

GAELIC SONGS OF
MARY MACLEOD



E 746

A. E. Robertson

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, RODEL, HARRIS

North Uist and the Sound of Harris in the distance

GAELIC SONGS OF MARY MACLEOD

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION,
TRANSLATION, NOTES, ETC.

BY

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Orain agus Luinneagan
Gàidhlig le Màiri nighean
Alasdair Ruaidh

Preface

The scarcity of published Gaelic literature, which is one of the chief factors adversely affecting the spoken language, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the present book is not only the first edition but even the first complete collection of the surviving songs of the poetess of Harris and Skye. She is probably the best of our minor Gaelic bards, and she has been dead for two centuries and a quarter; yet her songs have remained scattered in various scarce books, and only four of them have hitherto been edited. How much of her works is lost to us we can only guess; this book contains all that is known to survive.

Circumstances have constrained me to try to meet three needs, the needs of the Gaelic reader, of the English reader, and of the schools. In special regard to the first and last, it may be said that the text has been formed on principles stated elsewhere, that the spelling conforms to correct modern standards, and that the apostrophe has been kept strictly in control. A vocabulary is given, and the few points of language that seemed to need discussion have received it. The Introduction contains what I have been able to gather about the life of the poetess, along with some literary matter which is meant to amplify what is said about Mary MacLeod in the introduction to *Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig*.

As regards the translation, the text is perhaps hard enough to justify a literal rendering, and such a rendering

is necessarily in prose; but in any case I am convinced that, to convey what is communicable of the spirit of the original, prose is preferable to verse, and that the best English is the simplest. I hope that the English reader will at least gather what Mary is singing about, and that, if he abandons any previous misconceptions about Celtic gloom and mysticism, he will perceive that the original is simple and direct, though he cannot hear its melody or appreciate its sincere emotion.

My grateful thanks are due to all who have helped me in this little work; to Miss Héloïse Russell-Fergusson, at whose suggestion it was undertaken; to the Librarian of the National Library of Scotland, and to the Librarian of Glasgow University for access to manuscripts in their charge; to Mr. Alexander Nicolson, Glasgow, who generously lent me, before its publication, his paper on Mary MacLeod read before the Gaelic Society of Glasgow, so that I could compare my results with his, and who was ever ready to aid me in other ways; to Mr. Roderick Martin of Obbe, Harris, and to Mr. Iain MacLeod of Bernera, Harris, who gave me their local tradition; to the Rev. A. E. Robertson (a descendant of Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera), for the photograph which forms the frontispiece; and to Mr. Angus Matheson, who in reading the entire proof made many valuable suggestions. Above all, I am indebted to my father, Professor Watson, for the wisest of counsel and the best of help. I need not say that none of these shares my responsibility for the book's defects.

Is e m'aon mhiann gum bi an leabhran so mar chloich air chàrn ban-bhàird nan eilean, agus a chum maith Gàidhlig na h-Albann.

J. C. W.

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INTRODUCTION

Information about the life of Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, or Mary MacLeod, is disappointingly scanty, and is largely derived from tradition whether recorded by John Mackenzie in the *Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, or by George Henderson in *Dàin Iain Ghobha*, or still current, especially in Harris and Skye. Even a century ago, when Mackenzie was collecting, this tradition was vague or, as in the dates of her birth and death, erroneous; it is still more vague and fragmentary now. Besides this, it is occasionally wholly illusory; for the contents or phraseology of a poem may give rise to a quite mistaken tradition of the circumstances of its composition, as in the case of the local Loch Ness tradition about the poem *Do Mhac Dhomhnaill*. Luckily, however, Mary's works contain enough clear evidence of her period and the circumstances of her life to correct and amplify tradition in some respects.

The account given in the *Beauties* is briefly as follows:

She was born in Rodel in Harris,¹ the daughter of Alexander MacLeod, son of Alasdair Ruadh a descendant of the chief of the clan. She does not seem to have composed poetry until somewhat advanced in life and employed as nurse in the chief's household, when her first production was a song made to please the children under her charge. Some time after the composition of the *Luinneag do Iain* she published a song which so provoked

¹ In 1569, says Mackenzie.

her patron, MacLeod, that he banished her to Mull, under the charge of a relative of his own. During her exile there she composed *Luinneag Mhic Leoid*, and when MacLeod heard the song he sent a boat for her, giving orders to the crew not to take her on board unless she promised that on her return to Skye she would make no more songs. To this Mary agreed, and returned to Dunvegan Castle. Soon after, on the recovery of the Laird's son from illness, Mary composed a song which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which incurred the chief's displeasure. To his remonstrance against her making songs without his permission she replied, "It is not a song, it is only a *crònan*." In a song which Mackenzie heard but which was never printed, and which ended with an address to "Tormod nan trì Tormod", Mary mentioned that she had nursed five lairds of the MacLeods and two of the lairds of Applecross. She died at the age of 105, and was buried in Harris. Mackenzie knew an old man, Alexander MacRae, a tailor in Mellen of Gairloch, who sang many of Mary's songs, none of which was ever printed, and which he was prevented from taking down by MacRae's death in 1833. One of them was a rather extraordinary piece, resembling MacDonald's *Birlinn*, and composed when John, son of Sir Norman, took her for a sail in a new boat. There was another and inferior poetess of the family of Alasdair Ruadh, sometimes confused with Mary, and known as Fionnghal nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, or Flora MacLeod; she was a native of Skye and lived in Trotternish, where some of her descendants still were when Mackenzie wrote. All that he had heard of her poetry was a satire on the Clan Martin and an elegy on MacLeod of Dunvegan. Such, then, is Mackenzie's account.

That Mary was related to the chief of her clan is strongly corroborated by present tradition; in Bernera

of Harris it is even said that Sir Norman's regard for her was due to his knowing that her blood was not inferior to his own. On one occasion Mary and Sir Norman's son Iain fell into a dispute as to which of them was more nearly related to the line of the chiefs; Mary declared with confidence that in that respect she was no whit inferior, perhaps superior, to him and his father, which so stung the boy that he begged Sir Norman to punish her. "Gabh mo chomhairle, a dheagh mhic,"¹ said Sir Norman, "leig le Màiri Ruadh agus na cuir an còrr dragha oirre." ("Take my advice, my good son," said Sir Norman, "leave Màiri Ruadh alone and don't trouble her further.") The interpretation put on this in Bernera seems to be that Sir Norman knew that Mary, if pressed too far, might disclose what would be better hidden. ✓ Her father is said to have been called Alasdair Ruadh na Droighnich, and those in Harris who gave this information say that he came from Drynoch in Skye—the only Drynoch in the Isles. The late Alexander Mackenzie says¹ that she was the daughter² of Alexander second son of Norman second son of William fifth chief of MacLeod; but this, though stated as a fact, is pure conjecture, and is demolished by the date of William's death, which occurred in 1405. Descendants of her father are or recently were living in Harris; one of them still alive gives his own genealogy: Tormod mac Thor-
 moid mhic Dhomhnaill mhic Iain mhic Thormoid mhic
 Dhomhnaill mhic Néill mhic Alasdair Ruaidh; while a
 woman who died at Obbe in Harris about twenty years
 ago, named Màiri Ruadh, herself something of a poetess,
 was generally known to be descended from or related to
 Mary MacLeod and named after her.

John Mackenzie, as we have seen, records that she

¹ "Màiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh": *Trans. Gael. Soc. Inverness*, Vol. xxii, 43 ff.

2 She was descended from him, & her branch was called the MacLeods of St. Hilda. (Bannatyne MS. (see Mackenzie's *Genealogy*, 58.).)

was supposed to have died aged 105; present tradition says merely that she attained a great age. We know from ll. 375-8 (Ruairidh mór Mac Leoid nam bratach, Is ann 'na thigh mór a fhuair mi am macnys), that she was at least more than an infant when Sir Roderick Mór died in 1626, and the probability is that she was already employed in his household. This may well have been when she was not more than ten or eleven; and the date of her birth is placed tentatively as c. 1615, perhaps a little earlier.¹ The date of her death was first shown some fifteen years ago¹ to be in or after the year 1705, when she composed the *marbhrann* on Sir Norman of Bernera who died on 3rd March of that year.

We have no reason to doubt the strong tradition that she was born in Rodel in Harris, though one or two old men claim the isle of Pabbay* as her birthplace. It appears that she spent part of her childhood in Bracadale in Skye (ll. 365-8, Uilbhinnis a' chruidh chaisfhinne Far an d'fhuair mi gu h-òg m'altrum). When she entered the household of Dunvegan in the capacity of *bean altruim* (nurse) we do not know, but the fact is well vouched for. With that house she was ever more closely and more honourably associated throughout the chiefship of Iain Mór (Sir Roderick Mór's son and successor), Roderick (Iain's son), Iain Breac (Roderick's brother), Roderick (Iain Breac's son), and Norman (Roderick's brother); more even than to any of these she was passionately devoted to Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera in Harris, the third son of Sir Roderick Mór. Sir Norman's house, part of which is still standing, was near the sea on the north-east side of Bernera, in full view of the Sound of Harris, of Rodel with its Tower, of the Minch, and the hills of Skye. There remains above its lintel a marble slab with the inscription, "Hic natus est illus-

¹ *Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig*, Introd., p. xxxiv.

* This very likely, for Macleods of H.
Kilola lived in Pabbay.

tris ille Normanus MacLeod de Berneray eques auratus," but the date of his birth is unfortunately not given! At a short distance from this spot was the house which Sir Norman gave to Mary MacLeod, in a place called Tobhtan Craobh, and close beside a great well used by Sir Norman and called Tobar mór Mhic Leoid, which is still in use. The remains of the house are still to be seen, though covered with turf. According to local tradition, she was somewhat advanced in life when she went to Bernera, and how much time she spent there must remain a conjecture; yet it is clear that her connexion with the island was a strong one, and it is a possibility worth considering that "the land of MacLeod" to which she returned at the close of her exile was Bernera and not Dunvegan (cf. *Fuigheall*, notes).

We have no exact information as to her position in MacLeod's household of Dunvegan during her poetic career, yet there can be no doubt that it was one of privilege and prestige little if at all inferior to that enjoyed in a great household by a trained bard in the preceding period. It will be remembered that during the chiefship of Iain Breac (1664-93), Mary's younger contemporary, an Clàrsair Dall, occupied the position of harper in the same "wide mansion".

The song ending with an address to "Tormod nan trà Tormod" was possibly written after the birth of Norman the nineteenth chief, in 1706, the three Normans being his father the eighteenth chief, Sir Norman of Bernera, and Norman of Harris and Dunvegan, father of Sir Roderick Mór. The five "lairds" of the MacLeods whom she nursed were, it may be, Roderick the fifteenth chief, who was under eighteen when his father died in 1649; his younger brother Iain Breac; Iain Breac's sons Roderick and Norman; and Norman's son Norman. The two "lairds" of Applecross, again, we must suppose

to be Iain Molach, who succeeded his father Roderick in 1646, and his eldest son Alexander.

That Mary was at some time compelled to leave Dunvegan is certain, but it will be noticed that John Mackenzie does not specify the chief who is alleged to have banished her, nor the song which he says offended him. Alexander Mackenzie, in the paper mentioned, draws attention to the fact that her exile cannot be placed earlier than 1660, since the *Luinneag*, for example, which was composed during her exile, speaks of *Sir Tormod*, and Norman of Bernera was not knighted until the Restoration. He concludes that she was exiled by Roderick the fifteenth chief, who fell heir in 1649, and died in 1664; that she was recalled by Iain Breac; and that the cause of her exile was the displeasure of Roderick at her praise of his uncle, Sir Norman of Bernera, and his cousin Iain.

In placing Mary's exile after 1660 Alexander Mackenzie is of course correct; but he gives no proof whatever that it was Roderick the fifteenth chief who exiled her and Iain Breac who recalled her. On the contrary, the *Luinneag* belongs to the period of her exile, and internal evidence shows that it was composed after 1675¹ nor can any poem belonging to that period be shown to be earlier than that date.

The cause of her banishment is obscure. Two explanations of it have been mentioned already; a third is that of Miss Tolmie, who suggested that it was due to fear that her over-praise of the young children of the house would bring ill-luck upon them. Perhaps preferable to any of these solutions is Mr. Alexander Nicolson's, that she was among those dependants who suffered expulsion from Dunvegan under the anglicised régime of Roderick the seventeenth chief, and that she was restored

¹ BGh., p. 314.

at the accession of his brother Norman. This is certainly in harmony with the tone of *Cumha do Mhac Leoid* and *An Crònán*. It would place her exile late in life, for Roderick succeeded in 1693 and died in 1699.

Both John and Alexander Mackenzie give Mull as the place of her exile; the truth seems rather that she made a *cuairt*. A tradition which is still extant recounts that she was at first in Scarba, a barren islet which at present contains two families, and this is reinforced by the heading and contents of the *Tuireadh*. Besides this, a tradition known to Dr. Carmichael and still strong in Harris tells us that the poem "Ri fuaim an taibh", which is called *Crònán an Taibh*, was composed during her exile on the isle of Pabbay* in Harris, where Mary's brother Neil, MacLeod's factor for St. Kilda, is said to have lived. Bard Phabaidh, born ~~about 1812~~, refers to her in one of his poems: in 1816

Chaidh roimhe ban-Leòdach

Chur air fògradh do'n àite so;

Rinn i luinneagan 's crònain

luinneag is crònain

Chur air dòigh ann am bàrdachd ann.

Bhiodh i gearan a cluasan

Iomadh uair 's cha bu nàir di e,

Ag èisdeachd gàirich a' chuain

Bha cho cruaidh ris na ¹ tàirneanaich. ✓ tr.

Pabbay is now uninhabited save for two shepherds. The evidence of tradition, however, makes it clear that she was also in Mull, and we can gather with tolerable certainty from her own words that this was at the end of her exile, and that it was to Mull that the boat came to fetch her home; if we read Aros and not àros in l. 905 (v. note) it appears that she embarked from that place upon her homeward voyage.

The poetess is still known to tradition as Màiri mhór

¹ See also Henderson *Leabhar nan Gleann*, p. 56.

* This is so; and the song (l. 518) corroborates it.
Mary's family (hereditary stewards of St. Kilda) lived there.

* cf. S. Macpherson (1801) p. 196
 nan òran ¹; Duncan Kennedy ² records that she was known
 "encomiastically" as Màiri Seud, Mary the jewel. She
 used to wear a tartan *tonnag* (no very distinctive dress),
 and carry a silver-headed staff, and her behaviour in her
 old age must have made a great impression on her con-
 temporaries. She was much given, it is said, to whisky
 and snuff; the presentation to her of a snuff-mull forms
 the provenance of one of her songs. On her deathbed,
 she is said to have composed a song, "Hó ró, gur toigh
 leam an dram, Is lìonmhor fear tha an geall air", an
 interesting reference to which is found in Uilleam Ros,
Moladh an Uisge-bheatha:

Hó ró gur toigh leinn drama,
 Hó ró gur toigh leinn drama,
 Hó ró gur toigh leinn drama,
 Is iomadh fear tha an geall air.

.

Ach tròcair gun d'fhuair a' chailleach
 Bha uair eigin anns na Hearadh;
 Cha mhiosa nì mi do mholadh
 Ged a lean mi am fonn aic'.

Thagh i am fonn so is sheinn i cliù dhuit, &c.

In old age Mary met a woman called Màiri Ghobhainn,
 and greeted her:

Fàilte ort fhéin, a Mhàiri Ghobhainn,
 Ged tha thu air fàs cho odhar riabhach;

to which the other Mary replied:

Tha thu fhéin cho lachdunn odhar
 Is ged bhiodh tu fo thodhar bliadhna.

¹ Perhaps by confusion with Mary Macpherson.

² *An Laoidheadair Gaelic*: Glasgow; 1st ed. 1786 (only two copies known to exist); 2nd ed. 1836.

* Tha sgìlm gain huim is suas Ìlari leud [?S,sh]

She directed that she should be placed face downward in the grave—"beul nam breug a chur foidhpe"; her burial-place is still known in the south transept of Tùr Chliamain, St. Clement's church in Rodel.

We come now to give some account of Mary's place in the history of Scottish Gaelic Literature.¹

Standing as she does in the period of transition from the classic to the modern style of poetry, she has been commonly supposed the originator of the latter, to have snapped the cramping fetters of syllabic versification (which was universal in the classic poetry), and to have invented the metre which has been called strophic.² She is, says John Mackenzie, stating a view which later writers have elaborated, "the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rimes are all equally her own."

These claims were advanced on wrong information as to the dates of her birth and death, and are now necessarily abandoned. In regard particularly to the metre which she is alleged to have invented, it has been pointed out that this very metre was used by Iain Lom in his two earliest poems, one of which was composed before 1643, earlier than the first poem of certain date ascribed to Mary MacLeod. "Of the two, therefore, John MacDonald has the better claim to originality."

But behind any attempt to fix on any poet as the founder of the modern school lies the idea that during the ascendancy of the classic poetry, popular poetry was not practised. Such an artificial arrangement cannot stand; the two periods overlap. Leaving aside Ossianic ballad poetry, we know that, just as poetry was written in the classic style long after the modern was fully established, so popular poetry, in stressed metre, was composed

¹ Most of this section is based on *BGh.* *Introd.*, which should be consulted.

² *BGh.*, xlv.

perhaps as much as a century before Mary's first poem of certain date. This poetry survives; but even if it did not, it is clearly incredible that until the time of Iain Lom and Mary MacLeod the only poets in existence were the trained bards; and it is only natural to suppose that the strophic metre, of which our earliest example is by Iain Lom, was among the metres used by the untrained poets of that period and had a natural origin long before Iain Lom.

The last of the learned bards, Domhnall Mac Mhuirich, did not die until after 1722; but already in Mary's day the bardic schools, along with the social order to which they belonged, were in an advanced state of decay. As the classic poetry lost its pre-eminence the popular poetry invaded its province, and attained a status of greater dignity and importance than it had before possessed; and here we may make on Mary's behalf a legitimate claim to originality. Of her sixteen surviving pieces four are slight; the remaining twelve are without exception laments for or panegyrics upon distinguished members of great houses. We may therefore claim that Mary was, so far as we know, the first to write what we may call court poetry in popular diction and popular versification. That she had few successors in this was due to the passing away of the Gaelic polity in which the court poet flourished.

compose

In this aspect of her work we see that she has much in common with the trained bards; yet two principal points of difference are obvious, and are notable in their effect on her successors in vernacular poetry. First, lacking their learning, she confines herself more closely than they do to the subject and the immediate occasion of the panegyric, varying her theme only in a small degree with *sgeula*, poetic history, as they so frequently did, and introducing, as they did much less, a strong element of personal feeling and emotion, so that she

is not less lyrical than panegyrist; and second, in contrast to the extreme ornateness of classical poetry, the product of many years of instruction and practice, her poetry bears no sign of having lain long under the file; on the contrary its flow is perfectly spontaneous, natural and effortless. In the case of a poet of such genius as hers, this seldom degenerates into the carelessness of mediocrity; but this spontaneity, encouraged by the ease of the rime system in Gaelic, and by the abandonment of the varied classic ornamentation, has sometimes in later poetry produced a much inferior effect.

The spirit and atmosphere of Mary MacLeod's panegyric is on the whole that of the classic poetry. The subject of a learned panegyric is praised for his strength, his prowess in war and hunt, and his beauty; for his noble descent; for his hospitality and generosity, especially to poets and harpers; and for his modesty, wisdom, and so forth. All these themes are very prominent in Mary MacLeod; it is hardly too much to say that, with the reservations made above, her matter is that of the classic bards expressed in the vernacular. Of Sir Norman of Bernera the classic panegyrist says:

Aiceacht múinte gach mhic óig
'n a luighe fá lic Thormóid: ¹

Mary's equivalent is (ll. 1118, 1119):

Fo bhùird an cistidh
Chaidh grunn a' ghliocais.

A few random examples, which could be largely increased, will serve further to show how the same thought often lies behind her simple and charming language and the stately and sonorous diction of the schools.

¹ The examples are taken from those Scottish classic poems which have been edited, and in most cases translated, by Professor W. J. Watson. The present example is from the Nat. Lib. *Elegy on Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera*.

(1) The conventional description of the man praised:

l. 180. Bu ghorm laghach do shùil.

l. 447. Sùil ghorm as glan sealladh.

Compare: Eoin na rosg ngorm.¹

l. 454. Cùl dualach nan camlùb.

l. 1045. Air an d'fhàs an cùl dualach
Is e 'na chuachagan teudbhuidhe.

l. 1129. Air cùl nan clannfhalt teudbhuidh'.

Compare: Ciabh fhollán ghlan ag an ghiolla;²
"Locks thick and bright the youth possesses."

ciabh na gcuach;²
"clustering locks."

a fholt mar ór;²
"thou with hair like gold."

Ciabh iongantach na n-órdhual;
"wondrous tresses golden and curling."

l. 179. Bu bhreac mìn-dearg do ghnùis.

l. 449. Gruaidh ruiteach.

Compare: A ghnúis nach deirge an daoimfion;³
"thou whose countenance is ruddy as the
diamond."

a ngruadha datha a ndiaidh a ndonnuidh
a ngliaidh ar Ghalluibh;⁴
"Their cheeks are flushed (? darkened) after
their embrowning in fray against Saxons."

a dhonnabhruigh shaoir gun tsal;⁵
"thou brown-browed noble without spot."

¹ *Fionnlagh Ruadh to MacGregor.*

² *Unpublished Gaelic Poetry, I, Scottish Gaelic Studies, I, i.*

³ *Unpub. G. Poetry, II, S. G. S. I, ii.*

⁴ *Unpub. G. Poetry, III, S. G. S. II, i.*

⁵ *Unpub. G. Poetry, V, S. G. S. II, ii.*

ar eachtra áigh dá dhreich dhuinn; ¹
 “ when the brown-faced was on warlike venture.”

a n-deabhaidh ba dian an dreachdhonn; ¹
 “ in conflict keen was the brownfaced.”

(2) The description of his character:

ll. 542, 543. An ceudfaidh 's an cliù,
 Am féile is an gnùis nàire.

ll. 1021, 1022. Fìor Leòdach ùr gasda
 Foinnidh beachdail glic fialaidh thu.

Compare: a ghruaidh ógnáir fhaoilidh úr; ²
 “ thou of joyous, fresh, young, and shamefast
 cheek.”

ar chéill coinbhirt chédfuidh chert; ³
 “ such were his wisdom, prowess, understanding,
 justice.”

(3) His liberality, especially to poets, &c.:

ll. 515, 516. Gu talla nan cuach
 Far am biodh tathaich nan truagh dàimheil.

ll. 893, ff. Dùn Bheagain . . .
 Anns am freagair luchd-theud
 Bheir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghlòireach.

ll. 525 ff. Teach farsaing 's e fial fàilteach.
 Bhiodh teanal nan cliar
 Ré tamaill is cian
 Dh'fhios a' bhaile am biodh triall chàirdean.

l. 751. Gu dùn ud nan cliar.

ll. 754 ff. Gu dùn turaideach àrd,
 B'e sud innis nam bàrd
 Is nam filidh ri dàn, &c.

¹ *Elegy on Donnchadh Dubh; An Deò-Gréine.*

² *Unpub. G. Poetry, IV, S. G. S. II, ii.*

³ *Elegy on Donnchadh Dubh.*

ll. 297 ff. Làmh . . . air am bu shuarach an t-òr
Thoir a bhuannachd a' cheoil.

ll. 631, 632. A cheann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh
Is a leannain na féileachd.

ll. 1208, 1209. Gun deach airc air luchd-theud
An uair sgapadh tu fhéin na crùin.

Also ll. 1024, 936 ff., 1130 ff., 1210 ff., 1234 ff.

Compare: chuiris srian fa ádh na hAlban
ag riar dhámh is bhard is bhocht;¹

Tig fa ghéguibh an chruinn chumhra
iomad truagh ag teacht fa dháil;²

"Under the branches of the fragrant tree many
a man in poor case makes his tryst."

Dá leantar leis lorg na sinnser,
saoithe aige anfuaidh siad;

bí gach drong don chléir 'na chathruigh,
da bfonn féin nach athruigh iad;³

??
"If he tread in his forefathers' steps, men of
learning will abide with him; in his stronghold
will be each company of poets, in number such
that they hear not their own songs."

Téid Giolla-easbuig an oinigh
tar fhéin Eórpa ag conmháil cliar;
dul tar chách an gach céim oile,
budh ghnáth da fhréimh roimhe riamh;³

"Giolla-easbuig the generous surpasses Europe's
warriors in maintaining poet bands; to surpass
all others in every other step of honour has ever
been the wont of his line before him."

Do nítheadh sgéla iongnadh d'aithris
d'Artúr fhial d'aidhche 's do ló;
beatha da dheoin níor áil d'fhéchuin
gan chnáimh sgeoil do dhéanamh dhó;³

¹ *Fionnlagh Ruadh to MacGregor.*

² *Panegyric on William, son of Sir Norman of Bernera* (anon.).

³ *Unpub. G. Poetry*, IV, S. G. S. II, ii.

" Tales of wonder were wont to be told to generous Arthur by night and day; of food he cared not of his will to taste, unless there were made for him matter for a tale."

Fhuaras mo rogha theach mhór
a mbí na cliara ag comhól. . . .
Do'n gcléir ní cumhang an teach
giodh cumhang é d'a theaghlach.¹

" I have found of houses my choice supreme,
wherein the poet bands use to feast To the
learned the house is not narrow, though narrow
it be for all its household."

Níor dhealaigh cliar leathlom leis; ²
" poets parted not from him half-bare."

ceann an cheóil; ²
" head of music."

Mary's metaphor is also in the classic style; an example of one kind will suffice:

1. 183. A lùb abhall nam buadh.
1. 207. Thuit a' chraobh as a bàrr.
1. 613. abhall an lios so.
1. 927. O's craobh de'n abhall phriseil thu.

Compare: bile Banbha, " Banba's lofty tree." ³
ar ccrann fosguidh fíneamhna, " he is our shel-
tering vine." ⁴
a ghég tarla fá thoradh, " thou branch laden
with fruit." ⁴
a choillbhile is tiogh toradh, " thou forest tree
thick of fruit." ⁴

1. 555. Bu tu an t-ubhal thar mios àrdchraoibh.

Compare: Mac Mhic Cailin cnú ós crobhuing, " MacCailin's
son is the cluster's topmost nut." ⁵

¹ *Fionnlagh Ruadh to MacGregor.* ² *Elegy on Donnchadh Dubh.*

³ *Unpub. G. Poetry, I, S. G. S. I, i.* ⁴ *Unpub. G. Poetry, V, S. G. S. II, ii.*

⁵ *Unpub. G. Poetry, IV, S. G. S. II, ii.*

Again, in *Crònan an Taibh* she follows the common usage of the classic bards in placing at the end of a poem addressed to a chieftain a few stanzas in praise of the chief's lady.

These correspondences imply, not of course that she had read works of the classical school, for we know that she was unlettered, but that her times permitted her to have a thorough familiarity with its characteristics and ways of thought. These she absorbed and made her own; and if, despite the vast discrepancy in diction and technique, there is to be found in modern poetry any affinity with the earlier style, we owe this to Mary MacLeod and her contemporaries.

In Gaelic Scotland, as in Ireland, Mary's period was one of very remarkable poetic activity; the Gaelic bards between 1645 and 1725, led by Iain Lom and Mary MacLeod, form a group whose style, thought, and outlook will bear close comparison, and who are numbered at close upon fifty.¹ Not all of these of course were poets of a very high order, fewer still of the first class; but we will agree with Maclean Sinclair when he says: "The poetesses who flourished between 1645 and 1725 were especially remarkable for their talents. I do not know where we are to look among our Highland poetesses for better composers of songs than Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, Dorothy Brown, Sìle na Ceapaich, the Aigeannach, and Mairearad nighean Lachainn."

This flowering of the genius of a highly-gifted people coincided happily with the stage at which the language found itself. We find, it is true, two or three English words in Mary; yet in the main the vernacular was on the one hand unaffected by English, and on the other hand was elevated by being applied, in place of the literary language, to higher poetic uses than before. It

¹ Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair, *Gaelic Bards*, *Trans. G. Soc. Invs.*, xxiv.

possessed at that time a perfection of harmony, flexibility, lucidity and copiousness, along with a richness and purity of idiom, such as some languages never attain, and few retain for a prolonged period. For all these qualities, which are the true beauties of Gaelic poetry, it would be hard to imagine a better model than the greater part of Mary MacLeod.

Though Mary has been eulogized, and rightly so, she has never been subjected to literary criticism; and it is probably wiser, as it is certainly easier, to let her poetry speak for itself. Still it may be worth while to draw attention to her chief characteristics.

Seekers after Celtic Mysticism will not find it here, or in any other Gaelic poet. Mary is nothing if not concrete and clean-cut in her ideas and her expression; she deals largely with external things, and her feelings about them are simple, though intense. She delights in manly vigour and beauty, in prowess in war and hunt, in singing of festivity and of music. It is highly important to remember that her songs were meant not to be printed but to be sung. We are to approach her with the ear and the heart, and not attempt to judge her poetry as if it were meant to appeal to the intellect. It would, then, be absurd to try to find in her a "message" in the shape of a philosophy of life; how such a thing can be extracted from any Gaelic poet, with the possible exception of Dugald Buchanan, it is difficult to see. Mary describes, she does not interpret. She is at her best in the poet's most frequent mood—*ionndrainn*, *desiderium*; but she can also be gay, though less often. Her characteristics are those of the Gael himself, and her language, as observed above, is a perfect type of the language which bears so clearly the stamp of the race that speaks it. Poetic conceptions and ability to express them in musical and artistic verse have ever been characteristic of the

Gael; but his fancies are never woolly, and his language is intolerant of obscurity. Mary MacLeod possesses these qualities of thought and language; they have made her among her own countrymen one of the best loved of poets. "The Gael in his high mood," says Kenneth MacLeod, "thinks of Deirdre for beauty, Bride for goodness, and Mary MacLeod for song."

List of Abbreviations

- BGh., *Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig: Specimens of Gaelic Poetry*; W. J. Watson; Stirling, 1932 (2nd ed.).
- Celt. Scot., *Celtic Scotland*; W. F. Skene; Edinburgh, 1886 (2nd ed.).
- CPNS., *The History of the Celtic Place-Names of Scotland*; W. J. Watson; Edinburgh, 1926.
- D., *An Duanaire, a New Collection of Gaelic Songs and Poems*; Donald Macpherson; Edinburgh, 1868.
- Dinn., *Irish-English Dictionary*; Rev. P. S. Dinneen; Irish Texts Society; Dublin, 1927.
- E., *Comh-chruinneachidh Orannaigh Gaidhealach*; the Eigg Collection; Ranald MacDonald; Edinburgh, 1776.
- GB., *The Gaelic Bards from 1411 to 1715*; A. Maclean Sinclair; Charlottetown, 1890.
- M., The MacLagan Collection of Gaelic Manuscripts, made in the latter half of the eighteenth century by the Rev. James MacLagan (1728-1805); in the Library of Glasgow University. (See Prof. Mackinnon's *Catalogue*, p. 302 ff.).
- MC., MacD. Coll., *The MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry*; Rev. Angus MacDonald and Rev. Archibald MacDonald; Inverness, 1911.
- McN., The Manuscript of the Rev. Donald MacNicol (1735-1802), for which see Rev. Dr. George Henderson's paper in *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, xxvii, 340, whence the text of "Do Mhac Dhomhnaill" is taken.
- RC., *Reliquiae Celticae*; the Rev. Alexander Cameron, ed. A. Macbain and J. Kennedy; Inverness, 1892 (I), 1894 (II).

- S., *Cochruinneacha Taoghta de Shaothair nam Bard Gaeleach*; A. and D. Stewart; Edinburgh, 1804.
- SO., *Sar-Obair nam Bard Gaelach: or the Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*; John Mackenzie; Glasgow, 1841 (1st ed.).
- T., *Comhchruinneacha do Dh'Orain Taghta Ghaidhealach*; Patrick Turner; Edinburgh, 1813.
- Wardlaw MS., entitled "Polichronicon seu Policratia Temporum, or, the True Genealogy of the Frasers"; Master James Fraser, minister of Wardlaw (Kirkhill), begun in 1666, ed. Wm. Mackay for Scottish History Society; Edinburgh, 1905.

Notes on the Sources

The footnotes on the text do not give all the variations of the printed and MS. sources; the omission by any source of a line or stanza is not noted save in one or two cases; nor are the orthographical minutiae of the MS. versions recorded, as this would serve no useful purpose. The simple principle has been followed of noting variants only when they seem to furnish a clue to the genuine text; and in the formation of the text the few departures made on MS. evidence from printed versions, when they do not depend on matters of fact, as in ll. 840 and 819, depend on the principle that, other things being equal, the more unusual word is the less likely to be corrupt.

E. and *S.* are generally preferable to *SO.*, since the latter is to a large extent a work of transcription and has a tendency to regularize any unusual feature. In one poem *T.* has been preferred to *GB.*, the version of *MC.* being printed in full in the notes with amended spelling. In four poems the text of *BGh.* has been followed with two or three trivial variations.

The fusion of different versions has been avoided.

* v. also Guinness Collection 1866 - (Guinness 1866)

See *Guinness Collection*, p. 268: Tha mo
ghaol ann na leabaidh.

TABLE OF SOURCES.

	1776			1804	1813	1841	1868	1890	1911	1932
	E.	M.	M'N.	S.	T.	SO.	D.	GB.	MC.	B'Gh.
Ach a Mhairearad nan cuireid -							138			
A Mhairearad chridhe - -							140		(378)	
An naidheachd so an dé - -	37	120				30				
Cha sùrd cadail - - - -	235					27				157
Ged a théid mi do m' leabaidh -	307	150		149		23				
Gura mise tha iar mo chlisgeadh							136			
Gur e an naidheachd so - -				445		24				
Gur muldach thà mi - - -	31	122		216		24				181
Is mi am shuidhe air an tulaich -	107					28				194
Is muldach mi - - - -							134			
Mo bheud 's mo chràdh - -		120		228		26				
Mo chràdhghal bochd - -					128			39	150	
Ri fuaim an taibh - - - -	27			219		22				198
Tha mise air leaghadh le bròn -		120		361		26				
Tha ulaidh orm an uamharrachd			370							
Théid mi le m' dheoin - -		18				21				

Notes on the MacLagan MSS.

Professor Mackinnon in his *Catalogue* notes that the MacLagan Collection of MSS. in Glasgow University contains some of Mary MacLeod, as well as of many other poets. Those of Mary MacLeod are as follows:

On the sheet numbered 18 is, under the cancelled heading "John Roy Stewart's Psalm", which is actually found on the back, a version of the "Fuigheall". It begins "Theid mi fein dhuchas Mhic Leoid/Mo iul air a bhord luath-bhineach/'S coir dho gu m bi m'eolas san tir/'S leontaich mar pill cruadal mi/Siula mish siar o yousach nan bian/n'duil gun raibh mian toirmalach." It is very corrupt, some of it unmetrical; the adjective luath-bhinneach, which does not appear in *SO.* at all, it repeats three times in twenty-five lines, curiously enough. It is not worth printing, but in the textual notes are one or two of its readings.

In the booklet numbered 120 is a version of Crònán, headed "Crònán na Caillich Le Mairi Ni'n Alastair Ruaidh". It is again shorter than and inferior to *SO.*, but it contains some interesting variants which are noted in their proper place, and two of which have been adopted.

Immediately following the above is a piece entitled "Air Bas MhicLeoid, le Nin Alastair Ruaidh", beginning:

'S mor mo mhulad 's mi 'm onar
'S mi 'g amharc nan seol air chuan sgith
'S mi 'g amharc nan roiseal
A bha 'g aiseag Mhic Leoid bu mhor pris.

The poem is printed in *S.*, 396, with the heading "Cumha do Mac Leoid, le mnaoi uasail de Chloinn Mhuirich, 'nuair bha i 'gamharc bhar mullach beinne ann an Troternis air an luing a bha giulan corp Mhic Leoid gu ruig na Hearadh, far an robh e gu bhi air adhlacadh." The version of *M.* is not quite so good as *S.*, with which it closely corresponds; it contains some correct glosses in Gaelic and English on unusual words.

In the last verse of S. are the lines:

Nighean mhaiseach Mhic Dhonuill,
Leis an d' rugadh a choir ud mar bheus,

implying that MacLeod was the husband of MacDonald's daughter; and the last verse of M., not given in S., is:

Ach gur sinn' th'air nar ciuradh
Tha leann-dubh oirn air muchadh nar cleibh
Mu nar Tighearna Duthcha
Beith sinn tric air nar 'n urnaigh gu geur
Ruairidh mor a bha 'n luingeas
Fear mor meadhrach 's e macanta treun
Craobh dhe'n abhall a b'uire
'S gu do thuit i gun ubhlan gun pheir.

(See also MC., p. xxviii, where this verse is attributed to Mary MacLeod and said to refer to the fifteenth chief, who died in 1664.)

The MacLeod meant is hardly Sir Roderick Mór who died in 1626, for he was buried in Fortrose. The poem is almost certainly that referred to by John Mackenzie as the work of Fionnghal nighean Alasdair Ruaidh; (intro. p. xii).

In No. 120 is "Do Fhear na Comaruich Le M. Ni'n Alastair Ruaidh". It omits some lines given in the other sources, and supplies some not found elsewhere. Two of its readings have been adopted; elsewhere it is useful as confirmation of S. and SO.

No. 122 is "Do Mhac Leod, Le ni'n Alaistair Ruaigh". It omits eight of the verses of the text (An Talla am bu Ghnàth), and supplies four not found elsewhere.

No. 150 (not noticed in Mackinnon's *Catalogue*) is a version of the "Luinneag do Iain", inferior, curtailed, disordered and uninteresting; a few of its readings are noted.

v. also No. 211.

Notes on the Nat. Lib. MS.

In *Nat. Lib. Gaelic MS. LXV*, there is a poem the two halves of which, though they follow each other on pp. 10 and 11 and are in the same ("Irish") hand, Ewen MacLachlan, followed by Professor Mackinnon in his *Catalogue*, regarded as two separate poems. These MacLachlan suggested were by Mary MacLeod, a suggestion which Professor Mackinnon notes. The poem begins "Nach truadh leibh na scela so deist mi didomhnuich/Co rabh agum re fhaoighnacht acht an fhoill a rinn hobron/Bris na gaill ar a cheile s chaidh ratreit ar an ordu/S dfag iad sios mac illeadhain a cur a chatha na onracht"; it is another version of the poem printed in *E.*, p. 178 ff., under the heading "Oran a roinnidhd' Echin Ruagh nu n Cath mharbhidh la Inbhir Cithnis ar fonn a la Raon Ruari", considerably less complete and no doubt corrupt but throwing some light on the difficult spelling of *E.* The subject is the well-known episode of the death of Sir Hector Maclean of Duart and nearly all his followers at the battle at Inverkeithing in 1651. The poem is said by J. P. Maclean in his *History of the Clan MacLean* to be well known to the generality of MacLeans. There is a better version than either *E.* or *MS. LXV* in Maclean Sinclair's "Gaelic Bards, 1411 to 1715", p. 50, under the title *Blar Inbhircheitain* (*Inbhir Cheitean* being the correct form for Inverkeithing); and as the style is not Mary's and the subject not appropriate, Maclean Sinclair is no doubt right in there attributing it to the proper Maclean bard, Eachann Bacach.

On p. 63 of the same *MS.* is another piece which MacLachlan suggested might be Mary's. It begins "Ta oigra s tir is urraimid gniomh/len oilte fion gu sarphailte/Ta oigr' air athlean is eife-achtuidh caint/na ceadan na cheann air chascanibh/Ta oighr' air an luib air a staighleadh gu hur/gach tighearna an dlus cairdios duit." It is addressed to MacAllister of Loup in Kintyre, to whom there is another in *RC.* (II. 345), &c., printed in *BGh.*, and it is certainly not Mary's.

Thus, so far as is known, there is nothing of Mary MacLeod in Edinburgh that has not been printed.

cf. *Bran Arfabbhaig*: MC p. 378.

Pòsadh Mhic Leoid

Conaltradh eadar Màiri nighean Alasdair
Ruaidh agus Nic Dhomhnaill á Trondairnis.

Hó lail oho
Hóireann ó.¹

MAIRI

A Mhairearad chridhe
Nic an Tòisich,

Is bliadhna an t-seachdain
O na phòs thu;

Is ann gu d' bhaile
Thriall am mór shluagh:

5

Thriall Mac Coinnich
Le Mac Leoid ann:

Thriall Mac Fhionghain
Ann 's Mac Dhomhnaill.

10

NIC DHOMHNAILL

An cluinn thu, Mhàiri
So na ceil orm:

Ciodh i an long ud
Seach an eirthir?

¹Aithris seo an déidh gach rainn.

The Wedding of MacLeod

Conversation between Mary daughter of
Alasdair the Red and MacDonald's Lady
from Trotternish.

Ho lail oho hoireann o.¹

MARY:

Margery, my dear,
Margery Mackintosh,

'Tis a year this week
since thou wert wedded;

Then to thine homestead
went the great folk,

Mackenzie went there,
and MacLeod,

Mackinnon went there,
and MacDonald.

MACDONALD'S LADY:

Listen, Mary,
hide not this from me:

What is yon ship
off the coastland?

¹ This is repeated after each line:

MAIRI

Don-faighneachd ort! 15
Cuime an ceilinn?

Ciodh i tha sud ach
Long mo leinibh?

Tobar fiona
Shìos 'na deireadh, 20

Is tobar fìor-uisg'
'Na ceann eile.

Shìn i taobh ri
Long Mhic Coinnich,

Chuir i bòrd á 25
Long an Eilein.

Don-faighneachd ort!
Cuim' nach innsinn?

Ciodh i sud ach
Long nan rìghrean, 30

Air an seinnear
Na trì pìoban:

Ruairidh òg Mac
Leoid nam pìosan:

Guala dheas mu'n 35
Iadh an sìoda:

Guala thoisgeal
Mu'n iadh na mìltean.

Dhìreadh mo leanabh
Mullach mhóirbheann, 40

MARY:

Plague on thine asking!
why should I hide it?

What is yonder but
the ship of my little one?—

A well of wine
down in her stern,

A well of sweet water
in her stem.

She hath drawn alongside
Mackenzie's ship,

She hath outsailed
the ship of the Isle.

Plague on thine asking!
why should I tell it not?

What is yonder
but the ship of kings

Whereon are played
the three pipes?—

Roderick, young
MacLeod of silver cups,

His right shoulder
silk encompasseth,

His left shoulder
thousands encompass.

My darling would ascend
the summit of high peaks;

PÒSADH MHIC LEOID

Pìob 'ga spreigeadh
Leat 'san tòrachd:

Claidheamhna geala
Dhèanadh feòlach:

Targaidean donna 45
Tollta stròicte.

A Ruairidh Ruairidh
Ruairidh an Dùin ud,

Is tù mo mhire
Is mo cheòl sùgraidh: 50

Is tù mo phaidirean,
Mo chìr-chùil thu:

Mo ghàradh mheas
Am bì na h-ùbhlan.

Càite a bheil 55
A h-aon riut coltach,

O nach maireann
Fionn no Oisean,

Diarmaid donn no
Goll no Osgar? 60

Mi 'nam shuidh
Air chaolas rònach cf. MC p. 249

M'aghaidh air Hirt
Nan ian gorma;

Thàinig bleidean, 65
Bleidean leòmach,

D'fharraid dhìomsa,
Le càil chomhraidh,

With thee the pipe
briskly playing in the pursuit,

Bright sword-blades
that would make carnage,

Brown targes
pierced and shattered.

Roderick, Roderick,
Roderick of yonder dun,

Thou art my mirth
and my merry music,

Thou art my rosary
and the comb of my hair,

Thou art my fruit-garden
wherein are apples.

Where is the one
like unto thee,

Since Finn liveth not
nor Ossian,

Brown Diarmaid nor
Goll nor Oscar?

As I sat
above a seal-haunted strait,

Looking toward Hirt ¹
of blue birds,

Came a wheedler,
a saucy wheedler,

And wishing to gossip
asked of me

¹ St. Kilda.

Ciod e bu bheus
Do shìol Leoid ud. 70

Fhreagair mi è
Mar bu chòir dhomh:

(Dhomhsa b'aithne
Beus nan Leòdach:)

“ Fion 'ga ligeadh,
Beoir 'ga h-òl ac', 75

Is treas-tarruing
'Ga cur an stòpa,

Cobhair fheumach,
Riarach' beòshlaint' ”. 80

A bhean ud thall
A chòir an uisge,

A Trondairnis 's ann
Thàinig thusa:

'S e sin a dh'fhàg
Thu an diugh gun trusgan. 85

NIC DHOMHNAILL

Air do làimh
A chaile bhusdubh,

Chan 'eil mi
Gun òr gun usgar. 90

Tha mo ghùn dubh
Ur 'nam chiste,

Is mo sgòid-bhràghad,
Chan fhaigh thusa i!

What was the custom
of that race of Leod?

Him I gave
my answer due,

(Well did I know
the custom of the MacLeods):

Wine they broach
and ale they drink

And with liquor thrice-brewed
they fill the stoup:

A timely aid
To a feast's enjoyment!

Thou woman over yonder
by the water's edge,

It is because
thou comest from Trotternish

That to-day thou art left
without a mantle!

MACDONALD'S LADY:

By thine hand,
thou black-mouthed quean,

I lack not
gold nor treasure;

My black gown
is new in my chest,

And as for my kerchief,
—thou'lt not get it!

MAIRI

Is iomadh bodach Leathann ceòsach	95
Agus cailleach Rògach leòmach	
Thigeadh a nall A cùirt Dhomhnaill,	100
Dh'innseadh gun do Thriall am mòd air:	
Gun do ghlais na Gaill e an seòmar.	
Chugaibh chugaibh Phrasgain ghealtaich	105
Thàinig a nall A Gleann Shealtainn;	
Chugaibh 'sa' chuan Mar na farspaich;	110
Chugaibh 'san fhraoch Mar na glaisein,	
D'eagal deagh Mhac Leoid 'gur faicinn.	
A' ghlas-ghuib ort, Is air do sheòrsa!	115
Fàg an tìr so, Tìr nan Leòdach!	
Is rach 'gad ghearan Do chùirt Dhomhnaill!	120

MARY:

Many's the broad
big-rumped carle

And many's the roguish
saucy carlin

Would come over
from Donald's palace

To tell that the court
had sat upon him,

That the Lowland folk
had locked him up.

Off with you, away with you,
cowardly rabble,

That are come over
from Glen Haultin!

Off with you into the sea
like the gulls,

Away with you into the heather
like the sparrows,

For fear the goodly
MacLeod may see you!

A muzzle on thee
and all thy kind!

Leave this land,
the MacLeods' land,

Take your plaint
to MacDonald's court!

Mairearad nan Cuireid

Oran a rinn Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, is
Mairearad nan cuireid a' togail oirre gun robh i
leatromach.

- Ach, a Mhairearad nan cuireid,
- Cuime a chuir thu orm breug:
Hi riri o hiri o hi o.

- Gun robh leanabh gun bhaisteadh
- Fo aisne mo chléibh',

- Ann an làraich mhic tighearn' 125
- Far nach bithinn 's tu fhéin.

- Cuim' nach innseadh tu an fhìrinn
- Cho cinnteach rium fhéin?

- Cha b'ionann do m'athair
- Is do t'athair-sa, éisg! 130

- Cha b'ionann do m' bhràithrean
- Is do d' ghàrlaich gun spéis.

- Cha b'ionann do ar tighean
- An ám laighe do 'n ghréin:

- Gum faighte an tigh m'athar-s' 135
- Sitheann 's cnàimhean an fhéidh:

- Is e gheibhte an tigh t'athar-s'
- Sùgh is cnàimhean an éisg.

- An ám dìreadh o'n bhaile
- Is trom 's gur h-annamh mo cheum. 140

Gur a diombach mi 'n chaile
Thog sgannal nam breug;

Dubh iomall na tuatha,
Buinneag shuarach gun spréidh,

A Satiric Song

to Tricky Margaret, who had spread
a slanderous report of the poetess.

Nay, Margaret, thou trickster, why hast thou spread a
false tale of me?—

That a babe unbaptized lay within my womb,

In the dwelling of a noble's son, where I and thou
would not be together;

Or why wouldst thou not speak the truth as surely as I?

Not alike were my father, thou slanderer, and thine,

Not alike were my brethren and thine unlovely louts,

Not alike were our dwellings at sunset:

In my father's house were found venison and bones of
the deer;

In thy father's house bree and bones of the fish were
your fare.

As I climb from the town my step is heavy and lagging,

I am ill-pleased with the hussy that hath hatched this
lying story,

The basest refuse of the folk, a light jade without cattle,

Le farmad 's le mìorun 145
Chuir mìchliu orm fhéin;

Thog ormsa an droch alladh,
Is orts, a Chaluim nam beus,

Air an d'fhàs an cùl dualach
Tha 'na chuaileanan réidh, 150

Is e sìos mu d' dhà shlinnean
Mar an fhidheall fo theud.

Marbhrann

do Fhear na Comraich

Tha mise air leaghadh le bròn
O'n là dh'eug thu 's nach beò
Mu m'fhiùran faidhidneach còir 155
Uasal aighearach òg
As uaisle shuidheadh mu bhòrd:
Mo chreach t'fhaighinn gun treoir éirigh.

Is tu an laoch gun laigse gun leòn
Macan mìngheal gun sgleò; 160
Fearail finealta an t-òg
De shliochd nam fear mór
D'am bu dual a bhith còir,
'S gum b'fhiù faiteal do bheoil éisdeachd.

Is tu clann na h-irghinn a b'fheàrr, 165
Glan an fhriamh as an d'fhàs,
Càirdeas rìgh anns gach ball,
Bha sud sgriobht' leat am bann
Fo làimh duine gun mheang
Ach thu lìonta de àrdan euchdach. 170

That for envy and malice hath spread ill-fame of me,

Evil gossip of me and of thee, honest Calum,

Thou whose curling hair floweth down in ringlets smooth,

Like the strings over the fiddle, over thy two shoulders.

Dirge

for the Lord of Applecross

Since that thou art dead and livest not, I am melted
with grief for my kindly patient youth, noble, merry,
and young, that sat the stateliest around a board; alas,
to find thee without strength to rise.

Thou wert a warrior without feebleness or hurt, a smooth-
fair-skinned gallant without vaunt, of the seed of great
men a high-souled manly scion; it was native to thee
to be true, and the speech of thy mouth was worthy to
to hear.

Thou wert child of the noblest dame, pure the stock
wherefrom thou didst grow; kinship with kings was
in thine every member; thou didst hold that charter
under the seal of a man without guile; thou wert
filled with the pride of prowess.

A Ruairidh aigeanntaich àird
 O Chomraich ghreadhnaich an àigh,
 Mhic an fhir bu mhór gàir
 Nan lann guineach cruaidh garg,
 Ort cha d'fhuaradh riamh cearb, 175
 Iarogha Uilleam nan long bréidgheal.

Fhuair mi m'ailleagan ùr
 Is e gun smal air gun smùr,
 Bu bhreac mìn-dearg do ghnùis,
 Bu ghorm laghach do shùil, 180
 Bu ghlan sliasaid is glùn,
 Bu deas daingeann an lùb ghleusta thu.

A lùb abhall nam buadh,
 Is mairg a tharladh ort uair
 Mu Ghlaic Fhionnlaigh so shuas 185
 Air each crodhanta luath,
 Nàmhaid romhad 'na ruaig,
 Air dhòigh buille cha b'uair éis e.

Ach fhir as curanta làmh
 Thug gach duine gu cràdh, 190
 Is truagh nach d'fhuirich thu slàn
 Ri uair cumaisg no blàir
 Thoirt tilleadh as do nàmh;
 Bu leat urram an là cheutaich.

Bu tù an sgoilear gun dìobradh, 195
 Meoir as grinne nì sgrìobhadh,
 Uasal faidhidneach cinnteach,
 Bu leat lagh an tigh-sgrìobhaidh,
 Is tu nach mùchadh an fhìrinn;
 Sgeul mo chreiche so! shil do chreuchdan. 200

185. Fhionnlaigh, *SO.*; Iolaidh, *S., M.* 188. air dhoigh buille, *S., M.*; air dhaibh buille, *SO.*; éis, *M.*; †is, *S., SO.* 193. so *S.*; a thoirt eis dheth do nàmh, *SO.*; om. *M.* 195. gun diobradh, *S., SO.*; 's an sibhrainn, also spelt phonetically in the margin, *M.*

Thou heartsome towering Roderick out of majestic
blessed Applecross, thou son of the loud-shouting
hero of tough stern wounding swordblades, never a
blemish was found upon thee, thou grandson of William
of white-sailed galleys. /

I found my fresh young darling to be without spot, with-
out gloom; freckled, smooth, and ruddy was thy coun-
tenance, blue and winsome thine eye, shapely were
knee and thigh; a trim youth comely and firm.

Thou scion of the apple-tree of virtues, woe to him who
here by Finlay's Hollow once chanced upon thee on
thy swift strong-hoofed horse! Thine enemy fled in
rout before thee; for dread of smiting it was no time
for him to tarry.

But thou whose warlike hand hath brought every foe to
anguish, alas that thou hast remained not hale and
strong against the hour of battle-tumult, to put thine
enemies to flight; thou wouldst win the honour of that
glorious day.

Thou wert an unfailing scholar, thy fingers skilled to
write; thou wert noble, patient, steadfast; thou
knewest the rule of the writing-house, thou wouldst
not stifle the truth; to hear that thy wounds have
dripped blood—this is news of mine own despoiling. /

Stad air m'aighear an dé;
 Dh'fhalbh mo mharcantà féin;
 Chuir mi an ciste an teud;
 Dhiùlt an gobha dhomh gleus;
 Dh'fhairtlich sud orm 's gach léigh, 205
 Is chaidh m'onoir, is, mo rìgh, dh'eug thu.

Thuit a' chraobh as a bàrr,
 Fhrois an gràinne gu làr,
 Lot thu an cinneadh is chràdh
 Air an robh thu mar bhàrr 210
 'Gan dìonadh gach là,
 Is mo chreach, bhuinig am bàs teum ort.

An ám suidhe 'nad sheòmar
 Chaidh do bhuidheann an òrdugh,
 Cha b'ann mu aighear do phòsaidh 215
 Le nighean Iarla Chlann Domhnaill
 As do dhéidh mar bu chòir dhi;
 Is ann chaidh do thasgaidh 'san t-sròl fo d' léine.

Ach gur mise tha bochd truagh,
 Fiamh a' ghuil air mo ghruaidh; 220
 Is goirt an gradan a fhuair,
 Marcach deas nan each luath,
 Sàr cheannard air sluagh,
 Mo chreach, t'fhàgail ri uair m'fhéime.

Ach fhuair mi m'ailleagan òg 225
 Mar nach b'àbhaist gun cheòl,
 Saoir ri càradh do bhòrd,
 Mnàì ri spìonadh an fheoir,
 Fir gun tàilìsg gun cheòl;
 Gur bochd fulang mo sgeoil éisdeachd. 230

203. nan teud, *S.*, *SO.*, *M.* 205. dhaltruich sud orm, *S.*, *M.*; dhiult sud mi, *SO.* 207. barr, *M.*; bharr, *S.*; thun a bhlàir, *SO.* 212. bas teum, *M.*; bàs treun, *S.*, *SO.* 218. fudh d'leine, *S.*; fo na leintin, *M.*; ghle-gheal, *SO.* 221. gradan, *S.*, *SO.*; bradan, *gl. bruise lump M*

Yesterday my gladness came to a close; my dear knight departed; I laid aside my harp, music was denied me;¹ I and every physician were baffled, and so mine honour is departed and thou, my king, art dead.

The tree hath fallen headlong, the grain hath showered to earth; wounded and anguished for thy sake are the folk over whom thou stoodest pre-eminent, protecting them at all times; alas, death hath inflicted his bite upon thee.

What time they sat in thy chamber thy company arrayed themselves, not in readiness for the joy of thy wedding, with the daughter of Clan Donald's earl seeking after thee, as were due; not so, but thou wert bestowed in the satin shroud beneath thy shirt.

O it is I that am sad and sorrowful, the tinge of weeping on my cheek! Sore is the bitter pang that I have suffered; comely rider of swift steeds, prime leader over a host, alas that thou hast forsaken me in the time of my need!

But I have found my young dear one without music as was not wont, wrights a-fashioning thy coffin, the women plucking grass, the men without music or chess-playing; grievous it is to hear the sorrow of my news.

¹ See note.

An uair a thionail an sluagh
 Is ann bha an t-iomsgaradh cruaidh
 Mar ghàir sheillean am bruaich
 An déidh na meala thoirt uath;
 Is ann bha an t-eireadh bochd truagh 235
 Is iad mu cheannas an t-sluaigh threubhaich.

An Talla am bu ghnàth le Mac Leoid

Gur muladach thà mi,
 Is mi gun mhire gun mhànan
 Anns an talla am bu ghnàth le Mac Leoid.

Tigh mór macnasach meadhrach 240
 Nam macaomh 's nam maighdean,
 Far am bu tartarach gleadhraich nan còrn.

Tha do thalla mór prìseil
 Gun fhasgadh gun dìon ann,
 Far am faca mi am fion bhith 'ga òl. 245

232. 'n t iom-sgaradh, *M.*; 'n tiom sgaradh, *S.*; 'n tioma-sgaradh, *SO.*

235. 'n t-eireadh, *M.*, *SO.*; 'n teireadh, *S.* 236 *After this, the last line in S. and SO., M. has:*

Ach ga h e tathair bu treis'	236 <i>a</i>
Chuir sud mail' air am feisd	<i>b</i>
Bha do bhrath'ren fo leatrom	<i>c</i>
Piob do dheidhse ga greasadh	<i>d</i>
Ag mo ghradh mar bu deas leis	<i>e</i>
's ceinn-fheadhna gan spreigeadh re toighreachd.	<i>f</i>

237. *So E., BGh.* Rìgh! gur muladach, &c., *S.*, *SO.* 'S mor mo mbulad
 's mo phramhan: 'S mi gun mhacnus gun mharan *M.*

When the folk gathered, there they suffered a bitter parting, as bees in a bank cry loudly when their honey hath been taken from them; as they surrounded the captain of the heroic host, mournful and wretched was their burden.

MacLeod's Wonted Hall

Woeful am I, lacking mirth and lacking melody, in the hall where MacLeod was wont to be.

That was a mansion blithe and festive, thronged with young men and with maidens, where the clangour of the drinking-horns was loud.

Without shelter or guard is thy great and brilliant hall, where I have seen wine a-drinking.

245. *After this verse M. has:*

Aig oighre shiol Tormaid
 Fear heaguis cho 'n eol domh
 Cha 'n i 'n fhoill a chuir as duit no 'n stroth.
 Cuid ga tabhaist 's ga d'bheusan
 A bhi gu fuilteach tric beun dearg
 Air a chuideachda cheir-gheal nan croc.
 Leat bu mhian na coin luthmhor, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thàinig dile air an aitribh:
Is ann is cianail leam tachairt 'na còir.

V.920

Shir Tormoid nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbh-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeilm a chur asad no bòsd.

250

Fhuair thu teist is deagh urram
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air uirghioll beoil.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lùthmhor
Dhol a shiubhal nan stùcbheann,
Is an gunna nach diùltadh ri h-ord.

255

d

Is i do làmh nach robh tuisleach
Dhol a chaitheamh a' chuspair
Le do bhogha cruaidh ruiteach deagh-neoil. 260

Glac throm air do shliasaid
An déidh a snaidheadh gun fhiaradh,
Is bàrr dosrach de sgiathaibh an eoin.

Bhiodh céir ris na crannaibh
Bu neo-éisleanach tarruing,
An uair a leumadh an taifeid o d' mheoir.

265

248. *After this, SO. has the verse:*

Chi mi a' chliar is na dàimhich
A' tréigsinn na fàrdaich
O nach éisd thu ri fàilte luchd-ceoil.

262. An déidh a snaidheadh *after E., S., SO., BGh.* 'S i gun ghaiseadh
gun fhiaradh (ghiomh int), *M.*

Alas the loss and change! a deluge hath o'erswept the dwelling, and I feel strange and forlorn to be anigh it.

Sir Norman of banners, how rare were a man in mould like thee, from whose lips boast or vaunt was never heard. <

In ministering unto every man thou hast won thee fame and fair renown for comeliness and for sweet speech.

For going to traverse the peaked hills thou didst love the active hounds, and the gun that answered readily the trigger.

Unfaltering was thine hand in aiming at the target with thy tough ruddy bow good of hue,

On thine hip a heavy quiver flawlessly shaped, on thine head a crest from the wings of the eagle.

Well waxed would the shafts be, and not feebly were they drawn, when the bowstring leaped from thy fingers.

An uair a leigte o d' làimh i
 Cha bhiodh òirleach gun bhàdhadh
 Eadar corran a gàinne is an smeoirn.

Ceud soraidh le dùrachd 270
 Uam gu leannan an t-sùgraidh:
 Gum b'e m'aighear 's mo rùn bhith 'nad chòir.

An ám dhuit tighinn gu d' bhaile
 Is tu bu tighearnail gabhail,
 An uair a shuidheadh gach caraid mu d' bhòrd. 275

Bha thu measail aig uaislean,
 Is cha robh beagan mar chruas ort:
 Sud an cleachdamh a fhuair thu ad aois òig.

Gum biodh farum air thàilisg
 Agus fuaim air a' chlàrsaich,
 Mar a bhuineadh do shàr mhac Mhic Leoid. 280

Gur h-e bu eachdraidh 'na dhéidh sin
 Greis air ursgeil na Féinne,
 Is air chuideachda chéirghil nan cròc.

269. *After this, M. has:*

'S ann's a chlachan so shios uam
 Tha mo chairdin 's mo dhislin
 Cia mar theid mi na'm fiadhnais aig bron?

'S ann na luighe a's teampull
 Tha m'aighir is m'annsachd
 Chaoidh' cha teid mi fhein ann 's gun thu beo.

Thereafter the air is noted in ten bars.

278. ad t aois òig, E.; and so S., SO.

When it sped from thine hand, not an inch of the shaft
from pointed tip to notch but would bury itself in the
mark.

A hundred farewells with fond goodwill to him who was
wedded to jollity; to me it was joy and delight to be
beside thee.

When thou camest to thine homestead, it is thou wert
lordly of bearing, what time every friend was placed
around thy board.

Among nobles thou wert esteemed, and no trifle dis-
tressed thee; such thy usage from the time of thy
youth.

The chessmen would rattle and the harp would be sound-
ing, as was meet for MacLeod's noble son.

Thereafter would be chronicled the epic, for a spell, of
the Fiann, and of the white-flanked antlered band.

Marbhrann

do Iain Garbh Mac Ghille Chaluim Ratharsaidh
a chaidh a dhìth le ainneart mara.

Mo bheud is mo chràdh 285
Mar a dh'éirich dà
An fhear ghleusta ghràidh
Bha treun 'san spàirn
Is nach faicear gu bràth an Ratharsaidh.

Bu tù am fear curanta mór 290
Bu mhath cumadh is treoir
O t'uilinn gu d' dhòrn
O d' mhullach gu d' bhròig:
Mhic Mhuire mo leòn
Thu bhith an innis nan ròn is nach faighear thu. 295

Bu tù sealgair a' gheoidh,
Làmh gun dearmad gun leòn
Air am bu shuarach an t-òr
Thoirt a bhuannachd a' cheoil,
Is gun d'fhuair thu na's leoir is na chaitheadh tu. 300

Bu tù sealgair an fhéidh
Leis an deargta na béin;
Bhiodh coin earbsach air éill
Aig an Albannach threun;
Càite am faca mi féin 305
Aon duine fo'n ghréin
A dhèanadh riut euchd flathasach?

295. Innis nan Ròd, *M.* 306. Re shireadh fuidh ghrein/Aon ni air nach
gleusta ghabhadh tu, *M.*

Dirge

for Iain Garbh mac Ghille Chaluim of Raasay,
who was drowned in a violent storm.

It is harm to me and anguish, that which hath befallen
the deft well-loved man that was strong in conflict and
shall be seen in Raasay never more.

Thou wert a hero great, goodly of form from thine elbow
to thy fist, from thy crown to thy shoe; Son of Mary!
it is my hurt, that thou art in the seals' pasture and
shalt not be found.

Thou wert a hunter of the wild-goose, thine a hand un-
erring and unblemished, to which it were a light thing
to bestow gold for the maintenance of music; for thou
hast gotten plenty, and all that thou wouldst spend.

Thou wert a hunter of the deer, by whom hides were
reddened; trusty hounds would the mighty man of
Alba hold on leash; where have I beheld beneath the
sun one man that would vie with thee in a princely
feat?

Spealp nach dìobradh
 An cath no an strì thu,
 Casan dìreach 310
 Fada finealt;
 Mo chreach dhìobhail
 Chaidh thu a dhìth oirnn
 Le neart sìne,
 Làmh nach dìobradh caitheadh oirre. 315

Och m'eudail uam
 Gun sgeul 'sa' chuan
 Bu ghlé mhath snuadh
 Ri gréin 's ri fuachd,
 Is e chlaoidh do shluagh 320
 Nach d'fheud thu an uair a ghabhail orra.

Is math thig gunna nach diùlt
 Air curaidh mo rùin
 Ann am mullach a' chùirn
 Is air uilinn nan stùc: 325
 Gum biodh fuil ann air tùs an spreadhaidh sin.

Is e dh'fhàg silteach mo shùil
 Faicinn t'fhearainn gun sùrd,
 Is do bhaile gun smùid
 Fo charraig nan sùgh, 330
 Dheagh mhic Chaluim nan tùr á Ratharsaidh.

Mo bheud is mo bhròn
 Mar a dh'éirich dhò,
 Muir beucach mór
 Ag leum mu d' bhòrd, 335
 Thu féin is do sheoid
 An uair reub ur seoil
 Nach d'fheud sibh treoir a chaitheadh orra.

326. an tus an spreithidh sin, *M.*; air tùs na spreidh-sin, *S.*; *SO.* omits the verse.

A gay gallant wert thou that shrank not in strife or battle;
thy limbs straight, long, and shapely; alas, I am sadly
reft, thou art lost to us by strength of tempest, thou
whose hand would cease not to make thy vessel speed.

Alas for my treasure reft from me, who was very goodly
of aspect in sun and in cold, lost in the ocean without
trace; that is what hath bowed down thy folk, that
thou couldst not reach them in that hour.

A gun that readily answereth, well would it become my
dear warrior in the cairn's summit or on the elbow of
the peaks; blood would flow in front of its discharge.

What hath left mine eyes tearful is to see thy land cheer-
less, now that thou hast a homestead without smoke
under the wave-lashed rock, thou from Raasay, thou 2
excellent son of Calum of the towers.

It is hurt and sorrow to me, that which hath befallen
him; a great roaring sea leaping about thy boat; thy-
self and thy stout crew, when your sails ripped, that
you could not bend your might upon them.

Is tu b'fhaicillich' ceum
Mu'n taice-sa an dé 340
De na chunnaic mi féin
Air faiche nan ceud
Air each 's e 'na leum,
Is cha bu slacan gun fheum claidheamh ort.

Is math lùbadh tu pìc 345
O chùlaibh do chinn
An ám rùsgadh a' ghill
Le ionnsaigh nach till,
Is air mo làimh gum bu chinnteach saighead uat.

Is e an sgeul cràiteach 350
Do'n mhnaoi a dh'fhàg thu,
Is do t'aon bhràthair
A shuidh 'nad àite:
Di-luain Càisge
Chaidh tonn-bhàidhte ort, 355
Craobh a b'àirde de'n abhall thu.

At this hour of yesterday thou wert the most wary of
step of all that I saw upon a green where hundreds
thronged, on a horse as it sprang; and a sword was no
useless wand when thou didst wear it. <

Well couldst thou bend a bow from behind thine head,
in the hour of declaring thy pledge of valour, with an
onset unretreating; and by my hand! thine arrow sped
sure.

This is a sore tale for the wife thou hast left, and for
thine only brother that hath sat in thy seat; the Monday
of Easter a drowning wave came upon thee; the lofties
tree of the orchard thou. <

Tuireadh

A rinn Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh
goirid an déis a fàgail an Sgarbaidh.

Hóireann ó ho bhì ó
Hóireann ó ho bhì ó
Hóireann ó ho bhì ó
Ri hóireann ó o hao o!

- Is muladach mì, hì ó
Hóireann ó ho bhì ó
- O cheann seachdain, hì ó
Ro hóireann ó o hao o,

- Is mi an eilean gun
- Fhiar gun fhasgadh.

360

- Ma dh'fhaodas mi
- Théid mi dhachaidh;

- Nì mi an t-iomramh
- Mar as fhasa,

- Do Uilbhinnis
- A' chruidh chaisfhinn,

365

- Far an d'fhuair mi
- Gu h-òg m'altrum,

Air bainne chloch
Nam ban basgheal,

370

Thall aig Fionnghail
Dhuinn nighean Lachainn,

Is i 'na banchaig
Ris na martaibh

Aig Ruairidh mór Mac
Leoid nam bratach.

375

A Plaint

made by Mary daughter of Alasdair the
Red soon after she was left in Scarba.

Hóireann ó

Mournful am I
since a week past,

Left in the island ^{an}
without grass, without shelter.

If I can
I will fare homeward.

I'll make the journey
easily as may be

To Ullinish
of white-hoofed cattle

Where in my youth
I was reared

On the breast-milk
of white-palmed women,

Over there in the household
of brown-haired Flora, Lachann's daughter,

She a milkmaid
about the cows

With Roderick Mór
MacLeod of banners.

— 'S ann 'na thigh mór
A fhuair mi am macnas,

Danns' le sunnd air
Urlar farsaing,

380

An fhìdhleireachd 'gam
Chur a chadal,

A' phìobaireachd
Mo dhùsgadh maidne.

Thoir mo shoraidh, hò ó
Hóireann ó ho bhì o,
Gu Dùn Bheagain, hì ó
Ro hóireann ó o hao o.

385

In his great house
I have been joyful,

Dancing merry
on a wide floor,

The fiddle-playing
to put me to sleep,

The pipe-playing
to wake me in the morning.

Bear my greeting
to Dunvegan.

Luinneag Mhic Leoid

Is mi am shuidhe air an tulaich
 Fo mhulad 's fo ~~imecheist~~, *aimcheist*/
 Is mi ag coimhead air Ile,
 Is ann de m' iongnadh 's an ~~im~~ so; *ama*/ 390
 Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi,
 Gus an do chaochail air m'aimsir,
 Gun tiginn an taobh so
 Dh'amharc Dhiùraidh á Sgarbaidh.

I hurabh o i hoiriunn o,
 i hurabh o i hoiriunn o,
 I hurabh o i hogaidh ho ro,
 hi ri ri rithibh ho i ag o.

Gun tiginn an taobh so 395
 Dh'amharc Dhiùraidh á Sgarbaidh;
 Beir mo shoraidh do'n dùthaich
 Tha fo dhubhar nan garbhbheann,
 Gu Sir Tormod ùr allail
 Fhuair ceannas air armailt, 400
 Is gun cainte anns gach fearann
 Gum b'airidh fear t'ainm air.

Gun cainte anns gach fearann
 Gum b'airidh fear t'ainm air,
 Fear do chéille is do ghliocais, 405
 Do mhisnich 's do mheanmain,
 Do chruadail 's do ghaisge,
 Do dhreach is do dhealbha,
 Agus t'fholachd is t'uaisle
 Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhainn. 410

394. a, BGh.; a', E.; a's, SO. 396. a, E. 409, So BGh., after E.; t-òlachd, SO.

MacLeod's Lilt¹

Sitting here on the knoll, forlorn and unquiet, I gaze
upon Islay and marvel the while; there was a time I
never thought, till my times took a change, that hither
I should come to view Jura from Scarba.

I hurabh o.

Hither to come and view Jura from Scarba! Bear my
greetings to the land that lieth shadowed by the rugged
peaks, to the young renowned Sir Norman that hath
won headship over an armed host, for it is said in every
land that one of his name were worthy thereof.

In every land they say one of thy name were worthy
thereof, one of thy prudence and thy wisdom, thy
courage and thy spirit, one of thy hardihood and
valour, of thy mien and of thy mould; and thy lineage
and thy nobility were no trifle to trace.

¹ Edited in Mr. A. MacLeod's *Sàr Orain*.

- Agus t'fholachd is t'uaisle
 Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhainn;
 D'fhuil dirich rìgh Lochlainn
 B'e sud toiseach do sheanchais.
 Tha do chàirdeas so-iarraidh 415
 Ris gach Iarla tha an Albainn,
 Is ri h-uaislean na h-Eireann:
 Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbhta e.
- Is ri h-uaislean na h-Eireann:
 Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbhta e. 420
 A Mhic an fhir chliuitich,
 Bha gu fiùghantach ainmeil;
 Thug barrachd an gliocas
 Air gach Ridir bha an Albainn
 Ann an cogadh 's an sìothshaimh, 425
 Is ann an dìoladh an airgid.
- Ann an cogadh 's an sìothshaimh,
 Is ann an dìoladh an airgid.
 Is beag an t-iongnadh do mhac-sa
 Bhith gu beachdail mór meanmnach, 430
 Bhith gu fiùghant' fial farsaing,
 O'n a ghlac sibh mar shealbh e:
 Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
 Is e mo chreach-sa na dh'fhalbh dhiubh.
- Clann Ruairidh nam bratach, 435
 Is e mo chreach-sa na dh'fhalbh dhiubh;
 Ach an aon fhear a dh'fhuirich
 Nìor chluinneam sgeul marbh ort;
 Ach, eudail de fhearaibh,
 Ge do ghabh mi uat tearbadh 440
 Fhir a' chuirp as glàn cumadh,
 Gun uireasbhuidh dealbha.

Thy lineage and nobility were no trifle to trace; from the blood of Lochlann's kings thine ancestry unbroken takes its rise; thy kinship is not far to seek with every earl that is in Scotland, and with the nobles of Ireland; no lie is this but a proven tale.

No lie but a tale well proven, thou son of the renowned sire that was open-handed and far-famed, that in wisdom excelled every one of Scotland's knights, in war and in peace and in the bestowal of silver.

In war and in peace and in the bestowal of silver; no marvel that his son should be prudent, great and spirited, should be liberal and free-handed, since ye have received that character as an inheritance, ye sons of Roderick of war-banners! My sorrow, that so many of you are dead and gone!

So many of you are dead and gone, ye sons of Roderick! but thou one that remainest, news of thy death ¹ may I never hear; thou treasure among men, though I am sundered from thee, thou whose form is so fair, without flaw of fashioning.

¹ Or, news of thy slackness.

x *pan - dhris (Swiss. Colln.)*

Fhir a' chuirp as glan cumadh,
 Gun uireasbhuidh dealbha;
 Cridhe farsaing fial fearail, 445
 Is maith thig geal agus dearg ort.

Sùil ghorm as glan sealladh
 Mar dhearcaig na talmhainn,
 Làmh ri gruaidh ruitich
 Mar mhucaig na fearradhris. 450 *W. H. A. H. Li. above*

Làmh ri gruaidh ruitich
 Mar mhucaig na fearrdhris.
 Fo thagha na gruaige
 Cùl dualach nan camlùb. 455

Gheibhte sud ann ad fhàrdaich
 An càradh air ealchainn,
 Miosair is adharc
 Is rogha gach armachd.

Miosair is adharc
 Is rogha gach armachd, 460
 Agus lanntainean tana
 O'n ceannaibh gu'm barrdhéis.

Gheibhte sud air gach slios dhiubh
 Isneach is cairbinn,
 Agus iubhair chruaidh fhallain 465
 Le an taifeidean cainbe.

Agus iubhair chruaidh fhallain
 Le an taifeidean cainbe,
 Is cuilbheirean caola 470 *x*
 Air an daoiread gun ceannaichte iad;

Glac nan ceann lìomhta
 Air chur sìos ann am balgaibh
 O iteach an fhìreoin
 Is o shìoda na Gailbhinn.

454. So SO., BGh.; Chuil dualaich, E. 463. Gheibht' air gach slias dhiu' sid, E. 465. iubhair chruaidh, SO., BGh. (pl.); iubhar cruagh, E. 470. air an daoirid, SO.; air a dhaoirid, E. 471. ? crann.

x *Am a dhaoirid 'g an ceannaichte iad*
(of Guinness Collection 1896)

Thou of form so fair, without flaw of fashioning, thou heart manly and generous, well do red and white become thee; thy clear-seeing eye blue as the blaeberry, set by thy cheek ruddy as the berry of the dog-rose.

Thy cheek is ruddy as the berry of the dog-rose, and under the choicest head of hair thy curling locks entwine. In thy dwelling would be found, ranged upon the weapon-rack, powder-horn and shot-horn and the pick of every armoury.

Powder-horn and shot-horn and the pick of every armoury, and sword-blades slender-tapering from hilt to tip; would be found on each side of them rifle and carabine, and bows tough and sound with their bowstrings of hemp.

Bows tough and sound with their bowstrings of hemp, and narrow culverins would be bought though they be dear; a handful of polished arrows thrust down into quivers, fledged from the plumage of the eagle and the silk of Galway.

O iteach an fhìreoin 475
 Is o shìoda na Gailbhinn;
 Tha mo chion air a' churaidh,
 Mac Mhuire chur sealbh air.
 Is e bu mhiannach le m' leanabh
 Bhith am beannaibh na sealga, 480
 Gabhail aighir na frìthe
 Is a' dìreadh nan garbhghlac.

Gabhail aighir na frìthe
 Is a' dìreadh nan garbhghlac,
 A' leigeil nan cuilean 485
 Is a' furan nan seanchon;
 Is e bu deireadh do'n fhurann ud
 Fuil thoirt air chaldaibh
 O luchd nan céir geala
 Is nam falluingean dearga. 490

O luchd nan céir geala
 Is nam falluingean dearga,
 Le do chomhlan dhaoine uaisle
 Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh;
 Luchd aithneachadh latha 495
 Is a chaitheadh an fhairge
 Is a b'urrainn g'a seòladh
 Gu seòlaid an tarruinte i.

Fledged from the eagle's plumage and the silk of Galway;
the hero hath my love, may Mary's Son prosper him!
It would be my dear one's pleasure to be a-hunting in
the peaks, taking joy of the forest and ascending the
rough dells.

Taking joy of the forest and ascending the rough dells,
letting slip the young hounds and inciting the old
ones; of that incitement it would come that blood
would flow on the bristles of the folk of white flanks
and russet mantles.

Blood on the deer white-flanked and russet-mantled, at
the hands of thy company of nobles that bear hardly
on their weapons; men that well would read the day,
and speed over the ocean, and fit to sail the vessel to
the haven wherein she would be beached.

Crònan an Taibh

Ri fuaim an taibh
Is uaigneach mo ghean;
Bha mise uair nach b'e sud m'abhàist.

500

S. C. 200

(in B. 100)

Ach pìob nuallanach mhór
Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceòl,
An uair a ghluaiste i le meoir Phàdraig.

Gur mairg a bheir géill
Do'n t-saoghal gu léir:
Is tric a chaochail e cheum gàbhaidh.

505

Gur lìonmhoire a chùrs
Na'n dealt air an driùchd
Ann am madainn an tùs Màighe.

510

Chan fhacas ri m' ré
Aon duine fo'n ghréin
Nach tug e ghreis féin dhà sin.

Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuam
Gu talla nan cuach,
Far am biodh tathaich nan truagh dàimheil.

515

Chun an tighe nach gann
Fo an leathad ud thall,
Far bheil aighear is ceann mo mhànrain.

Sir Tormod mo rùin,
Olgharach thù,
Foirmeil o thùs t'abhàist.

520

A thasgaidh 's a chiall,
Is e bu chleachdamh duit riamh
Teach farsaing 's e fial fàilteach.

525

The Ocean-Croon

At the ocean's sound my mood is forlorn—time was that
such was not my wont to hear,

But the great shrill-voiced pipe, all music surpassing
when Patrick's fingers stirred it.

Woe to him who giveth his trust to the world: often
hath it changed its perilous step;

More varied its course than the drops of dew on a morn-
ing in May's beginning;

Never under the sun have I beheld him to whom it gave
not his day of trouble.

Bear this greeting from me to the hall of wine-cups,
haunt of kinsmen in distress;

To the dwelling that is not scanty, over yonder beneath
the slope, where is the joy and the theme of my melody.

Sir Norman of my love, one of Olgar's race art thou,
stately from of old thy custom.

Thou treasure beloved, this was ever thy wont: a wide
house liberal and welcoming.

Bhiodh teanal nan cliar
 Ré tamaill is cian,
 Dh'fhios a' bhaile am biodh triall chàirdean.

Nàile, chunnaic mi uair
 Is glan an lasadh bha ad ghruaidh, 530
 Fo ghruaig chleachdaich nan dual àrbhuidh'.

Fear dìreach deas treun
 Bu ro-fhìrinneach beus,
 Is e gun mhìghean gun cheum tràilleil;

= 2 (lìnidh) De'n linnidh b'fheàrr buaidh 535
 Tha 's na crìochaibh mun cuairt,
 Clann fhìrinneach Ruairidh làn-mhoir.

Chan 'eil cleachdainn mhic rìgh
 No gaisge no gnìomh,
 Nach 'eil pearsa mo ghaoil làn deth. 540

An tréine 's an lùth,
 An ceudfaidh 's an cliù,
 Am féile is an gnùis nàire.

An gaisge is an gnìomh,
 Am pailteas neo-chrìon, 545
 Am maise is am miann àillteachd.

An cruadal 's an toil,
 Am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,
 An uaisle gun chron càileachd.

Tuigsear nan teud, 550
 Purpais gach sgéil,
 Susbaint gach céill nàduir.

Gum bu chubhaidh dhuit siod
 Mar a thubhairt iad ris,
 Bu tu an t-ubhal thar mios àrdchraoibh. 555

For many a day poet-bands would gather towards the
homestead whereunto friends would fare.

Lo, I have seen the day when bright shone thy cheek,
under the gold-yellow ringlets of thy head;

A man straight, strong, and mighty, full righteous of
conduct, without ill-mood or slavish step;

Of the race of rarest quality of all that are in the bounds
around, the righteous sons of full-great Roderick.

There is no virtue that befits a king's son, there is no
valour or prowess, but my dear one's person is full
thereof;

In might and in vigour, in understanding and renown,
in liberality and modesty of mien;

In valour and prowess, in free-handed generosity, in
comeliness and winsome beauty.

In hardihood and in will, in pre-eminence of learning,
in nobility with no flaw in his nature;

Skilled to judge of harp-playing, the theme of every tale,
the pith of all natural sense.

Right well that became thee (the style that men gave
him), the topmost apple above a tall tree's fruit.

Leòdach mo rùin,
Seòrsa fhuair cliù,
Cha bu tòiseachadh ùr dhàibh Sir.

Bha fios có sìbh
Ann an iomartas rìgh,
An uair bu mhuladach strì Theàrlaich. 560

Slàn Ghàidheil no Ghoill
Gun d'fhuaras oirbh foill,*
Dh'aon bhuaireadh gun d'rinn bhur nàmhaid.

Lochlannaich threun 565
Toiseach bhur sgéil,
Sliochd solta bh'air freumh Mhànais.

Thug Dia dhuit mar ghibht
Bhith mórdhalach glic;
Chrìosd deònaich do d'shliochd bhith àghmhor. 570

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhia,
Bean bu shocraiche ciall,
Is i gu foistinneach fial nàrach:

A bheil eineach is cliù,
Is i gun mhillleadh 'na cùis,
Is i gu h-iriosal ciuin càirdeil: 575

I gun dolaidh fo'n ghréin
Gu toileachadh treud,
Is a folachd a réir bànrighinn.

Is tric a riarach thu cuilm 580
Gun fhiabhras gun tuilg:
Nighean oighre Dhùn-tuilm, slàn duit.

570. Chrìosd deònaich, E., BGh. Crìosd dheonach', S.; Chrìosd deonaich', SO.

* v. Réaloides *Embl. IV* - *Uimh IV*, 1934; p. 464: ar nach ffrith faill (Duanairé Finn XLII 73; cf. similar examples Angus Ó Néilligh, ed. Rev. L. M'Kenna, *Glossary*), *Mid. Ir. no-t-galsad ar tfaill-sio* (YBL Tain ed. 96achan 2645)

A MacLeod dear to me, of the race that hath won fame;
no new dignity for you is this of knighthood.

All knew what you were in the conflicts of a king, when
the wars of Charles were vexing us.

Gael or Saxon I defy to show that deceit was found in
you, despite all temptations your foes did offer you.

Mighty men of Lochlann came first in your history, a
puissant race of Magnus' stock.

God hath bestowed upon thee to be magnificent and
wise; Christ grant that thy posterity be prosperous;

From God thou didst receive a dower, a wife most stead-
fast of sense, sedate, shamefast, and hospitable:

She hath generosity and renown, without blemish about
her; she is humble, calm, and friendly:

She without defect under the sun for the pleasuring of
companies, and her lineage is worthy a queen.

Often hast thou dispensed a banquet without confusion
or pomp; thou daughter of Duntulm's heir, hail to
thee.

*faill, in these examples being the word for 'negligence', 'the state of
being unprepared', 'the state of being at the mercy of an enemy', 'weak
spot', not faill, deceit'. Gerard Murphy.*

[If this meaning is right buairleadh will mean 'quarrel', 'strife'?]

An T-Eudach

Duanag a rinn Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh
mar gum biodh i ag eudach ri ban-Ilich a
mheall a leannan oirre, nam b'fhìor i.

Hìriri ohù robhó,
Roho i ohì o.

- Gur a mise tha iar mo chlisgeadh,
Tha loch uisge fo m' chluasaig.

Ged a théid mi do m' leabaidh
Chan e an cadal as dual domh,

585

- Is a' bhean tha an Ile
- Sior mhiadachadh m'euda;

Bhean thug uamsa mo roghainn,
Is gun taghainn thar cheud e.

590

- Ach nam bithinn 'na fianuis,
- Gum biodh spìonadh air bhréidean.

- Chì mi an Fhionnairigh thall ud
- Is i gun earras fo'n ghréin oirr'.

- Gum faca mise uair a
- Bha daoine-uaisle mu d'réidhlean.

595

- Rachadh cuid do'n bheinn-sheilg dhiubh,
- Cuid a mharbhadh an éisg dhiubh,

- Air Linne na Ciste
- Am bi na bric anns an leumraich.

600

Tha mo chean air an lasgair,
Saighdear sgairteil fo sgéith thu.

An uair a thig thu do'n chaisteal
Bheir thu dhachaidh do cheud ghràdh.

Jealousy

A ditty made by Mary as it were in jealousy of
an Islay woman who, according to Mary, enticed
her sweetheart from her.

Hìrìrì ohù robhó,
Roho ì ohì o.

It is I that have got a sore start; there is a loch of tears
under my pillow.

Though I go to my bed, it is not sleep I am likely to get,

While yon woman in Islay maketh me ever more jealous,

Who took from me my sweetheart, whom I'd choose
before a hundred.

Nay, if I were before her, there would kertches be torn
off.

Over yonder I see Fiunary, without wealth of any sort
therein,

Though I have seen the day when nobles thronged thy
greensward.

Some part of them would go to the hunting-hill, some
of them to kill the fish,

On the Pool of the Coffin where the trout will be leaping.

The gay youth hath my love, a brisk soldier art thou
beneath a shield.

When thou comest to the castle, thou'lt take home thy
first love.

Ged a tha mi air m'aineol
O'n bhaile fo éislean,

605

Chan ion do'n bhan-Ilich
Bhith strìth rium mu d'dhéidhinn.

Cumha do Mhac Leoid

Gur e an naidheachd so fhuair mi
A dh'fhuadaich mo chiall uam

610

Mar nach bitheadh i agam
Is nach fhaca mi riamh i;

Gur e abhall an lios so

Tha mise ag iargain,

E gun abachadh meas air

meas

615

Ach air briseadh fo chiad-bhàrr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche

Tha mi nise ag éisdeachd,

Gach aon chneadh mar thig orm

Dol an tricid 's an déinid;

620

Na chunncas 's na chualas

Is na fhuaradh o'n cheud là,

Creach nid an t-seabhaig,

Air a sgathadh ri aon uair.

Ach a chlann an fhir allail

625

Bu neo-mhalairtich beusan,

Ann an Lunnainn 's am Paris

Thug sibh bàrr air na ceudan;

Chaidh nur cliù thairis

Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,

630

A cheann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh

Is a leannain na féileachd.

615. So SO.; I gun abuchadh meas oir, S. 619. orm, S.; oirn', SO.
621. na chunnadh, S.; na chunnaic, SO. 628. om. S.

Though I be in a strange land, far from home and dejected,

It beseemeth not the Islay woman to strive with me for thy sake.

Lament for MacLeod

This message I have received hath driven my reason from me as though I had never had and never seen it; the apple-tree of this orchard do I now lament, that under its first crop it hath broken, without ripening of its fruits.

A tale of ruin is this that now I hear, for each wound as it cometh on me waxeth ever more frequent and more dire; as the hawk's nest is harried, so all that we have beheld and heard, all that we have got since our first day, hath in a moment been swept away.

But, ye sons of the renowned that swerved not from good ways, in London and in Paris ye have excelled hundreds; over the land of Egypt your fame hath gone abroad, ye that have been to minstrels as their journey's-end, ever wedded to liberality.

Ach a fhriamhaich nan curaidh
 Is a chuilein nan leóghann
 Is ogha an dà sheanair 635
 Bu chaithreamaich lóisdean,
 Càite an robh e ri fhaotainn
 Air an taobh-s' an Roinn Eòrpa?—
 Cha b'fhuras ri fhaighinn
 Anns gach rathad bu dòigh dhuibh. 640

Ach a Ruairidh mhic Iain,
 Is goirt leam fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort;
 Is e mo chreach-sa mac t'athar
 Bhith 'na laighe gun éirigh;
 Agus Tormod a mhac-san, 645
 A thasgaidh mo chéille!
 Gur e aobhar mo ghearain
 Gun chailleadh le chéile iad.

Nach mór an sgeul-sgrìobhaidh
 Is nach iongnadh leibh féin e, 650
 Duilleach na craoibhe
 Nach do sgaoileadh a meanglain,
 An robh cliù agus onoir
 Agus moladh air deagh bheairt
 Gu daonnachdach carthannach 655
 Beannachdach ceutach.

Ge goirt leam an naidheachd
 Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
 Gun do chorp a bhith as dùthaich
 Anns an tuama bu dual duit, 660
 Sgeul eile nach usa
 Tha mi clàistinn 'san uair so,
 Gar nach toir mi dha creideas,
 Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

g? chuidse ??
 clàistinn

sean?

~~clàistinn~~

Nay, Roderick, thou scion of heroes, thou whelp of lions, grandson of two noble grandsires right magnificent of hospitality, where this side of Europe was to be found thy peer in every way that was thy wont?

Thou son of Iain, it is sore to hear this news of thee; my grief, that thy father's son should be lying still, never more to rise! And Norman thy brother, O treasure of my heart! that they are lost together is the burthen of my plaint.

Is not the message dreadful, and strange do ye not deem it, that that tree luxuriant hath not spread its branches, wherein were found renown and honour and praise for good deeds, with love and humanity, benignity and comeliness.

Though sore I deem this news of Roderick, that his body lieth not in this land in the tomb of his fathers, other tidings I hear that are not less sad, though I will not trust them,—I mislike to relate them.

- Gur rò bheag a shaoil mi 665
 Ri mo shaoghal gun éisd'mid,
 Gun cluinneamaid Leòdaich
 Bhith 'gam fògradh á'n oighreachd, 2/
 Is á'n còraichean glana
 Is á'm fearainn gun déidh air, 670
 Is ar ranntannan farsaing
 Nan rachte 'nam feum sud.
- Gun éireadh 'nad aobhar
 Clann Raghnaill 's Clann Domhnaill
 Agus tigh Mhic Ghille Eathain 675
 Bha daingeann 'nur seòrsa,
 Agus fir Ghlinne Garadh
 Nall thairis á Cnòideart,
 Mar sud is Clann Chamshroin
 O champ Inbhir Lòchaidh. 680
- Is beag an t-iongnadh Clann Choinnich
 Dhèanamh oireachd mu d' ghualainn
 Is gun robh thu 'nam fineachd
 Air t'fhilleadh trì uairean.
 Is e mo chreach gun do chinneadh 685
 Bhith mu chruinneachadh t'uaighe,
 No glaodh do mhnà-muinntir,
 Is nach cluinntear 'san uair-s' i.
- Tha mo cheist air an oighre
 Tha a staoidhle 'sna Hearadh, 690
 Gar nach deach thu 'san tuam ud
 Far am bu dual duit o d' sheanair.
 Gur iomadh fuil uaibhreach
 A dh'fhuaich ad bhallaibh
 De shloinneadh nan rìghrean
 Leis na chìosaicheadh Manainn. 695

How little I ever dreamed that in my lifetime we should hear of the MacLeods' exile from their heritage and from their clear rights, and that against their will, though our allies be widespread should need of them arise.

To thy cause would rally Clan Ranald and Clan Donald, and the house of Maclean firmly knit in friendship with thee; over from Knoydart the men of Glen Garry would come, and Clan Cameron withal from the stronghold of Inverlochy.

No marvel though the Mackenzies should gather round thy shoulder, since thou hadst a threefold bond of kinship with their clan; alas that thy kin were not gathered about thy grave, nor thy handmaid's wail then heard, since it is heard not now.

I am grieved for the heir who was styled upon Harris, though he is not laid in the tomb of his grandsire; how much of haughty blood hath chilled in thy veins, derived from a line of kings who laid Man under tribute.

/ Is e mo ghaol-sa an sliochd foirmeil
 Bh'air sliochd Olghair is Ochraidh,
 O bhaile na Boirbhe
 Is ann a staidhleadh tu an toiseach;) 700
 Gur iomadh fuil mhórdha
 Bha reòta 's a' chorp ud:
 De shliochd àrmun Chinn-tìre,
 Iarla Ile agus Rois thu. ✓

/ Mhic Iain Stiùbhairt na h-Apunn, 705
 Ged is gasda an duine òg thu,
 Ged tha Stiùbhartaich beachdail,
 Iad tapaidh 'n àm fòirneirt,
 Na gabh-sa meanmna no aiteas
 Anns an staid ud nach còir dhuit: 710
 Cha toir thu i dh'aindeoin
 Is chan fhaigh thu le deoin i.

Cuime an tigeadh fear coigreach
 Do thagradh ur n-oighreachd?
 Gar nach 'eil e ro dhearbhta
 Gur searbh e ri éisdeachd;
 Ged tha sinne air ar creachadh
 Mu chloinn mhac an fhir fhéilidh,
 Sliochd Ruairidh mhóir allail,
 Is gur airidh iad féin oirr'.

éighreachd
 715

720

Dearly I love the stately race, seed of Olgar and Ochraidh;
from the city of Bergen did thy first title spring. How
much of stately blood was frozen in thy body, thou of
the race of Kintyre's warriors, of the earls of Ross and
of Islay.

And thou, Stewart of Appin, though thou art a goodly
youth: though the Stewarts are prudent, and heroic
in time of violence: take thou not comfort nor joy in
that estate not justly thine; perforce thou shalt not
take it, nor get it with goodwill of the giver.

Wherefore should a stranger come to implead your
heritage? Though it be not well proven, it is bitter to
hear. Though we are despoiled of the sons of the
generous one, the race of Roderick great and renowned,
they alone are worthy thereof.

An Crònan

An naidheachd so an dé
Aighearach è:
Moladh do'n léigh
Thug malairt do m' chéill:
Nis teannaidh mi féin ri crònan.

725

Beannachd do'n bheul
Dh'aithris an sgeul
Dh'fhàg fallain mo chré;
Cha ghearain mi féin
Na chailleadh 's na dh'eug
Is mo leanabh 'nan déidh comhshlàn.

730

Nam biodh agamsa fìon
Gum b'ait leam a dhìol
Air slàinte do thighinn
Gu d' chàirdean 's gu d' thìr;
Mhic àrmuinn mo ghaoil,
B'e m'àrdan 's mo phris
Alach mo Rìgh thogbhair.

735

Is fàth mire dhuinn féin
Is do 'n chinneadh gu léir
Do philleadh o'n eug;
Is milis an sgeul,
Is binne na gleus orghan.

740

721 ff. *So E., SO.; M. has:*

Chualas nuaidheachd an de
'S aighir leom fhein (*corr. from aighireach*)
Moladh ~~da~~ / leigh
Thug cobhair do d'chreidh.

725. 'Nis teannaidh, *SO.;* nois o theannas, *E., M.*

728. *om. SO.;* mo chrè, *E.;* do chreadh, *M.*

731. *So E.;* na dheidh, *SO.;* nan deis (*written above deidh*) 's beo shlaint, *M.*

The Croon

This message of yesterday, 'tis joyous; praised be the
healer that hath turned my spirit towards health.
Now will I begin a croon.

Blessed be the mouth that told the tale that hath made
my body sound; those that are lost, those that are
dead, I will not lament, for my child is left alive and
well.

Had I wine I would deem it a joy to drink it to the toast
of thy return to thy friends and thine own land, thou
son of the warrior of my love; my pride and prize it
would be to rear up my king's brood.

A cause of mirthfulness to us and all of our blood is thy
return from death; sweet is the tale, more melodiou
than the tuned music of organs.

Is e m'aiteas gu dearbh
 Gun glacar grad shealbh 745
 An grunn d farsaing nan sealg
 Is an caisteal nan arm
 Leis a' mhacaomh d'an ainm Tormod.

Tha mo dhùil-sa ann an Dia
 Gur mùirneach do thriall 750
 Gu dùn ud nan cliar
 Far am bu dùthchas do m' thriath
 Bhiodh gu fiùghantach fial foirmeil.

Gu dùn turaideach àrd,
 B'e sud innis nam bàrd 755
 Is nam filidh ri dàn
 Far am bu mhinig an tàmh:
 Cha b'ionad gun bhlàths dhoibh sud.

Gu àros nach crìon
 Am bi gàirich nam pìob 760
 Is nan clàrsach a rìs
 Le deàrrsadh nam pìos
 A' cur sàraidh air fìon
 Is 'ga leigeadh an gnìomh òircheard.

Buadhach am mac, 765
 Uasal an t-slat
 D'an dual a bhith ceart
 Cruadalach pailt
 Duaismhor am beachd
 Ruaimneach an neart Leòdach. 770

756. *So E. SO.; M. has:*

Far 'm bu mhinig leo tamh
 gabhail iomairt re daimh,
 cha b'iongantach dhaibh
 Rìgh! bu ro mhor do chairdeas leo sin.

769. *So E., SO.; ruaishmor, gl. grand, M.*

770. *Ruaineach, explained by làidir, E.*

In truth I am blithe that the hunt's wide ground and the
castle of arms will right soon be possessed by the youth
that is named Norman.

My hope is in God for a gay journey for thee to yonder
fortress of the poet bands, where my lord was wont
to dwell; generous, free-handed, stately was he:

To the tall battlemented tower that was the resting-place
of bards and makers of song, where often they reposed;
for them it was a place that lacked not warmth:

To the dwelling that is not niggardly, wherein is the roar
of pipes, and anon the sound of harps, with the gleam
of silver cups, making wine flow free, and pouring it
into the goldsmith's handiwork.

Victorious is the son, noble the scion to whom 'tis
nature to be just, hardy, open-handed, a MacLeod
bounteous of spirit and strong of might.

Fiùran na cluain
 Dhùisg 'san deagh uair,
 Is dùth dhuit dol suas
 An cliù 's ann am buaidh:
 Is dùthchas do m' luaidh 775
 Bhith gu fiùghantach suairc ceoilbhinn.

Fasan bu dual
 Fantalach buan,
 Socrach ri tuaith,
 Cosgail ri cuairt, 780
 Coisionta cruaidh
 Am brosnachadh sluaigh,
 A' mosgladh an uair fòirneirt.

Lean-sa 's na tréig
 Cleachdamh is beus 785
 T'aiteim gu léir,
 Macanta sèimh,
 Pailt ri luchd theud,
 Gaisgeil am feum,
 Neartmhor an déidh tòrachd. 790

781 ff. *So E., SO. ; M. has:*

Tosach dol suas
 Cosgaradh cruaidh
 Cosant ann uair doruinn.

Tha thu shliochd nam fear ùr,
 Tha fo lic ann san uir;
 'S e dh'fhag shilteach mo shuil,
 Ge do rìgeadh mi 'n crun,
 Nach fhaic mi fear dhiubh
 Ach ann gliocas an cliuth sa' morchuis.

Sliochd Olgair nan Lann, &c.

Sapling of the meadow, that hast awaked in the good hour, it is native to thee to increase in fame and prowess; it is my dear one's heritage to be generous, courtly, with sweet music around thee.

An inherited wont, deep-set and abiding: to be gentle towards tenantry, lavish to wandering bards, skilled and hardy in exhorting a host, awaking in the hour of violence.

Follow thou and forsake not the use and practice of thy kindred all: mild and gentle, liberal to harpers, valorous at need, mighty in pursuit.

De shliochd Olghair nan lann
 Thogadh sròiltean ri crann:
 An uair a thòisich iad ann
 Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
 Fir a b'fhìrinneach bann, 795
 Prìseil an dream,
 Rìoghail gun chall còrach.

Tog colg ort a ghaoil!
 Bi ro chalma is gum faod;
 Gur dearbhtha dhuit, laoich, 800
 Do chinneadh nach faoin
 Thig ort as gach taobh gu d' chomhnadh.

Uasal an treud,
 Deas cruadalach treun
 Tha an dualchas dhuit féin, 805
 Théid mu d' ghuaillibh ri t'fheum
 De shliochd Ruairidh mhóir fhéil;
 Cuir-sa suas, a Mhic Dé, an t-òg rìgh.

Tha na Gàidheil gu léir
 Cho càirdeach dhuit féin, 810
 Is gur feairrde thu gu t'fheum
 Sir Domhnall a Sléit',
 Ceannard nan ceud,
 Ceannsgalach treun ròghlic.

Is maith mo bharail 's mo bheachd 815
 Air na fiùrain as leat
 Gu carantach ceart:
 Is ann de bharrachd do neirt
 Mac mhic Ailein is dà mhac Dhomhnaill.

819. Mac Mhic Ailein is da Mhac Dhonuill, *M.*;

Mac mhic Ailein 's a mhac
 Thig le faram am feachd
 Go d' charaid a chasg t'fhoirneart, *E. and so SO.*

Of the descendants of Olgar of sword-blades, who were wont to raise satin pennons to mast; when they entered the fray they were no meagre handful, men true to their bond, a precious race, royal, without loss of right.

Beloved, let thy wrathful spirit be seen; be very mighty for thou canst. It is proven to thee, thou hero, that from every side to aid thee will come thy clan that are not feeble.

Noble is the flock, comely, hardy and strong, that are from of old of thine allegiance, that will come about thy shoulders at thy need, sprung of the race of great Roderick the generous. O Son of God, do Thou raise up the young king!

The Gaels all are thy friends; Sir Donald of Sleat will aid thy need, a chieftain of hundreds, masterful, mighty, wise exceedingly.

Good I deem the young warriors who are lovingly and truly thine; pre-eminent among thy force are Clan Ranald and the two sons of Donald.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas 820
 Thig am barantas sluaigh
 Nach mealladh ort uair:
 Cha bu charantas fuar
 Na fir sin o chluain Chnòideart.

Is leat Mac Shimidh o'n Aird, 825
 Is Mac Coinnich Chinn tSàil,
 Théid ad iomairt gun dàil
 Le h-iomadaidh gràidh;
 Cha b'iongantach dhàibh
 Is gur h-iomadh do phàirt dhoibh sin. 830

Is goirt an naidheachd 's gur cruaidh
 Mac Ghille Eathain bhith uainn,
 Gun a thigheadas suas:
 Bha do cheangal ris buan,
 T'ursainn-chatha ri uair dòrainn. 835

B'iomad gasan gun chealg
 Bu deas faicheil fo arm
 Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh
 Is iad a chlàistinn ort fearg
 Eadar Breacachadh dearg is Bròlas. 840

Tha mi ag acain mar chall
 Iad a thachairt gun cheann
 Fo chasaibh nan Gall
 Gun do phearsa bhith ann:
 Mo chruaidh-chàs nach gann 845
 Thu bhith fad anns an Fhraing air fògradh.

836. gasan, explained by "a young man", E.; garsan, gl. fleasgach laidir, M.

837. faicheil M.; faicsin E.; faicinn SO.

838. ceartacha(dh) E., SO.; ceartachdain M.

840. Breacachadh (corr. from Breacaisidh) dhearg, M.; gu dearbh is inserted above the line, evid. to replace dhearg, which is not erased; Breacachadh thall E.; Bràcadal thall SO.

846. Do bhi', E.

Down from Glen Garry will come to safeguard thee
hosts that would fail thee never; theirs were no cold
love, these men from the plain of Knoydart.

Fraser from the Aird is with thee, and Mackenzie from
Kintail; right speedily with love unbounded they will
come to thy battle-play; nor were that strange in
them, for thou and they are close akin.

Bitter and hard is the news that Maclean is not with us
and his people not in arms; thou wert lastingly bound ?
to him, thy pillar of battle in the hour of danger.

Between red Breacachadh and Brolas there is many a
slim youth without guile, comely and martial of aspect
under arms, that would deal stern justice should they
hear thou wert in wrath.

As a loss I lament it that they are without leader under
the Saxon's foot, and thou in absence; full sorry is
my case, that thou art long in France an exile.

A Chrìosd, cinnich thu féin
An spionnadh 's an céill
Gu cinneadail treun
An ionad na dh'eug, 850
A mhic an fhir nach d'fhuair beum
Is a ghineadh o'n chré ròghlain.

A Rìgh nan gràs
Bi féin mar ghàrd
Air feum mo ghràidh, 855
Is dèan oighre slàn
Do'n teaghlach àigh
Bu mheamhrach dàimh,
D'an robh coibhneas air bhàrr sòlais.

In Christ's name do thou thyself grow in vigour and sense, zealous for thy clan and mighty, in place of those dead, thou son of the man that found not reproach and was sprung of flesh full fair.

O King of grace, be Thyself as a guard over my loved one's need, and raise up an heir complete to the blest house that was mindful of kin, and that had joy and kindness besides.

<

Théid mi le m' dheoin 860
Do dhùthaich Mhic Leoid,
M'iùl air a' mhór luachach sin.

Bu chòir dhomh gum bi
M'eòlas 'san tìr
Leòdach mur pill cruadal mi; 865

Siùbhlaidh mi an iar
Troimh dhùbhlachd nan sian
Do'n tùr g'am bi triall thuathcheathairn,

O'n chualas an sgeul
Buadhach gun bhreug 870
Rinn acain mo chléibhe fhuadachadh.

Chì mi MacLeoid,
Is prìseil an t-òg
Riomhach gu mór buadhalach,

Bho Olghar nan lann 875
Chuireadh sròiltean ri crann,
Is Leòdaich an dream uabharra.

Eiridh na fuinn
Ghleusta air na suinn,
Is feumail ri ám cruadail iad, 880

Na fiùranan garg,
An ám rùsgadh nan arm
Is cliuiteach an t-ainm fhuaras leibh.

Sìol Tormoid nan sgiath
Foirmeileach fial, 885
Dh'èireadh do shluagh luathlàmhach;

862. Mo iùl air a bhord luath-bhineach, *M.* 867. O yousach nan bian *M.*
868. n'duil gun raibh mian toirmalach, *M.* 869 ff. *M.* has:

Chualas an de sceul luathbhineach gun bhreig
'S buaghtail an t eud coinbhailach.

A Fragment

With right good will I'll sail to the land of MacLeod,
steering a course for that man of great worth.

It is right that I shall know my way in MacLeod's domain,
if hard weather repulse me not.

Westward I'll voyage through the lowering of the storms,
to the tower to which tenantry resort,

Since I have heard the precious news and true, that
hath banished the pang in my breast.

MacLeod I shall behold, that youth high in esteem,
comely of aspect and rich in virtues;

Sprung from Olgar of sword-blades, that would raise
satin pennons to mast—MacLeods are of that haughty
race!

Tuneful airs shall rise in honour of the warriors, right
handy in time of hardihood are they;

The stern young warriors that when weapons are bared
have won them a name renowned.

The targe-bearing race of Tormod, stately and generous,
thy swift-handed host would arise.

Dealradh nam pìos,
 Torman nam pìob,
 Is dearbh' gum bu leibh an dualachas.

Thàinig teachdair do'n tìr 890
 Gu macanta mìn,
 Is ait leam gach nì chualas leam,

O Dhùn Bheagain nan steud
 Anns am freagair luchd-theud
 Bheir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghlòireach. 895

An uair chuireadh na laoich
 Loingeas air chaol
 Turus ri gaoith ghluaiste leibh,

O bharraibh nan crann
 Gu tarruing nam ball 900
 Teannachadh teann suas rithe;

Iomairt gu leoir
 Mar ri Mac Leoid
 Chàraich fo shròl uain-dhaite i,

Bho Aros an fhìon 905
 Gu talla nam pìos:
 Gum beannaich mo rìgh an t-uasal ud.

905. Aros by conjecture ; àrois SO. ; om. M.

Gleam of silver cups, roar of the pipes—clearly ye are
your sires' worthy sons!

To land came a courier, gently and kindly (joyful to
me every word that I heard),

From Dunvegan of steeds, wherein to each other respond
harpers that will give a spell of each choice-worded
tale.

When the heroes set the craft afloat upon the kyle, a
voyage into the wind ye would ply then,

From the mast-heads aloft to the halyards below, do ye
keep her close in to the wind.

Frolic in plenty is found with MacLeod, who hath
decked her with green-hued satin,

From Aros of wine to the hall of silver goblets—the
blessing of my king on that noble one!

Tha ulaidh orm an uamharrachd,
 Mo ghibhte phrìseil uasal thu,
 Mo leug bu lionmhor buadhan thu, 910
 Chan fhaigh an rìgh ri t'fhuasgladh thu:
 Air m'fhocal fìor o'n fhuair mi thu
 Cha tugainn uam air òr thu.

1 Tha tasgaidh ann an dìomhaireachd
 O chionn an fhad-s' de bhliadhnachan; 915
 Cha b'airgiod glas 's cha b'iarann e
 Ach Ridire glic riaghailteach
 Fhuair meas is gliocas iarlachan:
 O'n fhuair mi nis ri t'iarraidh thu
 Mathadh Dia dhuit e, Shir Domhnall. 920

2 Bu chuid mhór de m'araichdean thu,
 Mo phreasan snuadhach dealbhach thu,
 Mo long bu lionmhor seanchas ort
 Bu mheasail buadhail ainmeil thu;
 Nan leiginn féin air dearmad thu 925
 Gu dearbhtha cha b'i chòir i.

3 O's craobh de'n abhall phrìseil thu,
 De'n mheas bu ghasda brìoghalachd,
 O ghrunnd na fala firinnich
 D'am b'fhasan riamh an rioghalachd: 930
 Nam b'ann do lorg do shinnsir mi
 Gun innsinn-se na b'eòl domh.

12 Gu meal thu féin do staoidhlichean
 Is gach fearann tha an oighreachd dhuit,
 Dùn-tuilm an talamh deagh-mhaiseach 935
 Am biodh céir 'ga las' an coinnleiribh
 Is fìon 'ga òl gu saoibhir ann
 Am piosa glasa soillsichte
 An tigh farsaing meadhrach ceòlmhor.

To MacDonald

I have a treasure exceeding great; my precious noble guerdon art thou, my jewel of many virtues thou; the king himself shall not sunder us, for since I have won thee, by my word I would not part with thee for gold.

There hath been a hoard these many years bestowed in secrecy; it was not wan silver nor yet was it iron, but a Knight wise and sedate, dowered with the renown and wisdom of earls; now that I have won thee as thou wouldst wish, may God make it good to thee, Sir Donald!

A boon not among the least wert thou to me, my shapely beauteous little copse; my ship, the theme of many a history, renowned, victorious, and famous; of a truth it were injustice were I to leave thee in neglect.

For thou art a bough of the precious apple-tree, of fruit right good and sappy, uprising from the pure true blood whose fashion loyalty ever was; if it were tracing thine ancestry I were, what I knew I should declare.

Mayest thou have joy of all thy titles and all the land that is thine heritage; the lovely country of Duntulm, wherein waxen candles blaze, and wine is drunk right freely there from wan and gleaming cups of silver in a mansion wide and joyous and full of music.

- 13 Do chùirt a b' fhìorghlan foidearachd 940
Is bu mhath làmh-sgrìobhth' air paipearan;
Bha cuid do mhiann air maighdeannan
Bhiodh an gùintean sìoda fraoidhneiseach
Is iad dùinte sìos mu'n staighisean,
Is gun toir iad cìos gun fhaighneachd 945
Do aon strainnseir thig air fògradh.
- 8 Tha deagh ghàrd air th'ainmealachd,
Do chàirdean an t-Iarl Earra-Ghàidhealach,
Mac Coinnich is Morair Tairbeirt leat,
Fir a' Bhealaich is Bhràid Albann leat, 950
Gleann Garadh 's fir nan Garbhchrìoch leat,
Is an Colla is cha bu chearbach e,
Is na Camshronaich o Lòchaidh.
- 6 Mac Aoidh nam bratach meanmnach leat,
Sìol Airt is Chuinn is Chormaic leat, a/ 955
Na Collanan cìosail armailteach
Le'n loingeis luchdmhoir ghealbhréidich
Air fairge is iad a' seòladh.
- (a) 10 An cogdal no bhith an dùsgadh dhuit
Bu leat an Caiptein Mùideartach 960
Is na dh'èireadh leis de fhiùranaibh,
Is cha bu neart gun dùrachd e,
Is gur beachd leam gum bi biùthas anns
A' chùis mu'm bi sibh deònach.
- 7 Ghléidhinn prasgan fathast duit: X 965
Sìol Torcuill na tha air ghléidheadh dhiubh,
Clann Fhionghain 's fir an t-Stratha leat;
Bu dìleas duit na tìghean ud: ^ a
Mur cumadh crùn no claidheamh iad
Gum faighinn-sa na's leoir dhuit. 970

941. So by conjecture, or less likely, lamh-sgiath air saighdearan. MS. has lamh sgrìobh air saighdearan, acc. to Henderson. 942. Bu chuid, MS. 943. an not in MS. 969. iad not in MS.

X mhàreann

Right noble was the pastime of thy court, and fair thy handwriting upon paper. Part of thy desire was in maidens, whose fringed gowns of silk would be gathered close about their bodices; and they will not be slow to welcome every exiled stranger.

Well fenced about is thy renown, for all thy friends are with thee, the Earl of Argyll, and Mackenzie, the lord of Tarbat, the men of Taymouth and Breadalbane, Glen Garry and the men of the Rough Bounds, and the great Colla, 'tis not he would fail, and the Camerons from Lochy.

With thee is Mackay of warlike banners, with thee the seed of Art and Conn and Cormac; the race of Colla of vast armies and heavy tributes, with their full-laden white-sailed fleet as they sail upon the ocean.

Be thou waking or be thou sleeping, with thee the Captain of Moydart would be, and every warrior youth that would rise with him; his might were backed with good intent, and I warrant there will be glory in the cause that these embrace!

Another host I'd furnish thee, the seed of Torquil—as many as remain of them; the Mackinnons and the men of Strath, to thee these houses were right faithful; should crown or sword not keep them back, I'd find enough of hosts for thee.

Aig lìonmhorachd do chàirdeis riu
 Cha sgrìobhar iad air phaipearan;
 Bidh Frisealaich, bidh Granndaich leat,
 Bidh Rothaich a thaobh nàduir leat
 Nan cumadh iad an àbhaist riut 975
 'Gad chur 'san àite an còir dhuit.

9 Dh'éireadh leat na Dubhghlasaich
 A thaobh do mhàthar chùramaich:
 Bidh cóig ciad gaisgeach cùirteil ann
 Is gum b'e fàth mo dhùrachd dhaibh 980
 Iad bhith dhuit cho dùbailte
 Is nach diùltadh iad do chomhnadh.

5 Nan tigeadh airc no éiginn ort
 Gun éireadh feachd á Eirinn leat;
 Iarl Antruim nan each ceumnach leat 985
 Is an sliochd sin Mhic Féilim leat,
 Nan cluinnte foirm air fheumalachd
 Gun éireadh leat am mór-shluagh.

4 Gun éireadh leat gun amharus
 Feachd Iain Mhóir 's Iain Chathanaich 990
 Is an dream dhìreach Leathanach
 Is fir Chinn-tìre is Latharna,
 Is gur mairg luchd beurla chaitheadh ort
 Is na maithean ud an tòir orr'.

11 Gur cian 's gur fad an aimsir 995
 O'n chuala mi aig seanchaidhibh
 Nar thàinig sibh do na talmhaintean-sa
 Gur gnìomh a chaidh a dhearbhadh gun
 Robh tigh is leth na h-Albann air
 A shealbhachadh an còir dhuibh. 1000

987. Probably for air *th'* fheumalachd. ✓ 997. do, -sa suppl. Henderson. ?

t 'fheumalachd in 'Dac Talla nan Tìr'

For the number of those that are thy friends, they cannot be chronicled on paper; the Frasers and the Grants will be with thee, the Munros ('tis their nature) will be with thee, did they maintain their wont towards thee and set thee in thy rightful place.

With thee would rise the Douglasses, kin of thine honoured mother; five hundred courtly heroes will be there, and it were the pith of my wish for them that they be so firmly knit to thee that they will not deny thee succour.

Were straits or stress to trouble thee, a host from Ireland would rise with thee; Antrim's earl of pacing steeds would join thee; and MacFelim's noble race, should they hear it said thou wert in need, their mighty force would come to aid thee.

Assuredly would rise with thee the host of Iain Mór and Iain Cathanach, and the true race of Maclean, and the men of Kintyre and Lorne; and woe to the lowlanders that should aim at thee when these nobles are in pursuit of them!

Full long is the time since I heard historians relate, when first to these lands ye came, that then it was proven how all Scotland and a house to boot were possessed by you of right. *— Mac 6 21*

Luinneag

do Iain mac Shir Tormoid Mhic Leoid air
dhi bràth thombaca fhaotainn uaidh.

Hithill uthill agus ó
hithill ó horiunna
hithill uthill agus ó
hithill óhó horiunna
hithill uthill agus ó
hithill ó horiunna
faillill ó hullill ó
hó ri ghealladh ill an.

Ged a théid mi do m' leabaidh
Chan e cadal as miannach leam
Aig ro mheud na tuile
Is mo mhuileann gun iarann air;
Tha a' mholtair ri pàidheadh
Mur cailltear am bliadhna mi,
Is gur feumail domh faighinn
Ged a gheibhinn an iasaid i.

1005

Tha mo chean air a' chlachair
Rinn m'aighe-sa riarachadh,
Fear mór a' bheoil mheachair,
Ge tosdach gur briathrach thu:
Gum faighinn air m'fhacal
Na caisteil ged iarrainn iad:
A cheart aindeoin mo stàta,
Gun chàraich sud fiachan orm.

1010

Ged a thubhairt mi riut clachair
Air m'fhacal cha b'fhìor dhomh e;
Gur rìoghail do shloinneadh
Is gur soilleir ri iarraidh e:

1015

1020

1001. So S., SO.; Ga do reach mi 'm leabuidh, E.; Ge socair mo leaba
M. 1007. So E., S., SO.; gu'm bu mhianach leom agam, M.

Song

to Iain son of Sir Norman, on his presenting
her with a snuff-mull.

Hithill uthill agus ó.

Though I go to my bed it is not sleep I desire, for the
flood is so great and my mill is unshod; the mill-due
is to be paid if this year is not to ruin me, and get it
I must, though it be that I borrow it.

I dearly love this mason that hath satisfied my spirit;
thou great one of sweet-speaking mouth, though
silent thou art eloquent; on my word, the castles
themselves I'd get for the asking, and despite my
state that hath laid me under a debt.

Though I called thee a mason, by my word I spoke
falsely; for royal is thy lineage, and full manifest to

Fìor Leòdach ùr gasda
 Foinnidh beachdail glic fialaidh thu,
 De shliochd nam fear flathail
 Bu mhath an ceann chliaranach.

Ach a mhic ud Shir Tormoid 1025
 Gun soirbhich gach bliadhna dhuit
 A chur buaidhe air do shliochd-sa
 Agus piseach air t'iarmadan;
 Is do'n chuid eile chloinn t'athar
 Anns gach rathad a thriallas iad, 1030
 Gu robh toradh mo dhùrachd
 Dol an rùn mar bu mhiannach leam.

An uair a théid thu do'n fhireach
 Is ro mhath chinneas am fiadhach leat,
 Le do lomhainn chon ghleusta 1035
 Ann do dhéidh 'n uair a thrialladh tu:
 Sin is cuilbh_{ij}r caol cinnteach
 Cruaidh dìreach gun fhiaradh ann;
 Bu tù sealgair na h-éilde,
 A' choilich* is na liath-chirce. ✓ 1040
 ^

v. 477

Tha mo chean air an Ruairidh,
 Gur luaimneach mu d' sgeula mi;
 Fìor bhoinne geal suairc thu,
 Am bheil uaisle na peucaige,
 Air an d'fhàs an cùl dualach 1045
 Is e 'na chuachagan teudbhuidhe;
 Sin is urla ghlan shuairce:
 Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e. ca

1024. chliaranach, E., S., SO.; chliaran iad, M. 1039. na h-eilid, S., SO. and so E. M. transposes eilid and choilich. The rime seems defective.

* some word (like chéir?) omitted?

trace. A true MacLeod fresh and splendid art thou, comely, prudent, wise, and generous, of the race of princely heroes, good as a host to poet bands.

But, thou son of Sir Norman, may every year prosper thee, to give success to thy descendants and increase to thy posterity; and for the rest of thy sire's children in every way they shall fare, may the fruit of my good wishes be accomplished for them as I would desire.

When thou goest to the hill, the hunt goeth right well with thee, with thine eager leash of hounds at thy heel in thy travelling; a slender sure gun withal, tough and straight, with no bend in it; hunter of the hind wert thou, of the blackcock and the moorhen.

I dearly love this Roderick—thy news hath stirred my spirit; a pure and gentle blood-drop art thou, dowered with the brilliance of the peacock; with thy rich curling hair all golden as harp-strings, a bright and gentle countenance withal; that were no false narration of thy beauty.

Slàn iomramh dhuit Iain,
 Guma rathail a dh'éireas duit, 1050
 Is tu mac an deagh athar
 Bha gu mathasach meadhrachail,
 Bha gu furbhailteach daonnairceach
 Faoilteachail déirceachail;
 Sàr cheannard air trùp thu 11/ 1055
 Nan cuirte leat feum orra.

Gur àlainn am marcach
 Air each an glaic diollaid thu,
 Is tu conbhail do phearsa
 Ann an cleachdamh mar dh'iarrainn duit: 1060
 Thigeadh sud ann ad làimh-sa
 Lann Spàinteach ghorm dhias-fhada
 Is paidhir mhath phiostal
 Air crios nam ball snìomhaineach.

1056. *So E., S., SO.*; nan cuirte mar fhiacha e *M.* 1061. *So E., &c.*;
 Thigidh (*sic*) sud ort o'n cheardaich, *M.*

Safe faring to thee, Iain, may good luck befall thee;
thou son of the good sire that was benign and joyous-
hearted, that was hospitable and humane, welcoming
and charitable; prime leader of a host wert thou
when thou didst need their service.

Set in a saddle's hollow thou art a comely cavalier,
keeping thy body in martial exercise, as I would ask
for thee; well would thine hand fit a Spanish blade
blue and long-pointed, and a good pair of pistols on a
spiral-embossed belt.

Marbhrann

do Shir Tormod Mac Leoid a dh'eug air an
treas là de'n Mhàirt, anns a' bhliadhna

1705

Cha sùrd cadail 1065

An rùn-s' air m'aigne,

Mo shùil frasach

Gun sùrd macnais

'S a' chùirt a chleachd mi

Sgeul ùr ait ri éisdeachd. 1070

Is trom an cudthrom so dhrùidh,

Dh'fhàg mo chuisleìn gun lùth,

Is tric snighe mo shùl

A' tuiteam gu dlùth,

Chaill mi iuchair mo chùil: 1075

An cuideachd luchd-ciuil cha téid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir

Fo thasgaidh bhòrd,

Sàr mhac Mhic Leoid

Nam bratach sròil, 1080

Bu phailt mu'n òr,

Bu bhinn caismeachd sgeoil

Aig luchd-astair is ceoil na h-Eireann.

Có neach d'an eòl

Fear t' fhasain beò

Am blasdachd beoil

Is am maise neoil,

An gaisge gleois

An ceart 's an còir,

Gun airceas no sgleò féile? 1090

1072. So BGh., after SO.; an lùs E. 1075. chùil BGh., SO., E.; ? chiuil.

Dirge

for Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera

My spirit inclineth not to sleep's sweet mood; mine eye
is tearful, uncheered by mirth, in the court where I
was wont to hearken a new and pleasant tale.

A great heaviness is this that hath come upon me and
left my veins without vigour; thick and fast my tear-
drops fall. I have lost the key of my treasure-house;¹
in the company of music-makers I will not go.

Bestowed under boards are my strength and my might,
MacLeod's excellent son of satin banners, who was
unstinted of gold, who was a melodious theme of story
among the wandering bards and minstrels of Ireland.

Who can point out a man living thy peer in sweetness
of speech, in beauty of hue, in active prowess and in
justice and right, in liberality without dearth or un-
heartiness?

¹ See note.

Dh'fhalbh mo shòlas:
 Marbh mo Leòdach
 Calma cròdha
 Meanmnach ròghlic;
 Dhearbh mo sgeoil-sa 1095
 Seanchas eòlais
 Gun chearb foghlum:

Dealbhach ròghlan t'éagasg.

✓ An treas là de'n Mhàirt
 Dh'fhalbh m'aighear gu bràth; 1100
 B'i sud saighead mo chràidh
 Bhith 'g amharc do bhàis,
 A ghnùis fhlatasach àilt,
 A dheagh mhic rathail
 An àrmuinn euchdaich. 1105

Mac Ruairidh reachdmhoir
 Uaibhrich bheachdail,
 Bu bhuaidh leatsa
 Dualchas farsaing,
 Snuadh ghlaine pearsa, 1110
 Cruadal 's smachd gun eucoir. ✓

Uaill is aiteas
 Is ann bhuat gu faighte, ✕
 Ri uair ceartais
 Fuasgladh facail 1115
 Gun ghruaim gun lasan
 Gu suairce snasda reusant'.

Fo bhùird an cistidh
 Chaidh grunn d a' ghliocais,
 Fear fùghant miosail 1120
 Cuilmeach gibhteil,
 An robh cliù gun bhristeadh:
 Chaidh ùr fo lic air m'eudail.

My gladness is gone; dead is my MacLeod strong and
valorous, spirited and sage; the report of those who
knew him attests my tale without defect of knowledge:
shapely and full fair was thy countenance.

On the third day of March my joy left me for ever; to
behold thee dead was the arrow that wounded me
thou princely noble countenance, thou the valorous
warrior's excellent grace-dowered son.

Son of Roderick the puissant, haughty and wise, these <
thou deemed virtues: a wide inheritance, beauty of
person, hardiness, mastery without injustice.

In thee would be found dignity and blitheness; in the
hour of judgment thou wouldst solve the case not with
sullenness or anger, but courtly, orderly, with reason.

Beneath boards in a coffin is laid the prop of wisdom, a
man benevolent and revered, given to feasting and
bestowal of gifts, in whom was found good fame without
flaw; under a grave-stone the dust doth lie upon my
treasure.

Gnùis na glaine
 Chuireadh sunnd air fearaibh, 1125
 Air each crùidheach ceannard
 Is lann ùr thana ort
 Am beairt dhlùth dhainginn
 Air cùl nan clannfhalt teudbhuidh'.

Is iomadh fear aineoil 1130
 Is aoidh 's luchd ealaidh
 Bheir turnais tamall
 Air crùintidh mhalairt
 Air iùl 's air aithne:
 Bu chliù gun aithris bhreug e. 1135

Bu tu an t-sìothshaimh charaid
 Ri ám tighinn gu baile,
 Ol dian aig fearaibh
 Gun strì gun charraid,
 Is bu mhiann leat mar riut 1140
 Luchd innse air annas sgeula.

Bu tric uidh chàirdean
 Gu d' dhùn àghmhor
 Suilbhir fàilteach
 Cuilmmhor stàtail 1145
 Gun bhuirb gun àrdan,
 Gun diùlt air mhàl nan déirceach.

Thu á sliochd Olghair
 Bu mhór morghail,
 Nan seòl corrbheann 1150
 Is nan còrn gormghlas,
 Nan ceòl orghan
 Is nan seòd bu bhorb ri éiginn.

1125. sunnd, *SO.*; sùnt, *E.*; sùrd, *BGh.* 1144. fàilteach, *SO.*, *BGh.*; àilteach, *E.*

Upon a horse well-shod and high-headed, bearing thy
bright taper blade in a scabbard close and firm behind
thy curling locks yellow as harp-strings, thou wouldst
brace the mood of men with the comeliness of thy
mien.

Many a stranger, many a guest and man of song, would
for a space be ready to part with wealth for thy guidance
and acquaintance; such was thy repute in very truth.

Thou wert the tranquillity of friends at time of home-
coming, when men drank deep without discord or
quarrel, and thou didst love to have by thee tellers of
a rare and pleasing tale.

Often did friends wend to thy glorious fortress that was
blithe and welcoming, festive and stately, without
turbulence or arrogance, where the needy was not
denied his due.

Thou of the line of Olgar great in sea-prowess, Olgar of
taper-pointed sails, of blue-grey drinking-horns, of
organ-strains, of heroes stern at need:

Bha leth do shloinnidh
 Ri sìol Cholla 1155
 Nan cìos troma
 Is nam pìos soilleir,
 Bho chóigeamh Chonnacht:
 Bu lìonmhor do loingear bréidgheal.

Is iomadh gàir dhalta 1160
 Is mnàì bhasbhuaìlt'
 Ri là tasgaidh:
 Chan fhàth aiteis
 Do d' chàirdean t' fhaicsin
 Fo chlàr glaiste: 1165
 Mo thruaighe, chreach an t-eug sinn!

Inghean Sheumais nan crùn,
 Bean-chéile ghlan ùr,
 Thug i ceud-ghràdh d'a rùn,
 Bu mhór a h-aobhar ri sunnd 1170
 An uair a shealladh i an gnùis a céile.

Is i fhras nach ciuin
 A thàinig as ùr,
 A shrac ar siuil
 Is a bhrìst ar stiuir 1175
 Is ar cairt mhaith iuil
 Is ar taice cùil
 Is ar caidreabh ciuil
 Bhiodh againn 'nad thùr éibhinn.

Is mór an ionndrainn tha bhuainn 1180
 Air a dùnadh 'san uaigh,
 Ar cùinneadh 's ar buaidh,
 Ar cùram 's ar n-uail,
 Is ar sùgradh gun ghruaim:

Is fada air chuimhe na fhuair mi féin deth. 1185

1158 *So BGh.; Coinneachd, E.; Coinneach, SO.*

One half of thy kinship was with the race of Coll of heavy tributes and bright silver goblets, from the province of Connacht; numerous was thy white-sailed fleet.

Many a fosterling wails, and many a woman beats her hands, on thy burial day; it is no cause of gladness to thy friends to see thee sealed beneath a coffin-lid. My sorrow, death hath reft us.

The daughter of Sir James the munificent, a consort fresh and fair, did give to her darling her first love; she had much cause to be glad when she looked into her husband's face.

An ungentle storm is this that hath freshly arisen, that hath rent our sails and broken our rudder and our good compass, our stay and prop, the goodly fellowship that were ours in thy joyous tower.

Much we long for what we lack, for what is closed within the grave, our treasure and triumph, our care and our boast, our glee without gloom. What I myself have received thereof I shall remember long.

Cumha

do Shir Tormod Mac Leoid.

Mo chràdhghal bochd
Mar a thà mi nochd
Is mi gun tàmh gun fhois gun sunnd.

Gun sùrd ri stàth
Gun dùil ri bhith slàn, 1190
Chaidh mo shùgradh gu bràth air chùl.

Chaill mo shusbaint a càil,
Fàth mo thùrsaidh gach là,
Is mi sìor-ursgeul air gnàths mo rùin.

Mu dheagh mhac Ruairidh nan long, 1195
Lamh lìobhraigeadh bhonn,
Is bha measail air fonn luchd-ciuil.

Is e bhith smuainteachadh ort
A chràidh mi am chorp
Is a chnàmh na roisg bho m' shùil. 1200

Mi ri smuaintean bochd truagh
Is ri iomradh baoth buan
Is mi 'gad ionndrainn-sa uam: 's tu b'fhiù.

Ag ionndrainn Leòdach mo ghaoil
Bhith 'san t-sròl-anart chaoil 1205
Gun chomhdach r'a thaobh ach bùird.

O'n là ghlasadh do bheul
Gun deach airc air luchd-theud
An uair sgapadh tu fhéin na crùin.

Thog na filidh ort sgeul 1210
Fhad 's a dh'imich an ceum
Nach fhaca iad na b'fhéile gnùis.

Lament

for Sir Norman MacLeod

Sad and heart-sore my weeping, for I find myself to-night without rest, without peace, without cheer;

With no will for aught that profiteth, without hope to be well; my joy is vanished for ever more.

My substance hath waxed listless, cause of my grief each day, as ever I recount the ways of my dear one;

My grief for Roderick's son of galleys, his a hand to lavish wealth, who esteemed the minstrel's lay.

It is thinking of thee that hath tortured my body, and wasted the lashes from mine eyes;

Thinking sadly and sorrowfully, and ever vainly recalling thee, and longing for thee as well thou didst deserve;

Longing for my dear MacLeod, as he lies wrapped in his thin shroud of satin, with no cover at his side save boards.

Since the day thy mouth^{*} was sealed, minstrels have gone in want, whenas thou thyself wouldst have scattered riches.

The bards have spread a report of thee, far as their steps have led, that a countenance more liberal they never saw.

*'or was
made
grey'
G. H.*

*q. ACL III, p.
2, l. 1 & footnote
'PH (Henson)
l. 8131.*

Gun robh maise ann ad fhiamh,
 Sin is tlachd ort measg chiad,
 Rud nach cuala mi riamh air triuir. 1215

Tha am Mac Leoid-s' air ar ceann
 Is e fo thùrsadh nach gann;
 Is beag an t-iongnadh, 's e chaill a stiuir.

Chaill e maothar a threud
 'San robh fradharc nan ceud 1220
 Is tagha de dheagh chairt-iuil.

Deagh shealgair am frith,
 Bha gun cheilg do thigh Rìgh,
 Agus seirbhiseach dileas crùin.

Tha do chinneadh fo ghruaim 1225
 Is gach aon fhine mun cuairt
 O'n là ghrinnicheadh t'uaigh 's a' chrùist.

Mu'n t-sàr ghaisgeach dheas threun
 Ann am batail nan ceud,
 Cha bu lapach 'san leum ud thù. 1230

Làmh churanta chruaidh
 Ann an iomairt 's gach buaidh,
 Chan urrainn domh t'uaisle, a rùin.

Do thigh-talla fo ghruaim,
 Is e gun aighear gun uaill, 1235
 Far am bu mhinig a fhuair sinn cuirm.

There was beauty in thine aspect, and thou hadst a presence among hundreds, such as I never heard that three possessed among them.

This MacLeod who is over us is grieved, and that deeply; no marvel, for he hath lost his helm;

He hath lost the choice of his flock, who had the foresight of hundreds, and the choicest of rare pilots.

Rare hunter in a forest, without guile to the royal house, and a loyal servant of the crown;

Thy kindred are in gloom, and those of every name around, since thy tomb was made ready in the vault,

For the prime warrior agile and strong in the battle of hundreds; in that onset thou wert not sluggish;

Thine a hand heroic and hardy in contest and in every victory; thy nobility, dear one, is no longer my support.

Thy mansion is in gloom, without mirth, without pomp, where often we have received a feast.

This lament for Iain Garbh of Raasay is in *Còisir a' Mhòid* (1. 50) ascribed to Mary MacLeod, on what authority is not stated. Raasay tradition, as I am told by Mr. Alexander Nicolson and others, unhesitatingly ascribes it to Iain Garbh's

Och nan och 's mi fo léireadh
mar a dh'éirich do'n ghaisgeach;
Chan 'eil sealgair na sìthne
an diugh am frith nam beann casa.

Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi,
ged is faoin bhi 'ga agradh,
Gun rachadh do bhàdhadh
gu bràth air cuan farsaing;

Fhad 's a sheasadh an stiuir dhith
's tu air cùl a buill bheairte,
Dh'aindeoin ànradh nan, dùilean d/
agus ùpraid na mara;

Fhad 's a dh'fhanadh ri chéile
a cuid dhealغان 's a h-acuinn,
Is gum b'urrainn dhi géilleadh
do d' làimh threun air an aigeann.

Ach b'i an doineann bha iargalt,
le gaoth á'n iar-thuath 's cruaidh fhrasan:
Thog i a' mhuir 'na mill dhùbhghorm
's smuais i an iùbhrach 'na sadan.

Hù o ro hó io hó hùg oireann o,
hó a o hù, éile e hó,
hù o ro hó io hó bhà,
hó ro bha, hiu ra bhó, hiu o ró,
hú o ro hó io hó hùg oireann o,
faill ill ó laill io hó.

sister, and this fact, along with the style of the song itself, makes it, I think, certain that Mary was not the author. Mr. Nicolson has collected in Raasay a less complete version. The free rendering is in the metre of the original.

O alas for the hero
whom the sea-wave is hiding;
to the mountain-chase now
'tis not thou shalt be riding.

Ne'er I feared 'twould betide thee,
(vain O vain is my weeping)
that in ocean's wide depth
thou shouldst ever be sleeping;

While her rudder should stand
and thy hand be to guide her,
though the tempest should rave
and the wave crash beside her;

While her timbers and gear
should cleave stoutly together,
with thy hand on her helm
any storm she might weather.

But fierce was the gale
and thy sail it hath tattered,
it hath roused the black waves,
and thy brave boat is shattered.

Hù o ro.

The following anonymous elegy on Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera has been edited and translated by Professor Watson (see *Northern Chronicle* for 19th April, 1922) from a manuscript in the National Library of Scotland. It is included as a specimen of classic poetry for comparison with the style of

Marbhrainn sior Tormóid Mic Leoid

ar n-a sgríobhadh ann so, do ég an treas lá do'n
mhí Mháirt, ar ndeich(el?) a cluig, ano dom
1705

ena ??

1 Rug an fheibhe a terme as teach,
ag sin go léir ar loimchreach;
amhghar ar éigsibh gach fhóid:
an t-adhbhar tréigsin Tormóid.

2 A seal féin fuair an t-eineach,
ag so an díle dheireadhach;
a dhrud fá chré do chadal
rug a ré go Roghadal.

3 Sior Tormód do thaobh tréighe,
* 's é lá do chlú a céidfhréimhe;
caoineadh budh ceart da áirmhibh:
aoinfhear go seacht subhailcibh.

reue

4 Mac Ruaidhri do riar dáimhe
riamh aoinfhear dob iomláine;
mo thogha-sa do bhraith bladhd:
urusa air mhaith a mholadh.

or

5 A thoirbheartas le teas ngráidh,
eólus go n-eagna lomláin;
ceart nár cham do thuath tíre:
neart ann le fuath fairbhúighe.

n. iomlám?

é

?

* leg. 's é lán do chlú a céidfhréimhe : 'and he full of the fame of his original stock' G.H.

Mary MacLeod's-composition on the same theme. For its vocabulary Dinneen should be consulted. In *Rel. Celt.* (II, 264) is another classic elegy on Sir Norman, of which a better version is found in *Nat. Lib.*, Box No. 3.

Here is written the elegy of

Sir Norman MacLeod

who died on the third day of
March, 1705, after ten o'clock.

Distinction has ushered in its close; therein lies bare our
utter reaving; trouble weighs on the learned of every
sod: the cause, Norman's forsaking us.

Munificence has had its day; here is come the final flood;
it is his drawing to sleep beneath the clay that has
brought his life's span to Rodel.

Sir Norman took the part of the weak—the day of thy
renown was their first rooting; for him hosts do well
to weep: a man unique, with seven virtues.

To satisfy a poet-company Ruairidh's son was ever the
man most complete; my choice, whom renown has
noted: easy to praise him, such was his worth.

His bounty was bestowed with warmth of love; know-
ledge was his, with full measure of wisdom; unbiased
justice to the people of the land, strength too dwelt in
him, with hate of excess.

- 6 Mar táid dúile agus daoine
 's na Hearadh d'a égcaoine,
 ó'n mhuir-si a bhfoltaibh na bhfiodh,
 's gan tuigsi ar foclaibh fileadh.
- 7 Slán le h-eólus Innsi Gall
 ar tteasdóil d' fhéinnidh Fhionnghall;
 ar lén tré éaludh anma
 's gan léghudh sgéla sgolardha.
- 8 O nach maireann mac MhicLeoid,
 ná h-iarrthar 'n-a nduais deighsheoid
 's gan fiadhain ar cham tar cháir,
 nó ar riaghail rann tar rabháin.
- 9 'S é le h-ég no gur athruigh
 as an bhaile, a Bearnathraigh,
 a Dhé mhóir, ag riarudh rann
 dob é grianbhrugh óil Fhionnghall.
- 10 Fáth bróin diombuaine an duine,
 fa lór d' adhbhur eólchuire;
 fir domhuin 's a ngnaoi d'a ngad,
 's nach foghain faoi acht f
- 11 Fuair mac MhicLeoid, lór a mét,
 clú tar laochaibh a leithéid;
 ó fhuil a thoirm i ngach tír,
 do chur a ainm a n-imhchín.
- 12 Do líon a bhrón-sin gach brugh
 a ccrích cinnidh a mháthar;
 ó fuil fóir Cuinn a cceasaibh:
 guil slóigh an fhuinn Uibhisdigh.
- 13 Dóibhsion is doirbh an deadhail,
 gan súgradh 'n a sein-treabhaibh
 laoiach as buirbe ag bualadh bhos:
 duilghe is luathghal an Leódhus.

wd. not mine in
 bardic poetry
 éaludh : léghudh

Reg. Sé (B.H.)

[sgéla]

][

rábháin?

an b?

[thairm]

an brón sin

mine?

48

Sad the state of creatures and of men in Harris lamenting him, for that this sea (is risen) among the foliage of the woods: men understand not poets' phrases.

Farewell to the knowledge of Innse-Gall, now that the warrior of Fionnghall is gone; we grieve that his soul has fled, that learned tales are no more recited.

Since MacLeod's son lives no more, let goodly treasures be no longer sought as rewards; seeing that no witness is left for right or wrong, for rule of rime as compared with doggerel.

Until he changed his abode by death from his stead, from Bernera, thou mighty God, in rewarding poems it was the brilliant banqueting hall of Fionnghall.

Cause of sorrow is the noble's transience, reason enough for lamentation: men, one and all, of their pleasure robbed, since for his bed there serves only a

MacLeod's son won fame—enough its measure—over warriors his peers; whence the noise of him is in every land to spread his name afar.

Grief for him has filled every dwelling in the bounds of his mother's tribe; because of it Conn's seed are in affliction: there is weeping of the host of the land of Uist.

To them grievous is the parting; no mirth is in their ancient homes; fiercest warriors smite their palms; distress and wailing are in Lewis.

o lán (probably wrong as stressed word shd not separate the alliterative words.

106 MARBHRAINN SIOR TORMÓID MIC LEOID

14 Ré fearuibh Sgí do sgaradh
an tréighe 's an tromaradh;
mur do ghéid an chumha a ccáil,
's ní lúgha a béd a mBarráigh.

15 Atá a ccláruibh na comhra
ceann na foirneadh, feasamhla;
's an uaigh-sí, 'ga cor a cceilt,
uaisle fhola agus airmbheirt.

les. cora 'ccéilt to give
rime with fhola (cora &
cor are alternative forms in
Gaelic poetry) G.H.

16 Aiceacht múinte gach mhic óig
'n a luighe fá líc Thormóid;
inn an tomus lán time;
mar sanas an suaith-fhile.

tanús?

Must be mar, 'big' (lán)
whatever be the exact
meaning G.H.

17 O fhuil Leoid lór do ceileadh
d'a saoitheacht, d' ar sáir-cheineál;
's gach gnás budh dualghus do'n druing,
tré bhás gach suachus seachuinn.

Wed. not
rime in strict
Gaelic poetry
ceileadh: ceineál

18 Seacht gcéad dég 's a cúig gan chol,
ég Thormóid, doirbh an deadhol;
é comháireamh is é sin
annáladh Dé go deimhin.

a (G.H.).

19 Ní fhuil tréinfhear ag toidheacht
do mhaicne nó mór-oireacht,
o'n bhás tré luathchar nach lag:
uathmhar an cáis comhrug.

Rug.

[?] (G.H.)?

Thy severance from the men of Skye is their weakness
and their heaviness; so sorely has mourning wounded
their mood; and not less is the hurt of it in Barra.

There lies within the boards of the coffer the head of
learning's company; in this grave lie hid from sight
nobility of blood and martial deed.

Under Norman's slab lies every young man's guide to
instruction; we are . . . full of fear (?); the sage and
poet is as a whisper.¹

Enough has been hid (in the grave) of the blood of Leod,
of its wisdom and of our noble race, and (with it)
every custom that was that people's due: through his
death every joy has passed us by.

Seventeen hundred and five without sin (was the age of
Christ at) Norman's death; sore the parting; by com-
putation that is the reckoning of God assuredly.

No mighty man comes to tryst of youths or great assembly
since his death through sudden powerful cast; dread
the calamity that has borne him with it.

¹ i.e. does not raise his voice for sorrow.

in the 18th century

NOTES

[NOTE.—For the information in the notes the chief sources are the well-known and indispensable histories and clan histories, especially Browne's *History of the Highlands and Clans*, Mitchell's *History of the Highlands and Gaelic Scotland*, Mackenzie's *History of the Mackenzies, of the MacLeods, and of the MacDonalds*, and the great *Clan Donald* of the Rev. Dr. Archibald MacDonald and the Rev. Dr. Angus MacDonald. Outside these the source is generally specified; and I trust that where the number of the page has not been given the passage will be easily found by a list of contents, index, &c.]

POSADH MHIC LEOID

This so-called "Conversation between Mary MacLeod and *Nic Dhomhnaill*" presents some puzzling problems. First, a section of it closely resembles part of the "*Tàladh Dhomhnaill Ghuirm le a Mhuime*" contributed to the *Gael* (V. 68) by Dr. Alexander Carmichael and printed in *BGh.* with some improvements from Dr. Carmichael's later and much fuller version. The two poems should be compared, and contrasted, in their entirety, but especially with ll. 13 ff. of the text cf. *BGh.* 6516 ff.:

Nàile nàile hò	nàile gu triall
Moch a màireach	gun d'fhaighnich a' bhean
De'n mhnaoi eile:	na, có i an long ud
Siar an eirthir	's a' chuan Chananach?
Don-bìdh ort!	c'uim an ceilinn?
Có ach long Dhomhnaill	long mo leinibh
Long mo rìgh-sa	long nan Eilean.
Is mór leam an trom	atà 'san eathar.
Tha stiuir òir oirr'	trì chroinn sheilich.
Gu bheil tobar fiona	shìos 'na deireadh
Is tobar fìoruisg'	's a' cheann eile;

and with ll. 75 ff. cf. *BGh.* 6542:

Ol fiona is beoir ad champa.

What may be the relation between the two will be considered later.

Next we have the difficulty of the second line (*Nic an Tòisich*) and the heading (*Nic Dhomhnaill á Trondairnis*); how can the same woman bear both designations? It seems probable, indeed almost certain, that the lady meant is Marjory (*Mairearad* of l. 1), daughter of Macintosh of that ilk, who married Domhnall Gorm of Sleat in or immediately before 1614; if then ll. 3 and 4 are to be taken literally, the first section of the poem was composed in or before 1615 and not by Mary MacLeod. This section seems to end at l. 10.

We then come to a section which shows the closest correspondence with the *Tàladh*, but which is in praise not of Donald Gorm but of a *Ruairidh òg Mac Leoid*, who is said, apparently, to have equalled Mackenzie and surpassed MacDonald. In view of that correspondence we can say quite definitely that Mary was not the author, in the proper sense, of this section. As we have no clue to the date, we cannot say which Roderick MacLeod is meant, or whether he was a contemporary of Mary MacLeod. If she had any hand in the composition as it stands, she was adapting to her own use the lines we find in the *Tàladh*. It is very likely, as the Rev. Malcolm Maclean points out to me, that the *Conaltradh*, the *Tàladh* and many other poems have embedded in them much older fragments, which are akin in spirit to the old tales; these fragments formed the stock in trade of the poets, which they did not hesitate to use, and among them are the lines common to the *Conaltradh* and the *Tàladh*. This section ends at l. 60.

The rest of the poem is in baser style; it is inferior in language and versification, its spirit is that of a *tàmailt* or an *aoir*, and its taste is doubtful—altogether a declension from the heroic fervour of the central part of the poem. Its style is by no means that of Mary MacLeod, and it was clearly composed at a time when MacDonald and MacLeod were at bitter enmity, which was the case during Sir Roderick Mór's time (d. 1626) but not during Mary's poetic career.

1. **Mairearad:** Marjory, daughter of the chief of Macintosh, was the third wife of Domhnall Gorm Mór VII of Sleat; in

1614, no doubt on his marriage or soon after, he made provision for her by granting her a charter of lands in Sleat. It is unusual but not impossible that the wife of MacDonald should be styled *Nic Dhomhnaill*; we should rather have expected *Bean Mhic Dhomhnaill*. Again, the usual Gaelic equivalent for Marjory is *Marsaili*; but Marjory, Margery, and Margaret are the same name. There seems little doubt of the identification. This Donald Gorm is the same whose name is associated with the *Tàladh*.

23 ff. **Shin i taobh**, &c.: "She drew alongside Mackenzie's boat," i.e. she was the equal of the other in sailing, and MacLeod was the equal of Mackenzie, no small boast in the days when Mackenzie's power was paramount over all the north-west—"cò bheireadh geall ri Mac Coinnich?" Such seems to be the secondary meaning, though Mary may be speaking of friendship and alliance.

Chuir i bòrd, &c.: We may take *bòrd* to mean a tack in sailing, though it appears not to be used in this sense in Scotland now; "she outsailed the island boat by a tack, outstripped her by the distance covered in a tack." Or we may take *bòrd* in its ordinary meaning of a plank: "she knocked a plank out of the island boat," perhaps by some such feat as "bumping". In any case the meaning is that she outsailed or surpassed the island boat. What then is *long an Eilein*? *An t-Eilean* is Skye, and in view of this and of *long Dhomhnaill* . . . *long nan eilean* in the *Tàladh* it seems certain that the island boat symbolizes MacDonald of Sleat. MacLeod then surpassed MacDonald, and was equalled only by Mackenzie—the same championship of MacLeod against MacDonald as we find in the last section of the poem.

33. **Ruairidh**: who this Ruairidh chief of MacLeod was is uncertain.

48. **an Dùn**: Dunvegan.

58. **Fionn**: the leader of the Fiann, of whom Diarmaid Ua Duibhne was one, flourished in the third century A.D. His son was Ossian, and Ossian's son was Oscar. Goll mac Morna was the chief warrior of the Clann Morna, and a frequent opponent of Fionn. Cuchulainn (fl. c. A.D. 1), the Fiann, Ossian and Oscar are mentioned in the *Tàladh Dhomhnaill Ghuirm*.

62. **Caolas rònach**: if this is a place-name it is a curious

one, and I have not been able to find it; more likely "a seal-haunted strait".

80. Supply *do* before the verbal noun *riarachadh*: "a useful help towards completing one's sense of satisfaction at a meal."

83. **Trondairnis**: i.e. from Dùn-tuilm, the principal residence of MacDonald at this time.

100. **Domhnall**: almost certainly Donald Gorm Mór who died in 1616 or 1617. The Sir Donald who died in 1643 was summoned to appear before the Covenanting Parliament in Edinburgh in 1641, to answer for rendering assistance to Charles I; while Sir Donald the tenth chief continued his resistance to King William's government even after Killiecrankie, and only submitted after his castle of Sleat had been bombarded by two government ships of war. It does not appear, however, that either of these was actually imprisoned; and the reference in ll. 103, 104, is no doubt to the imprisonment of Donald Gorm Mór by the King and Privy Council of Scotland in 1589 and 1608.

108. **Gleann Shealtainn**, anglicized Glen Haultin, in Trotternish, east of Snizort.

MAIREARAD NAN CUIREID

A specimen of the *Tàmailt*.

MARBHRANN DO FHEAR NA COMRAICH

This is the earliest poem of certain date ascribed to Mary. Its subject is Roderick Mackenzie of Applecross, who died on 6th July, 1646. His father, Alexander Mackenzie of Coul and Applecross, was an illegitimate son of Colin Cam of Kintail, and brother of Kenneth first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail and Sir Roderick of Cóiageach, the Tutor of Kintail. Roderick died before his father (ll. 236 *a* and *b*), and never succeeded to the estate of Coul, but received Applecross as his patrimony during his father's lifetime.

165. **Clann na h-irghinn**: Roderick's mother was Annabella, daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie I. of Fairburn, who was the illegitimate son of Roderick Mór Mackenzie I. of Achilty and a daughter of William Dubh MacLeod of Harris and Dunvegan.

172. A' Chomraich, "the sanctuary" of St. Maelrubha (A.D. 642-722) who founded the monastery of Applecross in A.D. 673. The sanctuary had a radius of six miles, and appears to have been marked by stone crosses (CPNS.). The Gaelic for "in Applecross" is still "*air a' Chomraich*".

* 173. *gàir* is the accus. of respect, limiting the sphere in which adj. is to be understood; "great in respect of shout;" the other exx. of this acc. are in ll. 274, 318, 339, 441, 447, 533, 535, 572, 626, 636, 795, 910, 928, 940, 1212.

176. Strictly, *great-great-grandfather*.

185. **Glaic Fhionnlaigh** is beside the shore between Milton and Camusterrach, on the other side of the road from Milton loch at a distance of 30 or 40 yards. An old wall running from the loch to the *glaic* is called *gàradh Fhionnlaigh*. There is no local tradition of a battle, but a piece of level ground 150 or 200 yards away is called *Blàr Dubh*.

203. I owe the reading in the text to Dr. D. J. Macleod: "I laid by my harp in a coffer" makes excellent sense, especially in view of the following line. Taking *ciste nan teud* of all the sources, *ciste* is coffin, and the *teudan* are the ropes by which it is lowered. The other seems distinctly better.

204. **an gobha**: "the smith," (who possibly nailed up the coffin), "denied me *gleus*," i.e. the mood appropriate to music; the sense is obscure.

216. **nighean Iarla Chlann Domhnaill**: the reference, if we are to take it literally, is obscure; but the expression is probably a figurative one. Roderick's wife was Fionnghal, daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle.

224. **t'fhàgail**: note subjective use of the pronoun, "thy leaving (of me)"; contrast "Is neo-roghainn leam t'fhàgail," "I am reluctant to leave thee."

228. ? as a sign of grief.

236c. Roderick had no full brothers; he had, however, three half brothers, sons of his father's second marriage. These lines, though clearly corrupt, seem to be genuine.

AN TALLA AM BU GHNATH

This famous song, which in *E.* is headed *Le Nighean Alastair ruaidh do Shìr Toramaid Mac Leoid*, was composed, says

is 'nom. of respect' a mere matter of terminology in spoken Irish or Sc. Sc. but of importance in old, Middle & Early Modern Irish where the two cases were distinct & where the Nom. not the Acc. wd. have been used in a phrase like *bru mhór gair* G.M.

John Mackenzie, "on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a lament she would make for him. Flattered by such a question, she replied that it would certainly be a very mournful one. 'Come nearer me,' said the aged and infirm chief, 'and let me hear part of it.' Mary, it is said, readily complied, and sung, *ex tempore*, that celebrated poem."

We have no reason to disbelieve the substantial truth of this tradition; yet it seems probable from the whole tone of the poem that it was composed on the occasion of a minor illness rather than when Sir Norman was actually on his deathbed. Again, it seems likely that there was some considerable interval between its composition and Sir Norman's death; for the only obvious reason for the survival of a tradition that the elegy was composed before his death would be that the poem became fairly widely known while its subject was known to be alive and well.

239. **Mac Leoid**: it seems almost certain that here for once Mary improperly applies this style to an other than the chief; yet the reference may be to the castle of Dunvegan and not to Sir Norman's own house in Bernera.

263. **bàrr** is probably the duine-uasal's crest of one eagle's feather, but may refer to the feathered or bushy (*dosrach*) arrow-butts protruding from the mouth of the quiver.

267. Cf. Eachann Bacach *do Shir Lachlann Triath Dhubhaird*: Cha bhiodh òirleach gun bhàthadh Eadar smeoirn agus gàinne.

283. **An Fhiann**: see note on l. 58.

286. Note how the line merges into the following one.

MARBHRANN DO IAIN GARBH

Mr. James Fraser, in his *Polichronicon* under the year 1671, writes as follows (I owe this reference to Mr. A. Nicolson):

"This April the Earle of Seaforth duelling in the Lewes, a dreadfull accident happened. His lady being brought to bed there, the Earle sent for John Garve M'kleud, Laird of Rarsay, to witness the christning; and, after the treat and solemnity of the feast, Rarsay takes leave to goe home, and, after a rant of drinking uppon the shoare, went aboard off his birling and sailed away with a strong north gale off wind; and whither

by giving too much saile and no ballast, or the unskillfulness off the seamen, or that they could not mannage the strong Dut(ch) canvas saile, the boat whelmd, and all the men dround in view of the cost. The Laird and 16 of his kinsmen, the prime, perished; non of them ever found; a grewhound or two cast ashoare dead; and pieces of the birling. One Alexander Mackleod in Lewes the night before had voice warning him thrice not to goe at (all) with Rarsey, for all would drown in there return; yet he went with him, being infatuat, and drownd (with) the rest. This account I had from Alexander his brother the summer after. Drunkness did the (mischeife)."

We may take it, therefore, that Iain Garbh died at Easter (l. 354), 1671; and as he was served heir to his father in 1648, the tradition that he died at the age of twenty-one must be discarded. From l. 352 it is clear that he was succeeded by his brother; in *Origines Parochiales* (II, i, 348) it is stated that "in 1688 Janet and Giles MacLeods, alias MacAlasdair mhic Ghille Chaluim (sisters of Iain Garbh) were served heirs of line, conquest, and provision to their father Alexander Macleod"; and we may suppose that it was on the death of this brother that the representation of the family devolved upon Alexander, son of John, brother of Iain Garbh's father.

Iain's size and strength are still a tradition in Skye, and especially in Raasay; among several songs composed upon him are two elegies by his sister, one of which (*Och nan och 's mi fo léireadh*) is in *Còisir a' Mhòid* ascribed to Mary MacLeod;¹ the other, a magnificent lament, begins:

Mi am shuidh air an fhaoidhlinn
Is mi gun fhaoilte gun fhuman,
Cha tog mi fonn aotrom
O *Dhi-haoine* mo dhunaidh,

with which cf. l. 354. Pàdraig Mór's pìobaireachd, *Cumha Iain Ghairbh*, is well known. The tradition that witchcraft brought about his drowning is related in *Clàrsach na Coille*, p. 290, and in J. Gregorson Campbell's *Witchcraft and Second-sight in the Highlands*, p. 25.

297. "a hand unerring and unblemished, undamaged."

¹ I accept as conclusive the Raasay tradition which, I am told, ascribes the song to Iain Garbh's sister and not to Mary MacLeod; see p. 100.

The sense is like that of “ *gun leòn làimhe gun laige*,” (Eachann Bacach, *do Shìr Lachlann Triath Dhubhaird*).

315. **oirre** refers to the boat; “ a hand that would not cease from causing her to speed.”

321. **a ghabhail orra**: “ to reach them.”

329. **do bhaile gun smùid**, &c.: we might be tempted to take this as referring to Iain Garbh's house in Clachan, Raasay, though the description by no means suits the place; but the “ homestead without smoke under the wave-lashed rock ” is Iain's watery grave: cf. the lament mentioned above:

Nochd gur h-ìosal do chluasag
Fo lùic fhuaraidh na tuinne;
Is ann an *clachan na tràghad* (or *gun tràghadh*)
Tha mo ghràdh-sa 'na uirigh.

The verses quoted I owe to Mr. Samuel Maclean of Raasay; they and others will be found in *Songs of the Hebrides*, II, 102.

347. **rùsgadh a' ghill**: *geall*, a wager, stake, pledge, is common in poetry, and is used in several idiomatic phrases of which this is perhaps the commonest of the promise or pledge made by a warrior to do good execution in battle. *Rùsgadh* here seems to have the meaning of “ make known, announce ”; cf. “ an àill leat mise a rùsgadh ceoil duit? ”; an alternative meaning would be “ make a clean sweep of ”, in reference to the pledge or promise of the opponent. Cf. S. 498:

Gun leòn gun sgios, gu bràth cha phill
Gus an téid na gill a chur leo;

Iain Lom, *Oran do Dhomhnall mac Dhomhnaill mac Thriath Shléite*:

Dol a shiubhal nan stùcbheann,
Anns an uidhe gun chùram
Leis a' bhuidhinn roimh 'n rùisgte na gill.

Further examples are collected and discussed in *BGh.*, whence the above explanation is taken.

352. In Maclean Sinclair's *Gaelic Bards* (I, 95) it is said that Iain had two brothers; Mackenzie (*History of the*

MacLeods, 369) says that he was an only son. The tradition of Raasay supports the former; one brother perished with him, and one remained to succeed him.

TUIREADH

The heading given to this song in the *Duanaire* is a strong confirmation of the tradition, vouched for by the Rev. Kenneth MacLeod among others, that a part of Mary's exile was spent in Scarba. The heading in turn is perhaps confirmed to some extent by the third and fourth lines, which certainly suit Scarba better than Mull whose traditional claim is better known. Unfortunately we get no precise information from the poem either on this point or regarding Mary's early history.

365. *Uilbhinnis*, Ullinish, a district in Bracadale in Skye. The following lines are not incompatible with the tradition that Mary was born in Harris.

375. As Sir Roderick Mór died in 1626, these lines are not inconsistent with the tentative suggestion of 1615 as the year of Mary's birth; a slightly earlier date would perhaps suit them better, however, while any later date is to be rejected. Tradition records that she was in service in Dunvegan Castle, and it is quite possible that she entered that service when she was eleven or less, before Sir Roderick's death.

LUINNEAG MHIC LEOID

This is among the best known of all Mary's songs. It is addressed to Sir Norman of Bernera (l. 399), and was of course composed during her exile. Why it should be known as "MacLeod's Lilt" is not very clear, as Sir Norman was never MacLeod, a style reserved for the chief.

394. *Dhiùraidh á Sgarbaidh*: the decision between the various readings is an important one. I have followed *BGh*. because (1) it seems clear that for a part of her exile Mary was in Scarba (see notes on *Tuireadh* and introduction); (2) *a* of *E*. is not nearly so likely to be the result of corruption as *is* or *agus*; (3) *á* is still heard from traditional singers, for example in Raasay, as Mr. John Maclean tells me.

397. *do'n dùthaich*, i.e. Harris, as appears from l. 399.

400. A reference to Sir Norman's Lieut.-Colonelcy of the

force of 700 men raised by Sir Roderick of Talisker in 1650 in response to a proclamation issued by King Charles II on his arrival in Scotland.

413. For the MacLeods' Norse descent see note to l. 696.

416. We need not trouble to take literally this poetic exaggeration; cf. S. 113, *Oran do Lochiall*, le Gille-easbuig Domhnallach:

Chan 'eil fineadh feadh Alba am bheil buaidh
Nach 'eil Camshronaich fuaight' riu gu beachd.

417. A reference to the Irish connexions of the MacDonalds, to whom Sir Norman was related through his second wife, the daughter of Sir James MacDonald of Sleat, and through his mother, Isabel, daughter of Donald MacDonald of Glen Garry, after whom Sir Roderick Mór's five sons were called "*cóigneas mhac uasal Iseabail*".

Éire, f. gen. *Éireann*, dat. *Éirinn*.

433 ff. We do not know when Sir Norman's two younger brothers, William of Hamer and Donald of Greshornish, died; his elder brothers, Iain Mór and Sir Roderick of Talisker, died in 1649 and 1675 respectively; the poem is therefore later than 1675.

438. Note *nìor* with pres. subj. expressing a negative wish; now obsolete. *Nìor* is *nì* (neg.) and the particle *ro*.

459 ff. It is noticeable that the place given to the bow is now secondary to that of firearms. Mr. James Fraser, who was born in 1634, died in 1709, and commenced his *Poli-chronicon* in 1666, notes there that "that manly art" (of archery) "is wearing away by degrees, and the gun taking place". The last battle fought in Scotland in which bows are recorded to have been used was also the last clan battle, that of Maol Ruadh (Mulroy) in Lochaber, between the MacDonalds of Keppoch, under Colla nam bó, and the Mackintoshes of Moy (see T., p. 142, 143 ff.); it took place in 1688. See further BGh. 310.

471. The translation adopts the conjecture *crann*.

474. Commerce between Galway and the western isles may have been direct, or through the Lowland ports. It is interesting to note that *sìoda na Gailbhinn* is still known in Skye and Lewis as applied to a delicate kind of grass.

497. **g'a seòladh**: the obsolete construction of *urrainn* with *gu* illustrates the original meaning of *urrainn*, a guarantor, security, hence an authorized or competent person; *urrainn gu*, a fit person to. See vocab.

CRÒNAN AN TAIBH

From ll. 504 and 514 ff. it seems that Mary was not in either Skye or Harris when she composed this poem. From this and the general tone we may conclude that the poem belongs to the period of her exile; yet we cannot be precise as to its date, and it therefore affords no valuable evidence in that connexion. It is clear only that it was composed after 1666 (l. 582 n.); and no poem of her exile can be shown to be earlier than that date. A fragment was sung to Miss Tolmie in Bracadale and is printed in her *Collection* (98).

504. Pàdraig Mór Mac Cruimein, the famous piper of Sir Roderick Mór, on whose death he composed the *Cumha Ruairidh Mhóir*:

Tog orm mo phiob is théid mi dhachaidh,
Is duilich leam fhéin, mo léir mar thachair;
Tog orm mo phiob 's mì air mo chràdh
Mu Ruairidh Mór, mu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phiob, tha mi sgèth,
Is mur faigh mi ì théid mi dhachaidh;
Tog orm mo phiob, tha mi sgèth
Is mì air mo chràdh mu Ruairidh Mór.

Tog orm mo phiob, tha mi sgèth,
Is mur faigh mi ì théid mi dhachaidh;
Clàrsach no piob cha tog mo chridh,
Cha bheò fear mo ghràidh, Ruairidh Mór.

Pàdraig is said to have accompanied Roderick of Talisker to London after the restoration of Charles II, and to have composed there the *piobaireachd* "Thug mi pòg do làimh an Rìgh" on being allowed to kiss the King's hand on that occasion (e.g. Mackenzie's *Hist. of the MacLeods*, p. 103). From the *Polichronicon*, however, a contemporary account, it appears that the incident occurred in May, 1651, when

the King's army, a few weeks before the battle of Inverkeithing, was gathering at Stirling, and that the MacCrimmon concerned was not Patrick but John. The passage runs as follows (*Wardlaw MS.*, p. 379): "It was pretty in a morning (the King) in parad viewing the regiments and bragads. He saw no less than 80 pipers in a crould bareheaded, and John M'gyurmen in the midle covered. He asked What society that was? It was told his Majesty: Sir, yow are our King, and yonder old man in the midle is the Prince of Pipers. He cald him by name, and, comeing to the King, kneeling, his Majesty reacht him his hand to kiss; and instantly played an extemporanian part *Fuoris Pòoge i spoge i Rhī* (*Fuaras pòg o spòg an Rìgh*), I got a kiss of the Kings hand; of which he and they all were vain." The MacCrimmon family are fully discussed in Mr. Fred. T. MacLeod's recent "The MacCrimmons of Skye".

513. **nach tug e**, &c.: a sentiment very common in Gaelic poetry.

518. **an tigh**: The walls of Sir Norman's house, in the north-east of Bernera, are still standing; see introd., p. xiv.

521. **Olgharach**: see note to l. 791.

548. "in winning victory in respect of scholarship", "in pre-eminence of scholarship"; cf. l. 195.

551. For a similar expression cf. l. 1085.

558. **Sir**: "the dignity of knighthood is no new beginning for them"; Sir Norman's father, Roderick Mór, was knighted in 1613.

561. **Teàrlach**: Charles II. Some account of the part played in the second civil war by Sir Norman and Sir Roderick is given in the notes to *Marbhrann do Shìr Tormod*.

562. **Slàn** is rightly explained in a footnote in *E.* by "defiance"; "I defy Gael or Saxon (to show) that deceit was found on you" (*BGh.*).

564. **dh'** is for *do*, used idiomatically in the sense of *despite*; cf. Seumas MacShithich (?), *Oran Gaoil*: *Sruth d'a chaisid cha chum air m'ais mi*, "the stream despite its swiftness will not hold me back".

565. **Lochlannaich**: see note to l. 696.

567. **Mànus**: the MacLeod genealogy according to Irish

MSS., printed in Skene's *Celt. Scot.*, has: "Manus óg mac/Magnus na luingi luaithe mic/Magnus Aircin mic/Iamhar uallach." "The period of Manus óg would be the early part of the ninth century, when the Norse settlements in the Isles were in progress" (*BGh.*).

568 ff. These stanzas added in praise of Sir Norman's lady are in the manner of the classic panegyric; see introduction p. xxvi. Sir Norman married in 1666 as his second wife Catherine eldest daughter of Sir James MacDonald IX of Sleat; her sister Florence was the wife of Iain Breac of Harris and Dunvegan.

AN T-EUDACH

593. **an Fhionnairigh**: on the coast of Morvern, lying across the sound of Mull from Aros (*thall ud*); and we may suppose Mary composed the poem while in exile in Aros (l. 905).

599. **Linne na Ciste** is a deep pool about three miles up the Fiunary burn, and lying beneath a fall. Immediately below this pool is a ford, and close by are a number of cairns on which in former days, when conveying a funeral across the ford, they were accustomed to rest the coffin (*ciste*). The path followed on these occasions is still partly traceable. (I owe this difficult identification to Miss C. M. MacVicar, Loch Aline.)

CUMHA DO MHAC LEOID

The formal subject of the lament is Roderick, seventeenth chief of Harris and Dunvegan, who succeeded his father Iain Breac in 1693; in fact, however, it deals also with his younger brother Norman, who, as Roderick had no son, was his prospective heir and did actually succeed him. We must suppose that news reached Mary, whether during her exile or later, of the death of both Roderick and Norman, by what cause we have no information. Roderick's character, his abandonment of the traditional mode of life of a Gaelic noble, and his neglect of Dunvegan castle and its inmates made him an unpopular chief and were strongly censured by his father's bard, Roderick Morrison, an Clàrsair Dall, in the famous *Óran Mór Mhic Leoid*; whether or not it was Roderick that caused Mary's exile, she received his death without much regret. She praises

? of D. Maciver, *Place Names of Lewis & Harris*, p. 24
*Ciste-n-fhars --- ciste a stone structure under the fell
 to keep Salmon on their way up stream*

his ancestors, and her praise of them and of Norman serves as a signal contrast to her silence regarding his personal qualities. Of her much warmer feeling towards Norman there is further proof in the following poem, which she composed on hearing that he had not after all shared his brother's fate. Roderick died in 1699, and the poem can be assigned with certainty to that year.

615. **gun abachadh meas:** Roderick's only child was a daughter; Norman was not yet married; William, the third and only other brother, was probably already dead.

620. Note the idiom: "becoming more frequent and more severe", lit., "going into frequency, &c."; cf. *dol am feabhas*, improving.

621. **chunncas**, 3 sg. past passive of *faic*; so *chualas*; except in a few cases, this termination is now replaced by *-adh*; *chunnadh* of *S.* is a barbarous formation in this termination.

624. **aon uair**, pron. *éan uair*, as often; so *éan fhear*, &c.

625. **a chlann:** this and the following plurals are to be noted. **an fhir allail:** Iain Breac.

635. **ogha**, addressed to Roderick only.

an dà sheanair: his father's father was Iain Mór, his mother's Sir James MacDonald IX of Sleat.

637 ff. The construction is loose, and of the nature of an aposiopesis; the noun or relative to which *e* refers is not expressed, but easily understood.

641. Iain Breac Mac Leoid.

645. **Tormod a mhac-san:** Norman *his* i.e. Iain Breac's son, not as has been supposed Roderick's own son.

659. **as:** a form of *anns an* (occurring before *t* and *d* in Scottish Gael., but Dinneen, s.v. *i* (*in*), quotes other cases for Irish).

661. **nach usa:** an understatement; the *Crònan* shows how much stronger was her feeling for Norman than for Roderick.

668. **'gam fògradh:** the reference is to the accession of Stewart of Appin to the estates of MacLeod which might follow the extinction of the male line; cf. below.

671. **is ar ranntannan:** the absolute construction.

672. **sud** refers back to *am* in *'nam*: lit. "if it should be gone into need of those"; *rachte* is the pass. subj. impersonal.

674. **Clann Domhnaill** *simpliciter* are here the MacDonalds of Sleat. The term usually includes the clan in all its branches.

677. **Gleann Garadh**, Glen Garry, in Inverness-shire; distinguish Gleann Garadh in Perthshire.

683. **'nam fineachd**, &c.: Roderick was *nephew* of Margaret daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat (wife of his uncle Roderick), *grandson* of Sibella daughter of Kenneth first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail (wife of Iain Mór his grandfather), and *husband* of Lady Isabel Mackenzie daughter of Kenneth third Earl of Seaforth and of Isabel daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat and sister of the first Earl of Cromarty.

685. From this and l. 691 it seems that Roderick died away from home. The burial place of the MacLeods of Harris and Dunvegan was in Harris (cf. the heading of the lament for Sir Roderick Mór mentioned on p. xxxii). It has always been regarded in the Highlands as a misfortune to die and be buried away from home; the case of Thomas Lord Fraser, who was buried in Kilmuir as a sign of "the great love he bore the family of MacLeod", is mentioned in the note to l. 825. Sir Roderick Mór was buried in the Chanonry of Ross (Fortrose Cathedral), where his recumbent grave-stone is still legible.

689. **air an olghre**: i.e. Norman, Roderick's prospective heir.

690. **staoidhle 'sna Hearadh**: as stated in the note to l. 696, Harris was, whether rightly or wrongly, regarded by tradition as the original possession of the Siol Tormoid or MacLeods of Harris and Dunvegan, though they had also held Glenelg since about 1343. Mackenzie, in discussing claims to the chiefship (*History*, p. 7) says that "in several royal charters, and other authentic documents, where the heads of the families are mentioned, the representatives of Tormod (are) usually styled MacLeods of Harris", and this is the case in literature. Now that Harris no longer belongs to the MacLeods the chief is generally known as MacLeod Dhùn Bheagain.

696. **Manainn**: Harald, lawful king, under Hacon, king of Norway, of the Norwegian kingdom of Man and the Isles after 1265, was succeeded in that kingdom by his only son Leodus. Leodus married Adama d. of Ferquhar earl of Ross

(cf. l. 704) and had two sons, Torkell and Dormeth. To Torkell, the elder, he gave Lewis and Waternish; to Dormeth he gave Harris and his other lands in Skye, which was about the fourth part of what he gave to his eldest son. All their descendants "toock ther patronimick from Leod, sone to Harald, both thos who descendit of Torquill, . . . as thos who descendit of Dormeith, or, as the Highlanders pronounced, Tormett, heritor of the Herries." Such is the account of the genealogy of Clan Leod given in the *History of the Family of Mackenzie*, written by the first Earl of Cromarty, Mary's contemporary; and there is little doubt that this represents the tradition on which Mary is touching. The MacLeods of Harris and Dunvegan are still commonly called Siol Tormoid, those of Lewis Siol Torcuill. A variation of this tradition is that Leod married the d. of Mac Raild, a Danish knight, and through her acquired her father's lands including Dunvegan.

The whole of this account is rejected by Skene as the fabrication of the Earl, owing to the absence of literary evidence for such a genealogy before the writing of his work in 1669; the *Chronicle of Man*, a document of the greatest importance because contemporary with the events it narrates, makes no mention of Leod, although up to the year 1265 the Earl's history is in close agreement with it; but the *Chronicle* is at this stage meagre; between 1265 and 1274 it records only (1266) the transference of the kingdom of Man and the Isles to Alexander king of the Scots; this the Earl places in 1270 or immediately after, saying that Alexander "gave to Harald . . . the Illes of Lewis, and that pairt of the Sky which he found then in the Norwegiane possessioun, viz. Vaternes, Meignanes, and the Herries, to be holdin in wassalladge of him and his successores, Kings of Scotland." The absence of positive statement in the *Chronicle* is not to be taken as proof of the contrary; early poems dealing with the genealogy of MacLeod, did we possess them, might well show what is most likely to be the case, that the Earl is recounting current tradition. In the present context we are concerned not with the truth of that tradition, but with the fact that Mary was well acquainted with and used it (see *Celt. Scot. and Highlanders; Chron. of Man*, i, 110; Sir Wm. Fraser's *Earls of Cromartie*, ii, 509 ff.).

Another account is given in Mr. James Fraser's *Polichronicon*, commenced in 1666 (*Ward. MS.*, p. 40): "Duncan (son of

* A note in margin has "picks (pike) in a pond"; Irish has luis, luis, luis, a pike. Sw. has luis (luis? so much) multitude of small objects, especially crawling insects. 125 [Doubtless from luis]

NOTES

King Malcolm) enjoyed the crown but a very short time, with great trouble from England, quhen he is killed by M'kpeudar (MacPeter), Thain of Merns, by the former Donalds procurement, who, to strengthen himselfe in his kingdom, conduced with Sueno 2, King of Norrowy, for assistance to recover the crown, he gave him the north and west Isles, which his race possesses to this day, viz. the Mackleuds. For Leodus, the sone of Oliverius Norwegie, possessed the Lewes, called so from Leodus, who had 4 sones, Torcil, Tormoid, Teah, and Teascil, who divided the country among them, Torcil possessing the Lewis, Tormoid the Haris, and the other two, parcells among them; upon them 4 the poet in that language gives this distich on

Schlichd Oliver shin nach duair baistig, tha buon maslig;
Ta Tormodich, agus Torkil, Teah, is Teaskill.

(Sliochd Olbhair sin nach d'fhuair baisteadh, tha buan masladh;
Ta Tormodaich, agus Torcuill, Teah agus Teascuil.)

"The clan Torkil in Lewis were the stoutest and prettiest men, but a wicked bloody crew whom neither law nor reason could guid or moddell, destroying one another, till in end they were all expelled that country, and the M'Kenzies now possess it. The poet gave them this satyr:

She mi varrell er Chland Leod gir cossvil ead re Poir i
Duse x

The shin mis i is mo, Ichis i te is Oig Tuse.

Is e mo bharail air Chlann Leoid, gur cosmhail iad ri pòir
... (?) an luis?

An té is sine, ma's i as mó, itheas i an té as òige an tùs."

The Norse descent of the Clan Leod is a favourite theme with Mary; cf. l. 791 and note.

698. **Olghar**: see note to l. 791. **Ochraidh**: not identified.

+ 699. **Boirbhe, Beirbhe** (N. *Björgvin*), Bergen, one of the principal cities of Norway. This is perhaps the only name of a place in Scandinavia which survives in modern Sc. Gaelic, and it has the article in Gaelic, an unusual feature in Norse names.

703. **De shliochd àrmunn Chinn-tìre**: a poetically general

+ The *luis* probably refers to the *luis* (pike) in a pond; Irish has *luis*, *luis*, *luis*, a pike. Sw. has *luis* (*luis*? so much) multitude of small objects, especially crawling insects. 125 [Doubtless from *luis*]

reference to Norman's descent on his mother's side from the MacDonalds of Sleat. To understand what was in Mary's mind we must recall the struggles of Somerled, grandfather of Donald the eponymus of the Clan, to assert Gaelic sway in Argyll and the Isles against the Norse. Somerled, whose capacity for leadership put him in a position of such power that the *Chronicle of Man* credits him with the intention of conquering the whole of Scotland, and who met his death by treachery at Renfrew in the year 1164 while leading an army against the King of Scotland, defeated Godred the feudal King of Man and the Isles in a sea-fight off the north shore of Islay in 1156. The result of this was a brief peace between Gael and Norseman, on condition of Somerled receiving the Isles south of the point of Ardnamurchan, a territory which included Kintyre, and which was the ancient patrimony and earliest possession of the Clan Cholla in Scotland. On Somerled's death these central territories of Islay and Kintyre went to his son Reginald, on whose death, in 1207, they passed to Donald the eponymous progenitor of Clan Donald. I do not think we have here any special reference to the family of MacAllister of Loup in Kintyre, said to be descended from Alasdair, second son of Donald and therefore an early cadet branch of Clan Donald. Islay and Kintyre remained central possessions of the Lords of the Isles, though at intervals in their history they acquired very large additions of territory.

The most important of these was the Earldom of Ross. A legitimate claim to it was advanced by Donald, fifth in descent from Donald son of Reginald, on behalf of his wife, Lady Mary Leslie, who became Countess of Ross in her own right. This claim Donald vindicated at the battle of Harlaw, in Aberdeenshire, in 1411, against an army sent to meet him by the Duke of Albany and led by the Earl of Mar. The united forces of Scotland, however, were too strong to permit him to take possession of Ross; the Earldom was bestowed by Albany in his capacity of regent of Scotland on his son the Earl of Buchan; it reverted to the crown in 1424; and it was probably not until soon after the death of James I, in 1437, that Donald's son, Alexander, was granted possession of the title and estates of Ross, probably by the regents of the young king James II, in right of his mother, Countess of Ross. Alexander's son John, the last Lord of the Isles, in consequence of many acts of war by himself and his son Angus against

the crown of Scotland, was divested of the Earldom of Ross, and, in 1493, of all his other titles and estates.

There was then no earldom of Islay, but the Lords of the Isles being designated "de Ile", "of Islay", and being, as we have seen, Earls of Ross, Mary combines the two; so does Iain Lom, "*Do Dhomhnall Gorm Og Mac Dhomhnaill Shléite*":

" Aig ogha Iarla Ile
Agus Chinn-tìre,
Rois is Innse Gall."

The MacDonalds of Sleat are descended from Hugh, son of Alexander the first to enter into possession of the Earldom of Ross.

705 ff. **Mhic Iain Stiùbhairt**: the patronymic of the chief of Appin, at that time Robert Stewart of Appin, to whom was married Isabel, sister of Roderick and Norman, and to whom, through his wife, the estates of MacLeod might pass in the event of the death of Roderick and Norman, their only brother, William, having died unmarried. Alexander Mackenzie, in the belief that the poem was composed on the death of Roderick the fifteenth chief, gives that Roderick a son and daughter, against the evidence of Douglas's *Baronage*, and marries the daughter out of hand to Stewart of Appin. The case of that Roderick does not meet the requirements of the poem.

an Apuinn, Appin, a district north of Loch Creran in Argyll: Apuinn Mhic Iain Stiùbhairt; distinguish from Apuinn a' Mhèinnearaich, Appin of Menzies, which is Dull in Perthshire.

718. **an fhir fhéilidh**: Iain Breac. The reference no doubt includes William as well as Roderick and Norman.

719. **Ruairidh Mór**: Sir Roderick Mór, who died in 1626, the great-great-grandfather of Roderick and Norman.

AN CRÒNAN

Mary's joy at finding the report of Norman's death to be false finds full expression in *An Crònán*; besides being personally attached to him, she welcomed the prospect of a change of régime. Though Roderick is not mentioned, his degeneracy from the hereditary qualities of his house is indicated plainly

enough in constant reminders to Norman of what is due to tradition, and in expressions of joy that the old order of hunting, feasting and open-handedness to the household will be renewed. Norman was, as the language of the poem would of itself show, a young man at his accession, but Mary's hopes were not fulfilled for long; Norman married in 1703 Anne Fraser, daughter of Hugh Lord Lovat, and died before the birth of his son Norman in 1706. It is clear that the poem was composed very soon after the *Cumha do Mhac Leoid*. A fragment of it was sung to Miss Tolmie in Bracadale in 1862; see her *Collection*, No. 99.

723. The physician, i.e. God, says Miss Tolmie; perhaps rather the bearer of the message.

725. The reading of *E.* and *M.*, *theannas*, is the relative fut., used commonly enough, though ungrammatically, in colloquial speech in place of the independent fut.

736. **àrmunn**: Iain Breac.

751. **dùn ud nan cliar**: Dunvegan.

* 779. **socrach ri tuaith**: a common sentiment; cf. Iain Lom to Mackinnon of Strath: "Cha b'e am fasan bh'aig càch /So ghlac e mar ghnàth/Bhith smachdail mu'n mhàl air tuaith."

791. **Olghar**: cf. ll. 521, 698, 875, 1148.

"In the classic bardic poetry the name is *Olbhur*, and occurs frequently, e.g. in the elegy on Sir Norman *aicme Olbhuir* (thrice).—*RC.*, II, 264; a poem in *Nat. Lib. MS.*, addressed to William MacLeod, son of Sir Norman, has—

Mac í Olbhuir mur thuinn thoruidh (*rann* 12),
Triath do ríoghfuil aicme Olbhuir (*rann* 23).

Olghar, Olbhur is perhaps to be equated with Oilmor of the MacLeod genealogy as printed in *Celt. Scot.*, III, 460, where he appears as great-grandfather of Leod, the eponymus of the clan. The name is obviously the Norse *Olver*: seven men of that name are mentioned in *Landnámabók*.—*BGh.*

807. **Sliochd Ruairidh**, the race of Sir Roderick Mór. The descendants of his eleven children are too many to enumerate. The most prominent at this date were Sir Norman of Bernera, and the representatives of the houses of Talisker, Hamer, and Greshornish, founded respectively by Sir Roderick of Talisker, Tutor of MacLeod, William, and Donald, Sir

Roderick Mór's second, third and fourth sons. Besides these, through Sir Roderick Mór's daughters Norman had marriage ties with, among others, the houses of Maclean of Duart, Maclean of Coll, MacDonald of Clan Ranald, MacDonald of Glen Garry, MacLeod of Raasay; and through the daughters of John, Sir Roderick's eldest son and successor, with these and other houses.

812. **Sir Dombnall a Sléite:** Mary, daughter of Iain Mór of Dunvegan, married Sir James MacDonald IX of Sleat; Florence, Sir James's daughter, was wife of Iain Breac and mother of the present Norman. This Sir Donald is Sir James's grandson, XI of Sleat, who succeeded in 1695 and died in 1718.

819. **Mac mhic Ailein:** this must refer to Alan, chief of Clan Ranald since 1686, who was mortally wounded at Sheriffmuir. The version of *E.* and *SO.* seems impossible, for it is apparently certain that Alan had no son: so Mary's younger contemporary, Sìlis na Ceapaich:

Beir soraidh gu h-Ailean o'n chuan
Bha greis anns an Fhraing uainn air chuairt;
Is e ro mheud do ghaïsge
Chum gun oighre air do phearsa.

The lines in *E.* and *SO.* may arise from contamination with some other poem.

The version of *M.* has, as noted, "*Mac Mhic Ailein is da Mhac Dhonuill*", which, written thus, is an extraordinary phrase, as Mac Dhomhnaill is the style of the chief of that name only, and is therefore not applicable to more than one man at a time. Capital letters, however, are used indiscriminately in *M.*, and we should perhaps read "*dà mhac Dhomhnaill*", "*the two sons of Donald*". There remains to identify these; we may suppose them to be James of Orinsay, who was later for a short time chief of the house, and William of Vallay, sons of Sir Donald who died in 1695, and brothers of the Sir Donald mentioned in the previous stanza. The latter had only one son. With this identification we may compare again Sìlis na Ceapaich:

Beir soraidh gu Domhnall o'n Dùn,
Gu h-Uilleam 's gu Seumas 'nan triuir.

825. **Mac Shimidh:** Fraser of Lovat. It is probable, though we cannot be certain, that the *Crònan* was composed after May, 1699. In that month died Thomas Lord Fraser, and was succeeded by his son Simon, who erected in the churchyard of Kilmuir a monument to his father bearing an inscription which is quoted in Mackenzie's *History of the MacLeods*. Lord Thomas married Sibella, daughter of Iain Mór, and, says the inscription, "for the great love he bore the family of MacLeod, he desired to be buried near his wife's relations, in the place where two of her uncles lay. And his son, Lord Simon, to show to posterity his great affection for his mother's kindred, the brave MacLeods, chooses rather to leave his father's bones with them than carry them to his own burial place near Lovat." Lord Simon was beheaded in 1746 for his share in the '45.

9th April,
1747.

an Aird, Aird Mhic Shimidh, the Aird, a district near Beaulieu in Inverness-shire.

826. Mackenzie of Kintail: see note on l. 683.

x

Ceann tSàil Mhic Coinnich, Mackenzie's Kintail, in Ross-shire; distinguish Cinn tSàil Mhic Aoidh, Mackay's Kintail, which is Tongue in Sutherland.

831 ff. Sir John, chief of Maclean, a strong supporter of the Jacobite cause, was in exile at the court of St. Germain from 1692 until the accession of Queen Anne in 1702; cf. Mairearad nighean Lachlainn, a younger contemporary of Mary MacLeod:

Is goirt leam gaoir nam ban Muileach,
Iad ri caoineadh 's ri tuireadh,
Gun Sir Iain an Lunnainn
No 'san Fhraing air cheann turuis, &c.

834. **do cheangal ris:** see note to l. 807. Sir John's mother was Julian, daughter of Iain Mór and aunt of Norman.

840. **Breacachadh:** the seat of the Macleans of Coll, often mentioned by John Maclean, the Maclean Bard; a description of the old castle, written towards the end of the sixteenth century, is printed in Skene's *Celt. Scot.* In regard to the reading adopted, I am indebted to Mr. Hector M. MacDougall, Glasgow, a native of Coll, for the information (1) that the place-name is masculine; (2) that to the north-west of the old castle is

some elevated ground where the rock is all of the red quartz variety, a rare thing in Coll, where grey gneiss with dykes of basalt predominates. This part is thus so red in appearance that the region is called "*na creagan dearga*". The *dhearg* of *M.*, which preserves the rime, has therefore been adopted, with change of gender.

Donald, the tenth Maclean of Coll, who died in 1729, married first Isabella, daughter of Sir Roderick of Talisker, and secondly Marian, daughter of Sir Norman of Bernera.

FUIGHEALL

"On her passage from Mull to Skye," says John Mackenzie (i.e. at the end of her period of exile), Mary "composed a song, of which only a fragment can now be procured". Once again, we are disappointed to find that we can extract no certain information from this fragment. The question must arise whether her destination was Dunvegan, the seat of the chief, or Bernera, the residence of Sir Norman. The words of l. 866 constitute the only tangible evidence for the latter, and we are probably safe in accepting Mackenzie's statement that her passage was to Skye. Dunvegan would be her natural destination, and especially the abode of the chief is indicated by *dùthaich Mhic Leoid* (l. 861) and ll. 872 and 903, for Mary is consistent in applying the proper style MacLeod to the chief alone. The title of the song *Luinneag Mhic Leoid* is no disproof of this, for it was probably not given by Mary. The expression in l. 866, therefore, referring to her passage westward, probably does not mean that she was bound for Harris.

If this is so, we can give only a poetic interpretation to the phrase. So far as we know, she set out for Dunvegan from either Sgarbaidh or as Mackenzie says from Mull. If from the former, the expression can be taken literally only if we suppose it to apply to the first part of the voyage to Dunvegan by way of the Sound of Iona. If we are content to concede to her a poetic licence, the phrase is as well used of a voyage from Aros as of one from Sgarbaidh north through the Sound of Mull; in either case it can only loosely describe the first part of the voyage, which is of course on the whole northwards and not westwards.

872. **MacLeod:** probably Norman; see over.

873. **an t-òg**: this well suits the supposition that the MacLeod who recalled Mary was Norman the eighteenth chief, who as we know was a young man at his accession.

875. see 791 *n*.

884. **Siol Tormoid**: the MacLeods of Harris and Dunvegan; see note on l. 696.

905. **Aros**: àrois of *SO*. is certainly wrong, for the dative of *àros*, dwelling, mansion, is *àros*; if we suppose the word to be simply a common noun, the phrase *àros an fhìon* is certainly not such as we should associate with Sgarbaidh, which, so far as is known, was never the abode of any person of importance. As the text stands, there is a pun on Aros, the place-name, *àros*, mansion, and *talla*, hall.

DO MHAC DHOMHNAILL

Headed in the MS. " Le Mairi nighean Alasdair
Ruaidh mhic Leòid, an té sheinn *An Cròn* "

The poem is addressed to Sir Donald MacDonald of Sleat, who succeeded his father, Sir Donald, in 1695. He was known as Domhnall Gorm Og, or more particularly as Domhnall a' Chogaidh from the part he played in the war on behalf of James VII. At the Battle of Killiecrankie he commanded the forces of the clan in place of his father, who fell ill after setting out; in reference to this Iain Lom, in a poem on *Cath Raon Ruairidh*, says:

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm Og
O'n Tùr Shléiteach 's o'n Ord;
Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhór an sgeula e.

Mo ghaol an Tàinistear ùr
Is a gheur Spàinneach 'na smùid:
Cha b'e an t-ùmaidh air chùl na sgéithe e.

Nor did the resistance of Sir Donald and his son to the government of King William end at Killiecrankie. They united with the other Jacobite chiefs in a refusal to submit on any terms¹, and Sir Donald's house in Sleat, like those of other

¹ Cf. a letter printed in Browne's *History of the Highlands*, ii, 183.

of the island chiefs, suffered bombardment by two government frigates. The Earl of Argyll received a commission "to reduce him if he does not speedily surrender", referring to which a letter in the Sleat charter chest from the chief's cousin, Hugh MacDonald, captain in General Mackay's regiment, quoted in *Clan Donald*, urges the chief to signify his submission in "a very obliging letter" to General Mackay. "Lord Morton (see note on l. 977) appears in your interest, and advises you to write to Argyll an obliging letter, for he assures me that Argyll professes much kindness for you. This will not only keep Argyll from invading your country, but likewise make him befriend you at Court. I beseech you not to bring ruin upon yourself by papists and desperat people that resort to your island. Lord Morton would go on foot to London on condition that your peace was made." The terms of Sir Donald's ultimate surrender we do not know.

The younger Sir Donald, subject of the present poem, appears to have taken an active part in the Jacobite rising of 1715, and his estates were forfeited. He died in 1718. We do not know at what stage in his career the poem was composed, but as he is already Sir Donald it must have been after 1695. The poem affords Mary a good opportunity for the conventional but spirited enumeration of MacDonald's allies; some of them would have done less for Sir Donald than Mary would have us believe.

In Alex. MacDonald's *Story and Song from Loch Ness-side* (p. 288) we are told that the following stanzas were well known in that district, and that the tradition concerning them was that they were a part of a composition by Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, when she discovered, pretty well advanced in years, that she was the daughter not of one Alexander MacLeod but of a distinguished MacDonald of the time:

Thoir tasgaidh bhuam an dìomhaireachd
 O chionn an fhad so bhliadhnaichean—
 Chan airgiod glas 's chan iarann e
 Ach Ridire glic riasanach
 Fhuair meas is misneachd iarlaichean;
 Is o'n fhuair mi nis gu m'iarraidh e
 Gun riaraidh mi Sir Domhnall.

Mo chuid mhór gun airceas tu,
 Mo chleasan snuadhmhor dealbhach thu,

Mo ghibht ro phrìseil ainmeil thu;
 O'n chuimhnich mi air seanchas ort
 B'e an dìochuimhn' mur a h-ainmichte thu,
 Is nan leiginn bhuam air dearmad thu
 Gu dearbhtha cha b'e chòir e.

Is gur craobh de'n abhall phrìseil thu,
 De'n mheas is blasda brìoghalachd,
 Is is dosraiche an ám cinntinne
 'S a' choill 's nach biodh na dìonagan,¹
 De'n fhìor fhuil uasail fhìonanaich;
 Is gum bi mi dhoibh cho dìchiollach
 Is gun inns' mi nis n'as eòl domh.

Thig sliochd mhór Mhic Cathain leat
 Is an dream rìoghail Leathanach,
 Bha uasal uaibhreach aighearach,
 Is bu chruadalach ri labhairt riu
 Fir Chinn-tìre is Latharna;
 Is gur mairg luchd-beurla bhraitheadh tu
 Is na maithean sin an tòir ort.

This extraordinary tradition of Mary's parentage seems to be quite unknown in Skye or Harris, and was in all probability the result of a misinterpretation of the somewhat curious wording of the poem itself.

935. **Dùn-tuilm**, in Trotternish, was at this time the principal residence of MacDonald. It was inhabited as late as 1715 (Pennant's Tour, ii, 303).

949. **Mac Coinnich**: Mackenzie of Kintail, no doubt Coinneach òg, an active Jacobite, who succeeded his father in 1678 and died in Paris in 1701. With Mackenzie of Kintail, as with most of the other families mentioned, the house of Sleat was connected by marriage; Sir Donald himself was the grandson of Margaret, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Cóiageach, the Taoitear Tàileach.

Morair Tairbeirt: Sir George Mackenzie, Viscount Tarbat and first Earl of Cromarty, one of the most powerful men of his time in Scotland, and the great advocate of the Union.

¹ ? for dioganan, a dialectic form of gioganan, thistles.

He was the author of, *inter alia*, the *History of the Family of Mackenzie*.

950. **Fir a' Bhealaich**, &c.: the followers of Campbell of Breadalbane.

am Bealach: Taymouth; the use of the article shows unfamiliarity with local usage, which is Bealach simply, or Bealach nan laogh.

951. **Gleann Garadh**: MacDonald of Glen Garry.

fir nan Garbhchrioch are probably Clan Ranald, whose ancient patrimony is the country between Loch Shiel and Loch Hourn, to which the term na Garbhchriochan, the Rough Bounds, is generally applied.

952. **an Colla**: Coll MacDonald of Keppoch, Colla nam bó, who was born in 1664, succeeded in 1682, and died about 1723. His wife was Barbara, sister of the subject of the poem, and his sister was the great poetess Silis na Ceapaich, Mary MacLeod's contemporary.

955. The MacDonalds in general, "the seed of Art and Conn and Cormac". Conn Ceudchathach, Conn of the Hundred Battles, was High King of Ireland, according to the Annals, from 123 to 157 A.D. He was father of Art, who was father of Cormac. Cormac's great-grandsons were the three Collas, who were banished from Ireland to Scotland and there acquired territory. "Téid arís Colla Uais go n-a bhráithribh i nAlbain agus gabhaid fearann mór innte; gonadh ón gColla Uais sin tángadar clann nDomhnaill na hAlban agus na hEireann" (see Keating, ii, 382). See note on l. 1155.

956. **Collanan** is a name formed on Colla, "the descendants of Colla".

960. **An Caiptein Mùideartach**: Alan of Clan Ranald succeeded his father in 1686 at the age of thirteen, and at the age of sixteen accompanied his cousin and guardian, MacDonald of Benbecula, to the Battle of Killiecrankie at the head of five hundred men. The poem being probably after 1695, Alan had by now become reconciled to the government of King William, two of the sureties for his good behaviour being Argyll and Viscount Tarbat.

966. **Sìol Torcuill**: the MacLeods of Lewis, who had lost their land and been nearly extirpated at the hands of the Mackenzies; hence "*na tha air ghléidheadh dhiubh*".

967. Mackinnon of Strath in Skye.

977. **na Dubhghlasaich**, &c.: Sir Donald's mother was Lady Mary Douglas, daughter of Robert third Earl of Morton.

985. **Antrum**: the great house of MacDonald of Antrim, sprung from Somhairle Buidhe son of Alasdair of Dùn Naomhaig and the Glens of Antrim; the Earl is no doubt Randal, who succeeded in 1696 and died in 1721.

986. **MacFéilim**, i.e. Conn Ceudchathach (see l. 955 note), son of Feidhlimidh (Feidhlim) Reachtmhar, "F. the Law-maker," king of Ireland. By "*these* descendants of Felim's son" Mary means a general reference to the MacDonalds in Ulster. (Cf. "Mac Feighlimigh mhoir mheir," Rel. Celt. II, 254.)

990. **Iain Mór 's Iain Cathanach**, Sir John Mór of Dùn Naomhaig and his son; along with three sons of the latter, they were hanged on the Borough Muir of Edinburgh in 1499 for storming the castle of Dunaverty, in which King James IV had placed a garrison; see *RC.* ii, 164.

992. **fir Chinn-tìre**: a part of Kintyre, with the castles of Dunaverty and Saddell, as well as Dùn Naomhaig in Islay, were the patrimony of Iain Mór, second son of John Lord of the Isles and of Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert II. With Kintyre also we associate the MacAllisters of Loup, who derive their name from Alasdair, son of Donald, the progenitor of Clan Donald.

fir Latharna: the MacDougalls of Lorne, descended from Somerled.

995 ff. There are many parallels to this claim on behalf of the premier clan of Scotland; cf. MacCodrum's "*Moladh Chloinn Domhnaill*" (MacDonald's *Uist Bards*; *BGh.*):

Alba, ge bu mhór r'a innse e,
 Roinn iad i o thuinn gu mòintich:
 Is iomadh urra mhór bha innte
 Fhuair an còir o làimh Chloinn Domhnaill.
 Fhuair iad a rithis an Rùta,
 Cunntaidh Antrum ge bu mhór i;
 Sgrios iad as an naimhdean uile,
 Is thuit MacUibhilin 'san tòrachd.
 Bhuidhinn iad baile is leth Alba:
 Is e an claidheamh a shealbhaich còir dhoibh.

The *tigh* referred to (l. 999) seems to be Tigh nan teud, three miles north-west of Pitlochry; cf.:

B'ann diubh Art agus Cormac,
Sìol Chuinn a bha ainmeil,
Sliochd nan Collaidhean garga
Le'n do chuireadh Cath-gailbheach (-Gairbheach)
Is Domhnall Ballach nan Garbhchrìoch,
Rinn Tigh nan teud aig leth Alba 'na chrìch.

(MacDonald's *Story and Song from Loch Ness-side*, p. 2).

The expression is an ancient one; cf. *Acallamh na Senórach* (Stokes) (MSS. of fifteenth cent.), l. 1837: "gu ngébadh tech ar leth Eirenn", "that he would get half of Ireland and a house over"; also *Glenmasan MS.* (? c. 1500) (Mackinnon), *Celtic Review*, I, 14: "gur cosain nert a láime fén treab ar leth Alpan dó", "so that the might of his own hand won for him half Scotland and a stead over".

LUINNEAG DO IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOID

This song is still known in part in Harris. It is addressed to John, eldest son of Sir Norman of Bernera, sometimes called Iain Taoitear, as guardian of Norman, the nineteenth chief of MacLeod, who was born after his father's death. John was an advocate at the Scottish bar.

The occasion of the poem is the presentation to the poetess of a snuff-mull (bràth), or, as some in Harris say, a quern, and the first two stanzas deal playfully with this subject.

1004. **gun iarann air:** "unshod"; the iron parts of a mill are a square block of iron (*dealgan*) let into the iron socket (*dual*) in the centre of the upper millstone; and the cylindrical iron bolt (*torghann*) inserted in the iron *lunn*, on which the propellor rests and rotates. A Lewis ballad runs:

Tha an dealgan 's an torghann
Air meirgeadh 'san dual,
Is tha a h-uile rud cearbach cearr oirr'.

(All from Mr. H. M. Maciver).

1029. By his second marriage (to Catherine, daughter of Sir James MacDonald of Sleat) Sir Norman had two other sons, William and Alexander, and four daughters.

de is to be understood before *chloinn*.

1041. **Ruairidh:** perhaps John's second son, Roderick.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR TORMOD

This poem is entitled in *E. Oran le Inghin Alastair ruaigh do Mac Leod*, and in *SO.* simply *Cumha Mhic Leoid*.

Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernera, to whom it is addressed, was the third son of Sir Roderick Mór of Harris and Dunvegan, and born in Bernera. His contract of fosterage, between Sir Roderick and "Eoin mac mic Cainnigh", is among the National MSS. of Scotland, dated 8th October, 1614; at that date he was probably about five years old. Of his early life little is known. When in 1650 Charles II crossed to Scotland, Roderick of Talisker, Norman's brother, raised a regiment of about 700, most of them MacLeods, to support the King; and Norman received the Lieut.-Colonelcy of this force. Both brothers fought at Worcester (1651), where the MacLeod forces were so reduced that, it is said, by common consent the clan was absolved from military service until it should recover. Norman was taken prisoner, confined for eighteen months, and tried for his life; owing to the similarity of his name to the Welsh *Llwyd*, *Lloyd*, he was stated in the indictment to be a Welshman, and through this flaw the trial was held up and Norman sent again to prison. Thence he escaped, and afterwards returned to Skye. After the defeat of Worcester Charles retired to the Continent; but his supporters in the Highlands were not idle, and in 1653 Norman was dispatched to him at Chantilly with a letter signed by the chiefs of the loyal clans informing him of affairs in the Highlands. It is a sign of the eminent place occupied by the MacLeods among the Jacobite clans that the message which Charles sent in reply was addressed to Sir Roderick of Talisker. After the defeat of General Middleton at Loch Garry in 1654, the royalist leaders and chiefs decided that no more could at present be accomplished for the cause; Norman opened his house in Bernera to the defeated generals, and from there they escaped to the Continent. In 1659 he undertook a mission on behalf of Charles to the court of Denmark, which procured a promise of no less than 10,000 troops; these however were never called upon; General Monk abandoned his support of Richard Cromwell, and the Restoration was accomplished. Roderick and Norman immediately gave their allegiance to the King in

London, and were knighted, as they well deserved to be. Mary's tribute to his loyalty, then (ll. 1223-4), is no more than the truth.

Sir Norman died on the third day of March, 1705, as appears from the dating verse in an elegy upon him from the Book of Clan Ranald, printed in *RC.* II, 264 ff.:

Seacht ccéd dég sa dó re ríom
strí bliadhna aois a nairdríogh
órslath budh cneasda do chí
go teasda romhac ruaidhrí,

translated there:

Seventeen hundred and two to be reckoned
and three years the age of the supreme king,
a gold wand the purest to be seen,
to the death of the excellent son of Rory.

So also an anonymous elegy:

Seacht gcéad dég 's a cúig gan chol,
ég Thormóid, doirbh an deadhol;
ré comháireamh is é sin
annáladh Dé go deimhin; (see p. 106.)

Mary mentions the day but not the year. The poem can thus be ascribed with certainty to the year 1705.

1075. **iuchair mo chùil**: The exact meaning seems to me uncertain. *Iuchair* possibly means not key but keystone, as in Irish; "the keystone of my support (cùl)." *Cùil* may be gen. not of *cùl* but of *cùil*, nook, secret place, pantry, in the sense of store-house, treasure-house, by confusion with *cuile* of that meaning. Perhaps we should read *chiuil*, "the key of my music"; cf. *a eochracha éigse*, his keys of poesy (Dinn.); *iuchair ghliocais*; *iuchair nam bàrd*, rìgh nam filidh (*BGh.* vocab.).

1095. Here and at l. 1130 ff. the translation is derived from *BGh.*

1106. Sir Roderick Mór of Harris and Dunvegan.

1115. **Fuasgladh facail**: "solving the knot of a case for decision"; cf. the *Cumha do Mhac Leoid* mentioned on p. xxxii:

“ Mu mhàthair fhuasglaidh nan ceistean ”; and Pòl Crùbach's *Iorram na Truaighe*:

“ Ceann réite gach facail

Gus an uair an deach stad air do chainnt.”

1130. These lines are difficult, especially in view of the tense of *bheir*. “ Many a stranger, many a guest and man of song, will for a space be ready to part with wealth (lit. crowns), for his guidance and his acquaintance.”—*BGh*.

1148. **Olghar**: see note to l. 791.

1155. **siol Cholla**: the Clan Donald. “ Is follus fós gurab ré linn Mhuireadhaigh Tírigh do chuadar na trí Cholla go n-a mbráithribh ó Chonnachtaibh do dhéanamh gabhátais ar Ulltaibh, gur bheanadar roinn mhór do Chúigeadh Uladh dhíobh ar éigin, mar atá Modhairn Uí mac Uais is Uí Chríomhthainn go bhfuilid drong mhór dhíobh da haitiughadh aníú, mar atá Raghnaill mac Samhairle Iarla Antruim nó nAondroma ó Cholla Uais; &c.” “ It is also well known that it was in the time of Muireadhach Tíreach (d. A.D. 335) that the three Collas with their kinsmen left Connaught to win conquests from the Ultonians, and wrested by force from them a large portion of the province of Ulster, namely Modhairn, Uí Mac Uais and Uí Chríomhthainn; and many of their descendants hold possession of these to-day, as Raghnaill son of Samhairle, Earl of Antrim, or Aondrom, descended from Colla Uais; &c.” (Keating, ed. Dinneen, Vol. II, p. 100). Colla Uais, the most famous of the three, was the alleged progenitor of the Clan Donald (see note on l. 955); and the reference here is to Sir Norman's mother, Isabel daughter of Donald MacDonald of Glen Garry. Mary MacLeod's knowledge of tradition is notable. Further information about the three Collas is given in the *Book of Clan Ranald* (RC. II, 151 ff., given also in *Celt. Scot.* III, appendix 1, in translation); for the clans supposed to be descended from Colla Uais, see *Celt. Scot.* index.

1167. **Inghean Sheumais nan crùn**: Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir James MacDonald IX of Sleat (Seumas Mór), married Sir Norman as his second wife in 1666. Her sister Florence was wife of Iain Breac of Harris and Dunvegan.

“ Nan crùn ” holds the same idea as is more fully expressed in l. 1209.

CUMHA DO SHIR TORMOD

1216. **am Mac Leoid-sa:** the reference is certainly to the chief, no doubt Norman, to whom the Crònan, who died shortly afterwards, before the birth of his son in 1706. Sir Norman, in virtue of his age and capacities, naturally held a position of great authority in the councils of his clan, especially since the death of Sir Roderick of Talisker, the Tutor, in 1675.

The following version of the *Cumha do Shir Tormod* was taken down in 1861 from Mairi bheag nighean Domhnaill mhic Ruairidh, Ebost, Skye, by Miss Tolmie, and is printed in the *MacD. Coll.*, p. 150. It bears clear signs of having been curtailed and corrupted by oral transmission, though it contains some lines that *may* be closer to the original than the received text. The first four verses are in Miss Tolmie's *Coll.*

Sàthghal Màiri nighean Alasdair Ruaidh.

MARBHRANN DO MHAC LEOID

7 ma's fìor gun robh e marbh

Mo shàthghal goirt

Mar atà mi nochd

Is mi gun tàmh gun fhois gun sunnd.

Is mi gun sunnd air stàth,

Gun mo dhùil ri bhith slàn,

Tha mo shùgradh gu bràth air chùl.

Is ann tha Leòdach mo ghaoil

'San t-sròl-anart ¹ chaoil

Is gun chomhdach r'a thaobh ach bùird.

Is e bhith smaointinn ort

A chràidh mi am chorp

Is a chnàmh na roisg bho m' shùil.

Tha Mac Leoid ata ann

Fo ghruaman 'san ám:

Is beag an t-ioghnadh, 's e chaill an stiuir.

¹ "'San Ol anart," *MacD. Coll.*

Chaill e meamhair air féin
 Nach bu chladhair measg cheud
 Is duine thaghadh na deagh chairt-iuil.

Chaill e sealgair na frìth
 Nach bu chearbach do'n Rìgh
 Agus seirbhiseach dìleas a chrùin.

Thog na filidh ort sgeul,
 Air na chunnaic iad féin,
 Gun robh eireachdas ceud 'nad ghnùis:

Gun robh thuigse 'nad ghnìomh
 Is de thlachd ann ad bhian
 Nach faca¹ mi riamh aig triuir.

In their note to the above the editors say rather strangely that its subject is Roderick, the fifteenth MacLeod of Dunvegan, of whom they say Mary sang, on his death in 1664, the fragment printed on p. xxxiii. It is clear that the subject is Sir Norman, who died in 1705.

NOTES ON THE METRES

1. **Regular Strophe:** (a) ² Consisting of a phrase of two stresses, thrice repeated, and with end-rime, followed by a half-phrase containing a rime which is carried throughout the poem. The full phrases, which may be stressed on the ultimate or the penultimate syllable, sometimes contain internal rime, but this is irregular. The poems in this metre are: *An Talla am bu Ghnàth le Mac Leoid*, *Cròn nan an Taibh*, *Cumha do Shìr Tormod*, *Fuigheall*. In the first three the final half-phrase consists of two syllables with the stress on the second; in the *Fuigheall* it consists of three syllables with the stress on the first, giving the entire strophe a fine rolling swing very different from the mournful effect of the other.

These are briefly expressed as, e.g.:

3 (Ri fuaim an taibh) m' àbhaist.

¹ "'N a chunnaic," *MacD. Coll.*

² The metre which Mary MacLeod has been wrongly thought to have invented.

(b) Consisting of a phrase of two stresses, six times repeated, with end-rime and inconstant internal rime, followed by a half-phrase of two syllables with stress on the penultimate and carrying its rime throughout the poem. This is found in *Marbhrann do Fhear na Comraich*:

6 (Tha mise air leaghadh le bròn) éirigh.

2. **Irregular Strophe:** (a) *Marbhrann do Shìr Tormod*, which contains two types of strophe, (1) a phrase with two stresses, the second being on the penultimate syllable, six times repeated, with end-rime and usually internal rime, followed by a half-phrase of two syllables with one stress on the penult and carrying its rime throughout the poem:

6 (Cha sùrd cadail) éisdeachd;

and (2) a phrase of two stresses, the second being on the ultimate syllable, six to eight times repeated, followed by a half-phrase of three syllables with one stress on the penult:

6-8 (Is trom an cudthrom so dhrùidh) cha téid mi.

(b) *An Crònan*, which consists of the type last mentioned, the double-stressed phrase being repeated from five to seven times:

5-7 (An naidheachd so an dé) ri crònan.

(c) *Marbhrann do Iain Garbh* is of the same type, except that the final half-phrase is of three or four syllables, with stress on the penult or antepenult; but two strophes are of the type of *Marbhrann do Shìr Tormod* (1), save that the double-stressed phrase is repeated seven and eight times, and is followed by a four-syllable half-phrase with one stress:

5-7 (Mo bheud 's mo chràdh) an Ratharsaidh.

(d) *Do Mhac Dhomhnaill*. This is a rather unusual metre, consisting of a phrase with two chief stresses, the second being on the antepenultimate syllable, repeated from four to six times, with end-rime and inconstant internal rime, followed by a single-stressed phrase in the end-rime, followed in turn by a three-syllable phrase stressed on the penult and carrying its rime throughout the poem:

Tha ulaidh orm an uamharrachd
Mo ghibhte phrìseil uasal thu

Mo leug bu lìonmhor buadhan thu
 Chan fhaigh an Rìgh ri t'fhuasgladh thu
 Air m'fhocal fìor o'n fhuair mi thu
 Cha tugainn uam air òr thu.

3. **Cumha**, in the form of quatrains. The structure is one of four long lines (printed for convenience as eight short lines), each with four stresses, the second and third stressed words riming within each line, and the final stressed word riming throughout the rann. There are three poems in this metre, the *Cumha do Mhac Leoid*, *Luinneag do Iain*, and *Luinneag Mhic Leoid*. The last is peculiar in its repetition of the final line of the *rann* as the first line of the next *rann*; "this may be regarded as an extension of *conchlann*, 'a grasp', a term used to denote the repetition of the final word of a *rann* as the first word of the next" (BGh.).

Ex. (as usual the internal rime is not quite constant):

Is mi am shuidhe air an tulaich
 fo mhulad 's fo imcheist
 Is mi ag coimhead air Ìle
 is ann de m'ìongnadh 'san àm so
 Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi
 gus an do chaochail air m'aimsir
 Gun tiginn an taobh so
 dh'amharc Dhiùraidh á Sgarbaidh.

x aincheist

x ama

4. **Amhran**, in the form of single long lines, printed for convenience as a couplet. (a) Each long line has four stresses, the second and third stressed words riming, and the final stressed word carrying its rime throughout the poem. The two examples are *Mairearad nan Cuireid* and *An t-Eudach*.

Ex.: Tha mo chean air an lasgair, saighdear sgairteil fo sgéith thu.

(b) *Pòsadh Mhic Leoid* and *Tuireadh*. Each long line has four stresses, and in the *Tuireadh* the rime of the last stressed syllable is continued throughout the poem. In the *Pòsadh* the rime of the last stressed syllable is changed frequently.

RELEVANT DATES

- 1613 Sir Roderick Mór of Harris and Dunvegan knighted.
- 1626 Sir Roderick Mór died.
- 1646 Roderick Mackenzie of Applecross died; *Marbhrann do Fhear na Comraich*, Mary MacLeod's earliest poem of certain date.
- 1648 Iain Garbh mac Ghille Chaluim of Raasay served heir to his father.
- 1649 John of Harris and Dunvegan, Iain Mór, fourteenth chief, died.
- 1650 Charles II landed in Scotland.
- 1651 Battle of Inverkeithing; Battle of Worcester.
- 1653 Norman of Bernera dispatched to Charles in France.
- 1654 (July) Battle at Loch Garry.
- 1655 Roderick of Harris and Dunvegan, fifteenth chief, accepted protection of Cromwell.
- 1659 Norman of Bernera dispatched to court of Denmark.
- 1660 The Restoration; Norman of Bernera and Roderick of Talisker knighted.
- 1664 Roderick of Harris and Dunvegan, Ruairidh Sgaiteach, died.
- 1666 Sir Norman of Bernera married Catherine, d. of Sir James MacDonald of Sleat. Mr. James Fraser's *Polichronicon* (The Wardlaw Manuscript) begun.
- 1671 Iain Garbh mac Ghille Chaluim of Raasay drowned at sea; *Marbhrann do Iain Garbh*.
- 1675 Sir Roderick of Talisker died.
- 1688 Battle of Mulroy (Maol Ruadh in Lochaber) fought between the Mackintoshes of Moy and Colla nam bó of Keppoch; the last clan battle.
- 1689 Battle of Killiecrankie (Cath Raon Ruairidh).
- 1693 John of Harris and Dunvegan, Iain Breac, sixteenth chief, died; succeeded by his son Roderick.

- 1699 Roderick of Harris and Dunvegan, seventeenth chief, died; *Cumha do Mhac Leoid*; succeeded by Norman; *An Crònán*.
- 1705 Sir Norman of Bernera died; *Marbhrann do Shir Tormod*; *Cumha do Shir Tormod*, Mary MacLeod's last poem of certain date.
- 1715 Battle of Sheriffmuir.
- 1718 Sir Donald MacDonald of Sleat, Domhnall a' Chogaidh, to whom "*Do Mhac Dhomhnaill*", died.

VOCABULARY

n. after the number of the line refers to a footnote on the text .

acain, 871, *f.* bemoaning, lamenting.

adharc, 457, *f.* horn for holding shot.

àghmhor, 570, prosperous, fortunate; 1143, magnificent.

aigeanntach, 171, form of *aigeannach*, spirited, mettlesome.

ailleagan, 177, 225, *m.* jewel; metaph. handsome man; often used as a term of affection for a child.

àillteachd, 546, *f.* beauty, excellence; form of *ailleachd*.

àilt, 1103, noble, stately.

aineol, 605, unacquaintance, want of knowledge; *air m'aineol*, in a land I know not; opposed to *air m'edlas*. "Shiubhail mi cian leat air m'edlas, Agus spailp de'n stròic air m'aineol" (Alex. MacDonald); 1130, *fear aineoil*, stranger.

aiteam, 786, *m.* and *f.* folk, people.

aitreabh, 247, *f.* dwelling, residence (elsewhere masc.).

alach, 738, *m.* race, family.

alladh, 147, fame, renown, whence foll.

allail, 719, illustrious, renowned.

aoidh, 1131, *m.* stranger, guest.

araichd, 921, precious thing acquired, godsend, boon; same as Ir. *aireag*, O.Ir. *airec*, *inventio*.

àrbhuldhe, 531, for *òrbhuidhe*, gold-yellow.

àrmunn, 736, 1105, *m.* hero, warrior.

àros, 759, *m.* dwelling, mansion.

bàdhadh, 268, act of sinking deeply in.

balg, 472, *m.* quiver; generally, a bag.

ball, 900, *m.* part of rigging, rope; 1064, stud, nail or boss.

banchag, 373, *f.* a woman cowherd, dairymaid.

barrdhias, 462, *f.* point of a sword (*bàrr, dias*).

basbhualte, 1161; *bean bh.*, a woman who claps her hands (in grief); old gen. of *basbhualadh*, hand-clapping, used as adj.

basgheal, 370, white of palm, white-handed.

batail, 1229, Eng. battle.

bean-mhuinntir, 687, *f.* maid-servant.

beart, 654, *f.* deed; 1128, sword-sheath.

beòshlaint, 80, *f.* livelihood, sustenance.

bian, pl. **béin**, 302, *m.* skin, hide.

biùthas, 963, *m.* glory, reputation.

bleidean, 65, *m.* wheedler, cajoler, importunate bothersome person.

boinne, *m.* drop; 1043, a metaphor for beauty of form and colour; cf. "Is i (Deirdire) boinne-fala bu chaoine cruth",

cf. *Ir. biúthas*, reputation or plant, *fig. a seòl an t-àirde, a chief (Dinn)*

- “ (Deirdire) was the blood-drop of finest form”.—*Deirdire* (Dr. Alexander Carmichael), p. 24.
- bonn**, 1196, *m.* coin.
- bòrd**, 25, perhaps a tack in sailing; cf. *bòrd*, to tack, *bòrdadh*, tacking (Dw.); Ir. *bòrd*, space advanced by a boat in two tacks (Dinn.); see note; 227 board (of coffin); 335 board (of boat), gunwale.
- bradan**, 221 *n.* swelling on the skin, ridgy tumour on the surface of the body.—Dw.
- bréid**, 592, *m.* three-cornered ketch or coif formed of a square of fine linen, worn by married women; gen., piece of cloth, sail, from which foll.
- bréidgheal**, 176, 1159, white-sailed.
- brioghalachd**, 928, *f.* juiciness, fullness of sap.
- buadh**, 910, *f.* virtue, quality, excellence, whence foll.
- buadhail**, 924, full of good qualities, excellent.
- buadhalach**, 874, same meaning as *buadhail*.
- buaidh-ghlòireach**, 895, choice-worded, of choice speech.
- buaireadh**, 564, *m.* disturbance, provocation, temptation.
- buannachd**, 299, *f.* maintenance, emolument.
- buinneag**, 144, *f.* lass, young woman.
- buirb**, 1146 (better *buirbe*) rudeness, arrogance.
- busdubh**, 88, black-muzzled; bus, a muzzle, snout, mouth.
- caidreabh**, 1178, *m.* society, companionship.
- càil**, 68, *f.* appetite, desire; *c. chomhraidh*, a desire for conversation.
- càileachd**, 549, *f.* genius, natural endowment, disposition.
- cainbe**, 466, *f.* hemp.
- cairbinn**, 464, carbine.
- cairt-iuil**, 1221, *f.* mariner's compass.
- caisfhionn**, 366, white-footed.
- caismeachd**, 1082, *f.* corresponding to Ir. *caismirt*; meaning, inter alia, “ a discussion ”: hence, theme of story-telling.
- caith**, 496, traverse, speed over.
- caithreamach**, 636, of joyful or victorious noise; *caithream*, joyful or warlike noise, shout of victory.
- calg**, 488, *m.* bristle, short stiff hair.
- carantach**, 817, affectionate, loving.
- carantas**, 823, *m.* affection; *c. fuar*, a proverbial phrase.
- carthannach**, 655, same meaning as *carantach*.
- ceannard**, 1126, high-headed.
- ceannas**, 400, *m.* authority; 236, (concrete) chief.
- ceannsgalach**, 814, authoritative, masterful.
- ceann-uidhe**, 631, *m.* end of a journey, objective.
- ceartachadh**, 838, *m.* adjustment, putting to rights.
- céir**, 264, 936, *f.* wax; 489, a deer's buttock, whence foll.
- céirgheal**, 284, 245 *n.*, white-buttocked.
- ceòsach**, 96, big-rumped.
- ceumnach**, 985, pacing, with stately pace.
- ceudfaidh**, 542, *f.* sense, mental faculty.
- chugaibh**, 105, away with you, avaunt; (*chum*, *chun*, in pronominal compound, 2nd. pl. “ The combination is based on the analogy of *agam* &c.,” Dinn.) A worse spelling is *thugaibh* &c., from *thun* (phonetic.)
- ciodh**, 13, 17, what is?
- cios**, 945, 1156, *f.* tax, tribute.
- ciosail**, 956, exacting tribute, rich in tributes.
- ciste**, 203, *f.* box; 1118, dat. *cistidh*, coffin.

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clannfhalt, 1129, *m.* clustering hair (clann in the sense of a lock of hair).
cliar, 248 *n.*, 526, 751, *f.* company or train of bards, poetic band.
cliaranach, 1024, *m.* bard, minstrel, one of a *cliar*.
clisgeadh, 583, *m.* act of startling, alarming.
cluasag, 584, *f.* pillow.
cneadh, 619, *f.* wound, hurt.
cóigeamh, 1158, *m.* province, lit. a fifth part.
coisíonta, 781, industrious, overcoming, hardy.
colg, 798, *m.* wrath, fierce aspect.
conbhail, 1059, older form of *cumail*, holding; Ir. *congbdáil*.
còraichean, 669, pl. of *còir*, *f.* rightful possessions, property; titles.
còrn, 242, 1151, *m.* drinking-horn.
cosgail, 780, lavish, liberal.
corran, 269, *m.* small tapering point.
corrbeann, 1150, with tapering points or corners (*còrr*, *beann*, a horn).
cràdhghal, 1186, *m.* painful sobbing.
crann, 792, 876, 899, *m.* mast; 264, arrow.
cròc, 284, *f.* deer's antler.
cròdha, 1093, valiant.
crodhanta, 186, strong-hoofed, strongly shod; *crodha*, *crudha*, horse-shoe, hoof; *crodhan*, a parted hoof.
crònan, 725, *m.* crooning, humming.
crùidheach, 1126, well-shod.
crùist, 1227, *f.* burial-vault; form of *crùidse*, *crùisle*.
crùintidh, 1133, pl. of *crùn*.
crùn, 1167, 1209, *m.* crown piece; 1224, the Crown.
cuachag, 1046, *f.* small curl, ringlet.
cuailleán, 150, *m.* lock of hair, curl.

cuairt, 780, *f.* a circuit, progress, here a circuit of bards.
cùil, 1075, *f.* store-house, closet; see note.
cuilbhir, 1037, *m.* gun, fowling-piece.
cùinneadh, 1182, *m.* wealth; coin.
cuireid, 121, *f.* trick, prank, wile.
cùl, 149, 454, 1045, 1129, *m.* hair of the back of the head, then in general, the hair, tresses.
cumasg, 192, *m.* fray, tumultuous battle.
curanta, 189, 290, 1231, heroic (*curaidh*, hero).
cuspair, 259, *m.* mark, target.

dalta, 1160, *m.* foster-child.
daoiread, 470, *m.* dearness (*daor*); *air and.*, despite their dearness, however dear they are.
daonnachdach, 655, liberal, hospitable.
daonnairceach, 1053, same meaning as *daonnachdach*.
dearbhta, 418, 715; **dearbhta**, 800, 889, 926, proven, tried, certain; past part. of *dearbhaím*, I prove, show.
dearcag, 448, *f.* small berry; *d. na talmhainn*, blaeberry.
déidh, 670, *f.* fondness, eagerness.
déinead, 620, *f.* keenness.
diobhail, 246, 312, *f.* loss, want.
diol, 733, *m.* act of draining (a glass).
dòigh, 188, *m.* likelihood; *air dh. buille*, by reason of the likelihood of being smitten; 640, manner, method, wont.
dolaidh, 577, *f.* defect, injury.
don-faighneachd, 15, 27, *d. ort*, "evil of asking upon you, a plague on your asking"; cf. *don-bìdh*, *dùth-bìdh*, *don-dòchais* (BGh. vocab.).

duaismhor, 769, liberal, bounteous.

dùth, 773, natural, hereditary, befitting one's ancestors and oneself.

éagas, 245 n.; **éagasg**, 1098, *m.* form of *aogas*, countenance, appearance.

ealadh, 631, 1131, *f.* song, music, artistic production; *luchd ealaidh*, minstrels.

ealchainn, 456, *f.* rack for weapons.

earras, 594, *m.* wealth, property.

eineach, 574, *m.* honour; generosity; lit., face, countenance.

eireadh, 235, form of *eire*, burden. (Given as *éire(adh)* in some Sc. Gael. dictt., but *e* is short.)

elrthir, 14, *f.* sea-coast.

éis, 188, *f.* delay, hindrance.

éisg, 130, *f.* satirist, reviler.

éisleán, 606, *m.* debility, grief.

eòlas, 864, *f.* knowledge of, or familiarity with, the way.

faiche, 342, *f.* an exercising green or parade ground near a house; generally, a green.

faicheil, 837, of martial appearance.

faiteal, 164, breath; speech.

falluing, 490, *f.* garment, cloak.

fantalach, 778, lasting, enduring.

farspach, 110, *f.* blackbacked gull.

faichd, 984, 990, *m.* warlike expedition, host.

fearrdhris, 450, *f.* red wild rose, dog-rose.

feòlach, 44, *m.* carnage.

fiabhras, 581, *m.* fever, feverish confusion.

fiadhach, 1034, *m.* hunting of deer.

fireun, 473, *m.* eagle.

fiùran, 155, 771, 816, 881, 961, *m.* handsome youth; lit. sapling;

cf. craobh, gasan, slat, sonn, all used by Mary MacLeod metaphorically of persons.

flathail, 1023, princely, noble.

flathasach, 307, 1103, same meaning as *flathail*.

foidearachd, 940, pastime, according to MacNicol (Henderson).

foirm, 987, *m.* noise, outcry; *f. air fheumalachd*, a cry of need for service.

foirmeil, 522, 697, 753, stately, magnificent; *foirm*, form, pomp.

foirmeileach, 885, same meaning as *foirmeil*, above.

foirneart, 708, 783, 819 n., *m.* force, violence.

foistinneach, 573, calm, sedate.

folachd, 409, 579, noble lineage, noble blood (from *fuil*, blood).

fonn, 878, *m.* tune, air.

fraoidhneiseach, 943, fringed, embroidered.

freasdal, 253, *m.* waiting on, attending; *ann am f. gach duine*, in serving every man, in attending to his needs or requests; *cf.* 1115-7.

fuasgladh, 1115, *m.* act of solving, explication.

furbhailteach, 1053, courteous, affable.

gàbhaidh, 507, dangerous, perilous; gen. of *gàbhadh* used as adj.

gabhail, 274, *f.* carriage, bearing, behaviour.

gàinne, 269, *f.* arrow-head.

gàir, 1160, *f.* shout, cry.

gàirich, 760, *f.* roaring noise.

gaiseadh, 262 n., *m.* blemish, defect.

gar, 663, 691, 715, although (regularly changed to *ged* in SO.); more often *gar an*, though not.

gàrd, 947, *m.* Eng. guard.

garbhghlac, 482, *f.* rough hollow.

foire 563. (v. 1. 48)

iomad 836
iasad 1289
inghean 1167

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gàrlach, 132, *m.* starveling child, bastard, term of contempt.

gèadh, 296, *m.* wild goose.

gealbhréideach, 957, white-sailed.

geall, 347, *m.* pledge, promise, wager.

glac, 261, *f.* quiver; 471, a handful of arrows, *dòrlach*; 1058, hollow of a saddle.

glaisean, 112, *m.* finch, linnet, sparrow.

glas-ghuib, 115, *f.* muzzle, gag to prevent speech.

gleadhraich, 242, *f.* loud rattling noise.

gleus, 204, *m.* and *f.* possibly the key of the harp, usu. *crann*; if so, cf. 1075 *n.*; 1088, fighting trim, activity; *gaisge gleois*, valour of action.

gleusta, 287, trim, accomplished, polished, deft; 879, tuneful; 1035, trim, in order, eager.

gnìomh, 764, *m.* handiwork; elsewhere, a deed of prowess.

gradan, 221, *m.* pain, bitter sorrow, anguish; cf. *greadan*, *Ir. greaddn*, heat, torture, etc.

greadhnach, 172, majestic, magnificent.

greis, 283, 895, *f.* space of time, spell; 513, *a ghreis féin*, the world's (or possibly his) own spell (of prosperity and adversity in turn); cf. "Fear gun dà là, fear gun là idir".

gruag, 453, 531, *f.* head of hair.

iarmad, 1028, *m.* offspring, race.

innis, 295, *f.* haunt of seals, i.e. the sea; 755, haunt, haven or resting-place of poets; (cf. *ròd nan cliar*, anchorage of poets, BGh. vocab.); both from the meaning "pasture, resting-place for cattle".

iomadaidh, 828, *f.* great quantity, abundance.

iomaìrt, 827, 1232, *f.* contest,

conflict; 902,, bustle? gaming?

iomall, 143, *m.* refuse; *dubh i. na tuatha*, the very dregs of the population.

iomartas, 560, *m.* affairs, bustle, trouble.

iomsgaradh, 232, *m.* mutual separation, sad parting; O. Ir. *imm-scarad* (Windisch); see also *tiomsgaradh*.

ion, 607, fit, befitting, proper.

irghinn, 165, *f.* dialectic form of *inghinn*, dat. of *inghean* (*nigh-eann*), used as nom. (Dw. mis-spells *ireann*).

isneach, 464, *f.* rifled gun.

iùl, 862, *m.* bearings, landmark, course (of a ship); 1134, knowledge, guidance.

làmh-sgiath, 941 *n.*, *f.* hand-shield, targe.

làmh-sgrìobhtha, 941 *n.*, *m.* hand-writing; (old gen. of *sgrìobhadh*).

lànmhor, 537, complete, perfect.

lapach, 1230, slow and awkward, soft; *meata*.

làrach, 125, *f.* house, dwelling; site of a dwelling.

lasadh, 530, *m.* flush, kindling of the face (not here of anger).

lasan, 1116, sudden kindling, blaze.

lasgair, 601, *m.* fine young man.

leannan, lover, sweetheart, 271, 632, *m.* (figuratively) one given to, one who constantly practises.

leigeadh, 764, *m.* act of letting run, broaching.

leac, 1123, *f.* grave-stone, slab.

leòmach, 66, 98, conceited, pert.

leug, 910, *m.* precious stone, jewel.

ligeadh, 75, form of *leigeadh*, *q.v.*

linn, 535, *f.* brood, family; cf. *deireadh linne*, the youngest of a family.

liobhraigeadh, 1196, *m.* act of

iar 583

leg. line (< L. linea)

- delivering, bestowing (based on Eng. deliver).
- lionsgaradh**, 794, *m.* resources (in a very wide sense); cf. *Rosg Gàidhlig* p. 136, where *lionsgaraidh* means genealogy, extraction. Mr. John N. Macleod gives examples of the idiomatic use of this word: *nach ann aice (aige) tha an l.*, applied to a gossip who returns from a *céilidh* with all the *goileam* of the place; to a minister who has much freedom in preaching; to a man thoroughly versed in any sphere. This sense may be defined as "a wide range, a wide field of operations," and seems appropriate in Alex. Macdonald's *Aoir Eile do Bhanbhàrd an Obain* (1924 ed. p. 336). The word is sometimes used in the sense of scattering, e.g. of sheep on a hillside.
- lòisdean**, 636, *m.* lodging, residence; Ir. *lòiste*, lodge, booth; entertainment. Or poss. a form of *lòiseam*, pomp, magnificent assemblage: "gum b'uallach do lòiseam, T. 54, explained in a footnote "a great company of gentry".
- lomhainn**, 1035, *f.* leash of hounds.
- luachach**, 862, precious, excellent; *mór luachach* forms a noun, "that man of great worth".
- luaimneach**, 1042, restless, aflutter.
- lùb**, 182, *f.* young man, carried on in 183 as a scion, shoot.
- macaomh**, 241, 748, *m.* goodly youth, gallant; *mac* (adjectival), *caomh* (used as noun), lit. a lad dear one.
- macnas**, 378, 1068, *m.* sport, mirthfulness, whence foll.
- macnasach**, 240, sportive, mirthful.
- mairg**, 184, 505, 993, *f.* object of pity; *is mairg an duine*, woe to the man.
- maith**, 994, *n.* a noble; *mith is maith*, peasant and noble, gentle and simple (Alex. MacDonald).
- màl**, 1147, *m.* payment, subsidy.
- malairt**, 724, *f.* change (from sickness to health); 1133, exchange, barter.
- mànran**, 238, 519, *m.* tuneful sound, melody.
- maothar**, 1219, coll. noun; the young, the tender; *m. na treuda*, the young of the flock (MacLennan).
- marbh**, 438, *sgeul marbh*, either "news of thy death", lit. "a dead tale of thee"; cf. *marbhrann*: or "news that thou art inactive"; cf. *fuarscéal*, a dead or uninteresting story (Dinneen).
- marcanta**, 202, *m.* horseman, knight.
- mathasach**, 1052, benevolent, benign, or perhaps "giving without condition"; cf. Ir. *maithim*.
- meachar**, 1011, tender, kindly.
- meadhrach**, 240, 939, cheerful, merry, festive.
- meadhrachail**, 1052, same meaning as *meadhrach*.
- mindearg**, 179, smooth and ruddy.
- mingheal**, 160, smooth and bright.
- miosair**, 457, *m.* measure for powder; Ir. *miosúr*
- mòd**, 102, *m.* court of justice, council.
- moltair**, 1005, *f.* mill-dues.
- mórdha**, 701, noble, great.
- mórdhalach**, 569, magnificent, majestic.
- morghail**, 1149, sea-prowess, sea-fighting; (*mor*-, compositional form of *muir*, gal, gail, valour).

mucag, 450, *f.* berry of the dog rose.

neo-chrion, 545, liberal, abundant.

neo-éisleanach, 265, not feeble, strong, sound.

neo-mhalairteach, 626, not changeable, *réidh*.

neul, 260, 1087, *m.* hue, complexion.

nuallanach, 502, loud-sounding, roaring.

nur, 629, dialectic form of *bhur*, your.

óg, 873, *m.* young man (adj. used as noun).

óirheard, 764, *m.* goldsmith.

oireachd, 682, *f.* gathering, assembly; usually *eireachd* in Sc. Gael, but here the other is required by the rime; Ir. *oireacht*.

óirleach, 268, *f.* inch.

Olgharach, 521, of the race of Olghar.

órd, 257, *m.* hammer, dog-head of a gun, which strikes fire from the flint.

orghán, 743, 1152, *m.* organ.

paidirean, 51, *m.* rosary.

pàirt, 830, *f.* kindred, relationship.

pìc, 345, *f.* bow; cf. *Pòl Crùbach*: "*Agus pìc mheallach Air a tarruing o chluais gu dòrn.*"

pìos, 34, 762, 887, 906, 938, 1157, *m.* silver vessel, cup.

pràmhán, 237 *n.* heaviness, dejection.

prasgan, 106, 965, *m.* rabble, gang, group of people.

preasan, 922, *m.* little bush or thicket.

purpais, 551, *m.* theme; Eng. purpose.

ranntannan, 671, pl. of *rannt* *m.* partisan, supporter, ally; from *rann*, a part, division.

—Dw. coins "title-deeds, deeds of conveyance; chattels".

reachdmhor, 1106, commanding, authoritative, puissant; Ir. *reachtmhar*, legislative, giving laws; from *reacht*, law, power, authority.

riarachadh, 80, 1010, *m.* act of satisfying.

riaraich, 580, serve, distribute.

réidhlean, 596, *m.* green level plain, lawn for games, etc.

ròd, 295 *n.*, perhaps has the sense of a "quantity of seaware cast on the shore"

—Dw.; but *ròn* is the correct reading.

rògach, 98, roguish; from Eng.

rònach, 62, full of seals.

ruaimneach, 770, glossed in E., "làidir"; robust, active.

ruiteach, 260, 449, ruddy.

sàradh, 763, *m.* act of broaching.

sealbh, 478, *m.* prosperity, good fortune; 745, possession, enjoyment.

seòd, 336, 1153, *m.* man of valour, warrior; form of *seud*.

seòlaid, 498, *f.* harbour, anchorage.

sgannal, 142, *m.* scandal, slander.

sgeilm, 251, *f.* boasting, vain talk.

sgleò, 160, 1090, *m.* boasting; 1090, vapour, mistiness, dimness of the eyes; cf. "*na ríoghbhruigh ní h-aisling ól*", in his kingly mansion drinking is no dream;—RC., II, 286 (BGh.) and in Eng., "not with *umbrages*, but a substantial entertainment" (Wardlaw MS., p. 482).

sgòid-bhràghad, 93, *f.* square neck-kerchief, stomacher.

sibhrainn, 195 *n.*, *m.* ?

sìothshaimh, 425, 1136, *f.* peace, tranquillity.

slacan, 344, *m.* bludgeon, club, wand.

cf. *seud*
or *siad*

slàn, 562, *m.* defiance, challenge (see note); "I defy Gael or Saxon (to show) that deceit was found on you." (BGh), so *dubh-shlà*, *dùbhlàn*, defiance.
slat, 766, *f.* wand, rod; metaph. handsome youth.
sligeadh, 75 *n.*, *m.* "drinking from shells".—Dw. quoting this passage; but ?; *ligeadh* is the correct reading.
smeoirn, 269, *f.* butt end of arrow, notch to fit the bow-string.
so-iarraidh, 415, easy to ascertain.
solta, 567, vigorous, comely.
sonn, 879, *m.* post, stake; hence, stalwart man, champion, *sonn catha*.
spealp, 308, *m.* active trim young man.
spreadhadh, 326, *m.* report of a gun, loud sound of bursting.
spreigeadh, 41, *m.* act of playing briskly and spiritedly; so *Ìr spreagadh*.
sròl, 1080, *m.* satin; 904, pl. *sròiltean*, 792, 876, satin penon, or possibly sail.
staidhle, 690, 933, *m.* title, style; the passive of the verb is found in 700.
stàth, 1189, *m.* good purpose or end, benefit, advantage.
stòpa, 78, *m.* stoup, flagon.
stròicte, 46, hacked, sundered, shivered.
stròth, 245 *n.*, *m.* extravagance.
sùgh, 138, *m.* juice, broth.
susbaint, 552, 1192, *f.* substance.
tabh, 499, *m.* ocean. (Norse *haf*, *n.* the high sea, ocean); used by Alex. MacDonald, and still in Harris and Barra for the open sea, the Atlantic, opposed to An Cuan, the Minch. The outermost rock of the Flannan Isles is Sgeir an

Taibh (A. Nicolson); Camus chùil an Taibh is on the west side of Iona.
taifeid, 266, 466, *f.* bowstring.
taileasg, 229, 279 (in pl.), *m.* chess or backgammon.
tarruing, 900, *f.* halyard.
tasgadh, 1162, *m.* act of bestowing, burying.
tasgaidh, 523, 646, 914, *f.* what is bestowed, deposit, treasure; 1078, bestowal; 218, in sense of tasgadh.
teach, 525, *m.* house, mansion.
teanal, 526, *m.* gathering; form of tional.
teannachadh, 901, *m.* act of holding close to the wind.
tearbadh, 440, *m.* separation.
teist, 252, *f.* repute, fame.
teud, 152, *m.* fiddle-string; 203, harp (Armstrong); 550, harp-string.
teudbhuidhe, 1046, 1129, yellow as harp-strings, which were gold-gilt (BGh.); yellow-stranded.
tigheadas, 833, *m.* household.
tiomsgaradh, 232 *n.*, given as "a parting for time" (*tiomsgaradh*) in a paper on "Some Rare Gaelic Words and Phrases" by Alex. MacDonald, *Trans. Gael. Soc. Invs. xxix*, 30. Questionable. *v. lomsgaradh*.
togbhail, 738, older form of *togail*, raising, rearing; *Ìr. tógbhail*.
toisgeal, 37, left, opposed to *deas*; (?also *right*, opp. to *cearr*: *no*. cf. "Is mairg . . . thig-eadh cearr no toisgeal air," *Syng's* S. 235).
tolg, 581, *f.* pride, ostentation.
tonn-bhàidhte, 355, *f.* a wave that drowns, lit. a wave of drowning; *bàidhte*, old gen. of verb. noun *bàdhadh*.
tòrachd, 42, 790, *f.* pursuit.
treas-tarruing, 77, *f.* thrice-distilled whisky; foreshot.

trusgan, 86, *m.* garment, clothes, mantle.

tuam, **tuama**, 660, 691, *m.* tomb, grave.

tuath, 143, 779, *f.* people of a country, population, peasantry.

tuathcheathairn, 868, *m. f.* tenantry, peasantry.

tuigsear, 550, *m.* one who understands, a connoisseur.

tuilg, 581, see *tolg*.

tuisleach, 258, unsteady, fickle.

turaideach, 754, turreted.

turnais, 1132, a job, a smart turn (Skye). (BGh. Vocab.)

uabharra, 877, *prideful*, haughty.

uamharrachd, 908, *f. lit. fright-*

fulness; excessiveness, excessive measure; "I have a treasure great exceedingly."

uidh, 1142, *f.* journey, way.

uirghioll, 254, *m.* speech, the faculty of speech.

ulaidh, 908, *f.* treasure, especially a treasure lit upon more or less unexpectedly. (BGh. Vocab.).

urla, 1047, *f.* face, countenance.

urrainn, 1233, *m.* guarantee, authority, security; whence the ordinary usage, "is urrainn mi", etc. "Thy nobility is no longer my security."

ursainn-chatha, 835, *f.* pillar of battle, a conspicuous hero.

ursgeul, 283, *m.* tale, narrative, 1194, act of narrating.

usgar, 90, *m.* jewel.

uidh' for uidhe

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¹ See CPNS.

² See Macbain's *Place-Names of the Highlands and Islands*.

* ? cf. *Saclo Parks*, II, 44.