

*Do Uisdean Camshron Meinneadair,  
ri'n cainte air uairean "Eòghann Dhùghaill" à Sròn an t-Sithein.*

To Miner Uisdean Cameron,

who is sometimes called "Ewan MacDougall" from Strontian.

Air fonn :- "Moch madainn Didòmhnaich, Mun goireadh an Smeòrach," &c.

To the tune:- "Early on Sunday morning before the thrush would call," etc.

From "Gaisge nan Gaidheal" by Iain MacDhughail (1870), pp110 - 117.

The spelling of parts of the text has been modernised and the text translated by Gordon Barr. Sections where the meaning is not clear to him are shown in red.

Mo gaol an Camshronach cùl-donn,  
A dh' fhàs furasd' na ghiùlan,  
Caoimhneil, carrantach, cùirteil,  
A bheireadh cliù orm thar chàch',  
'S fad 'am thosd mi gun dùsgadh,  
A thoirt sgeula don dùthaich,  
Mu dheidhinn an fhuireann,  
'Bha riamh cliùteach san àit':  
Dhòmh-sa b' aithne do bheusaibh,  
Cha bu treac iad r' an leughadh,  
Cridhe soilleir na fèille  
Chan eil eucoir na d' chàil,  
Ach làn tuigs' agus gèire,  
Làn foghlaim a's cèille,  
Ann an Gàidhlig 'sam Beurla  
Bu mhaith d' fheum anns gach càs.

Fhuair thu d' àrach 's cha bhreug siud,  
An làithibh d' òig agus d' aoibhneis,  
Air mòr oighreachd Shir-Seumais,  
'S gum bu chiatach an t-àit, -  
Sron-an-t-sithein nan geugan,  
Chluinntè nuallan na sprèidh' ann,  
Bu torach, tarbhach an fheudail  
A chite air rèidhleinn le'n àl;  
Fhuair mi eòlas an tùs ort,  
'N àm 'bhi sgairteil sa "ghriu" dhut,  
A sìor chosnadh nan crùintean,  
'S tu ri Punnd anns an là,  
B' ann am fàrdaich mhath Uisdein,  
An àm teàrnadh ga h-ionnsaigh,  
A ghèibht 'sam mùirneas  
'S tu 'cuireadh fiughantach chàich'.

Gum biodh aighear gu leòr, ann  
Inneal-chiùil agus òrain,  
Coinnlean-cèir' anns gach seòmar,  
'S fìr ag òl neo-ghann,-  
Ioc-shlàint 'bhrìghmhor an eòrna,  
Uisge-beatha na Tòiseachd,  
A thug gearain na lòid às,  
Agus "Dòisein"\* nan ceann

My loved one is the brown-haired Cameron,  
who grew up solid in his behaviour, gentle,  
friendly, and courteous, and who, beyond the  
rest, would give honour to me. It is a long time  
since I was silent and not wakening up to give  
a story to the country about the ship's crew that  
was always famous in the place. I myself  
would know your morals, and it would not be  
infrequent to explain them, a clear heart of the  
festival, and there is no crime or temper, but  
full understanding and sense, in Gaelic and  
English, and your usefulness in every difficulty  
would be good.

You got your upbringing, and it is not a lie, in  
the days of your youth and gladness, on the big  
estate of Sir James, and how attractive the  
place is – Strontian of the nymphs. There were  
heard the roars of cattle, which could be seen  
with their brood on the meadows in it, and the  
treasure was fruitful and beneficial. From the  
beginning I got knowledge about you, at the  
time of you being expertly active, earning the  
crowns continually, and you busy at the pounds  
in it each day. It was in the good house of  
Uisdean, at the time of coming down to it, that  
it can be got cheerfully, and it is you who  
would make the rest generous.

How there would be plenty merriment, musical  
instruments and songs, wax candles in each  
room, people drinking plentifully - a juicy  
nectar of barley , "The Whisky of Priority",  
which destroyed complaints of the lodge, and  
"Doisein"\* of the chiefs would be no strife or  
battle, when we would meet together. The  
group was so very amusing at the time of the

Nuair a thachramaid còmhla,  
Cha bhiodh streap ann no còmhrag  
Bu ro-èibhinn an còmhlán,  
An àm bhi pòit air an dràm,  
'S ceann na cèille ga riarachadh  
'An Talla na fialachd,  
Gheibhte tachdar den iasg ann,  
Agus fiadh air an staing.

\*Donnachadh Iain ruaidh Mhic-Ille-Mhaoil.

Bhiodh do chèilidh mhath, bhoidheach  
A' cur na cloinn' ann an òrdugh,  
Gum bu taitneach an òigridh,  
Mun cuairt den bhòrd nach biodh gann,  
B 'ann dhiubh Cailein a's Dòmhnall,  
Màiri 's Aoirig nan còir siud,  
'S Cairistiana an òg-bhean,  
'S cha d' rugadh "Flora" san àm,  
An uair a chit' iad air àilein  
Ri mire lùthmhor 's ri h-àbhachd,  
Bu mhiann sùl iad le càcha,  
'S iad gun fhàilinn gun mheang,  
Roghainn 'n èididh 's nam brògan,  
Air an dìoladh le stòras,  
Mu gach aon diubh gan còmhdach  
'S fiamh an òir air an ceann.

Tha thu ainmeil nad dhùthaich,  
Ann an Cnòideart tha cliù ort,  
Ann am Morthir, 'sam Mùideart,  
'S feadh nan dùthannan thall,  
Aig Poll-locha 's mun Iuraich,  
Bha thu eòlach mun ghrund ud  
'N àm na fèidh dhol sa bhùireadh  
Cha bhiodh d' ionnsaighe fann,  
Bhiodh do pheileirean dù-ghorm,  
Le neart tein' agus fùdair,  
'S iad gun mhearachd nan cùrsa,  
Leis a' chùirteir gun mheang;  
Gunna-glaice ga giùlan,  
'S làmh a' ghaisgich ga stiùradh,  
'S bhiodh an làn-damh gun lùths ann,  
A's fir ga ghiùlan a-nall.

An àm a' chreachainn a dhìreadh,  
Dhol a dh' iarraidh na sìthne,  
Nuair bhiodh càch a' cur strì riut,  
A' siùbhal frìth nan damh donn,  
Bhiodh an ionnsaigh dhaibh dìomhain  
Ghèibht' air thoiseach thu milltean,  
Agus iadsan gun chli' ann',  
'S iad nan sìneadh air tom,  
Cò bheir dhìot e den àl seo?  
Deas o d' mhullach gu d' shailtean,

drams in a pot, and a head of sense was  
spreading around in the hall of heroism, a prize  
of fish can be got in it and deer cornered.

\*Red-haired Duncan Iain MacMillan.

Your good, beautiful ceilidh would be putting  
children in order. How pleasing were the  
young ones, around the table which would not  
be scanty, and among them were Calum and  
Donald, Mary and Aoirig on their duties, and  
the young woman Cairistiana, and Flora had  
not been born at the time when they could be  
seen on a meadow, in vigorous light –  
heartedness and humour. They were a desire of  
the eyes for the others. They had no fault and  
no flaw, the best in garb and shoes, and taking  
revenge with riches. Almost every one of them  
was covering them, and there was a hue of  
gold on their heads.

You are famous in your area. In Knoydart you  
have a reputation. In Morar and Moidart and  
throughout the territories over there at Polloch  
and around Iuraich, you were knowledgeable  
about those lands. At the time of deer going  
into bellowing, your attack would not be  
feeble, your bullets would be dark blue with  
the power of the fire and the powder, and there  
were no mistakes in their directions from the  
faultless person. It is the hand of a hero who was  
controlling it, and the royal stag would have no  
movement and men would be carrying it  
onwards.

At the time of climbing the mountain and  
going to look for the venison, and when the  
rest would be struggling with you, and when  
brown beasts were travelling the moor, the  
attack on them would be pointless, thousands  
would be got ahead of you and there would be  
no vigour in them. With them stretching out on  
a hillock, who of this brood will take it from  
you? Right from the top of you to your heels,  
stately, cheerful and truly handsome, it is you

Foinneamh sunndach fìor-dhàicheal,  
'S tu gun fhàillinn nad chom,  
Ann an Lunnainn nuair bha thu,  
'N àm 'bhi 'crùnadh na Bànrigh'n,  
Ann an èideadh a' Ghàidheil  
Fhuair thu bàr' air gach sonn.

Tha thu d' iasgair tha fìor-mhath,  
Air chùl slait no lìontaibh,  
'N àm don bhradan bhi 'dìreadh,  
'Chum an fhìor-uisg' o'n tràigh,  
Bu tric air aitheimh, 's air linnibh,  
A dhearbh do làmh gun bhi clì,  
An uair a ghlacadh tu 'chlic',  
Gum bithinn cìnnteach a'm bàs;  
No mòr dha sgaiteach nan tri-mheur,  
Air chrann giuthais caol, dìreach,  
Bhiodh leòis laiste gun dìth ann,  
Agus innleachd no dhà,  
'S gum biodh sìol nan gob-cromadh,  
'Chleasachd 'bhi riamh anns na tonnan  
An dèigh an reubadh 's an tolladh  
B' iad siud an sealladh air blàr.

An àm dhut suidhe 's taigh-òsda,  
Maille ri combanaich chòire,  
Bhiodh an t-searrag nad dhòrn  
'S gur tu nach sòradh a' chuach;  
'S tu gun airceas, gun dòlam,  
Ach làn saobhris a's stòrais  
Leam 'bu mhiannach do chòmhradh,  
An àm nan còrn 'dhol mun cuairt  
Beul a dhèanamh nan òran  
Binn gan gabhail mar smeòraich,  
A's ceannard-cheud mu na bòrdan  
Nan suidhe 'g òl leat gun ghruaim,  
'S tu nach cluinnte ri bòilich,  
No 'cuir fallsachd no sgleò dhìot,  
On 's i 'n fhìrinn bu ghlòir dhut,  
'S a lean à d' òig' thu gu buan.

Tha thu d' sheanchaidh fìor-mhath,  
A thoirt eachdraidh air rìghrean,  
'S gach Ceann-cinnidh 'san Rìoghachd,  
Nì thu 'n ìnnseadh gu luath;  
Cha bhiodh doille nad intinn,  
An àm sloinnidh gach sinnsridh,  
Na chaidh' am baiteil a dhi dhiubh,  
No san strìth na thug buaidh,  
Tha thu fìosrach mu Phrionnsan  
'S cò dan dligheach na Crùin diubh.  
'Nam 'bhi seasamh do Dhùthcha,  
Bu mhòr an inntainn thu uap';  
Nan tigeadh aois dhut ga ionnsaidh,  
Bu mhaith am Blàr "Waterloo" thu

who had no failing in your bosom, when you were in London in the dress of the Gael, at the time of crowning the queen, and you got on top of every champion.

You are a fisherman who is really good when behind a fishing rod or fishing nets, at a time when salmon climb from the shore for fresh water. It was frequently that you proved not to be feeble on depths and poles, when you would seize the hooks and be sure of death. Or it is a big thing for it, a sharp three-pronged fork on a narrow straight rod of pine. There would be rays of light with no shortage and a trick or two so that there would be a breed of bending mouths juggling for ever in the waves and after the riping and piercing, it was they who had appeared in battle.

At a time of you sitting in the inn along with real companions, the battle would be in your fist and how it is you who would not grudge the quaich. It's you who has no scarcity and no wretchedness, but is full of prosperity and possessions. Your conversation would be so desirable for me at the time of the drinking horn going around, with a mouth that would make songs and give them out sweetly like thrushes, and with a prime leader around the tables, sitting and drinking with you without scowling. And it's you who is not heard boasting, or you who puts falseness or idle talk out from you, since it is truth that was an honour for you and which constantly flew out from your mouth.

You are a really good tradition bearer, who will give a history of kings and every clan chief in the nation, and you will do the telling quickly. There would be no blindness in your mind at the time of tracing every ancestor who went in battles and which they were looking for, or in the struggle which gave victory. You are knowledgeable about Princes and who was the legitimate destiny of the crown. In standing for the country, you were a big start for them. If age would come towards you, you would be good in the Battle of Waterloo and challenge the French by putting the Duke in flight.

'Chuir nan Frangach gun dùlan,  
Leis an Diuchd 'chuir na ruaig'.

Slat don darach ghlan ùr thu,  
Nach gabh feachdadh no lùbadh,  
An stoc an 'fhreumhaichean am fiùran,  
Cha be an-diugh e 'sa choill,  
Do Cheann-cinnidh tha cliù air,  
Ann an Sasainn tha ùis dheth,  
Rioghail, macanta, mùirneach,  
'S cha b'i 'dhùthchas an fhoill,  
Ged 'chaill athair a dhùthaich,  
Ri linn falbh leis a' Phrionns' dha,  
Thug Rìgh-Deòrs' ann an cùmhnant',  
Dha on chrùn oirre grèim,  
'S tha Lochial mar bu nòs dha,  
Ann an seilbh air Srath-lòchaidh,  
'S air Lochabar nam mòr-bheann,  
'S thug e chòir o na Goill.

Aig ro-uaislead do ghiùlain  
Bith'dh tu 'n companas Dhiùcan  
'S fad 's as goirid 'chaidh cliù ort,  
Ann an Dùthaich-nan-Gall,  
Bu tric a bha thu nad iùil dhaibh,  
Nuair bu chruaidh orra cùisean,  
Bhiodh do làthaireachd ùiseil,  
Nam dhèanadh cùmhnant a's bhann;  
Thug Mac-Coinnich ort biuthas,  
Aig "Tunnel Bhishopton" 's b' fhiù dha,  
Gur tu fèin 'rinn an tùrn,  
A choisinn cliù dha 's gach àm,  
'S tric do Shasainn a stiùr sibh,  
Ann an carbadan dùinte,  
No air Saoitheach-na-Smùide,  
'Dh' amharc thùr, agus chàmp.

Be siud an "Tunnel" 'bha àlainn,  
Dà-dhusan troidh ann air àirde,  
'S gun robh mìle agus càrt ann,  
Nuair a ràinig tu 'cheann;  
Bha leat Donnachadh do bhràthair,  
Cuiridh fòghainteach, laidir,  
'S mòr a rinn sibh de phàigheadh,  
Ged 'chaidh pairt dheth 'san "dram,"  
Bhiodh Iain "Davison" làmh ribh  
Agus canaichean làn dheth,  
Be siud coltas a' Ghaidheil,  
'S gur h-i 'lamh nach robh fann,  
Tha e dhòmhsa ro-chairdeach,  
A thaobh màthair mo mhàthar,  
'S on 'tha ainm dha 'bhi pàirteach,  
'S fhiach e àit ann am rann.

You are a twig of fine new oak, which cannot be swerved or bent, a trunk, a rod and a sapling. It was not today he was in sin, and your Clan Chief has fame. In England there is hospitality for him, royal, submissive and cheerful. Although his father lost his land at the time when he left with the Prince, King George gave him a morsel of it from the crown on a condition. And Locheil, as was his custom, is in possession of Strathlochy, and it is in Lochaber of the big mountains that he took justice from the foreigners.

Your behaviour is so noble that you would be in the fellowship of dukes. It is the longest and shortest fame which came to you in the Lowlands. It was frequently that you were a guide for them, when matters were hard for them, and your presence would be dignified, if a contract and bond were made. Mackenzie gave you a reputation at "Bishopton Tunnel" and and it was of value to him that it was yourself who did the feat to win fame for him each time. It is frequently that you steered to the east in closed vehicles or on a smoke vessel to see sense and to camp.

That was the "Tunnel" which was beautiful, two dozen feet in height on it and how there were a thousand and a quarter on it when you became its head. There was with you Duncan, your brother, strong and brave about the invitation, and you paid a lot. Although a part of it went on the dram, Iain Davison would be a hand for you and the jugs filled by him. That was the appearance of the Gael, and how it was a hand which was not weak, and how he is so friendly to myself in connection with the mother of my mother, and how he has a reputation for being sharing and is worthy of a place in verse.

Bha do bheachd o thùs d' òige,  
Os cionn staid 's an Roinn-Eorpa,  
'S gun 'stiùir d' aign' thu gu h-eolach,  
Gu dol air bòrd ann an Cluaidh,  
Do dh' America sheòl thu,  
Air long bhrèid-ghéal nam mòr-chrann,  
'Dhol a reubadh nam bòchd-thonn,  
'S a stròiceadh a' chuain,  
Sheòl thu 'suas ri "St Laurance,"  
Tha "Gleann Garradh" ga chòir siud,  
Far 'n do ghabh thu do chòmhnaidh  
Rè a' gheamhraidh 's an fhuachd,  
'S fhuair thu tairgse dhe d' bheòshlaint,  
Fhad air Thalamh 's bu bheò dhut,  
Nam fanadh tu còmhl' riutha,  
A thoir fòghlum don t-sluagh.

Bheir mi fhèin 's tha 'cheann-fàth dhomh,  
Mo cheud beannachd gu bràth ort,  
'Chionn nuair 'bha mi nam phàisde,  
Gun ghabh thu bàidh rium a's truas,  
Dh' ionnsaich thu dhomh na h-àitheantan,  
Mar 'liubhair Maois air na clàir iad,  
'S a' cheud tè do Shailm Dhàibhidh,  
Anns a' Ghàilig ghloin, chruaidh;  
Ged 'tha tamall on tràth sin,  
Gur 'lèir fhathast a bhlàth orm,  
'S math gun leugh mi mo chànain,  
Air latha-sàbaid no luain,  
'S nan dèanainn-se stà dheth,  
Mur 'ghuidheadh tusa gach là dhomh,  
**Chuirinn feum aig a bhàs air,**  
**Gu m' thoirt sàbhailt a suas.**

From the start of your youth your opinion was above the situation in Europe, and how your mind steered you knowledgeably to go on board on the Clyde, and to sail to America on a white-sailed boat of large masts; and in order to rip over the swelling waves and to tear asunder the ocean, you sailed up to "St. Lawrence". "Glengarry" where you made your residence is a good reason for that, and you made your residence there during the winter and the coldness, and you got a chance of good living for you for a long time on earth, if you would stay with them to give education to the people.

I myself, and it is a good cause for me, will give my hundred blessings on you for ever, because, when I was a youngster, how you took affection and compassion for me. You taught me the commandments, as Maois delivered them on a table, and the first one of your Psalms of David was in pure and firm Gaelic. Although it is a while since that period, how its blossoming is still clear to me. It's good that I can read my language on a sabbath or on a Monday, and if I myself would make any use of it, and if you would not demand every day from me, **I would put a need of death on it to bring me up safe.**