

GAELOIC ELEGIES.

IN MEMORY OF

I.—DR JOHN MACDONALD,
FREE CHURCH, FERINTOSH.

II.—REV. ALEXANDER STEWART,
CROMARTY.

III.—MRS MARGARET M'KAY,
REAY COUNTRY, SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

BY

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M.DCCC.L.

MARBH-RAINN

AN CUIMHNE AIR

I.—DR EOIN DOMHNULLACH,
MINISTEIR ANN AN SGIRE NA TOISIDHEACIID.

II.—MR STUIBHART,
MINISTEIR ANN AN SGIRE CHROMBA.

III.—MRS MAC AOL,
BEAN UASAL DHIADHAIDH ANN DUTHAICH MHIC AOL.

NOTICE.

THOUGH the requisition of a few personal friends who have heard these Elegies repeated, does not of itself form a sufficient reason for the author's obtruding them on the public; yet it may, at times, be expedient to gratify their wishes. The portrait of a beloved friend or relative—though not executed by a first-rate painter—if it exhibits some resemblance of feature, is often prized, as recalling some pleasing and hallowed recollections of departed excellence. If the following plain and simple verses have this tendency, the author's object is in a great measure attained.

The characters here attempted to be delineated, viz., Dr M'Donald, and Mrs M'Kay, were two of the most eminent he was ever privileged to be acquainted with; being, in the different spheres in which they moved, lights of the first magnitude. They were, in several respects, congenial spirits,

both were animated by an ardent and enlightened zeal for the promotion of Christ's cause and kingdom in their day and generation. Both were "living epistles read and known of all," and their praise will continue to descend for ages in traditional remembrance throughout the Highlands of Scotland.

It will be a subject of deep regret to posterity, as well as to many in the present generation, if no efforts be made to give to the public a more enduring record of those virtues and graces by which Dr M'Donald was so eminently distinguished among fathers and brethren, and of his zealous, long-continued, and highly-honoured usefulness in the Church of God—gifts which fitly entitled him to the name of "THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH." Should no traces of a Diary or MSS. of sermons be discovered, it is to be hoped that some of his early or later acquaintances will be found able and willing to act the part of a Paul and a Luke by arresting some recollections of his character, sayings and actings ere they are lost in the stream to oblivion. Such may not appear in their beautiful freshness of verdure, as separated from the tree on which they grew, still they will possess a fragrance which may remind us of the noble oak on which they shone, and moved in such rich and sweet luxuriance. Were it not advancing years, and the feeling of inapti-

tude for continuous mental exertion, the writer of these lines would deem it his highest privilege and honour to attempt so desirable a work. He trusts, however, that God, in his providence, may ere long raise up some Bezaleel, who, from the free-will offerings of true right-hearted Israelites in our Church, will adorn and enrich the vestments of the High Priest by setting in “ouches” of good saxon English, this precious “*onyx stone*,” as “a MEMORIAL to the children of Israel.”

Though there are comparatively few of the Highland population to whom Mr Stewart’s labours were directed, especially at Cromarty, still, such of them as understood the English language held his character and pulpit addresses in the highest estimation. He was deemed, not only by them, but by all who heard him a “prince among preachers.” Though his views of evangelical doctrine were often original and profound, especially his exposition of scripture history, yet the melody of his voice, the simplicity of his language, and the chasteness of his manner, rivetted their attention. He threw such a flood of light upon the subjects of Old Testament revelation, as at once showed how deeply he had studied them; and he so skilfully uplifted the veil that concealed the treasures hidden under types and ceremonial observances, as to lead his

hearers to a more careful and devout perusal of “the whole counsel of God” for themselves. He was thus eminently distinguished as a Scribe well instructed in the kingdom of heaven.

Soon after his coming to Cromarty, he commenced a course of exposition of the Old Testament, which he studied thoroughly, opening up vistas to the temple of truth, which seemed concealed from ordinary minds, and thus by clear and lucid demonstration—comparing scripture with scripture—the divine authority and inspiration of the sacred volume were more deeply impressed upon the minds of his hearers. “I commenced,” he told the writer of this two years before his death, “at the beginning, and I do not repent it,” for, expressing himself emphatically, “*I have found my wages in the work.*” Having taken the liberty of suggesting to him, that as there were several loose views current in our day on these subjects, he should revise and prepare some of his expositions for the press, especially those on the Mosaic Economy, the Levitical ordinances and ceremonial institutions, of the latter of which I heard a specimen, he replied in his own homely and frank, but decided and characteristic manner, “Na, na, there are owre many books written now. Eh ! man, I would feel ashamed to see my name in print.” It is much to be regretted, that among his last injunctions, he

strictly prohibited the publication of any of his MSS.

English readers will excuse, therefore, in this short notice, the absence of any lengthened account of Mr Stewarts' life, character, talents, and enlightened piety. For this duty the writer feels his incompetence. He esteemed and loved him during his boyhood, in those opening virtues and talents which he exhibited ; and in after life, his eminence as a preacher excited his high, and almost exclusive admiration. He ventures to give to the public the few simple verses annexed, which he is conscious is but a feeble though well meant tribute to the memory of one of the brightest and most eminent preachers he had ever the privilege of hearing or knowing—a man whom Dr Duff has not inaptly termed, “The worthy son of a still more worthy father.”

The Elegy of the excellent woman, whose virtues and graces the author has attempted to record, was written a few years ago, and he has been requested by several to give it to the public. He was desirous, however, of accompanying it with a short memoir ; but, soon after her death, the all-engrossing subjects which agitated our Church, and the subsequent Disruption, prevented this ; so that the prominent, and very many interesting events in her life, her sayings and rich Christian experience, have been since gradually

fading from his recollection—a circumstance which he now deeply regrets, and furnishes a solemn memento to all, to “Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of the hand to do it.” Without reiterating the views expressed in the language most familiar to those who knew her best, he satisfies himself, at present, with presenting to his readers the following graphic account of her, which was communicated to him lately in a letter from a young clergyman of the Free Church, who knew her from his boyhood, till within a year or two of her death :—

“ I find I cannot realize the appearance of any place which I have visited, so distinctly as when I have a sketch of its outlines before me ; and so, when you wish me to state my impressions of the late Mrs Mackay, I find that at this distance of time, they are by no means so vivid as they would have been had I jotted, however slightly, incidents and conversations in which she enacted a principal part. Such, however, as they are, I will endeavour to state, just as they recur to me at this moment.

“ And foremost rises before me, her personal appearance. In her dress, she was what would generally be termed careless, but only as to its adjustment, which showed that little time was spent at the toilet. There was little difficulty in

recognizing her at a distance, principally by her *staid gait*, and almost invariably by being in the company of another—of some one that valued her society so much as to prolong the interview as much as possible. This would be some young inquirer, or more frequently, some one in affliction, for these had special claims on her attention, and no sooner did one part with her, than another was ready to take up his or her place. Thus, in her progress, she, as it were, drew along with her a chain of sympathies. The fire of her eye was the next thing which attracted one's attention. It was by no means a large or prominent one ; but brilliant as a coal, not from its colour, but from the reflection of that fire which burned within. Her whole countenance was animation itself ; and there was an incessant play in the muscles of the face, especially those about the mouth, which denoted an intelligence that never slept, and a compression of the lips that showed she was in earnest in every thing. The impression left by her on all was *respect*. Even children at play would stop as she passed by ; and all of maturer years would esteem it a privilege to shake hands with her ; and how short soever might be the interview, she seldom failed in giving a word in season. I never recollect to have heard her Christianity impugned, even in that censorious country ; for there was that about her

which commanded the respect of the most uncharitable. So general and strong was that feeling, that when she entered a worshipping congregation, her very appearance would circulate a wave of joy over the faces of all—a circumstance which could not escape a stranger's notice, though he could not account for it. The readiness of her answers was remarkable ; they often proved like a nail driven in a sure place. The familiar name by which she was addressed among her intimate Christian acquaintances was, '*Bean a chreidimh Mhoir*,' i. e. the woman of great faith. To this designation she would good-humouredly reply, 'rather the woman of little faith in the Great God.' I am sorry that the lapse of time and a treacherous memory prevent my recording many others which I have heard. The cheerfulness of her disposition was very great, and unclouded save at the distresses of others, and the buoyancy of her spirit must have been greater than that of most, as it upheld her under domestic bereavements and trials of no ordinary kind. To this is to be attributed, in a great measure, that uncommon sympathy which she manifested for those who were in distress. It was not an inane, passive, good-for-nothing sentiment, but a vigorous, active, and practical principle ; so that she never thought of the length of the journey when there was a house of mourning to go to.

To many, the distances she travelled with the sole object of administering ‘comfort in affliction,’ would be incredible. Many a fainting heart has she thus sustained; and into many a bleeding breast has she poured the balm of consolation. In this respect she followed her Master’s example; she took the sorrows of others upon herself, and for the time made them her own. She went about, too, like Him, continually doing good. She spent little time in sleep, and was remarkable for her early rising, and commencing the labours of the day with prayer. Her catholicity was great, and she manifested great love to the weakest of the brethren. Censoriousness was as foreign to her as faithfulness was habitual. The preachers of the gospel she always respected, and loved very highly for their work’s sake; and I recollect when I commenced to preach—so far from feeling afraid before such a hearer—I only felt the greater confidence when she happened to be present. She felt an intense interest in the cause of God at home and abroad, and within her own sphere she did all she could to promote it. News of the progress of the gospel in distant lands would cause her to weep for joy; and on the occasion of Dr Duff’s visit to Tongue, she felt the most lively interest in the success of his mission. In short, the glory of God would seem to have been her chief

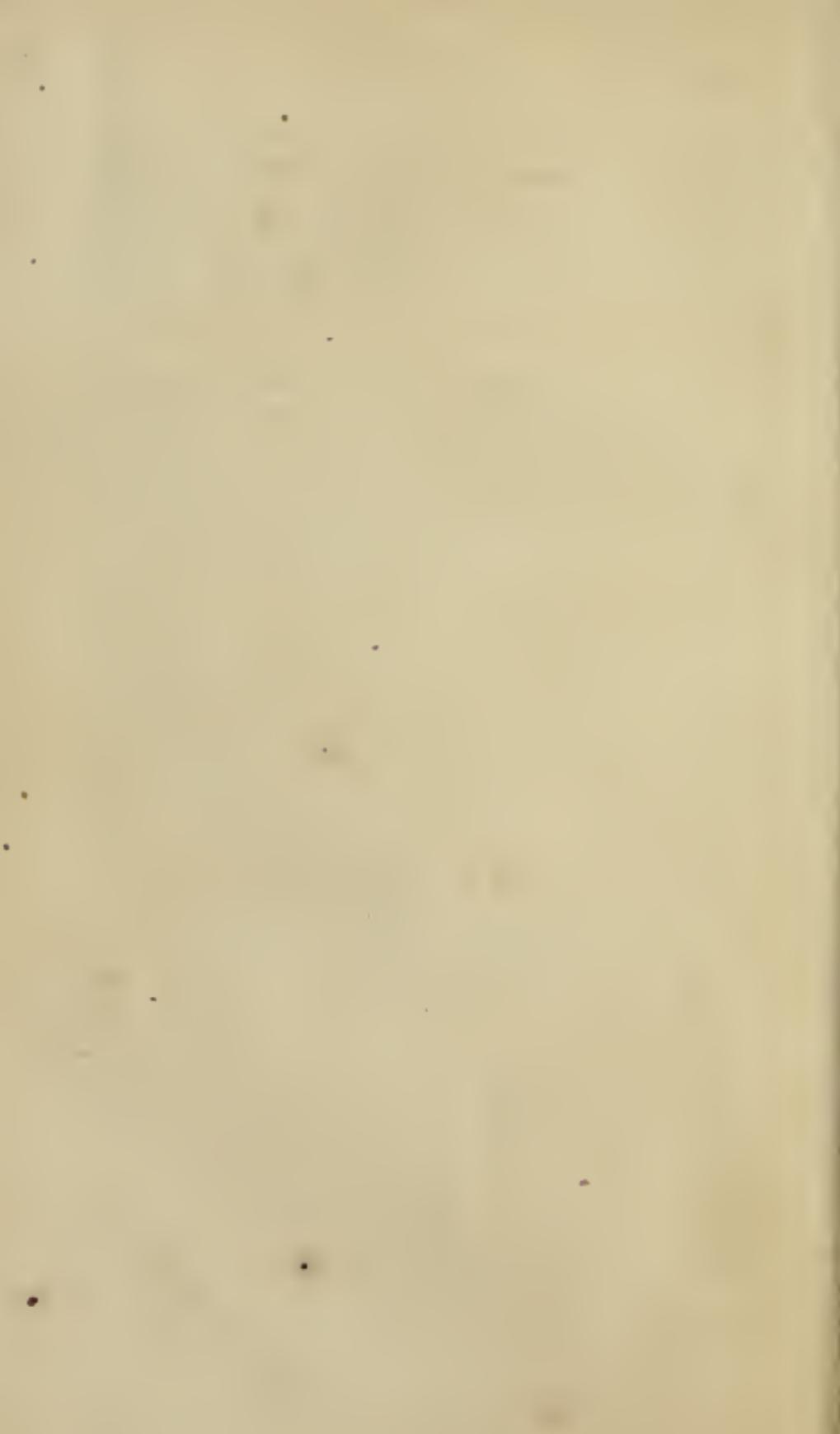
end. Though mingling much in the world, she was not of the world, as the most careless could notice ; her conversation was in heaven, and she was truly a living epistle unto Christ, known and read of all men.

" In thinking over her life and character, I can hardly avoid asking, What the object was for which she was raised up to bear so faithful a testimony on the side of truth for so many years, and over such an extent of country ? That Providence had special public objects in view, in giving such a large measure of grace in conjunction with such great natural powers, can scarcely be doubted. Might this not have been in order to demonstrate the reality of conversion, and the power of divine grace ? Might it not have been with the object of raising up a living witness among the laity of that country against the doctrines of Antinomianism ? She held as high an orthodoxy as any of them, but she superadded to that *a holy life*. She walked with God, and was as a light set on a hill. Though now dead, she still speaketh, and specially to that country of which she was so long an ornament. But where now are those who are following in her footsteps ? Is the arm of the Lord shortened, that he cannot display the sovereignty, power, and riches of his grace to others as he did to her ? For years she had her abode in sight and

within hearing of the stormy waves of Cape Wrath ; but now her spirit, as she herself once described it, is within the haven of the Cape of Good Hope—where no storms shall rave and no fears annoy.”

W. F.

DURNESS FREE MANSE,
May, 1850.



MARBH-RANN

DO

DHOCTOR EOIN DOMHNULLACH,

MINISTEIR ANN AN SGIRE NA TOISIDHEACHD, A BHASAICH
APRIL 1849.

(AIR FONN, “*Se fulangas na Shlanui-fhear.*”)

I.

A DHOCTOIR mhoir na Toisidheachd,
 Cha b'eol domh re mo linn,
Aon teachdaire chaidh thairis ort,
 No b'airidh dhomh a sheinn :
Thaobh comasan is tàlantan
 Neo-ghnàthaicht os ar cionn,
Cha 'n fhac mi riamh 's na duchan so,
 'S mo thruaighe leir nach cluinn !

II.

Ni iad na buadhan nàdurrach,
 Ged bha iad ailt re 'n luaidh,
Bhithinn an tràths' aig ainmeachadh,
 Mu 'n teachdair chaidh thoirt uainn ;
Ach air na grasan spioradail,
 Bha faicsinneach do 'shluagh,
Leis 'n robh e air a luchdachadh,
 Le Tighearna nam buadh.

III.

O t' oig rinn Dia do dheasachadh
 Le pears' bha cumaite treun,
 Bha taitneach fos re amharc ort,
 Thaobh gean is aodan réidh :
 Bha d' shuilean tlàth is maiseachail,
 'Sa tàlaidh chugad fein ;
 Bhiodh faoilte ghàir gu bithchiont ort
 An comunn popuil De.

IV.

Bha buadhan eile a b' aird no'd sud,
 Bu mhiann leam chuir an ceil,
 Chuir gloir is mais air talantan,
 'S a chaisrig iad chum feum ;
 B' iad sin, na grasan spioradail,
 Chum beathachadh na treud,
 A cheannuich an t- Ard Bhuachaile,
 Le 'fhuil ro luachmhor fein.

V.

Cha 'n ann o dhuchas nàdurrach,
 No shinnsearachd bha caomh,
 A shruth an tiodhlaic uasal sin,
 Thug Dia dhuit seach gu saor ;
 Ach bheannuich e gu saibhir dhuit.
 (Thaobh toilteanais a ghaoil)
 An eisampleir 's na comhairlean,
 Le deachd' an Spioraid Naoimh.

VI.

'Se an tiodhlac so rinn ealamh thu,
 An uile theisteis Dhe,
 Gu roinn gu ceart na teagasgan,
 Bha reir na firinn reidh ;
 Thug misneachd dhuit is treubhantas,
 'S a neartaich t-anam fein,
 Gu seasamh dàn na chomhairl-san,
 Toirt comhfhurtachd do 'n treud.

VII.

Bha dochas maith aig cairdean dhiot,
 Far 'n d' airicheadh thu suas,
 Gu 'n eireadh tu mar lochran glan,
 'Toirt sòlais dhoibh 'n àm cruais ;
 'S n trath bhris thu mach gu solusach,
 Bhà 'n achuinge gu buan,
 Gu 'n deanadh Dia do bheannachadh,
 Chum cruinneachadh dha sluagh.

VIII.

Cha b' iad do ghibhtean nàdurraach,
 No t' fhoghlumsa bha mòr,
 A bheothaich suas an aignidhean,
 Mar g' 'm b' ann do iomhaigh òir :
 Bha 'm fiosrachadh 's am breitheanas.
 Toirt dearbheachd dhoibh gu leoir,
 Air teine naomh bhi lasadh ann'd
 Chum urram Dhia na gloir.

IX.

B' e sud amhain rinn eifeachdach
 Do theagascg àrd do n t-sluagh,
 Bha beothachadh an eridheachan,
 Is leaghadh sios an cruas ;
 Cuir tein ri feur is connalach,
 Bha aineolas' cuir suas,
 Mar fhasgadh dhoibh o dhoinninibh,
 'S ga 'n caitheamh sios gu luathre.

X.

Bha cuid do theachd'ribh b' aithne dhomh,
 Rinn lasan soills' re uine,
 'S cuid eil mar resulta sheachranach,
 A glacadh aire dhaoine.
 Le teine coimheach lasadh ac',
 Aig tairgsin suas na tuis
 Air altair Dhe, nach b' aithne dhoibh,
 O'n d' cheil e fos a ghuais.

XI.

Measg aireamh mhor nan resulta glan,
 Tha dealradh mach le soills',
 Tha aon ann chithear bithchionta,
 Le maraichibh 'san oidhche ;
 An REULTA TUATH 'se theirear ri,
 O 'n gabhar iul gu luath ;
 Mar sin bha thus do iomadh neach,
 Bh' air fuadain air a chuan.

XII:

Bha thu mar *Philot* seolta dhoibh,
 Le treorach' Spiorad Dhe,
 Thar tidean bras 's nan tonnan sin,
 Bha 'g eiridh suas gu neamh :
 Bha d' shuil air 'chompaist is an leir,
 Toirt misneachd mar-an-ceudn',
 Gu 'n ruigeadh iad an cala sin,
 Air n robh am miann 's an déidh.

XIII.

Cha b' ann mar Ionah 'm faidh rag,
 Chaidh sios gu taobh an luing,
 'N trath fhuair e gairm gu Niniveh,
 Ga fholach fein fuidh thuinn ;
 Ach mar an gaisgeach eudmhor sin,
 Bha seol' do 'n Eidaitl nunn—
 Seadh Pol an t-abstol uasal sin,
 Bh' air fhuadach bhar nan tonn.

XIV.

'S mar cheannard treubhach ceann an arm
 Thar mile dhaoine treun,
 Bha d' ghnuis, 's do theang' ga 'm beoth-
 Le misneachd 'n àm am feum ; [achadh
 Bha d' shuile air a bhratach sin,
 Thugadh do dh-Eaglais De,
 'S ge b' e mar dheanadh gealtairean
 B'u tus' am fear nach d' threig.

XV.

B'e'n t-ainm gu tric chàidh shloinneadh ort
 Sud ABSTOL AN TAOBH TUATH :
 'S cor an gabhadh tu an onoir sin,
 O aon air bith do'n t-sluagh,
 Cha b' aithne dhomhsa, Tuath no Deas,
 No aon air bith mu'n cual,
 (Na'm biodh e ceaduicht, bhaisteadh ort)
 Ainm bu fhreagairich a luaidh.

XVI.

Bha tomhas pait do'n spiorad sin,
 Chàidh dhortadh nuas air Pòl,
 Gu follaiseach a taisbeanadh,
 Le dearbheachdan gu leoir,
 Gu'n deach do ghairm, 's do chuir a mach,
 Le Tighearna na gloir,
 Chum saothrachadh 's na raontaibh sin,
 Far'n d' bhuain thu faoghar mòr.

XVII.

'N trath fhuair thu gairm o Dhia, 's o dhaoine,
 Bha fior luchd saoth'raich gann ;
 Do b' achuinge 's an dùrachdan,
 'S an gleachd le urnuigh theann,
 Gu'n doirteadh Dia a spiorad-san,
 Air oigridh is air clann,
 Chum togail suas dha fianuisan,
 Nan sliochd do Abraham.

XVIII.

Thug Dia gu grasmhor freagradh dhoibh,
 Ann saibhireachd a ghaoil,
 Le Eaglais Alb' ath-bheothachadh,
 Air dhi bhi fad fuidh dhaors.
 'S measg oigridh tāght bha deasaichte,
 Bha meas ac orts mar Phrionns,
 Dol roimh na gaisgaich threuna sin,
 A chòisinn buaidh is SAORS.

XIX.

Cha b' iongnadh leam ged' bhithheadh tu
 Thaobh d' shaothar agus t'eud,
 Fuidh thòr an Namhaid innleachdaich,
 Bha sior a tabhairt beum ;
 Ach 's cionail e bhi 'g aithris air,
 Na thachair dhuit o Chleir,
 'N ait comhnadh, rinn iad casaid ort,
 Is dhit iad thu gu leir.

XX.

'N trath thearb iad thu o 'n cùbaidhbih,
 Mar rinn na h-Iudhaich truagh,
 Ri Abstolaibh an t-slànuighear .
 Air dhoibh bhi dàn a luaidh,
 Mu chliu na rinn 's na dh fhuiling e,
 'S a thoilteanas le buaidh ;
 Mar sin rinn Cleir Strathbhogie dhuits'
 Ga t-fhògradh fada uatha.

XXI.

Bha so gidheadh na mhisneachd dhuit,
 Nach d' eirich dhuit 'san àm,
 Ach nithe ceudna thachair ris
 An Ti bha dhuit na Cheann,
 O scriobhaich agus Pharasaich,
 'S o shagairtibh 'n co-bhainn
 Toirt dearbheachd anns na dreuchdaibh ac
 Nach Esan chuir iad annt'.

XXII.

'N ait t' obairsa a bhacadh leo,
 No casg' a chuir air t' eud
 'S ann bhris i mach mar shruthannibh,
 A ruith air fad 's air leud,
 Toirt beathachadh is ùrachadh,
 Is tuillidh iuil do 'n treud ;
 Is misneachd mhaith do theachdairibh,
 Gu 'n deanadh iad da reir.

XXIII.

Cha b'fhad an uin an deigh so,
 'N trath dheonaich Dia nan gràs,
 Gu 'm fosgladh dorsan farsuing dhuit,
 Chum searm'nachadh gu h-àrd ;
 Is dhoirt e nuas a spiorad san,
 An tomhas bha neo-ghnàth'cht,
 A toirt an tuillidh misneachd dhuit,
 Bhi tairgsinn Chriosd 's a shlaint.

XXIV.

Le eud ath-bheothaichd lionadh thu,
 'S le gràdh do anamaibh dhaoin' ;
 Le comas pears ga'd neartachadh,
 Is teang gu luaidh faraon,
 Do mhiltibh bha air cruinneachadh,
 O thir nam beann 's nan raon
 Gu cluinntinn uait mo 'n fhireantachd
 Bh' air innseadh dhoibh, bha saor.

XXV.

Oir 's cuimhne leam 'san uine so,
 Is chunncas le mo shuil,
 Seadh, aireamh 'n iomadh co-thional,
 Air 'n d'uraich Dia nan duil,
 Le dochas mhaith thaobh iompachaidh,
 Nach 'd phill air ais do'n t-saogh'l,
 'S thug dearbhachdan air spiorad ceart,
 Bhi aca mar Fhear-iul.

XXVI.

Do dh' Eilan Hiort' air seoladh dhuit
 Bha 'n t-aireamh mòr dhiubh dàll ;
 Gun-mhothachadh 's gun iompachadh,
 Mar chaoraich bhochda chaillte :
 Ach bheannuich Dia do shaoithairse
 Chum saoradh cuid san àm,
 Bhios cuimhneachadh tre shiorruidheachd,
 An tiodhlaic fhuair iad ann.

XXVII.

Ni h-e mo rùn 's na rannaibh so,
 Áir t'eachdraidh sgriobhadh sios ;
 'Se dochas àrd is durachdan,
 Gach aon do 'm b' eol thu riamh,
 Nach biodh dail air t' iomradh-san,
 No t' iomchain-se bha fior ;
 Oir 's fiudhail iad an clo-bhualadh
 'S an toirt amach d' ar linn.

XXVIII.

Ach cha 'n fhuil'ngeadh mo nàduir dhomh
 Bhi sàmhach mu do chliu,
 O'n la sin 'san do chuala mi,
 Gu 'n deach do chuir san uir—
 Seadh 'n la sin a thug cianalas,
 Aig criochnachadh do chùrs ;
 Mar Bhochim do chloinn Israel,
 'S iad sileadh dheoir gu dluth.

XXIX.

Cha b' ann amhain san Toisidheachd,
 Bha cumha bhroin dol suas ;
 Tha 'n Eaglais Shaor, on Iar 's an Ear,
 Is anns gach sgor mu 'n cuairt,
 Sior chuimhneachadh do bhuadhansa,
 Is orr' gu tric a luaidh,
 Le acain gheur ga t'ionndrainsa,
 Nach eil thu ann san uairs' !

XXX.

Seadh Gaeltachd na h-Albaine,
 O dheas gu dùth'ch Mhic Aoi,
 'S luchd aitich anns na h-Eileanibh,
 Fhuair earail uait, a caoidh,
 (Mar Israel thruagh am Babilon,
 Le 'n clarsaichibh gun laoidh)
 Mochreach! gu 'n deug'nt-Oll'Dòmhnullach
 Gun dochas fhaicsin chaoidh !

XXXI.

Do bhuadhan thaght mar shearmonaich,
 Cha d' dhearc mi riamh anns aon,
 Thaobh ordubh, cainnt is cuimireachd,
 'S a freagairt blas faraon,
 Gach sean is òg, a chluinneadh tu
 Le aire is iarrtus naomh ;
 'S a chreid, nuair bha thu labhairt riu,
 Gu 'm b' ann o chriocheibh gaoil.

XXXII.

B' e so a bhuaidh 'cho-eignich thu,
 'S a bheothaich t' eud gu teann,
 Bhi dol co tric a shearm'nachadh,
 Feadh mhachair agus ghleann ;
 Is thug se dhuit deadh thuarasdal,
 A fhuair thu uaith san àm,
 Seadh anamaibh caillt, mu'n canar leat,
 "Tha mis an so, 's mo chlann."

XXXIII.

Cha b'ann do dhreuchdaibh follaisach,
 Bha t' oll' amhain ro chaomh.
 O b' ionmhiunn thu 's gach cuideachda,
 'S nam measg a bhiodh tu saor ;
 Le aiteas bhiodh tu labhairt riu,
 Gun ghearradh, goimh, no aoir ;
 'S e dh' fheuchadh tu an eiridneadh,
 Le oilean 's eolas naomh.

XXXIV.

Bha subhailcean bhith'n 'g ainmeachadh,
 Bha ainneamh anns do ghairm,
 Bhiodh fiudhail dhuinn an cuimhneachadh,
 'S a b' ionmhuin leam an seirm ;
 Bha 'd uaigneach agus follaiseach,
 'S ro mhaiseach ann do sheilbh ;
 'S cha mhearachd dhuinn bhi labhairt ump,
 Nach robh dad annt do sheirbh.

XXXV.

Bha d' mheas a mòr air tàlantan
 Bha nàdurrach do dhaoine,
 'S b' e t-'iarrtas iad bhi caisrigte,
 'S a maiseachadh faraon,
 Gach neach a bha ga 'n seilbheachadh ;
 Mar Shol' is Daibhi caomh,
 Thug seach an t-or 's an neamhnuidean,
 Chum gloir a Theampuil naoimh.

XXXVI.

Measg thalantan bha lionmhoire,
 Tha aon, ni'm aithghear luaidh,
 Be sin do thlachd a'm bàrduidheachd,
 'S an d' fhuair thu guth is cluais,
 Ach bha iad air an caisrigeadh,
 Le blas o t-oige a nuas ;
 Is tha thu nis gu h-aoibhinneach
 " Seinn oran Mhaois 's an Uain."

XXXVII.

'S measg ghrasan eil bha follasach,
 Ann t' ollamhs chuir an ceil,
 Cha robh a h-aon a b'fhaicsinnich,
 'S bu mhaisich ann do chré,
 No grasa mòr a charrthanais,
 Bha umadsa mar eid' ;
 Rinn cuid a dhit' thaobh farsuingeachd
 'Nam' bharailse ro gheur.

XXXVIII.

Ged fhuair thu tuigse is breitheanas
 Ann comhairl Dhe ro àrd,
 Cha d' ghabh thu ort' ghuit fhasganaidh
 A cleachdadadh ann do lamh
 'Se b' annsa leat, ged fhaodadh mòll
 Bhi measg a chruithneachd tamh
 Bhi cruinneachadh gach siolan beag
 Le duil air beath bhi annt.

XXXIX.

Cha d' mheas thu e na dhleasd'nas duit
 An cogul spionadh 'n àrd,
 A bhiodh air uairean taisbeanadh,
 Thaobh drachdan dhorch an Nàmh'd,
 Air eagal gu m' biodh 'n cruithneachd glan,
 Air chiurradh anns an fhàs
 'S ann dh' fhàg thu a bhinn do 'n Bhreith-
 Tha rannsach' cridh is airn. [eamh sin

XL.

Do bhuadhan-sa 's tric shamhlaicham,
 Ri "leomhan" treun an gniomh ;
 'S mar "dhuin" thaobh tuigs is breitheanas,
 Le reason ard is fiamh ;
 Ri "laogh" thaobh seimheachd agus ciuin
 Na t' aodan-sa 'gu sior ;
 'S mar "iolar" 'g amharc geur gu neamh
 'S na speuraibh àrd gu dian.

XLI.

Co-dhunain nis a marbh-rann so,
 Ga fhagail aig mo linn,
 'S le earail aithghear criochnaicheam,
 Is bheiream e ri sheinn ;
 Is ghuidhinn air na chluinneadh e,
 No leughas e le suim,
 Bhi 'g aithris tric do bluadhansa,
 'S ga 'n teagasg nuadh do 'r cloinn.

EARAIL.

I.

A MUINNTIR chaoimh na Tòisidheachd,
Oir b' eol domh 'n laithibh m' oig
Is cuimhne leam an teachdair sin,
Bha maisealach is mòr.
Seadh Tearlach naomh is urramach,
Tha nise shuas an gloir.
Tha iomhaigh fath'sd a' m' inntinnse
Nis luachmhoire no 'n t-òr.

II.

Chaidh 'chliu a sheinn, 's a bhudhansa.
Le 'r 'n Aodhar uasal treun ;
'S ni e mo run a bheag a chuir,
Ri 'bhriathribh fillidh fein :
Bha 'theagasgan toirt druigheadh leo,
Mar bhraon uisg air an fheur,
'S b' e thlachd-seadh briogh a shearminoine—
Bhi 'g inns' mu Iosa ceusd.

III.

Cia uamhasach ma thachras dhuibh,
 Thaobh 'n teachdair cha thoirt uaibh,
 An ait bhi air ur taiseachadh,
 Gu 'm fagar sibh fuidh chruas ;
 Mar labhradh ri Isaias naomh,
 Thaobh bail Ierus'lem truagh,
 " Dean thus an cridh a chruadhachadh
 " 'S na biodh aig m' fhocal buaidh."

IV.

O sibhs a shluagh neo-iompaichte,
 Nach d' mhethaich riamh bhi cailt,
 Nach mithich dhuibh bhi dusgadh nis,
 'S bhi glaodh mar rinn na doill,
 " Iosa mhic Dhe dean trocair oirn,"
 'S o d' chaithir shuas gu 'n seall,
 Dean cabhaig chum ar cuideachadh,
 Oir tha ar 'n uine air chall.

V.

Tha aireamh mhòr tha eagal orm,
 Nior chriothnuich is nior ghluais,
 Roimh theagasan is rabhaidhean,
 Bha fad a seirm 'nar cluais :
 O cuimhnichibh is fiosraichibh,
 Na teachdairean chaidh suas,
 Gu 'n tog iad fianuis fathasd oirbh
 'S cha 'n fhacain sibh le truas.

VI.

Bu tric an deoir, 's an osnuidhean,
 Oscionn ur 'n anamaibh marbh,
 Nuair bha iad seirm an trompaidean,
 Le guthaibh min is garbh :
 Tha trompaid fath'sd a sheirmeas duibh,
 Is bith'dh a fuaim ro sheirbh,
 A guthasan cha diultar leibh,
 Oir duisgidh i na mairbh,

VII.

Bidh as'ridh ann ni 's uabhasaich,
 No fuil is feoil is cnàmh ;
 Bidh comasan na h-inntinn sin,
 Bha anns a chorp a tàmh,
 Air 'n aisig dhuibh mar chompanaich,
 Is anns an t-siorruidheachd snàmh
 'S an loch sin chaidh a dheasachadh,
 'S a lasas suas gu bràth.

VIII.

Bidh choguis mharbh air 'beothachadh,
 'S toirt sgal le *Echo* gharg,
 Do n' bhinn a bheir am Breitheamh mach
 Air peacaich thruagh am fearg ;
 Bidh 'chuimhne fos bha 'g adhlaiceadh,
 O shealladh suil, le ceilg,
 Gach firinn ghlan a ghabh i stigh,
 'S bha comhdaicht mar le meirg.

IX.

'S ann bhitheas iad marchlaidhmhean ruisgt,
 · Ga 'm bioradh steach gu teann;
 'S bidh cuimhneachas gu siorruidh orr'
 Mar bha aig Dives ann.
 Bidh 'n toil, 's na h-aigne mar-an-ceudn',
 A sireadh miann nach gann;
 Gun aonan diubh bhi riaraichte,
 Thaobh ciocras geur is sannt.

X.

Tha aireamh eil fhuair criothneachadh,
 'S a bhreithnich cumhachd Dhe,
 Troimh shearmanachadh na firinn sin,
 Bha 'g inns' mo Chriosd ceusd;
 Ach luidh iad sios gu dùsalach,
 Gun dusgadh ceart na 'n gne;
 Mar na h-oighean sin bha amайдeach,
 Gun ol' bhi ac na 'm feum.

XI.

O ciód a nis a dh' eireas duibh,
 'N trath sheidear trompaid Dhe ?
 'N dean lasan ann 'ur 'n aignidhibh,
 No aideachadh do 'n reir,
 Na dorsan siorruidh fhosgladh dhuibh,
 (Tha fhocal cuir an ceil)
 A bhios gu brath a duineadh stigh
 Gach aon do phobuill fein?

XII.

O thigibh nis is ceannaichibh,
 Gun airgiod is gun oir,
 An ola sin ni maiseach sibh,
 'S a lasas leibh gu gloir ;
 Is mithich dhuibh bhi greasadhbh nis,
 Tha feasgar dorch ur lo,
 A tuiteam sios gu cabhagach,
 An dorchadas 's an ceo !

XIII.

'S a mhuinnitir og, a b' ionmhuinn leam,
 Aon earail chuir an ceil,
 Tha mis an aois, ach 's cuimhne leam,
 An sgir mo dhuchais fein,
 Bhi suidh fuidh sgail ur teachdairibh,
 Bha feartail dhomh 'n trath dh' eisd ;
 An creidimh leanaibh, 's cuimhnichibh
 An innilt ghlan 's am beus.

XIV.

An diadhair mor fa dheireadh bh' ann,
 'S a theorig nis a reis,
 Bha 'd lionmhor leis chaideh bheothachadh,
 'S a mhothaich cumhachd Dhe,
 Cha mhor 's gach sgir troimh 'n deachaideh
 Oir thachair cuid riun fein,
 Tha moladh Dhia gu 'n cual iad e,
 'S da 'n uaill bhi dheth an treud.

XV.

Bith'dh sluagh na Hiort 's nan eileanan,
 'S gach eilthir 'n robh a chuairt,
 Toirt fianuis mhór 'n ar 'n aghaidhsa,
 Mur d' aom sibh sios ur cluais ;
 Is ditear sibh 's a bhreitheanas,
 Mar chaidh Ieru'slem truagh,
 Le Niniveh ghabh aithreachas,
 An 'n aodach saic 's an Iuathre.

XVI.

Nach cianail e ma dh' fhàgar sibh,
 Mar fhasach thioram fhas,
 Gun dealt na h-oig ga 'r 'n ùrachadh,
 No 'n druchd a teachd os aird ;
 'S mar chraobhan fig le 'n duilleagaibh,
 Gun toradh orr na blath ;
 'S gun luidh sibh fuidh na mhallaich sin,
 Thug Iosa seach 's an àm.

XVII.

Tha dorus slainte fosgait dhuibh
 Na fhocal luachmhòr fein
 O thigibh trath do ionnsuidh-san,
 Oir 's caomh leis uain 'san treud ;
 'S o mhadraibh allt, 's o leoghanibh,
 Tha 'n toir air popull De,
 Ni e ar dion, 's ar beathachadh,
 An innilt farsuing reidh.

XVIII.

Tha aireamh eil, is cinnte leam,
 Na'n inntinnibh tha fann,
 O'n la's an deach an Aodhar-san
 A thogail suas o'n ceann ;
 Tha 'g iunndran tric na chailleadh leo,
 (Mar uain chaidh thoirt o'm math'r)
 Am beathachadh 's an altrumas,
 Tha dh' easbhuidh orr an tràth.

XIX.

'S a sheanaraibh na sgireachd ud,
 'S a phobull dhileas chaomh,
 Bith'bh gleachd le urnuigh dhurachdach,
 'S ur suil ris 'n Spiorad Naomh,
 A dhortadh mach gu saibhir oirbh,
 Thaobh toillteanias a ghaoil
 Gu 'n eireadh sliochd bhiodh aithnichte,
 'S na 'm beannachd lorg a shaoith'r.

XX.

'S mar fhuair sibh fein 's ur 'n aithriche,
 Nuair bha ur sgire bànn
 Sàr eisdeachd do ur 'n urnuighibh,
 Le teachdair ùrar àrd,
 Gu 'm faigh sibh spiorad breitheanais,
 Chum roghain dheanamh 'n tràths,
 Do theachdair dhiadhaidh dheasaichte,
 Gu seasadh suas 's a bhearn.

XXI.

Tha cunnard ann bhi cabhagach,
Co cinnteach 's th' ann an dàil,
O cumaibh dileas aonaichte,
'S ur suil ri Dia nan gràs,
Gun d' thugadh e na fhreasdal duibh,
'S gu 'n greasadhbh e an t-àm,
Ann ait nan sinnsir eudmhòr ud,
Gu 'n eireadh suas a chlann.

MARBH-RANN

DO

MR ALASDAIR STIUBHARD,

MINISTEIR EAGLAIS SHAOIR SGIRE CHROMBA, A BHASAICH
OCTOBER 1848.

AIR FONN, " *Nach truagh an sgeul a fhuaire mi fein?*"

I.

O 's lionmhор bearн a rinn thu 'bhais,
'S nach iomadh 'n tràths' tha cianalach !
Sgir Chromba ban, 's gach eridhe lan,
A chual an sgeul tha marbh-rannach.
Tha 'n Eaglais Shaor o'n Ear gu 'n Iar,
Is anns gach Cleir an Albainne
A cumha geur na chaidh do 'n eug,
'S an eigin mhор gu 'n d' fhalbh thu uath.

II.

O 'n bhuaile an t-eug an t-uasal treun,
Aig am na Cleir, san t-samhraidh seach—
Seadh Chalmers fein o cheann na treud,
Cha deach fo 'n fhòd co ainmail riut.
Mo chreach ! re inns' air feadh ar linn,
Gu 'm bheil ar cinn air 'n gearradh uainn ;
'S do ghuth bha binn, 's a seirm cho grinn,
Anis a chaoidh cha chluinnear e !

III.

Tha suilean deurach mar-an-ceudn'
 Am bail Dhuneidin soisgeulach :
 Bha Candlish eudmhor is a threud,
 Gu 'n eireadh dhoibh deagh shearmonach.
 Ach dhearbh am buil' a bhuail an tràths',
 Le ordubh ard o Neamha dhuinn,
 A dh aindheoin diadhaichd agus ceil,
 Nach eil gach cre ach bàsmhorach.

IV.

Do chinneach Rioghail bha do shinnisir,
 Mar chaidh innseadh dhuinn gu beachd ;
 Do shiol nan Stiubhard thaobh breith is dùchais,
 Is dhiubh bu Phrionns thu ann mo bheachd.
 'S anns a chùbaidh bha thu ùrair
 Is mar an druchd bha t-iompaidh teachd
 Le d' theagascg oirdheirc air chuir an òrdubh
 Toirt beath is sòlas do gach neach.

V.

Bha t' fhoghlum cràbhaidh, 's do ghibhtean àrd,
 Le mais neo-ghnàth'cht a dealradh mach,
 'Sa phears bha àluinn, is làn do ghràsan
 Bha tional 's tàlaidh dhuit gach neach :
 Mar Shol' Rioghail chuir do na h-Innsean,
 Is fhuair o Thirus le marsantachd,
 'N t-òr 's an t-airgiod, 's caochladh neamhnuid,
 Chuir mais air Teampull Dhia nam Feairt.

VI.

Bu tu 'm fear mìnich air eachdraidh 'Bhiobuil,
 Thug bàr air milte nar ginealach,
 Mar dhearsa grein bha d' thalant fein,
 Cuir solas eibhin air t' fhocal ceart ;
 A cladhach mhàn 's a toirt an àird,
 Nan neamhnuid àilt a fhuaireas leat,
 Ga 'n cuir fa sgaoil am beachd an t-suil,
 Le iompaidh ùr gu 'n gabhail uait.

VII.

Bha t' eolas mòr a cruinneach stòr,
 Chum gloir do Dhe bhi 'g àrdachadh,
 'S an diadhachd threun bh' ann Criod ceusd,
 Chuir thus an ceil gu cumhachdach,
 'S an Spiorad Naomh tha 'g iompach' dhaoin,
 Le 'fheartaibh aonaidh eifeachdach,
 Be gloir an Trionaid neart do bhriathra,
 'N cord tri-fillt nach teid a bhriseadh.

VIII.

Cor 'n d' thug thu aicheadh do chomhairl chàir-
 Bha ga do thàlaidh mach gu deas, [dean,
 'S bha meas do thàlant oscionn chàiche,
 Gu lionadh bhearn sin 'bhris amach ;
 Ach 's e bhi fàgail do threuda gràdhach
 A thug fàsgadh do t' inntinn tais
 'S e ni a b' àill leat, mar thubhairt Paul e
 Bhi 'n uchd do Shlanuighear b' e t-ionad fois.

IX.

Nach cuis a bhroin do dh' aois, 's dh' oig,
 Cho beag 's tha seoladh do chal' Neamh ;
 Ach 's e mo dhochas thaobh cuid tha leointe,
 Gu 'm faigh iad sòlas san am shuith'cht.
 Tha cuid ga t'-ionndran a mhothaich iompaidh,
 Mar Rachel diultadh a comhfhurtachd,
 Tha 'n cunnart aicheadh gu 'n dean an t-Ard Righ
 A chaoidh an aird doibh na thug e uath

X.

A chairde ionmhuinn, le 'm b'aill bhi leanmhuinn
 Na ceuman ainmail 'chuir e roimhibh,
 Mu 'n tig an t-anmoch, na goimh a gheamhraidh,
 A bheir leis seargadh nach gabh leigheas,
 Grad theichibh tràth chum caithir grais,
 A pheacaich dhàn mu 'n sgriosar sibh,
 O pillibh trath mu 'n tig am bàs,
 'S an caillear am ur n-aithreachais.

XI.

'Sa pheacaich thruagh, a measg an t-sluaigh,
 Nach deach a ghluas'd, 's nior chriothnich,
 Ni Dia ur sguab' na chorruich bhuan,
 Le tein 's fuidh stuaighibh lasarach.
 Bi 'n fhianuis fhiudhals' fath'sd 'dùsgadh,
 Fa chomh'r ur suil na chual 's na chunnaic
 'S air gluas'd o'n uir, bidh choguis ruisgt,
 Mar chnuimh sior thuir' 'san losgadh.

XII.

O thigibh tràth mu 'm buail am bàs,
 'S 'm bith la nan gràs air teireachdainn ;
 Mu 'n duin an àire, chaidh thogail 'n àrd,
 'S nach faigh sibh àit gu 'r teiseairgin.
 Dhuibh s diomhain glaodh re Noah shuas,
 'S ni faigh sibh truas o mhullaichibh ;
 Cha dean iad buaidh 'n la ur truaigh,
 Oir sguabaidh n t-uil do dh-Ifrionn sibh.

XIII.

'Si 'n fhuil chaidh dhòrtadh, is sin gu deonach,
 'S i mhain bheir còmhnhadh eifeachdach,
 Is i bheir sòlas do 'n anam leonta,
 'N aon bhunait dòchais sin a sheasas ;
 Tha 'gutha saor do chlann nan daoين,
 Is do gach aon a dh'iarras e
 'S a teachd le gaol do pheacaich daor
 A toirt leath saors' do 'na chreidas.

MARBH-RANN

DO

MRS M'AOI.

BEAN UASAL DHIADHAIDH A BHA ANN AN DUTHAICH
MHIC AOI, A BHASAICH 15TH APRIL, 1841.

I.

A PHEGGIE chaomh Ni 'c Iarmaide,
A bha cho diadhuidh re do linn
O b' eibhin leam 'san dàna so,
Do ghràsan bhi ga 'n seinn ;
'S gu 'n eireadh sliochd a' t' aite-sa,
Bhiodh 'g aiteachadh ar fuinn,
Air 'n tuiteadh *mantle* àluinn sin,
A dh' fhàg nuair chaidh thu uainn.

II.

Cha t' uailse, no do shinnnsireachd,
 "A bhios mo dhàن a luaidh,"
 Fàgam sin do dh' fhilidhibh,
 Bha fiosrach air do shluagh :
 Bha aireamh ac bha urramach ;
 Ach dhiubh cha d' rinn thu uaill ;
 Do theaghlach uasal Israel thu,
 Bha leanmhuin beath an Uain.

III.

'Se 'n t' ainm gu tric a theirte riut,
 Sud Bean a Chreidimh Mhòr ;
 Bha 'n gràs so air a dhearbhadh dhuit,
 Ni 's luachmhoire na 'n t-or.
 'Se 'm freagradh cuimseach thug thu dhoibh,
 (Bha t' urras anns an Stòr)
 'Se th' agams' creidimh anmhuinn beag—
 Ach air an DIA THA MòR.

IV.

Bha bean gle mhòr ann 'n Israel.
 Bha measail aig an Fhaidh ;
 Thug aoidheachd dha aig àm a chuairt,
 'S tra fhuair a leanabh bàs,
 Gille no bat cha riaraicheadh ;
 Bha h-iarrtasan na b' aird :
 Bha misneachd 's creidimh diadhaidh aic
 Gu 'm biodh a leanabh slàn.

V.

Is mar-an-ceudn' 'san diadhaidheachd,
 'S am fiadhlaidh'achd mar bu chòir :
 Do' phobuil 's teachd'ribh gabhail cuairt,
 Thug aoidheachd dhoibh le deoin.
 Bha 'm bàs mar uaiths' a gearradh uait
 Gu h-aithghear do mhic òg
 'S mur fhreagair Is, thuirt Thus, "Ta
 'S e Dia a b' fhearra coir. [maith,"

VI.

Bu Mhathair ann an Isra'l thu ;
 'S tu dh' fhiosraicheadh a chlann ;
 Gu aon bha anmhuinn altrumas,
 Cha robh do leth-bhreac ann.
 Le dilseachd bha do chomhairlean,
 Gu teamhearail 's gach àm ;
 'S an deigh do bhais bidh cuimhneachais,
 Is iomradh ort nach gann.

VII.

O b' fhianuis thu bha firinneach,
 Is dileas anns gach àm,
 Le gràdh am peacach chronaich' tu,
 'S le achmhasan do chlànn ;
 Cha b' aithne dhomh 's a Chriosduidheachd,
 Co iomlan riut 's gach gràs,
 Le banalas, is suilbhearachd,
 Is tairisneachd neo-ghnàth'cht.

VIII.

Bu mhòr do bhuadhan nadurach ;
 Ach b' ailt na iad do ghràs,
 Measg rionnagan na h' iarmailte,
 Bha thusa dealrach àrd ;
 Mar *Reult na mais*, 's a mhaduin mhoch,
 Roimh briseadh mach na fàir,
 Bha solus glan do dhiadhaidheachd
 A soillseachadh gu h-aitl.

IX.

Measg mhnathibh bheannuicht Israel,
 Bha Iael oscionn chaich,
 (Mur chaidh a sheinn le Deborah,
 Am breitheamh 's a bhan-fhàidh)
 Mar sin bha thus thaobh treubhantais,
 Is teaghlaich Isr'el 'n sàs ;
 'S le buaidh do chreidimh chasgair thu
 Seadh clagainn dubh do Nàmh'd.

X.

Bha t' irioslachd, 's do chaomhalachd,
 Do threubhantas 's do thruas,
 Air 'n co-measgadh le cathrannas,
 Do mhuinntir thinn is thruagh,
 Bhiodh d' ghnuis geanail aoidhealach,
 'N àm bais bhi tarruing snuaigh.
 B' e durachd t' anam an treorachadh
 Gu feartan ful an Uain.

XI.

Cha 'n fhac thu riagh an truaghan bochd,
 Gun iochd no comhairl àrd,
 'S cha d' acain thu bhi pairteachadh
 Gach nith bhiodh aig do lamh,
 'S ged bha do chuibhrionn saoghalta
 Air uairean tuillidh 's gann,
 'Stric dhearbh do chreidimh-sa gu 'm b' e
 IEHOVAH IREH bh' ann.

XII.

Bha iomadh Dorcas caoimhneil dhuit,
 A fhritheil ort le 'm maoin ;
 'S rinn Dia Eliah d' bheathachadh
 Le fithichibh an t-saoghail.
 Bha 'n gealladh air a dhaingneachadh
 Rinn Dia 'na fhocal naomb,
 Gu 'n tugadh 'n talamh comhnadh seach,
 Do n' mhnaoi a bha ri saoth'r.

XIII.

Air teicheadh as an Eiphit dhuit,
 'S tu 'n éigin aig 'mhuir dhearg,
 Re uine bha do chuaire-sa
 'N cois fàsaich " Ru na Feirg ; "
 Far 'n robh na tonnan uabhasach,
 Ga d' chuartachadh gu garg :
 Ach troimh ghleann Achor thug e thu.
 Gu mullach beinn na h-Earbs'.

XIV.

O 'n airde mhoir so dh' amhairc thu,
 Thar feadh is leud na tir,
 Bu leat gach ni a chunnaic thu,
 Thaobh 'cho-cheangal bha sior ;
 Fhuair roimh-bhlas air na bagaidean,
 Bha beothachadh do mhiann,
 Gu sealbhachadh an oigreachd sin
 'N robh bainn, is mil, is fion.

XV.

Bha 'bheinn so dhuit mar Phisgah ud,
 Do Mhaois b'e oglach Dhe,
 O b' eibhin leat na seallaidhean,
 Bha 'n tir a gheallaidh fein !
 Na beanntaichean, 's na tullaichean,
 Na machraichean 's an treud,
 Na h-aimhnichean, 's na bailte sin,
 Bha dealradh mach fo 'n ghrein.

XVI.

Ged bha thu air do dhruideadh mach,
 Mar Dhaibhi, 'm Mesech truagh,
 O mheadhonaibh 's o orduighibh,
 Rinn Dia ort coimhead buan :
 'Na Bhiobul bheannuicht dh' fhosgail dhuit
 Na tobraighean do-luaidh,
 Mar rinn do threubhaibh Israel
 Dol triomh ghleann Baca suas,

XVII.

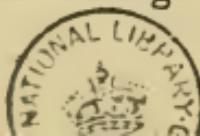
Mar dh' fhosgail Dia cridh Lydia
 Gu aoidheachd thoirt do Phòl,
 Rinn e mar sin do chridhe-sa,
 Gu h-aoibhinneach le deoin :
 Bha 'theachdairean 's an teachdaireachd
 Toirt tlachd do t' anam leoint :
 Bha 'n cosaibh-san ro mhaiseach dhuit
 'S bu taitneach leat an sgeoil.

XVIII.

Bha t' eudsa air a beothachadh,
 Le eolas is le gràdh ;
 Bha 'n tuigse air a soillseachadh,
 Le solus aoibhin árd ;
 Bha 'choguis air a glanadh nis,
 'S an anmhuinneachd a fàs ;
 'S bha 'chuimhne air a luchdachadh,
 Le teagasgibh na slainnt.

XIX.

B' e t'iarrtais nis bhi dol amach,
 Chum innilt beath na treud ;
 Is b' éibhin leat an coinneachadh,
 "An Tigh 's an Aros Dé.
 Bha do chomhairle, 's do dhùrachdan,
 Mar Mhaois do Hobab fein,
 "Thig thus 's do theaghlaich maille ruinn,"
 Is fuaim an t-soisgeul éisd.



XX.

Aig àm an tionail shòlaimte,
 Bu cheol leat guth na treud ;
 Bha do shuil is t' aire suidhichte,
 Gu cluinntinn focal Dhe.
 Dhi-chuimhnicht' sgios da thuruis leat,
 Troimh fhurachas is eud ;
 Is dh' oladh leat na firinnean
 Bhiodh 'g inns' mu Iosa céusd.

XXI.

Bhiodh pobull agus teachdairean,
 Ri t' fhaicsin air a bheinn,
 Air 'm beothachadh 'n an aignidhibh,
 'S an guth a seirm ni 's binn.
 Gheibht' *Echo* uait 's na theirte leo,
 Toirt freagairt dhoibh do shior,
 Gu 'n robh thu air do bheothachadh,
 Mar neach bha 'g òl an fhion.

XXII.

'Nàm sgaoilidh do na cho-thionail,
 'S air sineadh mach do lamh,
 Do phrasganibh toirt failte dhuit,
 Ann daimhe mhòr 's an gradh ;
 Bhiodh t' aghaidh fhaoilidh fhiallidh-sa,
 Mur IUIL-chlach aig an àm,
 A tarruing chugad mar a chruaidh,
 Le buaidh bha diomhair teann.

XXIII.

Bha t' anmhuinneachd is t' euslaintean,
 Ga d' eignachadh o Thuath,
 Gu tobraichean bha slànachadh,
 Iom' euail measg an t-sluagh ;
 Ach b' annsa leat an *Toisidheachd*,
 No fòs an *Caisteal Ruagh* ;
 Bha 'n neart 's a' milseachd druigheadh ort,
 'S dhi-chuimhnich 'n sin do thruaigh.

XXIV.

Le cosaibh aoibhneach phill air t'ais,
 Le neart as uir is treoir,
 Cuir failt air bhraithrean 's pheathraighean,
 Is reic air ais do sgeoil :
 Mar Mhoire gu tir nam beanntaichean,
 Bha sanntachadh gu mòr,
 Gu failt 'chuir air Elisabet,
 Air dhi bhi fath'sd na h-oigh.

XXV.

Do bhuadhan taght cha 'n fhulaing tim
 An scriobhadh sios gu leir ;
 Ach bha aon bhuaidh bha ainmeil duit,
 Ni' m' aithghear chuir an ceil ;
 B' e 'n grasa sin do chathannas,
 Bha dealradh mach le eud,
 Bha giulan leis, 's a comhdachadh,
 Fior anmhuinneachd na treud.

XXVI.

B' e durachd t' anam, is t'iarrtasan,
 Bhi feuchainn ann an gràdh,
 Ri càramh suas nan roinnean sin,
 Thug toinneamh, fuachd is bàs ;
 'S an spiorad geur is teichidh sin,
 Bhiodh reubadh piuth'r is brath'r,
 Dh' fheuchadh tu ri chasgadh annt,
 Mar dhrachdan dubh an Namh'd

XXVII.

Oir 's minic fhuair thu sàrachadh,
 Is cràdh do t' anam fein,
 Thaobh briseadh " Bat na Maise " sin
 Bha ceangail Isra'l Dhe ;
 'S e b' annsa leat na " Bannaibh " sin,
 Bha dealaichte o cheil,
 Bhi 'r 'n aonadh dluth 'na laimhesan,
 B'e Aodhar graidh na treud.

XXVIII.

'N tra chuir Iosiah teachdaireachd,
 Gu Huldah a Bhan-Fhaidh,
 Air Iudah bha binn breitheanais,
 Aig eiridh suas mar neul ;
 'S air Eaglais fos na h-Albaine,
 Thaobh bagraidhean na Stàid ;
 Bha 'n reubadh sin a toiseachadh,
 Chuir iomadh Eaglais fàs

XXIX.

Air leab' do bhais is t' euslainte,
 B' e t' iarrtais is do dheoin,
 Bhi cluinntinn sgeul o'n "Fhianuis" sin,
 Bha 'g innseadh dhuit o thòs,
 Mu thrioblaidean 's mo bhagraidhean,
 Thaobh Sagairtean do bhroin,
 Bha còir do Righ 's a phobuil san
 Air t' anam dol gu gloir.

XXX.

Do chairdean gaoil 's do chompanavich,
 Bha sealltuin ort 'san ait,
 'S ànn threig am misneachd buileach iad
 Bhi 'g innseadh bheag san àm,
 Bha fiosaireach thaobh t' aogais-sa,
 Bhi giulan snuadh a bhais ;
 'S e b' mhiannaich leo bhi cluinntinn uait
 Na smuaintean bh' aig do bheul.

XXXI.

Mar chaidh a sheinn mu'n Eala bhreagh,
 Gu calla chiuin a snàmh ;
 Gur binn an ceol a sheinnear leath,
 'S i 'giulan saighid bais ;
 Mar sin bha 'n suil 's an cluaise riut,
 'S do spiorad dol an aird.
 'S e thuirt thu ri do chompanach
 'S e sealltainn ort le cràdh,

XXXII.

“ Cha b' ionnan duibh 's bean Phinehas,
 “ 'Si cluinntinn mu an Airc
 “ Bhi glachdta leis na Philistnich,
 “ Bha 'spiorad air a cràdh ;
 Thug 'n sgeul ud dluth a h-aisead oirre
 Gu cabhagach gun dàil,
 'S le osnadhl throm, thuirt ICHABOD
 'S fhuair i ris am bàs.

XXXIII.

'S mar thubhairt mathair Righ Shisera,
 ('S a suil ag amhairc suas
 Troimh n' chleith is na h-uinneagan
 Gu 'm pilleadh 'n Righ le buaidh)
 “ Cia fhad a bhios do charbaid teachd,
 “ Cia fad do rothan luath ? ”
 Mar sin bha t' iarrtuis fos' 'do dhuil,
 A deoth'l do spiorad suas.

XXXIV.

S ann beagan uairean 'n deigh so,
 Thog Aingle thu a suas :
 Ghabh 'n Righ thu steach d'a lùchaintibh,
 Le crùn toirt barr'achd soills.
 Bha sluagh ro mhor gun aireamh ann,
 Toirt failte dhuit 'san uair ;
 'N trath fhuair thu sealbh san oighreachd
 A choisin Criod d'a shluagh. [sin

XXXV.

Cha mor an aireamh bhliadhneachan,
 O dh'fhalbh do dhus do 'n ùir ;
 Ach 's beag leam tha do chuimhneachan,
 No dh' iomradh air do chliu.
 Nach comharadh e air breitheanas
 Bhi tarruing dhuinne dlùth,
 Nach eil do bhriathra 's t' eiseimpleir,
 Toirt rabhaidh dhuinn as ùir.

XXXVI.

Mu ni aon turus Bhan-Righ-dheas,
 Bha ann an Seba tamh,
 A dhiteadh ann am breitheanas,
 An ginealach san àm.
 Nach dean an fhianuis fhirinneach s'
 Bha dileas labhairt ruinn,
 Le h-achmliasan 's a comhairlean,
 Toirt rabhaidhean nach gann.

XXXVII.

Tha beagan ann nach di-chuimhnich,
 'S gach sgir an robh do chuairt,
 Bhios cumhadh tric, gu 'n d' fhàg thu iad
 'S an fhàsach aig an uairs' ;
 'S ann orr' thainig a chianalas
 Bha miannachadh do ghnuis ;
 Tha iomradh air do bhuadhaibh dhoibh,
 Mar bholtrach milis cùbhr'.

XXXVIII.

Bha moran bhan thuirt Lemuel.

Bha ainmeil ann am beus ;
 Ach aon bhean tha e 'g aithris dhuinn,
 Thug barr'achd orr' gu leir ;
 Mar sin thug thus' 's na dùchan so,
 Le d' shuilbhireachd 's le t' eud ;
 Aon neach cha robh ann cosmhuil ruit,
 Na dh' fhàg thu as do dheigh.

XXXIX.

Cha 'n iongnadh leam do chompanach,
 Bhi tuirseach trom o'n uair s',
 Is do luchd graidh bhi cianalach,
 O chaidh do thogail suas.
 Tha 'n gealladh scriobht, bheir sòlas doibh,
 Ri aghaidh bròn is truaigh,
 An t' Athair tha o shiorruidheachd,
 Gu 'n siab gach deur o'n gruaidh.

XL.

Tha gealladh eil' ro mhisneachail,
 Air 'n tigeadh dhuinn 'san àm,
 (Nuair tha ar gaibhlean briseadh oirn,
 Cho tric le iomadh bearn) :
 Bhi tagradh ris gu dùrachdach
 Le urnuigh bhuan gun dàil,
 An riochd nan sinsir eudmhor ud,
 Gu 'n eireadh clann nan ait.

XLI.

Gu criochnachadh mo Dhàn a nis
'S ga fàgail aig mo linn,
'S e th' agamsa re aithris oirre,
Mar thubhairt a Bhan-Righ,
Mu shaibhreas Shol', 's a shubhailcean,
'S mu 'n cual i a bhi 'g inns,
Cha deach aon leth a labhairt oirre,
Na dh 'fheudamaid a sheinn.

W. F.

CRIOCH.