

**LUINNEAGAN  
LUAINEach  
(RANDOM LYRICS)**

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Luinneagan luaineach (random lyrics) by John Macgregor

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**JOHN MACGREGOR**

**LUNNEAGAN  
LUINEACH  
(RANDOM LYRICS)**



LUNNEAGAN LUINEACH

(Random Lyrics)

DEDICATED

TO THE

HEREDITARY PATRON

LIEUT. SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR,  
BART., K.N.S.

*(Chief of the Clan Macgregor)*

AND TO THE

PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS

OF THE

CLAN MACGREGOR SOCIETY

BY THEIR HONORARY CHIEF AND FAITHFUL CLANSMAN

THE AUTHOR.



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## PREFACE

IN submitting the following lyrics to lovers of the ancient Gaelic language, a few words may be necessary in the way of a preface. They were written by me now and then, here and there, during an absence of some twenty years from the Scottish Highlands. Finding myself in India, getting rusty in Gaelic, and convinced that there was no better method of retaining a language in memory than by reading and writing it, I wrote these poems occasionally, and very much at random, as their name implies. Whether they may help or not, in some small measure, to inspire Highlanders with a love of the language of their warlike ancestors, they at anyrate profess to have been written in more varied parts of the world, than perhaps an equal number of poems by one and the same author, in any language whatever, since the world began; and few songs have ever been composed more as a labour of love than those contained in this unpretentious little volume. With the single exception of *Victoria*

*Giedheav*, the loyal poem to Her Majesty the Queen, which naturally occupies the pride of place in this book, and which I have just written in London, all the poems in the volume have been written in distant regions, sometimes on land and sometimes on sea; and most of them have often and often been sung by myself, for my own amusement. Hence it is that I returned to the Highlands with a better knowledge of Gaelic than when first I left them.\*

Like many similar productions, they were not originally intended for publication. But they gradually grew to such a number that they are now offered to the public at the request of many friends. Before leaving the Highlands, I was fairly familiar with the dialects of Ross, Inverness, and Argyll, by residence in these counties, which may be considered as typically Gaelic-speaking as any other.

Why the Gaelic should decay is a question more easily asked than answered. One might think it was the language of a craven people of whom their posterity had reason to be ashamed, instead of

\* *Deòra Giedheav*, mentioned above, as well as its English equivalent, *Floris Maxima*, page 183, were two of the Jubilee poems (the cover being specially designed and constructed by Mrs. MacGregor) which the Queen has lately been pleased to accept, as a Highland literary tribute to Her Majesty's long and memorable reign.