



Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnsear

An
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Gàidhlig gu brath!

The CGA is alive and well! We have a new committee in place and renewed determination to promote and foster the Gaelic language and culture throughout Australia. The committee is now distributed across Australia reflecting the generally spread out nature of our membership and the location of Gaels across the continent. We welcome your comments and suggestions to improve the CGA and our effectiveness, and we will keep you all informed of developments, initiatives and activities and enthusiastically look forward to expanding the CGA, educating for and encouraging the speaking of Gaelic in Australia.

Gun teid a' Ghaidhlig gu math air feadh Astràilia troimh obair a' Chomuinn Ghaidhlig Astràilia.

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Neach-cathrach

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Bha Pamaladh O'Neill ball Comunn Gaidhlig Astrailia o chionn 1995, nuair a thoisich e. Bha i Runaire agus deasaichear aig 'Litir Ghaidhlig' ann 1997 agus 1998. Tha Pamaladh a nis Rannsaichear ann an Oilthigh Melbourne. Rannsaich i na clachan deilbheadh, an dealbh tire agus an eachdraidh eaglais ann an Alba re na Linntean Dorcha. Tha i a rannsaicheadh na Ceilteachan Astrailianach cuideach. Dh'ionnsach Pamaladh Gaidhlig le Aonghais MacKenzie, agus sheinn i le An Coisir Ghaidhlig Astrailianach ro dh'imich i do Melbourne. Tha i ag ionnsachadh Gaeilge Eireannach cuideach, agus tha i an dochas gum ionnsach i Sean Gaeilge. Bha Sean Gaeilge canan air an iar Albain re na Linntean Dorcha, agus sinnsear aig Gaidhlig.

Pamela O'Neill has been a member of Comunn Gaidhlig Astrailia since it was founded in 1995, and was the Secretary and editor of Litir Ghaidhlig (which preceded An Teachdaire) in 1997 and 1998. She is now a research fellow at the University of Melbourne, working on the relationships between stone sculpture, landscape and ecclesiastical history in Scotland from the 6th to the 9th centuries. She also has a research interest in the contribution of Celtic migrants to Australian history and culture. Pamela learnt Gaelic from Angus MacKenzie and sang in An Coisir Ghaidhlig Astrailianach until she moved from Sydney to Melbourne. She has also started learning Irish and hopes to master Old Irish, which was spoken in western Scotland during the period she is researching and is the ancestor of modern Gaelic.

Songs of Presence and Place

Ruth Lee Martin

I was at a folk convention recently and one of the speakers was talking of his experiences as a festival programmer. He made an impassioned plea near the end of his speech for folk musicians to get back in touch with their 'real' function – that of making political commentary. He finished by saying that the ability of folk music to make political comment lay at its very core. The more I thought about this afterwards the more I disagreed. For sure, political commentary, or political satire, has been an important part of the folk tradition going back through time to the 12th century troubadours and trouvères and far beyond. However, folk music is as diverse as the folk who make it – part of its charm surely? To confine it to political commentary alone would create a two-dimensional music, excluding a large and rich body of song that draws on the wealth and breadth of human experience.

The talk starting me thinking about the songs that have slowly and irresistibly become a focal point of my life for some years now – the songs of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. For the most part the texts are about the everyday: love, and life, and home. The ability of the Highlanders to express themselves so naturally and expressively in their songs still creates strong resonances, even centuries later, half-way around the globe. The vivid imagery, grounded in a strong sense of place, and the sentiments that create a shared human expression, are still very relevant to us in Australia in the 21st century.

Political texts are surprisingly rare in this corpus, particularly in comparison with the music of the Lowland Scots. The few political song texts I have found have less to do with political statement, and more to do with expounding a common theme – a longing for home.

A song that illustrates this point very well (and one of my favourites) is *Dùthaich MhicLèoid* (*The Land of MacLeod*). This song is believed to have been written about the time of the Napoleonic Wars and in it the soldier describes his feelings from the front line of battle, made all the more immediate and poignant by the use of the first person.

Tha mi'n dùil, tha mi'n dùil
Tha mi'n dùil-sa bhith tilleadh
Dh'ionnsaigh Dùthaich MhicLèoid
Far an òg robh mi mire.

I expect, I expect
I expect to return
To the land of Macleod
Where I played when I was young.

Fhuair sinn litrichean o'n rìgh
Gus sinn fhìn dhèanamh ullamh
Los a dhol a-null do'n Fhraing
A chur braing 'san fhear-mhillidh.

We got letters from the king
So that we could prepare
To go over to France
To upset the destroyer.

Nuair a chuir iad sinn tìr
A-measg shìobain is murain
Thug sinn batal air an tràigh

When they put us ashore
Amongst the waves and sea-bent
We fought a battle on the beach

'S gun d'rinn pàirt againn fuireach.

And some of us remained.

Fhir a dh'imicheas do'n Iar
Ged robh bliadhna mun ruig thu
Thoir an t-soiridh seo do m'ghràdh
'Ma is slàn mi gun tig me'.

You who travel to the West
Though it were a year before you arrive
Bring this greeting to my loved one
'If I am alive I will come'.

Many of the songs of the Gàidhealtachd contain descriptive passages concerned with the passions, preferences, dislikes, grief and torments of everyday life in a harsh environment. These are songs that hold nothing back – emotions are keenly felt and just as keenly expressed. Look at the first few lines of the popular waulking song – *Mile Marbhaisg air a'Ghaol (a Thousand Curses Upon Love)*:

Mile marbhaisg air a'ghaol
Asam fhìn a thug e chlaoidh
Sgolt e mo chridhe 'nam chom
Dh'fhuasgail e falt far mo chinn.

A thousand curses now on love
That has sapped all my strength
Within my body broke my heart
And caused my hair to fall away.

There's nothing half-hearted here about the pain of being jilted in love. Or the last few lines of *Thog Am Bata Na Sìil* expressing the intense longing for being alone with the beloved:

'S truagh nach robh mi's mo ghràdh
Air eilean mhara nach tràigh
Gun bhàta, gun ràmh,
Gun eòlas air snàmh.

Oh, that my love and I were on an island
Of the sea without strand,
Without boat, or oar,
And with no knowledge of swimming.

One of my favourite song sources is Francis Tolmie's collection, *One Hundred and Five Songs of Occupation from the Western Isles of Scotland*. Francis Tolmie was born on Skye in 1840 and grew up surrounded by song. Fortunately for us she became interested in preserving the songs and set about transcribing and publishing her collection (some of her collected material was used, incidentally, by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser in her somewhat problematic collection, *Folk Songs of the Hebrides*). Another of my well-used sources of Gaelic song is the fascinating book, *Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist* by Margaret Fay Shaw. In addition to providing well over a hundred transcriptions of songs (by songs I am also referring to the texts as well which have been, until recently inseparable from the tunes in Gaelic culture), this book also provides a cultural context, with chapters on local folklore along with a selection of photographs (taken by Margaret herself).

The central themes in the Tolmie and Fay-Shaw collections are diverse, varying from love, laments, lullabies, and songs of, and for, work. Many of the songs also draw on the supernatural, and the rich, fantastic Celtic mythology, complete with seal women, water kelpies, the Gruagach (a friend of the cattle who appeared as a handsome young man with golden hair), or ghosts (such as the headless body in the song Colann Gun Cheann who caused trouble by rolling his head down hills at passers by) and other such colourful characters.

The songs in these collections have a strong sense of the present – of the here and now - and also are intimately connected with place. The majority are written from the perspective of the first person and are mostly in the present tense. The texts move from the mundane, to the profound, and back again, all within a verse of two.

Narrative – in the way we think of it in Western culture – is for the most part absent and instead the poetic line follows a sequence of statements, or thoughts, around a theme sometimes with an abrupt shift to an entirely new theme. My father, a retired minister of the Free Church of Scotland, did a lot of preaching in the Highlands and although not a speaker of Gaelic he is very much an admirer of the language and culture. He likened a Gaelic sermon to 'a string of pearls', each theme profound and contained and complete within itself.

A large number of the songs are laments – understandable in a culture so dependent on the sea. Tragically, on more than one occasion every working-age fisherman in a family drowned in one of the sudden squalls that are common in the coastal waters of the Hebrides. Many of these songs are a personal expression of anguish from the perspective of mother or sweetheart. A good example of this genre can be seen in the haunting song *Cumha Bhràithrean (Lament for Brothers)*:

Hù o rò, hù ò
Rò-hò ù ò hì ò
Hù òrò hù ò.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Gur hè mise tha fò mhulad,
Tha leann-dubh air mo ghruaidh. | 1. Under what sorrow am I and tears are
on my cheek. |
| 2. Cha b'è cumha mo leannain
Ged a dh'fhanadh è bhuam. | 2. It is not because of mourning for my
lover, though he were to stay away. |
| 3. Ach a cumha mor bhràithrean
Tha cnàmh anns a'chuan. | 3. But lamenting for my brothers who are
lying dead in the sea. |
| 4. Cumha Eachainn is Lachlainn
Dh'fhàg tana mo ghruag. | 4. Grieving for Hector and Lachlan has
thinned my hair. |
| 5. 'S oil leam diol 'ur cùl clannach
'S an fheamainn'ga luadh. | 5. The state of your locks being waulked
in the sea-ware distresses me sore. |
| 6. 'S tric mo shùil air an rudha
Fodh'n bhruthaich ud shuas. | 6. My gaze is often towards the
promontory below yonder hill-side. |
| 7. Ach am faic mi seòl bréid-gheal
Là gréine 'sa 'chuan. | 7. In the hope that I may see a white sail,
on a day of sunshine, out at sea. |
| 8. Cha'n 'eil long thig o'n rudha
Nach toir snidh air mo ghruaidh. | 8. There is no ship coming around the
headland that brings not tears upon my
cheek. |

I find the imagery of the fifth couplet particularly striking and compelling: the metaphor of cloth being waulked and the brother's hair being waulked by the sea-

currents is used to vivid effect. The reliance on expressing feelings based on internal reflection to tell a story is a process that is fundamentally Romantic in essence. The narrative is implied, but never overtly stated: rather we learn of it through the reflection of the person affected. The way in which the writer switches the mode of expression from a reflective stance to addressing her brothers directly greatly intensifies the power of the poetry. The physical imagery of the drowned brothers in the sea is too much to bear and in her grief and desolation the writer expresses her anguish, directing it at the dead. This type of poetic device is particularly compelling when combined with the use of the present tense. The centuries seem to recede and there is a real sense of being in the midst of the tragedy as it is played out.

Love songs, of course, also form an important part of Gaelic song. Some of the most beautiful love songs written can be found in this body of music, such as *Fear a' Bhàta*:

Fhir a'bhàta, na hòro èile	O my boatman
Mo shoraidh slàn leat 's gach àit' an tèid thu.	My hearty farewell to you everywhere you go.
'S tric mi sealltuinn o'n chnoc as àirde	Often I look from the highest hill
Dh'fheuch am faic mi fear a'bhàta;	Trying to see the boatman
An tig thu'n diugh, no'n tig thu a-màireach	Will you come today or tomorrow?
'S mur tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.	If you do not come I will be a pitiful sight.

You will all be relieved to know that the writer of that song, Jane Finlayson from Lewis, did in fact end up marrying her boatman. So at least one happy ending!

And then there are the songs for labour: songs for milking the cows, for spinning, for waulking the home-spun cloth, for rowing the boats—for making bearable the hard, demanding and unceasing manual labour. It's interesting to note that the songs also had an important practical function. By keeping the rhythm regular and everyone in time with each other the work was more efficient. So the songs not only made the time pass pleasantly for the workers, but also increased productivity (perhaps something today's employers could consider?).

An example of a fine milking song is *Tha'n Crodh-Laoigh's An Fhraoch* (*The Calving-Cows are on the Heather*). I have read (and believe it to be entirely possible) that the cows gave more milk when they were being sung to:

Tha'n crodh-laoigh's an fhraoch aig Màiri;	The calving cows are on the heather with Mary;
Tri bà dubh is aona bhó bhlàr ann.	Three of them black and one with a white face.
Tha'n crodh eil' an Eilean an fhéidh;	The other kine are on the Island of the Deer and the lads are following them.
Is na gilleán as an déidh.	

These traditional songs, whether they be full of sadness, lovesickness, longing, humour, or wit, not only formed a vital part of the culture of the Highlands, they also today play an important part in our cultural history as Australians. So much of Australia's history is inextricably linked with these people, and the contribution they made here should not be underestimated.

These wonderful songs document the past, providing a cultural record that passes on the traditions of a rich and fascinating culture, and remind us of our shared heritage. As the Australian Gaelic historian, Cliff Cumming, has said, 'The oral tradition, steeped in poem-making, song-making and music-making, bound the people to a rich and indestructible folk memory.' And, as I've experienced in my own life, the songs form an accessible bridge, or pathway, into Gaelic culture, building communities of people from all over the world with a shared passion.

The songs provide an important function in the continuing manufacture of identity – both communal and individual - greatly enriching our lives and providing us with a sense of who we are, and where we have come from. They give us too a sense of wonder at the richness of these - our - old traditions and, through contemporary arrangements, the musical materials remain alive and relevant to the modern world. And finally the songs give a timely reminder, in this increasingly materialistic world, of a different way of life where other things were prized and valued – family, community, place.

As Gaelic language tutor Joan Willis so aptly put it, 'if the songs are not talking of the love of someone, they are either about leaving home, or coming back to it'. That about sums it up. It will be a poor sort of folk music that we have in Australia if politics becomes the focal point for music making. Of course, political songs have had, and will continue to have, an important place in the folk community, but there are other songs of equal significance – songs that sing of love, presence and place.

Ruth Lee Martin



<p>The National Gundog of Scotland by Dawn Ferguson</p>	<p>Cù-gunna nàiseanta na h-Alba</p>
<p>The following three items contain some explanation on the gordon setter of modern times.</p>	<p>Tha na trì earrainean a leanas a’ toirt seachad beagan mineachaidh air a’ chù-eunaidh Ghòrdanach den latha an-diugh</p>
<p>1 Originally of mixed colours - the commencement of dog "shows" in England in the 1880's placed the setters into colour grouping for judging purposes. These were the initial "standards" of the breeds.</p>	<p>Air dathan measgaichte bho thùs, chuir tòiseachadh nan taisbeanaidhean-chon ann an Sasainn san 1880n na coin-eunaidh ann am buidheannan a thaobh datha air adhbharan breithneachaidh. B' iad seo na prìomh "bhun-thomhasan" nan silidhean.</p>
<p>2 The gordon setter was exported overseas to USA and Europe for field work - and most retained the given or favoured title of "Gordon setters" after their use by the duke. The source attributed therefore was Scottish and their fame and use as a very special field setter was spread far and wide.</p>	<p>Chaidh an cù-eunaidh Gòrdanach a chur a-null thairis chun nan Stàitean Aonaichte agus chun na Roinn Eòrpa airson obair anns an achadh agus chum a' chuid as mò dhiubh an tìotal "Coin-eunaidh Gòrdanach" stèidhichte air mar a chleachdadh iad leis an Diùc. Mar sin, 's e tùs Albannach a chaidh a chur orra, agus chaidh an cliù is am feum mar chù-eunaidh fìor shònraichte sgaoileadh fad is farsaing.</p>
<p>3 During the ensuing years the breed has grown in number and has gone to all corners of the earth - both for field and show as well as obedience work - where they have proven their skills.</p>	<p>Rè nam bliadhnan a lean tha an t-silidh air meudachadh agus tha i air dol chun nan ceithir ranna ruadha – araon airson obair-achaidh cho math ri obair-ùmhachd – far an do dhearbhadh iad an sgilean.</p>
<p>The temperament and working style of the gordon is claimed by the Scots to be most similar to their national ideal - for they are loyal, intelligent, astute, and reasoning before they act - unlike the average demeanour of the other setters who act impulsively or who are sometimes slow to comprehend.</p>	<p>Bidh na h-Albannaich a' tagradh gu bheil nàdar is dòigh-obrach a' Ghòrdanaich as coltaiche ri na tha iad a' meas as fheàrr – oir tha iad dìlseach, tapaidh, agus bi iad a' reusanachadh roimhe iad a bhith a' dèanamh càil – mì-choltach ri modh cumanta nan con-eunaidh eile a bhios a' dèanamh rudan gu spreagarra air neo a bhios uaireannan mall ann a bhith a' tuigsinn.</p>
<p>Dawn Ferguson</p>	<p>Cailean Mark</p>



**‘Ceardach duthcha, muileann sgireachd is taigh-osda
– na tri aiteachan as fhearr airson naidheachd’**

**A country smithy, a parish mill and a public house
– the three best places for news**

by David Hill

(following on from the article in ATG an t-Ogmhios 2000)

In 1996 the Australian Government bought my little dump of a house in Sydney because it was too close to a new runway at the airport. So with the Government’s payout jangling in my pocket, I went touring through the Hebrides with a friend and on a whim bought a derelict water mill and traditional but livable-in cottage on the Isle of Mull, or, more particularly, at Bunessan on the Ross of Mull.

The Ross of Mull is the western end of the long promontory on the south of the island. It is the area that visitors cannot wait to get through in their hurry to get to Iona. Most don’t know what they missed.

My partner, Anne, and I went to live there in 2000. I had dreams of restoring the mill and using it as an artist-blacksmith’s workshop – to be ‘a country smithy, a parish mill’!. Unfortunately the Australian dollar doesn’t go far when converted to pounds and we could not afford to stay there so after a wonderful year we sold the property and returned to Australia. But the event had a good ending.

While we were there Jimmy McKeand, the President of the Ross of Mull Historical Centre, would visit us regularly and over a dram would gently but firmly express the hope that if we ever sold we would sell it to the Centre. So when it came to selling we gave the Centre first offer and they got a grant, from the Scottish Land Fund, to buy it. Now the mill is safe in community ownership and will, one day, become the Centre’s

museum and information centre – a “best place for news” about the Ross of Mull. Our cottage and mill now appear on the Centre’s logo.



Unfortunately Jimmy died within two weeks of acquiring the mill so though his dream was not yet fully realized at least he knew it was secure. It was as though he could now leave us – his last ambition having been achieved.

The Centre goes from strength to strength. It recently published a book, ‘Discover the Ross’, covering the social history, wildlife and landscape of the Ross. In particular it recognizes the Gaelic language heritage of the area, in place names, stories and poems, and we’d like to share some of these with you.

Bunessan, being on a safe harbour in ‘*Loch na Làthaich*’ – ‘Loch of the Soft Clay’ used to be a busy port. In 1845 there were at least 12 boats trading regularly between the Ross and Glasgow. The weather was not always kind. One stormy night in the 1880’s the ‘Dunara Castle’ left Bunessan sailing south and once in open water she could only be steered by tying one of the crew, Sandy Campbell, to the wheel. The Captain decided to launch the lifeboats but two Ross men took control and brought her safely to port. Of the night a passenger, Alastair Graham, wrote:

A’fagail Bunessain air feasgar Di-màirt
Dol a dh ‘fheuchainn a ‘Maol is i daonnan fo phràmh
Bha mise fo eagal nach seasamh an clàr
Nuair a thòisich na tonnan air a togail an àrd.

Leaving Bunessan on a Tuesday evening
Trying to make for the Mull (of Kintyre), always slumbering quietly,
I was full of fear that the deck would not stand up to it
When the waves began to lift it high.

Bunessan’s greatest claim to fame is that the poet and songwriter Mary MacDonald was born, lived and died in the area. She was known locally as ‘*Mairi Dhughallach, bean Neill Dhomhnullaich a bha ann an Ard Tunna*’ – ‘Mary Macdougall, wife of

Neil Macdonald who was in Ardtun'. One of her poems is '*Leanabh an Aigh*', now a Christmas Hymn 'Child in a Manger' sung to the tune 'Bunessan' and even more widely known as 'Morning has Broken'.

Near to Bunessan is a tiny picturesque village, Kintra, from '*Ceann Traigh*' – 'head of the beach'. Founded by the Duke of Argyll in the 1770's to create a fishing industry in the Ross as he was doing in Tobermory, the village is in a lovely setting protected by '*Rubha Mhic-aoidhe*' – 'MacKay's Point', '*Torr Mor Iain Domhail*' and '*Cnoc a Mhuncie*' – 'Hill of the Monkey', named after a sailor's pet. A local song goes:

Tha Niall air tigh'nn à Africa,
 'Us thug e 'monkey' dhachaidh leis;
Air m'facal fèin b'e 'n lasgair e,
 'S bu sgairteil e air cabhsair.

Neil has come from Africa
 And he brought a monkey home with him;
On my word he was a dandy,
 And lively on the pavement.

Sorley Maclean (1911-1996), the acclaimed Gaelic Poet, once visited the Ross. Of the derelict 13th century chapel and burial ground adjacent to Loch Assapol, the source of the Bunessan River, he wrote:

Tha làrach eaglais 'san Ros Mhuileach
 Anns nach robh luchd-èisdeachd
No seirbhis cràbhaidh o'n latha
 A chuireadh Inbhir-Chèitinn.

There is a ruin of a church in the Ross of Mull
 In which there has not been a congregation
Or a religious service since the day
 Inverkeithing was fought.

Actually Sorley's claim is no longer true as Jimmy McKeand was buried there, as was his wish, to the sound of the two Ross choirs singing '*An t-Eilean Muileach*' - 'The Isle of Mull'.



Over the moor from Loch Assapol, on the eastern side of the Ross, is the abandoned village of Shiaba. On high ground, overlooking the sea cliffs of Carsaig and distant views across the Sound of Lorn to Colonsay, Jura and the mainland up to Oban, it is a spectacular and haunting location. Compared to other areas on the Ross it was recognized as fertile:

Siaba nan sia bà
 Ardtunna na h-aon bhò'
 Is Sgur a' chapuill ghlais

Shiaba of the six cows
 Ardtun of the one cow
 And Scoor of the grey mare.

Unfortunately it was the scene of one the most inhumane clearance operations in the 1840's. The Ross of Mull Historical Centre has researched the events and written a play about it which is regularly performed in the Bunessan village hall. Villains in the story are the Duke of Argyll and more particularly his factor, John Campbell, or '*Factor Mòr*' as he was known.

When Factor Mor died in 1873 a crofter on the Ross wrote:

Tha sgeul anns an dùthaich, 's tha sinn sunndach 'ga h-èisdeachd,
 Gu bheil am Baillidh 'na shineadh, 's e gun trid air ach lèine,
 'S e gun chomas na bruidhneadh, gun sgrìobhadh gun leughadh;
 'S gu bheil cùl-taice nan Ileach 'na shineadh 's chan èirich.

'S 'n uair a theid iad do'n bhàta ni sinn gàir a bhios èibhinn;
 'S 'n uair a chruinnicheas sinn còmhla bidh sinn ag òl air a' chèile
 Uisge-beatha math Gaidhealach, fion làidir is seudar;
 'S cha bhi sinn tuilleadh fo chùram o'n sgiùrsadh a' bhèist ud.

There is news going around that we rejoice to hear –
 That the Factor is laid low without a stitch of clothing save a shroud;

That he is bereft of speech, unable to read or write,
The champion of the Islay folk is stretched out never to rise again.

When they go to the boat we will laugh with glee,
And when we foregather we will toast one another
In good Highland whisky, in strong wine and cider,
And we will no longer be anxious now the monster has been routed.

* * * * *

So hopefully I've whetted your appetite to slow down when you get near to Iona and explore the landscape and heritage of the Ross. You will want to go back again - just as we do!

* * * * *

With thanks to the Ross of Mull Historical Centre for permission to publish extracts from their book.



More information on the Centre and its publications can be found on
www.romhc.org.uk .



Dozens of people participated in the commemoration for Wallace

Budapest (Hungary), Hero's Square – 2005.09.11.

The Scottish are preparing with several cultural and historical programs to commemorate William Wallace, who died 700 years ago. The Hungarian Albannach Scottish Cultural Society also joined the program of the Wallace anniversary. It is our common aim to present and represent Scottish tradition, national and cultural values, thus we consider it our duty to commemorate William Wallace.

Our society decided to organize a torchlight commemoration on the Heroes' Square of Budapest on 11. September 2005 – the same day when our Scottish friends' commemoration takes place in Lanark. Thus we can build a relationship overcoming borders between the two countries. As the program took place on 11 September, we also commemorated the victims of the tragic terror attacks of New York and London. The torches flamed and the bagpipe sang for them as well.

Dozens of people participated in the commemoration organized by the Hungarian Albannach Scottish Cultural Society on 11 September. Members of the society and several other friends of Scotland lowered their heads and lightened their torches on the Heroes' Square of Budapest to pay their respects to William Wallace - almost exactly at the same time when the funeral ceremony was held in Lanark. Following the performance of Gyorgy Keri, Hungarian bagpiper and the speech of the president of Albannach (Mr. Lajos Tamás Szalay), the well-known Hungarian actor Peter Molnar Kalloy cited the Burns poem, "Robert Bruce's March to Bannockburn.

Best regards
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Here is the **Australian National Anthem**, translated by Donnaidh MacLeòd of Coutts Crossing (northern New South Wales, Australia) formerly of Raasay.

(Rann a h-aon)

Astràilianach le aoibhneas seinn
oir tha sinn òg 'us saor;
Tha'r talamh cian,
'us loisgt' le grian,
'us muir mu'n cuairt gach taobh.
Tha'r dùthaich làn
de oigridh shlàn,
tha buidhe-ruadh le grian;
bi iad ri spòrs,
bho mhoch gu dorch,
an tìr Astràilia bhrèagha.

(Seisd)

Le guth ro bhinn
bi'bh nis a'seinn
mu thir Astràilia bhrèagha.

The original song in English

<http://www.imagesaustralia.com/australiannationalanthem.htm> was written by a Scotsman.

I sing this as a member of Coisir Gàidhlig Astràilianach (www.ozcoisir.org), most recently last weekend for the Australian Celtic Festival <http://www.australiancelticfestival.com/>. Donnaidh has also written a translation of our national song, Waltzing Matilda. Particularly for a non-Gaelic speaking audience (as you get at these festivals), it's good to use familiar and hopefully stirring songs to ease them into the concept of listening to the "foreign" language and music of their ancestors!

Suas leis a'Ghàidhlig!

Ruaraidh MacAonghais
Ball cumanta na Comataidh
Comunn Gàidhlig Astràilia
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News from the National Library of Scotland:

In the past three centuries or so, great contributions to science and daily life have been made by hundreds of prominent Scottish scientists. To mark their

collective achievement, the National Library of Scotland is inviting members of the public to vote 10 top scientists into an online 'Scottish Science Hall of Fame'. A voting site has been launched on the NLS website - the first time there has been a direct public contribution of this sort to the development of an NLS web feature. You can find out more on our main News page: <http://www.nls.uk/news/>

Cast your vote at: <http://www.nls.uk/scientists/>

First page in Gaelic

Another first for the NLS site is a page with the text, captions and headings in Gaelic.

Appropriately, the page presents an overview of Gaelic and Gaelic-related material in the Library's rare book collections. We hold more than 3,000 printed works of Gaelic interest, with a number of important special collections. The new web page looks at some of the highlights among the Gaelic holdings, and provides practical information on how to find relevant information in our main online catalogue. To read

the English version, go to

<http://www.nls.uk/collections/rarebooks/collections/gaelic.html>

The Gaelic version is at

<http://www.nls.uk/collections/rarebooks/collections/gaidhlig.html>

Goals for realising the 'Digital NLS'

Available online as a PDF file is the strategic plan for the 'Digital National Library of Scotland'. Covering the period 2005-2008, the plan outlines specific goals, objectives and tasks in areas such as digitisation, preservation, and making digitised material accessible to all. The plan supports the Library's commitment to providing the widest possible online access to collections and

services. See: <http://www.nls.uk/professional/policy/>