

GAELIC POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649759422

Gaelic poems by Alexander Cook

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

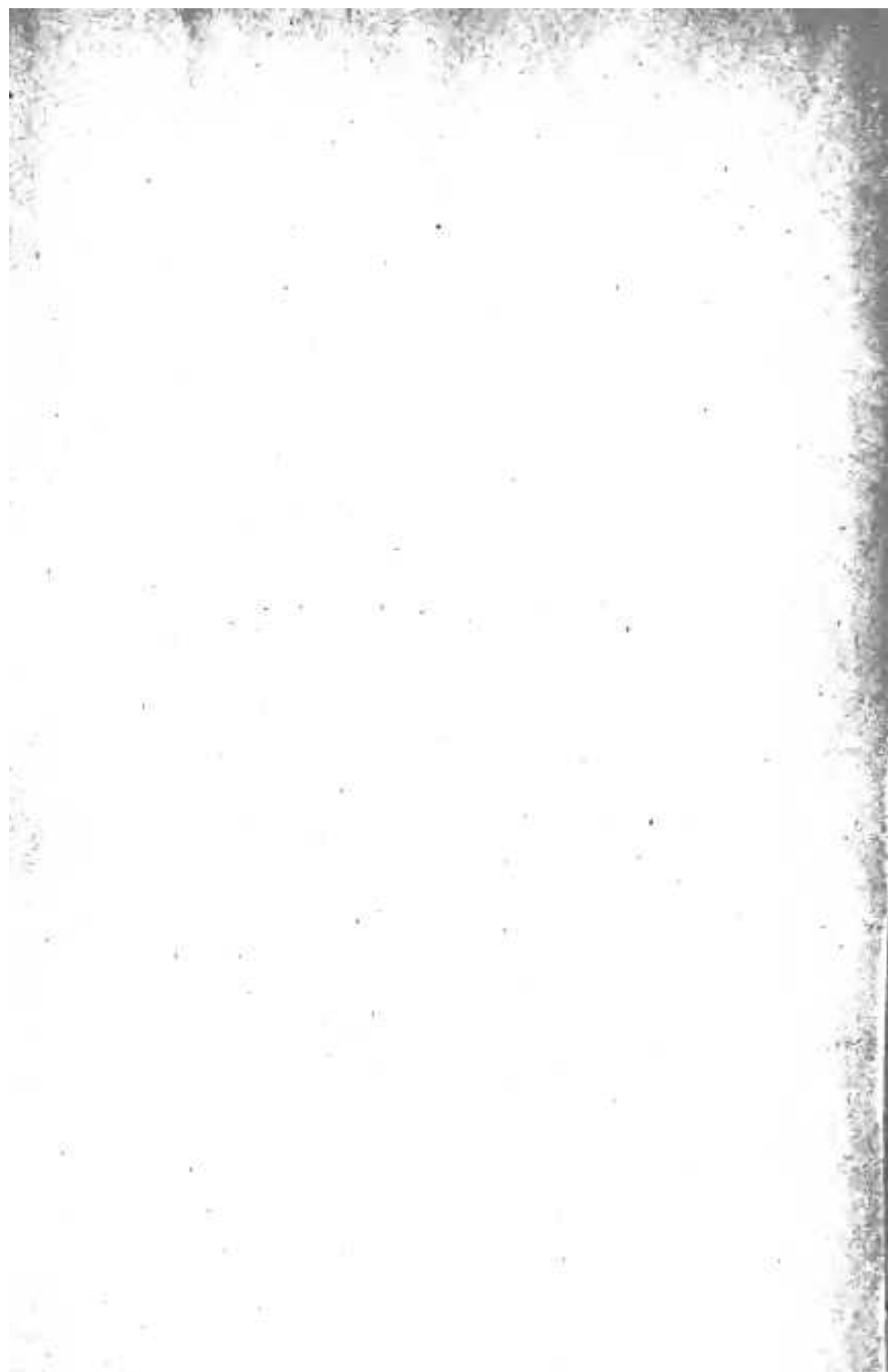
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ALEXANDER COOK

GAELIC POEMS



L Celt
C 7712g

G A E L I C P O E M S

BY THE LATE
ALEXANDER COOK,
P. C. MISSIONARY IN SALTCOATS.



JOHN MENZIES & CO., EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW.
WILLIAM MUNRO, 80 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

M D C C C L X X X I I

428294
6.10.44

PREFATORY NOTE.

MR ALEXANDER COOK, the author of the following Gaelic Poems, was a native of the island of Arran, where he was born about the year 1794.

His bias towards a pious life was early developed into a thorough resigning of himself to the Lord, in whose service he continued, a faithful minister, for about half-a-century.

After his conversion, which occurred when he was a little over twenty years of age, he applied himself diligently to the study of the Bible and the older divines, that he might the better prepare himself for the service of his Master. He frequently addressed gatherings of his countrymen and women, and from the very first his ministrations were greatly owned and blessed of God, and appreciated by the people.

He was not sufficiently robust in health to allow of his pursuing his studies at College, yet in his capacity as Missionary he was perhaps almost as useful as if he had been ordained to a higher sphere in the Church.

He for some years assisted Rev. Angus M'Millan, Minister of Kilmory Parish—who seceded at the Disruption—in the duties of *catechising* the members of his congregation. He was subsequently appointed to a mission station at Whiting Bay, where a temporary place of worship was erected for the accommodation of his hearers. The "Tent," as it was called, is now superseded by a handsome church.

In 1848, the Free Presbytery of Irvinc, recognising his abilities, elected him to the oversight of the Free Gaelic congregation in Saltcoats, as successor to the Rev. Mr Hamilton. Here he remained till his death, which took place in October, 1865, when he was seventy-one years of age.

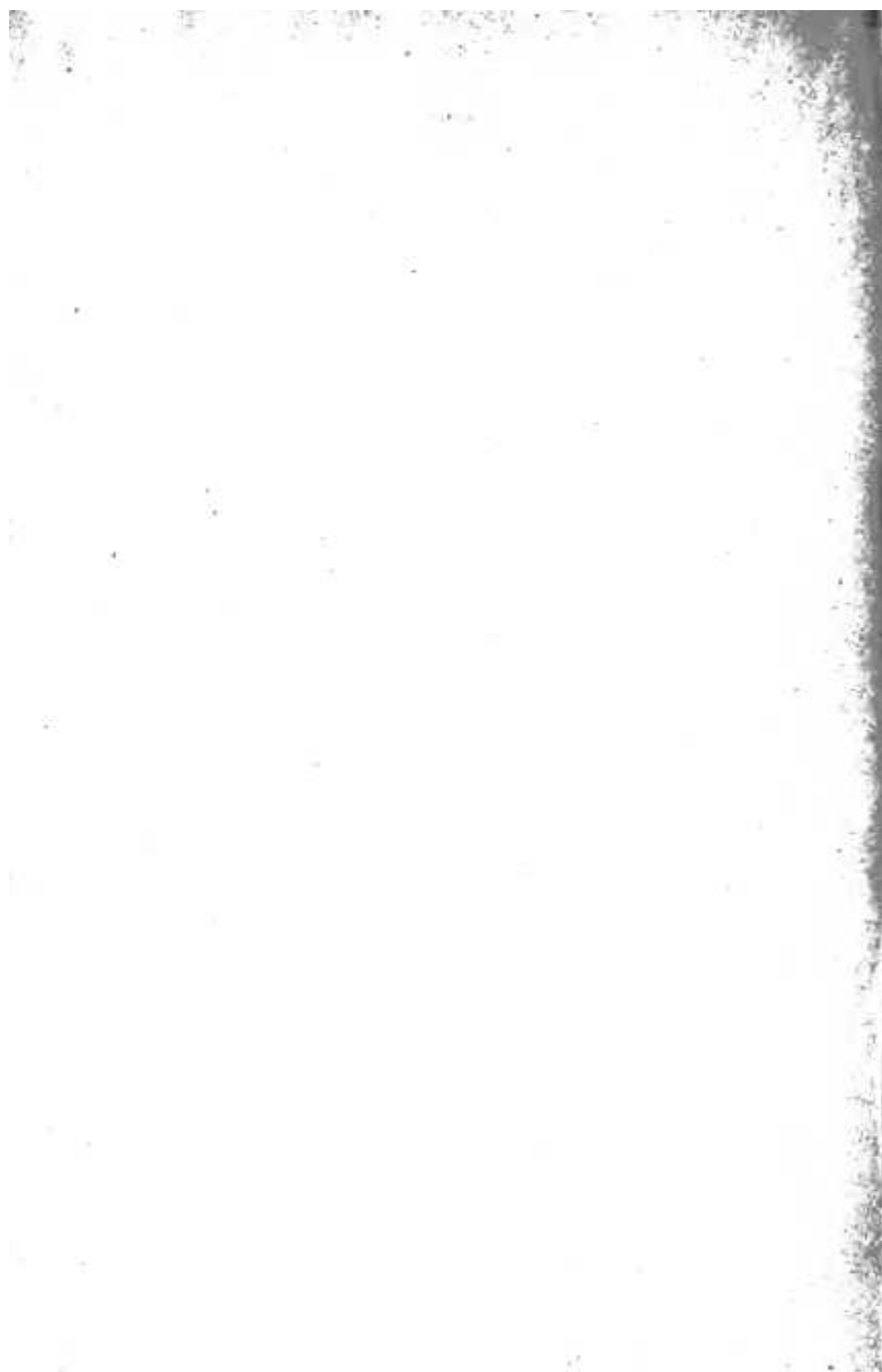
It is not considered necessary to offer any apology for presenting these Gaelic Poems to the public in

the state in which he left them, refurbished by a few corrections in orthography, &c. They have often been asked for since his decease, by those who were aware of their existence, and appreciated their merits; and now, after the lapse of sixteen years, they are respectfully recommended to the people of Arran, and others, as a memorial of their lamented author, and for the sake of their pious sentiments.

J. A. C.

ARRAN, *August, 1832.*





G A E L I C P O E M S .

I.—I O S E P H .

GED gheibhinne onoir, 's ged gheibhinne stòr,
Cha bu mhòr leam mo chòir, mur faighinn thu féin.
B' fhearr suidh' air an òtrach, ag iarraidh do ghloir,
Na cathraichean òir, le d' mhallachd 'n an déigh.

Tha mòran a' sireadh 's a' sgrìobadh an òir,
'S Ochoin ! cha 'n 'eil sòlas idir 'n a dhéigh.
B' fhèarr mionaid a' d' chomunn-s', ag itheadh de d' bhòrd,
Na ònoir, is glòir, is comunn an t-saoghail.

Nam faighinnse tuille de d' chomunn 's an fheòil,
Is tuille de d' cheòl, air feadh nan deich teud,
Biodh m' anam ag imeachd gu Sion na glòir'
A' seinn na laoidh' mhòir a' dìreadh an t-sléibh.

An là mo dhunaidh do iarr mi thu,
Is m' anam gu dlù a' leantuinn a' d' dbéigh,
'S ged theireadh tu ruim "na tig-sa dhomb dlù,"
Cha tionndainn-s' mo chùl gas am faighinn mo ghaol.

Bha m' anam ro theann 's ro dhian air do thòir,
Is plogail ro mhòr a stigh ann am chléibh,
A' bùireadh mar fhiadh airson na doch bheò,
'S cha ghabhadh E òr, 's cha ghabhadh e leug.

Bha gaol aig mo chridh 'air t' aon Mhac beò,
'S air làn mo bheòil 'a tobar na treud ;
'S mur faighinnse sbruileach cha bhithinnse beò,
An laithibh mo bhròin is m' osnaich ro ghéir.

'Nuair thairrginn am fagus a lùbadh mo ghluin,
'Se solus do ghnàis' bhiodh m' anam 'n a dhéigh ;
'Snuair gheibhinne fo d' bhrataich a thagraidh mo chuis,
Cha 'n fhàgainne cuil, 's cha 'n fhàgainne creuchd