Section 2

Scotland 1400–1660

SCOTTISH GAELIC POETRY

Translated and edited by Kate Louise Mathis and M. Pía Coira
(except where otherwise noted)

Aithbhreac inghean Coirceadail (c. 1470s)

This poignant elegy is one of four items in the *Book of the Dean of Lismore* (c. 1512 x c. 1542) attributed to named women. While *auctor* elsewhere in the manuscript may sometimes imply a source or authority for the text it precedes (Meek 1988), and while male bardic poets could and did adopt the voice of a grieving widow in order to convey the strength of collective grief for a chieftain's death (Breatnach 1983; 1997), the combination of title, personal name, and content is compelling (Clancy 1996, 56), suggesting that the manuscript 'preserve[s] the name of the earliest known Scottish Gaelic poetess' alongside her work (Flahive 2007–10, 106).

Aithbhreac's patronymic suggests that she belonged to the minor MacCorquodale kindred based in Phantilands, Lorn (Bannerman 1983, 230), while her description of the poem's subject Niall Òg MacNeill as 'mo leathchuing' (l. 55) infers their close connection, almost certainly marriage. Niall was constable of Castle Sween in Knapdale, held by the MacNeills for the Lords of the Isles, depicted in his elegy as a place that had welcomed poets, including those from Ireland. The sphere of patronage implied is consistent with the manuscript's wider contents, including the work of several contemporary Irish poets addressed to local chieftains' and their agents' households (MacGregor 2000, 84–5; 2006, 63–4), and it is likely that other unpreserved elegies may have been addressed to Niall by his former guests. His widow's lament, whose inclusion in the manuscript probably resulted from Aithbhreac's connection to the 'Inveraray Circle' of Cailean Campbell, 1st Earl of Argyll, and his Countess Iseabal (MacGregor 2006, esp. 57), depends in part on her awareness of these professional poets' training, style, and use of metre, and is characteristic of many items of verse composed by the aristocracy of the Gàidhealtachd, amateurs who practised the same poetic codes employed in their own praise (Gillies 2010, esp. 92–4).

Aithbhreac's elegy is remarkable for the range and quantity of kennings that situate Niall within the landscapes that he used to inhabit (e.g. ll. 15–16), an element common to Irish bardic eulogy but almost unparalleled

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

in Gaelic (McLeod 2004, 154–5; Coira 2023, 63). It is also remarkable for the image of Niall's rosary, which frames the poem and Aithbhreac's recollection of the life she has lost. As a focus for grief and retrospection, her use of an object that belonged to the subject addressed is rare, and extremely rare in the context of elegy; it is, however, a notable feature of contemporary Ossianic ballads that mourn the decline of *fianaigheacht* heroes such as Diarmaid Úa Duibhne, the precise context in which Aithbhreac's poem has been preserved within the manuscript, and of particular relevance to Castle Sween (Meek 1997). Among its other unusual features, her use of the rosary in this way, combined with the choice of metre in which the poem is composed – *óglachas*, a looser form of *rannaigheacht mhór* – suggests her adoption of heroic verse as a model for Niall's lament (Flahive 2007–10). His family's traditional descent from Niall Noígiallach ('of the nine hostages'), eponymous ancestor of the Uí Neill dynasties, is also inferred repeatedly (ll. 34, 40, 49).

The poem implies that Niall died prematurely, perhaps fairly young (ll. 11–12), while charter evidence locates its composition and Niall's death between 1455, when his possession of lands in Gigha was confirmed, and 1478, when they are held by his son. In 1472, however, perhaps on his appointment, Niall's brother Hector MacNeill is styled as constable of Castle Sween, implying a period of guardianship between Niall's death and his son's majority (Munro & Munro 1986, 88, 104, 182, 195–6).

1 *Auctor huius Effrich neyn Corgitill*[1]

A phaidrín do dhúisg mo dhéar,
  Ionmhain méar do bhitheadh ort;
Ionmhain cridhe fáilteach fial
  'gá raibhe riamh gus a nocht.

Dá éag is tuirseach atáim,
  An lámh má mbítheá gach n-uair,
Nach cluinim a beith i gclí
  agus nach bhfaicim í uaim.

Mo chridhe-se is tinn atá
  ó theacht go crích an lá dhúinn;
Ba ghoirid do éist ré ghlóir,
  Ré h-agallaimh an óig úir.

Béal asa ndob aobhdha glór
  dhéantaidhe a ghó is gach tír:

[1] Title from *BDL* 148, its only known source; later copies are listed by MacKechnie 1973, vol. 1 (cf. *SVBDL* 60–4). 'Auctor' is expanded from the single capital 'A' of the original. The manuscript renders its Gaelic-language content in an orthography based on Middle Scots (e.g. Meek 1996).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Leómhan Muile na múr ngeal,
Seabhag Íle na magh mín.

Fear ba ghéar meabhair ar dhán,
Ó nach deachaidh dámh gan díol;
Taoiseach deigh-einigh suairc séimh,
Agá bhfaightí méin mheic ríogh.

Dámh ag teacht ó Dhún an Óir
is dámh ón Bhóinn go a fholt fiar:
Minic thánaig iad fá theist,
Ní mionca ná leis a riar.

Seabhag seangglan Sléibhe Gaoil,
Fear do chuir a chaoin ré cléir;
Dreagan Leódhais na learg ngeal,
Éigne Sanais na sreabh séimh.

A h-éagmhais aon duine a mháin
im aonar atáim dá éis,
Gan chluiche, gan chomhrádh caoin,
Gan ábhacht, gan aoibh i gcéill.

Gan duine ris dtig mo mhiann
ar sliocht na Niall ó Niall óg;
Gan mhuirn gan mheadhair ag mnáibh,
Gan aoibhneas an dáin im dhóigh.

Mar thá Giodha an fhuinn mhín,
Dún Suibhne do-chím gan cheól,
Faithche longphuirt na bhfear bhfial
aithmhéala na Niall a n-eól.

Cúis ar lúthgháire má seach,
Gusa mbímis ag teacht mall:
'S nach fuilngim a nois, mo nuar,
A fhaicinn uam ar gach ard.

Má bhrisis, a Mheic Dhé bhí,
Ar bagaide na dtrí gcnó,
Fa fíor do ghabhais ar ngiall:
Do bhainis an trian ba mhó.

Cnú mhullaigh a mogaill féin
bhaineadh do Chloinn Néill go nua;
Is tric roighne na bfhear bhfial
go leabaidh na Niall a nuas.

An rogha fá deireadh díbh
's é thug gan mo bhrígh an sgéal:

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Do sgar riom mo leathchuing rúin,
A phaidrín do dhúisg mo dhéar.

Is briste mo chridhe im chlí,
Agus bídh nó go dtí m' éag,
Ar éis an abhradh dhuibh úir,
A phaidrín do dhúisg mo dhéar.
A phaidrín.

Muire mháthair, muime an Ríogh,
Go robh gam dhíon ar gach séad,
'S a Mac do chruthuigh gach dúil,
A phaidrín do dhúisg mo dhéar.
A phaidrín.

1 *The author of this is Aithbhreac, daughter of Coirceadal*

O rosary that roused my tear,
Dear the finger that held you;
Dear the joyful, generous heart
to whom you belonged until tonight.[2]

I am saddened by the death
of the hand around which you used to be;
And sad that it is no longer living,
That I [no longer] see it before me.

My heart is aching
since our day reached its end;
A short time it was that it listened to his voice,
To the fair youth's conversation.

A mouth whose pleasant speech
charmed all in every land:
Lion of bright-walled Mull,
Hawk of smooth-plained Islay.

He whose memory for verse was keen,
From whom no poet-band departed unrewarded;
He had a prince's bearing,
That courteous, bountiful, gentle lord.

Poets came from Dún an Oir,[3]
And poets from the Boyne[4] to he of the curling hair:

[2] Watson (*SVBDL* 271) suggests reading *agá robh* or *gá robh tú* (2 sg.) in place of *gá rabhais* / *gá rabha*, which the translation reflects; the vocative (*a phaidrín*) indicates that the rosary is addressed directly.
[3] West Kerry, or perhaps Cape Clear Island (*SVBDL* 272).
[4] The stronghold of Tara, traditional seat of the High Kings of Ireland (Byrne 1973, esp. 48–69; Binchy 1958).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

As often as his fame drew them forth
they would gain whatever they desired.

Slender, bright hawk of Sliabh Gaoil,
Who showed his kindness to the Church;
Dragon of bright-pastured Lewis,
Hero of Sanas[5] of the quiet burns.

Deprived of the company of this one man,
I'm alone since he died,
Without diversion, gentle speech,
Without mirth or cheerfulness to show.

I desire no one else
of Niall's house since Niall Òg has gone;
Women are joyless, without laughter,
And I lack all the cheer of song.

I see smooth-soiled Gigha saddened,
And Castle Sween without music,[6]
The green-lawned fort of generous men:
They know of the grief of Niall's descendants.

Constant source of our delight,
To which we often went:
Alas, now I cannot stand
to see it rise from every height.

O Son of the living God, if you have torn asunder
one of the three clustered nuts,[7]
Truly, you have taken hostage our champion:
You have taken the best of the three.

Yet again, Niall's progeny has been stripped
of its highest fruit;
Often do the choicest of those generous men
descend to the MacNeills' tomb.

The latest, best of them all,
News of him has sapped my strength:
My beloved companion[8] has left me,
O rosary that roused my tear.

[5] Perhaps Machriehanish in Argyll, also referred to as Magh Sanais (*SVBDL* 272).
[6] This line may reflect another poem in the manuscript located at Castle Sween (Meek 1997), which celebrates, in happier days, the performance of music and heroic ballads in its hall (Flahive 2007–10, 113).
[7] Perhaps Niall, his brother Hector, and their father (*SVBDL* 272), but imagery that recalls the Holy Trinity is common to the panegyric code (Coira 2012).
[8] A compound noun (*leth* + *cuing*), literally 'yoke-fellow', one of a pair or team of close companions (*eDIL* 2019 s.v. *leth* (b), *cuingir*).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

The heart in my breast has broken –
It will not mend before my death,
In the wake of his fresh, dark lashes,[9]
O rosary that roused my tear.

Mother Mary, who nursed the King,
May she protect me on every path,
With her Son, who made all things,
O rosary that roused my tear.

[9] A variant of *fabhra*, 'eyelid, veil', implying 'eyelash'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Iseabal Campbell, Countess of Argyll (1427–1510)

As well as the elegy attributed to Aithbhreac inghean Coirceadail, the *Book of the Dean of Lismore* preserves three further items attributed to named women, presumed initially as the work of the same woman: Iseabal, wife to Cailean Campbell, 1st Earl of Argyll (c. 1433–93) (*SVBDL* 307; Bateman 1991, 14; McLeod & Bateman 2007, 286–9). The manuscript itself, however, distinguishes clearly between the first of these items, headed 'Contissa Ergadien Issobell' ('Iseabal, Countess of Argyll'), and the others, both ascribed to Iseabal 'ní Mheic Cailein'. Interpreted erroneously as a feminine form of the Earl's title, it is more likely to denote his daughter (Bannerman & Black 1978, 60 n. 10; Bannerman 1983, 230), indicating compositions by two different women. Countess Iseabal, daughter to John Stewart, 2nd of Lorn (1397–1463), and his wife Agnes MacDonald (1410–63), was born in 1427; her marriage to Earl Cailean produced Gilleasbaig, later 2nd Earl, killed at Flodden in 1513, and at least five daughters.

The poem attributed to Countess Iseabal draws the attention of her household to a marvellous object in her chaplain's possession, alleged to exceed the priapic standard set by Fergus mac Róich, legendary king of Ulster, on which another of the manuscript's poets also remarked (Mackay & MacPherson 2016, 54–5; Gillies 2005a, 66–7; 2007b). While its ascription to the Countess may have resulted from scribal mischief (Gillies 2007a, 224), there is no particular reason to doubt its veracity, and its theme is typical of a group of texts in the collection, in Scots as well as Gaelic (MacGregor 2006, 72–3), labelled delicately as 'more or less indecent' (*SVBDL* xvii). These items explore two themes of great popularity in contemporary European literature: the 'Argument about Women' (Gillies 2014; 2016) and the 'moral condition of the clergy' (MacGregor 2007, 216). The Countess' poem is copied on the same page of the manuscript as 'a satire on a sex-besotted priest' (Gillies 1983, 71–6), one of several similar contributions by Donnchadh Campbell of Glen Orchy (1443–1513), the Earl's first cousin and key figure in the 'Inveraray Circle' of amateur poets centred on the Earl, his Countess, their household, and their extended family (MacGregor 2006, esp. 57–8, 64). Its verbal sparring on the strikingly anti-clerical theme of sexually active members of the clergy was probably an irreverent domestic joke, dependent upon 'a certain level of intimacy between accusers [the poets] and the accused [their local clerics]', not excluding James MacGregor (d. 1551), titular Dean of Lismore, one of the highest-ranking clergy in Argyll (Gillies 1977, 42; 2013, 204–8; MacGregor 2006, 35–7).

The Countess' poem may have been composed as a good-humoured – or exasperated – response to her friends' and relatives' boasting of their own prowess: 'if you boys want to talk about "potent pricks"', it counters

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

bluntly, 'my chaplain's takes the prize' (Gillies 2013, 206–7). The chaplain in question may be associated tentatively with another contributor to the manuscript: Donnchadh MacDiarmid, recorded as signatory (*capellanus*) to a local charter (MacGregor 2006, 58–9).

2 *Auctor huius Contissa Ergadien Issobell*[1]

Éistibh a luchd an tighe-se
re scél na mbod bríoghmhar,
Do shanntaich mo chridhe-sa
cuid de na scéalaibh do sgríobhadh.

Cé líonmhor bod bréagh-bhileach
do bhí san aimsir romhainn
tá aig fear an uird chrábhaidh seo
bod as cho mór righinn.

Bod mo shagairt thuarasdail
cé tá cho fada seasmhach
o tha céin ni chualabhair
an reabh atá ina mhacan.

Atá a riamh ro-reamhar
an sin 's ní h-é scéal breacach
nocha chuala cho-reamhar
mhotha bhod arís.

2 *The author of this is Iseabal, Countess of Argyll*

Listen, people of this house
to the tale of the vigorous prick
that has made my heart hunger –
Some of this tale I'll relate.

Though there's been many a fair, fringed prick
before now,
it's this man of the cloth
whose member's as firm and stiff.

The prick of the priest I employ –
in spite of its length and girth –
you'll not have heard for many years
of a match for his manhood's tricks.

[1] Title from *BDL* 251, its only known source (cf. Quiggin 1937, 78).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

It's that plump tool of his –
a likely[2] tale! –
of whose like you've never heard
for bulk or breadth. 16

❧ ❧ ❧

[2] 'a speckled tale', something improbable, 'spotty', or blemished (Dwelly s.v. *breac*).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Iseabal ní Mheic Cailein (1459–c. 1493)

In addition to the work of Aithbhreac inghean Coirceadail and Iseabal, Countess of Argyll, the *Book of the Dean of Lismore* attributes two short poems to another Iseabal, styled 'ní Mheic Cailein', indicating a daughter of the Earl of Argyll ('Mac Cailein Mòr'). With the majority of the manuscript completed prior to 1520, its contents centred on the households and poetic networks of Cailean Campbell, 1st Earl (c. 1433–93) and his cousin Donnchadh Campbell of Glen Orchy (1443–1513) (MacGregor 2006), a child of Cailean's by his Countess Iseabal (1427–1510) is implied, suggesting that the manuscript preserves the earliest datable poetry in Gaelic composed by closely related women. One of several daughters born to Earl Cailean and his Countess, Iseabal-the-younger may have been the eldest child (*HP* II 98; Campbell 1885, 10), although it is otherwise more common for subsequent daughters, not the firstborn, to share their mother's name. Contemporary tradition suggests she married William, Master of Drummond, and bore him two sons (Drummond 1889, 24–5), but also claims Iseabal as the daughter of Earl Cailean who became 'Lady of the Isles' on her marriage to Aonghas Òg (d. 1490), natural son of John, last MacDonald Lord of the Isles (1434–1503), to whom one of Earl Cailean's daughters bore a son the same year as his widely mourned murder (*HP* II 98; *RC* II 162; contra *HP* I 50; Clancy 2005; Martin & Mathis 2018, 186–8). On this basis, Aonghas Òg has been suggested as the subject of Iseabal's poems (e.g. MacGregor 1999, 138; Ó Mainnín 2002), locating their composition in the latter part of the 1480s during attempts to reconcile ongoing conflict between Aonghas Òg, his father, and Earl Cailean (Boardman 2006, 224–30).

The poems are rare examples of Scottish Gaelic *amour courtois*, which forms a small but significant group of texts by several contributors to the Dean's Book, both professional and amateur, predating the larger and better-preserved collection of Irish *dánta grádh* (Mac Craith 1992; Clancy 2010, 114–15; MacGregor 2007, 214; Ó Mainnín 2025). Some of this group, more 'conventionally courtly', direct a patient, largely passive male gaze towards their female subjects, while others, more radically, advise active pursuit (Gillies 1977, 35–9, 42). A third, related group, addressed typically to married women, explores the consequences of failing to make one's feelings known, namely an affliction (*galar*) that the lover must endure as long as their subject remains indifferent to or unaware of their regard. Iseabal's poems, closest to this group, share its emphasis on the pain of keeping silent, but reverse its usual formula of male observer and female subject, perhaps complicating the suggestion that they were addressed to Aonghas Òg, if it were Iseabal who bore his son, not one of her sisters. These two possibilities may be reconciled if the poems' composition reflects a specific

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

point at which marital alliance had been suggested but was yet to be confirmed, reflecting mutual, established regard that would be halted if negotiation broke down. Such blending of historical context with courtly protocol, clearly in vogue among the poets of Earl Cailean's court, would anticipate later items such as Niall Mòr MacMhuirich's 'Soraidh slán don oidhche a-réir' ('Hail and farewell to last night') (Clancy 2010, esp. 118–19), and support a reading of Iseabal's poems in which her brother-in-law was addressed by an otherwise typical example of *amour courtois* composed in similarly playful circumstances to her mother Countess Iseabal's celebration of their priest's alleged well-endowment.

3 *Yssbel Ne V' Kellan*[1]

Atá fleasgach ar mo thí,
A Rí na ríogh go rí leis!
A bheith sínte ré mo bhroinn
agus a chuim ré mo chneis!

Dá mbeith gach ní mar mo mhian,
Ní bhiadh cian eadrainn
gé beag sin dá chur i gcéill,
'S nach tuigeann sé féin mar tá.

Acht ní éadtrom gan a luadh,
Scéal as truaighe linn nar ndís:
Esan soir is mise siar,
Mar nach dtig ar riar a rís.

[1] Title from *BDL* 285, its only known source (cf. *SVBDL* 234 and MacPhàrlain 1913, 346).

Isbell ne vek Callein[2]

Is mairg dá ngalar an grádh
gé bé fáth fá n-abrainn é;
Deacair sgarachtainn ré pháirt;
Truagh an cás i bhfeilim féin.

An grádh-soin tugas gan fhios,
Ó 's é mo leas gan a luadh,
Mura bhfaigh mé furtacht tráth,
Biaidh mo bhláth go tana truagh.

[2] This second poem attributed to Iseabal-the-younger, also its only known source, is headed separately on a nearby but not identical page of the manuscript (*BDL* 291), recognising the same poet with differing orthography. The much-altered version printed by Alexander Maclean Sinclair (*GBI* 2; cf. Boardman 2006, 228–9) identifies its author incorrectly as Iseabal, Countess of Cassilis, daughter to Gilleasbaig Ruadh, 2nd Earl of Argyll (c. 1465–1513).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

An fear-soin dá dtugas grádh,
 'S nach féadtar a rádh ós n-aird,
Dá gcuireadh sé mise i bpéin,
 Gomadh dó féin bhus céad mairg. 12

3 *Iseabal, daughter of the Earl of Argyll*

There is a youth intent on me,
O King of kings, may fortune favour him!
May he be stretched out beside me
with his chest against my heart! 4

If things were as I wish them,
There'd be no distance between us,[3]
Yet there's little to be declared,[4]
Since he doesn't understand how things are. 8

But it's not easy to keep it silent[5] –
A tiding that saddens us both –
He is bound east, but I'm facing west,
And our mutual desire will not be attained. 12

[3] Watson inserted the phrase 'gu bràth' (forever, till doom) at the end of this line to restore the correct syllable count (*SVBDL* 308).
[4] Dwelly s.v. *cuir an ceill* 'an expression (of feelings) / to make known / declare'.
[5] Following Gerard Murphy's reading 'gan a luadh' (1937, 252 n. 5) for Watson's 'gan a luing' ('lest his ship [should] come'); Murphy observes that the same phrase occurs in both items attributed to Iseabal, and that 'the writing of ng for gh (= dh) is doubtless modelled on the writing of ng in words such as *ceangal* in the literature where some Scottish dialects have *ceaghal*'.

Iseabal, daughter of the Earl of Argyll

Alas for the one whose affliction is love,
Whatever reason I might say it;
It's difficult to leave behind
(and) woeful the state I'm in myself. 4

I have given this love discreetly,
Since I do not gain by its declaration,
If I do not find respite soon,
My bloom will be slight and forlorn. 8

The one to whom I have given a love
that cannot be declared aloud,
If he should cause me pain,
May he bring sorrow on himself a hundred times. 12

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Gun Urra / Anonymous (c. 1500s?)

This anonymous, multi-voiced song is an *òran luaidh* ('work-song'), collected from oral performance by Father Allan MacDonald of Eriskay (1859–1905) in the early 1900s. Sung to accompany the communal activity of waulking (fulling) freshly woven tweed cloth, *òrain luaidh* have been described as a glimpse of the 'frank, unbuttoned underworld' of Gaelic women's everyday composition, distinct from the 'polite, masculine virtues' of the strict-metre professionalism of the chieftain's court, though aware of its conventions that were often reworked (Gillies 2005b, 166–7). Their non-pejorative designation as 'sub-literary' songs recognises this freedom of expression (Ross 1953–55; 1955), while 'the waulking day' maintained a space for women's voices during the ascendancy of male-dominated ceilidh-house culture in the nineteenth century (MacKellar 1886–87; Frater & Byrne 2012, 30).

Òrain luaidh might be composed almost spontaneously by their performers (e.g. Ferguson 1893, 119; Wilkie 2023), weaving together existing themes into 'stanzas of irregular length, linked by the assonance of the final stressed syllable' and by a refrain that 'follow[ed] every line, or even half-line, often breaking into [its] sense and syntax' (Bateman 1991, 15). Many older songs, however, were also repurposed to accompany waulking or other work that required a rhythm in performance. These items' survival across several generations of collaborative singing tended to result in their separation from events that had inspired their composition and the women who made them first (e.g. MacGregor 1999), while individual performers' shaping of particular songs emerges more clearly from twentieth-century observation by ethnographers such as Father Allan and Frances Tolmie (1840–1926) (e.g. Blankenhorn 2014; Campbell & Hamill 2023).

The present song exemplifies the conundrum of assigning original dates of composition to items preserved in this way. While its brief location in Glencoe and the straits of Islay (ll. 8, 19) suggests that its subject Cairistìona was a MacDonald (Frater 2015, 92), only the fact of her death remains, not its context or the name of the foster-mother (*muime*) whose grief is voiced. Its reference to 'the king's court' (*cùirt an rìgh*) may connect Cairistìona's world to the MacDonald Lordship of the Isles, declared forfeit by James IV in 1493, and could suggest that verses underlying the song's current form predated the Lordship's decline. Women of the status implied for Cairistìona were elegised by professional poets (e.g. Watson 1914–19, 225–6; Black 1976–78, 333), while contemporary foster-mothers' laments for children they had nursed are not uncommon, though typically addressed to male subjects (Frater 2015; Ó Baoill 2014, e.g. 6–7, 21). The ventriloquism of the song in its current form, giving voice to a regretful Cairistìona as well as the *muime* who mourns her death, may reflect its performance by multiple singers during waulking, but is also characteristic

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

of dialogue poetry whose dual-voiced, single-authored construction permits its composer to converse with someone from whom they are parted, whether briefly or permanently (Mathis 2019, esp. 92–3).

4 *Nach fhreagair thu, Chairistìona?*[1]

Fonn
È hò hì ura bhì
Ho ro ho ì, ò ho ro ho,
È hò hì ura bhì.

Nach fhreagair thu, Chairistìona?
Nam freagradh, gun cluinninn fhìn thu,
È hò, etc.

Bha mi bliadhna 'n cùirt an rìgh leat,
'S ged chanainn e, bha mi an trì ann –
Fuaigheal anairt, a' gearradh shìoda,
'S a' cur gràinn' air lèinidh rìomhaich.

Atharraich

Thug mi turas do Ghleann Comhann,
'S bha 'm muir àrd 's an caolas domhain;
Gheàrr mi leum 's cha d' rinn mi thomhas;
Gun leum na h-uiseagan romham;
'S thuirt iad rium nach dèanainn gnothach,
Nach fhaighinn mo mhuime romham,
Ceann na cèille, beul na comhairl',
Sgrìobhadh 's a leughadh an Leabhair;
Bhiodh na h-uaislean ort a' tadhal
cha b' ann gu mealladh an gnothaich.

Atharraich

'S iomadh long is bàrc is birlinn
is luingeas a tha 'm beul Chaol Ìle
tighinn a dh'iarraidh Cairistìona;
Chan ann gu pòsadh mhic rìgh leat,
Gus do chur san talamh ìseal,
Fo leaca troma na dìleann.

Atharraich

Fhleasgaich òig na gruaige duibhe,
'S ann a-nochd as mòr do mhulad;

[1] Title from *HF1* 54; untitled in *KCC* 87.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Do leannan a-staigh fo dhubhar
an ciste nam bòrd air a cumadh,
An dèidh na saoir a bhith ga dubhadh.

4 *Won't you answer, Cairistiona?*

Chorus
È hò hì ura bhì
Ho ro ho ì, ò ho ro ho,
È hò hì ura bhì.

Won't you answer, Cairistiona?
If you could answer, I would hear you.
È hò, etc.

A year I spent with you in the king's court –
and in fact, I spent three –
Sewing linen and cutting silk
and adorning[2] fine shirts.

Change

I travelled to Glencoe,
The waves were high and the narrows deep;
I took a leap, but judged it badly;
The birds scattered before me;
They told me I wouldn't achieve my aim,
And wouldn't find my foster-mother,
Sensible mind, prudent mouth,
You could write, and read the Bible;[3]
Noblemen used to visit
and would do pleasing business.

Change

There's many a ship, barque and birlinn
and fleet at the mouth of Caol Ìle,
Come in search of Cairistiona;
Not to wed you to a king's son,
But to put you deep in the ground,
Under heavy sodden stones.

[2] 'putting on'; 'casting tiny things, or seeds', i.e. 'to embroider'.
[3] This motif may belong to a later phase of the song's performance, but contemporary women's education to this level is not unlikely (Stiùbhart 1999, esp. 241).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Change

O dark-haired young man,
It's tonight that you're saddest;
Your sweetheart closed up in the dark
in a box of deal planks
blackened by the joiners.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Màiri nighean Aonghais (fl. 1590s–1610s)

Edited and translated by Kate Louise Mathis and Priscilla Scott

Màiri nighean Aonghais was the daughter of Aonghas, 8th MacDonald of Dunnyveg (d. 1614) by his wife Màiri, daughter of Eachann Òg, 13th MacLean chieftain (c. 1540–73). She married Dòmhnall, 11th MacDonald of Clanranald, the subject of her elegy, whose court at Caisteal Tioram on Loch Moidart hosted professional bardic poets such as Cathal MacMhuirich (d. 1649). In accordance with the panegyric code, the final verses of Cathal's eulogy for Dòmhnall are addressed to Màiri; potentially exaggerated, it may provide the earliest description of a woman to whom surviving Gaelic poetry is also ascribed:

> Angus's daughter of the frosty eye has quelled every ocean with her slender palm; she has put warmth in every shore, as a result of which poets praise her in every court.
>
> Sufficient to earn admiration for her are the breasts than which the egg is no more rounded, bright hair with a great mass of ringlets, even white teeth of the fairest arrangement ...
>
> Màiri, in whose fame the poets leave no gap, adheres to the clay from which she is sprung; the seal of the berry is in her fair cheek, and she is far from grieved by it. (Black 1976–78, 352)

Màiri's elegy for her husband is the earliest surviving Scottish Gaelic poem in accentual *amhran* metre, later characteristic of seventeenth-century semi-professional verse (Black 1976–78, 328; Ó Broin 2006). Its praise of Dòmhnall as a generous patron (l. 84) appears to be justified, and it provides a relatively early example of the bag-pipe in 'a scene of elite culture' (Newton & Cheape 2008, 77). While her husband is identified as the owner of the books of family history in his library (ll. 85–6), it is clear from her poem that, like the women of the 'Inveraray Circle' in the late 1400s (MacGregor 2006, esp. 57–8; see pages 48–59), Màiri's poetic skill was inspired by the environment of Dòmhnall's court and its regular guests. Her poignant narration of the extent of her grief for his death employs several motifs common to Gaelic elegiac verse (Martin & Mathis 2018, esp. 194–5): sleepless and exhausted, she paces their chamber and tears her hair; the mental fatigue of her bereavement has caused physical pain. In contrast, Dòmhnall's body lies at peace, apparently free of the damage that other elegists may complain of when a subject's death derives from inflicted violence (e.g. MacGregor 1999). The cause of Dòmhnall's death is not preserved, and its date is recorded as 1617, 1618, or 1619 (*RC* 11 172; *MC* ix; Mackenzie 1881a, 408). The brief suggestion of blame attached

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

by Màiri's lament to the MacDonalds of Knoydart (ll. 95–6) may refer to a consequence of his uncle's role in Dòmhnall's long-term feud with the MacLeans of Duart, which provoked both men's imprisonment in Duart Castle in the late 1590s (MacDonald 1978, 304–5; Mackenzie 1881a, 404).

The poem is 'an early example of the flowing, spacious *òran mòr* structure', with a 'sprinkling of martial terms and epithets' but a predominant focus on its subject's 'life-style, character and personality', as 'a courtier with good dress sense' who was also an 'attentive and indulgent husband' to the wife who mourns his loss (Gillies 2010, 101). It was known to Marairead Cham'ron, the first woman to publish an original collection of poetry in Gaelic in 1785, who included it in an appendix of six *sean òrain* ('old songs') (Section 5 Scotland 1660–1800, Poem 17, page 434).

5 *Marbhrann do Thighearna Chinn Locha Mùideart, a rinneadh le Bhaintighearna fèin*[1]

Moch sa mhadainn 's mi 'g èirigh,
Gur ruitheach mo dheur air mo ghruaidh,
Nach freagair thu m' èigheachd,
A lùib cheanalta treun a dh'fhàs suairc;
'S e chuir mo shùilean o lèirsinn
bhith càradh na lèine mud thuairms',
Ach a Mhuire! mo sgeula,
Chan èirich thu fèin gu Là Luain.

Ach a Dhòmhnaill nan geur-lann,
A mhic Ailein a dh'èisteadh ri ceòl,
A bha gu misneachail treubhach,
Ann an gliocas 's an ceumaibh bha àrd;
Fear do choltais cha trèiginn,
Bhon bu deacair dhomh fhaotainn na b' fheàrr,
B' e mo chreach air an t-saoghal,
Nach bu mhaireann na daoin' ud gu bràth.

Sàr uachdaran cliùiteach,
Air Uibhist 's air Mùideart nan gleann,
Sàr mharcaich' eich shunndaich,
Air each aigeannach lùthchas nan srann;
'S math thigeadh ad a' bheòil ùir dhuit,
Air chùl bachlagach cùl-bhuidh' nan clann;
Dol an coinneamh na cùirte,
Bu fhlathail an t-sùil a bha 'd cheann.

[1] Title from Cham'ron (1785, 54) (original orthography: Marbh-rann do Thighearna Chinn-Locha Mùideart, a rinneadh le Bhan-tighearna fèin); cf. *ML* 70, 1, Do Mhac Mhic Ailein Le a mhnaoi féin; *MC* 26, Marbhrann do Shir Dòmhnull, Triath Chlann Ràghnaill, a chaochail anns a bhliadhna 1618, Le Mhnaoi, Mairi, Nighean Aonghuis MhicDhomhnuill, Triath Dhùn-Naomhaig.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Nuair a bha thu 'n Dun Èideann,
Cha bu Ghall air each srèine bha teann,
Ach an t-àilleagan èibhneach,
'S a' chridhe gun eucoir, gun fheall;
Ri uchd barra na tuinne,
'S tu chuireadh an ìre do chainnt,
Beul a labhradh an fhìrinn,
Cho ceart 's ged sgrìobht' i le peannt.

An uair a rachadh tu thairis,
Air chuireadh gu baile Mhic Leòid,
'S iomadh gallan glan uasal
's mac maiseach a ghluaiseadh ad chòir;
'N àm suidhe mun fhìon dhuit,
'S tu b' urrainn ga dhìoladh 's ga òl,
'S tu nach dèanadh a phrìs dheth,
Gheibheadh càch dheth gun dìobradh an leòr.

Nuair a thigeadh na mnathan,
Na h-uaislean 's luchd-tathaich don tìr
bu tu fèin an ceann-uidhe,
Nuair a dhèanadh tu suidhe gun sgìos;
Ann an uachdar do thaighe,
Bu neo-bhruailleanach t' fhaighinn san tìm,
Gheibhte fion 's uisge-beatha,
Agus ùrla nam flatha ga dhìol.

Och m' aighear is m' eudail!
'S tu a sheasadh le cèile rim chùl,
Càite am b' aithne dhomh fhaotainn,
Ceann-cinnidh a b' fhaoilidh na thu;
Leat bu mhiann a bhith stàtail,
'S tu fèin a bhith càradh um' gùn,
Riamh cha d' choisinn thu gràin uam,
'S ann a gheibhinn uat fàilt' agus mùirn.

B' e mo dhiùbhail an t-aiseag
air an tàinig thu dhachaigh gun chainnt;
O! 's mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
'N àm sgaoileadh do bhrataich ri crann;
Gheibhte fir air bheag cèille,
Agus mnathan gun bhrèid air an ceann,
Bhith gad ghiùlain gu eaglais:
Leam bu dubhach an t-èigheach a bh' ann.

O! 's mis' th' air mo chiùrradh,
Mu cheannard na dùthcha so fèin.
Bha an cruinneachadh dùmhail,
Is iad uile fo thùrsa nad dhèidh;

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Nuair a chuir iad san ùir thu,
Bha mo shùilean-sa cruinneachadh dheur:
Och! a Mhuire mo thruaighe,
Chaoidh cha ghluais thu le luathghair nan teud.

Tha mo ghuidh' air an Àrd-rìgh,
'N t-òg mhac sin a dh'fhàg thu nad dhèidh,
Mi bhith leis airson bràthar,
Mar ghibht is mar àbhachd dhomh fèin;
Gum bu bhuidheach a bha mi,
Nam faigheadh e dàil on an eug,
Gus am faicinn a phàistean,
Ri mire 's ri àbhachd leo' fèin.

Is iomadh sgal pìobadh
mar ri farram nan dìsnean air clàr
rinn mi èisteachd ad bhaile,
Mar ri èisg agus caithream nam bàrd;
Ri do leabhraichean seanchais,
Le fallainge dearga, 's ri dàin,
Mar ri sòlas gun iotadh,
Cuim' an leiginn-sa dhìom thu gu bràth?

O! 's mise th' air mo bhuaireadh,
'S mi 'g amharc a-suas ris a' ghleann,
'S mi a' cuimhneachadh uaislean
chur sgaoilidh 'sa ghruaig bh' air mo cheann.
Mòr-chliùiteach nigh'n Ruairidh,
Guidheam-sa buaidh air a clann,
Sìol Ailein 'ic Ailein,
'S e ur n-aobhar bu choireach rim chall.

O! 's mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
'S mi falbh feadh do bhaile leam fèin,
Ged a dhèante leo' banais
chan fhaic iad mi tional da rèir;
O nach maireann mo ghràdh-sa,
Leat cha chàirich mi brèid,
Bhon is deacair am bàs dhomh,
Tha m' fhortan an gràsaibh Mhic Dhè.

'S mi tha muladach, brònach,
'S mi falbh feadh do sheòmair leam fèin,
'S mi gun chadal, gun chòmhnadh,
Gun aighear on Dòmhnach so leum;
Mi ag amharc do bhaile
gun sùgradh, gun aighear, gun fheust',
Gur mis' th' air mo sguabadh,
On a chailleadh oirnn buachaill' an fhèidh.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

O! 's mis' tha fo mhulad,
'S mi 'g amharc do ghunn' air an stèill,
Sàr-ghìomanach ullamh,
'S tric a rinneadh leat fuil anns a' bheinn;
Le gunna caol a' bheòil chumhaing,
'S tric a rinneadh leat fuileachd air seilg,
Ged a dhèanadh càch rùsgadh,
Cha d' iarr thu riamh cunntas na beinn'.

Tha mo chridh' air a mhùchadh,
'S mi ag amharc na dùthcha ud thall,
'S cha lugh' mo chuid airtneil,
Le mo lèirsinn bhith faicinn do bheann;
Mura biodh mar a thachair,
'S ann leamsa gum b' ait bhith dol ann,
Gus an tàinig lom-chreach orm,
Mar gun ruitheadh a' chlach leis a' ghleann.

Sguiridh mise dheth 'n-dràsta,
O nach urrainn mi ràdh na bheil fìor,
'S ann tha m' ulaidh is m' àbhachd,
Ann an ciste nan clàr ga chur sìos;
Làmh iomairt an tàileisg,
'S a chuireadh an clàrsair am prìs,
Ach a Rìgh! mo throm-sgàldadh,
Nach èigh iad gu bràth thu ga dhìol.

5 *A lament for the lord of Kinlochmoidart, made by his own lady*

Early in the morning I arise,
My tears are streaming down my cheeks,
You will not respond to my cry,
Handsome, brave young man who grew kind;
What has wrenched the sight from my eyes
is to be folding the shroud around you,
Och, Mary! my tidings –
Before the day of judgement, you'll not awaken.

Och, Domhnall of the sharpened blades,
O son of Ailean who'd delight in music,
Who was courageous and gallant,
in wisdom and in high deeds;
A man of your like I'd not forsake,
Since hard it would be for me to find better;
It is my ruin in the world,
That those men will not be alive until judgement.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Laird of highest renown,
In Uist and in Moidart of the glens,
Finest rider of a spirited horse,
On a mettlesome steed, champing at the bit;
A new peaked hat[2] became you well,
On thick golden hair of clustered locks;
Going to meet the court,
Regal the eye that was in your head.

When you were in Edinburgh,
You were no local[3] on a tightly reined horse,
But an ecstatic bright jewel
whose heart was whole, without deceit,
His chest like the curve of a wave;
You would speak with authority,
A mouth that would speak the truth
as surely as it would be written by a pen.

Whenever you'd cross over
by invitation to MacLeod's domain,
Many a bright and noble youth
and handsome lad would follow;
When you were seated there'd be wine,
You'd be able to drink your fill,
It was you that wouldn't profit by it
when the rest would take their fill and more.[4]

Whenever the women would come,
Or gentry and visitors to the country,
You'd be their first port-of-call,
When you would sit down without weariness;
In the top-most part of your house,
You'd be found undisturbed at the time;
Wine would be found, and whisky,
And a gathering of nobles draining it.

Och, my joy and my treasure!
You would stand with a servant behind me,
Where would I seek to obtain
a chieftain more generous than you?

[2] *Ad a' bhile*, a peaked or brimmed hat.
[3] *MC* Gholl, which may allude to *fianaigheacht* anti-hero Goll mac Morna: if Dòmhnall were 'no Goll', he would be closer to Fionn mac Cumhaill instead (Gillies 2010, 101). In *ML* the reading is 'gall', i.e. 'stranger, foreigner', also used, sometimes disparagingly, to describe Lowlanders, suggesting a contrast between Dòmhnall and those non-Gaels who would surround him in Edinburgh. This verse may refer to the visit on which he was knighted by James VI at Holyrood in 1617 (*Clan Donald* 228; Mackenzie 1881b, 44).
[4] In the sense that, unlike others, Dòmhnall would not abuse his hosts' hospitality through drinking to excess.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

With you was a wish to be stately,
You'd arrange a gown around you,
Never did you earn my hatred,
And from you I'd get welcome and love.

My misfortune was the crossing
by which you came home silent;
O, it's I who's been torn apart,
At the time of unfurling your standard from the mast;
Men would be found, of little wisdom,[5]
And maidens without a wife's kertch on their heads,
To be bearing you away to church:
Grievous to me that cry that was there.

O, it's I who's been wounded,
On account of the laird of this land.
The assembly was clustered densely,
All of them grieving your loss;
When they placed you in the earth,
My eyes were brimming with tears:
Och! Mary, alas my sorrow,
No more will you hearken to the thrill of the strings.

My prayers to the High King,
For the youthful son whom you left behind,[6]
That I may stand by him for the kinsmen's sake,
Like a gift it is for me, like a diversion;
It's grateful I'd be
if He would grant me a stay from death
until I would see his children,
Filled with fun and laughter together.

Many a skirl of the pipes
along with the rattle of dice on the board
I listened to in your house,
Along with poets' satire and acclamation;
Engaged in reading history books
in red jackets, and in poetry,
As if quenching a thirst,
How could I relinquish you forever?

[5] Implying younger, untried men, equal in age to unmarried girls.
[6] Iain Mùideartaich, 12th of Clanranald (d. 1670), praised by Iain Lom for his role in the Royalist victory at Inverlochy in 1645 (*OIL* 20–4) and father to Dòmhnall Dubh na Cuthaige (Section 5 Scotland 1660–1800, Poem 3, page 356–8).
[7] 'that caused the hair of my head to disperse / be disordered'.
[8] Mòr, wife to Iain Mùideartaich, daughter of Ruairidh Mòr, 15th MacLeod chieftain (d. 1626).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

O! it's I who's in turmoil,
I'm looking up towards the glen,
Remembering gentlemen
for whom I have torn out the hair from my head.[7]
The daughter of Ruairidh is greatly renowned,[8]
I pray for success for her children,
Seed of Ailean MacAilein,[9]
Your cause has wrought my loss.

O, it's I who's been torn apart,
I'm pacing the length of your house,
Although a wedding-feast were made by them
they would not see me attend it;
Since my love's no longer living,
I cannot arrange a wife's kertch for you;
Since death is grievous to me,
My relief is the grace of God's son.

I am sorrowing, I am sad,
I'm pacing the length of your chamber alone,
I am sleepless, I am helpless,
Mirthless since this Sunday waned;
I'm observing your house:
No jollity, no joy, no feasting,
I have been swept clean away[10]
since the herder of deer was lost to us.

O! it's I who's sorrowful,
Looking at your gun on its strap,
Matchless, able hunter,
Often you caused blood to flow on the hill;
With a slender, slim-necked musket,
Often you caused bloodshed in the chase,
Though others would do the skinning,
You never required a tally of the hills.

My heart has been extinguished,
Looking at your birthplace yonder,
And no less my portion of sorrow
as my gaze takes in your hills;
If things were not as they are,[11]
I'd be going there gladly,
Until this devastation overwhelmed me,
Like a stone crashing down through the glen.

[9] The MacDonalds of Knoydart; see headnote.
[10] Dwelly s.v. *lom-sguabadh*, 'a clean sweep; devastation'; in the sense that the author has been drained of emotion by her grief's intensity.
[11] 'if it would not be as it (in fact) happened'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

I will cease now,
Since I cannot properly express it,
That it's my treasure and my joy
being laid down in a chest of boards;
Hand that engaged in chess
and valued the harper,
Lord! the depth of my scalding,
That they cannot ever praise you enough.[12]

❧ ❧ ❧

[12] 'to its sufficiency' (*ga dhìol*).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Diorbhail Nic a' Bhruthainn, Dorothy MacBrayne/Brown (fl. 1640s)

Edited and translated by Kate Louise Mathis and Priscilla Scott

The following eulogy to Alasdair Mac Colla Chiotaich MacDhòmhnaill (c. 1610–47) is attributed to Diorbhail, or Dior-bhorguill, Nic a' Bhruthainn from the Isle of Luing in the Firth of Lorn. While she may have composed other songs, none survive, and nothing is known of her life beyond an implied connection with the Mac a' Bhritheamhan (MacBrayne) family of hereditary legal scholars attested since the early fifteenth century (Bannerman 1990, 13–14). The present song to Mac Colla conveys bitter dislike for the Campbells and devoted support for their Royalist, mainly MacDonald, opponents during the first phase of the Wars of the Three Kingdoms. Its date is uncertain. John Mackenzie's introduction in his popular anthology *Sar-Obair nam Bard Gaelach* (1841) suggests it was composed 'on seeing [Mac Colla's] birlinn pass through the sound of Luing on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before' (*SO* 1 56), but this is unlikely, since Colla Ciotach was executed in September 1647, only two months before his son's death after the battle of Cnoc na n-Ós, prior to which Mac Colla had campaigned in Ireland for several months (*OIL* 248). The Mac Colla of the song is presented at the height of his career, but there is no reference to the significant Royalist victory at Inverlochy on 2 February 1645, in which Mac Colla and James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612–50), defeated Covenanters commanded by Argyll and Donnchadh Campbell of Auchinbreck (1597–1645), whom another *òran luaidh* alleges Mac Colla to have slain personally (*HF2* 134–6; *MC* 40–2; *OIL* 241). Given the loathing for Argyll ('Mac Cailein') expressed by Diorbhail (l. 23), it may be unlikely that her song would not have referred to the battle, had it taken place; similarly, of the roll call of chieftains urged to support him (ll. 52–60), MacDonald of Glengarry declared for Mac Colla at Inverlochy, while Fraser of Lovat and MacLeod did not.

The song's fervent admiration for Mac Colla, whom Diorbhail is unlikely to have met, is an example of *tearc eugmhais*, affection offered to a hero whom a poet has never seen on the basis of their famous deeds. Mac Colla emerged as a significant military leader in 1641, when he joined attempts by Gaels in the province of Ulster to overwhelm the Plantations settled by James VI. He is credited with the invention of the 'Highland charge' (during an otherwise minor skirmish in Antrim the following year), and by 1643 had been commissioned by Raghnall, 2nd Earl of Antrim (1609–83), to lead an army in support of Charles I into Scotland. Many Gaelic songs were made in his honour, notably by Iain Lom MacDonald (c. 1624–c.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

1695), who also mourned his death (*OIL* e.g. 26, 34–9). Diorbhail's is a typical panegyric, celebrating Mac Colla's prowess in battle, his fine appearance and martial skill: while their loyalty may lend him strength, other chieftains cannot compare to or supplant him in her estimation. A much shorter song attributed to the otherwise unattested Nighean Mhurchaidh an Clàrsair ('Murdo the harper's daughter'), lacks the depth, variation, and most of the skill of Diorbhail's tribute, but shares its belief in the effect of Mac Colla's charms: 'stìomag 's breideag, / Bristear le gealladh 'n uair philleas tu nall', it declares ('spinster and married wife / will break every promise when you come here') (Fergusson 1978, 98–9).

6 *Òran do dh'Alasdair Mac Colla, Le Diorforguill Nic a' Bhriuthain bh' ann an Luinn an Lathurn Iochdrach*[1]

Alasdair a laoigh mo chèille,
Cò chunnaic na dh'fhàg thu 'n Èirinn?
Dh'fhàg thu na mìltean 's na ceudan,
'S cha d' fhàg thu t' aon leithid fèin ann,
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,
Cas-chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri chèile,
Cha dèanar cogadh às t' eugmhais,
'S cha dèanar sìth gun do rèite,
'S gar am bi na Duibhnich rèidh riut,
Gun robh an rìgh mar tha mi fèin duit.

Fonn
E ho, hì ù ho, rò hò èile,
E ho, hì ù ho 's ì rì rì ù,
Ho hì ù o, rò hò o èile,
Mo dhìobhail dìth nan ceann-fheadhna.

Mo chruit, mo chlàrsach, is m' fhidheall,
Mo theud-ciùil 's gach àit' am bithinn;
Nuair a bha mi òg 's mi 'm nighinn,
'S e thogadh m' inntinn thu thighinn,
Gheibheadh tu mo phòg gun bhruidhinn,
'S mar tha mi 'n-diugh 's math do dhligh' oirr'.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Mhoire, 's e mo rùn am fireann;
Cha bhuachaille bhò san innis,
Ceann-fheadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig,

[1] Title from *T* 186, Oran do dh' Alasdair Mac Colla, Le Diorforguill N' 'Ic a-Bhriuthain bh' ann an Luinn an Lathurn-iochdrach; cf. *GBI* 31, Alastair A Laoigh Mo Cheille; Oran Do Dh-Alastair Mac Cholla. Le Diorbhail Nic-A-Bhriuthainn. Reprinted in MacPhàrlain (1913, 352–5).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Marcaich' nan steud 's leòr a mhire,
Bhuidhneadh na crùintean da ghillean,
'S nach seachnadh an tòir iomairt.
Ghaolaich nan dèanadh tu pilleadh,
Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sireadh,
Ged a chaillinn ris mo chinneach,
Pòg o ghruagaich dhuinn an fhirich.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

'S truagh nach eil mi mar a b' ait leam,
Ceann Mhic Cailein ann am achlais,
Cailean Liath 'n dèidh a chasgairt,
'S an Crùnair an dèidh a ghlacail;
Bu shunndach a gheibhinn cadal,
Ged a b' i a' chreag mo leaba'.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

M' fheudail thu dh'fheara' na dìle,
'S math 's aithne dhomh do shloinne' innse,
'S cha b' ann an cagar fos 'n ìosal;
Tha do dhreach mar dh'òrdaich rìgh e:
Falt am boineid tha sìnteach,
Sàr mhusg ort no cuil-ìobhar,
Dh'èighte' geàrd an cùirt an rìgh leat,
Ceist nam ban on Chaisteal Ìleach,
Dòrn geal mun dèan an t-òr snìomhan.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Dòmhnallach gasta mo ghaoil thu;
'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnchaidh Ghlinn' Faochain
na duine bha beò dhe dhaoine;
Mhic an fhir o thùr na faoileachd,
Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,
Far an òlte fion gu greadhnach,
'S mo dhìobhail dìth nan ceann-fheadhna.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Mhoire, 's e mo rùn an t-òigear
fiùghantach aigeanntach spòrsail,
Ceannard na ceathairne mòire;
'S mise nach diùltadh do chòmhradh
mar ri cuideachd, no am ònar;
Mhic an fhir on innis cheòlmhor,
On tìr am faight' na geòidh ghlas,
'S far am faigh fir fhalamh stòras.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Bhuailteadh creach is speach mhòr leat;
'S cha bhiodh cridhe tighinn dod fheòraich

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

aig a liuthad Iarla is Mòr-fhear,
Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chòrach:
Thig Mac Shimidh, thig Mac Leòid ann,
Thig Mac Dhòmhnaill Duibh o Lòchaidh;
Bidh Sir Seumas ann le mhòr-fhir;
Bidh na b' annsa Aonghas Òg ann,
'S t' fhuil ghreadhnach fèin bhith ga dòrtadh,
'S deas tarraing nan geur-lann gorma.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

'S nan saoileadh cinneadh t' athar
gun dèanadh Granntaich do ghlèidheadh,
'S iomadh fear-gunna 's claidheimh,
Còtain uaine 's breacain dhathail,
Dh'èireadh leat dà thaobh na h-abhann
cho lìonmhor ri itean an draighinn.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Ged tha mis' am phàiste suarach,
Thall 's a-bhos mu uisge Chuain so,
Nam biodh mo chrodh air na buailtean,
Mo ghreigh a' tadhal nam fuaran,
'S mo chaoirich gheala gan cuartach,
Ruibeinean ceangal mo ghruaige,
Gur lìonar fear a bhìteadh luaidh rium.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Mhoire 's iad mo rùn an comann,
Luchd nan cùl buidhe is donna,
Dhèanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
Dh'òladh fion dearg na thonnaibh,
Thigeadh steach air mòintich thollaidh,
'S a thogadh creach o mhuinntir Thomaidh.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

6 A song for Alasdair Mac Colla, by Diorbhail, Mac Bhriuthain's daughter, who came from Luing in lower Lorn

Alasdair, my dear love,
Who saw what you left in Ireland?
You left soldiers in their hundreds,
But you did not leave your equal there,
You tread lightly on your shapely calves,
You gathered your company together swiftly,
Without you, war will not be waged,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Nor peace made without your consent,
And though the Campbells[2] will not seek accord
with you, the king did, as did I.

Chorus
E ho, hì ù ho, rò hò èile,
E ho, hì ù ho 's ì rì rì ù,
Ho hì ù o, rò hò o èile,
Alas my loss, the want of the chiefs.

My harp, my clarsach and my fiddle,
My harp-string wherever I might be;
When I was young and still a maiden
your coming would lift my spirits,
You'd get my kiss without asking,
And as I am today, your claim's still good.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

O Mary, my beloved's the righteous man;
No herder of cows in the island,
Magnificent leader, who does not panic,
Rider of steeds, sufficient his mirth,
Who'd win crowns for his lads,
And did not shun the pursuit of conflict.
Beloved, if you would return,
What you were seeking, you would get,
Though I might lose my kindred,
A kiss from a dark-haired maid on the moor.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

It's a shame that I'm not as I'd like to be:
Mac Cailein's[3] head beneath my arm,
Cailean Liath butchered
and An Crùnair[4] seized;
I would fall asleep cheerfully,
Even though the crag were my bed.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Of all the earth's men, you're my treasure,
I'm well used to reciting your lineage,
And not in secret whispers;

[2] Sìol Diarmaid ('the seed of Diarmaid Ó Duibhne'), the Campbells' eponymous ancestor.
[3] Archibald Campbell, Gilleasbaig Caoch, 8th Earl and 1st Marquis of Argyll (1607–61). The identity of the 'grey Colin' referred to by the following line is unclear; while he is probably another Campbell, due to the chronology of Mac Colla's campaigns he cannot be the same 'Cailean Liath' as Cailean, 6th laird of Glenorchy (c. 1505–83).
[4] *Crùnair* 'crowner': 'one who lifted the (crown) rents', probably a reference to Major, later Lieutenant-Colonel Menzies, referred to elsewhere as *Crùnair Ruadh nan Cearc*, 'Red-haired crowner of the hens', a derogatory usage since hens were the lowest form of 'currency' in which rents were sometimes part-paid (*OIL* 253).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Your figure is one that a king might command:
Hair flowing down from your cap,
Wearing an excellent musket or gun,
The guards in the king's court would proclaim you,
Darling of the [MacDonald] women of Caisteal Ileach,
White fist around which golden locks curl.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

You're the handsome MacDonald of my love,
Not MacDonnchaidh of Glenfeochan
nor any other living man;
Son of the man of the welcoming tower,[6]
Where the ship comes under sail,
Where wine was consumed with cheer;
Alas my loss, the want of the chiefs.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

O Mary, I love the young man –
Generous, mettlesome, merry,
Leader of a great armed force;
I wouldn't shun your conversation
along with others, or on my own;
Son of the man from the island of melodies,
From the land where grey geese may be had,
And where needy men may eat their fill.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Destruction and great wounds would be wrought by you,
And all hearts would leap to your call,
Many earls and noblemen
would come to dispense your justice:
Mac Shimidh[7] will come, Mac Leoid[8] will be there,
Mac Domhnall Dubh[9] will come from Lochy;
Sir James[10] will be there with his nobles;
Aonghas Og, most beloved,[11] will be there,
Your own bright blood will be spilled,

[5] See Poem 7, page 81.
[6] Colla Ciotach ('left-handed') mac Ghilleaspuig MacDhòmhnaill, laird of Colonsay after 1623, executed at Dunstaffnage Castle on 21 September 1647 in retaliation for the success of Mac Colla's campaign against Argyll (*OIL* 249).
[7] Hugh, 7th Lord Lovat (d. 1646), contemporary chief of Clan Fraser.
[8] Perhaps Iain Mòr, 16th MacLeod of Dunvegan (c. 1595–1649), who supported King Charles but may have refused to join Montrose on account of Mac Colla's devastation of Argyll (Mackenzie 1889, 98).
[9] Allan, 16th Cameron of Lochiel (d. 1647), who sent 300 men to join Montrose at Inverlochy; aged almost 90, he did not personally take part (Mackenzie 1889, 92–3).
[10] James MacDonald, 9th of Sleat (d. 1678), who joined forces with Montrose in 1645.
[11] Aonghas Òg (d. 1680), 9th chieftain of the MacDonalds of Glengarry, who joined Montrose at Inverlochy (*OIL* 250; MacDonald 1978, 343–53).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Amid skilful drawing of sharp steel blades.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

If your father's kindred should decide
that it's the Grants who should protect you,
It's many a gun-man and swordsman,
Green-coated with colourful plaid,
Who would rise up with you on both sides of the stream,
As numerous as the blackthorn's blossom.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

Although I'm a worthless child,
To and fro on the waters of Cuan,
If it were that my cattle were in the fold,
My herd visiting the springs,
And my white sheep gathered in,
Ribbons securing my hair,
Many a man would be praising me.
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

O Mary, it's the company I love,
Folk with golden hair and brown,
Who would make the yew-tree bend,
Who'd drink red wine by the tonne,
Who'd come in on a pitted moorland,
And seize plunder from Clan Tomaidh.[12]
E ho, hì ù ho, &c.

❧ ❧ ❧

[12] Clan Fraser; alongside 'Simidh', 'Tomaidh' was used as a term of disparagement; the Frasers sided with the Covenanters and fought under General Hurry (*OIL* 246).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Margaret Campbell of Dunstaffnage (?) (c. 1645)

Edited and translated by Kate Louise Mathis and Priscilla Scott

The following song was printed by Rev Alexander Maclean Sinclair (1840–1924) in the early twentieth century (1901, 92–3), remaining visible in the oral tradition of Nova Scotia; in 1937, it was collected by John Lorne Campbell from Angus 'the Ridge' MacDonald, whose parents had emigrated to Antigonish from the Braes of Lochaber, near the site of Inverlochy (Campbell 1999, 205–6). The song appears to preserve the complaint of a woman whose family, small-holding, and person had been devastated by raids in Argyll carried out by Alasdair Mac Colla during the winter of 1644–45 (Stevenson 1980, 147–9), which targeted tenants and supporters of Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyll (1607–61), leader of the anti-Royalist campaign in Scotland during the Wars of the Three Kingdoms. It laments a Campbell of Glenfeochan, otherwise unidentified, whose death is connected to the battle of Inverlochy, fought on 2 February 1645, in which more than 1,000 Covenanters under the command of Donnchadh Campbell, 2nd of Auchinbreck, were killed by the armies of Mac Colla and the Marquis of Montrose (Stevenson 1980, 151–63; *OIL* 238–43). The 'grim Irishmen' whom it condemns (l. 2) for their violence against Glenfeochan's widow (ll. 6–12) were soldiers supplied to the Royalist campaign by Raghnall MacDonald, 2nd Earl of Antrim, whose contribution to his raiding in Argyll earned Mac Colla the epithet 'fear tollaidh nan taighean', 'destroyer of houses' (literally 'piercer' or 'one who makes holes'). Its perspective in this regard countermands, rarely, the celebration of his victims' suffering by Royalist poets such as Iain Lom MacDonald (c. 1624–c. 1695), who rejoiced that the field of Inverlochy was well manured, 'not by the dung of the sheep or goats, but by the blood of the Campbells after it had congealed', anticipating the quantity of laments that their widows would compose (*OIL* 25; Martin & Mathis 2018, 191–2).

An elegy for Campbell of Auchinbreck attributed to his sister Fionnghal suggests that a Campbell of Glenfeochan was buried at Cille Bhaodain, which may refer to the church at Ardchattan on the shores of Loch Etive (*GC* 225; Hallen 1893, 3–5). Perhaps the same Glenfeochan is also dismissed by Diorbhail Nic a' Bhruthainn's eulogy for Mac Colla as unable to depend on the loyalty that her subject commands among his admirers (see Poem 6, page 78, l. 41).

The song's association with Margaret Campbell derives from her descendant Miss MacKenzie, who referred in a mid-twentieth-century source to Margaret's composition of 'a very touching lament on the death of her husband at Inverlochy, where he was killed in hand-to-hand combat'. This Margaret was ancestor to noted poetess Anna Campbell of Barr (Bean a' Bharra, c. 1715–c. 1785), whose 'gift for versifying' was regarded by Miss

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

MacKenzie as the inheritance of '[Anna's] Glenfeochan great-grandmother' (Black 2017, 335–6).[1]

7 *'S e Caimbeulach a bha am Fear Ghlinne Faochain*[2]

Fonn
Ho, gur mi tha air mo leònadh,
Na i ri ri ho ro;
Ho, gur mi tha air mo leònadh,
Na i ri ri 's i ri ri ho ro.

Bho latha blàr Inbhir Lòchaidh,
A bha ruaig nan Èireannach dòthte,
Thàinig do dh'Albainn gun stòras,
Na bha dh'earras air an cleòcaibh.
Thug iad spionnadh do Chlann Dòmhnaill.

Mharbh iad m' athair is m' fhear-pòsta,
'S mo thriùir mhacanan òga,
'S mo cheathrar bhràithrean gan stròiceadh,
'S mo naoinear cho-dhaltan bòidheach.
Loisg iad mo chuid coirc' is eòrna.
Mharbh iad mo chrodh mòr gu feòlach,
'S mo chaoirich gheala gan ròstadh.

Ho gur mise th' air mo chlaoidheadh
mu Mhac Dhonnchaidh Ghlinne Faochain;
Tha gach fear san tìr s' gad chaoineadh;
Thall 's a-bhos mu Inbhir Aora,
Mnathan sa bhasraich 's am falt sgaoilte.

Ho gur mi tha air mo mhilleadh,
Mu mharcaich' nan srian 's nam pillein,
Thuit sa chaonnaig le chuid ghillean;
Thug Mac Cailein Mòr an linn' air,
'S leig e 'n sgrìob ud air a chinneadh.

7 *The lord of Glenfeochan was a Campbell*

Chorus
O, I am wounded sorely
Na i ri ri ho ro;
O, I am wounded sorely
Na i ri ri 's i ri ri ho ro.

[1] University of Edinburgh, Department of Celtic MS 34, fol. 18. For Bean a' Bharra, see Black (2017, 325–39) and Section 5 Scotland 1660–1800, Poem 10, page 398.
[2] Title from the song's colophon in Maclean Sinclair (1901, 93); discussed briefly in Campbell (1999, 205–6).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Since the day of Inverlochy plain,
The pursuit of the scorched Irishmen
who came to Scotland with no resources
than those they carried in their cloaks.
They gave strength to Clan Donald.

They killed my father and my wedded husband,
And my three young sons,
My four brothers were torn apart,
And my nine fair foster-brothers;
They burned my crops, my oats and barley.
Gleefully, they killed my cows,
And roasted my white sheep.

O, I have been tormented
recalling Campbell of Glenfeochan,
Every man in the country mourns you;
In and around Inveraray,
Women are wringing their hands and tearing their hair.

O, I'm distraught
about the horseman of the bridles and saddles,
Who fell in a skirmish with his lads;
Mac Cailean Mor[3] made for the pool,
And permitted that blow to his kindred.

[3] Archibald Campbell, Gilleasbaig Caoch, 8th Earl and 1st Marquis of Argyll (1607–61). His absence from the field at Inverlochy was blamed for the Covenanters' substantial casualties; having fallen from his horse the day before, Argyll retreated to his galley on Loch Linne (possibly the 'pool' to which the song refers), leaving Campbell of Auchinbreck in command.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Gun Urra / Anonymous (c. 1640s?)

Edited and translated by Kate Louise Mathis and Priscilla Scott

This song was collected from Donnchadh MacIlleBhàin, a Glasgow-based native of Cowal (Ó Baoill 2007, 80), contributed by Henry Whyte ('Fionn') to the periodical *An Gaidheal* (1877) and reprinted in the popular anthology *An t-Òranaiche* (1879). Its subject may be the same 'Forester of the Fairy Corry' to whom a song in praise of his hunting rifle is attributed by Raghnall MacDhòmhnaill's 1776 collection (*E* 284–5), identified in 1841 as a John White who 'lived near Kilmun, a hundred and fifty years ago' (Ó Baoill 2007, 78–9). MacIlleBhàin, however, connected its subject with Iain MacGilleChaluim, son to a MacLeod of Raasay and forester to the Earl of Argyll ('Mac Cailein Mòr'), who 'fell fighting against the forces of Montrose in 1646' and was buried in Kingussie (Whyte 1984, 20). MacIlleBhàin is also the source of Alexander Macpherson's observation that St Columba's Churchyard in Kingussie contains, in an unmarked grave, 'the dust of the celebrated *Forsair Choire-an-t-sìth* (the Forester of the Fairy Corry), a native of Cowal in Argyleshire', whose lament was composed by the widow he left behind (1893, 131).

Both versions of the song agree on its association with Coire an t-Sith, near Crianlarich in Argyll, and both refer to 'Mac Cailein', but neither provides an explanation for its subject's death, nor the reason for his burial in Kingussie. That this location is far from his former home and family is, however, conveyed clearly, and the composer's grief for her subject's loss is worsened by her distance from his grave. Many laments, both male- and female-voiced, attest to their composer's fatigue and declining health or appearance from the weight of their bereavement, but also convey a certain catharsis conferred by the ability to accompany their subject to their grave. Others may describe a briefer distance travelled by the mourner to discover or be reunited with their subject's body. In contrast, our composer and her subject remain apart, a sense of immutable distance conveyed in the song by its omission of the moment that her foreboding of his death was confirmed (ll. 1–7), and – unlike others' laments for those whom they have attended personally (e.g. Poem 5, page 70, ll. 57–70) – our poet does not or cannot envision his appearance in a coffin that she has not seen or touched. Instead, her lament dwells on the excellence of her subject's lineage and the skills that he displayed in the prime of his life, roaming the hills of his home.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

8 *Marbhrann forsair Choire an t-Sìthe*[1]

An-raoir a bhruadair mi 'm chadal,
Mi bhith 'm folach san luachair,

'S a bhith cur mo làmh tharad,
'S ann a dh'fhairich mi bhuam thu.
'S a bhith cur, &c.

Gun tug siud orm briosgadh;
'S mòr as miste mo shnuadh e.
Gun tug, &c.

Nuair nach d' fhuaras thu agam!
A lùib ghasta 'n robh suairceas.
Nuair nach, &c.

B' òg, finealta, deas thu –
Bian glas air do ghualainn.
B' òg, finealta, &c.

'S tric a chuir thu gu stòras,
Is e còta 'n daimh ghruamaich,
'S tric a chuir, &c.

Le gunna bheòil thana,
Chuireadh sgainneart o luaidhe;
Le gunna, &c.

Nach do dhiùlt a-riamh teine
ri eilid nam fuar-bheann;
Nach do dhiùlt, &c.

No ri damh a' chinn chabraich,
No ri lach a' chinn uaine.
No ri damh, &c.

No ri fior-eun a' chreachainn,
'S tu nach cleachdadh dhaibh suaimhneas!
No ri fior-eun, &c.

No sionnach na sgàrnaich –
'S e nach teàrnadh od luaidhe.
No sionnach, &c.

Lùb ùr thu Chloinn' Chaluim,
'S gum bu bharraicht' measg sluaigh thu.
Lùb ur, &c.

[1] Title from *O* 515; cf. Whyte (1877, 308).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Gur Lochlannach fìor thu,
'S mòr is miste 'm frìth bhuait thu.
Gur Lochlannach &c.

Laigh' gruaim air Mac Cailein
nuair a dh'fhairich e uaith' thu.
Laigh' gruaim, &c.

Gur e siud an sgeul deurach,
Gun a cheum aig a' bhuachaill'.
Gur e siud, &c.

Gur e siud mo sgeul deacair,
Gun do thaisg iad 's Taobh Tuath thu.
Gur e siud, &c.

'S ann an Cladh Chinn a' Ghiùthsaich
a rùisg iad an uaigh dhuit.
'S ann an Cladh, &c.

'S truagh nach robh fir do dhùthcha
ga do ghiùlan air ghualainn.
'S truagh nach, &c.

'S nach robh i bean d' fhàrdaich
's a' ghàirich mun cuairt duit.
'S nach robh, &c.

8 *A lament for the forester of The Fairy Corry*

Last night, I had a vision in my sleep –
I was hidden in rushes

and stretching my hand towards you,
I felt that you were gone from me.

That startled me,
Much worse my complexion for it

when you were not found with me!
O fine young man who was kindly,

You were young, elegant, skilful,
A grey pelt around your shoulders.

Often, what put you to wealth
was the pelt of the gloomy stag,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

With a slender-muzzled musket
that would disperse lead-shot;

That never failed
on the hind of the cold hills,

Or on the stag of the antlered head
or the green-crested wild duck,

Or the eagle of the crags,
You'd leave them no peace!

Or the fox of the stony slopes,[2]
Unable to escape from your shot.

You're the fresh young scion of Clan Callum,[3]
Unsurpassed among the host.

A true Northman you were,
The deer forest so much the worse without you.

A gloomy situation for Mac Cailein[4]
when he heard you were gone from him,

That is the sorrowful tale,
That your step is no longer on The Herdsman.[5]

That is my grievous tale,
That they buried you in the north,[6]

In Kingussie's burying-ground
they prepared your grave.[7]

It's a shame that your country-men
could not carry you aloft,

And that it was not a woman of your [own] house
who wept around you.

❧ ❧ ❧

[2] Dwelly s.v. *sgarmaich*, a variation of *sgàirneach*, 'a flux of stones on a hillside'.
[3] The Macleods of Raasay, descending from Gille-Calum Garbh (d. c. 1560), second son of Malcolm, 9th Macleod of Lewis.
[4] A Campbell of Argyll, perhaps Archibald, Gilleasbaig Caoch, 8th Earl and 1st Marquis (1607–61).
[5] The two sources agree on a lower-case initial, but Buachaille may be more appropriate, as the reference would appear to be a place name (perhaps Buachaille Etive Mor at the head of Glen Etive).
[6] 'Taobh Tuath' may represent a local place name, but given the clear location of the subject's grave in Kingussie, 'the north' is more likely.
[7] 'stripped (the turf) off the grave for you'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Gun Urra / Anonymous (c. 1640s?)

The following elegy, conventional but richly expressed, is preserved by a single source, the collection of Rev Ewen MacDiarmid (d. 1801) completed in 1770. Unusually, it concludes by naming its subject, Iain Stiùbhard mhic Nèill, styled 'of Strone', likely a reference to one of three potential locations in Argyll. Its vocabulary displays several features of local dialect (*Th* 270–2).

The lament's otherwise unattested composer would appear to have been her subject's wife. In addition to his name, it is suggested that Iain hunted skilfully and that he displayed as much strategy stalking his prey as in exercising judgement on others' disputes, perhaps as agent to his chieftain. He may be the Iain Stiùbhard mhic Nèill identified by an entry in the Register of Inhibitions and Hornings for Perthshire in November 1620, supporting Derick Thomson's suggestion that his elegy reads like a lamentation 'for a person who died in his prime' (*Th* 270). A complementary clue to the song's date of composition may lie in its reference to the state of 'continual havoc' (l. 27) with which Iain's death has coincided, appropriate to the onset of the Wars of the Three Kingdoms in the early 1640s (*Th* 271).

9 [*Untitled*][1]

Tha mulad orm fèin
ge do dh'fhuirich mi 'd dhèidh,
Fhir a chunnaic mi 'n-dè 's tu folbh.

Bhith gad chur anns an ùir
far nach fhaic mi do shùil,
Is gad thasgadh le cùl nan òrd.

'N ciste chumhainn chaoil bhàin
air a locradh gu teann,
'S gun aon socair fod cheann ach bòrd.

Fear an taigh' thu 'n robh spèis
ann an labhairt le cèill
nuair a shuidheadh tu 'n reusan mòid.

Nuair a shuidheadh tu suas
bu ghlan rudhadh do ghruaidh'
mar an t-ubhal air uachdar meòir.

[1] *MD* (GUL GB 247 MS Gen 583), 172, its only known source.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Bu tu snàmhaich' a' chaoil;
Nuair a shìneadh tu 'n taobh
cha leigeadh tu 'n taoim ad shròin.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'n bheinn
bhiodh do ghillean ad dhèidh,
Coin bhiorach air èill ad lorg.

Chan eil maigheach no earb,
No balgaire dearg,
Rachadh às ort fo dhearmad cleòic.

'S mòr an deireas don tìr
gum bheil i ad dhìth
nuair tha chabhag sìor thigh'nn oirnn.

'S lèir a bhuil air a bhlàth,
Agus ormsa measg chàch,
Nach e 'n t-iomall tha gnàthach folbh.

'N gràinne mullaich as fheàrr
a bhios mar chruithneachd thar chàch
gur e 's fasan dà ghnàth bhith folbh.

'S mòr mo mhulad san àm,
'S gach uair a chluinneas mi d' ainm,
Iain Stiùbhard mhic Nèill on t-Sròin.

9 *[Untitled]*

I am sorrowful
since I have survived you,
The one whom I saw yesterday, you have departed.

I was there, placing you in the earth,
Where I cannot see your eyes,
And storing you up with the butt of a hammer.

In a narrow, slender, pale chest
that had been finely planed,
No comfort but a board beneath your head.

As man of the house you were esteemed
for your measured discourse,
Whenever you were called to settle disputes.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

When you would sit in judgement,[2]
There'd be a healthy glow on your cheek
like an apple on the top-most branch.

You were a swimmer in the kyle;
When you were stretched out on your side,
You wouldn't allow a single drop to reach your nose!

When you would go to the hill
your gillies would be behind you,
And keen-nosed hounds on leashes, scenting the trail.

Neither hare nor roe-deer,
Nor treacherous fox,[3]
Would escape from the stratagems you'd employ.[4]

Great the loss to the land
that it is without you,
When havoc is coming continually upon us.

The result is clear in its effect,
And on me among the rest:
It's not the dregs who normally depart.

The top-most grain is the best
of the wheat among all the others;
It's usually its habit to leave.

Great is my sorrow at this time,[5]
And every time I hear your name:
Iain Stewart, son of Neill of Strone.

[2] 'on high', perhaps during the process of deciding the matters referred to by the previous verse.
[3] 'red scoundrel'.
[4] Reading *cleòc*, 'cloak' in this phrase would make little sense; Thomson suggests reading the genitive form of *cliùc*, 'strategem, deceit', in the Islay usage recorded by Neil MacAlpine (*Th* 271).
[5] The rhyming of 'àm', 'ainm', and 'Nèill' in this stanza suggests standard Islay or Argyllshire pronunciation (*Th* 270, citing Holmer 1938).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Mary Cameron of Callart (fl. 1640s)

This elegy for Campbell of Inverawe is preserved by two nineteenth-century manuscripts, both of which claim Mary, his widow, as its author. She may have been a daughter of Ewan Cameron of Callart (fl. 1630s) and his wife Mary, whom local tradition suggests died from plague along with several of their children (Campbell 1885, 133–4; MacKellar 1889–90, 270); Mary, rescued from their house by her sweetheart, remained in quarantine for several months before their marriage. Unnamed by the song, contemporary record suggests her spouse and subject as Patrick, sixth son of Archibald Campbell of Inverawe, who died at Inverlochy on 2 February 1645. The couple had a son, John, to whom one version of the song refers briefly (Campbell 1988, 7).

Identification of Mary's second husband as a Campbell of Ardchattan may result from the expansion of a contemporary, unrecorded version of her lament through subsequent oral performance. Poetess Màiri NicEalair (Mary MacKellar, 1834–90) performed an incomplete version of the present text for the Gaelic Society of Inverness in April 1890 (MacKellar 1889–90, 269–71); a certain dramatic licence is likely to underlie her accompanying claim that Mary's reluctance to remarry resulted in her death the night before the wedding, but greater plausibility may attach to the suggestion that Patrick Campbell's body was returned to his widow in the aftermath of Inverlochy and buried near their home (ll. 8, 27). The lament for Donnchadh Campbell of Auchinbreck (1597–1645) attributed to his sister Fionnghal suggests that other victims of the battle were buried at Cille Bhaodain (*GC* 225, and Poem 7, page 81), probably a reference to the graveyard of Ardchattan Priory. That their number included Patrick Campbell may be implied by his widow's song's connection to the site, whose subsequent owners the Campbells of Ardchattan were styled as 'Priors' (Hallen 1893, 3–5; Cameron 1857, 19). Mary's second husband is compared unfavourably with her first throughout her lament, and its verses address both men in turn (e.g. ll. 5–6 vs ll. 9–10).

10 *Òran Mhàiridh Challaird*[1]

Fonn
Hi ri ri ò, hi-iù ro-bho,
'S na hiù-riu ò, mo dhiùbhail mhòr.

Eudail a dh'fhearaibh na dàlach,
Thug thu mi à taigh na plàigheach,

[1] Title from NLS Adv. Lib. 50.2.20, 185, collected by John Dewar for John Lorne Campbell (Gunderloch 2007, Acc. 11 n. 230); cf. NLS MS 2128, 82, 'Lament of Mary Cameron of Coillart' (by Dr Archibald Smith, c. 1886). Also printed in MacDhòmhnaill (1988, 164–5).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Far an d' eug m' athair 's mo mhàthair,
Mo phiuthar 's mo chòignear bhràithrean.
Hi ri ri ò &c.

Cha bhi mi rir n-uisge-bheatha –
chan òl mi bheag dheth gu latha,
Tha pòiteir m' fhìona-sa na laigh'
fon lic bhric aig cùl an taigh.
Hi ri ri ò &c.

Eudail a dh'fhearaibh na grèine,
Thog thu taigh domh an coille gheugaich,
Bu shunndach mo laighe agus m' èirigh;
'S cha b' iongnadh siud o b' ùr mo chèile.
Hi ri ri ò &c.

M' eudail, m' aighear agus m' annsachd,
'S ann nad thaigh nach biodh a ghanntachd:
Gheibhte sitheann ghlas nam beann ann,
'S na geala bhradain a bu reamhra.
Hi ri riu bho ò &c.

'N iongnadh mise a bhith deurach,
'S minic a laigh mi leat 's a dh'èirich,
'S mo làmh am broilleach do lèine;
'S mo gheala bhian rod chneas glè-gheal.
O hò iri riu ò &c.

Eudail a dh'fhearaibh na dìlinn,
Is tu nach maoidheadh orm an rìomhadh,
Cha b' ionnan is am Priothair spìocach
a chuinndeadh a' pheiceag shìl rium.
Hi ri ri ò &c.

An saoil nach mise a th' air mo sgaradh –
Bhith dol le fear eile a laighe;
'S m' fhear fèin aig cùl a' bhalla,
Sealgair nan damh donn 's nan aighean.
O hò iri riu ò &c.

Saoil nach mise th' air mo sgaradh;
Is ioma' nì a rinn mi fhaicinn:
Chunna mi bhith roinn do bhreacain,
'S a' tìodhlacadh do ghunna-glaice.
O hò iri riu ò &c.

Fhuair mi dusan gad chrodh-bainne,
'S ceud na dhà gad chaoirich gheala;
Ach ged fhuair chan fhad' a mhealas,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Thèid mi leat gun dàil fon talamh.
O hò iri riù &c.

Thèid mi ann mun odhraich t' anart –
bidh mi leat an cùirt nan aingeal;
'S fheàrr bhith leat, na 'n seo air m' aineol –
Fhir bu chaoine guth nan caineal.
Hi ri riu ò &c.

Thug thu ginidh air mo bhròg an,
'S ginidh air mo bhreacan pòsaidh –
Cha d' fhuair mo leithid eile beò e:
Saoil an iongnadh mi bhith brònach.
O hò iri riu ò &c.

'S a Mhic Dhonnchaidh Inbhir Abha,
Is coimheach a ghabhas tu an rathad
bhon tha Màiri Cham'ron romhad,
B' òg a chaill mi riut mo ghnothach.
O hò iri riu ò &c.

10 *Mary of Callart's song*

Chorus
Hi ri ri ò, hi-iù ro-bho,
'S na hiù-riu ò, my great misfortune.

Beloved of the men of Dàil,
You took me from a plague-ridden house,
Where my father and my mother,
My sister and five brothers met their death.
Hi ri ri ò &c.

I won't be drinking your whisky –
I won't drink a drop of it till dawn,
The drinker of my wine is lying
beneath the speckled stone at the back of the house.
Hi ri ri ò &c.

Beloved of (all) the men beneath the sun,
You built me a house in a thickly branched wood,
Cheerful were my sleeping and my waking;
And that's not surprising, since my spouse was young.
Hi ri ri ò &c.

My darling, my joy and beloved,
In your house there'd be no scarcity:
There'd be pale game from the mountains there,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

And bright salmon that were plumpest.
Hi ri riu bho ò &c.

Small wonder to me that I'm sad,
Often I lay with you, often I awoke,
And my hand on the front of your shirt;
And my white skin against your gleaming chest.
O hò iri riu ò &c.

Dearest of the men of the earth –
You didn't deny me fine clothing,
Unlike the miserly Prior
counting every peck of seed bestowed.[1]
Hi ri ri ò &c.

It's a wonder I'm not torn apart –
Going to bed with another man,
With my own man behind the wall,
Hunter of brown stags and does.
O hò iri riu ò &c.

I wonder that I'm not broken;
Many a thing I have seen:
I saw your plaid being divided,
And your shotgun being given away.[2]
O hò iri riu ò &c.

I got a dozen of your milch-cows,
And one or two hundred white sheep;
But whatever I got, I won't enjoy it long,
I'll soon be with you beneath the ground.
O hò iri riù &c.

I'll join you before your shroud has yellowed –
And I'll be with you in the angels' court;
I'd prefer to be with you than here as a stranger –
Man of gentlest voice, sweet as cinnamon.
Hi ri riu ò &c.

You spent a guinea on my shoes,
And a guinea on my wedding plaid –
No other of my like alive got that:
Is it a wonder that I'm sad.
O hò iri riu ò, &c.

[1] 'who counted every little bit of seed against me'.
[2] *Tìodhlacadh*, cf. Ir. *tíolacadh*, 'grant, bestowal, (divine) gift'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

O Campbell of Inverawe,
It's cruel that you'll go ahead
since Mary Cameron is before you,
I was young when I gave you my life.[3] 48
O hò iri riu ò, &c.

❧ ❧ ❧

[3] 'my deeds, my affairs' (*gnothach*). The previous line may imply that the poet was older than her husband, yet he has died first. Mary MacKellar interprets this verse as addressed to Patrick's father, pleading that he will abandon his plans for her remarriage (1889–90, 271); if so, the line would suggest that Mary was still young when her husband died.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

SCOTS AND ANGLOPHONE POETRY

Edited by Sarah Dunnigan

Christian Lindsay (fl. 1588)

This sonnet, inscribed 'Christiane Lyndesay to Robert Hudsone', appears in one manuscript text, EUL De.3.70, known as the Ker MS on account of the inscription, 'Margaret Ker', which appears on the inverse of the title page. Although her identity is unknown, this Margaret Ker is thought responsible for the manuscript's curation, and it serves as the primary witness for the lyric poetry of Alexander Montgomerie, a prolific poet at the Edinburgh court of James VI.

The poem appears at the end of Montgomerie's short sonnet collection entitled 'To Robert Hudsone', a petitionary sequence addressed to the titular musician and poet employed at the Jacobean court, most probably written between c. 1585 and c. 1595. It typifies the intimacy, colloquialism, and allusiveness characteristic of Jacobean coterie culture, and has been construed as a feminine persona – a 'one-off literary performance' – invented by the characteristically experimental and playful Montgomerie (van Heijnsbergen 2002, 72). There is, however, evidence in the historical records of a 'Cristiane Lindsay' at the court on '24 August 1588', linked by marriage to William Murray, Master of the Carriage, to James VI, and in receipt of a lifetime annual pension 'of 4 chalders of barley' for providing 'ait kaikis and bround breid […] to his maiesteis awin mouth' (*NBDSW* 246; Juhala, 175; Giles 2004, 78). Another reference to a Christian Lindsay appears in one of the king's own poems, 'Ane Admonitione of the Master Poet', c. 1584, which strengthens the case for her historical identity: 'For nou sho sayis [she says] (quhilk makis us all full sorie)' (Dunnigan 1997, 15). Another of Montgomerie's poems desires that 'Christian Lyndesay wryt our epitaphis' (Dunnigan 1997, 16). If identified as the author of this sonnet, written in the interlacing rhyme scheme *ababbcbccdcdee* characteristic of Scottish Jacobean court poetry, then it places a female poet within the close-knit, creative community at the courtly heart of James' self-styled Renaissance poetics. Significantly, too, it casts Lindsay's persona as the voice of experiential caution, reproaching Hudson for practising the duplicity and insincerity which is seen as the modus vivendi of courtly life. A series of proverbial metaphors in the sonnet's sestet excoriates Hudson for his 'rotting' friendship with Montgomerie, which ultimately ends in an act of abandonment. The final couplet allusively refers to Hudson as the blacksmith who abandons both the forge (the symbolic

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

place of forging poetry) and, by implication, his friend-in-forging (fellow poet) Montgomerie, who is now portrayed as unwell. The sonnet exemplifies the intensely alliterative, aural qualities of Jacobean poetics, skilfully paying homage to a contemporary poetic style which the king judged as one of the prerequisites for literary renewal. At the same time, it gives voice to the fragility of both poetic and emotional alliances at court. Whether this is a feminised persona, or evidence of Lindsay as one of the earliest female poets in vernacular Scots (Dunnigan 1997), and a sisterly member of the self-proclaimed Jacobean poetic 'brethren', it articulates a powerful and poignant voice of evaluative moral judgement.

1 *Christen Lyndesay to Robert Hudsone*

Oft haive I hard, bot ofter fund it treu,
That Courteours kyndnes lasts bot for a vhyle.
Fra once 3our turnes be sped,[1] vhy then Adeu,
3our promeist friendship passis in exyle.
Bot (Robene) faith, 3e did not me beguyll,
I hopit ay of 3ou as of the lave.[2]
If thou had wit thou wald haif mony a wyle.
To mak thy self be knaune for a knaive.[3]
MONTGOMRIE, that such hope did once conceave
Of thy guid will, nou finds all is forgotten.
Thoght not bot kyndnes he did at the craiv[4]
He finds thy friendship as it rypis[5] is rotten.
The smeikie smeithis[6] cairs not his passit travel[7],
Bot levis him lingring, deing[8] of the gravell.[9]

❧ ❧ ❧

[1] '[f]or once you've had your turn' (the sonnet is composed in a highly colloquial style), meaning 'once you have realised your intention'.
[2] 'as of the rest'.
[3] 'If you were shrewd enough, you would have many tricks by which to gain the reputation of a fraudster.'
[4] 'crave'. [5] 'ripens'. [6] 'the smoky smithy' [blacksmiths]. [7] 'work'.
[8] 'dying'.
[9] urinary disease ('aggregation of crystals in the urinary tract', Parkinson 2000, vol. 2, 101).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Mary Beaton (c. 1543–c. 1597)

This sonnet, addressed to the Scottish Jacobean writer, William Fowler (c. 1580–1612), is signed 'M.L.B.' in the single extant MS text, NLS MS 2065, f. 6. Its authorship has been ascribed to Mary Beaton, or Mary, Lady Boyne, daughter of Robert Beaton of Creich and Johanne de Lareyneville, a lady-in-waiting to Marie de Guise. Mary Beaton in turn became one of the famous so-called 'Four Maries', daughters of Scots nobility who became ladies-in-waiting to Mary, Queen of Scots. Educated at the French court, in 1561 she returned to Scotland with the young queen (to whom she was very close in age). The 1566 will of Mary, Queen of Scots names Beaton as the recipient of the queen's vernacular book collection in the royal library (Verweij 2016, 87; Giles 2004, 58), indicating the strength of their intellectual as well as personal alliance. That same year, Beaton married Alexander Ogilvy of Boyne. It is probable that she died some time before 1599, the year in which Ogilvy of Boyne's remarriage is recorded (Giles 2004, 61).

The sonnet alludes to Fowler's translation of Petrarch's *Trionfi* (1587), which survives in two manuscript sources: a complete, presentational version in EUL MS De.I.10/1, prefaced by some commendatory sonnets (including two by Elizabeth Douglas, below); and a short extract in NLS MS Hawthornden 2063, f. 39. The omission of Beaton's sonnet from the former MS of Fowler's work may be, as Verweij suggests, because it anticipates Fowler's work; 'Beaton's sonnet is forward-looking, aiming to stir the poet into action. Thus, the sonnet likely dates to a time before Fowler undertook his translation' (Verweij 2016, 86).

Beaton's sonnet, written in the interlaced rhyme scheme advocated by James VI (*ababbcbccdcdee*), performs an interesting rhetorical role. It encourages Fowler to undertake the translation of a spiritual and philosophical work in order to attain literary immortality, renouncing his secular poetic practice, and therefore suggestively oversees a turn of creative direction for a writer who plays a key role in the reception and transmission of Italian literature in early modern Scotland. Fowler also dedicates a section of his translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* to Beaton, the incomplete fragment 'lamentatioun of the desolat olympia furth of the tent cantt of Ariosto', further implying her responsive and active role in contemporary literary culture: 'O betoun brave! O noble boyne, and glorye of your sex! / whose courteous beames beyond desert dois mak on me reflex, / receave these verse, and thame pervse, euen of that wonted grace / that planted is witin your brest, and buddeth in your face' (Fowler 1914–40, 310, ll. 7–10). As Verweij suggests, 'The relationship between Beaton and Fowler appears to have been one of mutual respect and admiration, possibly founded on a shared appreciation of Italian poetry, and poetic correspondence between the two was clearly a two-way process' (2016, 87).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

2 *'Sonet'*

If high desyre the preass to win that crowne[1]
that wearing tyme[2] shall never wast awaye,
(frend fouler[3]) Lay thy song*is* of Love adowne
wheron thy Lute to Liberall was to playe:[4]
for thow maist[5] on a stronger piller staye
the gift*is* wherw*i*th the heavens have thee instorde,[6]
if thou the learned Thuskan[7] wolde assaye,
and in thy tyme his Triumphes doe record
of Loue, of Chastetie by Death devord,
of Fame, of tyme;[8] if so thow list to sing,
thess verses shall to thee such fame afford
that in remembrance newe thy name shall bring,
when men shall see þ*a*t all thing els decayes
except Iehouas[9] high eternall prayes.
M. L. B. [?]

❧ ❧ ❧

[1] 'If you are motivated to win that crown', referring to the idea of a crown worn in victory, and also a literary coronation, most specifically the laurel wreath associated with the medieval Italian poet Francesco Petrarca (Petrarch), and a symbol of poetic pre-eminence. The laurel also evokes Ovid's myth in which the virgin nymph Daphne, stalked by the desiring god Apollo, is turned into a laurel tree at the moment of his possession of her. Her metamorphosis, essentially an act of resistance though turned by Apollo into an act of eternal remembrance and commemoration, is popularly depicted in medieval and early modern art and literary culture. In Petrarch's 'Canzoniere' ('Rime Sparse'), it symbolises unattainable love, as well as evoking his beloved's name, Laura.

[2] Depicting time (personifying time) as an agent which 'wears away' or erodes the process of life.

[3] A neatly alliterative term referring in an intimately colloquial way to William Fowler, poet at the Scottish Jacobean court.

[4] Implying that Fowler needs to desist from writing secular love poetry which is social and recreational in nature, symbolised by the lute.

[5] As Giles notes, this is the only overt Scots spelling, perhaps unsurprisingly, given Mary's cultural and educational upbringing at the French court, which meant that she may have learnt Scots as an adult (2004, 62).

[6] 'endowed'.

[7] This refers to Petrarch, born in the town of Arezzo in Tuscany in 1304.

[8] In other words, Petrarch's *Trionfi* (*Triumphs*), conceived as six individual yet interlinked allegories – Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, Eternity; the last *trionfo* is curiously not directly named here but possibly implied in the last line's allusion to 'eternall prayes'.

[9] Jehovah, the Hebraic name of God.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Elizabeth Douglas (fl. 1587)

These dedicatory, praise sonnets to William Fowler belong to the same cultural-poetic-intellectual coterie as Beaton's poem. The most probable identification of the 'E.D.' to whom they are ascribed is 'Elizabeth Douglas', to whom Fowler alludes as 'spouse to M. Samuell Cobvvrne Laird of Temple-Hall' in a 'Fvneral Sonet' on her death printed by Robert Waldegrave (Giles 2004, 65; Verweij 2016, 85): 'If virtue could haue died, here virtue lies, / If Bewtie, Bountie, and vnspotted fame, / If euer glorie, glorifieng a dame …' 'chaste Dame'). Little else is known about her identity but, unlike the other commendatory poems which appear in the presentation copy manuscript of Fowler's translation of Petrarch's *Trionfi* (EUL MS De.I.10), Douglas' sonnets also appear in another collection of Fowler's papers, NLS Hawthornden 2065, f. 4v, 'probably in Douglas's autograph' (Verweij 2016, 85). Significantly, too, Douglas' sonnets appear immediately after James VI's praise poem to Fowler, suggesting particular friendship or esteem between Douglas and Fowler. (A poem by Robert Hudson, to whom 'Christian Lindsay' composes their sonnet, follows Douglas' inclusion, suggesting strong, coterie-like circles, inclusive of women.) Douglas' poetry situates Fowler's *Triumphs* at the pinnacle of vernacular literary enterprises of earlier and contemporary European poets. It is also attentive to the female dedicatee of Fowler's poem, 'Ieane Fleming Ladye Thirlstaine spous to the right honorable Sir Iohne Maetland, Knight', wife of John Maitland, the king's chancellor. This places Douglas' work (and Beaton's too) within a larger symbolic nexus of political and cultural power but one which pointedly values female agency and influence, as the second sonnet exemplifies in the connection it draws between Fleming and Petrarch's Laura.

3 *E.D. in Prayse of Mr. W Fouler Her Freind*

The glorious greiks[1] dois prayse their Homers quill
And citeis seven dois strywe quhair[2] he was borne
The Latins dois of Virgill vant[3] at will
And Sulmo[4] thinks her Ouid dois adorne
The Spanyoll laughs (save Lucan)[5] all to scorne 4

[1] Greeks (i.e. the Greek people).
[2] Where; the prefix 'quh', meaning /wh/, is the most obvious Scots orthographical feature in this sonnet.
[3] In the sense of 'vaunt', meaning boasting.
[4] Sulmo, or modern-day Sulmona, a city in the region of Abruzzo, Italy, was the birthplace of the poet Ovid.
[5] The Latin poet Lucan (Marcus Annaeus Lucanus) was born in the city of Córdoba in Andalusia, Spain, hence the poem's reference to Spanish poetic pride.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

And France for Ronsard[6] stands and settis him owt
The better sort for Bartas[7] blawis the horne
And Ingland thinks thair Surrye[8] first but dout
To praise thair owen these countreis gois about
Italians lykes Petrarchas[9] propper noble grace
Who well deserwis first place amangs that rout
Bot Fouler thow dois now thame all deface
No vanting grece nor Romane now will strywe
Thay all do yeild Sen foular dois arrywe. [f. 3v]

[6] Pierre de Ronsard (1524–85), whose work as part of the mid-century French Renaissance Pléiade movement significantly influenced James VI and early modern Scottish courtly poetics.
[7] Guillaume de Salluste Du Bartas (1544–90), French Huguenot poet, whose friendship with James VI in the period 1584–90 (including a visit to the Scottish court in 1587) mirrored broader patterns of literary and cultural influence on the king and contemporary Scottish religious poetry.
[8] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517–47), English Tudor poet, translator, and courtier in the reign of Henry VIII who, along with Sir Thomas Wyatt, established the sonnet rhyme scheme and pattern subsequently used by Shakespeare.
[9] Francesco Petrarca (Petrarch) (1304–74), whose *Trionfi* are the subject of Fowler's translation; Douglas' poem notably places this 'proper' poet in a superlative position within such a 'rout' (gathering) before dethroning him with Fowler's arrival.

4 *E.D. in commendatioun of the Author and of his choise*

When Alexander entred phrygian land[1]
Achilles toumbe he weping did behoulde[2]
O happie wight who suche a trumpet fand
And happie thow who hes his verteuis toulde
Than happie Laura thow by fame inroulde[3]
And happ to the o Petrarch, dois befall
Thye glorie shee, hir praise thow dois vnfoulde,
How may thye fame, o Foular than be small
Who sings Dame Lauras praise but fein3eit all[4]
This vertewis Dame to quhome thy work thow gevis,
To hir of right these triumphs sing thow shall
No Laura heir but ladye Jeane[5] it is
O Ladye liwe. thy foular the extolls,
Whose golden pen thy name in fame Inrolls.

[1] Alexander the Great (336–23 BC), King of Macedonia and Persia, whose conquest of the eastern Mediterranean, Egypt, the Middle East, and parts of central Asia became the subject of a vast corpus of medieval histories, romances, epics, and other narrative forms in a variety of languages. Phrygia is the Greek name of an ancient state in western-central Anatolia, now modern Turkey.
[2] Alexander was reputed to have visited the tomb of Achilles, the pre-eminent Greek hero of the Trojan War in Homer's *Iliad*, in a ritualistic act of homage; Alexander portrayed himself as a second Achilles, and was depicted as such in subsequent narratives and histories of his reign (for example, Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*) which explore this literary and cultural intersection between the realms of myth and politics. Douglas here emphasises Alexander's affective response, as portrayed in Plutarch's text, so that the pattern of heroic tribute set in motion by this first allusion (echoed through Petrarch and Laura, Fowler and Jean Fleming) has emotional resonance.
[3] 'enrolled'.
[4] 'Without feigning anything', i.e. sincerely or authentically.
[5] Lady Jean Fleming, who symbolically replaces the figure of Petrarch's Laura.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Anne (or Agnes) Murray (1579–1618)

These two sonnets appear unascribed in a manuscript collection (NLS MS 2065, f. 22r; Meikle 1914–40, vol. 1, 352–3) associated with the Scottish Jacobean poet William Fowler, to whom Elizabeth Douglas and Mary Beaton, Lady Boyne compose poetry. Composed in the interlacing rhyme scheme *ababbcbccdcdee* characteristic of Scottish courtly and coterie poetry in the 1580s and 1590s especially, they have been ascribed to the Anne (Anna or Agnes; see below) Murray who was the daughter of Sir John Murray, the Earl of Tullibardine and Catherine Drummond, a family with significant political and courtly affiliations. In 1595 she is identified as being a member of Anna of Denmark's household (Pearce 2019, 119), and a year later her marriage to Patrick Lyon, 1st Earl of Kinghorne and son of John Lyon, 8th Lord Glamis, is recorded. She has also been identified as the supposed 'mistress' of James VI and the subject of the king's poems 'A Dreame on his Mistres My Ladie Glammis' and 'A Complaint on his Mistressis Absence from Court'. Giles notes that the first sonnet 'features the earliest known acrostic by an early modern Scotswoman and one of the earliest anagrams' (2004, 70), observing that the anagrammatic equivalence between 'Age Murnes Aye' and 'Agnes Murray' exemplifies the interchangeability between the names 'Anne' and 'Agnes' in Scotland at the time. The first sonnet is a love complaint, mourning absent and unrequited desire; voiced by a first-person persona in the octave, the sestet's interesting shift of perspective then suggests a male-identified addressee ('take courage, man', l. 11), advised of the possibility of consolation or 'healing'. This suggests perhaps an empathic experiencing of a similarly painful love-relationship in the first part, leading to the subsequent sharing of advice. The second sonnet – addressed to a female subject attired, by implication, in 'widdows' 'weides' – appears to be a companion poem; Giles suggests that 'most likely (…) the second author was a close acquaintance of Agnes Murray and learned the anagram (…) by reading her own poetry, then integrating it into his poem for, and possibly about, Murray' (2004, 73). However, the inclusion of the familiar anagram in the final line may also represent an encoding of Murray's authorship, mirroring the consolatory, advisory import of the first poem. It also presents another suggestive perspectival shift, voiced from a collective point of view ('Lett vs not mourne', l. 11) which encourages the addressee to reclaim her former desirable identity.

5 XIII. SONET

A gainst the streame to stryve it is but vayne,
M ore follye were to fight against the fyre,
A nd what wins he in loue that takes no payne?

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

G od wote he hathe but hevye hap for hyre.
E che thing hathe tyme, then saith my hartes desire;
M y hart not myne, my harte is from me gone
V nto that hart first set my harte on fyre;
R egardlesse nowe of all my plaints & mone,
N one nowe companions me but cares alone;
S uche is the guerdon[1] loue his seruantes sendes.
A he faithe, good hope, take courage, man, anone,[2]
Y et Fortune may for all this make amendes:
A s first hir bewtye tooke from the thy harte,
M ay not hir bowntye heale againe thy smarte?

[1] 'reward'.
[2] 'at once'.

6 XIV. SONETT

Cast of thy dole, thou dreyrye, dolent wight,
It semes the noght suche weides of woe to weare;
Let widdows olde in murninge blacke them dight
By outward robes to shew ether inward cheare;
Lyke to thy self now let thy self appeare;
Thou canst not let the Soone to shyne out right,
No more thy weides can darke thy bewtye cleare,
But every wher of force it must giue light;
Showe nowe thy vertes lyke thy bewty bright;
Showe nowe thy pacience buried in thy breast;
Let vs not mourne to lacke thy lonesome sight
Vppon whose looks so manye looks do reste;
Hoyse vpp our hartes, and cast from the thy geare;[1]
Tis AGE MURNES AYE & not younge ladyes fayre.

[1] In the sense of 'burden'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Mary Oxlie (fl. 1656)

Mary Oxlie's name first appears in the volume *Poems by the most famous wit William Drummond of Hawthornden*. Published posthumously in 1656, a single poem dedicated to the prolific early modern Scottish writer (1585–1649) is ascribed to 'Mary Oxlie of Morpet', which may refer to the Northumbrian location of Morpeth. In the subsequent inclusion of the poem in Edward Phillips' *Theatrum Poetarum* (London, 1675), in the section entitled 'Women Among the Moderns Eminent for Poetry', she is cited as 'Mary Morpeth', the 'Scotch Poetess' and author of 'many other things in Poetry … but none survive'. No other information is known about her. Oxlie's dedicatory poem clearly suggests the existence of a literary relationship between the two writers, and therefore exemplifies the vein of commendatory and prefatory poetry which constitutes much of early modern Scottish women's surviving verse. Oxlie's text eulogises Drummond's seemingly superlative imaginative powers, evoking especially his secular poetry from *Poems* (1616), in particular the Petrarchistic and Neoplatonic sonnet sequence to the beloved, Auristella, and the pastoral elegy he composed on the death of the young Prince Henry, James VI and I's son, *Teares on the Death of Moeliades* (1613). This praise poem begins, however, with the speaker's description of their own poetic selfhood, burdened with emotional and domestic care and so apparently incapable of the fabled literary creativity which Drummond, a male poet, freely embodies. Despite this self-professed inarticulacy, this prefatory section can actually be seen as a veiled allusion to, and gendered reimagining of, the Prologue to Persius' Satire One, as R. Clinton Simms has shown (2013). This was a popular source of imitation for British early modern poets who sought to identify with the assertive, self-referential, and deliberately marginal stance of Persius' persona. In 'refashioning the gambit to suit the concerns of a woman presenting herself as poet', Simms suggests that Oxlie 'estranges herself from the usual places of poetic inspiration in order to locate herself in a place well outside tradition' (2013, 36–7). It is ironic, then, that this text of seemingly self-abnegatory praise for a male poet, conceived within a masculinised classical lineage, should powerfully imply that creativity is gendered, contingent on material circumstances and their affective influence.

7 *To William Drummond of Hawthornden*

I Never rested on the Muses bed
Nor dipt my Quill in the Thessalian Fountaine,[1]

[1] Thessaly or Thessalia was one of the traditional regions of ancient Greece. Here, Simms notes how '[c]ommentators suggest Oxlie mistakenly intends the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus or the Hippocrene, near Mount Helicon. The temptation to find Oxlie confusing her places is great,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

My Rustick Muse was rudely fostered,[2]
And flies too low to reach the double mountaine.[3]
Then do not sparkes with your bright Suns compare,
Perfection in a Woman's worke is rare;
From an untroubled mind should Verses flow;
My discontents make mine too muddy show;
And hoarse encumbrances of household care
Where these remaine, the Muses ne're repaire.

If thou dost extoll her Haire,
Or her Ivory Forehead faire,
Or those Stars whose bright reflection
Thrals my heart in sweet subjection:
Or when to display thou seeks
The snow-mixt Roses on her Cheekes,
Or those Rubies soft and sweet,
Over those pretty Rows that meet.
The Chian painter as asham'd,
Hides his Picture so far fam'd;
And the Queen[4] he carv'd it by,
With a blush her face doth dye,
Since those Lines do limne a Creature
That so far surpast her Feature.
When thou show'st how fairest Flora
Prankt with pride the banks of Ora,[5]
So thy Verse her streames doth honour,
Strangers grow enamour'd on her,
All the Swans that swim in Po[6]
Would their native brooks forgo,
And as loathing Phoebus beames,
Long to bath in cooler streames,
Tree-turn'd Daphne[7] would be seen
In her Groves to flourish green,
And her Boughs would gladly spare.
To frame a garland for thy haire,
That fairest Nymph with finest fingers
May thee crown the best of singers.

and perhaps if she were in error, the allusion would make more sense. The trouble here is that Persius playfully misread the same tradition' (36). However, the allusion's resonance as part of an admission of poetic self-doubt or questioning still stands.

[2] The rural metaphor implies an opposition to classical, learned poetic culture, associating her feminised creativity with nature; but it also gestures towards the classical tradition of pastoral.

[3] Parnassus, sacred to the Nine Muses.

[4] Possibly Zeuxis, a Greek painter, reputed to have made an idealised portrait of Helen by combining the qualities of five individual female sitters.

[5] Ora is a classicisation of the River Ore in Fife. This gestures towards Drummond's river pastoral poetry.

[6] The Po is the longest river in northern Italy and is alluded to by Petrarch in the 'Canzoniere'.

[7] Referring to the popular Greek and Ovidian myth of the nymph Daphne who metamorphosed into a laurel tree in order to save herself from the god Apollo; in Petrarch's 'Canzoniere', she emblematises poetic immortality and literary creation.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

But when thy Muse dissolv'd in show'rs,
Wailes that peerlesse Prince of ours,[8]
Cropt by too untimely Fate,
Her mourning doth exasperate
Senselesse things to see thee moane,
Stones do weep, and Trees do groane,
Birds in aire, Fishes in flood,
Beasts in field forsake their food,
The Nymphs forgoing all their Bow'rs
Teare their Chaplets deckt with Flow'rs;
Sol himself[9] with misty vapor,
Hides from earth his glorious Tapor,[10]
And as mov'd to heare thee plaine
Shews his griefe in show'rs of raine.

❧ ❧ ❧

[8] Prince Henry, son of James VI, who died in 1612 at the age of eighteen; in response, Drummond published a pastoral lament, *Teares on the Death of Moeliades,* in 1613.
[9] A personification of the sun.
[10] The light of a candle, elaborating the previous metaphor.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Marie [Mary] Maitland (b. before 1586; d. 1596)

The name of 'Marie Maitland', along with the date of '1586', appears inscribed in the manuscript known as the Maitland Quarto (MS 1408, Pepys Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge), a significant collection of poems associated with the household of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington (1496–1586), a prominent courtier and writer, and the wider cultural and sociopolitical circles associated with the family. One of four daughters of Sir Richard and Mariota Cranstoun (a sister's name appears in the companion Maitland Folio (Boffey 2001, 41)), Maitland's likely role in the curation of this fine presentation volume – considered in part as a family poetic miscellany, a kind of commemorative 'legacy' volume for the elderly Sir Richard – has been explored by scholars. Martin suggests that Maitland's role as scribe 'should not be ruled out' (p. 30), and that it may 'have been copied at Lethington, the family seat in East Lothian' (Martin 2015, 1). Several poems in the collection allusively refer to Maitland herself. One lyric conjures a vision of 'Marie thocht in this wod did appear / maitland and gold scho gave me aboundantlie' (ll. 41–2); the 'trie' which she bears signifies 'trew Virginitie' (l. 45), exemplifying a recurrent thread of allusion in the collection to female chastity, power, and creativity. Martin suggests that poem 69 may also 'celebrate her betrothal' (2015, 29); Maitland married Alexander Lauder in 1586, significantly the manuscript's date of inscription.

Another anonymous poem addresses 'Maistres Marie' as the third member of a trinity which evocatively includes Sappho and Olympia Morata (1526–55), the Italian-born humanist writer and Protestant convert, later settled in Germany; both culturally and ideologically, she would have seemed a highly appropriate literary model for Maitland. Such allusive evidence suggests that Maitland herself was certainly a writer (the latter lyric encourages her 'hyd not so haut a hairt in slugish thrall', l. 12); and her authorship of some of the manuscript's anonymous poetry has been suggested, including the poem below.

Often anthologised as 'Poem XLIX', the lyric, 'As phebus bricht' articulates same-sex desire in a female-gendered voice. It has acquired a literary afterlife of its own in richly evoking a love which is explicitly precluded from the institution of marriage. The poem deploys a fluid affective terminology which ranges from 'amitie', suggesting its regendering of a frequently masculinised discourse of neoplatonic friendship, to embodied, erotic desire, as implied in allusion to 'affectioun'. Accordingly, critics have read its subversion of heteronormative gendered desire in varying degrees (cf. Farnsworth 1996; Dunnigan 1997; 2005; Newlyn 2004; Martin 2015). Martin draws attention to the early modern trope of male poets' ventriloquisation of female same-sex desire. Explicitly, however, the lyric voice

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

draws attention to ideas of exclusion, excess, and transgression while, at the same time, locating their attachment within a thread of mythic, biblical, and historical paradigms of same-sex love and friendship. Collectively, these associations invest the speaker's relationship with both pathos and potentiality; such parallels invoke varyingly successful and enduring unions (some involving the gendered transformation of sexed bodies as a means to ensure love's fulfilment). The lyric therefore stands out within the collection while at the same time echoing the ethical, instructive drive of the collection. This includes an elegy on unhappy marriage voiced by a female speaker and translated from Clément Marot. These thematic affinities, coupled with the striking female-centred perspectives of a gathering of lyrics, strengthen the suggestion that Maitland herself may be their author, and that her creative agency, as her roles of compiler and possible scribe, weaves through this manuscript.

8 *Poem XLIX*

As phoebus[1] in his spheris hicht
precellis[2] the kaip Crepusculein[3]
And phoebe[4] all the starris licht
Your splendour so madame[5] I wein
Dois onlie pas all feminine
In sapience superlative
Indewit[6] with vertewis sa devine
As leirned pallas[7] rediviue.

And as be hid vertew vnknawin
The adamant[8] drawis yron airtill
Your courtes nature so hes drawin
My hairt youris to continew still

[1] Phebus, the sun god, also known as Apollo in Greek and Roman mythology, god of poetry, music, prophecy, and healing, all of which are resonant associations for this poem.
[2] 'exceeds'.
[3] 'the cloak of twilight'.
[4] Phoebe came to be identified with Artemis and Diana, the moon goddesses in Greek and Roman mythology respectively, evoking a range of symbolic powers, including those associated with wisdom, chastity, and power.
[5] Martin suggests that this 'respectful term of address may imply that the narrator's beloved is of high rank, but not necessarily that she is married' (2015, 379). It might also suggest an age difference (which is implicated in some of the mythic pairings which the poem subsequently invokes).
[6] 'endowed'.
[7] Pallas Athena, or Athene, a powerful virgin Greek goddess who represents wisdom but is also associated with powers of warcraft, prophecy, and craft. Farnsworth suggests that the deliberate allusion to Pallas rather than Athena invokes the 'goddess's childhood friendship with the maiden, Pallas' (1996, 60). Pallas is also cited in several other Quarto poems (35, l. 107; 69, l. 59).
[8] 'diamond'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Sa greit Ioy dois my spreit fulfill
contempling your perfectioun
Ye weild me holie at our will
and raviss my affectioun.[9]

our perles Vertew dois provoike
and loving kyndnes so dois move
My Mynd to freindschip reciproc
That treuth sall try sa far above
The auntient heroicis love[10]
as salbe thocht prodigious[11]
and plaine experience sall prove
Mair holie and religious.

In amitie, perithous
To theseus[12] was not so traist
Nor Till Achilles patroclus[13]
nor pilades to trew orest[14]
Not it achates luif so lest
to gud Enee[15] nor sic freindschip
Dauid to Ionathan profest[16]
nor Titus trew to kynd Iosip.[17]

Nor it Penelope[18] I wiss
so luiffed vlisses in hir dayis

[9] The word choice of this last line implies an erotically charged connection to the relationship, as well as the affectional bonds implied earlier in the stanza.
[10] Love relationships in the classical period, but also evoking Ovid's *Heroides*, a collection of love epistles by eighteen women (and three men), including Sappho. The implication is that the immensity of their love transcends even classical and mythic exemplars.
[11] An interesting term which evokes qualities of the marvellous, and also 'unnatural' (which the poem reclaims as being entirely natural and in opposition to socially constructed norms).
[12] Greek heroic mythology and Homeric legend celebrate the profound friendship and alliance between Pirithous and Theseus.
[13] Homeric and legendary Greek sources allude to the deep affective bond which existed between these warriors, exemplified by Achilles' profound grief at Patroclus' death.
[14] Classical sources portray Pylades as the extraordinarily loyal and devoted companion of Orestes, son of Agamemnon. As with the two preceding exemplars of male friendship, the extent of the affectional bonds ranges from platonic to erotic in implication, both in the original classical material and also in subsequent literary and artistic reimaginings. The MQ poem clearly hinges on this ambivalence too.
[15] Virgil's *Aeneid* alludes to Achates as the devoted companion (*fidus Achatus*) of the exiled Aeneas. Martin (2015, 379) notes that this particular example of male friendship occurs in Pontus de Tyard's 'Elegy for One Woman Enamoured with Another' (1573).
[16] This parallel shifts the frame of reference from classical to biblical. Jonathan was son of Saul and protector and faithful friend of King David of the Old Testament (1 Samuel 19:1–7). For David's lament for Jonathan, see 2 Samuel 1: 25–7 (Martin 2015, 379).
[17] Referring to the Roman emperor Titus (AD 79–81) and Joseph, historian and military leader born in Jerusalem; captured in the siege of Jotapata, his eventual friendship with Titus earned him Roman citizenship. The use of the affective quality 'kynd' is interesting here.
[18] Penelope is the loyal wife of Odysseus in Homer's *Odyssey*; Ovid articulates her lament in the first letter of the Heroides. Ovid's collection, widely imitated and translated in the early modern period, includes a letter from Sappho to Phaon.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Nor Ruth the kynd moabitiss
Nohemie[19] as the scripture sayis
nor portia quhais worthie prayiss
In romaine historeis we reid
Quha did devoir the fyrie brayiss[20]
To follow brutus to the deid[21]

Wald michtie Iove grant me the hap
With yow to haue your brutus pairt[22]
and metamorphosing our schap[23]
My sex intill his vaill convert
No brutus[24] then sould caus ws smart
as we doe now vnhappie wemen
Then sould we bayth with Ioyfull hairt
honour and bliss ye band of hymen[25]

Yea certainlie we sould efface
Pollux and castoris memorie[26]
and gif that thay desseruit place
amang the starris for loyaltie
Then our mair perfyte amitie
mair worthie recompence sould merit
In hevin eternall deitie
amang the goddis till Inherit

And as we ar thocht till our wo nature
and fortoun doe coniure and hymen

[19] Referring to the devoted companionship of widows Ruth and her mother-in-law, Naomi, in the Old Testament Book of Ruth; though Ruth, a Moabite woman, remarried, she returned with Naomi to her homeland of Judah, pledging 'for whither thou goest, I will go' (Ruth 1: 16–17).

[20] Hot charcoal.

[21] Portia, wife of Marcus Brutus, died by suicide after learning of his death at the Battle of Actium; classical historians such as Plutarch (to whom the previous line probably alludes) suggest that she consumed burning charcoal.

[22] Referring back to Portia's husband, Marcus Brutus, implying that the speaker would assume the performative role of husband. Martin (2015, 380) is unconvinced by Farnsworth's interpretation of 'pairt' as 'penis' (Farnsworth 1996, 64); but in the poem's context of multiple emotional and verbal ambiguities, this has resonance.

[23] Farnsworth (1996, 58, 64–5) suggests this may specifically refer to the Ovidian myth of Iphis and Ianthe (*Metamorphoses*, Book 9: 666–797); Iphis is born female but raised socioculturally as a boy after their mother, Telethusa, with the goddess Isis' help, defies her husband's injunction to kill the baby, if not born biologically male. When Iphis is thirteen, their father arranges marriage to Ianthe; Iphis despairs that their union can take place, despite the loving truth that 'a girl [is] on fire for a girl'. Telethusa appeals again to Isis, who duly transforms Iphis into a male-sexed body. Their marriage is blessed by Venus, Juno, and Hymen.

[24] Referring again to Portia's husband, Marcus Brutus.

[25] Hymen is a god presiding over marriage ceremonies, often portrayed in Hellenistic and early modern art; the allusion recurs in line 60, where Hymen and Fortune are aligned as antagonistic powers to the women's union.

[26] In Greek myth Castor and Pollux were born as semi-divine twins, celebrated in art and literature for their mutual loyalty and courage; they are also known as stars which belong to the constellation of Gemini.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

also be our fo it luif of vertew
dois procuire freindschip and amitie sa suire
with sa greit feruencie and force
Sa constantlie quhilk sall Induire
That not bot deid sall ws divorce

And thocht aduersitie ws vex
Yit be our freindschip salbe sein
Thair is mair constancie in our sex
Then euer amang men hes bein
no troubill / torment / greif / or tein
nor erthlie thing sall ws disseuer
Sic constancie sall ws maintein
In perfyte amitie for euer.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Anne Kerr, Countess of Lothian (d. 1667)

The elder of two daughters of Lady Annabella Campbell and Sir Robert Kerr, 2nd Earl of Lothian, Anne Kerr married Sir William Kerr of Ancrum (d. 1675) in 1630; he was the son of Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum, who helped restore the family estate after Anne's father took his own life in 1624, and became the 3rd Earl of Lothian in her right in 1631. She is considered the most likely author of the lyric known as 'Lady Laudian's Lament', or 'Lady Lothian's Lilt' (other authorial attributions have been made by Dauney (1838, 264) and Shire (1969, 257); Stevenson & Davidson 2001, 228–30); no other work by her is known. The survival of musical settings attests that the lyric evidently circulated as a song text and lute tune, recorded in the contemporary period by musicians such as Rob MacKillop. The universality of its theme of transience, drawing on imagery and metaphor from the natural world, probably contributed to its popularity. Its lack of explicitly religious content is striking, though there are allusions to bodily fragility, shame, and imagistic resonance drawn from Scripture. In the final stanza, the speaker identifies themselves as female; it presents a conventional gendered apology for creativity, ascribing any 'waikenes' (weakness) to a systemic inadequacy of educational opportunity. This stanza's first quatrain frames a request and acknowledgement of creative effort at the same time as it disavows agency, registering an interesting contradiction.

9 *One year begins ane uther ends*

One year begins ane uther ends
The tyme doth come and goe[1]
All this to one instruction tendes
Yet we can tak it so
The summers hot the winters cold
The seasoun lets us see
When youth is gone and age comes on
Lyk floures we fade and die

Men for the most pairt doth enjoyes
When sonnes are to them borne:
Whose weeping voice bewails thire woes
And sinfulness doth frowne[2]
They are the messengers to show
Thow tyme doth follow fast

[1] This is the first of many proverbial allusions and expressions in the poem.
[2] Suggesting how quickly the promise and potential of new birth is quickly lost by exposure to a corrupted and corrupting world.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

While as they ly still as they goe
Till death them pairt at last

Then let me learne to spend my dayes
In virtue as we ought
In dooinge gud makes no delayes
Cast sloth[3] out of thy thought
The slothfull man yet never attainde,
To honor wealth or fame
But many hes throu virtue gained
Ane longer longer lasting name

In prime tyme of our youthe we suld
The seeds of virtue sowe
Weede out our wishes if we could
Our sinfull sinnes orethrow
Who in this tyme of youth takes tent
His trauell to bestow
Sall in the harvest of his age
The granes of grace sall grow[4]

All thynges begins and all thynges endes
Nothing but fame remains
And happie is he that wiselie spends
His lyf in virtuous panis
Ffor when the paine is past away
The pleasure doth abyde
Yet happie is he thrysse I say
That takes tyme at the tyde

The tyde of tyme it floweth fast
But quiclie ebbs away
And if our ship lackes saile or mast
Our voyage must decay[5]
Our bodies are the brittle barkes
That saild the floodes of fame
And if by sloathe we mise our markes
We sinke in seas of shame

Fortun hath his hair before
But she is balde behind[6]

[3] Sloth is traditionally one of the seven deadly sins, usually understood as laziness or apathy (with moral connotations), often linked to the concept of acedia, a quality of profound indifference.
[4] This natural imagery of growth and harvesting recalls Galatians 6: 7–9.
[5] Evoking the widespread and popular medieval symbolism of the Christian soul as a ship on the storm-tossed sea of life.
[6] The goddess Fortuna, with her constantly spinning wheel, was sometimes depicted in medieval iconography and literature as being hairless – either completely or, as here, at the back of the head only, therefore symbolising duality.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Lost tyme no travel[7] can restore
As may fooles do finde
The little emot[8] and honey bee
In sumer heapes up store
Providing for the winters stormes
Men may and suld doe more

Thus have I fand to pleasure yow
Now let me have my hyre[9]
I have bewrayed my wont of will[10]
In doing your desire
The waikenes of a womans witt[11]
Be not in natures ffault
Ffor lack of education fit
Makes nature oft to hault.[12]

❧ ❧ ❧

[7] In the sense of 'travail', meaning hardship or difficulties.
[8] 'ant'; this is a common proverbial metaphor, often found in medieval Scots poetry.
[9] Meaning 'payment', or some kind of recompense or reward (cf. DOST).
[10] Meaning desire, inclination, or volition. [11] 'learning'.
[12] 'halt', in the sense of being 'undeveloped', 'stunted' in terms of growth.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Elizabeth Melville (c. 1578–c. 1640)

Daughter of Christian Boswell and Sir James Melville of Halhill, writer and diplomat of both Marian and Jacobean reigns, Elizabeth Melville is the most well-known and prolific of early modern Scottish women poets. Although little can be gleaned of her early life, it is likely that she was educated at the family home near Colessie, Fife. A dedication to Melville in Alexander Hume's *Hymnes and Sacred Songs* (1599) honours her 'compositiones so copious, so pregnant, so spiritual' (Reid Baxter 2010, 98), suggesting that she was creatively active in the later 1590s, if not before. Some time before 1597, she married John Colville, who inherited the paternal title of Commendator of Culross in the same year and became Laird of West Comrie; their children included the writer and poet Samuel Colville. Location and context are crucial to an understanding of Melville's creative work and its nexus of spiritual affiliations. Recent scholarship has suggested that both Melville and her poetry played an instrumental role in local Fife networks of radical Presbyterianism. Within such contexts, the manuscript circulation of her poetry ensured both the material and spiritual transmission of ideas, and Sarah Ross comments that 'Melville's several and pointed acts of manuscript circulation establish her as one of the most extensive and politicized female circulators of poetry in manuscript before Katherine Philips'. Extant poems are addressed to key figures within the Presbyterian movement such as John Welsh (or Welch), imprisoned for his opposition to James VI's Episcopalian reforms ('Sonnet … Blackness Castle), and Andrew Melville, an ally of Welsh and incarcerated in London for similarly 'treasonable' dissent. Melville's sonnets to both Welsh and Melville are expressions of solidarity, consolation, and encouragement in a shared spiritual struggle.

This powerful sense of collectivity is voiced in her longest, now canonical religious allegory, *Ane Godlie Dreame*; the minister John Livingstone wrote that 'she was famous for her dream anent her spirituall condition, which she put in verse' (Reid Baxter 2017, 38). First published in 1603 by Robert Charteris, its title page asserting that it was 'compylit in Scottish Meter be M. M. Gentelwoman in Culros, at the requeist of her freindes', the poem was extensively reprinted, with full ascription to 'Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culross younger', down to 1737 in increasingly anglified editions. The first-person narrative is choreographed into three distinct movements: lamentation; dream vision and the journey embarked on with the guiding Christ-figure; revelation of meaning and final exhortation to the community of 'thy awin Elect'. This firmly roots Melville's spiritual practice and poetics in Calvinism, and work by Rebecca Larouche (2005) and Sarah C. E. Ross (2015; 2019) has drawn out the intricately specific resonances, in both religious and sociopolitical terms, of her work.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

This has also been enabled by a major archival discovery by Jamie Reid Baxter (2010) in the Bruce MS; this has added a substantial body of new lyric work to Melville's output. These stanzaically and formally varied poems – including sonnets and psalm meditations – explore characteristically Melvillian themes: the burden of personal sin fused with cathartic mourning; metaphors of spiritual warfare which bear resonance for Melville's own embattled religious community combined with exhortations of both courage and patience; divine union imagined through the spiritualised affective discourse of the Song of Solomon and the anticipatory joy of the moment of final salvation.

10 *Ane Godlie Dreame, compylit in Scottish Meter be M.M. Gentelvvoman in Culross, at the requeist of her freindes. [Extract]*

Lord Iesus cum (said I) and end my greif.
My spreit is vexit, the captiue wald be frie:
All vice abounds, O send vs sum releif,
I loath to liue, I wishe desoluit to be.[1]
My spreit dois lang and thristeth efter thee,
As thristie ground requyris ane shoure of raine:[2]
My heart is dry, as fruitles barren tree
I feill my selfe, how can I heir remaine.

With sichs[3] and sobs as I did so lament,
Into my dreame I thocht thair did appeir:
Ane sicht maist sweit, quhilk maid me well content,
Ane Angell bricht[4] with visage schyning cleir,
With luifing luiks and with ane smyling cheir:
He askit mee, quhy art thou thus sa sad?
Quhy grones thou so? quhat dois thou duyning[5] heir
With cairfull cryes in this thy bailfull[6] bed?

I heir thy sichs, I sie thy twinkling teares,
Thou seimes to be in sum perplexitie:
Quhat meanes thy mones? quhat is the thing thou feares
Quhom wald thou haue? in quhat place wald you be
Fainte not sa fast in thy aduersitie,
Mourne not sa sair, sen mourning may not mend:
Lift vp thy heart, declair thy greif to mee,
Perchance thy paine brings pleasure in the end.

[1] Meaning that the speaker longs for their dissolution, i.e. to die.
[2] There are frequent biblical allusions to spiritual thirst; e.g. John 4:14; Isaiah 44:3; Matthew 5:6.
[3] 'sighs'. [4] The angel's identity as Christ Himself is not yet apparent to the dreamer.
[5] 'lamenting'. [6] 'miserable'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

I sicht[7] againe, and said allace for wo,
My greif is greit, I can it not declair:
Into this earth I wander to and fro,
Ane pilgrime puir[8] consumit with siching sair.
My sinnes allace, increasses mair and mair,
I loath my lyfe, I irk to wander heir:
I long for Heauen, my heritage is thair,
I long to liue with my Redimer deir

Is this the caus (said he) ryse vp anone,[9]
And follow mee and I sall be thy gyde:
And from thy sichs leif off thy heauie mone,
Refraine from teares and cast thy cair asyde,
Trust in my strenth, and in my word confyde,
And thou sall haue thy heauie hearts desyre:
Ryse vp with speid, I may not lang abyde,
Greit diligence this matter dois requyre.

My Saull rejoysit to heir his words sa sweit,
I luikit vp and saw his face maist fair:
His countenance reuiuit my wearie Spreit,
Incontinent I cuist asyde[10] my cair.
With humbill heart I prayit him to declair
Quhat was his name? he answerit me againe,
I am thy God for quhom thou sicht sa sair,
I now am cummit: thy teares ar not in vaine.

I am the way, I am the treuth and lyfe,[11]
I am thy spous that brings thee store of grace:
I am thy luif quhom thou wald faine imbrace,[12]
I am thy ioy,[13] I am thy rest and peace.
Ryse vp anone and follow efter mee,
I sall the leid into thy dwelling place:
The Land of rest thou langs sa sair to sie
I am thy Lord that sone sall end thy race.

With ioyfull heart I thankit him againe,
Reddie am I (said I) and weill content
To follow thee, for heir I leiue in paine,
O wretch vnworth, my dayes ar vainlie spent.
Nocht ane is just bot all ar fearcelie bent,
To rin[14] to vyce, I haue na force to stand:

[7] 'sighed'. [8] In the sense of poor, rather than pure. [9] 'straightaway'.
[10] 'cast aside'. [11] cf. John 4:14; Isaiah 44:3; Matthew 5:6.
[12] Christ is described as a bridegroom in a number of biblical verses, including John 3:29; these lines especially evoke the Song of Solomon, sometimes known as the Canticle of Canticles, which was understood by medieval commentators as an allegory of the love between the soul and God. Melville draws on this discourse of affective devotion elsewhere.
[13] cf. John 15:11. [14] 'run'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

My sinnes increase quhilk[15] maks me sair lament,
Mak haist, O Lord, I lang[16] to sie that Land. 64

Thy haist is greit, he answerit me againe,
Thou thinks thee thair, thou art transportit so:
That pleasant place most purchaist be with paine,
The way is strait,[17] and thou hes far to go. 68
Art thou content to wander to and fro,
Throw greit deserts[18] throw water and throw fyre:
Throw thornes and breirs and monie dangers mo,
Quhat says thou now? Thy febill flesh will tyre. 72

Allace said I, howbeit my flesh be walk,[19]
My spreit is strang and willing for to flie:
O leif mee nocht, bot for thy mercies saik,
Performe thy word, or els for duill I die. 76
I feir no paine, sence I sould walk with thee,
The way is lang, 3it bring me throw at last:
Thou answeirs weill, I am content said hee,
To be thy guyde, bot sie thou grip me fast. 80

Than vp I rais and maid na mair delay,
My febill arme about his arme I cast:
He went befoir and still did guyde the way,
Thocht I was waik, my spreit did follow fast. 84
Throw mos and myres, throw ditches deip wee past,
Throw pricking thornes, throw water & throw fyre:
Throw dreidfull dennes quhilk maid my heart agast,
Hee buir mee vp quhen I begouth to tyre. 88

[15] 'which'. [16] 'long'. [17] 'straight'; Matthew 7:14.
[18] The Israelites wandered in the desert wilderness for forty years; cf. also Ps 119:10, 'Do not let me wander from Your commandments'.
[19] 'weak'.

11 *Ane Anagram, Sob Sille Cor*[1]

Sob sille cor,[2] since lyke ane pilgrim puir
Thou lives below and can not sie thy love

[1] This is the first poem in the Bruce MS (cf. Reid Baxter 2010); 'Sob sille cor' is an anagram of 'Isobel Cor', and this name also appears in acrostic form in the poem which immediately follows. She has been identified (cf. Reid Baxter 2017) as Isobell Cor, Lady Airdrie (fl. 1588–1627), daughter of a wealthy Edinburgh merchant; in 1588, as a young widow with children, her marriage to Robert Lumsden is recorded. Lumsden inherited an estate in Crail, Fife, and there is evidence of Cor's absorption within the area's close-knit Presbyterian communities of which Melville was part. However, as Reid Baxter has shown, the financial crisis which subsequently affected Lumsden and his family, and the arrest of several local ministers in the ongoing Presbyterian resistance to church reform, must have marked a period of personal crisis for Cor. In light of this, Reid Baxter suggests that Melville may have intended the poetry of the Bruce MS as a gift of spiritual consolation for Cor, dating its compilation to the period c. 1605–09 (cf. Reid Baxter 2017, 'New Light'; Ross 2019, 59).
[2] 'sille' meaning 'innocent', 'vulnerable'; 'cor' meaning 'heart' (cf. Lat. *cor*; Fr. *cœur*) and the surname of its apparent intended recipient (see n. 1 above).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Och wounded hairt quho[3] sall thy seiknes cure[4]
Sin hes thee slaine thow braiths[5] to be above.
Och sorrowing saull that murns[6] and wold remove
Braik throw[7] those bonds assay[8] thyself and flie
That efter paine those pleasurs thou may prove
That in his word that prince has promis'd thee
Chryst is thy King, none hes thy hairt bot he
He is not heir[9] then lerne for to lament
Pearce throw those cluds and seik until thow sie
That sicht so sweit that sall thy saull content.
Heir is thy hell and sin assaillis thee sore
Sob sille cor and grone to sie that glore.

[3] 'who'.
[4] Ross (2019) suggests such metaphors evoke Petrarchan language; the poem swiftly moves into the spiritualised erotic discourse characteristic of Melville's use of the Song of Solomon elsewhere.
[5] 'breathes'; a suggestive word choice which personifies the heart.
[6] 'mourns'. [7] 'Break through'. [8] 'attempt'.
[9] The spatial and spiritual divisions between hell, earth, and Heaven are increasingly emphasised as the addressee is urged to direct their gaze upwards.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Margaret Cunningham (b. before 1598, d. before 1632)

Daughter of Margaret Campbell and James Cunnningham, 6th Earl of Glencairn, Margaret Cunningham was born into a powerful Protestant family. Her marriage to James Hamilton of Evandale, which took place on 24 January 1598, was the start of a tumultuous decade in which she endured physical and emotional abuse from her husband. Hamilton's erratic and coercive behaviours – which included the repeated forcible displacement of his wife and young family from their residence – imposed severe financial hardship on Cunningham. Seeking material and economic support from parents and relatives, she unsuccessfully sought legal redress against Hamilton. However, a record of her marriage to Sir James Maxwell on 8 September 1610 implies that she was divorced by then, although there is no surviving legal evidence to attest to this. In addition to the three sons and one surviving daughter from her first marriage, Cunningham went on to have two sons and four daughters in her second. Widowed by 1622, Cunningham's own date of death is unrecorded but appears to have been some time before 1632.

Cunningham's writing – a harrowingly detailed autobiographical prose account of her first marriage, a letter to Hamilton which includes the interlaced sonnet sequence below, and a further letter to her sister, Ann, containing her will dated 1622 – was printed in 1827 as *A Part of the Life of Lady Margaret Cunninghame, daughter of the Earl of Glencairn, that she had with her first Husband, the Earl of Evandale, as it was at first written with her own hand by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe (c1781–1851)*. Sharpe was a Scottish antiquary, editor, and artist, as well as a friend of Sir Walter Scott; the two manuscripts which formed the basis for the printed edition are found in the latter's miscellaneous papers as MS 874, ff. 363–84; NLS MS 906, ff. 1–19v is bound separately. Sharpe's Preface explains that his book

> hath been printed from two manuscripts, neither of which is in the hand writing of the authoress. One was long possessed by a family related to Lady Margaret, and is now much torn and defaced; the other is the property of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., who, with his wonted and well know generosity, allowed it to be transcribed by the Editor. (i)

In a letter to Sharpe, Scott records that he encloses 'a curious manuscript of Lady Margaret Cunningham pray copy it if you have a mind & keep it as long as you like' (Scott 1932–37, vol. X, 70). Cunningham's poetry is found at the end of the 'true coppie of a letter' to Hamilton, dated 'Straven, May 19th, 1607' which also implies that a copy of Gabriel Power's *The Resolved Christian* has been enclosed; the poems' addressee is clearly Hamilton

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

himself. In both MSS, after the third sonnet Cunningham appeals that Hamilton accept these 'unformall lines' (MS, f. 28; 18v). Giles notes that in this closing prose paragraph she adopts a metaphor from Anne Locke's introduction to her translation of Jean Taffin's *Of the markes of the children of God* (London, 1590), evoking the idea of her limited power 'in respect of her weak sex' (191).

The poems serve as a kind of paratext to the epistolary appeal which urgently requests that her husband truthfully disclose 'the certaintie of [his] estate, both in bodie and mind' (15). The letter also alludes to her own spiritual crisis, uniting herself with Hamilton in allusion to God: 'though our sins were as red as scarlett, he has promised to make them as white as snow' (Sharpe 1827, 16). It ends by urging Hamilton to seek out 'Mr John Welsh, minister of Air, and some other of our banished ministers … in the Rochell'; this implies that he is in western France, where Cunningham hopes he has access to the exiled community of radical Presbyterian ministers, including Welsh, to whom Elizabeth Melville wrote a consolatory sonnet of spiritual and political solidarity.

Pamela Giles (2004, 191; *NBDSW* 106) notes that Cunningham's second poem was anonymously 'printed in slightly altered form' in the 1635 Scottish Metrical Psalter. Sharpe's edition, and the manuscript copy from which it is derived, visually present the appearance of a single long poem, but it is clear (and endorsed by Giles (2004) and Stevenson (2012)) that these are three interlinked sonnets, with an interlacing rhyme scheme of *ababbcbccdcdee*.

12 *Straven*[1] *May 19th 1607*

Since it hes pleas'd the Lord[2] your heart to move
That ye begin the greif of sin to sie
O then I pray let all your actions prove
Ye endevour your flesh to mortifie[3]
Now learne to live to God, to sin to die,
Think it enough you have so long time spent
In vanities which greivous was to me,
And made my soul with sighings to lament.[4]
A gracious God sounds to your soul repent
And hes begun to start you to that race:
Then linger not to go, forwards God is bent
To make your soul increase and grow in grace

[1] The phonetic spelling for Strathaven, in South Lanarkshire.
[2] In MS 874, 'God' is scored out. [3] cf. Romans 8:13 and Colossians 3:5.
[4] Focus is directed here to the emotional and spiritual impact on Cunningham herself.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

I shall joyn hand with yow to serve the Lord[5]
Lift up your song, praise him with ane accord

What greater wealth then a contended[6] mind?[7]
What poverty so great, as want of grace?
What greater joy than find Jehovah[8] kind?
What greater grief than see his angry face?
What greater witt than run Christ Jesus' race?
What greater folly than defection[9] tell?
What greater gain than godliness embrace?
What greater loss than change the heaven for hell?
What greater freedom than in Christ to dwell?
What greater bondage than a slave to sin?
What greater valour than subdue thyself?
What greater skaith[10] then to the Devil to rine,[11]
And leave[12] the Lord who hes us dearly bought?
Judge ye, his saints, if this be true or nought.

Christ does appear, the Captive to reclaime
For there is mercy with his majestie
His death[13] thy life which did thy life redeem
If thou have hope, faith, love, and charitie[14]
Then shall thou reign with him eternallie
With Zacheus the Publican,[15] repent
For Christ does say, come Sinner[16] come to me,[17]
And put on you the new wedding garment.[18]
Since thou by sin art[19] ragged, riven, and rent,[20]

[5] Cunningham's speaker offers reassurance that spiritual work need not be carried out alone.
[6] 'contented'.
[7] The entirety of this middle sonnet is built out of a series of rhetorical questions, culminating in the final line which addresses the community of the faithful as a whole; this interestingly deflects judgement of Hamilton away from Cunningham's speaker themselves.
[8] The name of God in the Old Testament by which he revealed himself to the ancient Hebrews (cf. Exodus).
[9] In the sense of desertion or abandonment of faith.
[10] 'harm'.
[11] Meaning 'to run to [the Devil]'.
[12] 'live' in MS 906.
[13] 'death's' in MS 906.
[14] The theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, or love; cf. 1 Corinthians 13:13.
[15] Luke 19:1–10; Zacchaeus is a paradigm of a redeemed sinner – a wealthy tax-collector who accepted Jesus' request to enter his house in Jericho, and subsequently gave half of his wealth to the poor while promising to repay any financial injustice committed on his part. There is an obvious parallel to Hamilton's situation and his financial wrongdoings against Cunningham.
[16] 'sinners' in MS 906.
[17] cf. Luke 5:32; in this final sonnet, the tone becomes more personalised and intimate.
[18] cf. based on the parable of the inappropriately attired wedding guest (Matthew 22:1–14; cf. also Revelation 19:8); Giles notes that Cunningham's addition of the word 'new' before 'wedding garment' differs from the parable, where there is no redemption for the guest, instead investing it with resonance from Luke 5:36 (2004, 192).
[19] 'is' in MS 906.
[20] Evoking the biblical metaphor of the garments of sin; cf. Psalm 109:18.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

That in his presence thou dare not appear,
Redeem the tyme which thou hast spilt and spent[21]
Begin thy heaven on earth, while thou art here
God has a throne we do see of judgment[22]
And on[23] of mercy, when we do repent.

❧ ❧ ❧

[21] 'spilt and mispent' in MS 906.
[22] cf. the throne of judgement in the Book of Revelation. This is contrasted in the line below with the throne of mercy, where sinners wait for divine forgiveness; cf. Hebrews 4:16.
[23] 'one'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Anna Hume (fl. 1629–44)

Anna Hume is significant as one of only several seventeenth-century Scottish women poets whose work survives in print and is partly rooted in secular literary culture rather than the predominant vein of religious subject matter. Daughter of Barbara Johnstoun of Elphinstone and Sir David Hume of Godscroft, little is known of her biographically; she came from an intellectual and culturally well-affiliated family, as evidenced through her father's prolific work as humanist, historian, and neo-Latin writer, and a series of mathematical treatises published by her brother. Her only extant work, *The Triumphs of Love: Chastity: Death: translated out of Petrarch*, is a major contribution to early modern women's translation practice and, in the context of early modern Scottish poetic culture, sustains and further enriches a female-centred preoccupation with Petrarch's *Trionfi*, as evidenced by Douglas and Beaton. Published by the Edinburgh printer Evan Tyler in 1644, it appeared the same year that she helped to secure the posthumous publication of her father's *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*. Dedicated to the twenty-six-year-old Princess Elisabeth of Bohemia (1618–80), daughter of Frederick V, Elector Palatine and Elizabeth Stuart (daughter of James VI and Anna of Denmark), Hume's work symbolically joins the intellectual and creative culture fostered by the Princess throughout her family's exile at The Hague during the Thirty Years War. Hume's dedication suggests that Elisabeth, correspondent of the philosopher Descartes and the painter and writer Anna Maria von Schurman, has formerly 'been/Pleas'd to approve some others [poems] you have seen' (sig. A3, ll. 7–8). (It is significant to note that Lilias Skene is also reputed to have been in correspondence with Elisabeth; cf. DesBrisay 2004, 163, 174).

Retitling each *capitolo* of Petrarch's first three *trionfi* as 'Chapter' (Roche 2006, ix–xx), Hume prefaces each narrative with an original two-line summary or 'Argument'. Her translation style is sharp, eloquent, and concise, reflecting her choice of couplet form for Petrarch's *terza rima*. In the 'Advertisement to the Reader' which closes the book, Hume pointedly states that 'The first title-page should have told thee … I never saw them, nor any part of them, in any other language but *Italian*, except the poore words in which I have cloathed them', thereby disclaiming familiarity with preceding vernacular *Trionfi* translations in England and Scotland, such as Henry Parker's, Lord Morley's, Mary Sidney's, and William Fowler's. This sense of a singular reader-responsiveness is mirrored in the extensive 'Annotations' to each '[C]hapter'. These comprise explanatory notes and glossing of particular word choice, with a marked focus on the variety and complexity of Petrarch's female protagonists – women from biblical, mythic, and literary narrative, along with the principal figure of Laura. As scholarship has noted, Hume's comments, often barbed and ironic in tone,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

comment on underlying questions of female agency, identity, and voice (Pousada-Lobiera 2024). This works as a paratextual marginal commentary, symbolically redirecting attention to women in the Petrarchan margins, and suggesting the necessity for a readerly response based on affect as much as cognition.

13 *To the most excellent Princesse, her Highnesse, the Princesse ELISABETH, Eldest daughter to the King of BOHEMIA*

That my rude lines durst meet the dazeling rayes

Of Majesty, which from your Princely eyes
Would beat the owner back, blame them not, they
Want sense,[1] nor had they wit to bid me say
Thus much in their behalfe: else having heard
Y' are mercifull, they could not be affeard:[2]
Or doubting some arrest of sudden death
Made haste to be reprived by your breath!
True glory of your sex, whose single name
Protecteth vertue, and commandeth fame.
Assume like boldnesse, and desire to taste
Like honour, since they justly think their claim
Better, by vertue of great *Petrarchs* name:[3]
Whom if they lamely follow tis more grace,
Then t' have outgone a meaner Poets pace.
Your milder judgement must the sentence give,
For which they humbly wait to make them live.[4]

The humblest of your Highnesse servants

[1] Suggesting meaning in the sense of both intelligibility and rationality. [2] 'afraid'.
[3] In elaborating on the conventional modesty topos, Hume suggests that despite the imperfections of her own work, the very fact of it being a Petrarchan work earns its right to be considered by the Princess.
[4] The metaphor of Elisabeth's 'life-giving' powers is echoed throughout the poem, suggesting that just as Hume has 'resurrected' Petrarch's, and especially Laura's, narrative, so the Princess can further revivify Hume's effort.

14 *Another to her Highnesse*

I Doe not dedicate these to delight
Or profit you, both are the Authors[1] right:
Nor is it that your Highnesse may protect

[1] Implying Petrarch, rather than Hume herself.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

My part, it merits not so much respect;
Nor that you may examine and compare,
It lesse deserves such serious Princely care:
Nor is it gratitude, because y' have been
Pleas'd to approve some others you have seen:
Since retribution so farre below
Proportion, would be worse then still to owe:
Nor vanity,[2] that thus I may have leave
To tell the world the honour I receive,
In that my name hath reacht your sacred eare:
I hate that emptie vice; yet need not feare
The censure, were it just since 't would make proud
The staidest[3] thoughts to be by you allow'd.
If any aske me, What is then my end?
'Tis to approve my selfe a reall friend
To chaste *Lauretta*,[4] whom since I have tane
From the dark Cloyster, where she did remain
Unmarkt, because unknown, my aime is now
To make her happy, by attending you:[5]
Where she may see her truest worth outgone,
And learn more vertue then she yet hath known.[6]

The humblest of your Highnesse servants.

[2] Hume deploys a lengthy series of negations here, all of which deny self-presumption or a sense of entitlement on Hume's part.
[3] Meaning serious or dignified.
[4] Hume uses the diminutive of 'Laura'; here, it especially evokes the association with the laurel tree (emblem of poetic immortality) which runs throughout Petrarch's work.
[5] Hume's relational connection with Laura is specifically emotional at this point.
[6] By the poem's end, Hume makes Laura's power subsidiary to Elisabeth's.

15 *The Triumph of Death*

CHAP. I.

The Argument.
Lauretta meeting cruell Death,
Mildely resignes her noble Breath.

The glorious Maid, whose soule to Heaven is gone
And left the rest cold earth, she who was growne
A pillar of true vallour, and had gain'd
Much honour by her victory, and chain'd
That God which doth the world with terrour binde,
Using no armour but her owne chaste minde:
A faire aspect, coy thoughts, and words well weigh'd,
Sweet modestie to these gave friendly aid.
It was a miracle on earth to see
The bow and arrowes of the Deitie,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

And all his armour broke, who erst had slain
Such numbers, and so many captive tain:
The faire Dame from the noble fight withdrew
With her choise company, they were but few,
And made a little troup, true vertu's rare,
Yet each of them did by her selfe appeare
A theame for Poems, and might well incite
The best Historian: they bore a white
Unspotted Ermine,[7] in a field of green,
About whose neck a Topas[8] chain was seen
Set in pure gold; their heavenly words and gate
Exprest them blest were borne for such a fate.

[7] The white ermine (or stoat) symbolises purity, and was also a heraldic emblem of royalty.
[8] Topaz, a jewel which symbolises chastity.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Lilias Skene (1626/7–1697)

Daughter of Lilias Samson and John Gillespie, minister of Kirkcaldy, Lilias Skene was born into an ardent Covenanting family. Her marriage in 1646 to Alexander Skene (1621–93) entailed a move to the city of Aberdeen, where he became a burgh magistrate; they had seven surviving children. This proved to be a profound relocation in other ways, too, for in 1666 she converted from Presbyterianism to Quakerism, redirecting her spiritual and political energies into the cause of her minoritised new faith. She took an active role in Quaker public life, helping to found a Quaker school in Aberdeen in 1688, the first in Scotland; leading prayer meetings which were legally outlawed; agitating for, and providing care to, Quakers incarcerated in the city's prisons between 1676 and 1679. This activism was reflected throughout the range of her writing, including the prose tracts 'An Expostulatory Epistle, Directed to Robert Macquare', first printed in London in 1679, and 'A Word of Warning to the Magistrats and Inhabitants of Aberdene […]' (c. 1681), later printed in 1753 (DesBrisay 2004, 163, 174 nn. 2, 3). Her considerable body of poetry survives in a transcription of an original manuscript, now lost, by William Walker (AUL MS 2774), extracts of which were published in Walker's *The Bards of Bon-Accord, 1375–1860* (Aberdeen: Edmund and Spark, 1887), 85–102. She is also recorded as having written letters to Princess Elisabeth of Bohemia (1618–80), the dedicatee of Anna Hume's translation of Petrarch's *Trionfi*, but these do not survive (DesBrisay 2004, 162).

According to Walker's transcription, the MS of her poetry was begun on 12 February 1676. Preserving poetry from the previous eleven years (therefore including only one which predates her conversion) until 1696, a year before her death, the collection presents a spiritual trajectory, ranging from fairly extensive poetic reflections on various public conflicts in which she was involved to intimate meditational lyrics which depict emotional fragility and agonising self-doubt. Gordon DesBrisay notes that she 'was unusual among Quaker writers in admitting to spiritual struggles after her conversion' (2004, 171), identifying profound tensions in her poetry between self-abnegation and self-assertion, the individual and collective. Her figurative language is often informed by Quaker metaphors such as Seed and Light, and the notion of silent waiting; but she often also has recourse to violent, corporeal imagery which reflects the sense of irresolvable conflict at the heart of her poetry.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

16 *Upon the imprisonment off freindes for the Truthe at Montross*[1] *the 8th of the 10th mo: 1671/72*

By patient sufferings long imprisonments
Resisting unto blood and Banishments
The auncient worthies crueltie o'recam
Treading their steps[2] wee witness shall the same
Through manifold and weighty tryalls they
Wydned the doore for us & pav'd our way
So must wee now for those who shall succeed
Goe as the needle throw before the thread[3]
And that wee may prepare the way for those
Who follow,[4] reckon nought too deare to lose
When Christ to God His soule for sin did make
A living sacrifice for sinners sake
He of the travel[5] of his soule did see
Was satisfied in th'seedes[6] prosperitie
In suffring deathe His days he did prolong
Obtain'd a position with the rich & strong
This devyne nature & endearing love
Flowes downward in all ages to promove[7]
The seeds enlargement, Truthes dominion
That our opposers all may sie us one
One Lord, one faith, one building, one foundation
One Guyde, one government, one consolation
One lyffe, one love, one peace, on[e] joy, one way[8]
One is our principle, our strength, our stay[9]
One mark, one pryze, one hope, on[e] expectation
One Crowne of glory one compleit consolation
In lyffe, in death, in bonds at liberty
In Christ wee're one o glorious mystery.

[1] Montrose, in the north-east, which had a strong Quaker presence by this time; a number of prominent Quakers, including Robert Barclay and William Napier, were arrested and imprisoned there.
[2] Skene's poem situates the Quakers' persecution within a vast biblical history of oppressed minorities.
[3] cf. Luke 18:25.
[4] There is a strong sense of generational, relational connection here which is echoed in the poem's later emphasis on unity.
[5] In the sense of 'travail' or suffering.
[6] The term 'Seed' was frequently used in seventeenth-century Quaker spiritual discourse, often as a synonym for the divine Light or (as suggested) Christ himself.
[7] 'to advance'. [8] cf. Ephesians 4:4–6. [9] 'support'.

17 *Poem*

The nipping frostie stormie blasts
As advantagious prove
To herbs & fruit trees and at last,

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Their encrease doth promove[1]
As sun-shyne blinks and sum[m]er showers
In their appointed season
Doe send forth pleasant plants & flowers
Agreeable to reason
The lyffe of things not being bound
So much to what appeareth
As in the root and under ground
It lurketh and retireth
When flowres doe fade and leaves and fruit
From everie tree doth fall
The living substance in the root
Remaines untoucht at all
And each retirement[2] of this sap
A fresh spring issues in
Which us of spirituall thinges a map
Throw death lyffe doth begin.
6 of 7/mo 1683

[1] 'advance their growth'.
[2] In the sense of receding, diminishing.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Barbara MacKay (c. 1615–c. 1690)

Daughter of Ann Corbett of Arkboll and Hugh MacKay of Scourie, in the far north-west Highlands, Barbara MacKay belonged to a prominent Presbyterian and Royalist-supporting family. These affiliations were continued through her marriage to John MacKay, 2nd Lord Reay (c. 1612–80), some time after 1638 as his second wife; they had six children. As identified by Pamela Giles, MacKay was a political activist, pleading to Oliver Cromwell on behalf of her Royalist husband, imprisoned for fighting in the defeated Montrose's army (Giles 2004; *NDSBW* 272), and helping him escape; and in 1664 persuaded Charles II to 'rehabilitate Lord Reay's claim to the traditional MacKay lands in Strathnaver' (Giles 2004, 109; NDSBW 272). As well as this striking political visibility, MacKay enjoyed a reputation for a dynamic, creative household, nurturing a culture which included 'a tutor, a harper, a piper, and a fool' (NDSBW 272). She was described by Lord Lovat (on whom she wrote a eulogy) as 'the prettiest, wittiest woman that ever I knew here'; 'a great historian, a smart poet, and for virtue and housekeeping, few or none her parallel' (NDSBW 72; Giles 2004, 110).

MacKay's background represents an interesting shift in cultural and political affiliations in early modern Scottish women's poetry. Her surviving poetry is mostly religious and moral in nature, evidenced in the ten poems of the Wodrow Quarto XXVII, ff. 9v–28, and signed, seemingly in her own writing, as 'Barbara Macky' on f. 28r. Including twenty-seven verse canticles, a verse 'Lamentations of Jeremiah', a spiritual alphabet, and four shorter poems against 'whoredom, drunkenness, anger and covetousness', the MS has been described by Giles as an instructional 'religious primer' (2004, 144). It is dedicated 'To the Right Honourable the Countess of Caithness' (f. 9v), whom Giles identifies as Jean Gordon, daughter of the 5th Earl of Huntly, who married George Sinclair, 5th Earl of Caithness, after 1585; raised Catholic, she would have converted on her alliance with the Protestant and Royalist Sinclairs. A poem on Charles II, 'Anagramme on his Ma[jes]ty', also survives in a miscellany of Royalist poetry (NLS Adv. MS 19.3.4). Similarly, Sutherland-born MacKay, whose family context was firmly Gaelic and who was probably a native speaker (Grimble 1993, 134–5, 176–7), appears not to have composed in that language. The extent of her education exemplifies the still little-acknowledged bilingualism and not infrequently high standard of anglophone (and European) literary education, including among women, increasingly inherent to the Scottish Gàidhealtachd across the seventeenth century (Innes & Petrina 2015, 48).

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

18 *To the Right Honourable The Countess of Caithness*

Madam these lines most sacred and divine
I recomend to your judicious veuwe[1]
Iff ought be dross, look you on that as mine
The bulk is gold[2] all perfect pure and true
My bold attempt may breed your admiration
But sure my subject your best adoration

Off all that euer I wrat in my time
I have herein the marrow[3] to you sent
Where you may read in every page and line
How much I am unto your service bent
Others may speake what e'r they please and vow
But non more loves your fame and same and you

I gaue as handmaids to my sacred lines[4]
To wait on them some fancies off my own
These I alow to censure cause theire mine
A product off an author all unknown
Unto the muses or there sacred Mount
Whose pen ne're dipt in the Hyantian fount.[5]

[1] 'view'.
[2] An alchemical metaphor; the 'gold' perhaps refers to the poetry's spiritual content.
[3] An interesting word choice which suggests the innermost essence or essential elements of her work; the OED records its sixteenth- and seventeenth-century use '[i]n the titles of books: the key points or sum of knowledge of a particular subject, field, etc.; a compendium or digest of writings in a subject'.
[4] This metaphor prioritises her spiritual translations and paraphrases, and depicts her own individual authorship as subsidiary.
[5] A stream of poetic inspiration on the mountain sacred to the Greek Muses; Joshua Sylvester's translation of the Protestant poet Guillaume du Bartas' *Divine Weeks and Works*, dedicated to James VI and I, has an allusion to 'The sweetest hony of 'Hyantian Fount' (Day VI).

19 *The authors wishes*[1]

I wish my god at full peace with my soule
I wish his divine precepts may controlle
Whate'er can hinder that fertile communion
Betwixt my soule and that sacred union.

I wish the shedding off my saviours blood
My meditation and my divine food

[1] Pamela Giles (2004, 146) describes this poem as resembling 'the ten commandments of a Decalogue' through the form of nine quatrains *aabb* and a sestet *aabbcc*, arguing that it 'represents the priorities in the author's own life' while serving as an adaptable prayer which 'could effectively be recited by any reader'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

I wish to heare his dayly voice[2] call sweet
This is the way I pray walk you in it

I wish the motions off the blessed spirit
Move my devotions to attain good merit
And my good angell to keep watch and ward
Ov're all my actions in a constant gaurd

I wish my bodie free from all temptation
Off sicknesse sin or any inclination
That can hinder from the attendance due
Wnto my god and to my calling too

I wish my husband being one with me
So be indeed as good's he ought to be
My faithfull servant thy beloved child
My faithfull husband my bed undefiled

I wish my children in whom I delight
Serve the their Maker all their dayes and night
I wish they yield to the their gained talent
And me the share off their comforted parent[3]

I wish all weilfare to my gained frinds
As my relation and affection yields
Peace to all neighbours that are free off strife
But those that robb'd me off my brethrens life[4]

I wish they feell the sharp and filiall rod
Off an appeased not an angry god
For in the same I take it on my faith
What christ hath bought I wish it always safe

I wish a competence off whats below
To serve my need I wish I had some more
Then what I have to keep me heir from wrack[5]
Nou[6] wer't thy will I wold rath'r give than take

I wish contentment with what is thy pleas[u]r
Be it poor or with be it povertie or treasure

[2] This phrase reinforces the sense that MacKay is referring to her daily devotional practices.
[3] As MacKay successively moves through relational attachments, this is quite a tender expression of maternal bond.
[4] A pointed exclusion which probably alludes to familial roles in Royalist conflict.
[5] Suggesting that she longs for greater emotional and spiritual resilience.
[6] 'Now'.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Be it health or sicknesse be it off any kind
With a cleare conscience a contented mind
Makes it a feast give me this tables end
And then my wishes to their centre[7] tend.

❧ ❧ ❧

[7] An evocative phrase which suggests both the fulfilment and importance of her desires.

https://doi.org/10.1017/9781009489904.004 Published online by Cambridge University Press