

LAMENT FOR MACLEAN OF ARDGOUR.

WAIL loudly, ye women, your coronach doleful,
Lament him, ye pipers, tread solemn and slow;
Mown down like a flower is the chief of Ardgour,
And the hearts of the clansmen are weary with woe.
In peace-time he ruled like a father among us,
Unconquered in fight was the blade that he bore,
But the chase was the glory and pride of his manhood,
— Strong Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Low down by yon burn that's half hidden with heather
He lurked like a lion in the lair he knew well;
'Twas there sobbed the red-deer to feel his keen dagger,
There pierced by his arrow the cailzie-cock fell.
How oft when at e'en he would watch for the wild fowl,
Like lightning his coracle sped from the shore;
But still, and for aye, as we cross the lone lochan,
Is Donald the hunter, Macgillian More!

Once more let his war-cry resound in the mountains,
Macdonalds shall hear it in eerie Glencoe,
Its echoes shall float o'er the braes of Lochaber,
Till Stewarts at Appin that slogan shall know;
And borne to the waters beyond the Loch Linnhe,
'Twixt Morven and Mull where the tide-eddies roar,
Macgillians shall hear it and mourn for their kinsman,
For Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Then here let him rest in the lap of Scaur Donald
The wind for his watcher, the mist for his shroud,
Where the green and the grey moss will weave their wild tartans
A covering meet for a chieftain so proud.
For, free as the eagle, these rocks were his eyrie,
And free as the eagle his spirit shall soar
O'er the crags and the corries that erst knew the footfall
Of Donald the hunter, Macgillian More.

Harold Boulton.