

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S
"CLARSACH NAM BEANN."

LOCH-DUICH.

LOCH-DUICH, hail ! Scene so all-resplendent !
Were power befitting my wish now mine,
Soon, in a song as my theme transcendent,
Thy charms unmatched would forever shine.

While storms are often o'er ocean sweeping,
Unbroken here is thy slumber, deep
And calm as that of an infant sleeping
Near some sad mother who wakes to weep.

Well may the skiff of the fisher daring,
When tempest-tossed on a sea more wide,
Be often seen towards thee glad-steering,
Assured of safety on thy calm tide.

Ye hills that soar in stern beauty yonder,
Proud watchers over Loch-duich's rest,
Well may ye glory to see your grandeur
Thus mirror'd daily in Duich's breast !

How grand the sight when, with night advancing,
The stars seem touching your summits bold !
Nor less the joy when, your charms enhancing,
The morning crowns you with wreaths of gold.

Hark ! 'tis yon urchins among the heather,—
They see green woods in the lake below,
And fondly question each other whether
Brown nuts and berries may 'mong them grow !

The herd-boy near them, with no less wonder,
 Sees kine within the lake's bosom clear,
 And thankful seems, as he looketh on there,
 The head he tendeth himself still near !

DUN-DONNAN !* tow'ring there, grim and hoary—
 Thou ghost of greatness long passed away,
 Outliving scenes once thy grace and glory,
 Good cause thou hast to look sad and gray.

Thou seem'st like Ossian, alone, lamenting
 His vanished prowess—his kindred dead ;
 Time, thy stern foeman, knows no relenting ;
 Soon, soon shall all but thy fame be fled.

'Tis said, when moonbeams are round thee gleaming,
 Oft by thy sea-circled base is seen
 A maiden form of the gentlest seeming,
 Sad-singing there 'mong the seaweed green.

The passing fisherman shrewdly guesses
 That hapless nymph of the golden hair
 Is sad because of the missed caresses
 From some false lover once hers to share !

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Ye streams, that ever in grateful numbers
 Pour to Loch-duich your tribute due,
 I marvel not it so often slumbers,
 Lulled by the anthems thus sung by you.

* More properly, Caisteal Donnain, once the residence of the "Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high Chief of Kintail!"

Here—through fair, dlower-mantled meadows passing,
Ye, lingering, waken your softest song ;
There—higher up, bright as sunbeams flashing,
Ye ceaseless roar, rage, and rush along !

SCUR-ORAIN, chief of a thousand mountains !
Storm-swept and bare though thy forehead be,
The stag delights to live by thy fountains ;—
Hark ! 'tis the cry of the Chase in thee !

What though, with fleetness the winds excelling,
The quarry far to the desert flies,
Ere ends that yell 'mong the rocks far-pealing
The antler'd Pride of the Forest dies.

Fain would I sing of yon dell roe-haunted,
And thou, Kintail of the woodlands gay,
Where the cuckoo's first spring notes are chanted,
And wildflowers grace even Winter's sway !

Nor would Glensheil in my lay find wanting
The praises due to its minstrel throng,
But most of all to the charmers haunting
That happy Eden of love and song !

But time forbids. Fare thee well, Loch-duich !
Though thy green banks I no more may see,
While life's warm stream in my bosom floweth
I'll cease not lauding and loving thee.

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THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

(Translated from the author's Gaëlic by the late Rev. Dr. Buchanan,
Methven, Scotland.)

SHE died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun-glow
By fleeting shadows chased ;
She died—like heaven's rainbow
By gushing showers effaced.

She died—like snow glad-gracing
Some sea-marge fair, when lo !
Rude waves each other chasing,
Quick hide it 'neath their flow.

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell :
She died—as dies the story
When the best is still to tell !

She died—as dies moon-beaming,
When scowls the rayless main :
She died—like sweetest dreaming
Quick changed to waking pain.

She died—and died she early ;
Heaven wearied for its own.
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down !

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME POEM.

(Contributed to the "*Teachdaire Gaidhealach*," by the late
Lachlan MacLean, of Glasgow.)

Thy life was like a morning cloud
Of rosy hue, at break of day ;
The envious sun appears, and soon
The rival glory melts away.

Thy life was like May's sunny beams
By shadows brushed o'er field and flower ;
Or like the bow of heaven that sheds
Its glory in a fleeting shower.

Thy life was like new-fallen snow,
Gracing some sea-beach lately bared ;
The tide returns with heedless flow—
The sky-born guest hath disappeared !

Thy life was like some tuneful harp
Abruptly stopped when sweetest strung,
Or like "the tale of other years"
To expectation half unsung.

Thy life was like a passing gleam
Of moonlight on the troubled main,
Or like some blissful dream which he
Who dreams, may never dream again.

O child of promise bright ! although
'Twere wrong to grudge to heaven its own,
Our tears, withal, will often flow
To think thy sun so soon gone down.

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

(An abbreviated free translation of one of the Author's earliest
Gælic productions.)

IN vain do springtime's many charms essay
To chase the gloom in Aray's glen to-day ;
The strains that there once charmed my listening ear
Can ne'er again avail my heart to cheer.

When that fair star, so late my soul's delight,
Hath vanished, never more to cheer my sight, —
When my fond heart, sad-missing joy so brief,
Lies in the dust, enamoured of its grief, —

When, for the couch she soon might reach, love-led,
The grave becometh Jessie's bridal bed,
Well may the tears of friendship freely flow,
And life to me be an unending woe.

Insatiate Death ! was it to make us see
How all impartial fly thy arrows, we
Are left to mourn her dead, whose graces might
Make even thee ashamed our prayers to slight ?

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Alas for Life ! its frail unequal thread
Is, like the gossamer in sunshine spread,
The ready wreck of the first passing blast,
And yieldeth first where it should longest last.

'Tis thus that all too soon in death's cold sleep
Closed Jessie's eyes, while mine are left to weep ;

Better it were, than thus be left, to have
My own last sleep beside her in the grave.

Shade of my love ! if it indeed be true
That spirits blest, though hidden from our view,
May still be round us, guardian angels rare,
Oh, be it mine to feel thee often near,—

An inspiration ever leading me
To justify thy loving sympathy
By actions such as may alone secure
The conscious favour of thy spirit pure.

Come then, in all thy wanted, loving grace,
Making the grief, now my sole guest, give place
To the sweet hope that, this vain life once o'er,
I'll see thee and be near thee evermore.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(From the Gaelic of J. McDonald, a Ross-shire bard of the
last century.)

CHORUS.—Hey, my winsome Mary,—
Mary fondly free !
Hey, my winsome Mary,
Mary, mine to be !
Winsome, handsome Mary,
Who so fair as she ?
My own Highland lassie,
Dear as life to me !

Long ere in my bosom
Lodged Love's arrow keen,
Often with young Mary
In Gleusmeoil I've been ;
Happy hours ! succeeded
By affection true,
'Till there seem'd 'neath heaven
No such loving two !

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

Often I and Mary
Desert haunts have sought,
Innocent of any
Evil deed or thought,—
Cupid, sly enchanter,
Tempting us to stray
Where the leafy greenwood
Keeps the sun at bay.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

What although all Albin
And its wealth were mine,
How, without thee, darling,
Could I fail to pine ?
As my bride to kiss thee
I would prize far more
Than the all of treasure
Europe has in store.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

Fairer is the bosom
Of my loving one
Than the downy plumage
Of the floating swan ;
Hers the slim waist graceful,
And the neck whose hue
Matches well the sea-gull's
Out on Gairloch blue.

CHORUS — Hey, my &c.

What a wealth of tresses
Mary dear can show !
Crown of lustre rarer
Ne'er graced maiden brow.
'Tis but little dressing
Need those tresses rare,
Falling fondly, proudly
O'er her shoulders fair.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c

Hers are teeth whose whiteness
Snow alone can peer ;
Hers the breath all fragrance,
Voice of loving cheer,—
Cheeks of cherry ripeness,
Eyelids drooping down
'Neath a forehead never
Shadowed by a frown.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

Out on royal splendours !
Love best makes his bed
Among the leaves and grasses
Of the sylvan shade,
Where the blissful breezes
Tell of bloom and balm,
And health-giving streamlets
Sing their ceaseless psalm.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c

No mere music art-born
There our pleasures crowned ;
Music far more cheering
Nature for us found,—
Larks in air, and thrushes
On each flow'ring thorn,
And the cuckoo hailing
Summer's gay return !

CHORUS.—Hey, my winsome Mary,—
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Hey, my winsome Mary,
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Who so fair as she ?
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Dear as life to me !