir gu bas,
An laoch nach dìtheicht' am blar;
Ach fuaich, trosg, is gort, is iota,
Air sgath a chuain fhuara' fhuir-ghlain.
- 64 A Thriath nan lear, 's nam beann àrd,
'S mor an sgeula t-eug 's an traidh;
C' uin a thig a mhadaun chiuin,
A mhosglas an sonn a h-uir ?

- 65 Dhibir u 'Teamhra' nan lann,
Phinn na feile 's b'èud a th' ann;
'S tric a sheas an treun do chomhrag,
Laoch nam beum nach euraidh coi'-stri.
- 66 Tarraa liobharra, trom, geura,
C' o nì 'm teirbirt, co ne feum leo?
'S truagh a thuradh dhann bli 'm onrachd,
Fui' throm thìona, snithach, brònach.
- 67 C' uin a chi, mo run air chuantaiddh,
No do bhratach dhathach, uaine;
No orain do ramhachd armach,
Bu bhim iol-ghaire air stuath chalma.
- 68 Cho mho chi mi sa bheinn t-seilge,
Thu Ghuill mheargant a b' fhearr cirnaid;
No cothairt do ghadhar seanga,
Air aonach nam beann a teamh-ruigh.
- 69 Chaochail dhann gu bron a chlarsach,
Le luchd nan deur dh' eug mo mharan;
Luigh m' aigneadh mar cheo air sleibhti'
Nach gluais gaoth nam beann a cheilidh.
- 70 B' amhail an laoch is crann-giusaich,
Dhionadh a lann gach fann ghluineacht
Fhuair buaidh air gach borb an comhrag,
Fhir a b' fhearr cruth, 's duhb do chomhuiddh.
- 71 A Thriath nan lann, 's fann a dh' fhag mi.
Snithich mo rosg nach coisg àbbachd;
Seinnim do chliu gun run eibhinn,
'N cian is beo, cho' n eol damh threigsinn.
- 72 Cho' n iodhnadh mi bhi gun sòlas,
Mi mar chrann ann gleann na h-onrachd;
Mu seach dh' fhag na h-armainn thrèibheach
Mi fui' chradh, gach la gu deurach.

P. 8. MOLADH AOIDH LE GOLL. 20 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 62. Advocates' Library, Feb.
22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS fragment is part of the Death of Goll, picked up
in Mull, about 1800.

- 1 CHA Mhac Caillich idir e:
Ach machd na nna 'us fearn fun Ghrein,
Oig-fhear gasta glanar r rinn
Gaisgich e do dh' Fhiannbh Eirinn.
- 2 Chunnachdar a tign na cubhich
Marchdach air Each Barr-fhionn buidhe,
Each-bus-leabh a geug-mhor glan,
Ceann aigionnaich eadrom earroil;
- 3 Crios leathann mo thaobh an laoch,
'Us cha bu chrios Leathunn do 'n rod chaoil,
Ceann corr ghlaganach Leadhar,
Seian fhada ghorm Dhìsnich,¹
- 4 Bha 'n Abhainn na buinne bràs
'Us cha 'n fhaoite le neach dol thairt,
Ach Marchdach ro ghaist an Eich mhòir,
Leum eisan thairt 'n ceud-fhear
- 5 Th' seasamh mis' m' b'èul an àth,
'Us th' saòis gum bn mhath mo làmh,
Chluinnte screadail air sciath ma seach,
Ach scoilt e mo sciath re 'm seamhail.²

¹ Spotted.
² To his shoulder. } In a different hand.

X. 13. DAN AN EICH BHARR-BHUIDHE.
130 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished
by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh,
February 10, 1872.

THIS is another fragment of Gaul's last Dialogue with
his Wife. Taken from the recitation of Betty Sutherland,
in 1857, in Caithness.

- 1 AITHNE chragach a chraig a chruaidh,
'S a ribhinn aluinn aon uair,
Ach an d' tig fraoch tre mhic an fhuir,
Cha bhì diolain aig bean deagh fhear,

- 2 Aithne na cluinnead do ghul,
Ma nì nach gabh ri do chruadh chàs,
'S na biodh do bhron na nì nach eil,
I! nach eil e 's 'n tìr thalbhaidh
- 3 Cuimhniche t' airgid cuimhniche t-òr,
Cuimhniche do bhuan ghreidh
'S iad gach uair ga d' ardachl,
Cuimhniche do sheachd coin seilg
Thainig o thaobh muigh an leirg,
- 4 Ciod am buaine na fir,
Be so uair de 'n iomairt.
Bha mi aidhear 's an Albinn fheile
Air fineacha Mhic Cumhail,
- 5 Mise agus Aodh Dioreach
Air fineachan' chruinn thalmhinn,
Air an t' shreol is an t' shìde ghlan,
'G òl fion 's a 'g thoirbheirt
- 6 Is mise a labhair aig an fhion
Comradh nach b' fhiach ri radh,
'S ann uam dh' imich an guth carr
Ris na ghabh Fionn a chorruich
- 7 Labhair sin gu foill
Ghoill mheannmuinich ro mhor,
B' fhearr dhub thiginn air labhradh eile
Na bhì marbhadh ur muinntir,
- 8 Chaint sin theireadh tu nochl
Mhic Meirn na labhradh ard
Gu faigheadh tu fo do dhorn gu glinn
Gach dara fear a bha sa 'n Eirinn
- 9 Dh' eirich fear stiuraidh an tigh
Macan mac fir chràbhaidh
Dar bhitheas sluagh air mhisg
An fhir b' fhearr an cìosd,
Nan leabaichean
- 10 Luidh sinne sud uile an Fhianh
Eadar an ear 's an iar
Leinn ciod be ur n' aonadh b' fhearr,
Thug sinn ur trial gu dealachadh
- 11 Fir dhonn nan each mear
Sheang shuairc o 'n ear
O bhinn na slait a Greagh
Gu binn dol da 'n diollaid.
- 12 An oidheche sin duinn gu ullumh,
Marcachd an deigh a buinne
Ach an d' rainig sinn an leirg
Is an abhainn na fath feirg
Is i na buinne cas
- 13 Cha rachadh duine againn thairis
Bha sinn sin gu brioghal beachdal
An oidheche sin duinn gu diarmadalach
'G eisdeachd ri gaoth nam beann
- 14 Ach an traoghadh an abhainn
- 15 Cha robh sinn a bheag ann
Do 'n t' shluagh b' fhiach an aircamh
Do 'n t' shluagh adhmholtach laghach,
De eich taghadh d' dheagh mharcaich,
- 16 Sin dar sgaoil an ceo
Dar thainig meadhon an lò
Sgaoil pobull Fhinn gu farsuing
Is leag e thugainn aon mharcaich,
- 17 Marcach an eich bharr bhuidhe
Thainig thugainn da nr guidh.
'S e canglach taorungeach leasach
Muinealach mor fad shiosach.
- 18 Marcach an eich chunganach chorr
Naol uairean chaidh e tromhainn,
Air a bhàs gus 'n deach ur sluagh
Aithne air mun deach e uaithe
- 19 Thuit le caol druim na suaire
Naonar ris gach aon uair
Mharbhadh leis Airtair mac Doir,
Fear gu biadhadh a chruidd mheannmh
- 20 Fear nach do dhiult biadh na deoch,
Do dhuine riamh 's e 'n ainnis
Thug mi mo sgriob thuann an àth
B' fhearr leam gu 'm b' ann na thrà

- 21 Shaoil leam dar bha saoghal air surd
Gu 'n gleachduinn aon laoch costadh
Chuir mi mo dhruim ris an àth
An d' shùil gu' n robh druim agam dha
- 22 Ge traine leamsa do shleagh
Cha chumadh i ris an laoch nd aon bhuilo
Thug e spuir do na bharruinn naithne
Chaidh e 'n abhainn d' aon nair
- 23 Chrath oirne barr a shleagh
Sgoil e sinn mar chreachlathan
Chaidh e fein is each uaithin slàn
Air dhalachas a leannan
- 24 An ainm a chailinn chneasd
Edar anam anns ionmhuinn,
Gur e do bheath thighlunn dachaidh slàn
Oighre aluinn na Esubig
- 25 Cia mar bha sluagh bh' aig Goll.
Air taobh tuath na h-eileir ?
Bha sluagh baighach gradhach ragach
Ciallach narach neo-mhiseach,
- 26 Na fir og gharg ghaist,
Ard naisle a Phannal
Cha b' e olas an t-sluaigh.
'S cha mho gu 'm b' e an diomb buaidh,
- 27 Thug dom s' thighinn dachaidh slàn
Ach bhi bàn air an cathar
Aithne mas falthalt an saoi
Gur math leat fear ri do thaobh,
- 28 Tagh do dhionmhaltachd fear
Nach nàr leat fhaicinn ad leabaidh
Ciod e marach bhiodh sin ?
Aodh cas mac na caillich
- 29 Cha b' e a chailleach a mhathair
Ach aon ceann chend thar each
Is b' e fath' shluinneadh air a mhnai
Luathads' a chlaoidhadh athair,
Crìoch.

& TIOMNADH GHUILL. 118 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Hector Mac Lean, as shown
in this extract from his letter:—

'Ballygrant, Islay, Dec. 25, 1865.

'Sir,—I send you a fragmentary Fenian Poem, which I wrote down Saturday evening from the dictation of Angus McEachern, brother to Duncan the piper. The old men who recite old Gaelic ballads and stories are disappearing rapidly. Both James Wilson and Malcolm McPhail died in Glasgow, but were taken home, and both are buried at Keills, near Portaskaig. I have not seen this fragment in any book. The old man recited it for me a couple of years since. But a young man, who had read much Gaelic poetry, thought he had seen it in some book, and I accordingly made inquiries among friends in Glasgow, but have not been successful in finding any book which contains it. The old man himself has a notion that it was published in Mr. Woodrow's book; but Mr. Woodrow's book contains no Gaelic, and he published no Gaelic book. His notion is that his father learned this and others from Mr. Woodrow, and that Mr. Woodrow got them in Ireland. This I suspect to be a mistake arising from a confused recollection of the conversations taking place between Woodrow and his father. He called the poem 'Tiomnadh Ghull,' but it has nothing in common with 'Tiomnadh Ghull' in the 'Sean Dana.' It contains some curious words, and is evidently the remains of a larger poem. Goll is upon a rock in the Sea, and his Wife is upon the opposite shore talking to him, and endeavouring to persuade him to come ashore, but he persists in remaining on the rock, fully resolved to meet his destiny.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

HECTOR McLEAN.'

'J. F. Campbell, Esq.,
Niddry Lodge, Kensington.'

The second verse is not easy to understand. Goll being blind, and his Wife near him, the dialogue comes in naturally, but the language is difficult, because we know nothing about the personage named Mugan beag Mac Smàil in the third verse. The Reciter said that he was a supernatural being, trysted to meet and slay Goll on this rock; a tall, bloody, fierce-eyed youth, like *shér*

na cuirce. *Sòr* of the swine on his body, is something very like Odin in his boar's hide, but in the meantime we can make nothing out of this supernatural personage.

GOLL.

- 1 SEALL a mach a lurain,
Na 'bheil a' mhaidim braonach ?
Na 'm faic thu hach a' thighinn o 'n tràigh ?
'S ann an diugh a 's teann mo chuibhreach.

ISE.

- 2 Chi mi chugam òglach ard,
Fear finleachdach faobhar-gharg,
'S e mar shòr na cuirce,
Sòr na nuic' air a chlainn.

GOLL.

- 3 'S e sin Mugan beag Mac Smàil;
An diugh a gheall e teachd a' m' dhàil;
Air bhith dhasan anns na càsaibh,
'S ann dāsan a 's dān mo maharbhadh.

- 4 A righinn a 's binne ceol,
Ghuais gu nàrach 's na gabh bròn;
Na dean deur mu 'n nì nach fhaigh thu,
'S na bi' taighich 's an tìr airgidh.

- 5 Cuimhnich t'airgid agus t' òr;
Cuimhnich do shìoda 's do shròl;
Cuimhnich gear leamhuinn t' fhir;
'S ole thig diòlannas bean deagh-fhir.

- 6 Cuimhnich air do theachd o 'n t-sealg
Thaig chugad o chath Dhrum dearg;
A' h-uile h-aon le bhuaidh-chrann àgh,
'S gu marbhadh e fiadh 'na aonar.

- 7 Àinne nach fag thu' chreag chruaidh
A righinn èitidh an-fhuair,
Gus an tig am fraoch romh mhuir mear,
Cha tig an laoch gu d' chobhair.

ISE.

- 8 Na 'n tigeadh thu 's teach a laoch,
'S cadal a dheanadh ri m' thaobh;
Bheirinn fhein mar iochlaint dhuit
Bainne mo dha chig gu d' chobhair.

GOLL.

- 9 'S miosa na sin mar a tha
A nighean Chonail,—'s nì 'm breng e;
Comhairle mnatha, nì h-òir na h-iar,
Cha do ghabh mi riamh,—'s nì 'n gabham.

ISE.

- 10 C' àit am faigh mise fear eile
Ann a' t' àite-sa' Ghulligh gheadhnaich ?

GOLL.

- Nàille dh' innsamsa sin duitse;—
Aogh gasda, mac na caillich.

ISE.

- 11 Air do laimh-sa a Mhìc Morna
Air t' fhìne 's air t' onair;
Cha bhi mo chomunn glan grinn
F' araon agus aona mhac caillich.

GOLL.

- 12 Chà bu mhac caillich dhuit Aogh—
Mac na mnatha 's fhearr fa 'n domhan !
Ainne do bhi air a mhathair,
Nighean Chuinn o 'n Chrònan.

- 13 Beiridh thu dha naonar mac
Agus nighean fa 'n geal glac;
Dh' innsinn dhuit a bend a bhos,—
Theid i fhein gu ceud asaid.

- 14 Latha dhuinn air Croachan Còrr—
M' fhein agus Aogh Doireach;
Air sìoda 's air sròl nu seach
Biotar ag òl 's ag iomairt.

- 15 Thuit nam fhein gu dona mach,
Gu 'n d' ghabh Fionn rium corruich;
Nach biodh d' ar comunn glan, grinn
Ach an darna fear 'bhith 'n Eirinn.

- 16 Thug sinn ionnsuidh air 'n-eich mheara,—
'S ar n-eich thaghta g' ar giùlan;
Fuaim na feoirin' o cheann na slaithe
Agus bean a' dol gu diòllaid.

- 17 Biotar an oidheche sin mar sin,
Sinn ag imeachd air Sliabh Muin,
Gus an d' rainig sinn Core air leirg;
'S gu 'n robh 'n abhainn 'na feirg.
- 18 Aig teinnanachd a' bhuirne bhrais,
Nach fhaodadh duine dol thairis.
Bha sinn mer sin gu meadhon là
'G eisdeachd ri faghadh nam beann.
- 19 Gus an do sguoil an ceo ciabach,
Gus an do thraigh an abhainn.
Sùil gu 'n d' thug mi fada uam
Air an fhaiche 'bha mu thnath:
- 20 Faicear Fionn fein am fath,
'S e 'na sheasamh 'na chèir chath;
Faicear a' tighinn am faiteach,
'S eo phubail Fhinn a' marcachd.
- 21 'S e 'm maraiche bhithheadh an sin
Am maraich a b' àille fa 'n domhan—
Am maraich cuirneimeach glas donn,
'S a bhuirne ghlas air a ghualainn.
- 22 Sgiath phlobail de 'n or air a shlios
'S fhàile sròl gu sligeanach.
A ta 'chluig agus dorn gath,
Sgian fhada, lom air dheagh dhath,
- 23 Air shìos odhar an laoidh dhuinn
A' dol an eath 's an cruaidh chomhrag;
'S aig nallaichead an eich eòrr
Thug e na trì ruaigean roimhinn.
- 24 Mharbhadh leis naonar d' ar muinntir:
Mharbhadh leis naonar mic eile:
Mharbhadh leis an gaisgeach mu 'n can!
Aille Mac Giollagain.
- 25 Chaidh mi fhein air mo stend chath;
'S ma chaidh cha b' ann mar sbratha:
Na 'm biodh an seic air soirn
Bu dual domhsa 'ghasladh.
- 26 Thairgeadh leinn claidheamh a truaill:
Bhuail sinn gu cruaidh eudreach;
Mar shradag tein' ann a' d' dhorn,
Na mar reul ainneil adhar bu d' gharbh,
- 27 'S dh' imich a sgiath-sa gun uile,
'S dh' imich mo sgiath-sa gu bile;
Eas an deachaidh a *dhrìoma*?
'S mise cha d' thug èireadh dhàsan.
- 28 Thug e spuir 's a' bharan leis;—
Chaidh e 'san abhainn cheudna:
Thainig Fionn fein a mach;
An rìgh feuta fearail.

FIONN.

- 29 Co na sloigh a bhiodh an sin,
Ailís duinn Aoigh nam benmannan?

AOGH.

- 30 Air bhith dhomhsa 'n dān:
Gu 'n d' thainig mi slàn o 'n iomasgail.

GLOSSARY.

Sor, I think should be *sorn*, a snout. *Sorn na muice*, the snout of the sow.

Tir airgidh means land of robbery, but reciter says it means *tigh seunse*, a public-house.

Ainnc. This word, I suspect, is a corruption; reciter calls the mother of Aogh *Ainnc*, and Anglicises the name, *Ann*.

Do bhì, the Irish form for *bha*.
Cruachan Corr. There is a pretty little round hill in the moors west of Staonasa called by this name.

Foirac, gen. of *feorac*, grass.

Core air leirg, the town of Crk.

Trinneimeachd, tightness.

Cèir chath, probably a corruption of *cith cath*, battle-rage.

Bhùirne. Reciter explains as *sgìath* or *làireach*. *Birnie*, probably.

Phlobail. Reciter could give me no explanation of this word.

Sradha, a sluggish, inactive person.

¹ Means ris an can iad.

² A 'ghrime.

A dhrioma. I should have written this a 'ghrime, out of his battle, hors de combat.

Èireadh, yielding; from *eirr*, a shield. H. M. L.

O. 6. CATH CHLOINNE BAOISGE AGUS MORNÌ. 117 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 23. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 18, 1872.

THIS is part of the Quarrel between Fionn's tribe and Goll's tribe, but it seems to me that some modern hand has been at work upon a ballad. I place it here supposing that the ballad was part of the Dialogue between Goll and his Wife.

- 1 LATHA dhomhsa 's do Fhionn fiail,
Air sliabh luachair 's bu chubhi leim; (chumha
Uamsa dh' imich an Guth, (dhuin)
Dhe na ghabh Fionn nam fath coiruih.
- 2 Air bhì dha g' am iarraidh,
Air feadh bhàl is Islar;
Air feadh airde nam beann,
Is leug iosal nan Eirthire.
- 3 La dhuinn air sliabh Mhuill, (Mòilina)
Chunnacas Fionn teachd le sheachd Cathan;
Dhomhsa bu chuis sheachnadh sin,
As e g' am shùradh 's g' am shìr-leannhuin.
- 4 Shnidhich Fionn na pubuil gheala,
Air na tulchana Ceardaich;
Shnidhich mise na pubuil eile,
Air a' mlagh na fhanuis.
- 5 Mar gu 'm biodh Co-riard sloigh,
'S cha robh duine agam b' fhaich;
Ach oehd fìched deng deagh ghaisgeach,
Thuit an tour air a bhinn,
Leum a Ghaur eadarinn.
- 6 Dh' fhas an amhainn bras,
Cha taradh treun laoch thairis;
Ach eisdidh sinn ri gaoh nam beann,
Aig an tragh an amlainn.
- 7 Ghluais a mach o phubuil Fhinn,
An t-aon each buidhe baobhail bras;
A's e tighinn fo leasanaibh soluis,
Bior-chluasach donn, bar fhuinn blar,
Uchd leathann donn taobh gheal sholuis.
- 8 Maraich air muin an Eich mhoir,
As aille gu 'm facas thar sloigh;
Luarach le nao srethain oir,
Ma chorpan sheimb shith shroil,
Sgiath bhuiganda bhalganda chor.
Air a ghuailinn deas ro mhor,
Sgian mhor air a thaobh chli,
Air mac nasal an ard rìgh.
- 9 Thug e spor do 'n ghearran bhlar,
Nach do thaghail riann an t-ath;
Chaidh e nao uairean troimhinn,
Maraich an Eich shuntaich chuanta;
Cheangladh leis an Dènan fhiodhi,
Naonar Mac Ghill Ibbi.—
- 10 As naonar Mac Tuirm nan clar, (ne clar)
Is Garbhan Mac Maolar;
Is Eadargan Mac Doire,
Fear nach do dhùilt biadh no dcoch,
Do neach riann san aodunn. (al. san fheadure)
Sguich mi fhuin roimh san ath,
Leam bu mhlitich 's bu tra.
- 11 Uair gu 'n robh saoghal air sogh,
'Chleuchd mi aon laoch a chosgadh. (fhasda)
Rng e air mo sgiath ro lothach,
'S ma mo cheann rinn d' bloigidean,
Mar bhithheadh mo chloigade ghlán,
Chaillinn an ceann lem leannhuinn,
- 12 Thug am Maraich mach an t-atha;
Thuas stend bhuigh stad bhuigh;
T-abhra phog do 'n t-sar mharaich,
G' an dith do bheatha a Mhìc Rìgh Fial,
Laoich churrauda shughradh.

- 13 Cìod an sluagh a fhuair thu thall,
Aig Goll Mac Morna na mor lann ?
Sluagh tuigseach ciallach,
Narach neo-mhisgeach,
Mar bithe d' ghrasau domh Fhinn,
Cha tiginn slan nath thairis,
¹ Ach a nis o 'n tha mi triall,
Air an anam a tha 'm chliabhh,
Fad mo lèimh no mo lèinne,
Cha do chum ris a chuirridh,
Ach an t-aon chruaidh bhùille.
- 14 An sin chaidh sinn an dail a' cheile,
Bu trenn 's bu dochdair a' chomhrag;
Thug an Fhianm tulga air ais; (al. turrag)
Thog clann Morna sgat doibh,
Chriothnaich am fonn fo 'r casaibh,
Stad na sruthain le doghrùinn.
- 15 Chlanna Baoisge nam mor ghniomh,
Dream lha misneachail riamh;
Slìochd threunmhoir nam blagh,
An geill sibh do 'n Gharbh dhragh.
Cumhichibh cruadhas na Feinne,
Buailibh dannara treuna;
Pillibh le tabhachd gu cumasg'
Gleithibh an arach, tìonda 'm buinne,
- 15 Sheall gach fear air a chlàidheamh lìomhi
As air a shleagh shlan clogri,
Chual gach fear luaidh a' bhaird,
Dh' iarr le naire a dheagh chliu,
Chunnacas Fionn a tearuadh nuas,
B' anbharrach a chith sa choslas,
Bu chiùin tosdach na Duilean,
A bheinn chrath le mor iognadh,
Phill sinn an ruaig gu grad.
- 16 Co dheanga Fionn sa ghreis ?
Thachair Fionn is Goll na mor chleas;
Thug iad an cath gaillbheach doibh,
Dh' fhalbh nam bloighdean an sgiathan ball
bhreac
An clogaidean sgealb air an raon
An sleaghan chaidh nam miribh san adhar,
Tharruing an claidhean foinnidh fine.
- 17 Sheas sinn uile an da shlogh,
'G ambarch garbh chath na mor thriath,
Bhuc na h-uile le eagail;
Sgoilt na creagan le mor thoirm.
- 18 Lub a choille le fuathas,
B' oilteil torun uamham nan speur,
Taighse 'g itealaich sna neulaibh;
Sgreadail gu fadhaich sa' bheinn
Thog iad an talamh le 'n Cruaidh spairn.
- 19 Lub Fiann guthail a ghruaidh,
Ran an Fhionn le meud an eagail;
Ran, 's cha b' aobhar eagail doibh,
Co chuireadh air Fionn ?
Co sheasadh ris san spairn ?
- 20 Thuit mac Morna nan cruaidh bheum,
Shil ar deoir mu Gholl nan ceud;
Eirich a Ghuill a leon thu fein,
Cha 'n imear mo lannsa ort bend,
'S cuimhne leam an Damh a babhaist,
Fhionn riamh nach iarradh lochd,
Tha mi fo d' gheasibh, cian a nochd,
Glac mo chlàidheamh, glac mo lamh,
Thoir dhuinn sìth is bithidh slan.
- 21 Clann Morna tha dìreach deanta,
Co tha cosmhuil ruitse Ghuill;
An cath gaillbheach nan crom ghleann,
Co sheasadh tu ach Fionn fial,
'S co sheasadh Fionn ach Goll ciar.

- 22 'S eibhinn a nochd sìth nam braithean,
Sgaoil dhuinn fleagh' aird iar ceol—
Buail elarsach nam fonn aosda,—
Oighean thigibh caoin nar coir,
Caoin thainig reultan na maiso
Bha fo smal car tamull an dall choè,
Las an gnais mar ghrian ag eiridh
Cuir aoibhneas air feidh is coilltan.'

A. 24. KINN ZULLE. 28 lines.

If there were any doubt as to the antiquity of the Story of Goll, this fragment from the Dean's Book (English, p. 71; Gaelic, p. 50) is conclusive. It places the death of Goll late. Three of the Clanna Morna—Gorraidh, Conon, and Daoire are going to avenge the death of Goll on Ossin, Oscar, and Caoilte. Caoirreal was slain before Goll, Goll was in the slaying of Diarmaid. These three are out of the story. The six here named are in later bits.

- 1 A zorri tryillmyt gow fud
Ighilk ernacht sowch linn
Zorre kin zulle er in ree
Gyn gurmist aye gai keive cleith
- 2 Is lesk lumsyth zwle anna
Onach clwnwn gr fan chenna
Is nach feadmist a zeilt
Kenna v'morn vor znewe
- 3 Kail lusse ne is allwn pen
Id durd conan mor gyn keale
Marmy for mach gyth dunna
In deilt zwle olt voe
- 4 Suyth in trur var mon din nane
Onach lamyt di zin feu
Abbir a zorre is lawr
Fayr sinni sin trom alle
- 5 Marvesyth ossin mor m'fyn
Marve mai in tosgir nach teymmi
Marve dyrr kille kaye
Fayir sinni wile er in lawe
- 6 Mathit is aggwn ne veis anna
Cha dik linna moviler finn
Tutmy ule sin alle
Cha dikge gowle dr gowrue
- 7 Da byth iuni byth le a north
Dyth churmist finni za leacht
Is ferr nyth brar gyn nelle
A derssi rwt a zorre.

A zorre.

THE DEATH OF THE WOMEN; OF GARAIÐH, AND HIS SON AODH; AND THE BURNING OF TEAMHRA.

F. 19. H. 28. I. 21. O. 8. P. 7. 9.

FROM this ballad, which never has been printed so far as I can discover, it appears that Fionn and his Feinne had taken possession of the High King's House at Tara. Goll's brother left behind, at the suggestion of Conan, another brother, fell asleep. The women wove his long hair to stakes, and shouted a war cry. He started up and tore his hair. In revenge or in prosecution of the blood-feud, he set fire to the house, and burned women and children, rings and garments and plenshing. The Feinne put Garaidh to death, but through his last petition he cunningly made Fionn suffer. Thenceforth Fionn was lame, according to tradition. None of the Heroes whose death songs I have placed earlier appear in this ballad. Padruig is not mentioned in it, but the person who is telling the story points to the mound above him, so this is part of the Story told by Oisein to Padruig upon the Hill of the Feinne, which begins in the Dean of Lismore's Collection, runs through all the rest, and is still current.

I have Z. 51. 7 lines, of the story, localised at the Narrows between Skye and the main land, orally collected by Mr. Carmichael in 1802, bound in Vol. xii. MSS.

On the 5th of September, 1871, I arrived at Tobermory at 11, and walked up the hill to the house of William Robertson, who was weaving blankets. I invited him to the Mishnish Hotel, and set him to spout Gaelic while I wrote as best I could. He said that he was 87, that he

¹ Got from Roderick Mac Lennan Taksman, in Kintail, who took it down from the oral recitation of Murdoch Mac Lennan—Kintail—aged about 60, who learned it by heart from his father many years before, who had many more poems of the Heroic ages, but which had not been preserved. Milntown Ramoch, 25th August, 1802. Present, Mr. Alexander Stewart and many others.

could not read or write, and he could speak no English. I wrote from his dictation, 21 verses of the Lay of Diarmuid, which contained nothing worth adding to versions given above. I read what I had written, and he put his 'mark' on the paper. He next sang me 21 verses of the Lay of Garaidh. There are many variations in this version, but it is the same ballad and story which others got from people of this class. But the explanations given to me were wilder. Instead of being stretched on a noble bed, with a purple or red coverlet, the spy was stretched on the ground with his head under the lid of the cooking pot: 'S a cheann fo bhrot chosgair a chuain.' That was the name of the great Caldron. The liquids and some other letters were so quiescent that it was exceedingly difficult to catch the words. Moreover, the old man wandered about the whole Fenian Story directly he was put out of his pace. He localised this story at Jarvis's Field in Glen Forsa. He did not know what 'Tail' meant, but in the same line elsewhere the place was 'Innse Phàil.' He explained a line to mean, 'They let away their falcons to the hills,' and said 'they used to go about with sticks between two men and falcons sitting upon them.' Here he got a dram, and said, 'That is the stuff, many a time I made it. I have made Treas tarring so strong that three fulls of water would need to go to it. That's the stuff.' His story told after singing the ballad was this:—

Garaidh was left at home to find out what food the women took because they were so fat. It was Conan who said that they should do it, out on the hill. He said, 'We are lost and tired, hunting; and these women are as fat as seals.' So Garaidh was left. He hid under the kettle, and went to sleep. The food they had was birds' blood and deer's blood mixed with 'Carigan us staimh'—(I first wrote the word Caligurn)—The root of the Tangle, which still is eaten. Some say that they bled themselves to make this mixture, and that made them so fat.

Then they found Garaidh, and they wove his long hair, and pinned it to the ground with pegs. When they had done that, they gave a battle cry, 'Gaoir cluth,' and he sprang up and left some of his skin. He went to the wood, and got faggots and drove them all in, and put bars on the door, and set fire to the house, and so he burned all that were in the House of Farnalach. That is not far from here for they smelt the fire.

'But,' said I, 'the house must have been near Skye, because of the strait where Mac Reathain was drowned.' 'That must be so,' said Robertson. 'The kettle is here, still, in Loch Sguapain. If you throw in a stone in winter, it gives a sound still.' (I may remark, that the kettle is in many other places, and that a man told me all about it in Cape Breton beyond the seas.) 'The last who took it up was Oisein. That was the time when he went for the big deer for Padraig. It was Oisein who made all these Luinhean (Lays).' By this time it was 4 p.m. After a rest, we began again, and got to the Lay of Oscar, after which we fell into the Lay of the Great Fool, from which we got to Conan and the Lay of the Buffet. Then he sang the Muilcarteach, and at last we finished. So long as this old fellow was allowed to sing a ballad at his own pace he went right through so much as he knew, but questioned or stopped, he was as hard to follow as a grasshopper. It was this man's talk in 1870 that first made me feel that this Fenian Story might be arranged. On the 27th of September at Polchar, in South Uist, Angus Mac Donald, a crofter, gave me the end of the Story of Garaidh.

'His son Aògh Mac Gharidh took Mìsg chatha, the drunkenness of battle, when his father was slain. He worried the Feinne. They put him into geal chladaich, a rift in the shore to hold battle against the speckled people—the breaking waves, and he broke his heart fighting with them, and so he was put to death.' I read him Robertson's ballad. He had never heard it, but the story told with it was all right.

From notes of this kind I mean to tell my version of these old Heroic legends when I translate the Ballads.

¹ This word is in Icelandic.

F. 19. LOSGADH BRUTH FARBAIRN. 84 lines. Fletcher's Collection, page 111. Advocates' Library, February 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—This, learned by a man who could not write, and dictated by him to a scribe, must be genuine as an oral recitation. In it Fionn is called King of Teamhra, therefore, as appears in other places, he had taken up his abode in the palace of the Irish High King, Cormac Mac Art.

- 1 SGRIOB a chaidh Fionn le Fhiannibh,
Thair sruibheadh Glasa Innse fail;
Chuir iad as na leirigh gasda,
Daimh na Beann baisge dha.
- 2 Dh' fhaig iad nan diagliidh an corn buadhach
Is deadh mbachd Morn nan gruaidh dearg;
Aghaidh chiùil a labhradh ra bhinn,
Eoin chiùin an torraibh nan cran.
- 3 An sin nuair a leig Gara mor machd Morn
E nunn ann san leipidh chiùil;
Luidh suain gn leom air a rosgaibh,
'S cheann fuaidh' n' bhrat chorcair chiùin.
- 4 Comhairle a chinn air bheag ceille,
Aig beantreabhach ùr nan falt cam;
Dealgadh caol am brottadh gasda,
Folt an laoiach an glach dibh chrann.
- 5 Aisling a chunnaic Mac Morna,
Air bhi dha 'na chadal trom;
Chunnaic e Garadh fuaidh dhiamlòir,
Cha raibh luaidh air Fhiannuibh Fhinn.
- 6 Thug e fosgladh air a rosgabh,
Ais an aisling fa na deur;
Dhealluich an tonn o 'n cannuichin,
Fuil an laoiach a dheargadh feur.
- 7 Mead sìgraidh Ban na Feinne,
Chaidh e an chaoil is cha cheum deas;
Dhuin na dorsan mar a chualas,
Is thug crainn air ghualan leis.
- 8 Bha ceud cotan ceud faime scunta,
Ceud srian bulgach nan each ard;
Bha ceud bratach chaoil uaine dhathan,
A ghabhadh gaith ri gathaibh chrann.
- 9 Bha ceud cùilean le muineal airgid,
Bha ceud nighan bu ghrimhe meur;
Bha ceud machdan len brollach sìoda, fìor ghlan
Is ceud bean na muin aig gach machdan.
- 10 A fhuair ùrram an teach na bean treun,
Air mo cluigh bha sud san talla;
Bha ceud cailleach chasliath ghreanach,
Agus altrum a steach air glun gach callaich.
- 11 Suil gan tug e thair a ghualan,
Deadh mbac Chnithail na gruaidh dearg;
Chunnaic e ceo talmhì daite
A thigh farabairn is lasair aurd.
- 12 Cuiribh oirbh a leoghain ghasa,
Gach aon laoch tha an so rim linn,
Sìd aigbhin an caismeachd anamoch,
Is teannachdadh gu grad bantrach Fhinn.
- 12 Mìad air dochais air a laochaibh,
Thug an talla dhuin breith chaoil;
Lenn gach fear air barr a shleaghe,
Is dh' fhaig iad Mac Reithe sa chaoil.
- 13 An sin anuair a thuirtead Mhac Chnithail,
San gnaisgeadh air dol air eul;
Cuirrmid air druim ris an talla,
Is caoine mid Garadh air thus.
- 14 Bn luath air cas do 'n talla,
Nam biodh fios co leanta ann;
Chuir Fionn a mheur fo dheud fios,
Fhreagair cach am fios mur dh' fhuair.
Iarrubh gu maith fear am folach,
Sann tha Garadh ann san uaimhe.
- 15 Thig thusa a mach a nis a Gharadh,
A mhic Morna na cleas trugh;
Na 'm fùithin achuingu gu harridh,
Is gun nanam a thoirt uam.
- 16 'Gheibheadh tusa d' achuingu gu harridh,
A dh' aon seol ga 'mheil an criodh;
Mo dheibhin t-anam na h-iarr e,
Bho sann do na Fiannuibh u'.
- 17 Mac an Lion a bhi guin namma,
B' e sid m' achuingu a mhic gu fìor;
Is mo bhraghaidh a chuir an giurradh,
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn.

- 18 Ach chruinneach naislean na Feinne,
Is bha sud na choimhle chruaidh;
Bu mhor a gheil dhùinn air Garradh
An Rìgh san talla bli uainn.
- 19 A sin annair a dh' fhuasgail iad na geasan
Le Clann Rìgh Inse Cuinn;
Thioluig iad cas Rìgh na Teimhle,
Fodh fhoid ghlaids don talhainn thruim.
- 20 Chuir iad an ceann do Mhac Morna,
Is chaidh mac an Lion bhos a chionn;
Leig aiteal beag don chalg neatha,
Fuil daite gu traighibh Fhinn.
- 21 Is bu dhnithe na drùchd air dearna,
Bha fuil bhos cionn glun gearto Fhinn.

H. 28. HOW GARABH KILLED THE WOMEN. 152 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 140. Advocates' Library,
December 26, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE story of this ballad is told by Kennedy in his
Introduction to his First Collection. See above p. 36.

For this part we need not say much about it, for it is
seen in the Definition largely how Garabh killed the
Women, and how Fingal got a severe cut at the time that
Oscar beheaded him.

DAN 27.

- 1 LATHA do chuaidh Fionn le Fhianntaidh,
Gu srath lia ghlas Innse-phàil;
Siuithich sinn ar lomhainn ghaist,
Air feidh nam beann a bhfaigse laimh.
- 2 Re cath leagair feadh nan gleanntaidh,
Gu binn labhrach, calma bha;
'S leag sinn air na leirge casa,
Feidh nan glacag is nan ard.
- 3 Bha againn Aogh nan corrn buaghach,
Mac Rìgh Fighail nan cul cam;
Le croinn chiuil a labhradh ro'-bhinn,
Mar coin air bhara nan crann.
- 4 Gach séud a loisgeamh san talla,
Innseam dhuibh ma 's meoghair leam;
Niu raibh teach bu lughe cèdan,
'S gach neach air dhea' eideadh ann.
- 5 Ceud seacamh 's ceud ceann-bheairt bholgach,
Is ceud sgia' le 'n comhdach crann;
Is euig ceud luireach bu lóinreach,
Le 'n ùr-mhaillibh òr-bhuidh ann.
- 6 Ceud cupa 's ceud fàinne seanta,
Ceud clach bhuadhach 's ceud còrn cam;
Is ceud Bratach uaine dhalbach,
Ghabhadh gaith an gathaibh chrann.
- 7 Ceud cuilain le 'n coilair airgeid,
Bha 'nn san Teaghlach bu dhoi' leinn;
Ceud laoch a choidil le seantachd,
Is ceud saor bhean an teach Fhinn.
- 8 Ceud macain le 'n earadh uaine,
'S ceud maighdean bu ghrinne méar;
Is ceud bean bu mhuid do 'n mhaeridh,
Choisainn cliù an teach nan tréun.
- 9 Ceud earradh le 'm broilach airgeid,
Le 'n leintaibh sróil finn-gheal bán;
'S ceud sligheach phillendh gach urchair,
'S ceud srian bulgach nan each árd.
- 10 Ceud clodheamh le 'n ceann-bheairt airgeid,
'S ceud sleagh lainnrach bu mhai' ágh;
'S ceud Craosach le clanna Righridh,
'S ceud Tuadh mìlidh bu mhór ár.
- 11 Ar 'n ór 's ar uigheam gu h-uilidh,
Dh' fhag sinne steach am Bruth Fhinn;
B' e sin teach nan sèda lomhar,
Fa 'r 'm biodhmaid seinn ceòl gu binn.
- 12 Dh' fhag sinn Garabh mor Mac Morna,
'N taobh an talla 'n leabaidh ùir;
Luigh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,
'S a cheann fuidh 'n bhrat chorcair chldi'.

- 13 Tamall do bha e san t-shuain sin,
Air chùl bantrach nan dual cam;
Cheangail iad air dhealga gasta,
Falt an laoch an glaca chrann.
- 14 S' e sinn a chunnaig Mac Morna,
Air bhi dho na chodail fàil;
Gun raibh e fein 'n àite diambair,
'S gun iomradh air Fianntidh Phàil.
- 15 An sin do mhosgail Mac Morna,
'N castaigcamh a chodail trom;
Dhealaich an' tonn ris an ionmhar,
'S fhuil nach b' ionmhuinn sios ga bhonn.
- 16 Ruigh e 'n sin a mach géur leóinte,
Le misg chómhraig 's ghul gu géur;
'S dh' aithnich e co rinn an crá' dha,
'S truagh a tharladh dhùinn gu léir.
- 17 An deidh sugradh bhan na Feinne,
Chai' e 'n choillidh 's cho chéum deas;
Dhruid na dorsan gu teann cruai',
'S thug crionach air a ghuaill leis.
- 18 Do loisg e an sin an óigridh,
Dheanamh imtheachd nar bu dual;
'N tra lasamh gu druim an talla,
Dh' imich e gu grad gu h-uainh.
- 19 Suil do thug e thair a ghualain,
Deadh Mhac Chuthail nan ruag áigh;
Chunnaig e ceo talmbidh daite,
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair árd.
- 20 C' ait am bheil sibh fhear Fiann Eirann,
Freagradh a chaisamachd hanbh;
Nach fhaic sibh ceò talmbidh daite,
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair dhearg?
- 21 Thionail iad an leomhainn chatha,
'S gach Fiann a bha 'n sin r' ar linn;
Do chum teasarginn Tigh Teamhra',
Is a theanacas bantrach Fhinn.
- 22 Do bri' 'n dochais bh' aig na laoch,
A lúth an cos 's cho bhreith chlaon;
Leum gach air bar an sleaghe,
'S dh' fhaig iad Mac Reatha sa chaol. (fear)
- 23 'N nair rainig sinn taobh an talla,
'N deidh do 'n d' eug-bhail dol air cùl;
Chuir sinn ar druim ris an talla,
'S chaóinte leinn Garabh air thús.
- 24 'N sinn chruinich Fiann ail' Eirann,
'S shuidh iad air tulaich nan deur;
Gar mor an dí dhùinn air talla,
'S gun ni ann o 'n leauar é.
- 25 Chuir Fionn a mhear fui' dhéud fios,
Fhreagair cích am fios a fhuair,
Leanamh gu lua' fear ar falachd,
'S gheibhar leith Garabh san uigh.
- 26 'Thig thusa mach orsa Mac Chuthail,
A mhic Morna nan gníomh truagh;
Theid nam fuighinn 'm chuinge áraid,
Gun chead 'm anama iarraidh uait.'
- 27 Ghheibh thu sin d' atcheuinge áraid,
Do dh' aon ni am bhéid do shúil;
A h-cagmhais d' anama no h-iarra,
O 'n tharlaimh air na Fiantidh thu.
- 28 Mac-an loin thoirt an laimh Oseair,
Se sin 'm ath-chuinge gu grinn;
Is mo bhradh'd a chur an giorad,
Air druim sleiste gile Fhinn.
- 29 Thainig Garabh 'mach san uair sin,
A dh' fhuilang air son a ghò;
Air tí fhirian a chumail,
'S sinn a mio-run uile dho.
- 30 Dh' innis dhuinn gach ni mar tharla',
'S mara rinn na mnáith a león;
'S mar a sgrios e sios gu leir iad,
B' e sin dhuinne sgeul a bhróin.

¹ Ata tonn ris an ionmhar a ciallach gu do dhealaich
f holt agus a chraicean ra chlaigean nar a dhealaichas an
tonn re tìr, no mar a ruighas an t-uigse re bratha' mar
sin a ruigh fhuil o chorp.

- 31 Chrunnaich sinu Maitheadh na Feinne,
Air tulaich nan deur 's bu truagh;
Bu mhòr an geall leinn air Garabh,
Ar Triath 's air talla thoirt uainn.
- 32 'S iad clann Phàil Innse-teamhra,
Dh, fhuasgail na geasan gu grinn;
Fhuaradh sin gun iarraidh na the,
Ni uach truailleadh briathraibh Fhinn.
- 33 Chlathaich iad seachd troidhean do 'n talmhinn,
'S an tulaich ghluim os ar cionn;
'S thiodhlaic cas gheal Rì' Teamhra,
Seachd troidhean fù 'n talmhinn truim.
- 34 Shin e uaithe 'm bhraigaid sochridh,
'N ciric air a gnìomh a thoill;
'S ghearr an cloidheamh sud gu h-an-mhòr,
Is seachd troidhean do 'n talmhinn truim.
- 35 Leig aiteal a chuilg nimhe,
Fuil dhaite gu throidh gheal ùir;
'S bu luaithe na druc air dearn,
Chuislean gearrt oscionn a ghluin.
- 36 'N sin chruinich Fiannc àillidh Eirann,
Gu dubhach, dèurach, ro-thruagh;
Bu bheag an di leinne Garabh,
Ach ar Triath 's ar tall' thoirt uainn.
- 37 Labhair Mac Chuthail gu fìor-ghlic,
Cuma' chàint sin na tosd,
Oir cho 'n fhiaich ar glòir a h-ath-ra',
'S leòir dhuibh na th' agaibh do dh' ole.
- 38 Chlathaichadh uaigh do 'n fhear chalma,
'Se Mac Mornna nan gnìomh truagh;
Am fear a dh' fhaig sproich air chàirde,
Cuircadh e san talmhinn fhuar.

I. 21. GARABH. 148 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 131. Advocates' Library,
April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

IN this second version the scribe has polished his language or he has got better versions from other reciters. I give various readings. The rest of the lines are duplicates.—J. F. C.

THE DEATH OF GARY AND DESTRUCTION OF DUNSCAICH.

THE Story of this Poem is both dismal and tragical. Fingal at this period of his life resided in Dunscach, in the Isle of Sky, who and his Bands had landed one on the adjacent side upon the Continent for game, and left Gary, the son of Moirne, as a scout at home to watch the Fortress, Wives, and Children. Gary had disoblighd the Women in Fingal's absence, for which they watched an opportunity of being revenged.

Gary had lien upon his Bed, fell asleep and snored. The women crowded about him, and wove his hair upon stakes which they fixed in the Earth, and with great acclamation huzza'd three times, and alarmed Gary who left both hair and skin upon the stakes. He finding himself thus cruelly scalped and mocked by the women, had set the Fort on fire and sacrificed all that had been within to the flames, and flew into a distant Cave where he hid himself. Fingal, observing the Fortress of Dunscach on fire, alarmed his Bands in the chase, who soon assembled, and ran in full career towards the shore, and as many as wanted Boats to transport them is said to have leaped upon their spears over the sound, where one of them called Mac Rei was drowned, whereby the sound retains the name of Caol-Rei ever since.

At their arrival they saw the conflagration could not be extinguished, neither could they trace out who occasioned the misfortune. Fingal discerned the fact by his magic art which he performed (as traditionary related) by getting one of his Fingers into his mouth and chewing it to a joint, whereby he found out where the Traitor skulked. Gary was apprehended and sentenced to death after the manner he himself would chose, which was to be beheaded by Oscar upon the thigh of Fingal. Fingal's thigh was buried seven feet underground and Gary's head laid perpendicularly thereon and behead by Oscar: Fingal's thigh being desperately cut by the tremendous stroke of Oscar. This deplorable and lamentable accident and the destruction of Dunscach, intimidated greatly the Fingalians, who accompanied Fingal to Rhome or some distant King-

dom to get his thigh cured. At this Interim Cairbre the Usurper, supreme King of Ireland, used every means to get Oscar (and as many as remained at home under his command) overthrown in the Battle of Cathcava.

- 1 SHUIDRICH sinn air leoghain chatha,
Air feidh nam beann an cathain aigh.
- 2 Feidh nan glac a b' fhaigse laimh.
- 3 Mac Rìogh Miodhlán nan dual cam;
Mar eoin bhinn air barra chrann.
- 4 Ceud cuilein coileirich, ball-bhreac,
Ceud cruic labhrach nan teud binn;
Ceud laoch a dhithnich an-fha' inn,
Is ceud bean do bhantrachd Fhinn.
- 5 Ceud oigh bu ghrinn snuadh, is meur;
Ann 's gach iul mar lasair neul.
- 6 Ceud sligheach nan luthain cuimite,
'S ceud srian bulgach nan steud aigh.
- 7 Ceud cloidheamh le amait airgid,
Ceud sleagh creucach nam beum aigh;
Ceud crasach bu bhao' lach innairt,
Is ceud tuath rinn iomad àr.
- 8 Ar 'n or, ar 'n airgead ar 'n eiddidh,
Dh' fhaig sinn gu leir an bruth Fhinn,
- 9 Mhosgail gair na ban Mac Moirne,
Ann caisligidh a chodal trom;
Mar dhealcaichidh tonn ri ionmhar,
Bha fhuil nach b' ionmhuinn gu bhonn.
- 10 Dh' eigh an gaisgeach las a chomhradh,
Chlig a dhochas, dhóirt a chreuchd;
Dh' aithnich e co dhealbha a leon,
Bu truagh an gò, 's bu mhòr an sgeul.
- 11 An deidh sugradh ban na Feinne,
Ghluais an treun do 'n choill mu dheas;
Spin e gach crann mar a tharladh,
As an bun le ghabdein deas.
- 12 Chuir e teine ris an oigridh,
Dh' iomaradh ceol an teach nan duan;
Dh' imich an Garabh gu h-uaimh.
- 13 C' ait am bheil sibh Fhearad Eireann,
Cruinnichibh gu leir o 'n t-sealg;
Nach faic sibh co talmhuidh daite,
Tigh-teamhra' na lasair dhearg?
- 14 Fiannc nam flath air srath a ghliun;
22 'N deidh do 'n bhannal dol air cul;
Chuir sinn ar druim ris a bhanthan,
'S chaointe leinn gach ailleg ur.
- 23 Gun neach beo gu airis sgeil.
- 24 Theid na 'm fuighinn aitheuing araid,
Gun chad mo bhais iarraidh uait.
- 25 Ged' chuir u àbhachd air cul;
- 26 Thainig Garabh mor Mac Taige,
- 27 Dh' airis dhuinn gach ni mar tharladh,
Mar a rinn na rana' a leon;
A loisg e mar lasair Beinn-Aula,
B' iomad iolach ann, is bron.
- 28 Threachail iad 's ole ann san talmhainn,
- 29 Shin e uaithe bhraghad dhocair.
An ciric air an ole a rinn;
- 30 Air an tulaich dheurach thruagh;
- 31 Cumadh ar 'n innseadh na tosd;
Oir cho 'n fhiaich ar glòir a taghairt.

O. 8. LOSGADH FARMAIL. 108 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 36. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 20, 1872.

THIS is a very interesting sample. The first part is a version of the same ballad which Fletcher, Kennedy, and other collectors found; the latter part is 'Ossianic,' and quite different in every respect. It was got in Mac Pherson's country 48 years after he had begun to publish Ossian, and one year after the publication of his Gaelic originals.

- 1 LA chaidh Fionn a shealg le Fhiannaibh,
Gu strath Ghuirne an Inse-fail,
Chuir e air na longaibh glasa,
Feidh nam beann a b' fhaigse dha.
- 2 Dh' fhaig iad Gairi Mac Morna,
Na shineadh ann an leaba ùir;
Luidh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,
'S a cheann fò 'n bhrat chosgarna ehun.
- 3 Dh' fhaig iad aogas nan corn buadhach,
Aig oigridh shuairce nan cul seimh,
Teudan shinneidh, Gaoth ro ghlinne,
Mar coin chùin air bharr nan crann,
- 4 Cinn comhairle air bheag ceille,
An lo sin aig Banrigh Fhinn;
Cheangail si le dealgaibh gasda,
Falt an laoiach an glacaibh chrann,
- 5 Thug e turrag 's turrag cile,
'S e ag taomachadh nan deur
Dhealach an t-sonn ris a chearral,
Folt an laoiach, bu dearg a chre.
- 6 'S ann air guallinn bein a Feinne,
Ghluais an Gallan air cheum deas;
Dhùn gach dorus mar a thuir e
An creann beag aig a ghuallinn leis.
- 7 Sul gu 'n tug e thar a' chuan null,
Deagh Mhac Cumhail nan gruidh dearg,
Mhothaich e ceo talma daite,
De thigh Fharmail is lasair ard.
- 8 Druidibh leam a leomhna gasda,
Mheud 's a tha sibh ri m' linn;
Gabhaidh sid mar chuis anama,
'S feuch an teir sibh bantrach Fhinn.
- 9 Aig meud an dochais bh' aig na Laochan.
As an sleaghan gan bhi claoch;
Leum gach fear air bar chrano sleagha,
Chaill iad mac Reagha sa' chaoil,
- 10 Mu 'n d' thainig iad am baile
'S ann bh' an talla air dol gu cul,
Chur Fionn a dhruim ris a bhalla
Is chaoite leis Gairi an tus.
- 11 Mheud 's a chaidh losgadh san teach ud,
Cha bu dualach dhoibh bhi buan;
Bha ceud faighne, ceud cota seang ann,
Ceud srian bhulach nan each ard.
- 12 Bha ceud diollaid 'n deidh òra ann
'S ceud leabaidh chòir nan crann;
'S ceud brat uaineach atach,
A sheoladh gaoth air ghataibh chrann.
- 13 Bha ceud rimhinn bu ghrinne mear ann,
Deich ceud bean 's Banrigh Fhinn;
Bha se ceud Muirne nan se ceud mac ann
Nach d' fhuair urram an teach no 'n ti.
Bha ceud laoch fò bhrat seang ann,
A chosgadh feirg ann arnadh stri.
- 14 Chuir Fionn a mheur fò dheudh fios,
Gabhsa m' an fhios a fhuair,
Leinnibh iorg fir an fhlochach,
'S gheibh sibh Gairi anns an namhaidh.
- 15 Teann a muigh a sin a Ghairi?
Dheagh Mhic Morna nan cleas truagh,
Mach a so cha teid mi 'n tra so,
Gun m' achiuinich araidh fhaotainn aith.
- 16 Achiuinich t-anama na b-iarr i,
O 'n tharladh air na Fiannaibh tu;
Achiuinich tha mi sìreach,
'S cha 'n e m' anam a leagadh leam,
Ach Mac an Luinn chuir an laimh Oseair,
'S bhi coisgairt diom a chinn.
- 17 Mo bhragad a chur an giorraid,
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn;
Cladhaichibh seachd troidhean dhomhsa
San tulaich ghorm sin os 'nr ceann?
- 18 'S adhlacibh mo chas le tethail,
Fò fhoid ghlaiss na talmhainn truim;
Nuair ghearr an claidheam a' chloch,
'S na seachd troidhean os a cinn.
Chuir faitel a' chuilg nimhe,
Fuil daithie gu troidhean Fhinn.

- 19 'S daor an ceannach ort a Ghairi,
Ar mnaì 's ar talla thoirt diun;
Dh' fhaig thu Fionn gun bhean gun Tearmun,
'S cha do choisinn thu g' a chionn.
- 20 A Mhalmhin, 's truagh an sgeul,
Braig soluis fò bhraid a noch;
Bha li mar chanach air gruaigh.
'S a deud mar gheal stagh an slochd.
Da shuil mar reultan soille,
Do fhear turuis an oidheche duachnì.
- 21 'Sa folt a' tearnadh mar chrann fò bhlath,
'S an taile gu seamh ga luasgadh;
Bu chuin, suairce soimhe re dh' fhas,
Guth a beoil mar theud a' bhaird;
Aoidh mar bhrat Loinn ga chomhdach,
'S a gnais mar ghrian an lo do 'n ann.
- 22 Och nan och 's ernaidh am beam ud,
Ruleni dh' fhalbh le cach;
Bha maise mar dhealradh na greine,
Bha ceum gu h-aighantach ard.
- 23 Bra gile co chuma ri comhra,
An tuisge an col an greis no 'n dan:
'A Mhalmhin is cuimhne lentsa,
Beus nam bannal,
Tionnaich an deur,
Scian ri leanaill.
Mo ghnuisse tha cruaidh mar chlach,
Mo shuil cha tiormaich gu fras.
Mo chridhe dh' fhas cruaidh mar chullin,
Cha bluris e ged aom an tuite.'

(IRVINE'S NOTE).—From Charles Robertson, Loch Tay-side, who learned it 18 years ago from Helen Mac Lenan, his grandmother. In presence of Mr. Macdonald, Minister of Fortingale, Manse of Fortingale, 24th November, 1808.

P. 7. LOSGADH TIOGH FARALA, 'US GUN A 'N FHEINN AIG A BHAILE. 72 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 57. Advocates' Library, Feb. 21, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This is a very curious sample of the decay of tradition in the hands of scribes. Here are two distinct metrical stories:—The Death of Goll, and the Death of Garaidh, his brother, run into one short prose story, in which lines of the ballads occur in sentences. The language is good Gaelic, written by an educated man, in Mull, about 1800. But, in 1871, an uneducated man, aged 87, repeated the Burning of the House and the Death of the Women to me, and told the story as it was written by Kennedy and Fletcher, about 1774.

DHALBH an Fheinn latha don Bheinn th' sl' n' agus th' seilga mar bu ghnath leo. Agus dh' fhàg iad Goll a gleidhidh nan Ban. Bha Goll fuirdh thromadas, agus fuirdh ainsleol, Leag e cheann air Glun a mhna, agus thuit e na chadil, leig a bhean a cheann air lùr, agus si chomhairle chinn aien fein, agus aig càch gun ceangladh iad gach dual da fhalt re cipeanibh air an sparradh anns talamh. 'N sin thug na mnathan Gaoir chath asd' le 'm basibh gam buaidh air a cheila.

Mhosgul Goll ann an teas feirge. Ghlaiss e 'n dorus air na mnathibh 'us chuir e 'n tigh re theina orra, ach gun d' fhuair eon na dha dhiubh nach us b' ann do 'n airmh a thuir as bean Ghuill. Nuair a chunna Goll gun deach an tigh re theina us gun do loisgidh na mnathan, theich e agus dh' fholuich se e fein ann a uadhich.

Air sealltainn do chuid do 'n Fheinn faich-dar Tiogh Farala re theimich.

Thug gach aon re astar, agus ghabh iad ri sinbhal. Rinn ad iad fein cinntich, gun danig namhid eigin air Goll. Rinn iad sealg mhòr aobh-ach longanantach. O m' bu Dorn-dhearg Lach 'us O m' bu cheann dearg Cù, 'us o m' bu trom callach Gille. A fear bu mhoille se bu diom-buiche. Thanig iad gu taobh chaoil-rathain, 'us leum gach fear air cheann a shleghe, 'us chaillidh Mac Rathin sa chaoil. Stad na fois cha d' rinn iad gus an d' rang iad. Dh' fhiosruich iad do na mnathibh ciod e chuir an Tiogh re theine. Dh' innis iad gur e Goll a rinn e. Bha 'n Fheinn fui' throm fheirg an aghaidh Ghuill, th' suich iad cuirt agus thugadh binn bais a mach na aghich.

Ach bha iad fui' eagal gun dugadh e Seros air moran dhu. Se chomhairle chunnachdas doibh gun cumadh iad e ann am prìosan gus am biodh e air ananachidh, a dhi bi agus dhiba. Bha orda teann o 'n Fheinn gu cuirte gu bas neach sam bith a bheiridh dha biadh na deoch. Bha

This last part is quite different.

e la 'n sin sa phriosan, agus bha bhean maille ris, agus thubhairt e. 'Tha mi ro lag an diugh. O! mo Dhunaich a thanig orna ghràidh do na fearibh, us gun a chroidh agam nì sam bith a dheanamh dod chomh-nadh, ach a ghràidh nan deobhlà tu mo chiochan, cha deobhail ars eisan. Carson ars ise. Tha ars eisan gu rabh mi lès sin a dheanamh mar a h-iarraidh tu e. Ach a nois cha 'n fhaod mi do bhri' gun do chuir mo mhùine mi fui' mhionnabh gun aon nì dh' iarradh Bean orm a dheanamh.

Mata ghràidh ars ise mar a bhios tusa marbh, tha mi cinntich nach leig an Fhlein leanas gun fhear eila phosadh, agus bu mhianm leam fios fhashtan uatsa co fear a Luidheasicha tu dhamh ann ad aite. Se 'n fear a dh' iaras mis ort a phosadh. Aodh cas machd na Caillich. O! ars ise na Leiga nì math gu sinnsa mo thaobh ri Aodh cas machd na Caillich ann an aite do ghlaichda Geala.

P. 9. ATHCHUING GHUILL. 24 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 64. Advocates' Library, February 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS is the sequel to the prose story, with one verse of the ballad in it.

Air teachd do 'n la sin anns an rabh Goll re chuir gu bas, Thugadh a mach e chum a mhillidh. Bha e mar Lagh aig an Fhianm, gu fuaidhich gach mach a chuirte gu bas an raoghinn athcheing. A reir an Lagh sa bha Goll re achuinge fein iarruidh agus fhaotinn a reir an Lagha sin.

Mae an Luin a thoirt do dh' Oscar
Achanieh a dh' iaras mi,
'S mo Bhraghaid a chur an giorrd,
Air bun sleisde gile Fhinn.

B' e nìriada bha ann run Ghuill; sa bha gu tachirt ann an Lorg na h-achanichs, gu 'n caillidh Fionn an t-sliasaid, agus a chas do bhri nach d' fhaig Oscar fuighill buille rianh.

Ach se chomhairle chunnachdas dhoibh gun cuircadh iad naoi Daoldairin do Leather-liath, agus naoi brebain do dh' Iarum Tùr fuidh anhnich Ghuill, agus air muin sliasaid Fhinn. Thugadh cleidheamh Fhinn, ga 'm b' ainn Mae an Luin an Laimh Oscar, Bhuail e Bhuile, agus leis a bhuile sin fein chuir e 'n ceann do Gholl, ghear e 'n Leatherach, san t-Iarum us dh' fhuilich e air sliasaid Fhinn.

THE CATASTROPHE.

THE BATTLE OF GABHRA, AND DEATH OF OSCAR.

A. 29. C. 4. D. 26. G. 3. H. 29. I. 22. J. 8. K. 3. L. 7. M. 19. 20. N. 6. O. 13. V. 17. X. 12. Y. Z. 6. 7. 8. 45. &c.

I HAVE more than twenty large fragments of versions of this old Ballad, collected in Scotland, from Caithness to Dumfries, Lismore, and Centaire; between 1512 and 1871. Many people sing it still in the Islands, and the Story is widely known to the uneducated Gaelic population. Kennedy tells it in his quaint English. A few words and phrases show that even he was affected by the Ossianic epidemic of his time, but the main story, which everybody knows now, is told in all versions of the Gaelic Ballads. A great many Irish manuscripts, of last century, contain versions of this Poem. Part of it, certainly, is as old as 1512, and I believe that it was traditionally recited long before part of it was written in Lismore, by Dean Mac Gregor, in the reign of Harry the Eighth. The poem is not known in any older writing so far as I can discover. In 1853, the Dublin Ossianic Society began the Fenian Story with this Catastrophe. A first volume, of 161 pages, tells the story of the last Fenian battle.

About 1763, Mac Pherson put the story of Oscar's death into the first book of Temora, but he so changed the story, and the manner of telling it, as to make the Epic his own. English readers could not believe in a second Gaelic Epic, and would not believe in 'Ossian.' Irish scholars were driven to despair: they held the battle to be historical. The Book of Leinster, 1130, contains a short poem, ascribed to Ossin, which mentions the battle. Gabhra is close to Dublin; Teanmhra is Tara, the seat of Irish High Kings; Almhain is not Alba (Scotland), but the Hill of Allen. That pestilent Scotchman had shaken the whole system; to make Caledonian Epics with fragments of the ruin which he made. To smash Stonehenge and build a Parthenon; to hew modern antiquities out of the Elgin Marbles; to paint pictures by Zeuxis upon Raffael's Cartoons; or to write Cuneiform

Inscriptions on the Book of Kells, could hardly afflict antiquaries more than the publications of Mac Pherson. A comparison of Kennedy's 'Arguments,' now printed, with Mac Pherson's Arguments of 1762-3, shows the havoc which was made of Scotch Traditions which still survive. At least fourteen Scotch Collectors, who are quoted in this volume, had versions of this Story, which correspond with each other, and to Irish versions; they are all condemned as 'spurious,' and they were left unnoticed in their drawer; while the 'Ossianic controversy' went wrangling on over one Gaelic manuscript, written by Mac Pherson, revised after his death, and printed as the original of 'Ossian's Poems.'

These are facts, and readers of this volume can form opinions for themselves.

I cannot find room for twenty versions of one ballad, which filled a whole Irish volume. I reprint the oldest version from 'the Book of the Dean of Lismore,' beside other versions selected from unpublished manuscripts, with references to the rest. All are versions of one Gaelic Poem, none are versions of 'Temora.'

Only five of the Heroes are in this ballad: Fionn, Fergus, Raoidhne, Oisein and Oscar. The Clanna Morna are out of the Story. Garradh and Goll were slain in their ballads, which I have placed above, in Kennedy's order.

I have nothing about Conan, but no doubt his end was described. Caoireal and Diarmaid were slain in their ballads. I have no account of the end of Caoile and Faolan.

Seven are out of the Scotch version of the Battle of Gabhra.

Oscar the eighth and Raoidhne the ninth are slain in this ballad. There remain at the end, Fionn and two of his sons, Fergus the Bard, who tells him the Story, and Oisein, who tells the whole to Padruig on the Mound of Tears, long after the Feinne have passed away.

A. 29. CATH ZAWRYCH. 232 lines.

A HOUDIE SO SEISS ALLAN M'ROYRE.

THIS I believe to be the oldest written version of this ballad known. I do not believe that Allan Mac Royre made it. I believe that he said it. Lines and verses and long passages and the story can be identified in all later versions known to me.

- 1 MOR in nochd my chow feyn
A halgin a ta zim rair
Re smeinten a chaa chroy
Huggenir is carbruth cranroy
- 2 A maksen chormik ochennui
Merga in neyn harlyth fa chung
Reith gin chass vin chaath
Di churri ris gin zrane royth loe
- 3 Kailswn gith ollith fame
Hwnni inni is clanni keive chwnn
Guss wyve sen charbre roye
Nir smeine seine olk na anweine
- 4 Di chan carbruth ranyth loyeth
Agus di be in nellith chroye
Gir bar less twttwm er mygh
Agus in nane la cheille
- 5 Nassyth reithre wea vir
Agus in nane a weith er nerrin
Di chan barrin gi prap
Cwneich mawkre agis art
- 6 Fir sinsir huttwm in sin
Di wreith fellith ni faynith
Cwneich a gessith chroye
Is ewneich in non oywir
- 7 Is nach reym cogeith rame linni
Ach na hoggeith rakkowle
Ba corle elonni cwne
Agus earbre a lay trome
- 8 Ead feyne a hawrt dar ginni
Agus sinni di zochin
Gow marreith na zey weyeg
Is gin nane a weith in nalwin
- 9 Is weadeist baiss fa zoem
Tra nach bedeis in mir zloe
Hug sen gi feich fergiegh
In cathin cacht zawraa

- 10 Di hut in nane bonni ri bonni
Is reithre olsa errin
Ne roygħ a nynca nor
Gow fodleith carra in doythin
- 11 In reith nach roygħ far smacht
Rar linni gwss a chaa sen a halgin.
O churra an sen r nar ner
Zoive rwneni keiss na kayn
- 12 Is ne roye ag dwn keith rwn
Ach far gwde di zea nerrin
Ymmi er fey in doyn worro
Nach lar wey in dey in tloye
- 13 Ni fonyeith la er lai
A hnttym la ny cheillith
Da deg feith awlwarreith in seu
Orrew in nerrin eazlyn
- 14 Ossin ered a zaneith finni
Agus ersemi far nerrin
Er a lave a cleyre chaye
Ne royth si vanve vane
- 15 Beggane di leichre erse
Agus ogre gin darve
Ga bea reith heysyth in sin
Zoive sai fodleith in nasgeith
- 16 Gin cath gin nirril gin dawg
Gin none gin achassen
Churr sin ir techta sor
Gow faa mayk v^e conni
- 17 Di hoith orrin nar genni
Di zowell reithreith errin
Mor in tysin dynith
Orweith a reith taureith fa mo torm
- 18 Twlleith owyr a tug
Gow dul di warwa er ollea
Ossin innis doive skail
Nor chorew in nirril trane
- 19 Nor hutyth di waksi si chaa
Na drwg tow er er lawryth
Oskin mi vee osgir aye
Hanyth miss er curreith in nar a
- 20 Id tanik keilyth er sen
Oskir a hechthir clynni
Hanik in roze boa zar weane
Woskin in garriith dyth feyn
- 21 Drong roe lawrrit or sin
Is weith drong ellith gin arayn
A cleyrreith na baichil bane
Ga bea zeith chewith in toyr
- 22 Byth vor in troye rar lin
Olsa errin di hwtim
Ymmeith caithraa codeith keive
Ymmi loereith heith her
- 23 Ymmeith skaith harsi si wygh
Agus a trea gin armin
Cha dewith sin din tloyg
Mirri baale er in roygħ boye
- 24 Cha dwg sin lynni ass a chaa
Ach feve reith na ardlacht
Sanni a hor mo mi wag feyn
Na lea er a wllin claa
- 25 Is skaa nawriss er in layr
Agus a lanni na zess lawe
Donnwl allith er gith
Lea dea er bley a looreicha
- 26 Leggw m eryl mi ley re lar
Is di bi rymis oss a chinni tawe
Sminum a healgin er sin
Cred a zanvin na zeye
- 27 Di hillith osgir rwmsthyt soss
Agus bi lor lam a chross
Di hein a hwggm a laave
Er wayn er ym choaaili
- 28 Di zoyve may lawe mi vec feyn
Is dyth hoeis ranyth crea
Is aon tw sin a lea
Char churreis caiss sin teil
- 29 Hurrt rwmsthyt mi wak
Farryth agus a nar armyth
A woe riss ni dwllw sin
Di wesith slane a aythir
- 30 Ne zawnsthyt zowsytht gaeth
Ne roe aggw m frogreith zoe
Gin danik keilt wosin
Huggin a zeyzin oskir
- 31 A dowirt mak ronane in nawe
Ach keynis tazes a zrawg
A tame er oskir mir is dlee
Dul a gowar seil awzoive
- 32 Crachte sley carbre roye
Fa ymlin oskir armroye
Lawe cheilt ga wllin
Doe reach in grachte nyth sley
- 33 Sirris keilta a knee er choyr
Id toyr a inni na zoe
It toyr a zrwme crechit kyn
Er a zerre din zorley
- 34 Skreddis makronane sin
Agus tattis gow talwin
Id dowirt keilyth ym meille trane
Er weith zoe er trole in dyvenail
- 35 Feirane sen a oskir aile
A skarris ranyth wane
Is skar raa caath ra fyynn
Bae in keiss ag seil mor chwne
- 36 Gerrit a weith zone mir sin
A vec alpin a chlerich
Gi waka a huggin wo nar
Ne roye hoca zaneu phail
- 37 Feichit keaid zonyth mir sin
Eddr ogre is arse
Ne roowe dwne slane dew sin
Aggin din neychit cadsin
- 38 Ach fer ix gonni gi reive
Fath low ag gin di chreacaw
Togmir in tosgir arne
Er chrannew sley in nardew
- 39 Bermoyne gu tullych zlin
Dyth howirt dea a heydyth
Lead nyth bossyth zane chorp
Cha roye slane wo na alt
- 40 Na gi ryg a wonyth lar
Ach a ygh na hynirane
In nyth sin dwn sin naar
Geillingua churp gow laa
- 41 Gir hogsin clan v^e ne finni
Er chnokew ard ewin
Neyr choneith neach a v^e fen
Nir chein a wrar fa zeyth
- 42 Re fegsin me vecsi mir sin
Kaach wlyth a kentyth oskir
Gerrit a wee zown mir sin
Er curryth in a churp cheive zil
- 43 Gow waka chuggin fa nona
Fin m'kowle vie tranewor
Gow dugsidir annsyth nar
Drane boe di zaneu phal
- 44 Er fyall clynni boissni neyr
Fa chassil chroo sin nirril
Di bi roye backeith ni werri
Agn skranil ni meillyth
- 45 Gow vaggi sin verga finni
Re cranni sley voss er gin
Hugsaid huggin assin nar
Dl hug sin na goail
- 46 Di vannych sinn ullyth zinni
Agis char reggi a sinni
Dulli er in tullych na rane
Far in rowe oskir aruzar
- 47 Nor a wowyth oskir finni
Er tocht daa voss a chinni
Togissa nye neachla
Is bannythchis da hanathir

- 48 Id dowirt in tosgir in sin
Re m'murnaith sin nor sin
Mi chin fest riss in naik
Er haggin a inni armzar
- 49 Troyg a oskir arne
A zey v^e mo v^e syth fen
Miss er a zey is fanne
Is er dye fane errin
- 50 Mallych art in r gym moye
Sai sa dwe tanyth reym loyith
Di leon a orrwu a her
Na gi reach ma in noencith
- 51 Slane wome a zirril is di zawe
Slane di gi keiss di hoikwail
Slane di gi math woyu in nossu
Ach ne wayu zin chomso
- 52 Re clastin kelwein nyth finni
A arrwu a hosgir zi ling
Di hein a woa in dai lawe
Is di zca a rosga rinwlaa
- 53 Di hynta finni runna a chwle
Di hilla deam gow dour
Ach fa osgir is fa wranna
Cha drin sai dar er talvin
- 54 Ach missi wane agis fin
Ne royve a zayn woss a chin
Hng ait tree zayryth sin noyr
A class fa errin awoyr
- 55 Coyk fichtit kead x
Is deich kead er in goayrren zin fen
Wa din nam marve er a wygh
Gyn nane dwn za essen
- 56 A zaa urdill sin is ne goe
Is reith errin skail fa moe
Wa marve er in teive ellith
Di loyg errin armylin
- 57 Neyn roye finni swllor na saive
O hen gow hyig a wass
Woyu noossin ne fur da less
Reithre wea zi werrin
- 58 Woyu chath sen cath zayryth
Noch cha drone ma tin nawryth
Cha rowe in oor roea na loo
Nar leg maa ossni lan wor
Mor noch.

A. 30. CATH ZAWRYCH. 53 lines.

A HODDIE SO FARRIS FILLI.

THIS answers to Kennedy's 2nd part, and is very like it. It is not composed by Farris Filli. A character in the story questions him, and he answers. It is his speech as much as the speeches spoken by Celts, in Tacitus.

- 1 INNIS donna a earris
Ille feynni errin
Kynis tarle zevin
In gath zawrych ni beymin
- 2 Ne math v^e kowle
Mo skael o chath zawrich
Cha warr oskyr invin
Hug mor coskir calm
- 3 Cha warr seachta vec keilt
Na gasre fean alwe
Di hut oyk ni feani
Inn in eadyth arryeh
- 4 Di marwe m'lowith
Si vi mek sin tathryth
Di hut oyk ni halvin
Di marwa feyn brettin
- 5 Di hut m^e re lochlin
Fa linyth veith chonyth
Bi chre fuell farri
Bi lawe chalma in gonyth
- 6 Innis doif a ille
M^e mo vec is marrwru
Kynis di we oskyr
Scolta ni gathwarri

- 7 Bi zekkir a innis
Di bi vor in nobbir
Ne royve marve sin gath sen
Hut la armow oskyr
- 8 Ne loyth ess oyvin
Na seaywok re eltow
Na re vwnni sroyth
Na oskyr sin gath sin
- 9 Weith say ma zerru
Mir willith ra trane zeith
Na mir chranu voass ewee
Si wew gi a nanetee
- 10 Hug oskyr na chonew
Mir harwe twuni traa
Mir chonnik sen carbre
Di chraa in tlye hantych
- 11 Gir chur treith a chinbir
Gir bea in couva cadna
Ner impoo sin oskyr
Gin dranyth re errin
- 12 Gin dug beym gin deichill
Gir zoichin ay garlyn
Bollis art mac carbre
Er in darna bull
- 13 Is mi ferris filli
Dar hwil gych innis
Troyg er essni feynith
My skeall re innis.
Innis.

G. 3. BAS OSGAIR. 154 lines.

Copied, 1872, by John Dewen, from a manuscript by Mac Diarmaid, 1762-1769.

June 27, 1872. Compared with Gillies, p. 313. This has 38 verses; Gillies, 64. It is not a copy because of the orthography. The verses follow in their order, so that the story remains the same, but various readings occur, e.g. 19, 32, 35, which are worth notice. This contains the Introduction, which is commonly repeated with the ballad now, but which is very difficult to explain. See version in Vol. iii. 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands.' 1862. Y.

BAS OSGAIR,

Or the Death of Osgar, the son of Ossian, and grandson of Fian Macull.

Copied from a manuscript wrote by Eowan Mac Diarmaid in the year 1762, & in possession of Mr. John Shaw, miller, Kenlochraich, in the year 1872.

- 1 CRO 'n abair mi mo thriath re m cheol,
G a b' oil le Oissin a nochd,
Osgar & Cairbre calma
Fraothadar uille neath Ghauradh.
- 2 Ni sleagh nimhe is i n laimh Chairbre,
Go n croithe i re uair feirge
Theircadh am Fiadhach re goimh
Gur ann leadha mbairbhte Osgar.
- 3 'S misseadh heireadh e ris fein,
Am Fiadhach dubh ma mbicheil.
A chuig fhear a tha sibh ma 'n chlar¹
Ach suil fir a bhi ga thachda.
- 4 Dh' fharaid sinne a Rath gun cheil
Com an tachda air suil fein,
Go de a ghoinh a h air air Rosg,
Nuair a chaonamaid a chaol Reachda.
- 5 Gaoraidh am fiadhach moch a maireach
Air a ghruaidhsa ann san aroich
Ach gus an taining an 'nuagh
An fhaobh sin cho bolc a-hinneal,²
- 6 A Bhaobh anidheas an teudach
Deansa dhuinne faisneachd choudna
A tuit aon duine diubh linn
Na 'n deid sin uille neimhne
- 7 Marbhair leatsa cuid ceud,
Is godhnar leat an Rìogh fein.
Araon sa 'm fear lagh a dheth
Air saoghal uille go 'n thainig,

¹ About the table.² Beauty.

- 8 Na cluineadh e thu Rosg mac Ruaidh
Na duine bhuine ga shluagh
Na 'n cluineadh an Fhian thu nochd
Ma 'm bi sinn uile go meirsneach.

These eight verses correspond nearly to Gillies' nine.

19 in Gillies. Various.

- 9 Tomalaid³ Cinn gun iomalaid Choin,
Beng corach sud iarruidh oirn
Se fath⁴ ma 'n iarruidh tu sinn
Sinne bli gun Fhian gun Athair,
10 Ga do bhithe an Fhian is t-Athair
'A là ab fearr bha iad na 'm Beatha
Cha buileoir⁵ leamsa re 'm linn⁶
Gach siod a dhiarruinn ga m faghain
11 Na 'm biodh an Fhian agus m-Athair
'N là 'b fearr bha iad na 'n leath bheatha,
Stann air am faghaidh tu 'n sin,
Aon leud do throighe ann Eirinn.

24 in Gillies.

- 12 Briathar buan sin,⁷ briathar buan,
A Bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,
Go 'n cuireadh e sleagh na 'n seachd siong
Eidir aradh agus Tomlag.
13 Briathar eille na aghaidh sin
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle chalma,
Go 'n cuireadh e sleagh na naodh siong,
Ma chumadh fhuilt agus Eidin.
14 'N oidhe sin dhuine go Lù
Mar re mnaoi Teineadh comh-ol,
Part of 22 Gillies.
Briathar garga leath mar leath
Eidir Cairbre agus Osgar.

26 in Gillies.

- 15 Briathar buan sin, briathar buan
A Bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,
Go 'n tugadh e sealg is Creach⁸
A h-Albuinn an la air na marach. (mharach)

27 in Gillies.

- 16 Briathar eille na aghaidh sin
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle chalma
Go 'n tugadh e Sealg is Creach
Do Dh' Albuinn an la air na mharach.

30 in Gillies.

- 17 Dh eirg sinn an la air na mharach
Agus air Sluagh bilidh, badhach,
Thogadh linn a h-Eirinn Creach.
Da Chreigh-dheug as gach Coig-dhìbh.⁹
18 Nuair a ranaig sinn ann,
Bealach¹⁰ cumhaing ann Caol ghleann,
Lann a bhiodh an Cairbre glan,
A Lona maireachd a teachd nar Comhail.

- 19 Cuig fìchid Albannach ard,
Than tharr muir echairginigh ghairbh,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

- 20 Cuig fìchid fear Chloidheamh ghlaish,
Nach deach aon eheim riamh air aish
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

- 21 Cuig fìchid fear bogha
A thainig oirne nar comhair,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

- 22 Cuig fìchid fear feachdaidh,¹¹
Thainig oirne a tìr an t-sneachdaidh,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

- 23 Cuig fìchid Cairbre ruadh,
Thainig no mhaithibh an t-sluaigh,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

- 24 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbre ruadh,
Osgar a snaithe an t-sluaigh
An t-sleagh nimhe bha ma laimh
Go 'n do leige sin na Chomhail.

- 25 Thuit Osgar air a ghlan deas
'Sa 'n t-sleagh nimhe roimh a chneas
Go 'n chuir e sleagh na naodh siong
Ma chumadh Uilt agus Eidin.

- 26 Eirigh Art is glac do Chloidheamh,
Is seasamh aite t-Athar,
'S ma thig thu beo n' na cathaibh,
Go ma Rìogh rath thu air Eirinn.

- 27 Thug e urechair eile a nairde
Air leinn bu leoir a hairde
Leagadh leis le moud a chhimeas
Art mac Chairbre air an ath urechair.

- 28 Chuir iad Crùn an Rìogh ma cheap.
Los go buidhntie leo an Larnach,
Thog e leachdag chonard chruaidh
Bhar na Talmhuin taobh ruaidh,
Bhris e Crùn an Rìogh man Cheap
Gnìomh ma dheireadh mo dheagh mhic.

- 29 Togaibh libh mi noise Fhiannaibh
Cho do thog sibh roimh riamh mi,
Togaibh mi go Tulloch ghlain,
Ach go 'm buin sibh dhìom an t-eudach.

- 30 Marbhaig ort a mhic na buaidh
Nì thu brengau dhuinn an darna h-uair
Loingeas mo shean-Athar a h-ann
'S iad a teachd le Cobhair thu gainn

- 31 Bheannuigh sinn uile do Dh Fhian
Ga ta eha do bheannuigh Dhuinn,
Gus an daing e Tulloch na 'n deur,
Far an raibh Osgar arm gheur.

- 32 'S misseadh mhic a bhiodh tu dheth,
Latha Catha Dun-Dealagan,
Namha na curthan roimh d'chneas,
'Si mo Làmhse rinn do leighneas.

- 33 Mo Leighneas cha neil e m-fath,¹²
Cha mho dheantar e go bràth,
Chur Cairbre sleagh na 'n seachd siong
Eidir m' aradh agus m' iomlag.

- 34 Chuir mise sleagh na 'naodh siong
Ma chumadh fhuilt agus Eudain
'S na 'n ruige mo Dhuirn a chneas,
Cho deanadh aon Leigh a leighneas.

- 35 'S misseadh Mhic a bhiodh tu dheth
Latha Cath Bhein Eudain
Namhadh na feidh roimh do chneas
Si mo laimhse rinn do Leighneas.

- 36 Mo leighneas eha n eil e 'm fath,
Cha mo dheantar e go brath,
Goinn an Donaigh am thaobh dheas,
'S¹³ dorriede do Leigh mo Leighneas.

- 37 Mo Laogh fein thu Laogh mo Laoigh,
Leanabh mo Leanabh Ghil chaoimh,
Mo chroidhe leimnigh¹⁴ mar Lon,¹⁵
Go la bhrath cha 'n eirigh Osgar.

- 38 Cha do chuir Fian dheth crìth no grainn
O làtha sinn go latha bhrath,
Cha ghabhadh is eho b fearra leis,
Ach Trian do 'n bheatha ga'd abrain

¹² Being or Existence.

¹³ w¹ more difficulty.

¹⁴ Leaping.

¹⁵ Eilk.

D. 26. CATH GHABHRA NAN BEUMAMANIN. 166 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 11, 1872.

This is a genuine fragmentary version; all its verses are elsewhere, with slight variations. These sometimes explain obscurities, e.g. It seems in most versions that a great number of Cairbres were slain. A genitive, in verse 21, makes the line mean 'seven score of (the people of) Cairbre rusidh.' This version is equivalent to Ken-

³ Exchange. ⁴ Reason. ⁵ Not too much.

⁶ Time.

⁷ An oath.

⁸ Booty.

⁹ Province.

¹⁰ A passage.

¹¹ Man of War.

nedy's First and Third Parts. The only additions that I can see are the two last words 'An Albin' = in Scotland. The battle was in Ireland, and they carried Oscar on spears to Fionn's House, which therefore was not in Scotland, but at Almhun, which is near the field of battle.

- 1 SMULLADICH mi 'n deigh Chaoilte
'S nach marthion Luchd mo cho-aois
Lion mi lan Gallair as Goirt
An Tim scarichdin ri 'm Choilte
- 2 Be Caoilte mo Choilte ceart
San do dhimirin Buar as Brat
Be Caoilte mo Leth-chuir Chatha
Ri Hardan na ri haoin Athigh
- 3 Thainig 'n Cairbrigh tabhlich lagg
Ghlachda leis Erin fo Smachd
Chuir Fios cirne gu Teibhridh
Gar 'n immirbhuidh mach e Hallabhi
Dhianibh griobh ba dallach lein
Dhol a bhuintin din air Tighearnais
- 4 Fhregair shinne an Curidh dana
A lion uille do na bha shin
Cha roibh shinne 'dhecin ann uille
Na choisne dhuin am bith buidh
- 5 Air an Rathid ghle-ghael chleibhdich
Oichd Fiochid deug deo Mharcich
Huair shin Onnoir huair shin Biadh
Mar a huair shin roidh riabh
Bha sinn gu subhlich a steach
Cubhl as Cairbra san Teairdh
- 6 An La ma dheridh don Oil
Huirt an Cairbra na Ghuth mor
Imlait Cinn Sleigh a bail leam uaitse
Oscar dhuin e Hallabhi
- 7 Ciod an Imlait Cinn bhig ort
A Chairbra ruaigh nan Long-phort
'S gur leat mi fein as mo Tshleigh
An Tim Catha na Coibhrig
- 8 Cha buillair leom Cios na Cain
Na aoin Sheoid a bhig nar Tir
Cha buillair leom rim Lann a bhos
Gach sheoid a Ghiarin gun faithin
- 9 Cha neil Oir na Farras gu fior
A dhairigh oirne an Riodh
Gun Tair gun Tailceas duin dheth
Nach bu leatsa a Thighearnas
- 10 Cha buillair liom Imlait Cinn
Cha 'n aidichin Caoichlaigh Croinn
Imlait Cinn gun Imlait Croinn
Begarich shud iarraidh orram
Gur be Fa man Shividh du shinn
Mishe bhi gun Fhian gun athair
- 11 Gad a bhig an Fhian as Tathair
Mar 's fear gan ro iad nam Bethidh
Cha buillair leom fo na Fianibh
Gach aoin ni dhiarrin gun faithin (sheoid)
- 12 Nan bithidh an Fhian as mathair
Mar a bha iad riabh nam Bethidh
Cha'naithidh uissa a Riodh,
Liad do dha Thraidh an Erin.
- 13 Bheir mishe dhuit Briathar buan
She huirt an Cairbra Crann-ruaigh
An Tshleigh shin ma bheil do Laibh
Gur hann inte ha do lua Bhas.
- 14 Bheir mishe dhuit Briathar eille
Ars an Toscar Donn e Hallabhi
Gun togbhar leom Shenlag as Creach
'S gun reichin do Dhallabhi marich
- 15 Lion Fuarichd na Laoich laun
Ri clasin na Himirbhuidh
Bha Briaribh gairbh leth mar leth
Edar an Cairbra san Toscar
- 16 Bha 'n oiche shin duinne gun Doir (Chobhir)
Haul & a bhos mun Obhin (River)
Bha Doir lan leth mar leth,
'S bha Doirlan mar Edaruin.

- 17 Hog shin oirn an Larna bharich
A lion uille do na bha shin
A t-shealg sa dhiaghich har lein
Gun r'hiarich do Riodh na Herin
- 18 Bharairbh shin Riodh Luthidh nan Lann
Laoich fuillich le Faobhir arm
Hog shin ri Sliagh gaoil Creich
Gu Cria laoisgirnich luthor.
- 19 Mungan mac Sheirc a bha 'n Uaidh
A choibhrigidh ceud Claitibh cruaidh
Huirt shud le Laibh hall
'S he mosglidh gu Riodh na Herin
- 20 Sheichd Fiochid do Chlaunibh Riodh
Bu bhor Gaisgidh & Gniobh,
Huirt shud le Laibh Oscar hall
She mosglidh gu Riodh na Herin.
- 21 Sheichd Fiochid Cairbra ruaidh
Bha colsach ri Cairba an Tshluadh
Huirt shud le Laibh Oscar haul
'S he mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 22 Sheichd Fiochid do Dhearibh Feachd
Hanig e Tir uair an Tshneachd
Huirt shud le Laibh Oscar hall
'S he mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 23 Sheichd Fiochid Gaigheal' garg
Thainig fo 'n Tir uairidh ghairibh
Huirt shud le Laibh Oscar haul
She mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 24 Sheichd Fiochid do Dhearibh Bogha
Hanig air Cairbra ga chobhir
Huirt shud le Laibh Oscar haul
'S he mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 25 Chogir ab fhaigse don Riodh
Bhairibhe e iad shu bhor an Gniobh
Huirt shud le Laibh Oscar haul
She mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 26 Nuair a chunnair an Cairbra ruidh
Oscar a snathidh an Tshluaidh
A Chraosich nethidh bha na Laibh
Leige huiggidh I na Chothail
- 27 Huirt Oscar air a Ghlau dens
San Tshleidh nethidh roibh a Chneas
Hug e Urchair cill' a nun
As bheiritidh leis Riodh na Herin
- 28 Erich Airt as glaic do Chlaibh
Shesibh ann an Aite Tathar
Ma dheibh thu do dhiol Saoghil
Saolidh mi gur mac Rath thu
- 29 An Toscar bu mhoithid Buaidh
San bhairibh e Cairbra an Tshluaidh
Huirt le Oscar gniobh nach cuimisich
Art mac Chairbra air an ath Urchair
- 30 Sluaidh Chairbra bu ghairibh Cleichd
Hog iad Cath-Chara mun Cheip
- 31 Oscar mac Ossain an aigh
Hog e Leig Chloichidh fo 'n Bhlar
Bhris e 'n Cath-bhara mun Cheip
Gniobh mu dheridh mo dheo mhic
- 32 Mo Laoigh fein thu Laoigh mo Laoidh
Leinibh mo Leinibh ghil chaoibh
Mo Chriodh a Leimnich mar Loin
'S gn la bhrach cha 'n erich Oscar
- 33 'Bhic 'n bu mhissa bha thu dheth
Na 'n La hug shin Cath Bein edin
Tshnathidh na Coirrin rod Chneas
Shi mo Laibhas reinn do leithis.
- 34 Chanail mo Leithis am Fa
Schla bho nitar e gu brach
Chuir Cairbra Sleigh nan sheichd sheim
Eddar Mairnin & Mimleag
- 35 Hug mishe 'n shin Urchair eille
Bhiuthir gu 'm ban air a gainnid
Chuir mi sleigh nan nao Sheim
Mu Chumidh Fhuil & Aodin
'S nan rigidh mo Dhuirn a Chneas
Cha dianigh na Leigh a lethis.

¹ Or gargheal, or gas gheal.

- 36 Erich Ossain 'sglaic do Ghath
Fo 'nach marthoinn Oscar arramach
Cha sùrd Curridh blih caoidh mu Chloin
Ma ha iad 's na Catlin luggin
- 37 Cha dainich orm Duinne riabh
Gur Crìod Feola a bha 'm Chliabh
Ach Crìodh mar Chuibhne cuir
Air a Chuillbhrice le Stailin.
- 38 Bha Donnaillich nan Conn rim Thaoibh
Agus Ullartich nan Shean Laoich
Gal Bannail a caoidh ma sheach
Gu 'm be shin a chraidh mo Chriodh.
- 39 Cha chaoinidh Bean a mac fein
Cha chaoinidh Fear a dheara-bhrathair
Air an Tullich luas ma dheas
Bha shin uille caoinidh Oscair
- 40 Hog shin lein an Toscar aluin
Air Gualibh sair Sleighin airde
Hug shin as Imriche grunn
Gus an drainig shin Tìdh Fhìn an Albin.
Crioich.

H. 29. HOW OSCAR WAS KILLED. 580 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 145. Advocates' Library,
December 30, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL went to Rome for to cure his leg after it was wounded by his grandson Oscar when he beheaded Garbh, and every one of the old Heroes went with him except Fergus the celebrated Bard (Ossian's brother), they gave the chief command to Oscar above what was left at home of their Army. Cairbar was the King of Ireland then, in the room of the lawful King Cormac. Kings in these days use to keep Counselor or a choice man in wisdom for to direct them how to do any action both in the time of peace and war. Cairbar's Adviser said to him that he was very foolish when he was a subject to Fingal and his men, when they might be subjects to him; (for Fingal had a man and a dog's due on every dwelling that was in Ireland and many other tributes besides that, which is too tedious to mention here) and that he was also honoured above Cairbar in every place, that he would get the praise of every action in Wars and not him, and that his reputation would never decay; Cairbar asked then, how they could make the Heroes subject to himself? the Counselor answered and said, Take you the opportunity immediately while you have it since all the Heroes are in Rome, except Oscar and few number of their young men, therefore if you will invite Oscar and his Men to a Feast, and get the shaft of his victorious spear, for the Blade of your own Spear, and then you need not keep them to defend this Kingdom from any brutal force whatsoever no more, and if Oscar will not deliver the spear willingly, take it from him by force and make them subjects as others while you live, and in case Oscar will overcome you, have all thy force ready here before he will come. This pleased the King exceedingly well, and he ordered all his army to be at his court in complete armour while the festival days would be holden in the Isle of mist (where their House, women and Garabh were ruined,) to the feast. Oscar and his men came. They were feasting, singing and dancing during six days, and at the seventh day Cairbar asked Oscar's spear, Oscar refused that unless Cairbar would give him his own spear, which he would never do, they cast out that moment, and it is said that Cairbar burnt a great number of Oscar's men, where they slept that night (but it is not mentioned in the Poem, therefore it is hard to determine whether it is true or not). To-morrow Oscar fled with his men in fear that Cairbar's numerous Host would find means to overcome him, but when they saw that he fled they pursued him by 300 and 300, and overtook him. Oscar returned to them, and fell into a madness of strife and killed them by 300 and 300 as they were coming. It is not known what his men did at all, for they were all young, and since they were not well prepared for Battle, so few beyond the rest, they were greatly discouraged. They were all slain on both sides, except a few number that fled at the end of the day. Oscar and Cairbar themselves fell at last by each other, and then Arth, Cairbar's son, when the . . . was over, what was alive of Cairbar's men made Cairbar's image, and they put the Crown on his head, and set it on the field opposite to where Oscar was

almost dead, for to vex him; he lifted a great stone that was under him, he threw it on the image, and broke it into pieces. It is supposed that none of his men escaped, but his uncle, Fergus the Bard, he only was left at home of the old men to compose songs to what deeds they would perform worthy to be remembered till Fingal and the rest would return back from Rome, for they had no Historians at that time, but Bards; they were not taught neither to read nor write. Fergus fled to the Western coast of Ireland, and saw his Father and his attendance coming ashore. The Poem is divided into three parts: First, how the Battle was fought; Secondly, how he told the story by way of episode to his Father when he saw him; and Thirdly, how they discoursed with Oscar himself on the field. They carried him to the Fortress of Alvin, when they buried him; his Father and Grandfather lamented over his grave by way of Epitaph, exquisite bitter. Note that the first part is composed by the Poet when he fled on the way towards the shore; it is not addressed to any one.

DAN 28. Compare D.

- 1 'S MULADACH m' fad o 'm dhaoine,
'S nach maithrean luchd an co'-'raonte;
Na caoimh bha fuileachdach bras,
Re h-àm d' èug-bhail is mor chath.
- 2 'S muladach m' nois am sonar,
Gun Athair gun Mhac gun chomhach;
Gun Bhrathair no co'-'luchd catha,
A dh' ath-dhiolas bás nan cathan.
- 3 'S muladach m' 'n deidh Chaoille,
'S nach fhaic mi fear a choi'-aogais;
Bu luaithe na cathadh mara,
'N uair dh' eireadh cras catha.
- 4 B' e Iolainn mo bhrathar còmhraig,
Ann 's gach ionad am biodh comhstridh,
Is b' e Aogh mo leith chur catha,
Re h-ardan no re h-ann la.
- 5 B' e Daoire mo chamhalte ceart,
Leis a dh' iarrainn buaigh is brat,
Cìod o 'm fàth dh'amh bliu gan ainmach,
'S gun iad bli 'n lathair Chath-cabhara.
- 6 'N uair chualas leo turas Fhinn,
Ann 's gach ionad a bha 'n Eirinn;
Lion iad do dh' èud is do dh' ann-run,
Do na h-gainn ùra chalmna.
- 7 'Sin thuirt Comharlaich 'd Ard-rìgh,
Comhairl chum guin a bhaibh dhùinn;
O! 's amaidach thusa Chairbuidh,
Paidheadh cís do 'n Fhèinn, cia calma.
- 8 'N all' air sgaileadh fea' gae àite,
'S ceann no crioich cha d' thig gu brath or;
Thusa mar icidh chaoi' gun innseadh,
Re h-àm cath is còmhrag mhilidh.
- 9 Cia mar chiosnaich na garbh laoiach,
Do radh Cairbuidh fuairidh falachidh;
D ream nach do chloinidheadh an cathaibh,
Re gábhadh no ri h-ann latha.
- 10 An fhea' sa raibh Fionn air thuras,
Cian air chuan gun luaidh air fuireach,
Cuir fios air Oscar do dh' Albain
'S fuigh crann nan naoi sean do 'n-lann-ghill.
- 11 Bidh sea-seana deug a 'd launsa,
'S cho 'n fluigh buai' ort sloigh no armaibh;
Ceannsaich ann sin Oscar 's ógain,
'S glaine eruth no gagan shòrnach.
- 12 Gh áirdaich so na milidh ghrumach,
A chuir sinne sìos gu truaighe;
'S Cairbuidh fuileach, lánhach bras
A ghlac Eirinn fu' aon snach.
- 13 Chaoi'-aontaich an cinneach cruaidh;
'S uile dhaoine Chairbuidh ruaigh;
Le comhairl' fear-iùil na mìo-loinn,
Chnm 's nach fuighe chù no cise.
- 14 Chuir iad chugain cuireadh dána,
Dh' Albainn úr an raibh air 'n abhaist;
A dheanamh gnìomh bu deacair leinn,
Bhuintinn ar Tighearnaibh dhinn.

D. 4.

- 15 Fhreagair sinn an curidh dána,
A thug uile guin a bháis dhuinn;
Dhol a ghabhail féiste uaithe,
Da 'm bu chríoch cradh agus truaighe.
- 16 Cha raibh sinn ann do 'n Fhéinn uile,
Na chomhraigadh an laoch curidh;
Air an rathail ghle' ghlan chleacaidh,
Bha ochd míle 's caogad maraich.
- 17 Rainig sinn an dara mháirach,
Teaghlach Anna nan sluaigh gáirdach;
Is Oscar caomh, calma, sairce,
Air ar tús gu h-íom-ard lallach.

D. 5.

- 18 Fhuair sinn urram agus miadh,
Ceart mar fhuair sinn roimhe riamh;
F ad sea oidhchean is sea ló,
Gun casbhuidh air fion no air ecól.
- 19 'S ann seachdara h latha dhuinn san ól,
Labhair Cairnuidh le guth mór;
Iomaid cinn sleagh b' aill leam uait,
Oscar nan arm faobhrach cruaidh.
- 20 Cíod e 'n iomaid cinn sleagh th' ort,
A Chairnuidh dhuinn nan lóng-phort;
'S gur leat mi fein is mo shleagh,
Re h-ám d' éug-bhail 's do mhór bhail.
- 21 Cho bfhulaik leam iomaid cinn,
'S cho 'n aidmichain caochla' eainn;
Uait Osear an leandain amalaich,
Cho 'n fhuilair leam air a bhail so.
- 22 Iomaid cinn gun chaochla' eainn,
B' ea-corach r'a iarruidh choidhech;
S' e fíth ma 'n iarradh tu 'n ath-chuing,
Mise bhi gun Fhianu gun Athair.
- 23 Ge do bhíodh tu, s d' Fhianu is d' Athair,
Ceart mar bha iad riamh r' a 'n latha;
Cho b' fhuilair leamsa gu dheimhinn,
Aon séud a dh' iarrainn gu fuighinn.
- 24 Na 'm bithins 's 'm Fhianu is 'm Athair,
Ceart mar bha sinn riamh r' ar latha;
Cho 'n fhuigheadh tu Chairnuidh dhuinn,
Do dh' Eirinn lead do dh'a bhuinn,
- 25 Lion fuaradh an laoch lín,
Re claisinn na h-íomar-bháidh;
Do dh' úr Oscar, ionmhúinn, armaicht,
Is d' a oig-fhir shuaghar chalma.
- 26 Mar sinn dhuinne gu tra' neón,
'G eisteachd ris na súnn bu mhó;
Is leith mar leith briathraibh garge,
Eidear Oscar agus Cairnuidh.
- 27 Bheireamsa briathar san uair,
Do ra' an Cairnuidh claon ruagh;
An t-sleagh nimh mu' m bheil do lámh,
'S ann uimpe bhios do lua'-blas.
- 28 Bheireamsa briathar eile,
Do radh Oscar nan arm teine;
Gunn tog mi dhíot sealg gun áireamh,
Is theid mi dh' Albinn a máirach.
- 29 An oidhche sinn duinne gu ló,
Eidear mnaithaibh fionn 's a 'g ól:
'S briathraibh garge fuaridh falachidh,
Eidear Oscar agus Cairnuidh.
- 30 Air madain an dara mbáirach,
Do ghluaiscamar gu mor gháirdach;
A thoirt seilg leinn le coí' íbhneas,
'S cho d' fhuabhrach sinn Rí 'n h-Eirann.
- 31 Thog sinn Gleanu-eoathann nan úr rós,
Gu luath, laisgairnach luthmhór;
'S chunnaig sinn a teachd nan tean-ruigh
Buidheann fhuilach faobhrach chalma,
- 32 Macsamhailte do bha 'n daor-ruigh,
Mar an t-shraun-ghaith teachd thair aonach;
No mar fhrois o 'n iar na gathaibh,
Roi' na gaathaibh baoghach plathach.
- 33 'N tra' chunnaig Oscar na slóighaibh,
Dh' fhás e mar fhuadh-bar air móintich;
No mar chú air éill no lothainn,
Re h-am teachd do 'n t-sheilg ma chothair.
- 34 A deir Oscar r' a luchd seilge,
O! chaoimh chalmaibh is maí' cirmais,
Tha chloch eile teachd nar carraibh,
Ní 's fhearr no claoidh fhuadh air bharrabh.
- 35 Tha ar naimhde tigh 'n nan grunnaihbh,
Chum an t-sleibh gu feithach fuileach;
A thoirt sgríos oirn an aon la,
Mar stríoc sinn gu síor do Chairnuidh.
- 36 Pilleamaid riu gu déonach,
'S na geillamaid chaoi' da 'n comhrag,
Man di-measaich uo man táirach;
Sinn gu síor an dream o 'n d' thainig.
- 37 Sin a deir na Luthaich chalma,
O! na d' thugaibh buille dhaibh 'n diu;
'S fhearr dhuinn réite riu is cordamh,
No tuiteam uil' air an lón ud.
- 38 Fhreagair Oscar Caomha grádhach,
'N 'e sin a deir sibh a lín-laích
B' fhearr leam tuiteam air na Maghaibh,
No teicheamh no geill do bhaile.
- 39 Sin thuirt Raoinidh aoihbheil gáirdach,
'S baoghalach dhuinn dol do 'n ghábha';
Ach ged thuitas sinn gu h-nílidh,
'S ro alloil gu bráth ar cumba.
- 40 Míle beannachd dhuitsa Raoinidh,
Fhíris is fhearr re lín na caobhrach;
Do ra Oscar an Ceann catha,
'N curidh calma, armaich, guthach.
- 41 A ris a deir na Luthaich ághor,
Re caomh Oscar cosgar, aluin;
Cha do thróg sinn riamh na cathaibh,
No air cáirdean gradhach guthach.
- 42 Bha sinn riamh an tús gach gábhadh,
F' ar 'm bu mhinig builleam lín-laích;
Cha d' riun fós am bás a sheachna,
Le meath-chríth uo leambachd mhéata.
- 43 Ach 'n diu' ehi sinn sloigh doth-áiridh,
'S dubhadh shliagh is bheamí d' ar námhaibh;
'S baoghalach dhuinn doll nan caraimh,
'S gun air 'n áireamh dhoibh am fagus.
- 44 Bheir aon leagamb sinn sa ghábha 's,
Chaoi' na dhéidh nach d' theid am blára;
'S fhearr dhuinn fheuchain le eutlach,
No bhí ris gu síor fuí' Chumha.
- 45 A cheann-catha 's farsuing ainmeinn,
Thoir thusa 'n ceann seant' do Chairnuidh;
Oir cho mhásaich síth re laoch sinn,
Gus 'n d' thig Fionn le calmaibh gaolach.
- 46 Ach ma's raonaich leats' imtheachd,
Chuca síar gu pian no pilleadh;
'S ullamh thegas sinu ar 'n arma,
'S tric a dheárl' an dubhra garbh-chath.
- 47 An sin do ra' an t-Oscar calma,
'S 'e cath fuileach mor mhianní' manma;
Far an clainte fhaian nan luinne,
Mar thorainn no sreotha' muinne.
- 48 A deir e 'n sin r' a bhuidheann dheárlach,
Fhíir rathail is cruaidhe 'n gabhadh;
'Sgaoidleadh uaibhe meath-chríth chatha,
'S bíodh r' ar féum an gléns nan Cathan.
- 49 Faiceam uile sibh an órdadh,
Aiteam chathach, rathach, lóinreach;
'S gluaiscamaid gn luthar, calma,
Mar bu nos leinn ann 's gach ann la.
- 50 An sin dh' inich sinn air an fhuarach,
Chum buaidhe no báis maraon;
Ar gníis lóinreach le ar 'n armaibh,
Chlaoidheadh fradhara mar ghrian Shamhraidh.
- 51 B' fhuaimnaiche síos síos an t-sleibh sinn,
No coill Mhorairí roí' ghaoi' threun-mhor;
Na toirm ua' mhaunach na mara,
'Nuair bheacadh i ris gach carraig.

- 52 Bha ar luas mar fhéidh nan áonach,
Bhíodh roí 'n fhagaid a síor dhaór-ruigh,
No ceathach nam beanntaidh árd,
'N uair bheanadh dh' a neart an fháilidh.
- 53 Rainig sinn a bhuidheann lóuail,
'S bhuaill chugain mar thuinn an damhair;
Bhíodh o bosraich gu treun calma,
Ris gach Carraig Chruaidh sa Gheamhra.
- 54 Bhuaill sinn orra mar an céudna,
Gu luath lamhach, is cho bhréagach;
Mar mhór casaieh nan gleanntidh,
'S reothadh síos re síos nam beanntidh.
- 55 Choi'-fhreagradh na crengan árd,
Do sgreadail ar 'n armaibh dealrach;
'S dheargadh a Magh fúí' ar cosaibh,
Le fuil námh is ghrádhach cosgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dhuinne gu trá'-noéin,
Gun fheith gun fhuirtachd, ach léon;
A cosgairt gach buidhne nan díthadh,
Mar a b' fhaigsa dhuinn a thigadh.
- 57 Faidheoidh thuit sinn air gach kúmh,
Mach o fhear a theich o 'n ár;
'S cha d' thainig o 'n ghreis d' ar Cathain,
Ach mis an aonaran galach.
- 58 Na b' aithne dhamh féin do 'n t-slugh,
Áiream dhiu na thuit gu h-uigh;
Sin re ra' d' ar namha gabhaidh,
Gun aithris air slugh Rí' Pháile.
- 59 Mogan Mac Scirce bha 'n uaimh,
Chomhraigadh céud cloidheamb cruaidh;
Thuit sud le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 60 Rígh Loitheann nan iomad lán,
Geur fuileachdach, fobhrach rann;
Thuit sud le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 61 Seachd agus ceud mungan maiscach,
Le 'n clogaid cinn uallach gaisgach;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 62 Seachd céud do dh' fheara feachd,
Thainig oirnn o thír an t-sneachd;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 63 Seachd ceud Albannach calm',
Thainig thair muir gáidheal garbh;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 64 Seachd céud do dh' fheara botha,
Thainig oirnn, 's cha b' ann dar comhair;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 65 Seachd céud do dh' fheara scairbh,
Thainig o 'n tír nasaidd ghairbh;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 66 Seachd céud do chlanra Rígh,
Bu mhó gaisgeadh, 's bu mhór gníomh;
Thuit sin air kúmh Oseair cheatfaich,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 67 Seachd céud Cairbnidh ruagh,
Bu chosmhúil re Cairbnidh 'n t-slugh;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 68 Seachd is míle calma crnaidh,
Chosgaru' naoi' míle sluaigh;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí Eirann.
- 69 Seachd is fichead míle ris,
Do lán ghaisgach bu mhó gníomh;
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair aghoir,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh an Ard-rígh.
- 70 Míle mor-laech is a dha,
Le 'n sleagh chorrnach gu crádh;
Thuit sin da kúmh Oseair aghoir,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh an Ard-rígh.

- 71 Seachd céud fear tnaighe gu h-ár,
A sgath síos sinn ann 's gach áit;
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair ghrádhach,
'S e mosgladh gu slugh an áinghair.
- 72 Seachd céud Toiseach loinreach, árd;
Fhuair urram air magh gach bláir;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 73 'N seachd céud eile b' fhaigse kúmh,
Le 'n Creathaillo cruadhach bán;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair fhéilidh,
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 74 Seachd céud eile is nior ghó,
Ge' d bha sligneach orr mar or;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair áluin,
'S e mosgladh gu Rí' nan ámhghar.
- 75 A chuigear a b' fhaigse do 'n Rígh,
Bu mhó meas is bu mhó prís;
Thuit sin le kúmh Oseair ghrádhach,
'S e mosgladh ris na bha láthair.
- 76 'N uair a chunnaig Carbnidh ruagh,
'N d' Osear a smitheadh a shluaigh;
A Chraosnach nimhe bha na dhornn,
Thílg e i chuige le thréoir.
- 77 Thuit Oscar air a ghlan deas,
'S an t-sleagh nimhe roí' a chneas;
Thug e ath' urchair dh' i 'n ceud-rod,
Is mharbhadh leis Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 78 Art mhic Chairbnidh glac do chloí' camh,
Is seas fein an áite d' Athar;
Mar toir thu 'n t-éug do na Caithain,
Gur leóir dhuit fein mead do rabhaidh.
- 79 Thuit le Oscar slugh gun áireamh,
Do mhaitheadh 's do dhaoine ághor;
Agus faidheoidh gníomh gun chuimhne,
Art mac Chairbnidh 'n dara urchair.
- 80 Chuir iad an sin na bha láthair,
Cambar Chairbnidh suas an draich;
Chum a léon le smuaintidh tiamhidh,
Aon laoch Eirann is nam Fiantidh.
- 81 Dh' imich an deidh na garg ghreis,
Iarmaid an t-sluaigh fhuair gun treis;
'S nan rigeadh mo kúmh an cneas,
Cho skánaicht' gu bráth an eneidh,
- 82 Oscar mac Osian an áigh,
Thog e leac chloiche o 'n lár;
'S bhíris e 'n cabhar is an ceap,
Gníomh mo dheireadh a dheu' mhic.

PAIRT II. This is a version of Ballad A. 30.

- 83 O! 's mise Fcaradhas filidh,
Is chuartaich mi gach innais;
A noc an deidh na Feinne,
Struagh mo sgeul r'a innis.
- 84 Innis sgéul Fhearadhaís,
Fhilidh fiann fear Eirann;
Cionnas mar a tharladh,
Cath camhara nam béumanna'.
- 85 Níor mhaith e mhic Chuthail,
Mo sgeulas o Cath-camhara;
Cha bheo an d' Osear ionnuinn,
Achuir mor chosg air chalmhaibh.
- 86 'S cha bheo a bhrathair eile,
Aon laoch fíal nan gaisgeach;
'S ann leis a Choran calma,
A thorchair am fear sin.
- 87 'S mharbhadh fear a Mhantail,
'S leinne do bha chónamh;
Tha chroidhe gu fuar fal' chaidh,
'S a lámh cha'n an comhnuidh.
- 88 'S mharbhadh na Mic Luthaice,
Na sea Mic san d' Athair;
Mharbhadh og Rígh Auna,
'S mharbhadh ann Rígh Laitheann.

- 89 Mharbhadh Mugaí soirce,
Bha air thús nan sloighaibh,
'S mharbhadh luchd nan Tuaghadh,
A rinn mór thruaigh' sa chómhbrag.
- 90 Mharbhadh na sca Cuinn,
Na suinn bu mha' sa chomstridh;
'S mharbhadh Raoinidh 's Art,
Na laoiach bu dáite, loirreach.
- 91 Mharbhadh Glais is Gmhail,
Is seachd mic Chaoilt' Mhic Ronan,
Daoire dearg is Aogha geal,
Ead is Faoidh is Mor-lamh.
- 92 Mharbhadh an Dubh-chuimhir,
Cruinne 's Balbh is Gáire;
Fir nan crúce calma,
'S iad gu fal' chaidh fásail.
- 93 Mharbhadh Oscar Gharidh,
Béirnidh is Fad-lamhach;
Is Clann-pháil o Teamhradh,
Agus Fearragluin gradbach.
- 94 Mharbhadh naoi mic Mhine,
Dénd-gheal agus Ardán;
Mor-ghlan maiseach fialaidh,
'S Connlaoh ciatachi áluin.
- 95 Mharbhadh ann an Tréun fhear,
Deó-gréine agus Aillidh;
'S tha Lubhar agus saor-ghlan,
Shios r' a 'n taobh gun mháran.
- 96 Mharbhadh naoi mic Cholla,
Goille 's na trí Sgáire;
Ioghlan is Fionn Brentan,
Mac Bhreastail 's naoi mic Smáile.
- 97 Cho 'n ionann sa deireamsa,
Ach mac mo mhic is manam;
Cionnas a bhia Oscar
A sgoltadh a chatha?
- 98 Gur deacair sin r' a innse,
Le ro mhead na h-obair;
Na thuit sa chath gun áireamh,
Le armaibh 's lámhaibh Oseair.
- 99 Bu luaithe 'e no Eas omhann,
No seobhag tríd na h-ealtainn;
'S mar rua' mhuinne sreothadh,
Bha Oscar a g' aiseag.
- 100 'S bhitheadh e 'n nair eile,
Mar bhile re tréun ghaoith;
A lámh air gach fuidh,
'S a shúil air gach tréun laoch.
- 101 Chunnaig e Rígh Eirann,
Shios air lar a chatha;
'S thug e ruathar chuige,
Mar Mhuinne re carraig.
- 102 Mharbhadh leis an tréun laoch,
Is an coran nime
Mac peath'r a Mhathar,
Am fear a chrádh sa ghluin e.
- 103 'S Art mac a Chairbuidh,
Air an dara buille;
Sgoilteadh e na creagan,
Le leadairt a luinne.
- 104 'Nam biodh beachd mo sgéulsa,
An críochaibh na Gréige;
Bhíodh Mnathan ann gu túrsach,
Is fir air bheagan cóille.
- 105 'N sin do rádhait 'm Athair,
G' am b' alle Rígh na Féinne
'Struagh anois a tharladh dhamh,
Bhí gu bráth an-cibhinn.
- 106 Tha mi' nois gu caointeach,
An deidh gach cath is comhraig;
An deireadh mo kúthe,
Gun fhir gun mháin' gun sólas.
- 107 Imicheamaid roimhainn,
Anois a chosg mo chomhbraidh;
Far am bheil an t-Oscar,
A chuir mor chosg air sílghibh.

PAIRT III.

- 108 Thainig sinn an sin is Fionn,
Air an tulach os an chionn;
'S chunnaigh sinn air magh na t-éug-bhail,
Ar laoiach chaomha, chalma, cheatfach.
- 109 Iad marbh gu h-uilidh san áraich,
'San clab ris gach gaoith gun mháran;
O! b' e sin an sealladh deurach,
A dh' fhaig sinne chaoi' an-cibhinn.
- 110 Fhuaras Oscar mo mhac féin ann,
'S 'e na luigh air uilain thréibhaich;
'Sa shleagh sint air lar lon ruisgte,
Is fhuil sios tríd magh a Luireach.
- 111 'S mease bhí tu dhie' a dhea' mhic,
Na latha catha Béinn-eadainn;
Ghabham na corrain ro' d' mheadhan,
'S fhuareamar arís do leaghas.
- 112 Mo leaghas cho 'n eil e 'm fíth,
'S cho deamar e gu lá bhráth;
Chuir Cairbuidh sleagh nan seachd aghán,
Eidear 'm ionlag agus 'm áirnean.
- 113 'N nair thainig Cairbuidh nan lann,
Le fheachd a chur cath nach gann;
C' om nach do mharbh thu gun sóradh,
E air thús' ma 'n d' rinn do leonadh.
- 114 'S mise 'm feasd nach guineadh Cairbuidh,
Air na bheireadh long thair fuirge;
Gus an guineadh mi gu neimhail,
Sinn clann na deise dearbh pheathrach.
- 115 Do thug mise archair bhathast,
Mhíodhair 's g' a 'm bu leoir a guinne;
'S chuir mi sleagh na naoi saoilan,
An cumachd an fhuil san aodain.
- 116 Thuit e 'n sin air magh na d' eug-bhail,
Le mor chrádh air muin nan eude;
Bha ionchain a sios gu shúilean,
'S fhuil a taomadh magh a Luireach.
- 117 'S truagh a mhic nach d' rinn thu trá' sin,
Man d' thug é an buille báis dhuit;
Cha slánaibhear thu gu síorruidh,
Fhíar a b' aghoire measg mhíldh.
- 118 Cíod e 'm fath chaoi sin a radhait,
'S nach fhéud duine le mead ághan;
Tighain o 'n bhás a fhuar órda',
Ge d' bhitheadh gach sloigh ga chaonadh.
- 119 'N sin thug leinn an t-Oscar áluin,
Air bharadh ar sleaghan árd;
'S thug sinn d' a' íomchar griun,
Gus an d' rainig sinn tigh Fhinn.
- 120 Chruinnaich iad an sin na sluaigh,
'S gu 'm b' iad sin na buirich thruagh;
Cha chaoineadh bean a fear fein,
'S cha ghuileadh a bhrathair e.
- 121 Cha chaoineadh piuthar a brathair,
'S cha chaoineadh a mac a Mathair;
Ach iad uile ann sa phlogail,
A géur chaoineadh mo chaomh Oscar.
- 122 Donnalaich nan con re 'm thaobh,
Agus buirich nan sean laoch;
'S gal gach bainail ann gu snitheach,
'S iad is modha chraidh mo chroidhe.
- 123 Mar sin dhuinn gus an ath-lo,
Fuidh uallach uamhain is bróin;
Ag amharc air a chaomh dhochain,
Gus 'n do cháill e 'n deó ra phlogail.
- 124 Thug sinn leinn e 'n sin gun gháir,
Air ghuaillan is sleaghean árd;
Gus an tnúich uaine dhosrach,
'S thíodhlaicadh leinn an sinn Oscar.
- 125 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,
Air an tulaich fhuair gu fánn;
Air an amhail so du-bhrónach,
'S dh' éist sinn uile ra chaoi-chomhradh.

- 126 Mo laogh fein e, laogh mo laoih,
Leannadh mo leinadh ghil chaoimh;
Mo chroidh' léinnich mar Ion dochaint,
Chion gu bráth nach eirich Oscar.

*Here begins a passage which seems to be modern;
compare 1. The metre is different.*

- 127 Ach anois sa rís gu brath,
Gun treiso gun dreach mar thú;
Fui lie fhuaraidh chruai' gun chomhdach,
Gun luadh gu la bhrath air comhrag.
- 128 Bha do chroidh mar ghatbaibh gréine,
'S do spiorad mar chanach sléibh;
B' e do nós bli aoihal fílteach,
Mar na rósaibh air gach fáire.
- 129 B' fhearr no sinu do chruith is d' aogasg,
Fhuir a b' áille bh' ann is d' shaoghal;
Mar a ghrian a teachd ro' néalaibh,
Bha do shnuagh a measg nan tréun-laogh.
- 130 Bha do gbruidh cho dearg san caóran,
Na ruitcaga suas gu craobhlach;
'S bha do rosgaibh du-ghorm calma.
Mar an osnaich chluin is t-shamlradh.
- 131 Bha do chneas gu finn-ghéal deáfrach,
Mar ghéalach no sneachd an fhásaich;
Thug barr air gach neach a móideachd,
'S thug an neart re t'im a chómraig.
- 132 Bha re h-am cath agus d' éug-bhail,
Mar easaiche bheann ag cábhaich;
Is chlaoidheadh e síos gach aiteam,
Mar a charraig tuinn na mara.
- 133 'S truagh a tharladh crioich mo láithe,
Bhi gun Fheinn gun gach gun ablachd;
Thuit mo chroidhe gu lár fuí' shuinnicadh,
'S cha tog eodl re 'm bheo as t'ím e.
- 134 Cha tog clarsach o an-eibhneas,
No Fígeal is mire gleus é,
Anois no gu brath gu sólas,
'S tiamhaidh a dh' fhás crioich mo loithe.

Here comes in the current ballad.

- 135 'S ann an sin a dubhras féinach,
'S mi sior chuimhneacha mo dhea' Mhic,
Cho 'n ann dhamhsa 's fhearr a tharladh,
A bli chaoi' gun mhac gun ábhlachd.
- 136 Chruídh a bhas gu bráth mo chroidhe,
'S an-eibhinn mise ro' shuitheach;
'S ionmhunn a neach fuí 'n lie ata,
'S teare laoch air an bheil a radh.
- 137 O! s truagh nach mise thuit ann,
Ann Cath-cabharra guiomh nach gann,
'S bhíodh Oscar a near sa njar,
A díol mo bháis air gach Clíar.
- 138 'S ge d' bu tusa thuiteadh ann,
An Cath-cabharra gnomh nach gann;
Cho chluinneadh neach a chaoi' osann,
No iargain a' d' dheis ag Oscar.
- 139 'S ole a chreideas mi do radhsa,
Nach bitheadh an d' Oscar grádhach;
A díoleadh mo bháis gun chlos aig,
Ann 's gach áite ghna' a cosgairt.
- 140 Tha mi lán sháthach ag ambarc,
Air a lionn a b' fhearr sna Cathain;
Fhuair buaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,
Le léimh chalma an-mhor sheolta.
- 141 Osain glasca an gath calma,
O nach maithean an d' Oscar armach;
'S bíodh sírd Curidh ort gun tiom-chridh';
'S na Cathain a teachd nu d' thiomcheal.
- 142 Cho d' fhidir duin ormsa ríamb,
Croidhe feola bhí an chliabh;
Ach croidhe do chuire lán-dámh,
'N déis a chuibreach leis an stálin.
- 143 Se Cath-cabharra mhil gu leir,
Sinne 's air laoch chaoimhe thréun;
Cairbnidh is Garabh mac Mornna,
'S cho b' ann dhoibh fein b' fhearr an leonadh,

- 144 Na thuit ann an cath nan cénd,
Inseamsa na thuit oirn féin;
D' ar fir shnuaghar, calma, og,
Bu luathghaireach nu thra'-noin.
- 145 Fear air fhichead, s fíchead cénd,
A chaoi áireamh Fionn san Fhóinn;
A dh uighir sin 's níor ghó,
Dh' oigridh Eirann sgéul is mó.

I. 22. BAS OSCAIR. 572 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 137. Advocates' Library,
April 11, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

At page 143 of the manuscript are stanzas claimed by Kennedy as his own composition. They are to be found elsewhere, and they differ from the rest in clink, rhythm, and metre. Compared with the first version, the passage is found to be recast and greatly improved. Verse 51 mentions 'Woody Morven,' which is struck out in the second version. This passage was greatly admired by Dr. Smith. See verses 29 to 58. Admirers of Ballads, we think that it contrasts unfavourably with the rest, e.g. with the second part; and that it is an imitation of the style of Mac Pherson's English. The verse lacks the usual harmony of vowels and liquid consonants; vowels are cut in half, and the imitation is inferior to the old poetry in many respects.—H. McL. and J. F. C.

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL having departed into Rome to cure his thigh, attended by a strong Detachment of the Fingalians, gave Oscar the command of his Bands at home during his absence, which by this time were reduced very low thro' various misfortunes and disasters. About this time Cairbre found means to make himself supreme King of Ireland in the minority of Cormac the lawful King. He therefore studied to strip Fingal in his absence of all the privileges, properties and Tributes he held and enjoyed for many years in Ireland. To accomplish this design, he sent for Oscar to Scotland to congratulate him in his great success, in order to pick a quarrel with him, and find him utterly overthrown before Fingal should return. Accordingly Oscar arrived and was joyfully received by Cairbre who held feasting and various Music in his Hall for seven days. Cairbre sought as a complement the victorious Spear of Oscar, who would agree upon no terms than an exchange of Spears. Upon the Day following Oscar departed with his small army, in case he should be overpowered seeing Cairbre's treachery, who was re-inforced from every place. Cairbre pursued and engaged Oscar. Both armies are mostly cut off, and Cairbre is kilt by Oscar, and Oscar is mortally wounded by Cairbre. Arth the son of Cairbre commands the Irish army who is likewise kilt by Oscar after being wounded. Cairbre's image is erected on the field when his son fell, which Oscar throws down by a stone, which remains in that deplorable condition till the Fingalians' arrival. We cannot learn by the poem that any of Oscar's army survived after this dismal battle, but Fergus, the celebrated Bard, who watched the shore, longing for his father's arrival upon the coast. By and by Fingal arrived who had Intelligence of the action as soon as he landed. The Poem is divided into three Parts. The first part relates the action, and enumerates the number slain upon Cairbre's side. The second part passes by way of an Episode between Fergus and Fingal when he landed. The third part (called Oscar's Lament) contains how Fingal and Ossian converse with Oscar on the field, when they had carried him upon their spears to Temora, where he expired, and where Ossian lamented over him in the most tragical and pathetic manner.

Cairbre
was son to
Cormac.

BAS OSCAIR.

- 3 LUIMNEACH, leimneach, treun gun athadh,
Nnair a dh' éireadh euchd a chatha.
- 5 Laoich nach iochda cis do Chairbni',
Gus na dhithinnich láth-cathar iad.
- 6 Ann 's gach bail air fea' nah Eireann;
Do na again sbnuadhach, shamhraidh.
- 7 Do radh Comhairlich an Ard-riogh,
Comhairle gu 'n iul gun ábhlach;
'S mor an sgeul, gun euchd a Chairbni',
Cis na h-Eireann aig Fiann Albann.

- 8 Sgaolt an eliu, is cian ata i,
Mar a mhadaim mhoch a dealradh;
Thus' a' d' iochdaidh choi' ch gun eiridh,
- 9 Cia mar chisnichear na calma,
Dream nach do dhithinnich combrag,
A noir no niar, nach d' fhiar conamh.
- 10 Cuir fios air Osear o Albainn,
'S iochdadh e dhuit laun, is barr-ghil.
- 11 Ghardaich sud a mildh gruamach,
A dhithinnich an t-og snuadhar.
- 13 Dhol a ghabhail feist is dhuana,
Sgeul nach b' eibhinn do 'n Fhinn bluadhar.
- 14 Bha oehd cend is caogad marcaich.
- 15 Is Osear caomh calma, buadhar.
- 16 Fad sia oichean, is sia lo,
- 23 Do dh' ur Osear sugnach, armach,
Is da oig-fhir cheolmhor chalma.
- 29 'S chunnaig sinn cian nan teann-ruigh,
Buidheann fhuileach nan arm cam-geur.
- 30 Bu mhaic samhail triall nan laoch ud.
- 31 Nnair a chunacas leinn na sluaigh,
Chaochail Osear gean is snuadh;
- 32 A deir Osear ri luchd seilge,
A laoch nan arm glan gun mheirgeadh;
Tha iomairt nan calg mar caradh,
Is fearr no ruidh fhiadh air bharadh.
- 33 Tha ar naimhde teachd nan ceudna,
Na suinn ghnithlich ghlathach, gheura;
Gu toirt ar Tighearnais dhinn,
Dhighe dea' Mhic Cumhail Fhinn.
- 34 Mun di-measaich ne mun tair oirm,
Bhi da 'r dian Riogh o 'n d' thainig.
- 35 Do fhreagair na Luthaich aghor,
Rinn laith o chian egnadh fhagail;
Gun bli dian gu triall ann combrag,
Laoh no miannaich doll nan combail.
- 36 Fhreagair Osear treun gach gabhadh,
Leam is eibhinn triall gu gairdeach;
Ann combail nan fearadh armach,
Geill mo Riogh cho 'n iochd do Chairbni',
- 37 Fhreagair Raonaidh loineach, laithair
'S bao' lach, baoth a chaochail abhaist;
Togaidh mi mo lann gu 'd chonamh,
'S cian ar clin ge d' thuit sa chomrag.
- 39 Do radh ris na Luthaich aghor,
La an air, air lar a chatha.
- 42 H.
- 40 Sheas o thus an tus na t-eug-bhail,
Am bu mhinig iomairt geur-lann;
Eug nam creuchd an d' eur e sheachnadh,
No beum cend no threig le meatachd.
- 43 H.
- 41 Thuirling an din sluaigh gun àireamh,
Fec' nam beann, 's gun Fhionn a lathair;
'S bao' lach Osear doll nan dàil,
'Stu air oigridh Inne-phail.
- 44 H.
- 42 Tha beum nan cend enghach athach,
Choi'ch na dheidh bidh 'n Fhionn air bhadhal;
'S an-iochd feirg, 's tha buirbe dian,
Co ni stri ri tnu gun fhiadh.
- 43 'S mor ar tuiteam, 's mor an t-àr e,
'S cruai' an sgeul gach re ra chlaistinn;
Oigridh shaghadh armach Fhinn,
A sgathadh sios drim air dhrim.
- 44 Oseair na 'm buadh naraich, chalma,
Toir iomlaid cinn-sleagh do Chairbni';
Cho mhasladh dhuit sith ri laoch,
Gus an d' thig Fhionn le chalma' gaoil.
- 46 H.
- 45 'S alladh thogas sinn gach arm,
Is tric a dhears' ri la garbh.
- 46 Far an cluinte toirm ar lann,
Mar fhuaim tuinne, no sruth bheann.

- 47 Duit aris an t-Osear aluinn,
Oigridh mheannach, no biodh sgathach;
Sgaoileadh uaithibh meith-chrith Chatha,
'S biodh gach treun nan gleus nan Cathan.
- 48 Gluaiseamaid gu luthar ea-trom,
Mar bu nòs leinn ann 's gach t-eug-bhail.
- 49 Dh' imich na fir uir an t-sliabh,
Chum buaidh no bas, mar cait ian;
An gnais shoilleir le 'n armaibh caol,
'S cian a dhealradh air an raon.
- 50 Dh' imich Osear air ar tus,
Mar mhadaim, no solus ur;
A chruth mar ghrian, a leac mar ros,
Eitidh, borb, mar chollb an t-sloig;
- 51 Bha fuaim ar cos ri dos an t-sleibh,
Mar a choill roi 'n osaig dhein;
No toirm na tuinn air an Tràidh,
'Nnair a bheucaidh stoirn an arl.
- 52 Bha air luas mar fheidh nam beann,
Bhiodh roi' n fhadhaid siar sa ghleann;
No ceathach nan sleibhti cian,
Ghluaiste le an-fheath na mial.
- 53 Bhual chugainn a bhuidheann mhor,
Laidir lionmhor, milti' sloigh;
Mar thuinn fui' fhathrum nan ramh,
Shug na ceudan beum gu h-àr.
- 54 Bhual sinn orra mar an ceudna,
Gu luath-lamhach is cho bhrengach;
Mar thoirn nan easaiche dian,
Chluint ar slachdraich astar cian.
- 55 Choi' fhreagradh Mac talla bheann,
Do sgreadail ar 'n arm 'sa ghleann;
Dheargadh a magh fui' ar cosaibh,
Le fuil namh 'san arnach coisgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dhuinne gu tra-noin,
Gun fheidh sa ghreis ann teas leoin;
A' coisgairt an t-sluaigh nan dithidh,
Mar a b' fhaigse dhuinn san t-slighe,
- 57 Faidheoidh dhithinnich gach taobh,
- 58 Mar dh' imich a sios an sluagh,
D' ar naimhde treun euchdach aillidh,
- Here begin parts of current ballads.*
- 60 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 61 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 62 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 63 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 68 Seachd agus cend calma cruaidh,
A dhithinnich sin gu truagh;
- 69 An seachd cend a b' euchdail gniomh,
Le creathaille cruaidh san stri;
- 75 H.
- 70 A chnigear a b' fhaigse do 'n Riogh,
Bu mhor meas is bu mho pris;
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thriceibhich,
'S e mosgladh gu Riogh na h-Eiricann.
- 71 Thilg e i chuipe, 's na chomhail.
- 74 Thuit le Osear nam beum gaidheal,
Maithibh Eireann beud do aireamh;
- 75 Chuir na sluaigh a ghluais gu trai'-uainn.

PART II.

- 81 Cho bheo a bhrathair eile,
Aon laoch fial nan creach bheann;
'S ann le Mungan calma,
A mharbhadh am fear sin.
- 87 Fir nan euchda' calma,
- 88 Is Beinnidh brionnach, bla'-bhinn;
Fearginn, is Fad-lamhach.
- 89 Bhu bhinne no choill bhla' or;
Morglan maiseach, ceutach,
Deudgeal agus Ardán.
- 91 Ioghan, is Fionn Breatail,
- 97 Mharbhadh leis an Cairbni',
Air an dara buille;

- 100 An sin do labhair m' Athair,
Mo Rìogh air bhàdhail ceille;
'S tursach, truagh a thiarlaidh dhamh,
Ghluais na laí' bha eibhinn.
- 101 Tha mo thim gu deirach,
An deidh nan Cathan comhraig;
Gu h-aosmhor, an-flann, eianail,
'S mo laoch nach iarar beo iad.
- 102 Ghuaismaid o 'n trai' so,
No cluinneadh each sinn bronach;
A dh' fhaicsinn Oseair chreuchte,
A choisg na ceudan sloighe.

PART III.

This is current still.

CUMHA OSAIR.

- 103 Air tulaich nan deur sa ghleann;
Na Cathain chamoh, chaima, cheutfach,
- 104 Tostach, bolbh, gun cholbh, gun chàradh,
An clab ris gach gaoth, gun mhàran;
Ochoin, ri h-uath, 's cruadh an sgeul so,
Adh' dh' fhaig sinne choi' ch an-eibhinn.
- 107 Chuir Cairbni' sleagh nan seachd gainne,
108 Gus an guinte mi os isual,
Gur sinn clann da pheathrach dileas.
- 109 Do thug mise urachair bhrathast,
Chuir mi sleagh ha naoi faobhar,
- 110 Thuit an Triath air nagh na t-eug-bhail,
Claoildte crail' air carr an t-sleibhe;
'S fhuil a' maomadh magh a luircach.
- 111 Cho slanaichear u gu diinn,
A laoch mheamnaich, mheighlich, mhillidh.
- 113 'S cho ghluicadh a bhrathair deur.
- 116 Mar sin duinne gu tra-non,
Gun fheith, gun fhuraidh, ach bron,
Ag amharc air mo ghaol Oscar,
- 117 Thug sinn leinn mo ghaol, an t-armann,
*Here begins a passage which seems to be modern;
compare H. The metre is that of some of the
Gaelic Paraphrases.*
- 120 Mar neul a ghluaiseas thair fàir,
No cothar euan air an tràidh;
Chaochail do chruth Oscar ur,
A laoch! Nì smo cho' n fhaicear thu.
- 121 Och a laogh, cho' n fhuic do ghradh,
Ta teachd o 'n leirg le lua'-ghair;
'S fhuar do leac mo chreach! gun chomdach,
Gun luath gn la bhrath air comhrag.
- 122 Do chroidh caoin mar ghath greine,
A laoch meaghaich, mhuirnich, ghle-ghil
B' e do nos bhì aobheil fàilteach,
Mar na rosaibh air gach fàire,
- 123 Bu mhor do chruth, is b' flicarr t-aosgag,
Fhìr a b' aille bh' ann is t-shaighal;
Mar a ghrian a' teachd roi' neul,
B' amhail do thrial, is do neal,
- 124 Chite 'n laoch mar aiteal coo,
Nearort, luthar eibhinn, òg;
Ann comhrag nan Cathan dlu,
Mar an fear fù' n osg chiuin.
- 125 Bha do chneas mar chothar sruth,
Air an trai' mar chatha cuir;
A laoch bu doicair san leirg,
Nuair a dhuistg u, choisgte feirg.
- 126 Cia uime dh' eireas a ghrian,
Air mo chruth mar cheo na nial;
Nach an-eibhinn a bhì beo,
Tarsach deirach ann talla bhron.
- 127 Co dh' circas air teachd an lò,
Gu comhrag ceud, 's ann iomairt sgèl;
O nach maithrean Oscar ur,
A choisgeadh euchd nan coimheach dhuinn.
- 128 Co dhiongas ann comhrag sluaigh,
Armait almhail, eitidh, chruaidh;
Onach maithrean Osear aigh,
Bu truime beum, 's bu treine lamh.

- 129 'S amhail m' fhonn 's an tonn gun chli
A caoi' nan sonn bu trom 's an stri;
Gun Fhionn gun aithleach, no gun duan,
Is mor au sgeul, 's an t-Osear uainn.

- 130 Co nì eol an teachd nan ceud,
'San t-Osear og fù' 'n fhod gach rò;
Na mìlte sgia' gun triath sa mhur,
Is sleagha geur nan treuna chiun.

- 131 Chaochail ceol gu bron gach sonn,
Gach cruit is clarsach dh' fhas i trom;
Cho ghluais an t-aosmhor fua' gu strì,
No 'n t-Osear og nach beo gu gnìomh.

- 132 'S ann an sin a dubhras fein,
O mhic! a luaidh gur truagh an sgeul;
Do leon ag Caothann nan sruth mhill,
Gun Fhionn, gun Fhaochlan a bhì ann.

- 133 Chrai' do bias gu brath mo chroidh,
'S an-eibhinn mo lùth, gun chli;
'S ionmhuint an laoch fù' hie ata,
Is tearc laoch air an bheil t-ionn ra'.

*Here comes in the current ballad, but apparently
altered and added to.*

- 135 Ge do thuiteadh tusa thail
Ann Cath-cabharra gnìomh a chialb;
Cho chluinneadh neach eigh no osann,
No iargainn a d' dheidh ag Oscar.

- 136 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeul,
Nach dioladh an t-Osear treun;
Mo bhas air gach Triath gun chlos,
Laogh mo ghraidh cho 'n iaradh fois.

- 137 Bu mhaicheadh mo laogh san leirg,
Bao'lach treun, 'nuair dh' eircadh fheirg;
Afuin mar Anna nan leug,
Chuireadh crith air bratach cheud.

- 138 'S eian is cumhainn leamh do ghnìomh
A laoch nan arm tana nìn
A Bharghil s' an Driolnach aigh
Co nì feum do sheud moghraidh

141 n.

- 139 Oiseinn glac an cloidheamh calma

- 141 'Se cath-cabharra chuir fù' dhi,
Na laoch claoch nach oba stri;
A ghluicadh 'sann iomairt sloigh.
Eididh, armach, calma corr.

- 142 Na thuit aig Caothann nan leug,

- 143 A dha uidhir, 's mìle sloigh

M. 19. BAS OSAIR. 256 lines.

- 1 CHA 'n abair mi mo thriath re m' cheol,
Ge b' oil le h-Oisein e nochd
Osear agus Cairbre calma',
Tradhar iad an Cath Ghabhra.
- 2 An t-sleagh nìmh 's i 'n laimh Chairbre,
Gu 'n eiriththeadh i re uair feirge;
Deireadh am fiach ri 'i ghoinmh,
Gur ann lea' mhairbhtheadh Osear.
- 3 'S measa deireadh e ris fein,
Am fiach dubh na mhi-cheill,
A chuirgear ata sibh nu 'n chlar
Ach fuil fìr a bhith ga thachdadh.
- 4 Dh' shlarai finn, a Rath² gun cheil,
Cuim an taedadh ar suil fein;
Cìod i ghìomh a th' air rosgaibh,
Nuair a choineamaid a chaol reachda?
- 5 Gairidh am fiach moch am maireach
Air do ghrudhsa ann san àr-fhaioch,
Cuircadar do shuil³ a gluc,
As e sin a thig a thuiread.
- 6 Is dearg an fhaobh sin ta thu nigheadh,
'S dearg an t-aogus do bhì urre,
Ach gus an d' thainig an diu',
An fhaobh sin cha b' ole a h-inneal.

¹ Thre.² Bhaobh.³ A shuil.

- 7 A Bhaobh a nigheas at t-eacadh,
Deansa dhuinne faisd' neachd cheudna,
An tuit aon duine dhiubh leinn,
No 'n d' theid sinn uile do neo-ni ?
- 8 Marbhas leasta cuig cend,
Is gonar leat an Rìgh fein,
Araon 's am fear a laghadh 'd' dh'e,
Bhar saoghal uile gu 'n d' thainig.
- 9 Na cluinneadh e thu Rosg Mac Ruaidh,
No duinne bhuineadh d' a shluagh,
Na cluinneadh an Fheinn thu nochd,
Mu 'm bith sinn uile gun mheisnich.
- 10 An euala sibhs turas Fhinn,
Nuair ghluais e gu h-Eirinn ?
Thainig an Cairbre sleagha garg,
'S ghlae e Eirinn fo aon smachd.
- 11 Dh' fhalbh sinne le dian damhair
A lion d' an Fheinn as a bha sinn,
Leagadh leinn ar feachd 's ar sluagh
An taobh mu thuabhl do dh' Eirinn.
- 12 Chuireadh le Cairbre annas
Fios air Oscar cruaidh na Feinne,
Dol a dh' ionnsuidh fleadh na Feinne,
'S gu faigheadh e eis de reir sin.
- 13 Ghlais, o nach d' ob e namh,
An t-Oscar aluinn gu leachd an Rìgh,
Triachad fear treun dh' iumh leis,
A fhreasdal d' a thoil 's da fheim.
- 14 Fhuair sinn onoir fhuair sinn biadh,
Mar a fhuair sinn roinne riamh,
Bha sinn gu saghach as teach,
Maille re Cairbre san Teamhradh.
- 15 An la mu dheireadh d' an òl,
Thuit Cairbre le guth mor,
Iomlaid ceinn sleagha b' aill leam uait,
Oscar dhuinn na h-Albainn.
- 16 Creud an iomlaid ceinn a bhiodh ort,
A Chairbre ruaidh na 'n Long-phort ?
'S tric bu leat mi fein 's mo shleagh,
Ann latha catha agus comhraig.
- 17 Cha b' uileor leamsa eis no cain,
No aon seoid a bhiodh na 'r tìr,
Cha b' uileor leam re m' linn a bhos,
Gach seoid a dh' iarrain gu 'm faighinn.
- 18 Cha 'n 'eil òr no carras gu fìor,
A dh' iarradh oirne an rìgh,
Gun tair gun tailceas duinn d' e,
Nach bu leatsa Fhighearnas.
- 19 Ach malairt einn gun mhalairt crainn
B' ea-corach sud iarradh oirn,
'S e 'm fath mu 'n iarradh tu oirn e,
Mise a b' bith gun Fhian gun athair.
- 20 Ge do bhiodh an Fhian is t-athair,
Co maith 's bha iad riamh na 'm beatha.
Cha b' uileor leamsa re m' linn,
Gach seud a dh' iarrain gu 'm faighinn.
- 21 Na 'm biodh an Fhian agus m' athair,
Co maith 's a bha iad na 'm beatha,
Is teann ar am faigheadh tu sinn
Lend do thaighe an Eirinn.
- 22 Lion fuarachd na laich làn,
Re clastin na h-Iomar-bhaidh,
Bha briathra garbha leath mar leath
Eadar an Cairbre 's an t-Oscar.
- 23 Bheirinn-se briathar buan,
'S e thubhairt an Cairbre ruadh,
An t-sleagh sin ata na d' laimh
Gur h-ann innte tha do laith-bhas.
- 24 Briathar buan sin briathar buan,
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan seach siong,
Eadar airne agus imleag.
- 25 Briathar eil' ann aghaidh sin,
Bheireadh an t-Oscar calma,
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan naoi siong,
Mu chuma' fhuilt agus eadain.
- 26 Briathar buan sin briathar buan,
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach
A h-Albainn an la 'r na mhaireach.
- 27 Briathar eil' an aghaidh sin,
Bheireadh an t-Oscar calma
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach
Do dh' Albainn an la 'r mhaireach.
- 28 Bha 'n oiche sin duinne gu 'n chabhair,
Thall agus a bhos mu 'n amhainn,
Bha doirinn leath mar leath
Bha doirinn mhor eadar-inn.
- 29 Chualas Olla le guth tiom,
Air chlaisrich bhinn ag tuireadh bais ;
Dh' eirich Oscar am feirg
Is ghlae e airm na dhornaibh aigh.
- 30 Dh' eirich sinn an la 'r na mhaireach,
Ar sluagh uil' ann fu na bha dh' inn,
Thogadh sealg agus creach leinn,
Gu 'n fhiarich do Rìgh Eirinn.
- 31 Mharbh sinn Rìgh Luthaidh na 'n laun,
Laach fuileach le faobhar arm,
Thog sinn creach re sliabh Goill,
Gu luath leis gearnach lu'-mhor.
- 32 An uair a rainig sinn ann
Beallach cumhaing an caoil-ghleann,
'S ann a bhlohd an Cairbre ard,
Ag lonnaireachd ag teachd na 'r co-dhail.
- 33 Cuig fichead Gaidheal garg,
Thainig o 'n tìr fhuair ghairbh⁵
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 34 Seachd fichead do Chlannaibh Rìgh,
Bu mhor guisg agus gnìomh :
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 35 Mungan Mac Seire a bha 'n naimh,
A chumhricheadh eud cloidheamh glas,
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 36 Cuig fichead fear cloidheamh glais,
Nach deach' aon cheim riamh air ais ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 37 Cuig fichead fear bogha,
A thainig air Cairbre d' a chobhair ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 38 Seachd fichead do dh' fhearaibh feachd,
A thainig a tìr an t-sneachd ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 39 Cuig fichead Cairbre ruadh,
Bha cos'lach re Cairbre an t-sluaigh ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 40 A chuigear a b' fhaigse d' an Rìgh,
D' am bu dual gaisg' is gnìomh ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 41 Nuair chunnaic an Cairbre ruadh,
Oscar ag snogheadh an t-sluaigh,
A chraoiseach nimhe bha na laimh
Gu 'n do leig e i na cho-dhail.
- 42 Thuit Oscar air a ghluin deas,
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troin a chneas,
Thug e ureaire eile nunn,
Is mharbhadh leis Rìgh nah Eirinn.
- 43 Eirich Art is glae do chloidh eamh,
Is seasamh ann aite t-athar,
Is ma gheabh thu do dhiol saoghail,
Saoilidh mi gur mae rìgh thu.

⁴ Laoidheadh.⁵ Cuig fichead Albannach ard,
Thainig thair muir chairginich gairbh.

- 44 Thug e urchair eile 'n airde,
Ar leinne gu 'm bu leoir a h-airde
Leagadh leis aig meud a chuimsceadh
Art mac Cairbre air an ath urchair.
- 45 Chuir iad chum an Rìgh mu cheap,
Sluagh Chairbre bu gharbh gleac,
Los gu 'm buidh' nte leo buaidh laraich,
Air faicinn doibh Oseair gu craiteach.
- 46 Thog e leacog chonart chruaidh,
Bharr na talmhainn taobh-ruaidh,
Bhris e 'n Cath-bharra mu 'n cheap,
Gnìomh mu dheireadh mu dheadh mhic.
- 47 Togaibh libh mi noise Fhian
Nìor thog sibh me roinne riamh,
Thugaibh mi gu tulaich ghlain,
Ach gu 'm buin sibh diom an t-eachach.
- 48 Chualas aig traidh mu Thuath
Einneach sluaigh is fadhar arm',
Chlisg ar gaisgich gu luath,
Mu 'n raibh oscar fadhadh marbh.
- 49 Marbh'-asg ort a mhic na buaidhe
Nì thu breug an darna h-uair dhuinn,
Loingis mo shean-athar⁶ ata ann.
'S iad ag teachd le cabhair chugainn.
- 50 Bheanniuch sinn uile do Fhionn,
Ge te cha do bheanniuch dhuinn,
Gus an d' thainig e tulach nan deur
Far an robh oscar na 'n arm geur.
- 51 'S measa mhic a bhiodh⁷ tu dh'e
Latha catha sin Beinn-eadain,
Shnamba na corran throimh d' chneas
'S i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas.
- 52 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,⁸
'S cha mho nithear e gu brath;
Chuir Cairbre sluagh na 'n seachd sìong
Eadar m' airmu agus m' imleog.
- 53 Chuir mise slagh na 'n naoi sìong,
Mu chuma fhuilt agus eadain,
'S na 'n rigeadh mo dhuinn a chneas,
Cha deanadh aon leigh a leigheas.
- 54 'S measa mhic a bhiodh tu dh'e
Latha catha sin duindealgainn
Shnamhadh na geoidh throimh d' chneas,
Is i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas,
- 55 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,
'S cha mho dheantar e gu brath,
An gath domhainn am thaobh deas,
Cha dual do leigh a leigheas.
- 56 Sin an uair a chaoidh Fionn,
Air an tulaich os ar cionn,
Shruthadh na deoir sìos o rosgaibh,
Thiontadh e reinn a chulthaobh.
- 57 'Mo laogh fein thu, laogh mo laogh
Leauabh mo leinibh ghil chaoibh,
Mo chridhe leimnich mar lon,
Gu là bhràth cha 'n eirch Osear.
- 58 'S truadh nach mise thuiteadh ann
An Cath Ghabhradh, gnìomh nach gann,
Is thusa an Ear 's an Iar,
A bhì roimh na Fiannaidh Oseair'.
- 59 Cha d' fhidir duine roimhe riamh,
Gur cridhe feola bha 'm chliabh,
Ach cridhe do chnimhne cuir
Air a chumhdachadh le staillinn.
- 60 Donnalaich na 'n con re m' thaobh,
Agus buraich na 'n sean laoch,
'S gul a Phannail caoidh mu 'n seach
Gur e surahdom eadh chridh'.
- 61 Thog sinn leinn an t-Oscar aluinn,
Air ghuailibh, air sleaghaibh 'arda
Thug sinn as ionchara grinn
Gus an d' thainig sinn tigh Fheinn.

⁶ Shean-'ar.⁷ Bhi.⁸ An dàn.

- 62 Cha chaoineadh Bean a mac fein,
Cha chaoineadh fear a bhrathair caoin
Cia lion 's a bha sinn mu 'n teach,
Bha sinu uil' caoincadh Oseair.
- 63 Bas Oseair a chradh mo chridh',
Triath fear Eirinn 's mor d' ar di;
Cait am facas riamh re d' linn
Fear ce cruaidh riut air chul lainn?
- 64 Nìor chuir Fionn d' e crith is grain,
O 'n latha sin gu la bhrath;
Cha ghabhadh is cha b' fheirde leis
Trian d'an bheatha go d' abrainn.

M. 20. MARBH-RANN OSCAIR. 120 lines.

This version is so broken that it cannot easily be divided into verses.

- 1 An cuala sibhse tras fhinn,
'N uair a ghluais e gu h-innise Eirionn,
Cairbhair sleaghadh lamhlach garga,
4 Ghlac e Eirionn fa aon smachd.
Sud sgeul bu duilich leinn,
E bhuntainn uain ar Tighearnais.
'S dh'fhalbh finn le dean damhair,
8 A lion do 'n Fheinne uile 's a bha sinn,
Leagadh leinn ar feachd 's ar sluagh,
An taobh mu thuath do dh' Eirionn.
Chuireadh le Cairbhair annas,
12 Fios air Oscar óg na Féinne;
Dhol a dhionsuidh feisd an Rìgh.
'S gu faigheadh e eis da rèir.
Ghluais (o nach d' ób e namh,) 16
An t' Oscar aluin gu teach an Rìgh,
Tri-chéud fear trein a dh' imich leis,
A fhreasdal da thoil 's da fheum,
'S dhás briathra garbh leith mar leith,
20 Eadir Cairbhair agus Oscar,

CAIRBHAIR.

- Malairt sleagh a baill leam uait
Oseair dhuinn a' h-Albuinn:
An t-sleagh a bha an talla an Rìgh,
24 Gur ann dhomh fein bu dual i,

OSCAR.

- Cìod a mhalairt sleagh a th' ort,
A Chairbhair mhoir n' au long-phort?
'S tric bu leat mi fein 's mo sleagh
28 An la cuir catha na comhraig,
Ach malairt cinn, na iomlaid croinn,
B' eucorach sud iarradh oirn,
'S e am fath mu 'n iart oirn e,
32 Sinn a bhì gun Fheinne gun athair,

CAIRBHAIR.

- Ged a bhitheadh an Fheinne 's t-athair,
Co maith sa bha iad re 'n laithaibh,
Cha builear leamsa ro m' linn
36 Na seoid a dhiairuin gu 'm fuighinn.
'Na'm bitheadh an Fheinne agus m' athair
'Co maith sa bha iad ra 'n laithaibh,
Cha 'n fhuigheadh tus a Chairbhair Ruai
40 Leud do thraigheadh do dh' Eirinn.
2 Ghluais fhuarachd na 'n Laoch gach lamh,
Ri cluinntinn na h-ìomairt aca bha,

CAIRBHAIR.

- 'N sin nuair a labhair Chairbhair ruadh,
44 Briathra bheirimse gu m' uaimh,
An t-sleagh sin ann ad laimh,
Gur ann uimpe tha luaidh do bhàis.
Chualas Orran le guth tiom,
48 Air clarsaich bhinn a tuireadh bais,
Dheirich Oscar le mor th' eirg,
'S e mosgladh gu Rìgh na h-Eirionn,
An t-seiscar a b' fhaigse 'n Rìgh,
52 Da 'm bu dual gaisg 's gnìomh,
Thuit sud le lamh Oseair thall,
'S e mosgladh gu Rìgh na h-Eirionn.

¹ Oscar speaks.² The Bard speaks.

- Nuair chunnaic an Cairbhair ruadh
 56 Oscar asnuightheadh a shluaigh,
 An t-sleagh neathe bha na laimh
 Leig é sud na cho-dhail.
 Chuaidh Oscar air a ghluin deas,
 60 'S an t-sleagh neathe t-roiimh a chneas,
 Thug e urchair eile nunn—
 'S mharbhadh leis Eigh na h-Eirionn.

CAIRBHAIIR.

- Art mhic Carbhair glac do chlainh,
 64 'S dean seasamh an aite t-Athar,
 'S mar dean an 't eug do thoirt
 Diol mo bhas le mend do ratha,
 Thuit le Oscar gníomh nach cuimseach
 68 Art mac Chairbhair air 'n ath urchair,
 Sgar é dheth an clogaíde, 's an ceann,
 Be gníomh mu dheirre mo dheagh-mhic.
 Chualas aig an traigh mu thuath,
 72 Eigheach sluaigh is faoghair arm,
 Chlisg air gaisgich gu luath,
 'S fhuaras Oscar—leith-mharbh.
 'Sin nuair thainig oirne Fionn,
 76 Air an tulaich os ar ceann,
 Shileadh na deoir air a rosga,
 Thionaidh é ruinn a chul-thaobh,
 'Mo laogh fein thu 's laogh mo laoiigh!
 80 'Leanamh mo leimhí glat chaomh!
 'S é mo chridh th' air a lot gu trom,
 'Sgula bhráth cha 'n eirigh Oscar,
 '—'S measa a mhic a bha thu dheth
 84 'Ann la cur catha beinn Eudain
 'Shnamh na corraín roimh d' chneas,
 'Si mo lamhsa roinn do leigheas.'

OSCAR.

- 'Mo leigheas cha n' eil é n' dān,
 88 'S cha mho níthear é gu bráth,
 'An gath domhain am thaobh deas,
 'Cha dual do n' Leigh a leigheas.'
 Chuir Carbar sleagh na 'n seachd seang,
 92 Eidar m' airnean agus 'm iomlag
 Thug mise urchair cill a nunn
 Mu chumachd fhuilt agus eadain,
 'S n' au ruigeadh mo dhuirn a chneas
 96 Cha deanadh Leigh a leigheas.

FINGAL.

- 'S truaigh nach mise a thuitheadh ann,
 An cath 'g árach gníomh nach gann;
 'S thus a near 's a niar.
 100 Bhí roimhe na Fiannaidh Oscar!

OSCAR.

- Ge 'd bu tusa thuitheadh ann,
 An cath 'g árach gníomh nach gann;
 Ochoin! a near no niar
 104 T' iarguin cha deanadh Oscar.
 Cha didir duine riamh,
 Gur críodhe feola bha am chliabh,
 Ach críodhe do chuillbhe cuir,
 108 Air achomhdacha le stáilinn
 Tathanntaich n'an con re 'm thaobh,
 'S baireadh n'an sean Laoch,
 'S gul a pannail ma seach
 112 Gur é sud a chraidh mi 'm chridh,
 Thog sinn oirn an 't-Oscar aluin,
 Air ghuaillibh n'an sleagh a 'b airde,
 Thug as iomchar 's grílan grinn
 116 Gus an d' thainig sinn Tigh Fhinn,
 Cha chaoineadh fear a mlaic Fein
 'S cha mbo a chaoineadh fear a bhrathair
 Cia lion 's a bha sinn na 'n teach
 120 Bha sinn uile a' caoineadh Oscar.

O. 13. CATH GABHRA' NO MARBH OSCAIR.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 66. Copied by Malcolm Macphail,
 Edinburgh, March 23, 1872.

This makes the whole agree with the Irish story.
 Cairbre, Cormac's son, had taken all Ireland, and wished
 to drive the Feinne out of *Almhi* (Allen) their possession.
 The King of Ireland and his troops fell out, and the

autineers were exterminated. This version, got by Dr.
 Irvine in Glenlyon, about 1800, close to Mac Pherson's
 country, and just before the Gaelic of 1807 was published,
 seems to me conclusive. This traditional version closely
 agrees with the version written by Dean Mac Gregor, who
 was a native of Glenlyon. After an interval of nearly
 three hundred years, oral tradition had lost something,
 but nothing was added or altered. In the hands of Ken-
 nedy the ballad was lengthened, and polished. In the
 hands of Mac Pherson it was rolled up in a mist of words,
 and hidden in the English poem of Temora, which some
 one translated into Gaelic, as I firmly believe.

- 1 'S MEANINACH tha mise ma Chaoilte,
 O nach mairrean fear mo cho-aise;
 B' e Chaoilte mo cho-aise ceart,
 Leis am buighte buaidh is beachd. (san fheachd)
- 2 B' e Caoilte mo leth churruidh chatha,
 Ri furtachd is ri b-aonnar:
 An righ bu cheannard dhuinn uille,
 Ard threnn fhlath nan Triath. (al. nam Fiann)
- 3 An sin do ghluais siubhal Fhinn,
 Gach slios bhaile bha 'n Eirin;
 Cairbre luath lanach neo lag,
 Chuir e Eirin uile fo aon smachd.
- 4 Chuir e fios oirrne g' ar teinn ruidh,
 G' ar n' ioman a mach 'a Almhi;
 Dheanamh gníomh bu tursach dhuinne,
 A bhuinntinn dhuinn ar Tighearnas.
- 5 Fhreagair sinn an curruidh dana,
 A lion ann uile na bha sinn;
 Cha robh sinn ann dhe 'n Fhinn uile,
 Na chosnadh a' phibh bhuaidhe.
- 6 Air an rod gheal, glo gheal, cleacach,
 Bha sinn ochd ceud ann sar mharcach
 Chaidh sinn gu aoibhinn a steach,
 'S bha cumha Chairbre an t-oighre.
- 7 Iomlaid cinn sleagha b' aill leam uatsa,
 A dheagh Oscar aluin;
 Iomlaid cinn g'an iomlaid crainn,
 B' eucor sid iarraidh orm.
- 8 Gur e 'm fath m' an iarradh tu e,
 Sinne bhi gun Fhian, gun athair;
 Ged a bhitheadh am Fiann 's t-athair,
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha riamh nam beatha,
 Cha b' uilear leamsa ri m' linn,
 Gach seud a dh' iarradh gu 'm faighinn.
- 9 Nam bitheadh an Fheinn agus m' athair,
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha nam beatha;
 Cha bhitheadh agadsa, o righ,
 Leud do throidhe ann Eirin.
- 10 Dh' fharraich fuarachd nan laoch lan,
 Bhí cluistinn na h-iomar bhaigh (al. maigh)
 Briathra garbha leth mar leth,
 Eadar Cairbre fiat 's Oscar.
- 11 Gun tugainnse briathra gu nuadh,
 Arsa an Cairbre crann ruadh;
 An t-sleagh sin m'a bheil do lamh,
 Gur ann leatha bhios do luatha bhas.
- 12 Gu 'n tugainse breathra eile,
 Arsa an Oscar donn a b-Almhi;
 Gu 'n togar leam scalg is creach,
 Gu 'n rachainn do Dh' almhi a maireach.
- 13 Oidheche a' faireach leinn gu là,
 Mar ri mnathaibh Fiann Co-ol; (mathaibh)
 Shuidhich sinn Dour leth marleth, (Doubhir)
 'S bha Dour eadarunn.
- 14 Thogadh leinn an la air mhaireach,
 Do Almhi bhitheadh ar 'n ards,
 Thug sinn ri slabh Baoisge nan creach,
 Gu luath laoisgairneach luth-mhor. (laoisginnneach)
- 15 Mogan Mac Seire a Nuadh, (al. Nuath)
 Dh' ionga dhe deich ceud claidhe' ruadh;
 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
 'S e mosgladh ri ard righ Eirin.
- 16 Deich fichead de mhacaibh righ,
 'S air leimne gu 'm bu mhor am pris;
 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
 'S e mosgladh gu h-ard righ Eirin.

- 17 Deich fichead Cairbre ruadh,
Bha cosmbuil ri Cairbre an t-sluaigh;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscair thall,
'S e mosgladh ri gu ard righ Eirin.
- 18 Deich fichead Albannach ard,
A thainig a' tir Ghael gharg;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscair thall,
'S e mosgladh gu h-ard righ Eirin.
- 19 A chuigear a b' fhaigse do 'n righ,
G' a choimhead o dhogainn 's o ghníomh;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscair thall,
'S e mosgladh ri ard righ Eirin.
- 20 'N nair a chunnaic an Cairbre ruadh,
Oscair a' snaithe an t-sluaigh;
An t-sleagh nimhe bha na laimh,
Thug e urchoir dhi cho dhail.
- 21 Thuit Oscair air a ghluin deas,
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troimh a chneas;
Thug e urchoir eile null,
Is mharbhta leis ard righ Eirin. (thorecha)
- 22 Art mhic Cairbre glac do chlaidhe,
Seasamh daua 'n aite t-athair;
'S mu gheibh thu do dhìol saoghail,
'S aoidh mi gur Mac radh thu.
- 23 Thug Oscar an t-sleagh air a h-aís.
'S mharbh e Art air an ath-urchair;
Sluagh Chairbre garbh an cleachd,
Chuir sinn an cath garb mu 'n cheap.
- 24 Oscair Mac Oisein an aigh,
Thog e leac cloiche na laimh;
'S bhris e crun an righ mun cheap,
Gníomh mu dheire mo dheagh mhic.
- 25 Mar Ealtuin air a sgapadh bras,
Mar duilleach sguabte le cruaidh fhras;
Mar cheò sgarite briste le pronn ghaoth;
'Sin mar theich sluagh Chairbre as.
- 26 Bu truagh an gaoir gan tannadh sìos,
Thiomaich mo chridhe, 's mo chliabh;
Le mi-run Chairbre ehlao.
Bha àr a leannachd a dheagh dhaoín.
- 27 Oscair glac baigh na treig,
Tha d' thuil fein a strugla comhla;
'S gearr 'se m' eagal do katha,
Tha t-athair a cheana dhe bronach.
- 28 Mo latha-sa tha buain mar ghrian,
Ghleidh mi dìon mo chliu san strì;
Thuit Cairbre nan cleas fo m' laimh,
Cha bhas ach beatha mo thì.
- 29 Thuit Oscar air a thaobh,
Phill a shluagh mar iom-ghaoth;
Fo dhubbar crainn Cuillin tuidh;
B' iomadh suil bha dian a ruith.
- 30 Bu mbiosa Mhic bha thu dheth,
Latha catha beinn Eddin;
Shnabh na Corran tro do chneas,
'S i mo lamb a rinn do leagbeas.
- 31 Mo leigheas cha 'n eil e 'n dan,
Cha mho nìthear e gu brath;
Chuir Cairbre sleagh na nao seang (seamh)
Eadar m' airnean 's m' iomlag.
- 32 Chuir mise sleagh nan seachd seang,
Edar cumha fhuilte is eudainn;
'S m' an rùigeadh mo dhùirn a chneas,
Cha deanadh aon leigh 'a leigheas. (na laoch)
- 33 Sin nuar thainig oirne Fionn,
Air an tulaich as an cleann; (ar)
Shil na doir air a rosgaibh;
Thionndaidh e ruinn a chul-taobh.
- 34 Laogh mo leinibh mo laogh fein thu,
Laogh mo chuirein ghlainn chaomh;
Mo chridhe leumartach mar lor,
Gu la bhrath cha 'n eirich Oscar.
- 35 'S truagh nach mise a thuit ann,
An cath gabhí gníomh nach gann; (gabhra)
'S tusa bhi 'near san iar,
Roimh na Fiannaibh Oscair.
- 36 Nam bu tusa thuiteadh ann,
An cath gabhí gníomh nach gann;
Cha chluite 'n ear no 'n iar.
Iarguin ma dh' inallu aig Oscar.
- 37 Thogainn thu gu tulaich ghlainn,
Sgairinn an fead ghad chaoiadh;
Thogar leinn an t-Oscar calma,
Air bharraibh ar sleagha arda.
- 38 Gus an tulaich bha shuas an tigh,
'S bhithheamaid nìle cnoineadh Oscair;
Sgalartaich nan Coin ri m' taobh;
Agus buraich nan seann laoch.
- 39 Donnal as shannail nan seach,
Gur e sud a chraidh mo chridhe;
Leac Oscair a chraidh mu 'n chridh,
Treun ri treun san uir rìthe
- 40 'S iomadh neach gan teirca tabaist,
'S teare laoch air a bheil t-iomradh.

From — Macintyre, Glenlyon, who can
neither read or write.

THE DEATH OF FIONN. F. 20. O. 10.

THE usual tradition is that Fionn went away, and that he is living somewhere still. Fletcher's Collection contains a story about the Death of Fionn, of which I have but one other version. Fionn went courting one of the Clann Chuilgeadan, who appear in the Lay of the Heads, and in the ballad of Dun-an-oir. He is challenged to leap, and when he wins he is challenged to leap backwards. He falls, and is beheaded. But the slayers lived near Cape Clear, according to Irish authorities. Tailteach mac a Chuilgeadan was the man, Gleann Dochart the place, an Island in Loch an Iubhair, near Beinn Mhòr, in Scotland, was the spot, and Fionn was buried at Cill Fhinn, a place near the end of Loch Tay. The slayer was slowly put to death by twisting off his arms and legs. This looks like broken poetry; and it certainly was a current story, because two men got different versions of it. The only Heroes named are Fionn and Oisein: so this comes after the Battle of Gabhra.

See Fionn's Irish Pedigree above for the Irish account of the Death of Fionn. Page 34.

F. 20. EACHDRAIDH MAR A CHAIDH FIONN A MHARBHADH. 93 lines broken.

Fletcher's Collection, page 132. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

AIR bhi do dhuine àraidh d' an goirte Tailteachd-mac-Chuilgeadan, mar ainm, a gabhail tamhachd ann an Eilean Lochan Iubhair laimh ri Beinn-mhòr ann an Gleann Dochart, aig an robh leannan sìth, mar Chonaltra san aite sin.

Air bhi do Fhionn-mac-Cuthail air faoitennan fìosrachadh mu timchioll, Chaidh e a steach ga faicsinn, agus ghabh e tlachd fìreanach comhla ri. Ach fa dheireadh air bhi do Thailteachd air faigheann a mach gu 'n robh Fionn a tachairt tric an rathad a leannan. Air dha ransachadh eataru mu dheibhinn. Thuiteadh lethla the cheile ann an eud co mòr, agus gu 'n rabhadh a' dol a bhuiladh a cheile.

Ach a deir ise gu deanamair dhuibh riaghailt, na bitheabh an feigr ri cheile.

- 1 AM fear a 's fearr buaidh an leum, is e leannas mi fein le tlachd,
Dh' imich na Laoich an sin a mach a leum,
Leum Tailteachd o' n Eilean air tìr tìorain, is leum Fionn gu sgiobalt treun 'na dheigh.
- 2 A deir Tailteachd,
Leumainse an linne air m' ais
Is mur a leum thusa an cothair do chùil,
Biodh agamsa an cliù gu ceart.
Leum iad araon air an ais,
Ach 'se Tailteachd a leum an toiseach;
Agus bha e air tìr tìorain Eilan,
Ach air leum an sin do dh' Fhionn,
Chaidh e foidhe gu Cheann.
- 3 Agus ghlac Tailteachd an sin an
Corom bha thaobh cùil air agus bhuin e an ceann do dh' Fhionn mu 'n burrain e riamh tionndadh ris.

- Theich Tailceachd le b-cagal fuathas na Feinne,
agus ceann Fhionn aige
Gu 'n d' rainig e ceann Loch-Iaidain, agus air bhi
dha' sgith ga ghuilan, chuireadh leis air stob
è air tom dubh aig àth na h-aibhne d' an
goirear àth Chinn o sin a mach.
- 4 Agus air do 'n Fheinn corp Fhionn fhaotainn ri
taobh an Lochain,
Thogadar air Rìgh 's ar Triath,
Air Ghuailibh briagha nan laoch,
Is dh' amblaig sinn è air cùl tuim,
An uaigh do 'n goirear Cìlfhinn mar ainm.
Bha an Fheinn uile fodh' throm fheirg
Co dheanadh orra an tàir,
Dh' iomaichidair air toir a chinn,
Na suinn nu 'n do Gabh iad Caird.
- 5 Gus an d' fhuaras leò ceann an laoeih,
Air cnoc fraoich an taobh Ath-chinn;
Is rinneas toireachd air an laimh,
Bha co dana is dol na dhàil.
- 6 Chuir iad miar foidh dheud fios,
Dh' innsadh dhoibh am fios mar bha;
Tailceachd a bhi fo fhlamb,
Air son a ghnìomh am Beinn-all-air.
- 7 Dh' fhuaras Tailceachd ann san uaigh,
Is chuireadar gu cruaidh ris ceist;
A Thailceachd an aireach leat Fionn,
Is fhreagair gu b-aingidh air ais,
Cha 'n aireach mur aireach le Goll nan cleas
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuilgeadar.
- 8 An lamh dheas air son a' ghnìomh,
Bhuin sinn do Thailceachd gu fìor;
Bhuin sinn dheth an lamh eile,
Air son ghnìomh na mòr ehionta,
Chuir iad ceist an dara h-uair,
A Thailceachd an aireach leat Fionn.
- 9 A d' thuirt Tailceachd,
Air mo Rìogh nach aireach;
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas,
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuilgeadar.
- 10 Shnìomh sinn an leth chos o 'n toin,
Le teannachuir rìghin chruaidh;
Agus phronn sinn a chos eile,
Le leachdibh cruaidhe na sceire,
A Thailceachd an aireach leat Fionn
Dubhairt Tailceachd.
- 11 Air mo Rìogh nach aireach leam,
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas;
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuilgeadar.
- 12 An da shuil a bha na Cheann,
Loisg sinn le lionn gaioleach garg;
A Thailceachd an aireach leat Fionn
Dubhairt Tailceachd fa dheireadh thall;
Air mo rìogh nach aireach leam,
Mur h-aireach le Goll nan cleas
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuilgeadar
Chuir sinn air slagha troimh chridhe
Thailceachd is mharbh sinn e.

O. 19. BAS FHINN LE TAOILEACH. 43 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 108. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

- 1 ELAN an uidhir, Leannan sith,
Leum mar dhuais graidh
Leum Taoileach mach as an Elan,
4 Leum Fionn a mach
Leum Taoileach a steach an eoinneamh a chuil
Leum Fionn, is thuit san uisge,
Chuir Taoileach an ceann deth.
8 Dh' fhalbh leis a' cheann, is chuir air stob aig
Ath Fhinn, aig ceann shuas na cruaidh an
Ranach. Dh' fhalbh iad an toir iar Fionn.
- Cha robh fios co thug an ceann deth; Thachair iad air
a cheann. Ma's fìor a labhair an ceann 'Nuair thar-
ruing iad deud; Thuirt aon dui, se sid guth Fhinn.
Guth chinn air a chrann. Thug iad a mas an ceann.
Chuir fear a mheur fo dheud fios, fhuair fios co rinn

an gnìomh. Thuirt Oisean Mac an Rìgh. Diolaidh
sinn bas Fhinn.

- No 's masladh gu brath dhuinn.
12 Dh' fhalbhas air toir air Taoileach; Fhuairas e
an namh aig ceann shuas Beinn Arlar.
Taoileach an aithreach leat Fionn,
Air mo rìgh, cha 'n aithreach leam;
Mar aithreach le Goll nan cleas.
16 An eath ruaig bh' air Clann Chuilgeadan.
An lamh dheas a rinn an gnìomh.
Bheir sinn do Thailceachd gu fìor,
Bheir sinn deth an lamh eile.
20 Ann an cionta na moir choirre.
A Thailceachd, an aithreach leat Fionn,
Air mo rìgh cha 'n aithreach leam.
Shnìomh sinn deth an leth chos
24 Le Teanchar gramail cruaidh;
Phronn sinn a chos eile,
Le leacaidh garbh na sgeire;
A Thailceachd an aithreach leat Fionn,
28 Air mo rìgh cha 'n aithreach leam.
An da shuil bha na cheann,
Loisg sinn le lionn goileach dearg,
Bhuin sin an ceann de Thailceachd,
32 An cormain an droch ghnìomh a rinn e
Nan abradh Taoileachd gu 'm bu bhead
An ceann a thoirt de chom nan ceud,
Cuach Fhinn bheiridh beo,
36 Chuireadh an ceann ris a chlo
Phill sinn gu bronach tuirseach
Ghualainear leinn ceann Fhionn,
Gan t-aite an d' fhuairas a chollinn;
40 Ghualan sinn e gu aluim,
Air chrannaibh slagha Arda,
Dh' adhlacadh leinn e an cill,
Is deirear cill Fhinn ris gu 'n duigh.

THE DEATH OF OISEIN.

THIS Ballad does not describe the death of Oisein, but is part of his Lament for his comrades. Some marginal writer on the manuscript says that this is equal to anything in the books of Mac Pherson or Dr. Smith. To me it seems to be made up of fragments and mended. Some verses I recognise as in other ballads; others bear the stamp of popular poetry, others do not, according to my opinion. The metre varies. Current tradition sends Oisein off to the Isle of Youth with his mother in the form of a deer, or with a mythical hound. In any case this ends Kennedy's Second Collection, and leaves Oisein the last of the Heroes alive. An Irish manuscript, called the Book of Lismore, contains a long composition called the Dialogue of the Old Men. In it Caoilte and Oisein converse with Saints and Chiefs, and wander about telling stories in Ireland.

I. 23. BAS OISEIN. 140 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 160. Advocates' Library, April 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

It is certain that Ossian survived all the Fingalians, and lived till that Era Christianity was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick, who is no other than this Son of Alpin he addressed his Poems so frequently to. It is applied till this day to an aged man, who live after all after all his Friends, relations and children. 'That he is left alone as Ossian after the Fingalians?' 'Tha e mar Oisein an deidh na Feinne.' Ossian seems to have lived with an eminent man Conar in Glencathan, or the Glen of Wars, in his latter days. Conar's wife being a distant relation of Ossian wanted that he should immortalize and flourish the Fame of her own Family beyond that of Fingal's upon his death bed, but he refused, finding it unparallel and unreasonable. Ossian discovers by this Poem the strength of Fingal's army when in the height of his glory, and ranges over their actions in war and joy in peace. He regrets in the softest and most pathetic strain, That he is left alone like a bird wounded and benighted in the solitary woods, longing for the dawn to renew his joy and lull his grief. Or to a mouldering oak in the desert which is ready to fall by the least blast, without joy, music, growth or grandeur. Where is my Friend to lament my fall, and rear my Tomb; and who shall dig my grave but cruel Aliens! Where art thou, O Fingal!

Oscar and Cailte, with all your hosts my Days are expired.
My time is past. My Friends are extinct. My peace and
ease is over. My joy is done. My pleasure is gone.
The grave is my home, so let me now die and live no
more!

- 1 'S TIAMHAIDH bli noe ann Gleann-caothan
Gun ghuth gadhair ann gun cheol;
Mo chroidhe cho dean e do 'm reir,
'S mi fein an sean fhear gun treoir.
- 2 'N uair reachamaid do Gheann-caothann,
Bu bhinn bladhar againn ceol;
B' iomad den' fhear dhinn air chint,
'S cho toileamaid diomb d' ar deoin.
- 3 'Nuair thogamaid ri Gleann-caothann,
Bu lionmhor fadhaid gach iul;
A cosgairt an daimh, 'san fheidh,
'S iomad ceud nach eireadh dhiu.
- 4 B' iomad laoch a dh' eighthe mach,
A dhireadh gu bras an sliabh;
Le shleagh 's i ruisgte na dhornn,
Le cloidheamh mor agus Sgiath.
- 5 Fionn mo ghaoil caogad Triath,
Le cheile air grianan ard;
Is Gile-ghreine ri crann.
Os a chionn, a bhratach aigh.
- 6 Bu chian ar sgaoileadh o cheill,
Fea' gach sleibh air barra bhac;
Laochraí' chalma, churant Fhinn,
'S am botha gach tìom nan glaic.
- 7 'Nuair a dh' eireadh seilg an fheidh,
Dh' fhuasgladhaid na ceuda Cu;
'S ioma' damh, earb, agus Adh,
A thuiteadh sa bhaoil gach iul.
- 8 Philleamaid le 'r seilg tra-non,
Gu Teamhra' cheolmhor nan teud;
Am bu lionmhor cruit is clar
'S ioma' bard a sheinneadh sgeul.
- 9 B' ioma' slige doll mun enairt,
'S dana nua 'ga luadh le cheil;
A' caitheamh na foist 's ann Thr,
B' aluin, ur na Flathaibh Feinn.
- 10 B' cìbhinn nos na Feinn a ghluais,
Ceolmhor, cuannar, snuadhar treun,
Fion is foehlas agus foil,
Speis gu leoir, 's cho b' eol duinn breug.
- 11 Na suinn chaomha, chalma, ghraidh,
Bu mhor baidh' 's bu chian an cliu;
Feileachd, furan, 's a bhi dian,
A dhion choitheach, cian o' n iul.
- 12 La a chath air magh na bùir,
Co, na b' fhearr, cho chualas riabh;
Chomhraigeamaid fear is ceud,
Gach aon fear do 'n Fheinn bu Triath.
- 13 Cha do ghluais sinn riabh d' ar deoin,
Ach gu foill do chomhrag dian;
An t-onrachdan dhion gu treun,
'S an coitheach creuchta f' ar sgia.'
- 14 B' e 'n t-aireamh a bha ri' m linn,
Ann an Teamhra' bhinn nan teud;
Ceithir mìle deag, is caogad,
N' ar cairdean gaoil air bheag beud.
- 15 Gun luadh air oglaich Ri' Phail,
Aosmhoir sharaicht, no mnai' og;
No gilleann freasdail nan lann,
Och! Gur fann tha mi fuí' bhron.
- 16 Sinbail an domhan mu seach,
'S cho' n fhuigh u ann neach mar Fhionn;
A b' fhearr eieach agus agh,
Cho deachaidh lamb os a cheann.
- 17 Ghluais na laich do 'n uaigh gun lo,
Sin a dh' fhag mar cheo mo shuil;
Mar aon ean leointe sa choill,
Gun solas a' caoi' 'sa mhur.

- 18 Gun leirsinn, ur-fhas, no fonn,
Mar an sonu a sgair a dh' fhàs;
No chnu tha sa ghreadhain chrion,
Gu tuiteam, 's cho'n eiridh dha.
- 19 'S neo cìbhinn do 'n chroidhe bhroin,
Nach nochdar solas o chaoimh;
Mar fhiadh a bha is tha mo chruth,
Dh' eig mo ghuth le dealt na h-oi'ch.
- 20 Chaochail mo fhradharc, 's mo shnuadh,
Ach cho choisg an uaigh mo ghraidh;
O Chailt, is Oscar nan buadh,
Is Fhinn uaibhrich den' Ri' Phail.
- 21 Tha m' osnaich a teachd gach taobh,
Mar ghluaiseas a ghaoth gach nial;
Tha mo bhron a teachd amach,
Mar uisge bras, no sruth dian.
- 22 Ailis dhuinne Oiseinn fheil,
Gus a bhas o' n tha thu doll;
C' ait am fac u deas no tuath
Teach is mo' a shluagh no so.
- 23 Chunnacas latha teach Fhinn
Air an iargain thruim so th' òrm;
Bu lionmhoire gile fir feachd,
No Conar a' d' theach gun stoilbh.
- 24 C' ait am bheil na fir mhora,
Bhiodh aig Conar gach tra'-noine;
Nach d' thugadh iad an t-Oisein amach,
Air caol chas, 's a chab' 'san otrach.
- 25 Cha bu chubhaidh dheanamh orm,
Na thuit n le colg a bhean;
'S laoch mi a rinn iomad àr,
Ged' tha 'nois gun chail gun ghèan.
- 26 Is mi Oisein, dea' mhach Fhinn,
Bha mi uair, 's bu ghairdeach leam;
Gur mi shnithichidh an t-sealg,
'Nuair a dh' eireadh fearg air Fionn.
- 27 'Nuair a bha mi ann san Fheinn,
'S mi gu treun a meas nan fear;
Thigeadh caogad Inghen donn,
A dh' fhalcadh mo chinn a bhean.
- 28 Cho b' e failleadh nan ceann caomh,
Air do mhaol bu mhiann leam feinn;
Ach beist nimhe Loch-leathann,
Reubadh do shean leathair lèi.
- 29 A laoch nach mol u mo mhur
Nan ceudan cu, 's nan teud mear;
'S ceolmhoire no Teamhra' bhinn,
Anns gach tìom bhiodh comhrag fhear.
- 30 Cha toir cliu do theach fai 'n ghrein,
Mar mhur feilidhe Fhinn mo ghraidh;
A leithid cho 'n fhacas riabh,
A near no nìar taobh a bha.
- 31 Bha mi la bu mhor mo phris,
Ann Teamhra' nan ceuda clìar;
Tha i' n diu 'n h àbhaidh fhuar,
Is mise mo thruagh! gun mhiadh.
- 32 Mo dhea' Inghen bha mi uair,
Ghlacaim an eilid air chluas cinn;
Bheirinn am bior fuinn amach,
Ann 's an oi' che dhorchda dhail.
- 33 Ochoin, is mi 'nois gun treoir,
Gun neach beo a nì mo chaoidh;
Gun chaomh a thogas mo leac,
Is m' uaigh cho treachail, ach buirb.
- 34 Gun Chailte gun Oscar, gun Fhionn,
Gun fhear m' osnaich gu tìom truagh;
Gun fhear m' osnaich ann gu fìor,
'S mi' n crann crìon a chail na sluaigh.
- 35 Ghluais mo re mar sgèul, no sgàil,
Ghluais mo chairdean, is mo shith;
Ghluais mo sholas, is mo bhaidh,
Mar ata mi-Gu brath biom.

That the above seven Poems were transcribed or collected by Mr. Duncan Kennedy, as they appear in the preceding pages, is certified by John Macfarlane, Assistant Minister. Killbrandon, May 1, 1785.

THE STORY OF OISEIN:

AND FOURTEEN VERSIONS OF A BALLAD.

The traditional Story of Oisein I got from the following people in 1870-1 :—Pages 56, 57, 104, 131, 136, 169, &c. MS.

1. A travelling tailor, on board the Dunvegan steamer, between Uist and Barra. Sept. 18, 1871. He lives at Ballymartin, in North Uist.
2. Patrick Smith, South Uist. Sept. 17.
2. John Cameron, Borve, Barra. Sept. 25.
4. Duncan Mac Lellan, Carnan, South Uist. Sept. 27.
5. A boy, unknown, who came in while I was writing. Oct. 6.
6. Hector Mac Isaig, South Uist. Sept. 30.
7. A Lady's Manuscript, North Uist. Oct. 6.
8. William Robertson, weaver, Tobermory, Sept. 16, 1871. page 131. It agrees generally with the story told by Kennedy and Fletcher; and told already in text Y. vol. III. I will tell it in English, when I translate. As a sample of oral collections, I add these notes. They were written in English, while the reciters told what they knew in Gaelic, and very little altered, when written out.

William Robertson questioned—'Why was Oisean so called?'

'I will tell you that.' 'The sister of Conchullin Mac an Dualtach laid spells (*geasra*) upon Fionn that he would marry any female creature that he might chance to meet. Fionn fell in with a deer. . . . Then the deer turned to him, and said, "Now I have two. Come here again, and you will have a son." Then Fionn put his finger under his wisdom tooth, and he knew that the deer was a woman enchanted. He came to the place at the time, and found a man child, and he had *colg an fheidh*, deer's hair, upon his temple; and that is why he was called Oisein. On the corner of the brow here,' (touching his own temple,) 'because the deer's hair was upon his temple, he was called "Corner." That was "Oisein," the son of Fionn. His mother was the daughter of the Dualtach, under spells.' From this, Oisein was Conchullin's nephew. (137.) 'When Oisein was old, amongst the Feinne, and his son was dead, Fionn took care of him. He was commander of the world. A pretty woman met Oisein, when he was out walking one day, and saluted him warmly, "Will you not go one day with your mother?" She said, "You have been long enough with the Feinne." He went away with her. She opened a door in a rock, and they went in. He staid with his mother for a week. But these days were so many hundreds of years. He wanted to go back to the Feinne. "Since you came here," said his mother, "nor Fionn, nor a man of the Feinne, lives." And here came a long story, of which part only is in the Ballads and Arguments printed above.

Mac Isaig, in South Uist, and from others next year, 1871.

Reciter.—'Oisein was the son of Fionn Mac Cumhail. He was born of a hind, (*sailearachd fheidh*.) His mother was a woman, under spells, (*fo gheasibh*.) She lived long in the mountains as a deer.'

Instructed Boy.—'Oisein was suckled by a hind; and that is the true story. His mother was a woman.'

Scribe.—'You have not got the story at all.' (Boy departs, snubbed.)

Reciter.—'Most of the old men say that Oisein's mother was a woman, in the form of a deer. I do not know how it all came about, or how it was, but they say that Fionn also was under spells; &c., &c.'

Scribe.—'That must have been when he fled, after he got his wisdom tooth, and slew Arc Dubh, at Eas Rugh, in Eirinn?'

Reciter.—'Yes. When Oisein was born in the mountains, it was so that if his mother licked him, as deer lick their calves, he was to be a deer, like his mother. If not, he was to be a man, like Fionn, his father. She had so much of the deer's nature in her, that she begun to lick the child, and she gave one sweep of her tongue to his temple. The deer's hair (*colg an fheidh*) grew on the corner of his brow at once. When his mother saw that, she had so much of the woman's nature left that she wished her son to be a man, she stopped licking him, and he grew up to be a man, and they called him "Oisein." (Angle, or corner.) He was the best Bard in the world.'

Scribe.—'Do you know the song that he made to the deer, his mother?'

Reciter.—'That is Oran Luaidhe, (a fulling song) which the women sing now, when they are fulling clothes. A great many people can sing that song. That's a woman's: my wife knows it better than I do, but she is

too old and weak to come here.' After some persuasion, sings as much as he knows; and says that Carnichael, his neighbour, has got it written. Here follows the Song, as I wrote it myself.

OISEIN'S SONG TO HIS MOTHER.

WRITTEN by J. F. Campbell, from the dictation of Hector Mac Isaig, September 3, 1871, at Carnan Inn, South Uist, and from other versions orally collected in September.

The first verse is written at length and fills the tune. The lines are written without the chorus afterwards. In singing songs of this kind one woman sings a line, and all the rest sing chorus, while the whole bevy of women and girls mark time merrily with hands or feet upon their work. I have tried to spell the chorus so as to give it meaning, but no meaning is attached to these words now. They are sounds made musical like instrumental music.

At page 76, vol. I., 'Barzaz Breiz,' Paris, 1846, Vill-marqué has treated a similar chorus more boldly.

Tan! tan! dir! oh dir! tan! tan! dir ba tan!

Tann! tann! tir! ha tonn! tonn! tir ha tann!

*O feu! ô feu! ô acier! ô acier! ô feu! ô feu! ô acier et feu!

O chène! ô chène! ô terre! ô flots! ô flots! ô terre et chène!

I am not sure that we have done right, but we have similar materials in these two Celtic songs, with vocal accompaniment.

1*†Tha tùchran beag air m' anail,

Bheir mi ho horo hàv

Cha chluinn mo leann an mo guth;

Bheir mi ho ro Rìgh; o hàv;

Bheir mi ho ro Rìgh; o hàv;

Eigh! Haogh! ro Rìgh; bha gh' òl

Bheir mi ho ro ho, tha; Rìgh! thà.

2 Chu chluinn mo leannan mo guth

Ma 's tu mo mhlathair gur fiadh thu.

3*†Ma 's tu mo mhlathair gur fiadh thu

*†Faicail ort o ghluiomh nan con.

4 Faicail ort o ghluiomh nan con

Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda.

5 †Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda

Faicail ort o Chlanna Morna.

6 Faicail ort o Chlanna Morna

Clanna Morna 's an cuid con.

7 Clanna Morna 's an cuid con

'S da chu dheug air lon aca.

8 'S da chu dheug air lon aca

'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fir.

9 Ma theid thu gu gleannibh fòdh

Faicail ort o chlann a Bhò.

10 Faicail ort o Chlann a Bhò

Clanna Bhò 'us an cuid con.

11 Clanna Bhò 'us an cuid con

'S da chu dheug air lon aca.

12 'S da chu dheug air lon aca

'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fir.

13 Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda

Faicail ort o Chlann na GRAISGE.

Repeat 14. 15. 16. as 10. 11. 12.

17 Ma theid thu gu beannibh iscal

Faicail ort o Chlann na BAOISGE.

Repeat 18. 19. 20.

21 Ma theid thu air bheannibh arda

†Faicail ort o Chlann na CEARDAICH.

Repeat 22. 23. 24. as above.

Here Mac Isaig stopped and said: 'I have no more, but that is a long song. When Oisein was out in the Hill the Hind was always coming near him, but he would not follow her. He was ashamed of his Mother, but he made that song.' (P. 170, &c.)

(P. 56). The Tailor said: 'There is a song about that story. I have very little of it, Carnichael has written it.' Then he sang it to a very wild tune. The lines which are the same I have marked above*. The rest are added below.

- 25 Ma theid thu gu gleanntaibh domhain
Bheir mi o huro ho.
 †Faicail ort a chlamh a GOBHAIN
 Bheir mi o huro ho
 Bheir mi o huro ho
 Bheir mi hì ri Rìgh riabhag
 Ho i ho ro, haw.

Repeat 26. 27. 28. as above.

October 6, 1871.—Copied at Dunvegan, a version lent by Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod, written this year in North Uist, by Miss Tòmie, from the repetition of women who used to sing this song at their work, but who have been forbidden to sing any secular music, and have given up the practice as wicked. Lines which are the same are marked † above. The chorus varies a little and indicates a different tune. As the Lady is a musician, probably her version is right, and the tune varies.

- I BHEIR mi hò ri u o hò
 Tha tucharan beag air m' anail
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò
 'S tha sìor ghabhail air mo ghuth.
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò
 E ho i ri ri ibh og o ho
 Rì o hò ho rò.

The repetition varies thus:—

- 29 Ma theid thu air bheanntaibh iscal
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò
 N' aire (dhuit o Chlann na FRITHHEADH
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò
 Clann na Frithheadh 's an cuid cón
 'S da chu dheug air lòn aca
 'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fear.

Repeat 30. 31. 32. with Chorus as above.

The song ends with the Chorus:—

- Bheir mi hò ri u o hò.

In one verse is the line:—

- 'Eirich m' an eirich a ghrian.'

This counsel, according to the story told, was given that the Deer might break the spell which bound her, since the period before Oisein's birth. The same origin for 'Oisein's' name was given. He had a mole on the side of his face or the corner of it.

June, 1872.—Having collected and arranged these fragments myself, and having found three similar verses in Fletcher's Manuscript at the Advocates' Library, (F. 6. 11. 12. 13., p. 60 above), I wrote to Mr. Carmichael: who was kind enough to send me the following extracts from the Collection which he has been making during seven years in the Long Island.

Taking all these versions together, it is easy to extract the meaning. But it is impossible to convey any idea of this kind of vocal industry without transporting the reader to the scene where women and girls sing songs without words, and dance wildly to their own wild music, as merry and busy as a hive of bees.

OISEIN'S WARNING TO HIS MOTHER.

TRANSLATED from Mr. Carmichael's Gaelic Argument, transcribed and collated with other versions, by J. F. Campbell, July 4, 1872.

1. From Donall Mac Phie, smith, Breunbhaig, Barra, December 10, 1866.

A hind was mother to Oisein. His mother Graidhne, Fionn's wife and Oisein's mother) was under spells. Surely it was a fairy sweetheart that put her under spells. They (the fairy sweethearts) used always to be at that kind of work. It was on a pretty little green island, which is called Eillean Sandraigh (or otherwise on a sea rock —*sgier*) in Loch-nan-ceall, in Arasaig, that Oisein was born. His mother laid her tongue on him, to lick him, above the eyebrow, before he was taken from her. Hair grew upon the place where his mother put her tongue, and because of that they called him 'Oisein' by name. Oisein knew that the Fionne wanted to kill her, and he used to warn his mother against the hounds, and tell her the gifts of every hound, and the might of every Hero in the Fionne. It is said that this was the first Lay that Oisein ever made, when he was a suckling little lad (*na phròilteachas beag gille*). Graidhne was the first wife Fionn had, and mother of Oisein. Oisein was nearabout

as big as he would be before Graidhne got free from the spells. He was giving her warning to beware of the dogs. (Carmichael's Note). It is curious that O'Curry in his valuable Lectures on the MSS. Materials of Ancient Irish History, page 304, says:—'Oisin, a word which signifies literally the little fawn.' There is some similarity between this and the Story of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, who are said to have been suckled by a she-wolf.—A.C.

A reference to the Story of Diarmaid and Graidhne will show how this varies from the story generally told about Fionn and Cormac's daughter. Nothing is said about any transformation of Graidhne anywhere else.—J. F. C.

A FRAGMENT OF THE SONG.

- MAS tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,
 Bheir mi hoireon o dhao!
 Orst an slabh muin tigan teasach (*hunt fever*)
 Bheir mi hoireon o dhao
 Shò hirir-bheag
 O na haoi o ro hau
 Faicail orst romh Chlanna Morna
 Bheir mi hoireon o dhao
 Eho hiri riabhag
 O na haoi o ro hao
 Clanna Morna 's an cuid cón
 Beir mi hoireon o o-hoa
 Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhear
 Bheir, &c.
 'S a chu fhein an laimh guch fir
 'S a shleagh fein an laimh guch laoiach
 Ma theid thu gu srath-na-b-amhunn
 Faicail orst romh Chlanna Ghobha

Here repeat as above.

- Ma theid thu do bheanntaibh domhain
 Cuimhnich an t-saigh earblach dhonn

Here this fragment ends.

2. From Aonas Mac Leoid, crofter, Baile Mharstam, Uist, a chinne Tuath, March 26, 1868.

- MU 's tu mo mhathair 's gur fiadh thu,
 Bheir mi hoireann o a haw!
 Faicail orst romh ghníomh nan cón
 Bheir, &c.
 Eho heir ir eubhag
 Ho-haoi o a ro haw
 Ma theid thu (a) bheanntaibh domhain
 Bheir, &c.
 Faicail orst romh Chlann a Ghobha
 Bheir, &c.
 Eho, &c.,
 Ho, &c.,

- Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhearaihb,
 'S a chu fein an laimh gach aon fhir,
 'S iad air eil aig Leide mac Liannain,

Here follows a verse as above with the name, Clann-na Cearide, and two more lines which an old woman in the Island of Baile shear South Uist placed at the end of each verse.

- 'S fear beag 'ad air sgàth chreagain.
 'S eugail leis nach tig ige (thuige?)

3. From Oirig Nic Iain, Tao Loch-euphorst, Uist a Tuath, September 27, 1868.

- MUS tu mo mhathair
 Us gur fiadh thu
 Bheir mi hoirean o haw.
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst.
 Bheir, &c.,
 Faicail orst romh ghníamh nan conaibh
 Ma theid thu romh struth-an-lonain;
 Faicail orst romh Chlanna Morna
 Clanna Morna 's an cuid cón.
 Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhearaihb,
 Fear beag beag ri sgiath creagain
 'S a dha-chu-dhiag air lothain aige.

Here follow verses with the names, Clanna Ghobha, Clanna Baoisge.

4. From an old woman, met in a shepherd's house, at Liadal, close to Prince Charles's Cave at Borrodale, South Uist, May 29, 1868.

Ma 's tu mo mhathair 'us gur fiadh thu
 Bheir mi oirinn o haw
 Bi d' fhaicil romh ghnuimh nan conu
 Bheir, &c., (same as in 2nd version.)
 Eho, &c.,
 O na, &c.,

'S iad eir bheannaibh arda romhad,
 'S iad ag innse dhonnach tig thu.
 Faicill orst romh Chlann Ghil' e ain
 Clann Ghil' e' ain san cuid chon.

Here follows a verse with the name Chlann ie Phairce, and this note by Carmichael:—'This old woman said that all the Finncaham (tribes) were mentioned in the song. This I think doubtful. The part of the song mentioning the Clans must have been a later composition, for the rest of the song seems to me old—older than the mediæval time of the Clans. The Parks are nearly extinct here now. I only know one man of that name in the whole of South Uist, where there were many of that name formerly. All names seem to have been represented here. The Long Island seems to have been the Cave of Adullam to which all criminal and political offenders betook themselves.'

5. From Kenneth Morison, pauper, aged 80. Nisiss na h-Earradh, July 12, 1870. 25 lines, of which the whole are in the next version.

6. OISEIN GA MHATHAIR. 63 lines.

Seinnté le Do 'ul Macaphi Gobha Breubhaig Barraidh,
 10th December, 1866.

1 Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw,
 Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw,
 Ehb hir-ir ibh-ag o
 Na haoi o a ro haw

Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw, &c.

Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst
 Bheir, &c.

Siubhail sliaibh mu 'n tig an teasach,

2 Ma 's tu mo mhathair 'us gur fiadh thu
 Faicill orst romh ghnuimh nan conaibh
 'Siad air bheannaibh arda romhad.
 'Seachainn Caoilte seachainn Luathas,
 'Seachainn Bruchag dhugh nam bruach,
 'Seachainn an t-saigh earblach dhugh (dugh)
 Bran mac Buidheig namh na 'm fiadh,
 Agus Geolai bheag nan car.

3 Mu theid thu do bheannaibh isosal,
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Baoisge,
 Clann na Baoisge 's an cuid con,
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
 'Sa shleagh fhein an laimh gach laoiach
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir
 'Siad air eil aig Leide mac Liannain,
 'S fear beag, beag ri sga creagain
 'S da-chu dhiag eir lothain aige.

4 Mu theid thu eir { strath an lonain
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Morna
 Clann na Morna 's an cuid con
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
 'Sa shleagh fhein an laimh gach laoiach,
 'S iad eir eil aig Leide mac Liannain
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir,
 'S fear beag, beag ri sga creagain
 'S da chu dhiag eir lothain aige

5 Mu theid thu { gu strath na h-athunn
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Ghoibha,
 Clanna Ghoibha 's an cuid con
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
 'S a shleagh fhein an laimh gach laoiach,
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir
 'S iad eir eil aig Leide mac Liannain,
 'S fear beag, beag ri sga creagain
 'S da chu dhiag eir lothain aige.

6 Mu theid thu do bheannaibh arda

Bi d' fhaicil romh chlann { a chearta
 na ceirde
 na cardach

Clann na coairde 's an cuid con.
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
 'Sa shleagh fhein an laimh gach laoiach
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir
 'S iad eir eil aig Leide mac Liannain
 'S fear beag, beag ri sga creagain
 'S da chu dhiag eir lothain aige.

7 Gu 'n gleidh an sealbh thu o 'n t-srannan
 Mu 'n chuinn do leannan do ghuth,
 'Sa dha chu dhiag eir faire mire
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir dhin.
 Bha mi la 's bheinn sheilg
 'S chunnacas fiadh a chabair aird
 Gu 'n ghear e torra leum dha 'n loch
 Mu theid thu romh ghleannaibh domhain
 Cuimhnich an t-saigh earblach dhonn
 (Cuimhnich an t-saigh earblach dhonn ?)

July 4, 1872.—From these six versions gathered by Carmichael, and from my own collection of eight versions, this appears to have been a popular woman's waulking song all over the Islands. It had never been written or printed so far as I know, and the tune has still to be recovered. Like its class, a very few lines would tell the story. It is a kind of muster-roll of the chief Feinian tribes. The object of this kind of singing is to promote Rhythmical movement, and lighten toil with vocal music. Still this song without words must rank as one of the Celtic Heroic Ballads, upon which later growths were grafted in the 4th version. It would be easy to add any names without interfering with the old Heroes first named, as it is said, by OISEIN THE LAST OF THE FEINNE.

PARODIES.

THE following are founded upon Heroic Ballads and Traditions, but are not of their age. They prove the antiquity and popularity of the compositions which they caricature or imitate. As they are older than Mac Pherson's Ossian, they indicate the nature of popular poetry current in Scotland, and ascribed to Oisein before Mac Pherson was born.

P. 12. LAOIDH NA SUAIMHNICHE DUIBHE. 35 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 74. Advocates' Library, February 26, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

An imaginary dialogue between the Bard and a Black Mantle. It is asked to tell a tale of Eirinn; and tells to whom it belonged, from the reign of Cormac till the Ollamh gave it to the man of strings, (the harper) and the harper, to a hoary Parson. It hopes still to tell a tale from a white book; and now the hopes of the Black Mantle are accomplished.

1 FAILTE dhuisse th' suaimhnich dhnbb,
 Caite 'n d' fag u do chruth corr,
 Sgeul na h-Eirinn a thoirt dhuinn
 'S dheistamaid gu 'shùin re d' Ghloir,

2 Sgeul
 'S òg a thaini' du rem sgeul
 Nan tuita leat fein mo dhan

3 'S òg
 Sann re linn Chormaig ic Art,
 A chuirdh re slait mo th' snàth

4 Sann
 Bha mi Tamull aig an Rìogh
 Gann Imrachadh air dhruin each

5 Bha mi
 Ge sean snamhnach mi gun phrìs
 Chunnachdas òl air tìon us creach

6 Ge sean
 Thani mi 'malairt an Deirg,
 Gà Rìogh Eirinn meig an aigh.

7 Thani mi
 Thani mi m' dhùil air Goll,
 O mbac Dreagmhuinn na fonn sàor

¹ seimh.

² imlad.

- 8 Thani mi
Bha mi rist aig Iolluinn greis
A coimhead air cleas nan Arm.
- 9 Bha mi,
Bha mi rist aig Oscar òg
'N deidh do mhac morla bhi marbh
- 10 Bha mi
Oscar nalich nan arm gèur
Cha ghlèidhidh e sèud ach seal
- 11 Oscar
Dhioluich e mise ro am
Mhac O Duilhuine na laun sean,
- 12 Dholuch
Thug O Duibhne mi da mhac
An comaine seachd Lann,
- 13 Thug
Bha mi aig Diarmaid an t'-slòigh
Fad so mhair a Ghloir na cheann
- 14 Bha mi
Gus an d' thanig a sgeul truagh,
A mharbhadh leibh th' suas sa Ghleann
- 15 Gus an
Thug an t-Olla mi n' fear theud
Thug a fear theud do 'n Bhàrd (Twice).
- 16 Thug
Tha mi nois ann a mor phian
Aig a phearsan liath an drast (Twice)
- 17 Tha
'S bi risd mas aill Dia
Gabhail sgial a Leabhar Ban.

O. 33. AITHRIS AIR ORAIN NAM FIANN.

Bonadar. 85 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 145. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S Parody on the *Feinne*, traced back to about 1760, but as old as 1603. The people parodied, are not Mac Pherson's people, but the people of the Ballads, and of the Stories: the *Feinne*, the Giants, the Hags, and even the Foxes of the fables. The composer seems to have been a Roman Catholic.

- 1 AN raor chunneas aising,
An leaba 's mi gun dugsadh;
Ach ma 's fìor na fàidhean,
Bha pairt dhi mor na breige.
- 2 AM fear sin chaidh shiolacadh,
O cheann tri cheud bliodna;
A tighinn a dh' iarraidh deallachadh,
'S bhean air dol an fiadh air.
- 3 O chunnaic mi na slobanan,
'S na tobraichean air treasga;
An fhaighe ghlas na h-iomaran,
Fo chrìuthneachd, 's fo bhuntata.
- 4 NA bha 'n sin a dh' uamh bheathachaibh,
A nuallaich air an smagaidh;
Ag iarraidh aite gearrasdain,
Dh' fhearann thighearna Ghrannata.
- 5 Chunnadh neud na curra, is i,
Na cuirridh air Mùlan arbhair;
Is i cor as trì miosan ag innseadh,
Mar bha 'n aimsir,
- 6 AN dreadhan donn na shansalar,
Fo laimh an rìgh an Alba;
Ag iarraidh aite sheanlair,
An iolar eir a *neannmh chro.* (*spreidh*)
- 7 O thachair Fionn Mac Cuthail orm,
Is buighinn de na Fiannaibh;
Is miol choin aca air iallaibh,
Is iad a' dol air iarghlas.
- 8 DH' aithnich mi na dh' fhead mi dhiubh,
Bha Caoillte ann bha Diarnad;
Bha Goll mor ard, bha Iolun ann,
Cha d' fhuirich mi ri 'n sgenlachd.

- 9 Dìreachd ris na uchdanan,
Bha cor is dusan mìle;
Chaidh gach fear na armachd diubh,
Mharbhtar mi mar pillteadh.
- 10 Ach suil a thug mi shealltain orra,
Bha Coll air each gun diallaid;
Chaidh mi steach do ghlean bha 'n sin
Cha tarla dhomh bhi sianh ann.
- 11 Bha lan a mhada alluidh ann,
Le 'n strathruicibh sle 'n ehablaibh;
O thug mi dhoibh mo thombha math,
Is b' ait a riun iad sgeulachd.
- 12 'G iarraidh pass o 'n chomhairle,
Cead gnothuich dol a Ghrianaig;
Chaidh mi steach an talla 'n sud,
Bha lan caitheamh chailleach ann.
- 13 Thug gach aon te riamh dhiu,
Lamh a dh' iarraidh fairece;
Ghuidh mi, ma bha ciall aca,
Gun seola 'n rìgh na b' fhearr dhoibh.
- 14 Thuir am Fomhear mor 'se casdaich,
Na leag a mach an Tar ghallach;
Rug e air a thuaidh mhoir,
Is ghluais e chum an urlar.
- 15 Rug mise air mo *rosal*, (*rosary*)
'S gu 'n deamain doigh g' ionsuidh;
An sin dh' aithnich mi gu' m' b' fhogarach,
An t-oglach mor mac Iusgaidh.
- 16 Ged thachair e measg bhiastan,
Gun mhoran riasain annta;
Thachair mi air Gille Martain,
'S thug mi straid a chaint ris.
- 17 Dhi fhaoinnachd mi san tra ud,
C' ait a dol fo armaibh;
Thuir gu 'n robh a dh' iarraidh tagraidh,
Air fear an cois na fairece.
- 18 'S gu 'n bithheadh esan paighe dheth,
Co ceart ris bas a shean mbathair;
- 19 O chunnadh mise sessaraich,
Nan seasamh ri ball cainbe
Mhuc mhara cho ghaoisidh,
No cearca fraoich no calman.
- 20 Pass air an *Roimh* an sud (*Rome*)
An seomar an cois armaill;
Slad Sichaillinn na Cimaids as a h-carball,
- 21 O chunnaic mi na Muilearnan,
Nan curraidh air an degah;
Ag iarraidh sneachd 's reota,
Teann mhor tbeachd as na speuran.
- 22 Gur s'nn th' air as sarachadh,
A cur nan ald ri cheile;
Gleth ar leachd as grotan dhuinn,
A steach a chor nan ehlhan.

Written from Alexander Cameron, tailor, in Easter Drumecharry, who got it 50 years ago from Donald Cameron, tailor there, 1802.—(DR. IRVINE'S Note.)

O. 34. AN TAILFHEAR DO NA FIANNAIBH.

68 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 149. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S parody on the *Fians*, of the Ballads and their domestic and family broils. Composed, as appears from the costume, about 1715 to 1745, when the dress of the Highlanders was to be changed by Act of Parliament, and men wore velvet breeches and cassocks of silk. This is very good. The metre is not the metre of the Ballads, but it is near about it.

- 1 CHAIDH mi turus dheanamh eudaich,
Chlanna Baoisge mach a h-Albain;
Cha tug iad a nasgaidh mo shaothair,
Gu 'm b' iad fhein na daoine calma.
- 2 'S tric a rinn mi cosag mhaiseach,
Do Gholl mhor an aigne mheannnach;
'S cha lugha leam na Guini (Guinea)
D' ur shineadh e a lamh dhomh.

D D

- 3 Chaidh mi tur a dheanamh triathas,
Do Chuchullin an Dun-dealgain;
An am dhomh suidh gu chumadh,
Thainig Fomhear mor a' m' ionnsuidh.
- 4 Tharruing Cuchullin an claidhe,
'S maig a tharla air san nair sin;
Sgath e na cuig cinn de mhuineal,
'S mise chunnaic bli g' am bualadh.
- 5 Gheibhte forras a' d' thig Rìghail,
Piobaraicheachd is cruit, is clarsach;
Gheibhte coin sheang ann air slabhruidh,
Iomad spainteach ghlas air alachaig.
- 6 Fion g' a aisig, ol g' a iomairt,
Fir ura ag iomairt air thalaise;
Mnathan dèid gheall fualadh anairt,
Ceur a' lasadh ann an coinleir.
- 7 'S lionar clogaid is ceann bheart,
'S iomadach dearg is naine;
'S ioma dioghailt as srian blucallach,
Pillan oir is cuipean airgid.
- 8 'S lionar sleagh le 'n roinn gheur fhaoir,
Bha 'n taic ri laoch a' d' thalla;
Gheibhte Tombac is sgeulachd,
Brandi Eireanach gun airceas.
- 9 Chuir Fionn teachdaireachd gam shireadh,
Dheanamh Briogas da de Bhalbhaid;
'Dean farsuing e am bac na h-ìosgaid,
Los gu 'm faigh mi ruith gu calma.'
- 10 'S mise an duine as luath a theirte,
B' ann an seachd cathaibh na Feinne;
Air a chluais na freagair duin aca,
Gus am bi thu ullamh m' sheirblùs.
- 11 Thuit Oscar 'se gabhail mi-thlachd,
Ciod an sta dhut bhi ga shireadh;
Mar fhaigh mise moch a maireach,
Sgnaidh mi 'n cleann dhe mhuineal.
- 12 Oscar is mise do shean athair,
'S e thachairt agam na shuidh;
Gus am bi e ullamh m' serbhis,
Cha dean e greim a dh' aon duine.
- 13 Ge bu tu m' athair 's mo shean athair
Cha bhi mi na fide ruisgte;
Mo chadanan side ri fhuathail,
Bheirinn duais chionn a dheanamh.
- 14 Thuit Conan 'se dusg a chogaidh,
Ge b' ail le Oscar is le Fionn e;
Gheibh sinn cuid ar croinn dhe 'n Tailfhear,
Gu eudach bainne mhic Morna.
- 15 Dh' eirich Caoilte, dh' eirich Diarmad,
'S neonach ciod a chiall th' agaidh;
Stri mu lan puids a 'Tailfhear,
Is nach riarach e air fad sibh.
- 16 Gabhaibh gu suidh is gu sìochas,
'S ni mi innleachd air an ceart uair;
Cuiribh gu foich na Feinne,
An Tailfhear m' an eirich leis breamas.
- 17 Math do chomhairls' Dhiarmad,
O 's craobh shiocha dhuinn air fad thu;
Cuiribh an Tailfhear as an teachlaich,
Cha mhair a chaonag nis faide.

O. 35. LABHAIR DIARMAID. 27 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 152. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

THIS poem was composed about the year 1715 by a Mac Nicol, tailor, in Arimane Glenlocha, the same on whom McIntyre made the satirical song. Taken from Angus Stewart, tailor, Bunrannoch's recitation, who had it from Donald Dewar, tailor, now dead, at Dalchosnie, Feb. 25, 1801.

It mentions King George and King James and the Battle of Sheriff-Muir (Nov. 13, 1715), at which John Duke of Argyll commanded on one side. The tailor says that the Duke of Gordon fled . . . Diarmaid wants to know why they did not send for him and his people to drive away the Saxons to Newcastle.

- 1 LABHAIR Diarmad gu glie soisneach,
C' ait am b' abbaist domh bhi chomhnuidh;
Thuit m' fhein le briathraibh ailde,
Gu 'm b' abbaist dhomh bhi 'n gleann Locha.
- 2 Cia mar tha iad mo luchd cinnich,
Eadar dhùine, Ghille 's ogan;
Cia ma tha 'm Baran 'sa bhrathair,
'S na bheil a lathair an t-sheorta.
- 3 Nan robh duine aca sna cathair,
B' ac' air nachair Alba;
Eadar rìgh Deorsa 's rìgh Seumas,
No ma thearunn iad gun mharbha.
- 4 Bha mise ann an cath an t-siorra,
'S innsidh mi dhuitse Dhiarmad;
Rinn clann Domhnail riamh an dlighe,
'S chairtemid nunn na Sasanaich,
Thar a Chastail Notha non uair.
- 5 Theich Diuc Gordon as na cinnabh,
Mar-aig oirbh chuideachd an donais;
Ciod nime nach do chuir sibh fios oirne,
'S chairtemid nunn na Sasanaich,
Thar a Chastail Notha non uair.
- 6 Ma thig an rìgh air a philleadh,
Steach a Shiorrachd na h-Alba;
Cuiribh litir bharras g'ar sireadh,
'S gu Diuc o bearrag 's ennachd.
- 7 Biodhse 'g imeachd a dh' Albuin,
'S feuch am faic sibh mo dhaoine;
Beir sorruidh uams mo cheud beannachd,
Aithris dhoibh gu 'n chaisg mi chaonag.

X. 6. LAOIDH AN TRUISEALAICH. 43 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 29, 1872.

THIS is an imaginary conversation with a great standing Stone in the Ness of Lewis, in the Parish of Barra. It is curious because made up of names, and of single lines of Ballads which are recited entire in the neighbouring Islands and printed above. It is a very good sample of the decay of tradition, a good ending to the Story of Cuchullin, Deirdre, Fraoch, Fionn, and the Feinne. Murray, the reciter, asserts that it was the custom in his youth to recite this 'Lay of the Triseal Stone,' near the butt of Lewis in Shawbost.

- 1 EISIDIR beng ma 's aireamh laoidh,
Chailin O! an stiùir thu mi?
- 2 Sgèula leat a Thruiseal mhòir,
Cò na slòigh bh' ann ri d' aois;
Robh thu ann linn nam Fiann,
Am fac thu Fionn, Fial, no Fraoch?
- 3 Fraoch mac Chumhail nan cuach òir,
Lèonadh e gun chomhla an airm;
Le biast a ghlinne bh' thuath,
Thuit mac Chumhail fo chruaidh cheilg.
- 4 Bu mhòr am beud an fhuil bhaor,
Tuiteam le gnìomh nam bean baoth;
5 A cheud là a chaidh Fraoch a shnàmh,
Lu guth mhneimh thàrladh oile;
Thug e làn a bhruit gu tìr,
A chaorainn abuich mìn gun lochd.
- 6 Sud an lus am bheil mo mhiann,
A laimh Mhic Chumhail nan ciamb càrn
Uballan na craoibhe a 's arda dos,
Chì mi air an loch ud thall.
- 7 Labhair Mac Chumhail nan cuach,
'S lasair a dhà ghruaidh mar fhuil
Chaidh e shnàmh an loch air nair,
'S an eadh-uair am fuachd ga ghluin.
- 8 Mothachaidh gach fear fo 'n ghruìn,
A bhean fèin mu 'n dean i chion;
Ma 's bi iad uile gu leir,
Mar tha bhaobh an deigh nan corp.
- 9 Seachd rìghrean chuir i gu leas,
Thàrladh sud 'na dàil 'us gum b' oile;
Ceairail, 'us Earail, 'us Fraoch,
'S Cuchullin a sgoilteadh sgiath,
'S Fear Liath an taoibh ghil,
Oissian Mac Shigheigh nan clair,
Nach diult biadh do neach air bith.

- 10 Bha mise an cath an dè,
'S gu'n robh mi f'cin an cath cruic,
An cath callan bho 'n taobh tuath;
'S cath earrair bho 'n cruaidh trod.
- 11 Is Truiscalach mi an dèigh nam Fiann,
'S fada mo phian an deigh chaich;
Air m' ulain 'san aird an iar,
Gu bun mo dhà sgiath an sàs.

As recited by an old Lewis-man (Norman Murray, Habost, Ness,) in the Spring of 1867, Given to Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan by Malcolm Macphail.

LATER HEROIC BALLADS.

THE Story of the Feinne as told by Oisín to Padruig ends here, so far as I have been able to gather. But the story has a sequel.

The 'Lay of the Great Fool,' according to Fletcher's version, concerns the last branches of the Feinne. According to Staffa's version, the Hero was a son of Dearg. The scene is laid at Dun-an-Oir, where Fionn was slain, where Connal avenged the death of Cuchullin, where Caoilte fought his best fight. Padruig and Oisín are out of the story, but the story still goes on. Different minds have been at work on this, but it bears the marks of genuine popular verse.

I print, F. O. O. P., all late versions of this ballad, which still is exceedingly popular. I have already printed a version (Y. vol. iii. p. 154.) It is there placed with the story of Fionn's birth and education, and with part of the Arthurian story of Peredur and Peronnik, the Breton Idiot, who is the equivalent character, as I supposed.

In December, 1871, after ten years, I found, p. 166, O'Donovan's Catalogue, Trin. Coll., Dublin, H. 2. 6., MS. written about 1716. Eachtra an Amadain mhor. 38 pages of pure Irish prose, supposed to be a translation from Welsh; a story in which King Arthur's knights are introduced, and necromancers, 'Gruagacha.'

I conclude that this popular Ballad represents the Fenian story passing into the Arthurian story, and clad in ideas of the date of Arthurian stories of the early age of printed books.

This Poem was first printed separately in Glasgow, in 1800, by Thomas Duncan. In 1861 the Dublin Ossianic Society printed a version of 720 lines. In 1862 I printed a version of 256 lines orally collected. In 1813 Turner printed 212 lines. All these are versions of the same poem; and all, as I believe, have been orally preserved ever since wandering bards first begun to recite the 'Lay of the Great Fool,' who was of the old Fenian breed, and a Hero true to his word.

F. 21. RANN NA DUAN MU 'N AMADAN MHOR, AGUS MU GHRUAGACH DHUN-AN-ÒIR.

238 lines.

PAIRT DO 'N DREAM MU DHEIREADH BHA BEÒ DO NA FIANNIEN.

Fletcher's Collection, page 89. 238 lines. Advocates' Library. January 19, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 CHUALAS sgèul luainneach 's cha bhreug,
Air an Oinid d' an geill na slòigh;
Laoch meannach air nach dearg àrm,
'S b' o b' ainm dha 'n t-Amadan mòr.
- 2 Smachd an Domhain de ghlaic se,
Giulla nach d' fhaod gun bhì bòrb;
Cha b' ann gleachda sgia na lann,
Bha neart a bh' ann ach na dhòid.
- 3 'S ambluidh sin do bhitheadh e,
'S iomad triath' bha fù' smachd;
'S sgèula gearr na dhicreadh thall,
Tuig mo rann 's gu bheil i ceart.
- 4 Lò g' an rabh an t-Amadam mòr,
Air chrìochaibh Lochlain le seòl gaoith;
E-fein is aon mhac-o-mnai,
'S ni 'm facas riamh b-aillte mhnai.
- 5 Ann gleann diomhair tharla dhoibh,
'N gleann bu bhoideche bha fù' 'n ghròin:
B' aile srath 's bu mhine fonn,
Fnaim a thonn ri slios a shlèibh.

- 6 Sin 'n nair thiurt mac-o-mnai,
Fhir is fearr làmh ga bhicil ann;
Chuaireich mi 'n domhain mu thrìd
'S ni facas tìr mar tha 'n gleann.
- 7 'S chunnacadar a teachd an ròd,
An Gruagach bho bu bhreagha brot;
Saothach dh' òr loisgte na dhorn,
Coltach ri corn sam biodh deoch.
- 8 Sin 'nuair 'labbhair am fear mòr,
Nì 'n rabh mise fòs ri m' rè;
Aon uair bu mhò thart,
B' ait leam a dheachd no cò è.
- 9 Comhairle a bheirinn ort arsa bhean
Na h-òl a dheoch 's na blais a bhiaidh;
Gus am fìosraicheadh t'n 'n gleann,
'S nach rabh thu ann roimhe riamh.
- 10 Air dhoibh teachd air cheann gach sgeòil,
Shuidh an Gruagach bu bhreagha brot;
Deansa suidhe Oglaich mhoir,
Na biodh dubbach is òl do dheoch.
- 11 'S na commaine ceudna dho,
Thiurt an t-amadan le glòir ghlic;
'S e toirt sìoca sugha draoitha borb,
'S cha d' fhàg braon sa chorn nach dìbh.
- 12 'S air imeachd do Ghrugaich a chuirn,
Bu neo-buaghar a chuirn r' a h-òl;
Na cosa bho na ghluine sìos,
Bha sid a dlùth air an fhear mhòr.
- 13 Sin 'nuair 'labbhair a Mac-o-mnai,
'S trugha a fhàth mar tha thu nochd;
'S tearc do eharaid sam domhain mhòr,
'S ni 'n oill' leò thu bli gun chos.
- 14 Sin 'nuair' thiurt an t-oglach mòr,
Biodhas ribhinn òg a' d' thòs;
Cha bhi cos air duine a s' tìr,
Na gheibh mi ris mo dha chois.
- 15 Chualas uatha sa ghleann,
Guth a ghaothair bu bhinn ecòl;
Tog leat mo lann is mo sgiath,
Chum an aonaich is fearr doigh.
- 16 Dh' imich iad an sin faraon,
Bhean 's an laoch bu gharg san trod,
'S bu luaithe è air a dha ghlinn,
Na seisear le lugh an eos.
- 17 Air dhoibh suidhe air an t-slàbh,
Chunnacas fiadh sluas Gleann-gorm;
Gaothar geal chuas, dearg na dheigh,
Tathunn gu geur air a lorg.
- 18 Sin 'nuair thilg an t-oglach mòr,
Urchair ghasta le seòl gearr;
'S chuireadh le neart laimh an laoch,
An t-sleagh troidh' dha-thaobh an fheidh.
- 19 Ghlaic leis an gaothar bàn,
'S chuireadh è na laimh air èil;
Biodh tu agam deanamh ceoil,
Na gu 'n d' thig duine na toir ad dheidh.
- 20 'Se chunnacas a tighinn bho 'n ghleann,
An Gruagach gan rabh dealra oir;
'S ann liobhadh air a thaobh cli,
A dha shleagh 's a sgiath na dhorn.
- 21 Bheannaich an Gruagach deas donn,
Do 'n Amadan mhòr is ga mhnai;
'S ghabh e sgeula dhetli gu beachd,
Cìod am hall an do chleachd an t-saoi.
- 22 Is mise Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,
Tha air do laimhse Mhaca-mòr;
Riddire Curand gu b' è m' ainm,
'S anns' gach bala gu gleithinn buaidh.
- 23 Bheirinnse mo dhearbha dhuit,
Mhacain sin is aille dreach;
Nach bi Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,
Gu là bhràth' r'a radhairn ruit.
- 24 Nach leoir leatsa Mhaca-mòr,
Leth-bhreth na dho, air an roinn;
An t-sealg uil bhi air do laimh,
'S an gaothar bàn a leigal leam.

- 25 'S mise féin a rinn an t-sealg,
Se thuit an t-amadan gairg dian;
Ge b' e againn is treise lámh,
Biodh aige an gaodhar bân 's am fiadh.
- 26 Bho thàrladh mo ghaothar ort,
IS po chosa, a bhí d' dhith;
Biadh is aodach fad do rè,
Bheirinnse dhuit fein is do d' mhaoi.
- 27 Sin 'nuair labhair am Maca-mnai,
Bheir thusa 'n gaodhar geal do;
Gheibh e sin is an gaodhar breac,
N' am b' cairde leats' nì bu mhò.
- 28 Thog an t-Amadan am fiadh,
A lann a sgiath agus a bhean;
Agus dh' imich iad nan triuir,
Ann san iul a rinn am fear.
- 29 'Se chunnacas uatha sa ghleann,
Cathair gan rabh dealra òir;
'S nì 'n facas riamh sealla sùl,
Nach faighte annsa chuir na s leoir.
- 30 Sin 'nuair labhair am fear mòr,
Cò i chathair òir bhui' ir;
'S boidheche dealbh s is aile dreach,
Na faigh' sinne breith na h-iul.
- 31 Dùn-an-òir an dùn am bhui,
Dùn-a-ghuill gu b' e sid ainm;
'S nì mairtheann a Fhiannaibh fail,
Ach mise 'mhàin agus aon bhean.
- 32 Chunnacas aon bhean anns' an Dùn,
'S nì 'n facas sealla sùl bu bhreagh;
Bu ghile na 'n cabhlach a cneas,
'S guirme rosg sa deud mar bhla.
- 33 Dh' fhiosraich an ainm òg,
An tìs an sgeoil da fear féin;
Cò i maca-deud-ghéal-òg,
Is am fear mòr do 'n d' thug i spèis.
- 34 'N-t-Amadan mor gu b' e ainm,
'S iomadh triath a bha fù' smachd;
Fìr an domhain bha ga reir,
'S mise fein gu do gheil do.
- 35 'S neònach leam na bheil thu radh 'n,
Mhiads air 'n do thar e doigh;
Mu chuir e domhain fù' smachd,
Com na leig á chosan leò.
- 36 Rìghrean an domhain gun gheil do,
A roghainn sin an Ionhoir òir;
'S mur bhi druigheachd a chuirn chrosd,
Cha leigeadh e chosan leò.
- 37 'S air dhoibh suidhe air an òl,
An da mhnaoi òg a b' fhearr cliù;
Bha Gruagach dhùn-an-òir nan treis,
Is Amadan mòr nan cleas lùgh.
- 38 Ach 's mithich dhamhsa dol a shealg,
A Dhùn-deilg 's do Ghleann-smàil;
Gleith mo rath dhamh air mo chùl,
Mo chuid òir is gleith mo mhna.
- 39 'S ge' do robh mi fad a mach,
Na cadail is na crom do cheann,
'S na leig aon duine a mach,
Na duine' steach ach na bheil ann.
- 40 Sin 'nuair thuit an t-òglach mòr,
Thigse ribhinn òg fù' m' cheann;
Tha 'n cadal a teachd am thuair,
'S nì togair leam suain ann Gleann.
- 41 Ach air bhli dha na chadal trom,
Thainig Gaisgeach donn a steach;
'S do mhnaoi a' Ghrugaich thug e pòg,
'S cha b' oill leis an òigh a theachd.
- 42 Ach dh' eirich an ainm mheirbh,
Is tharruing i gu garbh a cheann;
Biodhsa t-fhairreach—oglaich mhoir,
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-àm.
- 43 Mur bithinse am shuain gu leoir,
Cha d' tigeadh iad oirnn a steach;
Gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-òir,
Mu 'n rachadh am beò a mach.

- 44 Choir an doruis do ghabh à,
Ghlacadh leis a sgiath na dhorn;
'S cha d' bhail gobha' ceard na saor,
Comhludh bu daingne na 'n laoch borb.
- 45 Dh' eirich an Gaisgeach deas donn,
'S a dha shleagh sa sgiath na dhorn;
Fàg an doruis oglaich mhoir,
Cha bhall coir am bheil tu tàmh.
- 46 Rìgh! gu fuillling mis' am bàs,
Bho ghabh mi e tras am cheann;
Mu 'n d' theid aon duine a mach,
Na duine steach ach na bheil ann.
- 47 Gheibhte tu m' airgead is m' òr,
Mo chulaidh mbath shròil is m' each;
Bu choi-cheas leam muir na tìr,
N'an leigeadh tu 'ris m' mach.
- 48 Ge do 's math t-airgead is t-òr,
Do chulaidh mbath shròil is t-each;
Ach gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-òir,
Cha rach' do bheò a mach.
- 49 Mo chomraich ort oglaich mhòir,
Gabh naoi dachunn do dh' òr glan;
Fonn is carras 's fearann saor,
'S leig mi 'n raon a dùn-nam-ban.
- 50 Bheirimse briathra na dho,
Nach rachadh do bheò a mach;
Ach an d' thig Gruagach an teach-òir,
'S gu dioladh e pòg a mhna.
- 51 Gheibheadh tu do leth-chos fud,
Mar a b' fhearr gan rabh i riamh;
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,
Leigse nise dhomh bhì triall.
- 52 Sin 'nuair thuit am fear mòr,
Dean thusa ort fos gu mall;
A chos eile gu ceum cruaidh,
Gu d' thig bh' uaisa na do cheann.
- 53 Mo chomruich ortsa a bhean
Didinn mo chorp 's glac mo lann;
Do dhidinn cha neil on bhàs,
A mhacan is aile dreach.
- 54 Do dhidinn cha neil, &c.,
A mhacan, &c.
Ach a chas eile thoirt do,
'S bi 'g imeachd an ròd a mach.
- 55 Fhainn thu nis do chosan fud,
Mar is fearr gan rabh iad riamh,
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,
'S mithich dhomh a nis bhì triall.
- 56 Na cosan so fhuair mi ceart,
Nì 'n leiginn iad leat na leo;
'S nì 'n rachadh tu fos a mach,
Ach an d' thig gruagach an teach òir.
- 57 'S mise gruagach 'ghaothair bhàin,
'S mi chuir ann 's gach càs thù;
'S mi thug do chosan bh' nait,
Dh' idreachduinn do luais 's do lugh.
- 58 Bho a tharla dhuinn bhi 'n sìth,
Thugainn 'n ar dithis dol a mach;
Siubhlaidh sinn an oir san iar,
Is ann 's gach tìr gu 'n gabh sinn neart.
- 59 Dh' imich iad ann sin a mach,
Mein air mbein is gràdh air ghràdh;
'S chualas sgeul luaineach 's cha bhreug,
Air an Eoin d' an geil na sloigh.
- 60 Laoch meinmach air, &c.
Ga b' aim an t-Amadan mor.

O. 11. LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR. 146 lines.
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 54. 144 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.

COMPARED with Fletcher's version, this shows how a Ballad orally preserved alters. Every verse, almost every line, differs in some degree; but so as to preserve the story, the sequence, and the general sound of the language. In this manner a Ballad might last for centuries, changing with the dialect and the locality in which it is remembered.

- 1 Chualas sgenla luanach gun bhreig ;
Air Onaid gan gheill na sloigh ;
Fear meannmhach air nach dearg arm,
'S e b' ainm dha un t-amadan mor.
- 2 La do bhi an t-amadan mor,
Au crich Lochlin na scol gaoith ;
E chuideachd air aon mhacan mna,
Gum b' ailde briagh i mar mhnaoi.
- 3 An gleann diomhar gu'u tharla doibh,
Nach romh iad fos ann roi riamh ;
B' fhuiri shrath 's b' ailde fhonn,
F uaim a thoun ri slios a shleibh.
- 4 Channas tighiun o'n traigh,
Gruagach o'n dealradh brat ;
Sadhach oir lasta na dorn,
Coltach ri corn an bithedh deoch.
- 5 Comhairle Bheirinn ort,
Na feuch a dheoch, na blais a bhaidh ;
Ach gu'ma fiosraicheadh an gleann,
'S nach robh sinn ann roi riamh.
- 6 Bheannaich gruagach a bhrat oir,
Do'n Amadan mhor 's do mhnaoi ;
Na bisa dubhach fhuir mhoir,
Ach bi-sa subhach 's ol deoch.
- 7 An comain nam briathra dha,
Ghlac e fein an corn na laimh ;
Thug e satha draosda borb,
Nir dh' fhaig braon sa chorn nach dibh.
- 8 Dh' imich gruagach a chuirn,
'S b' fhuathach a cuil ri ol (cal cuirm)
Na cosan o na ghlinibh sios,
Bha dhi air an fhear mhor.
- 9 Sin do'r thuirt a Macan mna,
'S truagh an cas am bheil thu nochd ;
'S teare do charaid san domhain mhor,
'S ionmhuinn leo thu bhi gun chos.
- 10 Thuirt an t-amadan ra mhnaoi,
Tog a' d' chaoidh 's bi nad thod ;
Cha 'n eil aon chos ann san tir,
No gleithidh mi ris mo chos.
- 11 Dh' imich iad an sin an dithis,
Bhean san laoch bu gharg trod ;
Bu luaithe esan air a dha ghluin,
Na seisar air futh a chos.
- 12 Chualas faghaid anns a gheann,
Guth gadhair eun bu bhinne ceol ;
Imrich mo sgiath 's mo lann,
Gu aonach is fearra doigh.
- 13 Air dhoibh bhi tamull a' triall
Chunncas fiadh a beannaibh borb ;
Gadhar cluas dearg na dheigh,
Taghunn gu geur air a lorg.
- 14 An sin gun tug an t-oglach mor,
An uirchir ghasda le seol gaoith ;
Chuir e fada lamh an laoiach,
An t-sleagh ro' dha thaobh au fheidh.
- 15 Rug e air a ghabhar bhan,
Nu laimh is chuir e grad air eill ;
Bithidh tu agamsa ri ceol,
Aig an tig an toir a' d' dheigh.
- 16 Chunncas tighinn o'n traigh,
Gruagach aluinn o'n dealradh or ;
Lann min geur air a thaobh chli,
Da shleagh is sgiath na dhorn.
- 17 Bheannaich Gruagach a' bhrat oir,
Don Amadan mhor, 's d' a mhnaoi ;
Ciod i do rioghachd gu beachd,
No 'n tir anns na cheachd thu bhi?
- 18 An Ridire Corcur gur e m' ainm,
Anns gach ball bheirinn buaidh ;
'S mi gruagach a ghadhair bhain
Ma' r' i a lamhsa Amadain mhoir.
- 19 A mhacan is ailde dealbh,
Bheirinn fhein mo dhearbh dhuit
Nach bi gruagach a ghaidhir bhain,
Gu la bhrath ri radha ruit.
- 20 Cum nach foghna leat fhuir mhoir ;
Leatrom na dha bhi san roinn ?
An t-scadh uile bhi air a laimh (al. lann),
'S mo ghadhar ban a leigeadh leam.
- 21 'S mise fein a rinn an t-scadh,
Arsa an t-amadan garg dian,
'S ge bi againn 's fearr lamh, (al. lann)
'S leis an gadhar ban 's an fiadh.
- 22 O 'n tharla mo ghadhar ort,
'S do chosan a bhi ga d' dhith ;
Biadh is eulach fud do re, (al. gad reir)
Bheirinnse dhuit fein 's do d' mhnaoi.
- 23 Sin do labhair Macan mna,
Theirsa an gadhar bun domh ?
Bheireadh as an gadhar breac,
O'n b' aill leatsa 's ni bu mho. (al. ge b' ait leis)
- 24 Dh' imich iad an sin nan truir,
Anns an iul na ghabh an fear ;
Thog e air a mhuin an fiadh,
Chrannag, a sgiath, is a bhean.
- 25 Dh' imich iad an sin a shealg,
Air Uamhuinn dearg s air gheann smail ;²
Amhaire mo chaithir 's mo chuil,
Mo chuid oir 's caithir mo mhna.
- 26 Mu caithir tharladh mi ri d' thaobh,
Caithir ann o'n dealra oir ;
Ni 'm faca mo shuilis riamh,
Dath air nach robh air nis leor.
- 27 Ach gu'n tig mise fhuir mhoir,
Na luidh, is na crom do cheann ;
Na leig duine 'nad choir a steach,
Na duine mach dene th' ann.
- 28 Chois an doruis do shuidhe,
Rug e air a sgeth na dhorn ;
Cha d' rinn Gobha riamh na saor, (ceard)
Combla 's dainge nan laoch mhor. (borb)
- 29 Thuirt an gruagach cas don (deas)
Is na laimh rug air an sge ;
Druid as sin Oglaich mhoir ;
Cha 'n aite coir sua shuidh thu fein.
- 30 Mar bithinnse am shuain na leoir ;
Cha tigeadh tu a' m' dheoin a steach,
O na tharladh mise ann an so,
Do bheo cha rachadh mach.
- 31 'Nuair bha 'n gruagach na luim,
Lenn e suas an uched a mhna ;
Gabhadh do chomhrich, a bhean,
Amhaire mo chor 's mo lann.
- 32 O nach umhail duit am has,
Fhleasgaich tharladh a' d chas teann ;
Chas eile gu ceum cruaidh,
'S fearr dhuit uat na do cheann.
- 33 Ach mo chosan a bhuin diom,
Cha leiginn ris leat na leo ;
Ni mo rachadh tu a mach,
Gu'n tig a gruagach na Teach, oir.
- 34 Buaidh is beannachd ortsa fhuir mhoir,
'S mor mo dhoighsa as do run ;
'S mi gruagach a ghair bhain,
'S mi choinnich air lamh thu.
- 35 'S mise thug do chosan nat,
Dh' fheuchain do luathas 's do luth ;
Chaidh iad an sin a mach,
A ghabhail beachd air gach uil.
- 36 Ghlacadh iad cheile air laimh,
Muin air mhuin 's gradh air ghradh ;
An domhain uile gu beachd,
Am fear mor gu smachd fhuair.
- 37 An aill leibh sgeul luanach³ gun bhreig,
Air an Oin g an geill un sloigh.

² Air uain an deirg an gleann smail.—Robertson, Charles.

³ Ruanach.

¹ ir sic in MS. 'ill.'—M. P.

O. 37. LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR. 96 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 154. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

THIS begins about verse 26 of the last version, and varies in the same manner and degree.

(See page 205.) SEOL eile 'n a chraunaig, is a sgiath, is a bhean.

- 1 CHUNNCAS uatha sa ghleann,
Cathair dhe 'n robh dealbra' oir;
Cha 'n fhacas riamh an sealla sul,
Nach faca anns a' chuir nìs leor.
- 2 Dh' fhaoinnachd a Maca Mor,
Co i a chathair oir rìgh ur;
'S aille dreach 's is gloine dealbh?
Am faigh sinn brath no iul.
- 3 Dun an oir sin dun a bhuil,
Dun a bhuil gur e sid ainm;
Nì mairean de fhiannaibh fhail,
Ach mise a mhaoin 's m' aon bhean.
- 4 Chunncas ainm anns an Dun,
Na suidh an cathair uirigh oir;
Bu ghile 'n an cathanach a cneas,
Bu ghorm a rosg 's a dènd mar bhla.
- 5 Dh' fhaoinnachd 'n ainm oig,
Toiseach gach sgeoil ga fear fein;
Co e am macan deud gheall oig,
Nam fear mor gu bheil sibh geill.
- 6 An t-amadan corcara gur e ainm,
Anns gach ball gu 'n tug e buaidh;
Sluagh an Domhain tha fo smachd,
Is mise fein gan ghulla dha.
- 7 'S ioghna leam na bheil thu 'g radh,
'S liuthad Triath 's 'na shar e dhoibh;
Mar geill an domhain da air fad,
Cum na leig e chosan leo.
- 8 Bheirinnas mo dhearbha duit,
Ainm mheirbh mhin a bhrat bhreagh;
Mar ri duigheachdan a chuin chrosd,
Cha do leig se a chosan leo.
- 9 Leag iad air iomairt 's air ol (perhaps cool)
An da mhnai oig a b' fhearr cliu,
Gruagach Dhuin an oir na treis,
Is amadam mor nan cleas luth.
- 10 'S mithich dhomhsa dol a shealg,
Air uan an Deirg an gleann smail;
Glethsa mo rath air mo chul,
Gleth mo Dhuin oir gleth mo mhnai.
- 11 Ged fhuirich mise fada mach;
Na caidil no crom do cheann,
Na leig duine air bith a steach.
No duine a mach de 'n bheil ann.
- 12 Sin dor thuir a Maca Mor,
Tair a Rìghinn oig fom' cheann;
Tha 'n cadal g' am thoirt air chuairt,
Gu 'n togair leam suain sa' ghleann.
- 13 Air do bhi na chadal trom,
Thain' an gaisgeach deas donn a steach;
Do 'n mhnai ghrugaigh thug e pog,
'S cha b' aill leis an oigh a theachd.
- 14 Sin dor thuir an ainm mheirbh,
'S tharraing e gu garb a cheann;
Biodhsa a' d' fharach, oiglaich mhoir,
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-am.
- 15 Mar bithinnas am shuain gu leór,
Cha tìgeadh se oirm a steach;
'S gu tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,
Mun teid esa an rod a mach.
- 16 Chois an dornis do ghabh se,
An laoch air nach teid gun bhi garg;
Cha do bhuail Gobha, ceard, no saor,
Comhla 's daingne 'n laoch borb.

¹ Dh' fhiosrachadh.

- 17 Sin thuir an gaisgeach deas donn,
'S rug se air a sge na dhorn;
Fagsa 'n doras, Oiglaich mhoir,
Cha bhall coir sa' bheil thu ghna.
- 18 Ach gu' m faighinnas am bas,
O 'n ghabh mi 'n tra so e' m' cheann;
Ma thig aon duine a steach,
Na duine a mach ach na bheil ann.
- 19 Gheibheadh tu m' airgid 's m' or,
Mo chulaidh mhaith shroil, 's m' each;
'S co annsa leis mair no tìr,
'S leag seachad mi ris a mach,
- 20 Ge maith d' airgid agus d' or,
Do chulaidh mhaith shroil, is t-each;
Gun tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,
Mu 'n teid thusa 'n rod a mach.
- 21 Gabh mo chomraich uam fhir mhoir,
Gabh nao dhabhichan de 'n or ghlan;
Mo chrobh 's m' eich 's m' fhearann saor,
'S leag dhomh an raon an Dun nam ban.
- 22 Chuirinnse do leth chas fodhad,
Mar a b' fhearr a bha i riamh;
Se thuir an gaisgeach a bha glic,
'S mithich dhomhs' anis a bhi triall.
- 23 Deansa fossa ort gu mall,
Thuir an t-oglach mach robh cli;
Chos eile le ceum cruadhas,
Bhithas i nat air neo do cheann.
- 24 Do dhidin cha 'n eil e 'n bhas,
A mhacan is aille dealbh;
Gun a chos eile thoirt dha,²
'S gabh sa 'n rod a mach,
Crioich Laoidh an Amadain,
Air sheol eile.

P. 13. LAOIDH AN UMPI. 148 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 76. Advocates' Library, Feb. 26, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS version differs from the others. It is written as a song, in which each couplet is repeated, so as to double the length of the song and fill in the time of each quatrain. This manner of singing Heroic Ballads survived in Uist in September 1871. Towards the end this is written without any divisions, so I have divided it into quatrains.—J.F.C.

DAN COMH-AINN LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR.

- 1 SGEUL nainich chualas gun bhreug
Air Eoin gan a gheill na sloigh
Fear mor meannach mac an Deirg
Ga 'm b' ainm an t-amadan mòr
Fear mor
- 2 Neart an Domhuin do ghabh se
'N Laoch nach faod gun bhi gu borb
Neart
- 3 Cha do ghlaichdadh leis Sciath na Lann
Ach a neart a bhi ann a dhòid
Cha
- 4 Latha gan deach n t-amadan mor
Do th' sean Rìgh' chd Lochluun ceol-eaomh
Latha
- 5 E fein us aona mhachdaibh nna
'S ba leoir a b' aillidh mar mhnai
E fein
- 6 Chasidh leo Glean Diomhair roid
Nach rabh siad ann roimhe riamh
Chasidh
- 7 Do dh' fiosruich a machdaibh mna
Fhir a fearr lamh rabh tu ann
Do
- 8 Th' siubhail mi 'n Domhan mar thi
'S cha 'n facas tìoir mar an Glean
Th' siubhail
- 9 'B aill fiodh us fear 'us fonn
Us fuaim a thonn ri shìos a th' sleibh
B' aill

² 'S mi chuir anns gach cas thu.

- 10 Achanich a dhlarrams ort
Na h'ol a dheoch 'us na cath a bhiadh
Achanich
- 11 Gus a fiosruich u cia 'n Gleann
Nach rabh u ann roimhe riamh
Gus
- 12 Gu bheil mise fos rem re
On la glachd mi Sceith na lann
Gu
- 13 An uair b' mho bhiodh mo thart
Sin an uair bu th' seachda bearl'
An uair
- 14 Chunnachadar a teachd san ròd
Gruagach ùr o 'in breochia brot
Chunnachadar
- 15 Sa chorn lalluichte na dhorn
Coltach re corn am biodh deoch
Sa chorn
- 16 Bi nad th' suidhe ogleich mhor
Na bu dubhach us òl deoch
Bi nad
- 17 Ruge air a chorn gu brise borb
'S cha rabh braon sa chorn nach ibh
Ruga
- 18 Nair mhothuich Gruagach a chuairn
Nach buadha a chuirm ra h-òl
Nair
- 19 'N da chois o na Ghluibh sios
Bhiodh a dhith air an fhear mhor
'N da
- 20 Sin nair labhair Gilbhan òg
'S mor a m' brons thair imeachd ort
Sin
- 21 'S teare do charid san Domhan mhor
'S cha n' òil leo u bhi gun chios
'S teare
- 22 Uist a nis a Ghilbhann òg
Tog thus ad bhron 'us bi d' thosd
Uist
- 23 Cha bhi aona chas ann san Tìor
Neo gheibh mi rist mo dha chòis
Cha
- 24 'N inraich thu mo Sciath 's mo Lann,
Gu an Inbh us fearr dreach us deal bh
'N iomrich
- 25 Dhimechidar a sin a raon
A Bhean sa a Laoch bu mhor trot
Dhimechadar
- 26 Bu luaithe eisan air a dha Ghluin
Na seisar air lus an còs
Bu
- 27 Chunnachadar a teachd san Ròd
Gruagach ur fuidhn dearsadh òir
Chunn
- 28 A Lann than' air a thaobh cli
A dha th' sleadh sa sciath na dhoid
A Lann
- 29 Bheannuich Gruagach a bhrùit oir
Don Amadan mhor 's da mhnai
Bheannuich
- 30 Us ghadhadh leo sgeula gu beachd
Cia 'n t-sliogh as na chleachd an t-saoi
Us
- 31 Riadaire choreair se m' ainm
As gach ball do bheirinn buaidh
Riadaire
- 32 'S mi gruagach a Ghadhair Bhàin
Air do Lannsa mhachdaibh mhòir
'S mi
- 33 Bheira mise dhearbhadh dhuit
A mhachdaibh 'us fear dreach 'us dealbh
Bheira
- 34 Nach bi gruagach a Ghadhair bhain
As a so ri ràtin riut
Nach
- 35 Nach foghnadh leatsa mhachdaibh mhòir
Leathrom na dho bhi san roinn
Nach
- 36 An t-scalg uile bhi air do laimh
San Gadhair Bàn a leigidh leinn
An
- 37 'S mise fein a rinn an t-scalg
Ars an t-amadan Garg dian
'S mise
- 38 'S ge b' e neach 'ns treisa lamh
'S leis an Gadhair Ban sa fiadh
'S ge
- 39 On tharladh dom Gadhair ort
'S na cosan a bhi gad dhi—o 'n &c
On
- 40 Biadh agus aodach mar th' feum
Bheirinn sid dhuit fein 's dod mhnai
Biadh
- 41 Sin nair labhair Giollbhann òg
Thoir dhosan an Cadhair Ban
Sin
- 42 Gheibhadh e sud san cù breac
'S nam bu leatsa ni bu mho
Gheibhadh.
- 43 Dhimechidar a sin na triuir,
Ann san iùl a rinn a fear
Thog e air a mhuinn a fiadh
An crannagibh sgiath sa Bhean
- 44 Chunnachadar a teachd ren taobh
Cathir ùr fuidlin dearsadh òir
Cha rabh dreach ga faca snil
Nach rabh air a chuir gu leoir.
- 45 Air chromadh dhuinn anns an Dùn
Cha 'n faca snil ni bu bhreic
'S giola na 'n canach a corp
'S guirme rosg sa deud mar bhla
- 46 Do dh' eirich a machaimh òg.
Machdaimh Gruagach an dùn deirg
Cia e machdaimn steud-gheal òg
Na 'm fear mor gan dug n Geill
- 47 Se sud an t-amadan mor
Agus Gilabhann mheirbh an rois
Rìghre 'n Domhuin tha na mèinn
'S mise fein a gheilladh dho
- 48 'S ioghnadh leam na bheil thu 'g radh
Rìghre 'n Domhuin bhi fuidh smachd
'S gun leigidh e chasan leo
Sa luidhid sloigh a thug dha geill
- 49 Bheiradh mise deirbha dhuit
A mhachdaimh 'us fear dreach 'us delbh
Mar bhi Dmoidheachd chuirim chrosd
Nach leigidh e chosan leo
- 50 Bi mis' a nois falbh a th' seilg
Uadha deirg fuidh gheann a Smeoir
Coimhead thusa Bhrathrin ghraidh
Cathir mo mna 's mo euidh oir
- 51 'S air fhad 'us gam bi mise muigh
Na deann luidh sna crom do cheann
Na leig thusa duine mach
Na duine stach gau dig ann
- 52 Tarinn a ghilabhann fuidh 'm cheann
San cadil gan th' suain gu mor
Tharinn i a cheann gu cruaidh
Rinn thusa 'n t-suain 's cha b' e 'n t' àm
- 53 Thanig an Gruagach deas Donn
'S do mna ghruagaich thug se pòg
Lathir an Doruis sann thuigh se
'N Laoch nach faod gun bhi borb
- 54 'S cha do chuir Gobhinn na ceard
Comhla b' fearr na 'n Laoch borb

- 55 Nair bha 'n Gaisgiel an eas cruaidh
Leum e gu luath 'n uclh na mnà
Tha mi cuir chumrie ort
Coimhliontachd no chos 's mo lamh
- 56 Ach cha 'n eagal duit do 'n bhas
Cha nann an eas tharladh tu
Gus an dig gruagach dhuin an oir
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhnà
- 57 Thug mise le 'm Dhruidheachd fein
Do leith chas do 'm luing a stach
Gheibha du fuid mar bha u riamh
'S mo leigail sa ròd a mach
- 58 A chas eila gu ceim cruaidh
Bheira du uait na do cheann
Gus an dig gruagach dhuin an oir
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhnà.

Chriocho.

X. 7. IULAIREAN. 61 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished
by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh,
February 1, 1872.

Collected by Donald Mac Pherson, at Lochalsh, now Sub-
librarian in the Advocates' Library. January 1872.

THIS is an Arthurian Ballad. There are many of the
class in Irish MSS.; but this is the only Scotch one I
know. I have a third version, written in Tíre, by John
Dewar.

IULAIREAN.

- IULAIREAN 'us horo hì!
Là 'chaidh Oscar nan sluagh,
Iulair ohon horo chò!
Gu tulach nam buadh a shealg;
Iulair 'us horo hì!
Gu 'm facas eige 'n à sluain,
Iulair ohon, &c.
Ribhinn a b' fhearr snuagh na 'ghrian,
Iulair 'us, &c.
An fhior bhealachaidh ruadh bha 'n a bun,
Iulair ohon, &c.
Chunnacas 'an iomall a' chuain,
Iulair 'us, &c.
Iùbhrach nam buadh tigh 'n gu tir,
Iulair ohon, &c.
Bu lionmhòr innt' cuach agus cup,
Iulair 'us, &c.
Aon bhean innt' 'an cathair òir,
Iulair ohon, &c.
Ag iomairt 's ag òl mu seach,
Iulair 'us, &c.
Dh' fhoighneachd e de 'n mhnai oig,
Iulair ohon, &c.
'An àill leat mise mear fhear?
Iulair 'us, &c.
Labhair ise 'm briathran bò
Iulair ohon, &c.
'Cha-n àill leam thin air son fir,
Iulair 'us, &c.
A fhleasgaich, ge boidheach do dhreach,
Iulair ohon, &c.
'S ge briagha leat fhéin do shlios,
Iulair 'us, &c.
Tha mi 'nis a' dol a nach,
Iulair ohon, &c.
Is sgéula na bheil agaibh orm,
Iulair 'us, &c.
Tha sgéula beag agam no dhà
Iulair ohon, &c.
Air Fionn mac rìgh nan arm,
Iulair 'us, &c.
Ruitheam, caisgeam, traogham, d' fhearg,
Iulair ohon, &c.
Cuiridh mi dealg 's an fhear mhòr,
Iulair 'us, &c.
Cia mar a dheanadh tu sin,
Iulair ohon, &c.
'S nach tu laoch a 's fearr 's an Fhéinn?
Iulair 'us, &c.
Goididh mi 'n claidheamh o 'chrios,
Iulair ohon, &c.

- 'S gearraidh mi gun fhios deth 'n ceann!
Iulair 'us, &c.
A laoch a thainig a 's teach,
Iulair ohon, &c.
'S ann leat a chinnich an t-euchd:—
Iulair 'us, &c.
Mharbh thu dithis de chlann rìgh Gréig—
Iulair ohon, &c.
'S tu fhéin a mharbh an treas fear,
Iulair 'us, &c.

Z. 3. RIGH BREATAINN. 46 lines.

Orally collected in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, 1860.

- 1 CHUNNA rìgh Breatainn 'na sluain,
An aona bhean a b' fhearr snuadh fo 'n ghréin
Gum b' fhearr leis tuiteam 'n a gean
Na còmhraidh 'pheathar mhath féin.
- 2 Labhair Sior Bhoilidh gu fal:—
'Théid mise g' a b-iarraidh dhuit;
Mi féin, mo ghille, 's mo chù
'Nar triuir a shireadh na mnai.'
- 3 Seachd de sheuchdhuin ean 's tri mìosan
Bha sinn sgith ri siubhal cuain;
Ma 'n d' fhuaras fearann, na fonn,
Ionad an gabhadh long tàmh.
- 4 Latha throidh iomall a' chuain ghairbh,
Clachan meadha, min-geal, gorm;
Uinneagan gloine ri stuaigh;
Cupaichean a 's cuach, a 's cuirn.
- 5 Latha dhomh 'seòladh g' am bun,
Thàinig an t-slabhraidh chuir a nuas;
Cha do ghabh mi sgreamh na sgoim;
Chaidh mi urra 'm dhean a suas.
- 6 Chunnacas a' bhean dbeud-ghèal òg
'Na suidhe 'san òr a stach;
Sgàthan gloine air a da ghlinn;
'S bhacannaich d' a gnùis ghil.
- 7 Fhìr a thàinig oirn o 'n chuan,
'S truagh fear beannachaidh an-so;
Aig fear na cathrach so féin
Nach do dh' fhlidir treun na truagh-as.
- 8 Air do shuidhe-sa, 'bhean mhàld:
'S coingeis leam a ghràdh na fhuath,
Chuir iad Sior Bhoilidh fo chleith,
Thàinig a stigh am fear mòr.
- 9 'Ulaidh, 's a Thasgaidh, 's a Rùin;
'S mòr an cùram th' agam dhiot;
An cuir thu do cheann air mo ghliù,
'S gun seinninn duit ciuil a 's cruic?'
- 10 Thuit e 'n sin 'na shioran suain
An déis 'bhith 'cuartachadh chuain ghaùbh:
Thug iad a chlaideamh o 'chrios,
'S thug iad deth gun fhios na cinn.
- 11 Cheanghail iad an sluagh gu léir,
'S bha 'bhean féin fo chumha thruim;
Fhuair iad gach nì mar a b' àill,
'S thug iad an lamh do 'n taobh tuath.
- 12 Gus an tulaich ghluir ghlaiss uir
Far am bu lùghubhor cù na fiadh.

STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE ABOUT
PERSONS WHO FIGURE LATER IN
HISTORY.

FROM Cuchullin to St. Patrick covers a period of about
450 years, according to Irish historians. About 464,
Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, was
slain. His name is associated with that of Colum Cille
(St. Columba), whose ancestor he was. A whole series of
prose tales, now current in the Islands, relate to this
worthy. A great many versions of these tales are pre-
served in Irish manuscripts, of which mention is made in
Irish catalogues. I printed a version of Conall in Vol. iii.
Y., 1862. O'Donovan supposes that these tales were com-
posed about 1400, during the reign of Magic and Knight
Errantry. Old copies of this tale are in the Advocates'
Library.

O CEINS LEG.

THIS Story of Connall Gulban and a whole series of other stories of the same kind were framed in a story about the breaking of a man's leg. A man now living in Paisley repeated this compound story to Mr. Hector Mac Lean, who wrote it out in 1870. By fusing and mending versions of the tales which are told in this frame, it would be easy to make a larger volume than this one. Samples of the tales in question are in Text Y. Connall Gulban, The Knight of the Red Shield, Murdoch Mac Brian, The Lad of the flapping Gray Garment, The slimswardy Champion, &c., &c. Modern Irish manuscripts are full of stories of this kind, and several from older writings have been published. Amongst these is the 'Battle of Clontarf.' The following ballad is a sample of Gaelic of 1654-5. It is a parody, and consists of catchwords and first lines of stories and recitations, of which many are known to Irish scholars, many are forgotten, and some are in this book. The 'Battle of Clontarf' is mentioned at the 12th line.

It follows that this composition dates between 1014, the date of the Battle, and 1854, the date of the writing.

CATH CHLUAIN TARBH. 69 lines.

TRANSCRIBED June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from No. xxxv. Kilbride. 'Report on Ossian,' 2956, No. iii. written in the Irish hand, by Eamonn Mac Lachlainn, 1654-55.

1 NAR mhairéann teamhair attuait
Ní fan casa ruaidh na chochd
Fionn mac cubhail fath na bhfian
Ab theid go sliaibh dha chon

5 Do chonarc mi ceisd dha eur
Cia as luaithe anugh no an cheare
Do rinne og earannan feall
Ar o eonnaigh na ceall mbeag (comg)
Ní bhfaicinn tu an bráthair bocht

10 Mairg a nochd ata gan arm
Innis duinn a bheansa amuigh
Nar chuireadh cath chluain tarbh
Do thoghlach brúighlin da dhearg
Cuma liom sealg shleibhe crot

15 Iomdha sionnach aslach gu
Fada fuar anoidhe anocht
Do rinne Fionn eirighe mhoch
Ní hionann broc agus fiadh
Do bhean na faghtar ar faill

20 Tangadar gaill anath cliath
Do fuair mac samhain agbhuin
Gana celnin na bithi gan airm
Fad liom garaidh is Goll
Tainn longh asliabh cairn.

25 Do dhearg mac lughaidh alannh
Is iomdha bad ar an Siuir
Tarla do cherran air an tsop
Druid romham gu ros mac criuinn
Do thuit meirge cath cuin

30 Leig don luing teacht attir
Mairg na bfan abhfearann ceall
Ait an cuirfinn ceann no linn
Math an maraidhe mac leoid
Do thoghladh fa dho an traoi.

35 Ní fansa snoghal ach seail
Is aithne dhomh fear gu mnaoi
Do chuala mi glaoth sa bput
Nach ionan mac agus miol
Do mharbhadh gaill accluin tarbh

40 Eire aird innis na riogh
Seacht mar onnid anocht
Tainn long a bport a bhuid
Do bhi claidheamh ag mac ceacht
Is iomdha sgeul air na mnaibh

45 Connall cearnach do mharbh Conn
Is aluinn fonn mhuighe ré
Do chuaidh an claicuech ar cnairt
Am baile i Ruairc bhios o neill
A bheansa fa ndeanann tu ead

50 Is binn beul na ceol crot
Do thuit ean cheann innis fail
Na Deanna do dhail ga bog
Ne hionann ceare agus coir
Ad bathadh long asliabh liag

55 Cia don fhein rer ceanglath roc
Dail catha idir ceare is miall
Mac Subhaltach na sleidh slim
Ds chinn ar chach
Do mharbhomhair fadh araon

60 Don taobh thiar don thsiabh bhan.
Is mor mo dhonas tar chach
Beag nach bhfeair am bas ren bheul
Iomdha aracht a ghletha ruic
Ag sin an cruir ar na ghleas

65 Donncha mha guidhir nar cecach
Fear nach cuirinn ceare air cill
Na leigse a choir le each
Na leiganar ail leis fein.

Nar mhairiann.

THE PRAISE OF CONAL'S SWORD.

THE Stories which celebrate the exploits of Connall Gulban and later Heroes are characterised by certain passages, which are called 'Runs.' They contain curious obsolete words, and they are repeated so fast that it is exceedingly difficult to take them down. Samples of this kind of recitation are given above at pp. 1, 2. Similar passages abound in Irish manuscripts.

The following passage was written by Mr. Carmichael in the Long Island, and I myself heard many such passages recited in various Islands, in 1871:—

&c. MOLADH CLADHEIMH CHONAILL.

Orally collected by Alexander Carmichael.

'S e mac mnatha slthe a bha ann an Connall Gulbann. Chuir righ Lochlainn fo dhraoidheachd e; agus bha e fad tri ruidhean 's a' phrunch (bruth f) agus diul aige nach robh e ann ach aon oidheche. Fhuair Connall an claidheamh o a shean-athair, ain bodach slth, 'nuair a bha e ann am prunch Bheinn Ghulbann.

'Nuair a rachadh an saoidh 'n a chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig, 's e bu chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig dhà, a chríos strilean, stròlàn, a léine shleamhuinn de 'n t-sioda bhuidhe, 's a fhéireach aigileineach iarruinn, a chlogada clocharra, ceanna-bhuidhe gu díon a mhúineil agus a gheala-bhréghaid, Chuirradh e sgiath bhu caideach, bha caideach mhín-dearg air a thaobh eil, air am bu hionnhar dealbh lebmhain, lobairt, gri-bhinnich, nathrach bheumnaich losgaich an slhagich.

Fin an uair a dheansaicheadh an laoch a Shlachdan geur, cruidh, curreanta claidheimh an déigh a tharruing as a chisidh chaoil ghuirin ghiumhais. A cheann air a chur ann gu socair, mar chíisimhda, 's e gu' fheoil air a linn-tean. 'S e gu'iomha, lomharra; 's e gu' lúidir, fulangach; gu ruighinn, geur, ri iomarachadh; gu so-chur, sáthta, so-bhuailte 'n a lamhuinn Geur, eutrom, iongantach. B' e sin an claidheamh, Siosantach, Suasantach. Ghearradh e naoi naoinear a null, agus naoi naoinear a nall, agus ghlacath e fhéin anns an binn chéudna a rithi 's e; maille ri a dha sgiathinn ghúineana, ghóineana, mar arm gheur ghorrag, mar arm gheur sgián. Sgián a ghearradh ubhal air uisge agus fuilean foimeannar, forghaidh; a bhoireadh uisge air stiornannan, agus teine dearg air an earliun anta air an toiseach agus asta air an deireadh; far am bu tiugh e bu tanae, 's far am bu tana bu luath-sgoilteach, bu dùn-mharbhach. Cha 'n fhéigadh e fear innseadh sgeoil na maoidheadh an tuaisrigeoil, mar an rachadh e 'n talamh toll na 'n sgeilpeannan chreag; ach aon fhear claghann ruadh air leith-shúil, 's air leith-ghlúin, 's air leith-chluais; 's ged a bhíodh deich teangannan fílidh fhor-ghlé 'n a cheann, 's ann ag innseadh uile fhéin agus uile cháich a bhítheadh e, agus treuntan a' ghaisgich.

Q. 3. CORADH

TIAMHAIDH EADAR INGHEAN OIGHRE BHAILACLATH, AGUS MURCHA MAC BRIAN, RIGH ERIN. 88 lines.

THE only version known to me of this beautiful popular ballad is here reprinted from Stewart's Book, p. 549. The Hero of Clontarf and the Heiress of Dublin are the characters.

- 1 INNIS dhomh-sa fhir fudh chreuchdaibh,
A mbic cheutaich an carraidh uaine,
Cíod e 'n leath, na 'n cath o 'n tain' thu,
'S iad mo bhrathairean mo chuis traighe.
- 2 INNIS thusa dhomh-sa air thoiseach
Aobhar t'osnaich a gheug mhalta,
Na 'n robh dainh agad, na caradh,
Ri feuraibh nan cridheacha calma.

E E

- 3 Tri trianan de chloinn mo mhàthar,
'B'iad mo bhrathairean iad san uair sin,
'S ar leam fein gu 'n robh iad caomhail,
'S a' naonar ann an earraidh uaine.
- 4 Na 'n tugadh tu dhomh-sa cobhair,
Deoch fhuar o thohar na h-ìochlaint',
Gu 'n innsin duit na comain sgeula
Air naonar an earraidh shìoda.
- 5 Sin ghluais a bhean gu suilbhir,
Gus i chluinntin sgeul a brathairean,
A's fhuaras lea 'n tobar tuinn-ghlan,
'S e lomlan an cois na tràighe,
- 6 Thog i lea làn a cuiaiche
De uisge an fhuarain 'san àm sin,
'S gu 'n tug i dh'ionnsaidh an laoiach e,
'S bha 'n sgeul ud fàoilidh o 'n bhantraich.
- 7 A nis o chaisg thu t'ìota tharta
Innis dhomh-sa pairt de d' sgeula,
Ach a laoiach na biodh ort ionghuin,
'S an leam fein gur mor do chreachdan.
- 8 Latha dhomh-sa bhi sa bhàr,
Anns an robh na curaidh chalma,
Le m' chlaidheamh geur, a's mi m' aonar,
Leam a thuit do naonar brathairean.
- 9 Thuit mo bhrathairean-sa 'n Cath chluaine,
'S air leam fein gur cruaidh an aoidh,
Sgal a chuirein choinn a chualas
A's mò a raing riamh mo chridhe.
- 10 Ach mus cruaidh leat sgal a chuirein,
Na bi caoidh cloinne do mhathar,
Air ghradh t'èinich na ceil orm,
Co thu fein, na co e t'athair.
- 11 Inghean oighre Bhailiath,
Cha cheilinn a fhriath nan lann,
'S do ghrugach Eilein nan eun,
'S aon a rug mi fein mo chlann.
- 12 Mis a' rug gach a chuirn Cheusda,
An triuir macan, a's an cu,
An t-seisear a b'aillidh 'n gbrein,
Gus n' do mhill sin fein ar cliu.
- 13 A mhacain sin a ghearr na spaoidh,
O 'n a thog thu do shleagh ri sion,
A nis o thainig mi do d' fhios,
Innis a ris co thu fein.
- 14 Mise Murcha sin mac Brian,
'S ioma sciath a sgòilt mi 'n cath,
An t-uing gu 'n diougain ceud,
Le m' chloideamh geur, a's le m' ghathe.
- 15 Triochad bliadhna thug mi beo,
Mar chuirean na chluinean fein,
Cha robh bàgh agam ri neach,
Ach ag sior thoirt chreach an geill.
- 16 Latha dhomh-sa bhi san Dùn,
'S ann domh fein bu chruaidh an sgèul,
D'fhag mi 'n grugach, a's a thriuir mac,
Sinte fudh 'n bhrat shìoda, sheamh.
- 17 'S air an taobh mu thuath de 'n Bhruagh sin
Chunnacas an tobar a b'Àluinn',
Bha na bric a' snamh gu h-eatrom,
'S iad ag leimeadh suas re bhraghad.
- 18 Na tri bric Àluinn, iongantach,
Re fuicinn sgàile m' aodain-se,
Thuit iad fuar ann an tinneas
'S ann domh-sa a b'aoibh thraisaidh sud.
- 19 'Nuair a chual' au cuilean sìtheadh,
Gu 'n robh mis' a caoidh na cloinne,
Leig se na tri sgalan uath,
'S thuit se fuar mar neach cile.
- 20 Chladhaich mi uaigh dhoibh san Innis,
O na d'fhalbh iad de 'n aon tinneas;
Ach a Mhurcha nan sciath laidir,
Sin agad mur d' fhadh mi 'n Innis.
- 21 Ach a Mhurcha nan gruaidh corcair,
O 's ann leat a lotadh mo dhaoine,
Gur e chobh' readh air mo dhochunn,
Làn a chopains' dhe d'fhuil chraobaich.

- 22 Tog thusa leat làn do chuaiche
Do 'n fhuil fhuair, a's i gan tiomadh,
Èineach deighnionach ch 'n èuram,
Thoir leat mo sgeul, agus inthich.

D. 25. MURCHADH MAC BRIAN. 52 lines.

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

As these old tales decay and the old language becomes difficult, it becomes a feat to be able to recite a particular passage. The man who can 'put Murdoch Mac Brian in his riding dress' is famed now.

The following is from Mac Nicol's Collection. I give it, with a parody which I got from a Gentleman, in Tiree, in 1871. He got it somewhere in the east of Scotland from a man who could say it by heart.

The Hero of the story was one of the Heroes of the Battle of Clontarf. The composition must therefore date between 1014 and 1750, when Mac Nicol flourished. An old weaver at Tobermory recited a version of this to me in 1870. John Dewar wrote a version in 1869; and generally this pervades Scotland.

AN SIN DO GHABHADAR LEINTIGE SHITHE SHEIMH SHROIL DO 'N SHIODA BHAITHIE, ON DEILG GHEITHE 'N TEANTTA RI GHEALACHNEAS. DO DH' IATHAS MU 'N LEINTIGE UD AN COITEIN CAOMHA, CUAMTA, CEOS-BHLA, BAOLHA, CROS-MHOR, COTHAR-ACHTE, SUAINMHOR SROLDEARG, SÌODA, AIR UACHDAR NA H-OR LEINTE SIN.

DO DH' IATHAS MUN CHOITEIN SIN AN SCABUL FIGHI, FIONDEIRGIN, ORCHUM, CEARNACH, COILCHIR, FARSUING, CAOMH-GHORM, CLOCH-CORRAGHIN, AIR A CHOMDACH CLOCH-CORRAMHOGAILL, FUAIM CNEAS DA CHUDRAM AIR TAOBH AN TREUN SCABUL, IOGHAIN MU 'N CHLET-TAOBH UCHD AGUS ANNA-BHRETH. DO DH' IATHAS MUN SCABUL SIN AN LUIRREACH SHITHE, TREUN-AMALACH, THORRUM, GHEUSTA, GLARBH, GLOCHALACH, FLIAD, CATRON UILLEAMACH, FHARSUING, LEOLHAR, LOCHLANACH, GUN FHEAUTAS, GUN FHOTUS, GUN FHEAUS-FHOTAS, AIR UACHDAR AN TREUN SCABUL SIN. DO DH' IATHAS MU 'N LUIRREACH SIN DA CHRÌOS AMALACH, AN OR LITIR DAINGIN, DUILICH, DEO-MHAISEACH, SUANHAIN, CLAR-LEATHAN, AN EUGASG SANHAILTE, DON ANHAILTE, BALLACH, BREAC-CHLAR, BUAGH-SCIANACH AIR A CHOMDACH GU CEARD ANHAIL DO CHLOCHA BUAGHACHA, BREAC-MHAISEACH, SA CHATHI-CHRÌOS CHO-UCHDACH, GU DION CNEAS A CHA-NHIL AS NA CATHAMH CREUCHDHOR.

ANSA CHRÌOS SIN DO CHUIRTE A CHLAIDHEAMH, CLAI-LEATHAN, CO-SHINTACH, FIR-CHRAUIDH, SGUITEACH, GORM-SHOLUIST, BAOLHA, BEUNCHEARNACH, BLEITHICH, UASAL, AN T-EALT CHLAIDHEAMH A LUIN, ORLICHIR, DO 'N GHOINEACHD GHLAN, GHORM-SHOLLUIST, NUNGH, ALUINN, AON DORRAIST. OR-THUAIL GA UIME DLIIDIN, AIR TAOBH CH AN TREUN-CHRAUIDH, AN AGHAI NA H-ÌORRAGHAIL 'S GACH FERRAGHAIL DA IOMAIN.

AIR SIN DO GLATHAR DHO SGIA DHOMH, DHUALACH, AN DHUALACH DA GHUALAIN DIA THAOBH SLEAGH CHUDROM, CRO-FHARSUING, LE SEAMANABH OIR 'S LE FAIRISTIBH AIRGID.

AN SIN DO GHABHAR A CHATHI-BHARRA, CHUDRAMACH, CHNEAS-BHAGHACH, CHLOCH CO DI GA 'M BU CHUAINM CLOGAID ANN SAN T-SHEANNA GHAILIC.

AN SIN DO DH' UIMICHEADH EACH DHA GA M' B' AINM GORM-STEUD, GHASTA, GHUIMH-CLAMH, MION FORASTA, FOLT-LEAMHAR, UAILNEACH, FHOILSEACH, IOMBATHACH, TOINCEACH, TOS-LUATH TORUMHAR, MUNGAECHE, MEANMACH, MOR CHROIDHEACH, SUL-GHORM, SCANG-ARD, SEOCAIL, FALLAIN, FEOLMHOR, FEADREACH, 'N EUGASG ORSHRIAN SITIR BHAR DO MHARAICHAIDH TRID NA 'M BALLACHAN CO MATH SA MHARAICHAIDH E MACHAIR MIN SGIAUHACH.

EOGHAN O NEILL A CHIUR AIR EACH.

From the Revd. John Campbell, Minister, Tiree, September 15, 1871. A Caricature of Murcha Mac Brian, or of some other such person.

(From Harry . . . Beadle of the Strowan Church, Blair Atholl, Perthshire, 1859.)

CLU AN EOGHAIN B' UAISLE, B' AINNEAMH, BI GA MHAOIDHEADH.

GILLE UAIBHREACH IOGNACH NAN GART GÀBHAIL CEANNAS FOILLEART, BEAG AN T-UILEART, FHUAIR AN T-BIG-FHEAR, GU OIGNACHD NEILL BIG MATH GIGIN.

GE IOMADH LAOCH BHA 'N LATHA SIN AN TEACH EOGHAIN, GÀBHAIL GU BUAN RIS NA BATH-CHIAL, BUAN AN T-AMACHIAL, SRATH LATHRUIM O SHLIOS TEAMHRAIDH, MAR BHA FEARGHUS 'S SUR PHILLIMORE, SAOR DHUNOIGHRE MAOS DHUN DEALGAIDH, 'S GEARR AN ÒINE GUS AM FAIC SIBH RÙN NAN DUDALACH LATHA DHUNDEAGAIDH. GHEILL OIG COIGEAN NAN DANA MHAIC-ADHUBHNE; 'S ANN DA B' UMHAIL NEART NACHINE, DO NA DAOIDHEAN 'S NA DAOIRÙINE.

Dh' éirich Clanno Biorrachdainn a Biorrachdainn a Buidheanaich, Clann a Diomasach a Dnamasach, deagh mhearra, deagh mhorra, deagh Dhomallach, Clanna Rìgh, ruadh, rud fir air urram, a sheasach éididh dh' Eoghan o'Neill san uair sin gun uireasbluidh.

Chuir iad an laoch na chaol léine ghréis, innealta, air a dion-chriosadh, 's a maise gun muineachall.

Chuirte 'n taice ris an léine an triùbhann eutrom, eachdarach ;

Chuirte 'n taice ris an triùbhann a bhàg chaol dhòrach, 's a bhàg dhòrach dheagh-chuanta, gun a rabhadh romhòr ;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin na sà-spuir àillte, innealta, ruighinn, chroda, cheardalach ;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an còta stiòmach, taitneach, an-àrach, an-bracha, an-ullinneach, breac-eangach, sgiamhach, sguanhach, sgobhanta, cnarra de 'n òr, ro-iasgaidh mun fhuasgladh.

Chuirte 'n taic ri sin an claidheamh tana, diasd-gheal, bòdarra, làidir, leadanach, air chumadh bhalgan àiridh, 's mar bhòrd de 'n uibhar iòchdarach.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird agus bàird 's luchd filidh, gun robh a dhìol cididh às airn d' s inneil aig Eoghan, nam biodh a dhìol eich aige ;

'S iomadh mùillein indorlach agus ite laoch bha 'n latha sin ann an each Eoghain.

Bha trì gnèithean de ghnè na mna ann an each Eoghain, tòn mhòr, meadhon seang, 's mairsinn buar air a mhar-cachd ;

Bha trì gnèithean a ghnè an t-sionnach ann an each Eoghain, Eairball meadhon mòr, car an aghaidh cuir, agus cluas ri cnisdeachd ;

Bha trì gnèithean de ghnè na gearra ann an each Eoghain, sùil mhòr cholgarr, sròn bhiarach, mhingeanda, muineal reanhar 's ceann cas ;

Bha còig gnèithean deng de ghnè na saoidh ann an each Eoghain, bha e gu h-easgaidh, òg, innealta, ciar, gearanta, chuas, mas dhuilleig, uch-d mar ghearran, fad-shreathach, stad-spreathach, mòr-shùileach balg shroin-each, na tharbha truisgte, 's na bheithir bheumnaich, tighinn, bho àite nan ionad gu ionad na h-éiridh

'S e bu sgeul ceaird d' s bàird d' s luchd filidh, gun robh a dhìol cididh, d' s airn, d' s inneil, d' s eich aig Eoghan, nam biodh an diollaid air each Eoghain.

Fhuaras dha an diollaid chòmhnard, bhucaidheach, thorrach, shuineach, thacaidheach, ghlalach, ghiortach, stioparach, srian o dhruim leathar nan tarbh 's a thàrr leathar nan aighean, o bhinn greussach a's gobhainn, air a sparradh an ceann na sruide, 's mèis bhoga nan saoidh ga sreang-thuigeadh ;

'S chaidh e trì uairean tiomchioll an òtraich, 's ghabh e eagal mòr, 's phill e.

NOTE.—The reciter, if still alive, will be about 60 years old. He said there were only two in the country who knew this piece, himself and another. Both learned it in their youth.

B. 7. Upon ARCHIBALD, EARL OF ARGYLL, who was beheaded at Edinburgh, June 30, 1685. 52 lines. Copied from Mac Lean's Manuscript, 1693, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July, 1872.

THE series of Historic Ballads which began with Cuchullin is carried to later times in a regular sequence. The following is written in the 'Irish hand,' at Ardenhall Castle, in Loch Awe; date, between 1685 and 1693. The inference to be drawn is, that all the rest were first composed about the dates of the events celebrated, and that Heroic Ballads are Metrical Popular History, orally preserved and orally collected.

Thus far these Ballads make a consecutive, though broken, series, into which Mac Pherson's Story does not enter, though his story contains traces of these Romantic Histories.

1 Is maith mo leaba is olc mo shuain
An sgeil so chualas osaird
Gillaspic buachail a chrun
Ar na ghlasadh san tuir fo gheard.

2 Dia cobhur ar ar feidhm
Cur tuallas na bréag ar chaird
Cur car na consobid mun cúairt
Beir consobid na slàgh a bàirt.

3 Fuasgail e o dhòrsuibh báis
Rétuidh an ród dho gun deas
Ge² hóba phrisoil na sluagh
Ort ni bhfuil ni cruidh no cheisd.

4 Do ghairdean laidir na thóir
Air gach póir ga faighid an fheill
Dhaimh Dheóin a mhí rañ sa ceilg
Gabh na leoghan garg mad smachd

5 Impire Babiloin mhóir
Chuir an iomhaigh oir san leirg
An cinhinn lasrach na colg
Mug aísde na hóghe o fheirg.—

6 D' uasgail thu na geinila erúaidh
Do Phéadar na buagh na fheidhm
Charn thu an fhaireg súas le sruth
Tha ú an deudhgh mar bath- (bha ndé)

7 Fagfuidh a churadh fa dhion
Arc na ri ancant
Leoghan do lochd smérbe mor
Chunare mi na slógh fad smachd.

8 Seobhac don caltain abfearr
O drcim Artuir a ba garg colg
On chú chréu re bían na gercac
Feinich fearail na mbfeun¹ borb.

9 O Duibhne o Dhún na geuach
Gan tioc fadh na slóigh fa tìochd
Bruth sollas ba niamh bés
Mbiadh coimhion na ced go d

10 Tomdha toiseach trén admhagh
Fa lionnhar fleadh agus lann
Armuin fo dhìdion do sgeith
Deiridh le triath Dhundalbheann.

11 Do bhandrach ad bhaile dérach
Gam biodh do theach na thigh stóir
Gaisgidh go huaibhreach na gélus
Mar ghuar do bhés tra nòin.

12 Ba chleathach calma do 'n chrtiún
Libh o thús o lín go lín
Bhì ga fhreasdíl anns gach buaidh
Is ro bheg liom do dhuaís da cionn

13 Tuirsach mé tuiribh do bhéis
Chraobh thuinidh deiradh rath
Tosa le mbeirach gar buaidh
Tabhair eistachd dom dhú² go maith.

¹ Na Feineborh geors. ² Dhuann. D. M. P.

MYTHICAL BALLADS.

BESIDES the Heroic Ballads, of which samples have been given above, certain Mythical Ballads are current. The following are samples. I have another attributed to a Fairy, who wanted to steal a child ; but these are foreign to my present subject.

Z. 4. GILBHN. 40 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, in 1860.

BHA duine 'chòmhuaidh làmh ri coillidh, agus bha nighean dhreachmhor aige. Chaidh i mach latha, 's choinnich fear i, agus 's e 'n t-ainm a thug e air féin Gilbhin. Thòisich iad air leannanach o latha gu latha. Dh' innis i d'a piuthair e—agus gheall a piuthar nach innseadh i do dhuine 'sam bith e, —gun d' thigeadh e mach air a giùn ma 'n d' thigeadh e mach air a beul. Ach na dheiradh dh' innis a piuthar d' a muinntir e, 's chaidh ise chuibhreachadh a stigh an sin. 'S e leannan sìth a bha ann. Cha robh i fada beò an dèigh so, —ach bhàtar 'ga chuinn-tinn daonnann a neas a bha i beò a' gabhail an òrain so.

GILBHN.

1 GRAIDHIN Gilbhin hùgaidh ò. Fonn.
Hùgaidh horò hùgaidh ò.
Gràidhin Gilbhin hùgaidh ò
Thug thu 'n cèile cadail diom.

2 Air an luan na air an luan,
Cha d' thèid mise 'chrò nan uan ;
'S cha mòr thèid mi 'chur an fhrois,
O nach bì mi bhos r' a bhuaín.

3 Air a' bhìolair 'ud 'san t-sruthan,
'S air a' chuthaig a nì 'n t-seinn ;
Air a' choill ud thall ma dhùilleach,
Cha d' fhuair duine riamh mo sgeul.

E E 2

- 4 Chi mi mo thrìuir bhràithrean seachad,
Air na h-cachaibh loma luath;
Sgeanan caol 'b'hiith thriuin an erios,
'S am fuil fhein 'na sìthcann fhàr.
- 5 Chi mi m' athair air an tràigh; —
Gur h-e fear an triubhais bhàin;
A rìgh nach fhaicinn na h-eoin
Os cionn a' bheoil a' bigearsaich.
- 6 A phùthrag de phùthragan,
'S ann riut a leig mi mo rùn;
Gur luaithe thàinig an sgeul,
Air do bheul na air do ghlin.
- 7 Ach a nighean 'ud 'san doras,
Gu faicinn triuir air do bhanaid,
A nì sgoltadh a' bhradais fhuir-nisg,
Eadar do dha chich 's do bhroilleach.
- 8 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,
Na ri mac an Iarla ruaidh;
Gus an cuir am bradan tarra gheal
Tri chuir dheth an crò nan uan.
- 9 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,
Na ri mac an Iarla ruaidh;
Gus an dèan fìolair mhòr nan spògan,
Leaba chlàimh an druinn a' chuain.
- 10 'S a' chraobh chaoirinn 'ud 's an doras,
'S ann urra thèid mi do 'n chùil;
Bheir sibh m' aghaidh air Dun Sealbhain,
'S nì sibh dhomhsa carbad grinn.

X. 4. DUARAN (SUARAN?) AGUS GOLL.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. January 31, 1872.

I WROTE a long English version of this Story from the Gaelic dictation of Mac Isaid, in South Uist, in September 1871. There is an Enchanter in the story, whose name is 'Duaran,' not Suaran. This was sent to me before 1862, by Mr. Carmichael, who afterwards sent a copy to Dr. Mac Lauchlan. See Vol. xii., Y. 58, MS. 334. I will give my own version with other translations.

BHA gaol aig Duaran (Suaran?) agus Goll air an aon nighinn, agus bha namhaidas aca ri cheile leis a sin. Bha fear a ruith, eadar riu ag imseadh an darra fear gu de bha am fear eile 'g radh mu dheighinn. Bha fuas, fuas aig Iain mac Iain ic Eoghain air an laoidh Choidheich so. Ach cha 'n eil cuimhne agamsa ach air beagan fhacal. Cha chuala sibh riamh, riamh na bha aige do bhàrdachd agus do laoidhean Oisein, agus cha chuala duine beo riamh bardachd bu bhrìgha na l. Chumadh e fad na seachdunn gheamhraidh sibh a seinn laoidhean Oisein, agus Ochain! Ochain! 'se fein a sheinneadh iad. Agus aig deireadh na seachdunn cha chuala sibh leth 's na bha aige. Nis bhiodh an tigh aige dian lan a chuille h-oiche, a cuir a mach air an doras, agus nach faigheadh sibh suidhe no seasadh ann. Cha 'n eil duine beo 'n diugh aig a bheil laoidhean (bardachd) Oisein mar bha aig Iain mac Iain ic Eoghain (an Talamh-sgeir).

Coimneach Moireastan, (Mac Illeumhoire?) 's an Trithean 's an Eilean Sgìthanach.
Sgrìobhta Deiruir (Dec.) 12mh, 1862.

- 1 THUG an dís an ainm gaol,
Ach air Goll bha gorm shùil ehaoin;
B' e fa a h-aigis, e 's an oiche.
'S fa a broin mu chaathlan, no chaoirean, choill-tead.
- 2 'A Dhurain (Shurain?) cuim a sheas?
A Ghoill cuim a thuit?
A Dhurain (Shurain?) cuim an eualas-riamh
Luaidh air a shliochd 's?
- 3 Fhuaircadh an aileag 's i bronach.
'S beo cha bhuinte bho gaol i,
Beul ri beul (ri bheul?) 'ns uched ('s a h-uchd,) ri uched,
Mar fhithheadh slat ri (mu?) stoc aosda.

This fragment indicates a lost poem, with part of the Story of Goll in it.—J. F. C.

&c. 1. COLLUN GUN CHEANN. 22 lines.

A fragment written by Mac Phail, from the recitation of Norman Murray, Habost, Ness, Lewis, 1866.

I HAVE no other fragment of this ballad. A headless body comes to the Fennie, and gets her wish. There is something like the story in Vol. iii. Y. 403, No. 86. A hideous creature turns into a beautiful woman, who, in some strange fashion is mixed up with a grayhound, and turns out to be the daughter of the King of the Land under the Waves. I suppose that all these strange mythical legends were told in alternate prose and verse, and that the verse is almost forgotten.

- 1 LA bha 'n Fheinn ag 'ol,
A' caitheamh 's ag iomairt lagha,
Chunnaic iad collum gum cheann,
Direadh o ghleann an dà chlaidh.
- 2 'Mo chomraich oirbh Fhiannaibh maith
Eadar mhac rìgh 'us mhac Fhlath;
'S mo chomraich ort ma 't tu Fionn,
Os an ceann nìle gu leir.'
- 3 'Or 'us airgead 'ns cuil,
Gheibheadh tu sud bh' nam gun airc,
Ach cha luidhean leat mar f'hear,
Air na chuir na nìmh gu làr,
- 4 Nì mo a shinean ri do thaobh,
Air a bhì gun mhaoi gu brath;
5 Fhinn mhic Cumhail a ghin Leigh,
Cha robh mi' feum do chuid òir;
Ach thu luidhe leam mar f'hear,
'S gun thu ga chleith air an Fheinn.
- 6 Labhair Treun mo ghiollan féin
Ge do labhair bu bheum laoiach;
'Luidhidh mise leat mar f'hear,
'S cha chleith mi e air an Fheinn.

HEROIC GAELIC POEMS, LIKE MAC PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

AMONGST the numerous manuscripts ransacked for Heroic Ballads I have found only the following, which resemble Mac Pherson's 'Ossian,' or form part of it. D. 30. Malvina's Dream. O. 26. a fragment got from Captain Morrison, who was Mac Pherson's assistant. It is exceedingly like Mac Pherson's Ossian, but I do not know the passage if it is in that work. Two addresses to the Sun, in which the sun is masculine, whereas the word is feminine. Goll and Fionn. The Death of Goll by Muchtan. 'Connlaoch and Cuthon,' 184 lines of the book, which was printed soon after this MS. collection was made by Dr. Irvine. I print these in order that believers in the antiquity of Mac Pherson's Ossian may compare quantity, date, and quality. I have no other fragments of Mac Pherson's Ossian in manuscripts older than 1807.

O. 26. TOIR AIR NA TUATHAICH. 44 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 118. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

THIS metre differs from the Ballads, but this looks like original Gaelic composition. Maigh ich: Plain-men, or possibly people of Meath, and Fionn, are the only two names by which to identify this with any part of the Fenian Story. Apparently it was got from Captain Morrison, who was one of Mac Pherson's assistants. The writing dates about A.D. 1800.

- 1 TAOM a Char amhain, taom do shruth,
An aobhneas an diugh shiubhal sìes;
Dh' fhalbh coigreach b' airde guth,
Cha 'n fhaicear an steud each san t-sliabh.
- 2 Tha stòirm cogaidh fada thall,
Ach Clanna Gall o thuath;
Dh' fhalbh iad mar mar aileas chrann,
Ar latha dearg am fuil Lochlain.
- 3 C' ait a nis a bheil thu Eite,
C' ait a bheil do bhrengan dana (granda)
An dean iad do chobhair an cruas (cruadhas)
An dean iad suas cron do chairdean.

- 4 Fheara faicibh 'n tuil ag, aomadh,
Thar sgeir fhaoin o mheadhon sgairnich;
Sid mar ruagais naimhdean scurse (or sairse)
O ghleannaibh, so chròbh nam fasach.
- 5 Lean sinn an ruaig gu dìana dana,
Chualadh Tuaid guth an air;
Ghloodh mor thighearr, baighail, baighail,
Faic a bhaigh a rìgh ma 's fearr.
- 6 Cìod uime deir Fionn, A threig thu,
Lleachd nun ceud fhear an bha;
Cìod uime dh' airr thu coghna dhaoonnan,
Chuir tha Fionn 's a dhaoine o bhlar.
- 7 Thainig Maighich orm mar thorunn,
Losg mo thighean 's mo mhna;
Ruig C mo choilltean aobhinn aluinn,
'S dh' fhag iad mi mar eun gun sta.
- 8 Chair mi fìos a Lochlainn uabhrach,
A philleadh uam neart an air;
Tha mi nis mar sgeir ga cnuirteach,
Le mear thonnaibh buaireach ard.
- 9 Tha mi nis fo d' chuim a threun-fhear
Faic mo bheud dean rimm baigh;
Tog m' uallach tha trom ri ghiulan,
Tha mi cuirte anns gach airc.
- 10 Tha Fionn mar oiteag a gheamhraidh,
Do naimhdean eilan mo gluraidh;
Ach caoin mar aiteal an t-sambraidh,
Do shliochd aimbeart thig a' m' laimh.
- 11 'S leat mo chloidhe, s leat mo laochruidh,
Cha 'n fhaoin an iomairt nan lann;
Pillidh Lochlan mar thonn na sgeire,
'S bithidh Breatann dhe fathast slàn.

O. 1. GOLL AGUS FIONN. 104 lines.

Dr. Irving's MS., page 1. Copied by Malcolm Macphail,
Edinburgh. March 14, 1872.

THIS writing dates from about A.D. 1800. I have tried to divide the quatrains. This is part of the civil wars of the Tribes of Morna and Baoisge, and seems to be a popular ballad broken and mended. I have no other version.

- 1 Ma shealgachan mor a' ghlinne,
Ma Leitrichein ghlinn Loire;
Ma ghleann dubh nu loch mu lach,
Ma theach rìgh Soch rìgh Suine.
- 2 Chaidh Fionn gu shlabh maigh Macharach,
A chruinneachadh steach na seilge;
An nualan mor Glu bhinn glao bhinn,
Gur e leig O-baoisg agus Obair ghlic.
- 3 Chruinneachadar an Fheinn uile,
Iar claidinn doibh na gaoth Feinne;
Lomlan a' d' fhuil agus a' d' fheithibh,
Dh' ionnsuidh na Tulach san robh O-baoisge,
- 4 'Se Fionn fein a rinn an t-sealg,
Do na Fiannaibh uasal banbhich;
A 's nìr dh' fhag e san Fheinn, g' e b' iognadh,
Aon¹ laoch deannach no fear dearmad²
- 5 Tus eiridh do na Fiannaibh,
Aois Feinne do Mhac Cumhail;
Is b' eigin do Gholl gaosraidh,
Tùs uigh na Feinne fhulang.
- 6 Air do laimhsa Ghuill Mhìc Morna,
Fhìr nam briathra togha, treuna;
'S ann mur sud bhiteas an fiadhbach,
Ged nach fan thu am fiannachd Èirin.
- 7 'Se labhair Goll nan ceuma calma,
Dhuitsa Fhinn a bhreitheamh bhaoilich;
Dh' fhagas mi 'm aogh braonach meannach³
Gur e dh' agair Goll air Oisain.
- 8 A' gheug a chosnadh dhuinn gach feum,
Aisig sinn a near do Albuin;
O mo h-Erlin gu mo h-Irlin⁴
Glusadar 'nur longaibh leothra.
- 9 Is ann 'ur barcaibh fada reamhra,
Ann an ait a' bhreitheamh bhaoilich;
Gabhail glòir na gaoitho gaoibha.
- 10 Thug sinn bliadhna an Dun Erla,
Ann an aite gle ghlic toslach
Ar mnathan agus ar clann an Albain,
Is bha ar n-annsachd an Dun Monidh.
- 11 Ghluasadar an ceart cheann na bliadhna,
Ann an trom ghòil dian na dìle;
Fear nach do chleachd ionmhuin oibaich,
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg dealradh.
- 12 Chruinnich torr⁵ nan treun fhear,
Chanadar glòir gle bhinn ghaosruidh;
Chuir sinn Teachdaire chum nam Flath,
Gu 'm b' e sud na Catha calma.
- 13 Is neonach a chlanna Morna,
As ar tighin foigula do'r⁶ u-aois;
Teacha dh' fhuabairt Cath a dh' Albuin,
Gu aibhine chlanna Baoisge.
- 14 Agus nach b' ionan coimeasg⁷ Gobha,
Dhuine agus dhoibhse;
Agus nach b' ionan cruas do'r sgeinibh,
No do'r lannaibh no do'r doidibh.
- 15 Agus nach b' ionnan coimeasg catha dhuinne,
Agus do chuiridhean O-baoisge⁸;
O mhac Morna gu Dun Mìogha,
No o laimh na Sotha Saoiaich.
- 16 Aobh agus Oscar agus Oisean,
Seachda ceud deug agus trì fichead,
Fionn agus fine mhic Cumhail,
- 17 Thainig Mac Iain rìgh Ianric,
Fear nach do chleachd ionmhuin oibaich,
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg dealradh,
Gu 'm bu bhanbh ri dol san trod iad,
- 18 Thainig Ioluin nam beumana;
Fear nach d' thugadh geill a nasgaidh,
Cabhach mor do mhaithibh Eighne,
Thainig fo'n cath-eididh thugainn;
- 19 Thainig clann Fhinn uile,
Dh' fhuilingeadh mor cheum dochrach,
Agus clann na Meara Morna,
A' bhuidhean shlogha sheasnbach.
- 20 Chanadar an sin ri cheile,
An comhara bu leoir a ghnogha;
A chuireadh Mac Ialla a creagaidh,
Is a barcaibh reamhra reithe.
- 21 Thuit leamsa Duthan,
An cìos iomain a bhuille;
Aobh agus Goll Mac Laghair,
Dh' fhag mi ann iad a thri buillean.⁹
- 22 Mar thuill a' ruidh le gleann,
Trom bhuirich an measg nan crann;
No mar fhiadh ri firach beinne,
Is gadhair dian 'na dheigh mar theine.
- 23 Sid mar theich clanna Morna,
Dhearg am fear le fuil nan treun fhear;
'S iomadh creuchda a bha ri chasgadh,
- 24 Thog am bard an Iolach bhroin.
'S truagh clanna Morna caithte.
Bhuail e chlàrsach, gu trom, trom,
Am fonn tha 'm chluasaibh taigte,
- 25 Phill sinne gu dun Fhinn,
Le caithream binn a ceumadh faiche;
Thainig ar mnathan 'nar comhail,
A seinn oran, 'falte gausge.'
- 26 Tha seachd dorsan air teach Fhinn,
Air an eugnadh druim thr dhruim;
Caogad huirich shuairce sholuis,
Bhitheadh air gualinn gach aon doruis.

⁵ cor.⁶ dol.⁷ coimeas.⁸ O-bocair.⁹ Chaidh dibhail anns an teughmhall,

Faraon agus beagan buidhne,

Seachd ceud deug trì chathan,

Thuit le Maithibh na h-Eirin.

¹ Aon koch dìonach no fear dearmad.² I suspect Tearman is the true reading.³ Ball bhreac no banbhich.⁴ O Dhun Erlingud Dun Irlin.

- 27 Mise agus Diarmad agus Garra,
Car sealan am beannaibh ar d;
Gur e gheibhmaid o Mhac Cmhail,
Gur ro mhinic urram seilge.

O. 21. BAS GHUILL LE MUCHTAN. 46 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 112. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

THIS was got from a Loch Tayside Fox-hunter, about 1802, according to the Collector's note. It seems like a verse of a Ballad on which some one has enlarged. The Story is nowhere, but the verse is a vague ejaculatory rhapsody, like 'Mordubh,' and a few other Gaelic compositions, which all came from the same neighbourhood. I have no other version of this.

- 1 'Se sin Mughtan beag Mac Smail,
An diu gheall e teachd a' m' dhail;
Mar charaid o bhlar na macharach,
A' d' dhail tha mi gun fhiamh.
- 2 Smithich an gnìomh a chuimhneachadh,
'S tu mharbh m' athair am beinn a Chatain;
'S dioladh tu a bhràise an uair so.

G.

- 3 Tha mi nis aosda liath,
Dh' fhalbh mo thrian fada nunn;
Bha mi uair nach geillinn diut,
Mhughtan ga garbh do bheinn.
- 4 Thainn slàn as na cathaibh,
Ged sam duita tha 'n dan mo mharbha;
Cha bhi seallb do threun fhear ann
Thionndaidh e aghaidh ris a bhalla,
'S dh' fhalbh anam ann an eco.

- 5 An eco ged dh' fhalbh cha lag,
An t-anam bh' aig a ghaigeach mhor;
Bha e ard mar sgeir an aonaich,
Bha e aild mar chraobh fo bhla.

- 6 Bha e ciùin mar oigh na maise,
Nuair bhiodh fleagh na bhord is caird;
Bha e garg an tiod na ceud chath,
Mar madadh alluidh reuba bha.

- 7 Tionnail do Gholl cha 'n fhaigheadh,
Cha 'n fhacadh, is cha 'n fhaic gu brath;
Dh' fhalbh Fionn ceann na maise,
Eas an aon air Fèinne bi bar.

- 8 Ach dlu dha tha Goll mor cheum,
Och nan och cha bheo thu gradh;
Cainne a dh' fhadadh mi nam aonar,
Mar theann darag am faon ghleann.

- 9 Gun gheig gu fàsgadh o 'n don-shion,
Ach e grad lùbadh nuas a ceann;
O co chaireas mi gu nàigheach,
San tigh chumhan, dhuchnai, dhall,

- 10 Far nach chuinn mi guth na teugmhail,
'S nach tig leus gum' chridhe fann;
Ruige mi Oscar Mac mo cheud ghraidh,
Ruigidh Eibhir, rui Alba.

- 11 Bithidh sinne subbach anns na neulaibh,
Co 'n sin a dh' iarras baigh;
Eutrom bithidh ar n-anam ait,
Fhinn thig athair mo ghraidh,

- 12 Bha mise roimh neartmhor luthar,
Ged tha mi 'n diugh ciurte dall.

These fragments got from foresaid D. M^c Irvine. In mist, though fled, not weak, the soul of the mighty chief. He was tall as the cliff of the hill; fair as a tree in blossom; mild as the maid of beauty—when round the table went the feast of friendship; fierce in the strife of hundreds, as the wolf tearing the herd. A match for Gaul never can be found, never was seen, and never will be. (Dr. IRVINE'S Note.)

MALVINA'S DREAM. D. 29. M. 22. 23.

(In Carthou.)

A copy of this fragment is in Mac Nicol's Collection, of 2,819 lines, of which samples are printed above. It is the only fragment of Ossian's Poems which I have found in any manuscript written before A.D. 1800. It looked so different from the rest of my collection, that I took some pains to trace this fragment.

In 1762, Mac Pherson printed the English of Cromag, p. 249.

The Gaelic was quoted by Shaw, as an example of Gaelic, in 1778. Edinburgh, 4to., Shaw's 'Analysis.'

Amongst Mac Nicol's papers I found 56 lines of Gaelic, written in a hand of the period, and marked on the back, 'Astaruing' (extract). It is headed, 'Fragment of a Poem attributed to Ossian,' and ends with a line of . . . It is corrected in a different hand, with blacker ink, and the second hand has inserted a line. The collector was in correspondence with Mac Pherson, but neither handwriting is Mac Pherson's. In 1786, Gillies published, at p. 29, and p. 210, two copies of this extract '*Aiding Mala-Mhùil*,' and '*Mhahline's Brighdar to Ossian*.' In 1787, p. 46, Dr. Smith printed the fragment in 'Sean Dana'; 57 lines.

The extra line and the corrections are in Gillies; not in Smith. All vary in spelling, e.g., 'an t-Oscar,' (the Oscar) of the MS., is printed 'Thoscar,' in Gillies; 'Toscar,' in Smith.

Similar orthography occurs elsewhere, e.g., 'Aig Tathir,' (father,) which shows that 'Oscar' was meant by the Scribe, not 'Toscar.' Avowed translations from English Songs, and 'Maccaronic Poetry,' (Gaelic and English mixed) are in Mac Nicol's MS., and in Gillies. Therefore people could, and did, then translate from English into Gaelic.

In Mac Pherson, the Sun is masculine. 'The flower on which the Sun has looked in his strength.' In the 'extract,' the Sun is also masculine. Nuair sheallas e sìos na shoille (p. 30, Gillies). This manifest error is corrected in later 'texts,' but it is the sort of error which a translator might easily make; especially if he were stronger in classics than in Gaelic. This same error runs through the whole of 'Ossian's Poems,' and so marks the composition of one man.

In 1807, Cromag was published, p. 211, vol. i. of the large edition of Ossian, in Gaelic.

It was printed from Mac Pherson's manuscripts, revised by able vernacular scholars.

In 1807 Mac Pherson's Gaelic Text was translated into Latin. Mac Nicol's 'extract' is there. The worst of the Anglicisms in it, and in Gillies, are struck out or softened. Sentences are recast, words, even lines, are changed. The sense remains as it was in 1762, but the Text is amended.

In 1818 the Gratis Ossian, revised from the printed text, contains the extract, but further improved towards modern orthography, and current local idiom.

In 1870, Mr. Clerk's Gaelic text, revised from older printed texts, departs from the oldest known form, which is the 'extract.' The editor claims no authority, but his own, for his alterations. Mr. Clerk's translation of his text differs from Mac Pherson's English. The question is, which of all these is the 'original' of the 'extract,' which contrasts so very remarkably with the rest of Mac Nicol's Collection, and with all older written Gaelic; and which corresponds to Mac Pherson's sample of Gaelic, printed 1763.

I have no doubt that Mac Pherson's English was 'the original,' and that all the Gaelic 'texts,' are altered from a first translation. All the successive changes, from the oldest known, tend towards modern provincial dialects of Scotch Gaelic, and depart from the language of Mac Nicol's Collection, and the rest, which tends towards the language and spelling of Text A., except in this 'extract.'

Mac Pherson's original English is idiomatic. The Gaelic equivalents seem to be struggles to express the same ideas in equivalent words. For example, Mac Pherson wrote, in 1762:

'I feel the fluttering of my soul.'

In 1807 Mac Pherson's text is:—

'Tha forum mo chleibha gu h-ard.'

The closest rendering of that line is

'The noise of my side (or thorax) is above.'

Mr. Clerk says that the line is probably 'spurious,' and translates it freely

'The throbbing of my heart is loud.'

For lack of a Gaelic verb 'to flutter' in Mac Pherson's sense, and because of the fetters of verse, it was necessary to change the image in the Gaelic 'extract.'

Mac Pherson's original character *felt* a fluttering inside. The Gaelic *heard* a clattering on high. I think that the idea was first clothed in English, in this case, and throughout the fragment. In 1762 Mac Pherson said—

'When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun.'

In the 'extract' the line added by another hand is

'Nuair phill thu flathail o'n t seily.'

The line is in Gillies.

Something was wanted to lengthen this Gaelic translation and make it scan, so the meaning was enlarged to

'When thou didst return (NOBLY) from the chase.'

In 1807 'nobly' was taken out, and 'of the Cairns' put in, and the construction was altered to

'Nuair thearnadh leat o sheily nan carn.'

'Quando descendebatur a te a venatu molium saccarum.'

Mr. Clerk translates the line—

'When from the mountain chase thou comest down.'

The passage stood in Mac Pherson's English text thus in 1762, at first, so far as we know,

'When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun.'

A close translation of the last text, 1870, is

'When thou hadst descended from the chase (OF THE CAIRNS) in the (CALM) day of the (HIGH) sun (IN THE SKIES).'

I suspect the first idea was

'When you came back from the Hill ON SUNDAY.'

Translators commonly enlarge on texts. In this case the text, which purports to be Ossian's of the 3rd century, has grown by additions and alterations from Mac Nicol's 'extract' onwards. I have never seen another bit of Mac Pherson's text in writing of this period, and the evidence seems to me conclusive. It seems to prove that this 'extract' from Mac Pherson's 'text' is a translation from Mac Pherson's original composition, that he is the author of 'Malvina's Dream,' and of 'Croma,' from which Mac Nicol somehow got an 'extract,' Dr. Smith another copy, and Shaw a third.

Saving these 56 lines of 'Croma,' no part of Mac Nicol's collection of 2,819 lines is in the Gaelic Ossian of 1807.

M. 21. MHAHLIN'S BRUGH DAR LE OSSAIN. 57 lines.

This will not make verses.

- 1 'S e guth anam mo Ruin a tha 'nn!
O! 's ainmach gu aislin Mhalmhine thu,
Fosgluibh-se talla nan speur,
Aithir Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum;
- 5 Fosgluibh-se doirsa nan nial,
Tha ceumma Mhalmhine go dian.
Chualam guth a' m' aislin fein,
Tha fathrum mo ebleibh go ard.
C' uime thanic an Ossag a' m' dheigh
- 10 O dlubh-shiubhal na linne od thall?
Bha do sgiath fhuaimneach ann gallan an
aonaich,
Shiubhall aislin Mhalmhine go dian,
Ach chunnic is' a run ag aomadh,
'S a cheo-earradh ag aomadh m' a chliabh:
- 15 Bha dearsa na greine air thaobh ris,
Co boisgeal ri or nan daimh.
'S e guth anam mo ruin a tha 'nn,
O! 's ainmach gu m' aislin fein thu.
'S comhnuidh dhuit anam Mhalmhine,
- 20 Albic Ossain is treine lamh.
Dh' eirich m' osna marri dearsa o near,
Thaom mo dheoir measg shioladh na h oiche.
Bu ghallan Aluin a' t-fhianais mi Oseair,
Le m' uile gheuga uaine ma m' thimchiel?

- 25 Ach thanic do bhas-sa mar Ossag
O 'n fhasach, i dhaom mi fios.
Thanic earrach le fioladh nan speur,
Cha d' eirich duill' naine dhamh fein;
Chunic oigha me samhach 's au talla;
- 30 Agus bhual iad clarsach nan fonn.
Bha deoir ag taomadh le gruaidhean Mhalmhine;
Chunic oigh nua 's mo thuirleadh gu trom.
C' uime an bheil thu co tuirseach, a' m' fhanais,
Chaoimh Ainuir-og Luath-ath nan sruth.
- 35 An robh e sgianhach mar dhearsa na greine?
Am bu cho tlachdor a' shiubhal 's a chruth?
'S taitnach t-fhonn an cluais Ossain,
Nighean Luath-ath nan sruth dian.
Thanic guth nam bard nach beo,
- 40 Am measg t-aislin air aomadh nan sliabh,
Nuair thuit codal air do shluiean soirbh,
Aig euan mor -shruth nan iona fuaim,
Nuair phill thu flathail o 'n t-seilig,
'S grian la thu ag sgaolta na bein.—
- 45 Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo:
'S glan fàiteal do chiuil fein.
'S caoin fàiteal nam fonn o Mhalmhine!
Ach claoaidh iad anam gu deoir;
Tha solas ann Tuireadh le sìoth,
- 50 Nuair dh' aomas cliabh tuirse gu bron;
Ach claoideadh fad-thuirse fiol dorthuin,
Fhlath-nighean Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum.
'S ainmach an la gan nial
Thuiteas iad, mar chuisig, fo 'n ghrian,
- 55 Nuair sheallas i sìos 'na soilse,
Andeigh do 'n dubh cheathach siubhal do 'n
bheinn,
'S a throm-cheann fo shioladh na h-oiche.

THE SUN HYMNS. O. U. 5. 6.

GRANT (U.) printed (4) the 'Address to the Sun,' in Carithara, 11 lines, and (5) 'The Address to the Sun,' in Carthon, 38 lines.

These were got January, 1798, from Donald Grant Unish, in the Isle of Skye, who wrote (4) from the dictation of an old gentleman at Vaternish. Older copies exist, and versions vary. The report on Ossian is quoted. The originals were amongst Mac Pherson's papers, and his assistant, Captain Morrison, gave a copy of No. 4 to the Rev. Mr. Mac Kinnon, of Glendaruel, before 1780, 11 lines.

The Rev. Mr. Mac Diarmid is also quoted. He said, April 9, 1801, that he got these two poems 'about 30 years ago' (1771) from an old man in Glenlyon, who learnt them in his youth. In 1760 Mac Pherson began to print translations from Ossian's Poems; in 1763 he printed his Gaelic. No. 4 was in Mac Pherson's Gaelic text, 1807. No. 5 is not in the Gaelic Carthon of 1807 and 1818, but Mr. Clerk has placed it in the edition of 1870.

After reading passages in Carthon the conclusion seems obvious,

'They saw battle in his face,' 1760.

'An còmhrag a snamh air a ghlois,' 1818.

The fight; a swimming on his face.

'Tell him that we are mighty in war,' 1760.

'Iunis da sa còmhrag ar brigh,' 1818.

Tell him in the fight our broth (pith).

'The tear is on their cheek,' 1760.

'Dear a' shiubhal lie bhanail gun ghiomh,' 1818.

Tears a travelling cheeks female without exploits.

I set a far better Gaelic scholar than I am, Mr. Mac Lean, to read Carthon for Anglicisms, and we came to the conclusion that we ought to mark the whole Gaelic text; because of language we were satisfied that the Gaelic is really an unfinished translation of the original English, which Mac Pherson composed upon some text.

In the first and second editions of the Gaelic Ossian the 'Sun Hymn' is omitted. It is added in Clerk's Ossian, page 220, from 'The Report of the Highland Society,' with the Pedigree quoted by Grant, which lands it in Glenlyon, near Mac Pherson, about the date of his first Gaelic publication.

The end of the English Carthon never has been found in Gaelic. On a margin of a copy of the first edition of Mac Pherson's translation of Ossian, which was found at his house, was this note,—

'Delivered all that could be found of Carthon to Mr. John Mackenzie.'

It has been said that this address is but an imitation of Milton's, in 'Paradise Lost,' and I suppose that it may be a free translation. At all events, 'Carthon' and the 'Sun Hymns' are very unlike any Gaelic Ballads which are orally preserved.

O. 22. FAILTE NO URNUIGH NA GREINE.

38 lines. (IN CARTHON.)

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 93. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

This writing dates about A.D. 1800. The poem was got from Mac Diarmaid of Weem, and from Mac Pherson's assistant, Captain Morrison. It is the equivalent of a passage in Ossian. Judging by the language, I think that this was translated from English. It certainly differs from the popular ballads, and the Sun is masculine, which is a mistake.

That the Sun personified in Gaelic verse ought to be a woman, and not a man, is proved by a song written by an Inverary Bard. in 1871, when the Princess Louise came home. He wrote—

'Bho 'n a dh' Ìrìch a Ghrian
'S gu 'n do chuir i fo a sgiath na nèoil.'

Because the Sun has arisen ; and because *she* has put the clouds below *her* wing (or shield).

- 1 O THUSA fein a shiubheas shuas.
Cruin mar lann sgiath chruaidh nan triath,
Cò as tha do dhearsa gun ghruaim,
Do sholus tha buan a Ghrian.
- 2 Thig thu mach nad aille fein,
Is follaichidh reill an triall;
Theid geallach gun tuar o 'n speur,
Ga cletha fein fo stuagh san iar.
- 3 Tha thusa ann ad astar a mbain,
Cò tha dana chi nad choir;
Tuitidh darag o 'n chruaich ard,
Tuitidh carn fo aois is scoir.
- 4 Traoghaidh is lionaidh an euan,
Caillear shuas an rè san speur;
Thusa a' d' aon a chaidh fo bhuaidh,
An aoibhneas do sholuis fein.
- 5 'Nuair a dhuthas m' an Domhain stoirm,
Le torrun borb is dealan Berr;
Seallaidh tu nad aille ro 'n Toirm,
Fiamh gaire ort am bruillean nan speur.
- 6 Ach dhomhsa thà do sholus faoin,
'S nach faic a chaidh do ghnuis,
- 7 Sgoiladh enil as orbhuidh ciabh,
Air aghaidh nan neul san ear;
No 'nuair chrithas tu san Iar,
Aig do dhorsa ciar air Iear.
- 8 'S maith dh' fheudta gu bheil thu 's mise fein,
An am gu treun, 's gun fheum an am,
Ar bhiadhna tearna o 'n speur,
A' siubhal le cheile gu 'n ceann.
- 9 Biodh aoibhneas ort fein a ghrian,
'S tu neartmhor, a thriath, nad' oige;
'S dorchla mi-thaitneach an aois,
Mar sholus faoin an rè gun chail.
- 10 'S i a sealladh o neoil air an raoin,
Is liath cheo air taobh nan carn;
An oitetaig o thuath air an Reth,
Fear siubhail fo bheud 'se mall.

O. 23. URNUIGH NA GREINE AN CARRAICHTHURA.

11 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 115. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

BECAUSE the Sun is called 'a mhic' (son) whereas the word is feminine, this cannot possibly be an old Gaelic composition; 40 years before 1801 accords with the pub-

lication of Mac Pherson's Fragments 1760, and with Jerome Stone's translations 1755, and to that date I would attribute this Sun Prayer. The verbatim agreement of all the numerous copies of this composition indicate a common manuscript original. Oral Ballads differ, as shown above.

- 1 An d' fhag thu gorm astar nan speur,
A mhic gun bheud, as orbhuidh ciabh;
Tha dorsa na h-oidhe dhuit fein, (reid)
Is pailliu do chlos san iar.
- 2 Thig na stuaidh mu 'n cuairt gu mall,
Choinhead fear is glaine gruaidh;
A togail fo cagal an ceann.
- 3 Ged fhaicinn co alluin na shuain,
Theich iadsan gun tuar o d' thaobh;
Gabhsa cadal ann ad chos,
A ghrian is pill an tos le aoibhneas.

Got these two addresses from Mr. Mac Diarmaid, of Weem, July 29, 1801, who says he got them from Duncan Robertson, Craigelig, Glenlyon, upwards of 40 years ago, when a student at College. Compared with two I got from Captain Morrison with which they agree almost verbatim.—DR. IRVINE'S Note.

O. 29. CONNLAOCH AGUS CUTHONN. 181 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 121. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

See Stewart's Collection, 1804, page 581.

Is this the language savours of the North Country and of the Isle of Skye. *Nial*, becomes *Neul* in Stewart's Book. The printed version has all the seeming of a version revised and corrected by some one whose own ideas of Gaelic differed from those of the scribe or composer.

1800. Irvine's MSS., O. 181 lines.

1804. Stewart's Collection, Vol. ii. 581. 184 lines.

1870. See Clerk's 'Ossian,' Vol. ii. 562. 184 lines.

This looks like an extract from the manuscript which was printed in 1807. All known copies correspond in all respects, and differ from the Ballads, which vary as shown above. This is printed as written to show the broken irregular metre of 'Ossian's Poems.'

CONNLAOCH AGUS CUTHONN.

- 1 An cual Oisean guth neo-fhaoin,
N' an gairm latha fo aona' th' ann?
'S tric mo smuain air aimsir nan raon,
Mar ghrian fheasgair tha clach an gleann,
Nuathchear mur Thorman na seilge,
Sleagh fhada na marbh ann am laimh.
- 2 Is ceart a chual Oisean an guth,
Co thusa shiol duilhir na oidheche;
Clann gun gniomh an suain fogha,
Gaoth a meadhan an talla gun soilse.
- 3 Tha sgiath an righ a fuaim air am,
Ri osag carn is airde gruaim;
Sgiath chopanach balla mo thalla,
Air an cuir mi car tanull mo lamh.
- 4 Ceart gu 'n cluin mi mo chara fein,
Is fada guth an treun o lauidh;
Cuinn astar air dubh neul gun fheum.
- 5 A shiol Morna ua beum cruaidh,
Sar Oscar neo-bhaath air eul sgè;
Is tric a bha 'n gaisgeach rid' thobh,
A Chomlaioch an am aona na sleagh.
- 6 A bheil cadal air Tais Chonnlaoh mhin ghuth,
A meadhan talla fo mhor ghaoth toirm;
An cadal tha e Oisean, nan corr ghnìomh,
Is an ro chuan ma chomhnuidh fo stoirm.
- 7 Cha' n' eil uigh tha fo leirsinn an Innis,
Cia fada bhias sinne gun chliu;
- 8 A Ri Sheallana 's fuaimear gleann,
'S truaigh Oisean gun mo shuil ort fein (leirsinne)
'S thu suidh gun fheum air do nial,
An ceo thu air Iano a threun?

- 9 No tein adhair gun bheum air sliabh,
Co dheth tha cearb do thrusgan baoth ?
Shiubhail e air osaig de ghloith,
Mar fhaileas fo aom na nial.
- 10 Thigsa naithe do bhalla fein,
A Chlarsach nan treun le fuaim;
Biodh solas na cuimhne air beinn,
Ithonn an eirigh a chuain.
- 11 Faiccamsa mo chairde an gniomh,
Chi Oisean gun trian na treuna;
Air Innis tha dubh ghorm fo nial,
Cos thorma nan sian aig eirigh
Air carraig chanaich nan crom chrann.
- 12 Tha struth a tornan aig a bheul,
Tha Toscar a' Croma' thar fhuaim;
Tha Fearghus fo mhulad na threun,
Cumha thonn nam beus fada shuas.
- 13 Am bheil gaath air aoma' nan tonn ?
N' an cluinn mi air chrom an guth ?
- 14 Tha 'n oidhche Thoscar fo ghailinn nan sian,
Thuit g' an trian o chruaich;
Tha dubh shiubhail mara fo nial,
Tha biacail nan crion thon m' an cuairt.
- 15 Thainig tein adhair le beum,
Le sealla na fearnaich do threun; (doi)
Chunnaic mi Fhearghus gun bheud,
An tais de na bha treun an oidhche,
Gun fhocal sheas e air bruaich,
'S a thrusgan a' cuir fuaim air gaioith.
- 16 Chunnaic mi a dheuran le truaigh,
As e 'n duine gun tuar 'se baoth;
As a smuainte ga claon an cliabh,
'S e t-athair Feargus, a Thoscar a t' ann,
Tha e faicinn a bhaic na shiol.
- 17 Mar sin bha choslas san am,
'Nuair thuit Mor Ronan fo nial;
- 18 Eirin nan cnoc uaine fo fheur,
Gur annsa domh fein an gleann;
Tha samhchair mu ghorm thuit do bhcan,
Tha griane air do raon gun bhi mall,
A sean fonn do chlarsaich air Sealam.
- 19 Glan guth do shealgair an Cromla,
Tha sinne an Ithonn nan garbh thoirm;
Trom is dailich fo mhara bheut thonn,
- 20 Na tonna le geal cheannaibh baoth,
Leuma thairis air aoma na traigh;
Mise crith a meadhon na oidhe,
- 21 C' ait a shiubhail Toscar anam a bhlaire,
A dheagh Fhearghus nan leadan liath;
Chunnaic mise thu gun eagal o bhas,
Do shuillean solus nan sgiath
C' ait a shiubhail anam a bhlaire ?
Cha robh eagal g' ar saruch riann.
- 22 Ghuais Coimhead air glas lom nan sal,
Thuit a ghaath le sarachadh sian;
Tha crith air na tonnaibh fo fhiamh,
Ri crith le griann na stoirm.
- 23 Ghuais a Choinhead a mhoir chuan gu thrian,
Tha Mhadainn gu iar, as i liath;
Seallaidh solus nan speur o 'n oir,
Le morchuis mar fheur, ma shoillse.
- 24 Sgaol mise mo sheolan le solas,
Fo thalla ard Chonlaich nan triath;
Mo thuras gu Innis gun chala,
Glan chumh thonn air toir nan ruagh ciar.
- 25 Chunnaic mi mar dhearsa na soillse,
Teine bolg 'se boillsge fo nial,
A leadan mar dhu' chul na oidheche,
Air geall Urra ag eiridh gu dian.
Is 'g aomadh a tarraing na teud,
A ruigh glan air a deigh dol sios.
- 26 Mar shneachd air Cromla gun bheud,
Thigsa gu m' anam a lamh gheal,
A bhan shealgair nan sar Innis faoin,
A tha uaire fo dheuraibh gun aircamh.
- 27 Tha i smuaineach air Conlach neo-bhaoth,
C' ait a bheil do shithsa Oigh ?
A chumh thonn na mor throm ciabh,
Craig ag aoma air sal,
Liath chranna fo aois air le coinich.
- 28 Na tonna a' gluasa' ma thraigh,
Air a thaobh Innis bhla nan Ruagh;
Oighan nan sealg gu 'n phill o bhicinn,
Chunnaic o 'n sealla' air an eul;
- 29 C' ait Ighinn Rurmar nam beum ?
Clia do fhragair na oighen fo ghruaim,
Tha mo shithse iar cruachaibh Mora,
A shiol Innis na tir fada shuas.
- 30 Pillidh Toscair an oigh gu sithse fein,
Gu talla nan teud aig Contach;
A 's caraid do Thoscair an treun,
Bha fleagh do mo reir na mhòr thir.
- 31 Uaigh Eirin air osaig thla,
Cuir seola' o thraigh gu Mora;
Air Mora as samhchair do 'n oigh bhain,
Lai Thoscair a snamh gu doghrutinn.
- 32 Is mise ann on cos fo dhian,
Is mi sealla' air griann an raoin;
Tha aiteal nan cranna o nial,
Gu cuin a ghlan ainmire neo-fhaoine,
Cumh thonn nan saoi le guth broin.
- 33 As fada o mo chluais an oigh,
Ann talla Chonlaich nan corn fial;
B' e nial, tha Cumh thonn tuiteam orm fein,
Tha 'g innreacha mo threuna shuas.
- 34 Tha mi faicinn trusgan gun fhenm,
Mar liath cheo air astar ma chruaich;
Cuin a thuitas mi a Rurmar threun,
Tha mulad mo chleibh gu bas.
- 35 Cum nach faicinnse Conlaich na beum,
Ma' n tuit mi gun leus an tigh caol ?
Chi thusa ghlan oigh, Oisean do run fein,
Tha astar an treun air a chaol.
- 36 Bas Toscair a dorcha ma shleagh, (Thoscair)
Tha lot is e dubh na thaobh,
Tha e gun tuar aig tonnaibh na h-naigh,
Is e feuchaim a Chruth is e baoth.
- 37 C' ait a bheil thu fein le deuraibh, (deoir)
Is ard thriath na Mora gu bas;
Threig an aising ghlas mo chliabh,
Cha' n fhaic mi na treatha nis mo.
- 38 A bhaid nan am neo mhosguil riann,
Cuiribh cuimhn air Conlach le deoir,
Thuit an gaisgeach so ionnall a la,
Lion doirche 'thalla le bron.
- 39 Sheall a mhathair air a sgiath air balla,
Bha ise snamh fala gu coir;
B' aithne dh' ise gu 'n do thuit thu threun,
Chualas a guth fo bheud am Mora.
- 40 Am bheil thu, oigh gun tuar, gun fhenm,
Air taobh gaisgich nan beum a Chuth thonn ?
Tha 'n oidheche tighinn, pillidh ghrian,
Gan duine g' an toirt sios g' an uaigh.
- 41 Tha thusa cuir eunla fo fhiamh,
Tha do dheuran mar shian mad' ghruaidh;
Tha thu fein mar nial is e glas,
Tha 'g eiridh gu fras o lon.
- 42 Thainig siol Sheallama o' n car,
A fhuair iad Cu' thonn gun tuar;
Is thog iad an naigh gu leir,
Bha fois di ri Conlach nam buadh.
- 43 Na ghluais dom aising a threun,
Fhuair Conlach nam beum a chliu;
Cum fad do ghuth om' thalla,
Tuitidh cadal fo fhaileas na oidheche.
- 44 Truagh nach di-chuimhnichin mo charai,
Gus nach fhaicear air aird mo cheum;
Gu' m' bithiun le solas nan gara,
Gus an cuir mi chairis gun fheum,
M' aois is beud san tigh tha caol.

Ceann-fhìid.

These Fragments of Mac "Phersonic" Ossian, when traced back, converge upon the author, his friends, his district, and the date of his early publications. I have placed them last, because I believe them to be later growths, sprung from the older series of traditional, Heroic, Gaelic Ballads, of which I have printed samples. I have arranged these according to their story. That corresponds to romantic Irish History, as written by Keating and others. It does not correspond to the story told by Mac Pherson. He was a great original genius, and master of fiction, as I now believe.

TEXT C.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, July, 1872.

Collected by the Rev. Alexander Pope, A.M., Minister of Reay, in Caithness, about 1739. He was son of Mr. Hector Paip, Minister of Loth. He took his degree at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, April 15, 1725. He died March 2, 1782. See *Fasti Eccles. Scot.*, part v., p. 367. A letter from Mr. Pope to the Minister of Thurso, November 15, 1763, is quoted, p. 52, Report on Ossian, 1805. He is mentioned in the Report, at page 25, as 'well known for his abilities as a scholar, and his great knowledge of the Gaelic language.' About 24 years before 1763—1739, Mr. Pope, and a gentleman living on Lord Reay's estate, entered into a project of collecting the old Gaelic poems which they admired. When he heard of Mac Pherson's translation, 1760, 2, 3, Mr. Pope was curious to see it; and in the summer of 1763 he compared the translations with his own collection. He identified passages; he says, 'Many of them (the Heroic Ballads) indeed are lost, partly owing to our clergy, who were declared enemies to these poems; so that the rising generation scarcely know anything material of them.' Many old people could and did sing to peculiar tunes, the ballads which Mr. Pope collected, and which he identified with Mac Pherson's translation. 'Duan Dearnmot,' an elegy on the death of that warrior (No. 3, below), was in esteem amongst a tribe of Campbells, who lived in Caithness, and would derive their pedigree from that Hero, as other clans had chosen others of them to be their patriarchs. The Minister of Reay says:—

'There is an old fellow in this parish that very gravely takes off his bonnet as often as he sings "Duan Dearnmot." I was extremely foud to try if the case was so, and getting him to my house I gave him a bottle of ale, and begged the favour of him to sing "Duan Dearnmot;" after some nicety he told me that to oblige his parish minister he would do so, but to my surprise he took off his bonnet. I caused him stop, and would put on his bonnet; he made some excuses; however, as soon as he began, he took off his bonnet, I rose and put it on. At last he was like to swear most horribly, he would sing none, unless I allowed him to be uncovered; I gave him his freedom, and so he sung with great spirit. I then asked him his reason; he told me it was out of regard to the memory of that Hero. I asked him if he thought that the spirit of that Hero was present; he said not; but he thought it well became them who descended from him to honour his memory.'

Mr. Pope's manuscript was found in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, in 1872, amongst a mass of papers, all tightly folded in bundles, like old bills. From these I extracted many samples of authentic Gaelic poetry myself, e.g. 'Fraoch.' Mr. Mac Phail and Mr. Mac Pherson also found collections; and possibly many more still remain in these bundles, disregarded as worthless rubbish. Mr. Pope's hand is very small and difficult to read; his orthography is phonetic, and almost as hard to understand as Dean Mac Gregor's; but it is quite possible to make out the words, and the meaning. I print the whole collection, as it came to me, July 20, 1872. I place it next to fragments of Mac Pherson's Ossian, orally collected about 1800, traced back to Mac Pherson's assistants, to his own papers, or to people living in his neighbourhood.

Any one who will take the trouble to compare these fragments can form an opinion on 'The Ossianic Controversy.'

Any one who will travel into the remote districts of the Highlands, as I did in 1871, will find people singing Ballads which the clergy have condemned ever since 1507, when Carswell wrote. These the clergy also collected about 1800, and this book is made of these wicked Ballads which will not be silenced, and which will not be forced out of their

natural growth by the publication of printed books. Here follow Gaelic Ballads orally collected in Caithness, about 1739, before Mac Pherson appeared, in which the history is Scoto-Irish, and there is no mention of the Kingdom of Morven.

| | CONTENTS. | Lines. |
|-----|-------------------------------------|--------|
| 1. | Iomachd Nionar | 56 |
| 2. | Iomachd Oichdnar | 35 |
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| 4. | Duan Dúrring | 61 |
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| 7. | Duan na Sealg | 92 |
| 8. | Duan Conlaach | 82 |
| 9. | Manus. Fragment | 16 |
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Total 756

July 13, 1872.—The whole written very small and almost illegible.—And two lines illegible.—D. M.

July 20, 1872.—Manus missing.—J. F. C.

C. 1. IOMACHD NIONAR. 56 lines.

Rev. Alexander Pope's MS. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, p. 104.

- 1 SHIAN sin sa Hullaich
Er vel mi ndiu' lan goirt
Va mi uair sa bin hìom
Mi vi maonir ort
- 2 Mis is mathair is mac Lu'ach
N triuir sin leis mo chn' an tealg
Oscair Goul is Caolte
Fìlan Conal is Diarmaid
- 3 Oeh er mullin a Phadrich
Chuir shin fair er fìu'ach
Le nar ni Conn le er ni geuir
Le er ni slei in moir
- 4 Le er ni clavin glass
Ba ghaist an tuis gach Coruig
- 5 Leig shin sinn er eud gai'ir
Er fei'ìl fen na beanta
Mharvad aùn don lim
Agus daimh throm no gleuntu'
- 6 Nde dhuin serios do n'alach shin
Hunicus mar lavish
Na haurm gheal is ghlass
Vi gun casu' cir no fairach
- 7 Hui shin shin air an Tullich
Is haing huggin steach gari
Ghearich ruinn gu humhilt
Shin' is mac Cuil ai ar
- 8 Mise Fionn na mbuo s'iu
Ca be shuis do haith in domhan
Mis san huggin ha er nirighiol
Ha shin nionar mar er comhair
- 9 S teinn hìom sud ri er nedìn
Is i liu' ceud fear calma caslua'
Hanig vo Ri Lochlin
Gu' cosun' na Herin
- 10 Er kaimh tathar is do sheanar
Is air kaimh do Leannan haurich
Cha diggu' huggin dar shirru'
Nach duggu shin dhoibh buala'
- 11 Ghirich in Teachtir gu sin' lach
Chaimh iad iuil ma er comhair
Varbh gach fer agin diu seasar
Sud mar chrech shin er gnoach
- 12 Hug sin shin ruar daan
Go mo lionar gann fear slei
Go mo lionar clagin ga skoltu
Gor lionar flesgach snoin'
Gur lioner fear chosu' geal
Frassu' fall er no triochu
- 13 Bo mha Goul ntus gach ca'
Bo mha mathair an is Caolte
Co ziu' do shin nach molain
Oh ri bo honne nionar

14 Ndea vi Ca' n' an la
Ia mai' us er in diochart
Hui shin scha bo doch
Fer is ochtar in tshian.

C. 2. IOMACHD OCHDNAR. 35 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, page 104.

- 1 O s' cui liom Iomachd ochdnar
Shi ghag sprog er mo mhermuin
Cend fa nois gni ocilam
Is nach eil mi ach anvin
- 2 Oscar Goul is Caolte
Filan agus Diarmad deud ghiall
Cougnur ghluist dar n ochnar
Mis agus mathair s Fergus
Tuir gheal sharbh sin tottal
Phadrich mo Chredis du mo sheancus
Bo sudaguds aium mo n' ochdnar
- 3 Ranig shin Cuirt ri Sassan
Bha ioma glass an gu' forcum
Thuit an ri le ma Cuil
O Caidh liom iomachd ochdnar
- 4 Bha shin an Carri na halb
Biomu ann Fer Calmuid Cass lua'
Hug shin dios Cios is cubh
O cuibh liom iomach ochdnar
- 5 Bho Erin nan skia Alpin
Gu crìoch Lochlin no stru seimh
Bho sud agus Maonus o Daiv
Va sud fo chain og an ochdnar
- 6 Glac shin Crom na Cairge
Er in n Fhaige min le Oscar
Go bu heare shin er a Bhru' ich
O seuidh liom iomachd Ochdnar
- 7 Ghlac shin Bale na Beirm
Thog shin in term eg ri Lochlin
Rein shin sud no bo mhodh
O seuidh liom iomachd Ochdnar
- 8 Phadrich nan elag binn
San lett bo mhin no Cleru
Thug shin ghachi go ntuasclu
Cend don Uaislu do dh Erin.

Finis.

IOMACH 8^dnar.

C. 3. DUAN DIARMID O DUIN. 85 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, Diarniad.

- 1 GLEN shi sho ri er taobh
Gur bin an gu' laoiach is lean
Gar minig vi an Fhein
Eir in tliabh er dei na Conn
- 5 Glen fo na bhinn Guilbin gheirm
Is ard i Tullich fo no ghrein
Is er buinnachd er duni go teann
G' ull do healg gu Ri na Fhein
Coismachd ni baill len loach
- 10 Er i chuidachd chaomhs cha Nein
Er i bhinn Guilbin is er i bheist
Marghabh e vo 's laimh an tore
Gealad er de ghualin Fhion
Errach liom gun drinnis gloc E
- 15 Er bi gha bhi tamul na hos't
Labhar Fion is holt ri ghra
Dhiarmad tomhais in tore
Cia mead trei vo hoic gu hail
Cha do dhiult e achoneich Fhion
- 20 O lir gun danig fo hir
Tomhsid e ntorc er i dhirim
Mac o Duin bo truinn treidh
Teanta i s tomhais i risd
Dhiarmid vol is min in tore
- 25 Lott in bir neimh gu garg
Bon in fhir bo hearbh san trod
Vol ha fer rohan do chin
Tadha gach slei rin gheur ghort
Heante cha ba taruss ai

- 30 Agus toisid e on tore
Tuidid e shud er i shobh
Mac O Duin le trom feile
No shint ri taobh in taire
Rin sud aer ghut mar dheall
- 35 Er bi dha traoin' fhul chreach
Mac O Duin Ciabh na cleachd
Aoin mhaics faitach no fein
Er in tullich siar fo lie
Sbui do chean agus tault
- 40 Guirm rask mar vin dearg ceilt
Va guirm is glassid do huil
Caiss is mass in Cul no n Cleacht
Binnid is Glinnid do ghloir
Chin sprog er mo dhoi oin dearg bhea
(deargbhla)
- 45 Vo mead is tabhacht an laoiach
Corp shaoi seimh fo chrios ban
Skeimbach meittar bhaun
Mac O Duin bo va buaidh
Neis cha throg sin suil
- 50 Vo cha nuir ehur er i ghruai
Si meudad her e er each
Fer les in trogad chreach i beais
Nar trua leibs mar gun cual
Gun huit e le fua i ghlinn.
- 55 Seasid air urlar ghaibh
Mac O' Duin grai na scoll
Sceul vo utursach na tuaoi
Mar ghabh e vos laimh an tore
- 60 Se ntorc shi fo rùch borb
Go m beid no ngavu er eabh
S bo gharbh i huit no no ca bolg
Lottid e le chran faraoi
Staddid eir so voic
Sin tlei vo no Caosh bla
- 65 O lin gui ha no corp
Diarmad mac O Duin eile
Mo hurchir les in tue bheist uice
Chur taobh trom lei in vi ga
Schur slei an in arm tuire
- 70 Tra dhuig in urlan na truail
Nti chossin buai as gach blar
Gun varbh mac O Duin in bheist
S' hanig e fein dachi slan
Sin lei sprog er Fin no fein
- 75 Er ullin shiar er i chnoc
Mac O Duin cha do dhiult e
Se ain dachi slan vo intore
Sgon huigh Fion bo dearge dreach
Er bhinn ghulbin ghlas san tealg
- 80 S mo huit Diarmad leis on tore
S' mor an tole rinn a chealg
Geisdeach ri congair no Fion
Sin arri shiar tean er cean
Gun dhuig in ulbh bheist e suain
- 85 S gun dimich voin in glean

C. 4. DUAN DURUG. 61 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. It is impossible to give anything like an accurate copy of this piece.—D. M.

AROURMENT.

DUAN DURUG, a most entertaining poem, giving account how K. Fin came to Scotland to hunt, and his mighty men with him. In course of their hunting Fin is seized with a profound sleep, and none attending but a young man named Durug . . . guard that attended the King. In the mean time on M'Annu' comes with a body of men to attack King Fin, who had slain his father. After some arguing Durug and Mac Annu' attacked one another, and after fighting most desperately both were slain upon the spot. When Fin awakened and saw Durug slain before him he lamented sorely, and at last ordered the body of Durug to be buried in the burying-place of those mighty men. It is really a most moving description.—See above, p. 112.

- 1 NOACHT hagam er Fin fiorghlic
S' er Diurag an no gealla

- S' er vaccau na calp diomsach
 Hanig hugin sior Brugh Anna
 5 Mhic Cuil vic treuvor so shone ha
 Gun daing e i calg do Alb
 S ann a Erin urghlan ri insin
 Gesidinamb ri fuaim na struan
 Is ri gu no neon Bin
 10 Gun huit suain nach ro go hedrum
 O nac feci shin fionn e slein
 Se er tullach gorm ghlas dovin
 Gun Ni Cudrish don Feinn
 Nioch Diurag don mac i Deir
 15 Labhrin in Coura finald
 Is gun innsin dlut mo secal
 Ma se fionn na do chol
 Na so gin ghul do dheuchin
 Sai nach iusin dut in ceinsin
 20 Ach in dül mi has mathar
 S bu chaint hered ossin
 Vi Annu e glen sleav
 Bhi du gun chean na fale
 Le do Chaint Buirb do ro bheag
 25 Tra ghluais fearg an da Dhreggan
 Is do thiodn ad vo cheil
 Gum baid na glaoh curri
 Faoich im buillin is am benman
 Do ghluais Fionn no slee gavi
 30 Do ghul an lathar na tir chalmad
 Rug e er deas laimh Dhiurug
 Sa na sbint sin gun anmin
 Hairigid leo na stein reamh
 Hargid leo na cloibhin geuru'
 35 Bi Cuirp is enamhan gun gerru
 Ach gu riggu aid i cheil
 Adir Diurag og no gcalla
 Is mac Annu' e glen Sleeve
 Och er mulins i Dhiurag
 40 Na mb eidin do hearnu
 Thuogm ni maru do mo vahu'
 Do mo ghi sdo no chahu Calamund
 S mor cliu sin le Diurag
 La vir ris su lavard
 45 S liu treun laoch re chau'
 Vagads la na balair
 Ach so lamb nach dibir misin
 San le maoin no re macunne'
 Ach gun danig na seachd strau
 50 Hugads vo bruich Annu'
 Se so mer bo vin er hediu
 To no vene bo ro va tigus
 Cumb bu ghil sbear ionas
 Gun dach ionalt ruimh in iug
 55 Ach trogamid a nis gu alvi
 S far in Diolgaid in
 Mo vil beannach vi er tannim
 Voe soto' dea vic Alpin Chlerich.

C. 5. DUAN LERMON. 98 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. I cannot guarantee that this is a correct copy. It is so indistinct.—D. M.

THE subject of the Poem is to the following purpose. Ossian, sitting upon the eminence where the Palace Royal of King Finn stood, tho' then it was in ruins, begins with a most moving Lamentation for the loss of his people and nation, and seeing the ruins of the Palace, and from thence takes occasion to point out the time, cause, and original of the downfall and destruction, and he plainly shows that private quarrels generally, and animosities occasioned divisions among them. In particular that one of their mighty men named Lermion deserted them at a very critical juncture when they were invaded by a most numerous fleet from Norway, and after they had assembled warriors and marched to Lermion's Castle he could not be persuaded to oppose their common enemy. It is true they fought a battle and defeated their enemies tho' they wanted Lermion. Then from that period they might date their misfortunes for they were no more united, and their own divisions finally terminated in the extinction of their very race.

DUAN LERMON.

SOME say that King Finn attacked Lermion's Castle, and killed him and numbers of his followers, as a traitor to his country; and there is a very strong presumption that Lermion aspired at royalty or else meant to crush King Finn's family as much as he could. See above, p. 106.

- 1 Is kionol shin Hullaich ard
 Er i var gu vacuis nair iad
 Bhuion nach diultu vo neach
 Cid ha i nochd gun teach gun tuar innt
 5 Is ann int ghebt Lermion mhór
 Mac conil cha ghloir er aish
 Fhír chuir Alb fa Choimh
 Le neart i lámh is i threis
 Int gun tigeadh gach aon lo
 10 Imert amnan sloi is ri
 Croinnacht is Alb fial
 Hargid se hor sa fion
 Cha do veggich sud do mhuirn
 Hulloich nír bu bhrea toir
 15 Ach go daing Carryl e fein
 Go mac ri Alb na shiain oir
 Hanig tri Chaan er fein
 Le gull 's na fein in toir
 Laoich nach diulta corrug do dheir
 20 Tullin mor mac Mairna moir
 Diarmaid agus Caoite cruaidh
 Hamig Clann in Iver ruai
 Buion dhargu s lua rinn
 Ca moir er cairdas is er daimh
 25 Do huabb fearg is mor bhái
 Hanic triuir vac chlann Dhuin
 Hanig er Buoin ser nionos
 S deich fiadh skia dheurg na gall
 Diolta gach aon fhear ghiu ceud
 30 Ca imu agus er eis
 Dombalach uir gach sheoil
 Hanig nis o ca' gach meí
 Sho do fil neul i cruai
 Er egil fuair no vri
 35 No no va er mo chin do lua
 Deich ceud sluagh le ueomhir oir
 Bu deir na clo au ni ca
 Do mahu marach ner sloi
 Hanig sin rua gu bris
 40 Hanig sud is Filaon fial
 Se chaogad ski is cloir glass
 Bho Dhuine fir ghlic na feine
 Gu Dun Lermoin nan clais cass
 Hanig Fiom a ries cheil bu mhoir
 45 Agus glasiu o Gach neach
 Rein biovu as gach trein
 Er lin gom bo trom er feachd
 Er bhi dhuinn tamul mu eidim
 Huncas thir na slei
 50 So agin in erei vors
 Sho buion an treal is fear
 Co luinas in mol in treol
 Ach ni mo vaicins do cumih gloir a hear
 Bha scabbul oir er i gualin
 55 Le cean vcairt do chlach i Buai
 Le gui lei ad chil dirich
 Le cloi Cruai co hirt rish
 Bo sin laoch fergach fulach
 Ossgir calmuud cruai vullach
 60 Bo cho rdil leis gach Cai
 Mac an voir vie na hard la
 Er bi ga hin gidis doin th
 Lein gu Osear nanaim neih
 Ghluais an ar tarug mor meirat
 65 An sin gur an gu lan teilach
 Heis sin ma na ghil gheirn
 S deich Caan ea gne erin
 Van Bhratach uir dhail glan
 Ma rivin alun in dait i
 70 Deich eigin deich mil bargu
 Hanig steach in trai no doss
 Sud cluei no gabh iad tar
 Fannin agus Blas is fois
 San gu Dun Lermoin nan lann

- 75 Voi bo honor ann iomad fer
 San hig linai nín ian
 As gach sliar near is niar
 Imu skia gun shorbtu leis
 Agus Oros es na haird lan
- 80 Sioma le lamh is eos
 Gun gherrin leis agus cean
 San leis choisgen in loi
 Mo vaicins oscuir nan Caan
 Vo chorug Lerrmon no closs
- 85 Hug mor go aníov leis gu haov
 Ghern duit Phadric uir
 Shall beg edrinne in Dun
 Le hurpín nio chiu mo chleas
 Nan marrin fein no Clessin dlu
- 90 Gur mi Oisín bochtad mac Fin
 San orm legid gach run
 Sead harlin mi nochd gin ra
 Sim udar Ca er linn
 Ghisin duit Phadrik no Bochtu
- 95 Osdh chunis mo chos gu noi
 Vo nads cho drin mo laimh lottu
 S fad hom so nochd sgur Cion.

C. 6. DUAN NA CLAINN. 108 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 12, 1872.

I HAVE no other version of this Ballad. It ought to come next after those which describe the Battle of Gabhra, and the Death of Oscar. In this, Oisein tells Padruig that he and Caoilte were the only survivors. This Cathness Ballad joins the Scotch system of Heroic Ballads to the Irish system. In early Irish Manuscripts are copies of long dramatic recitations, in which the characters are Oisein, Caoilte, and Padruig; and their subject, the adventures of the Heroes who figure in these Scotch collections, namely, the Fionne and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland.—J. F. C.

- 1 IXIS ghuin Osein eile
 Vie fin va seach min sceul
 Ca cah bo truoi leat fein
 Chuir le do laoch airm gheur
- 5 S meirg as dheinich sin diom
 Phadrick se do mo dhion
 S-gur e ca bo truai lium
 La san chuir sin Dir Chloinn
 Vo cha gaura na slei geur
- 10 Phadirk na abram breug
 Nach do lean linn dor fein
 Ach mis is Caolt di aon vein
 Hug shin as sin er dios
 Gu [tigh] te alvi na mor chios
- 15 Far an bi mnaoi na fein
 Agus Claumna na Caomh chlev
 Oir guvaighin vi er Cloin chaomh
 Phadrick chri chaomh
 Harlin nach dainig riamh
- 20 Nar no oru no an ceal
 Hanig techderacht don tir
 Vo ri Lochlin gu hanmin
 Er Kios nockaigh na lamh
 No ar ni uille agail
- 25 Chur shin techdire vuaín
 Gu ri Lochlin vor luai
 Cha dugamid da cios no caimh
 No ni fo do' on duaval
 Ach ca gur ha ardur gundaal
- 30 Les i Chlan sin va gioman
 Sud dar hunig i chlan va
 Curi aid am bol ri lar
 'S tilgir vo na Camainan
 Sud lavir mac Oscar in aig
- 35 Na leig vo na cha slan
 Mar bans lin kor aiv
 No ma in don donval
 Sud laver mac Cairry e risd
 Na i e so no cha nios
- 40 Fer cruit rachis leo sios
 Mis mait er mor chios
 Hagaid hugin aid ro mi

- Churt leo tullach er bal chri
 Sud hug e mnaoi fein
- 45 Choit glie s bo gei cheil
 Gun cha hord san uair
 Ve ach crin vor luas
 Na Covid suas chloin slan
 Gun denmid nein Col-on
- 50 Charich sin cotan streol
 Ma ni mionin sionnh saish (?)
 Na cuirtin bear maish
 Na scibulin oir er ghleist
 Le ceanveart chloch int chuain
- 55 Togimid ris i Clann gun imru
 Le lanna fo niumui buai
 Le Crios cru crann vuo
 Togimid sud ri tiv suas
- 60 Bratach Fin fla na mor lúch
 Ach gun dranig sin i mbruc
 Toggar hun in duin
 Der hunig sin aid uil er lar
 Chloin gin ta bo lag bo neimnach
- 65 Tsarlin gur or fearu Phail
 Agin so chnoc er co'al
 Mhin shin garh cha sin uaiv
 In oehd ri Lochlyn no mor luai
 Chuir sin in treis va trua
- 70 Dhimid aid uile san aon uair
 Gun neach do hannu vo bheinn
 Ach Dearg Dúnach nairm gheur
 Dur hanig mac ri Lochlyn vuai
 Mar sin cur di er sluai
- 75 Chuir sin in treis va truai
 Dúmid aid uile san oca uair
 Henta nderg mac nio va fein
 Ri mac ri Lochlyn no narom geur
 Cean da ord dhe
- 80 Do bhem Currind Cloimh
 Chnir e slei no tre chrios
 Na hinsa linn eolvi
 Noich sin duin fo bhron
 N alvi gom bi no sloi
- 85 Geisdach ri gair van go trua
 Sri Connard mhoir luai
 Doanalach no con sin rithai
 Ri gair Bannal na gna fion
 Hug deir er mo chu nach tim
- 90 Ha sud no habri er
 Leg sin Cuainard Fin voir
 Ghe na slaurún dearg oir
 S hi' gach cu er hom pfein
 Vic Phadric vic Alpin eile
- 95 Leig sin sin na goir ma seach
 Am feild gun aon neach
 Sealg an la sin ri mo linn
 Vo rei ist elvin ri aon lo
 Chlerich cha neic mar sin
- 100 Scalg an lo sin mar sin chleri
 Churta er da chul ri cheil
 Er de no hinnil le ao Ceil
 Von lo shin cha nac mis
 Do vac pfein in ard ri
- 105 Ca be neach chredid uam
 Mar hunnig mi uair an Tullach
 Phadrick leis na sailm
 Smor mo thruai ri innish

C. 7. DUAN NA SEALG. 92 lines.

THERE is another version, dated 1813, 'taken down from the oral recitation of Robert Gunn, from the Parish of Lathcon, Cathness-shire.' 69 lines.

- 1 LA do dhfin e shélg ni Cluani
 Cuir na feild fad vuaín
 Go vacuis tiin do n telg
 Maidin uir an beart chrodherg
- 2 Crios du crios du' er i taolh
 Crios is ailt cha er mnaoi
 Va erra oir er chean chrios
 Sin go mbo decir do hoid ga val

- 3 Le cullanin seddi uain
Er dorn ivhin deis na fer chruai
Tamul duin mar sin
Shin faairach err na conn
- 4 Gur e gluseir in golan geilrach
Tartir in ei bo vor meitimi
Vo ntom er ro Paul
Gus in ntom er ro Connan
- 5 Dur leg Connan in giall mor
Do chur in ei var i heol
Cha ro e ach gerrid na ghail
Sud na lei cu Chonain
- 6 Gunni leig Dermad mac in ri
N da Chon dherg hu mha gníomh
Ma'ar na canain va glinn
Dhag na ley cu lllan
- 7 Go no leg nosu fla na fian
Gach cu faa ceann sliabh
Cha rachú cu ai na ri
Gun damh argindach aoni
- 8 Glacigh mo gha chu 's i fen
S gur i feilt níd heir is hiar
Se cu na riin glán
Ghrámich ris in annir accein?
- 9 Heis in riin gu dur dur
S ghlacci milchu er i mer
S gun leiggi gu cumscach ceart
Na tri choin da nin loan
- 10 Beannact ossin er i mheul
Agus innis do skeul er chon
M Bio'n oribhs erru no airm
Dir he i sibh don telg nach lo
- 11 Cha viu agin in er mor
Gun lein sreol gun da choin
Gun chean bheart choiclich oir
S gun da lei an dorn gach fir
- 12 Gun chotun don Tíid sheimh
Gun luirich malich sheimh ghlain
Gun skia nain chosnu buai
S gun lann chruai gu skolta chean
- 13 Beannach Ossin er u dheí
Beannach fos er t' anam fein
Innis duim Ca miad fia
Thuit er sliabh na Beann fin
- 14 La gin rachú Fion do shealg
Sgo mbo shealg sin fo bheannu borb
Gin vi cudrish don cainn
Ach e fein san m'ín òg
- 15 Sealg in lo sin ri mo linn
Vic Alpin in go glinn bla
No gu' na ceol as in chil
S me gur bin linn an la
- 16 Ossian is bin liom do ghloir
Beannach fos er anam Fhin
Is inis duim ca miad fia
Gun huit er sliav na beann fionn
- 17 Huit er tri míle fiadh ban
Gun ari er crb no er ai
Gun huit er in trai fo na ghlean
Do feivich le Fíonn na fíen
- 18 Beannacht Ossin er a bheul
Is innis duim do skeul er choir
Bin oirbh erru no airm
Nam dol don telg gach lo
- 19 Cid huit in doim na seach
Cha nait neach mar síd ach fionn
Fer beur innach is aine
Cha do chrai lamh vos cion
- 20 Biorn an ard leoch fuilach fial
Er ullin sliabh insi Crot
Guinnach ialach an i lamh
Ghabhas leis vos laimh in toce
- 21 Sin do gherich Cuain an tuire
Leig sin na huile er i sheilg
Mar biou nar lannan snar lamh
Cha chuirí shin far er in telg

- 22 Leig shin sud deich cend cu
Bo ro va lus is va garg
Vorv gach Cu ghú da ia
Mis drug in ein er in lorg
- 23 Heis in riin gu dur dur
Ghlacci milchu er i mer
Fer i corug cha ro slan
Vo madin aone la.

C. 8. DUAN CONLAOCH. 82 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 13, 1872. See above, p. 9.

- 1 HANIG hugin dho bar Bivil
Curru' croind Conlaoch
Le gissin moir e garbh glinn
Vo Dhun scaich do Gherin
- 5 Dhiarich Cuchullin ri cach
Co churramid do ghiss an olich
Do dhetin beachd no skeul dhe
Sgin teachdir do dhanin voi
Gluais Connal buaach brais
- 10 Do dhetin sceul do na mhacan
Go bo mhoir agin sparn in laoiach
Chealt Connal le Conlaoch
Fiamis no Fein uile
Agus Ri no Currei comhraite
- 15 Ceud do nar sloi gu 'n cealte leis
Bu deacair a sceul ri hinnis
Ach Cuchullin no slei slim
Nuair hunnig e coirich Chonnail
Gluais e le neart trenne lainn
- 20 Do dhetin sceul dhe na mhacan
Comhrug riomse seudir duit
No do loinnu dho mar charrid
Go do roian do gach euíd
Ach cha chuid toighi dhuit mo chomhrag
- 25 Gissin lug mi no mo Theadh
Nach fedin skeul hord do neach
Ach na dugu do neach fo no ghrein
Ban duitse ghluais airal
Ach verrinse dhuitse mo mhoid smo Briathar
- 30 No do hoilte mi mar an eriathar
Nach teanta mi go tealach Fhin
Gun ao chean no do loinnu'
Fhir agus fhir Vig
Ga do labhair cha baghlin
- 35 Cha buiral duitse an Fhein uile
S nach deanims mo loinnu ri aon duine
Ach na digu Fieniu' Phail
Sho chuid be les ghú ri ghra
Chuiru du tainne ri tar
- 40 Is bedur dhuit do loinnu
Ach huggaid shin gu cheil
Fo deachin is tha ban gu reitac
Macan sin gun duaire ghoinu
Agus doltan sin do na chruaidh chubha
- 45 Leg a uillín er in tom
Clubhu all gu ro throm
Olaich mhoir ort fein do chroinn
Bear do loinnu bho chionn
Deanis do loinnu nois gu lua
- 50 Sna bimid na seid n' ainmheus
O sole dainich leat mise
Do mhac seimh sualdach
Nuair chrai 'n gu fuar fann
'N tsleidh i ha ort a harlig
- 55 Inise Conlaoch macee Chonn
Eir dliach dhuin Dialbhin
Is mi n' run dhag n' mhoir
In Dun scaich go mfholum
Seachte Blian deug dho sin tir hoir
- 60 Foghlam goisgiu vo mo mathair
. . sin na hurchir sin
Cho ro oirn do essi triuir
Oh o Dun a mhiic Sheimhe
Do heisge dheunin go crioich mfhulig
- 65 Gul do chorug nios le grain
Och o dan nach truidh an turras
Do mharbh mi us gun aon lochd

- S trua' nach e mo bhas ghiar mi
 Mis do dhearg mi er do chaoimh chorp
 70 Ach a Chonlaach chri
 'S merg mi ghrioch er do shivil
 No mbi du meriom cho bhiinis no maonir
 As ma do ghual sna do gheisi
 Sna do mhac Calluin chelli
 75 Sna dhaimh uile nach an leo huit maon vacces
 Bhoc mharvin anne terig
 Ceud no ceuda da dhaoine
 Ach ha mi nios e de sar laoch
 Gun mhac dilis no gun Bhrathar
 80 Agus gun Chonlaach tha is dun
 Och o dair mo lusi tra'ai

Here follows:—

'Collected by the late Rev. Mr. Alexr. Pope,
 Minister of Reay, in the county of Caithness.'

(Signed) 'W. P.'

D. Mac Pherson, July 13, 1872.

C. 9. AN DEILGNIACH MHOIR. 16 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 15, 1872. I can find no trace
 of the beginning.—D. M.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is compleat beyond many of them that are
 of the same nature and antiquity with it, and contains
 an account of a Battle fought betwixt Fin mac Cooil,
 King of the Heroes in Ireland, and Magnus, King of
 Norway. It appears that this battle was fought near
 Colrain or Londonderry in Ireland, and that it was fought
 with great valour. . . . N' Deilginach mhoir, or the Great
 Hunting at the fall or cataract of Colrain in Ireland. See
 above, p. 71. Manus.

- 1 Bho harla du mo ghrasin fein
 Laimh threunc chur mor Cha
 Skaoil mis u an i tein
 Is cha doir mi beum er fla
- 2 Gheibh u' do rahan e risd
 Dhul dachi go do thair fein
 Cardui is Commun is part
 No do lann hor fo n Fein
- 3 S' cha dugin feiu gu brach
 Ne is bhios Ca' mo Chorp
 Aon Bhuil a tai aith i Fhionn
 Is errach liom no rinnis ort
- 4 Mis agus m' ahair is Goul
 In trair bu mho gloinn sin Fhein
 I eid ba mi gun chriseich gun chonn
 Eisd mi nochd ri ordn Chleir
 ndelginach mhoir.

C. 10. AMHUIRBHIRTAD. 123 lines.

FRAGMENT.

Advocates' Library, July 18, 1872. See above, p. 66.

- 1 Cha 'n e mharbh I ach an Fhian
 An drong dheth nach buinear geil
 S mor nair do Flath Fail
 Bhi geilligh do luchd aon Eilean
- 5 Gad bhligh slugh a domhain uille ann
 Eidir clumant is Uaislilb
 Fuaith na duine cha rucaghar
 O Shluagh Fheuin aluin alt bhuigh
 Trogar hugam ms thealagh coir
- 10 Rith na Hespain is a Lod
 Righ Greig Righ Galum glan
 S gun trogar lein deich mile Baruich
 Oir trial mis an Iar
 Trialam agus trialam fos
- 15 Agus bherins mo mhionan Rith
 Ma mharbhaigh mo Mhuirirteach mhin
 Nerin na fhaig mi clach
 Ann Alt nan toran no Fireach
 Gun trogail ann corain mo long
- 20 Eruint choimhiunt cho throm
 Ruinn brebanaich air muir
 Gu tarrin as a tachair
 Smor spliagh do Loingeach bhan
 Dheanaigh Eruin a thogail

- 25 'Snach do Loingeach eir bith
 No throgaigh do Dheruin Coig dhiuth
 Deich fichid is deich mile long
 Throg an Righ sba Rachd bha trom
 Eir shith Eruin chuir as
- 30 Eir mhiun na Heruin na faraigh
 Cha ro port na leth phort ann
 Ann an Coig Coigibh na Heruin
 Nach robh lan de na Lougeas mliath
 Ach Birlinin fo Thighcaruan
- 35 Chuir E teachdairachd gu Flath Fail
 Muirirteach hiun an drust slan
 Le boorbugh Eruin uille
 Eidir Mhac Righ is ro dhuine
 Bhiugh mac Cuil sud
- 40 Do Righ Lochlain gun diembail
 Deich ceid skia is Claimh crudaichd
 Deich ceid uthal den dearg or
 Deich ceid Sualtar chaol Chath
 Deich ceid Bratach min daite
- 45 Deich ceid Saoth nan beigin leis
 Deic ceid srian ler agus Diaghlaid
 Gad fhaighigh Ri Lochlain sud
 Na bha sheoid bhuaghach ann an Erinn
 Mionaich nach tiligh e slugh
- 50 Ach an buigh Eruin na Tor ruagh
 Fear labhairt a chonrath chiun
 Tre mhiic Tamhan mlieu Treumhor
 Bear na siarugh o thuir gu tair
 Air faitur uille eir an aon bheun
- 55 Sin dar thuir Garaidh nan Gleann
 Ma ghabhas sibh comhairle Finn
 Bheir air sar eir Flath
 'S bith sibh gu brath fo Eanibh
 Fhogair Julin 's bu cheim Laoich
- 60 Gach neach lean e taobh eir thaobh
 Ga leadraigh chaid on atha
 'S min bail lois Neach da fhashtagh
 Stads lulan mar a ta
 Se labhair Macuil an-aigh
- 65 Ga ole iumpith an Irr
 S ro mha lamh san Irghiol
 Huird Osgar 's e gabail leo
 Ga be long dhuin 's aird sheoil
 Saamhas i fuil eir a druim
- 70 No cha neil urad nan culunn
 Gluaisigh Filih freigirach Finn
 Git thagraidh gu hioach
 Sa labhair gu fir ghlic E
 Ris an Rith gu neo-ghraite
- 75 Ga beg libbs an Fhian ann
 Na seachd cathau cochlumant
 Bheir sibh air teanc leim tre laun ghlas
 Oir ni shibh uille air ainleas
 Breugach do bheachd fhilibh Fhiun
- 80 Se labhair gu feargach an righ
 Cha ma na trian na bheil ann sud
 Ni bheil dh Fhian ann Eirinn
 Trogar hugain fearg an righ
 Lan do mheirg s bo dhanrium
- 85 Nam bole dhuinn bhi eir a cumi
 Cha bear dhaibh tiin buggin
 Rinn iad croth mor air maigh
 Sluagh Ri Lochlann mu nar timchioll
 Ach nar serios uille eir an aon bhall
- 90 Briomaigh sa chroth Mili fear
 Dhianaigh colg gush choman
 Bu lionor claigan ri chuir ri lair
 Agus colann dha maolaigh
 Briomaigh ann geur lot sleigh
- 95 Agus Toscair chom rinneach
 Buma lamh Throm danair eisamh
 O Erith Grein gu con Fheasgar
 Bhar Osgar an tugh an sluaigh
 Ceid Fear Sleigh sa chiad nair
- 100 'S ceid cille sa Phobuil a risd
 S e deanamh gus an ard Rith
 S ceid cille da mhath shluagh na Fear
 Eir an taobh cille do Rith Lochlain
 Eidir na saothan ma seach

- 105 San gheibht an Tosgar gu criatach
Ach na mharbhaigh le dithr na sluaigh
Ruith air mhiad on arach
Dar chunnaig iad gun huit a Rith
Aig miad amir san aire
- 110 Leig le strathaibh gu sàl
S bha chor chath eir an iomthan
Fichid mille Rì Lochlain do tshluagh
Eir oehd Cath Bein Edin re aon uair
San deach o nobhair arm as
- 115 Ach aon mhille gu an Loingcas
'N de tan toir don aire
Chite gunna chalp a dha
Gu rachaigh roi thnalagh na sliagh
Na Coriun tro Druim Osgar.

- 120 Nam buigh du an la sin
Eir Oehd Cath Beinn Edin
Cha chual lethart do ghuin
O bhas na Fian a dhaon La.
Finid.

Here follows a short Sermon in Gaelic, ending with—
'Is fo dheirigh Codhuinign le fuinn ehleachdaith.'

Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July 18, 1872.

A very slight study of this Collection shows that it is like the rest, and unlike 'Ossian's Poems' by James Mac Pherson. Monday, July 23, 1872. Niddry Lodge, Kensington.—J. F. CAMPBELL.

CRIUCH.

NOTE.—August 3, 1872.—*Kilmakilloge Harbour, County Kerry, Ireland.*—I think it due to Scribes and Printers to note here that these 224 pages of Gaelic were printed with extraordinary accuracy in less than two months, by men who do not understand the language. If any errors be left I have failed to discover them. Gaelic and English are printed as written and spell in copies carefully made by the Scribes named from the manuscripts quoted. The orthography varies exceedingly, but generally it is the orthography of those who collected the poetry orally, in Scotland, between 1512 and 1872.

