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C'uim' nach ainmichinn gach ait' 'S am biodh na h-armuinn ud a' fuireach? Eadar Gealaidhe 's an Garbha, Eadar an Dun-dearg 's an Tullach; Eadar am Muadh is Aillte-luaidhe, Tullach-croma 's suas gu Druman; Eadar Cranachan is Bo-thionntain, Gleanna Feundaig is Gleann Turraidh. Bu leibh srathan, glinn, is fiarach 'S an robh riamh gach sion a' fas ann; Bha ur cridheachan ro-fhialaidh, 'S ro-mhath riarachadh air each e; Bu sibh poitearan nam fiona • Suidhe sios anns an tigh-thaime; 'N am nan lach a bhi 'gan dioladh, Ge b'e dh'iarradh, 's iads' a phaigheadh. Cha robh aire oirbh mu storas: Bha sibh pailt a dh'or 's a dh'airgiod, Gun sniamhadh, gun fiarach facail Gun lub, gun drachdan, gun chealga; Agus sealgairean na sithne • 'S moch a dhireadh ris a' gharbhlaich • C'aite 'n cualas na thug dhibh e Ann am frithean nan damh-dearga? Luchd nan cuilbheir 's nan deagh spainteach 'Dheanadh air an lan-damh cuimse, 'S nam broilleach mu'n iadh an agarlaid Fir chothromach, arda, chuimte; Misneachail an tus na h-aimhreit, Anns an spaim nach rachadh iomrall, Na fir thaiceil, ghaisgeil, dhana Nach gabhadh sgath ri aird na h-iorghuil. Ach na'm faicte cruinn air faiche Na fir ghasda 'n taic a cheile, Luchd nan cuailean 's nan gruaidh daghta, Luchd nam breacan is nam feileadh, Luchd nan claidhean 's nan sgiath breaca, Na fir reachdmhora nach geilleadh; Na fir chalma, gharga, throma, Dheanadh pronnadh agus reubbadh. Air nach laigheadh sgath no curam A' dol sios an tus nam blaraibh; 'N am nan claidhean-mora rusgadh, 'S maing air am biodh bruchd ur n-ardain; Sgathadh chluas le cruas nan rudan, Gearradh smuis le luths nan gairdean; Cin-'-". 'gan sgoltadh sios gu suilean, 'j iomain-chul gu dluth air naimhdean. Choisinn Sasunn buaidh 'san Fhraing, Ach b'fhiach dhi taing thoirt do na Gaidheil; 'S ionann sin 's mar bha a' Cheapach, Gur h-i chleachd iad a' chruaidh-larach; Na fir mhora chum riamh suas iad, Taing is duals a bhi gu brach dhaibh, 'S a choisinn daibh cliu 's gach latha, Sliochd an Taighe tha mi 'g raitinn. Why should I not name every place In which these heroes dwelt? From Gealaidhe to Garva From Dun-dearg to Tulloch: From Moy to Allt-luaidhe Tullach-croma up to Drimmin. From Cranachan to Bohuntine. Glen Feundaig and Glen Turaidh. You owned Straths and glens and mountains Where everything always flourished Your hearts were over-generous. Others were always very well provided for: You were drinkers of wine Sitting down in taverns. At the time of paying the bills Whoever ordered, you would pay. You never lacked provision You had plenty gold and silver Without a turn or twist of pledge Without deviation or deceit: And hunters of venison Who would early climb the mountain. Where was it heard that you lost the honour In the forests of red deer? Men of muskets and guns' Who would aim at the full grown stag: And in their breasts would spread the scarlet Stalwart, tall, shapely men Courageous in the start of strife Who in combat would not waver The solid, brave and bold men Who would not shirk at the height of conflict. But if they were seen gathered on the field. The good men shoulder to shoulder The curly, ruddy cheeked ones Men of plaids and kilts. Men of swords and speckled shields The valiant men who would



not yield The courageous, fierce, powerful ones Who would crush and rend. On whom would not lie fear or anxiety Advancing at the beginning of battles At the time of baring claymores. Woe to those who bore the brunt of your wrath. Severing ears with hardness of knuckle Slicing marrow with strength of arms Heads being cloven down to the eyes And vehement routing of enemies. England was victorious in France-' But she owed thanks to the Gaels Similar is that to the case of Keppoch They were accustomed to the hard fight The great men who ever ,supported them Thanks and reward be always to them Who won for them renown each day It is Sliochd an Taighe I speak of. 'N la thug Colla 'sa Mhaoil-ruaidh, 'S a chuir e ruaig air Clann-an-Toisich, Thainig MacCoinnich le fuathas An ceann sluaigh a ghluais a' chomhstri; 'S e fear Thullaich chaidh air aodann, Dh' thag e MacCoinnich gun anam, Dh' fhag e Mac-Coinnich gun anam. Call na fal' air Srath-na-monan. The day Coll fought at Mulroy" And routed the Macintoshes MacKenzie came in hatred\*-' At the head of a group who provoked the strife: It was the man of Tulloch13 who opposed him And he left MacKenzie dead He left MacKenzie without soul Losing blood on Srath-na-monan. (44) 9. Spainteach: long type of fowling-piece believed to have been made in Spain. 10. During the Napoleonic Wars. 11. The Battle of Mulroy 1688, the last clan battle fought in the Highlands of Scotland. "Colla nam Bo" was Chief of Keppoch at the time and the battle ended in a very decisive victory for the MacDonalds over their Macintosh rivals. 12. Captain Kenneth MacKenzie of CONTINUED NEXT PAGE